

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Household.

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### THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c. The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies. Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

#### The Indian School.

Mr. Charles F. Meserve, the new Superintendent of Haskell Institute, has arrived in Lawrence and taken his place at the head of the Indian school. He is highly recommended as a practical educator. For more reasons than one we are pleased with this appointment. It indicates that the administration has no sympathy with the narrow idea that no one but a Kansas man should have had this appointment. This idea has been carried to a ridiculous extent. Some claimed it as due to the state. Mr. Funston thought it belonged to the Second district. Others would limit the appointment to some one from Douglas county, and others still would not go out of Lawrence, which was very absurd as the school is not in the city of Lawrence. Carried to its legitimate result, this nonsense would have given the place to Col. Learnard for life, as the school farm was built on land bought from him, and he is still its next door neighbor, and the only man perhaps in the township qualified in any way for the place.

We cannot too severely censure the somewhat popular idea, among politicians at least, that every public office belongs of right to some asinine politician, whose sole right it is to give out in return for services rendered to him personally. This belittled notion, we regret to say, seems to have filled the mind of Congressman Funston. It is unrepresentative in every way, and it is quite time the people were loud in its condemnation. Why according to the theory that has always been recognized in this nation, Mr. Funston himself has no right to urge his claim to a seat in Congress from the Second district, if he has a claim at all, in itself an absurdity, because he lives in that district. A citizen from the First or any other district of the state may be elected in his place to represent his district, as has been the practice in many cases. The late S. S. Cox seldom lived in the congressional district he represented. Ben Butler has represented in congress districts in which he did not live, and so did Washburne. In view of this well settled principle, how ridiculous it is for one to claim that the national administration is in duty bound to appoint only local applicants to superintend national institutions.

It is said that even our senators went to the president with this unseemly demand, and then made asses of themselves because their demands were not granted.

Suppose the citizens of the District of Columbia were to set up this claim, and demand that every subordinate, or appointive places in Washington must be filled by citizens of the District of Columbia. Wouldn't there be kicking among these political demagogues then?

Evidently, we need a better civil service. First, no member of congress should have a word to say about the distribution of offices. They are all interested witnesses and should be ruled out.

The new vault of the State Treasury at Topeka is said to be the most perfect of the kind in the world. Eight carloads of material, including 30,000 bolts, were used in its construction.

A good many visitors to the Topeka deep water convention returned home before the convention fairly begun, which was not until Thursday. It was a pig body and moved slowly. Besides Topeka was anxious for it to have time to take in the big city.

#### John A. Martin Dead.

Ex-Governor John A. Martin died at 6:30 Wednesday morning.

Governor Martin has been sick for about two months with a complication of diseases that the physicians have not been able to diagnose. His funeral was held Friday and was largely attended.

Before his death the governor requested that the *Champion*, of which he has been editor since 1858, should be sold. His estate is valued at from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Martin will continue the publication of the *Champion* until arrangements for its sale can be made.

John A. Martin was born at Brownsville, Fayette county, Pa., March 10, 1839. He learned the printers' trade when a mere lad, and with the exception of the time he has spent in serving his country, he has been in the newspaper business all his life. He was one of a company of young men who came to Kansas in 1857, who have made their mark on the history of the state. Since 1858 he has been editor of the *Atchison Champion*. He has always fought for the prosperity of Atchison, the glorification of Kansas and the Republican party. He served four years in the army, rising to the rank of colonel. He has taken a prominent place in the councils of his party, serving in the legislature several times, and four years as governor, his term expiring last January.

At the call of Governor Humphrey, a meeting of the state officers was held in the senate chamber, to take public action relative to the death of Ex-Governor Martin. The state officers were ordered to be closed Wednesday and Friday, that the state house be draped, the flags be displayed at half-mast, and that the officers wear the badge of mourning for the period of thirty days. Voted, that these proceedings be placed on the records of the executive department, and that an engrossed copy be forwarded to Mrs. Martin. The committee arranged with the A. T. & S. F. Co. for a special train bearing the state officers, judges, U. S. senators, congressmen and all others connected with the various departments of the state government to the funeral of Ex-Governor Martin.

The yearly meeting of the Friends church will take place in Lawrence next Thursday. Rev. and Mrs. Frame who held a series of successful meetings several years ago, will be present and take a prominent part.

It is said that one district in Massachusetts is arranging to make Sluggish Sullivan its candidate for congress next year. If there should be such a calamity as his election it is hoped that members will studiously ignore his existence, both in congress and out.

Prof. Snow reports the coolest September on record except September, 1868. The rainfall was fifty per cent above the average for this month. The wind velocity was below the average. The first frost of the season occurred on the 27th, five days earlier than the average date. It was a light and harmless hoar-frost.

A representative of the "Spirit" paid Meriden a visit one day this week, and while there visited the Meriden Roller Mills and Elevator, Scheppele & Son, proprietors. The mill has a capacity of one hundred barrels daily, and yet we were informed by the proprietor that they were way behind in filling orders and it seemed from the way they kept coming in as though they could not get caught up, though they are running day and night. The mill is in first rate order, new machinery of the best manufacture and combining all the latest improvements having lately been put in. They have a good and increasing trade from Topeka, Kansas City, St. Joe, and other points. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Hardman for his kindness in showing us over the mill and explaining the workings of the machinery. The Roller Mills are a great and good thing for Meriden.

We value everything in this world by comparison. Water and air have no intrinsic value, and yet Jay Gould, if famishing in the desert, would give all his wealth for a pint of the former, and think it cheap; hence, life and health are the standard of all values. If your system is full of Malaria you will be very miserable; a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote will make you well and happy. Is one dollar a high price to pay?

During the administration of Colonel O. E. Learnard at the Haskell Indian institute at Lawrence, many improvements have been made. The new dormitory costing \$40,000 has been built. The grounds and approaches to the buildings have been put in excellent condition. An Indian band of twenty pieces has been organized, and furnishes better music than many an older band composed of white men. Great progress has also been made in the studies, many of the students being drawn entirely away from Indian ideas and modes of thought, and completely civilized.

N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual for 1889 contains a carefully prepared list of all Newspapers and Periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States and Towns in alphabetical order. It enumerates the various Press and Editorial Associations. One of its chief features is a carefully-prepared description of every county in the United States, setting forth its location, area, adjoining navigable streams, the character of its surface, the nature of its soil, its leading crops and manufactures, its County-seat and population. It also gives the number of votes polled in each State, Territory and County by each party at the Election of 1888. Price, \$5.00 carriage paid. N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### The Engineer was Drunk.

Chicago, September 28.—A sensational climax ended the coroner's investigation this evening into the Washington Heights railway disaster a day or two ago, by which six suburban passengers on the Rock Island were killed, and a dozen persons scalded and mangled. The jury had just returned a verdict holding Engineer Seth Twombly and his fireman, Henry Leloche, responsible for the wreck, and committing them to jail, when Leloche broke down completely and declared he had perjured himself in swearing Twombly was not drunk.

The fireman then made an extraordinary confession, telling of his wild ride with a drunken engineer, the son of the master mechanic of the road. Leloche intimated that compulsion from high officers of the road prompted him to lie.

When the jury came in with a verdict, and notwithstanding the testimony sweepingly condemning Twombly and Leloche, and censured "other train men and the company, Leloche was the only directly interested person in the small crowd present. He blanched visibly, and asked for a private talk with Police Lieutenant Hadley. The result was a voluntary statement. Twombly and himself, it appears, had gone to a saloon before starting out with the freight train that played such havoc with the passenger train at Washington Heights. "Twombly drank freely, but," said Leloche, "he was not paralyzed drunk."

"Was he asleep at any time just before the accident?" "I don't know. His head was out of the cab window and he might have been asleep without my knowing it."

At this point the fireman broke down completely and cried like a child. He was led away in charge of a policeman. The fireman was only recently married and is a fine looking young fellow, although his face is not a strong one. Twombly is under arrest at his home where he is confined by injuries received in the wreck his own drunkenness created.

#### KANSAS.

A new mill has just been completed at Turon.

Ellsworth is to have electric lights in a few days.

Bonds have been voted at Salem for the Kansas Northern Railway.

New corn has been marketed and ground into meal at Arlington.

The farmers of McPherson county raised 4,000 acres of broom-corn this year.

Attica creamery butter is being shipped in refrigerator cars to New Orleans.

Nearly every farm house in the state is turned for the present into a cauldron factory.

The Missouri Pacific Railway Company is building a large stock-yard at Council Grove.

It is said that the new Santa Fe management will move all the Santa Fe offices from Chicago to Topeka, and consolidate everything there.

Jewell county stands second as to acreage planted to corn. While Marshall heads the list with 158,997 acres, Jewell follows close 157,059 acres.

The attica sugar works are in successful operation. The President of the company is highly pleased with the sugar-producing qualities of the cane raised in Harper county.

According to the McPherson Republican there is talk of a new road from Omaha by way of Salina to connect with the road now in process of construction from Hutchinson to Kingman.

One man who has peas planted for the Wetmore canning factory reports a yield of fifty-eight bushels to the acre the first picking, and that he will get twenty more bushels from the second picking.

Mrs. Polly Bruce died at Leavenworth on the 28th of September. She was eighty-five years of age, and the mother of B. K. Bruce, one of the most distinguished colored men in the country. Senator Bruce was a former student of the Kansas State University, where he stood high in his class.

#### Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia.

We are glad to note the appearance of Volume XIII, of Alden's excellent Manifold Cyclopedia. It takes the work along from Electricity to Kzeleim. The information is condensed, but clear, accurate, and brought down to date. There is no slighting of any points, and the more important topics are treated with admirable fullness. Thus Electricity has 84 pages; Electric Light, 6 pages; Elizabeth (Queen), about 7 pages (with a fac-simile of her signature which is interesting if not beautiful); Emerson, 4 pages; England, about 15 pages; Engraving, about 8 pages; Enslage, nearly 3 pages; Episcopal Church, about 7 pages; Ethnology, 10 pages. A cyclopedia of some kind is needed in every home and every school. This costs but little, while for general use it is far more convenient and practical than the large and very expensive works. It presents just the kind of information which is needed in everyday life. Another valuable feature is found in the Illustrations which are freely used where needed to explain the text. Thus far this series of volumes has been eminently satisfactory. Price only 60 cents a volume in cloth, or 85 cents in half morocco, or 1.25 those ordering at once the publisher offers the 13 vols., now ready, in cloth prepaid, for \$6.00, or in half morocco, for \$6.80. The price is gradually advancing with the issue of each new volume. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York, Chicago, and Atlanta.

A letter recently received from Prof. L. L. Dyer who is hunting specimens for the University museum in British America, brings the good news of a successful trip. The letter is written from Concoolly, W. T., to which place the professor and his party have returned from a long trip several hundred miles north and west. They were in search of moose and caribou, but were not very successful in these particular lines. He thinks it a little too early to find these animals. His party intended to leave within a few days on a trip to the north and east and were going in search of the rocky mountain goats, ibex, and "after a few weeks will try the caribou business again." The professor writes that he is enjoying good health but the trip is a hard one. They have already had one foot of snow and several inches of ice. He feels sure that he will get a good lot of specimens, as they have a large number already and the hunting season has hardly begun yet. They will probably not return for two or three months yet. This expedition will be of great value to the institution as the specimens procured are all of very rare species.

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UNION PACIFIC TICKETS ON SALE TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS EAST, WEST, NORTH and SOUTH

Topeka, - AT - Kansas F. A. LEWIS, City Ticket Agent

The German reichstag has been summoned to meet October 22.

It is estimated that at least 50,000 Americans visited the Paris Exposition.

Senator Plumb presided over the deep water convention with a silver gavel, which becomes his own. It was made for the president of the convention, whoever he might be.

**NEWSPAPER LAWS.**  
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the paper. 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.

SOME writing 4,280 years old is on exhibition in Paris, and the ink looks as fresh as on a thirty-day note for \$100.

It now transpires that paste, such as is used in so many editorial departments in this country, was known 400 years B. C., but it had no editorial value.

THE cutlery business is pushed to that extent in Germany that a fair pocket knife can be made for eleven cents. This is cutting it down to a thin edge.

It is predicted that there won't be a Shaker or Quaker left in the United States twenty-five years hence. It is too inconvenient to try to be different from one's fellow men.

ONE day last month the gentle zephyrs swept over Pike's Peak at a speed of ninety-eight miles an hour, and the signal service men felt their hair loosen at the roots.

THERE are over 600 one-armed men in the state of New York, and not over twenty of them were crippled in the war. The railroads and saw mills are responsible for the rest.

THE force which a California pumpkin exerts while growing is equal to the strength of a large horse attached to a stick of timber. Don't fool with a pumpkin if you want to keep right end up.

IF YOU ache for literary fame write a novel which will go off like hot cakes. Authors who have done this have made all the way from \$5 to \$40 on a book, or about half the wages of a wood sawyer.

A SOUTH CAROLINA girl who was taking a surf bath had her heel bitten off by a shark, and a Charleston doctor is making her one of rubber. He says it will make her a light and graceful waltzer.

DOM PEDRO thinks the day may come in Brazil when a woman can walk the streets of a city and be safe, but it is a good way off yet. They do it in some countries, but it is a barbarous custom, he says.

EVERY European nation now has its little alliance with one or more other nations, and in case of war the whole of Europe must be embroiled. It is probably better to have one big general war and then quit.

UNDER the laws of Bulgaria if a patent medicine is warranted to cure a certain disease and fails to do it the manufacturer can be prosecuted and sent to prison. No cures for consumption can be found in that country.

ON a recent Sunday morning the rats entered a colored church at Natchez in such numbers that the congregation had to adjourn. It was estimated that 1,000 of the rodents put in an appearance. Rats have been seen in white churches.

GEN. HOOKER, congressman from Mississippi, lost his right arm during the war. He was on the confederate side. Maj. Powell, chief of the geological survey, lost his left arm, he being on the union side. Now both these gentlemen, who are intimate, buy one pair of kid gloves between them, their hands being the same size.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD has been interviewed in Paris apropos of the experiments of American physicians and the criticisms of the American press. Dr. Brown-Sequard is disposed to regard American physicians as idiots, while he thinks American newspapers incapable of maintaining the mean between extravagant praise and vindictive censure.

THE famous John Hopkins university is reported in great financial distress—sad news to very many who are its friends throughout the west and knew it in its days of great influence and power. Its future depends upon Baltimore and Ohio stock, in which all the endowment fund is invested, and railway stock is always an uncertain quantity.

MANY years ago Whitelaw Reid once went out for a stroll in a short, tight-fitting velveteen jacket. As luck would have it, Sarony spied him and invited him to step in and have his photograph taken. Mr. Reid consented. He never wore the jacket again. But the photograph fell into the hands of a popular caricaturist, and from that day to this, whenever Mr. Reid figures in a cartoon he is made to wear the old, long discarded jacket.

## A FEMALE CYCLIST.

How the Wily Machine Ran Away With an Estimable Lady.

She Took an Afternoon Outing in Central Park and Added Materially to the Attractions of that Interesting Resort.

Among the many interesting things to be seen in Central Park, the past week, was my wife's mother on a bicycle. It was not her intention originally to enter into competition with the menagerie, but it's a frozen fact that the two hippopotami were nothing to her after she got fairly started.



TOO MUCH FOR ONE MAN.

I may add that the difficulty was right there—getting started. With the aid of two men and a step ladder my wife's mother can climb upon a good, square-rigged horse with a stout leg under each corner of him, and do it so nicely that the beast will smile through his tears; but with a bicycle it is different. A bicycle has only two legs and neither of them can be depended upon to hold still in an emergency. She enjoys equestrianism very much because she thinks that it reduces her weight, but, as the matter of fact, it is much more likely to have that effect upon the horse. As a friend of dumb animals I have advised my wife's mother to transfer her affections to the bicycle. I told her that it was becoming very fashionable—so much so that the newspapers had begun to libel celebrated actresses and others—Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter among the others by saying that they were experts with the wheel.

My representations decided her and she prepared for a great success on wheels. She did not care to appear in the park without preparatory practice, so she hired a bicycle and had it brought to the house. With this she experimented in the hall outside the door of our flat, during the daytime, when the men were down town. She did not learn to ride up and down stairs, though she went part of the way down once very successfully, but she acquired a pose which was somewhat easier and more dignified than if the bicycle had been a brush fence, though not much.

Then she decided that it was safe to try the park. There is a place close by where women can hire bicycles, and there my wife's mother asked for and obtained one with a rugged constitution and a gentle disposition. She led the docile machine to a secluded spot, where she thought to get a good start before sailing out before the admiring gaze of the multitude. Then she tried to mount, but it wasn't so easy there as in the hall with the bannisters to hang on to. She tried it till the machine got tired and then it lay down and she fell over it. At the next attempt she put her foot through one wheel and sat down on the other one. At this moment park policeman No. 13 hove in sight.

"Can I help ye thin wid that hay-thin machine, I dunno?" he inquired politely.

"I can ride real well on my own bicycle," said my wife's mother with true feminine mendacity, "but this ugly thing lies down every time I look at it."

"It looks daycint and docile," said No. 13, "but the dayvil is in them things. I see a power of 'em every day, and the tricks they is up to, an' why half the women in this town ain't walkin' round this minute with broken necks is beyant me entirely."



THEY ALL WANTED TO HOLD IT.

By this time No. 13 had lifted up the machine and was holding it on one side while my wife's mother mounted on the other. Several spectators had strolled up meanwhile. My wife's mother made a bold hasty step, and the bicycle took a tilt toward No. 13. He dug his toes into the sand and tried to brace up under the load, but it was a little too much for him. Things began to look serious. My wife's mother let go her grip on the steering apparatus and flung her arms around No. 13's neck. He took a new grip on the

earth at an increased angle. Several of the spectators offered advice, though there was really nothing to do but trust in providence. No. 13's feet slipped slowly out from under him; my wife's mother attempted to fly, and succeeded so well that when she and the bicycle, after a short aerial performance, descended together they found No. 13's prostrate body waiting for them. He was removed from under the wreck much broader, but not nearly so thick as he had been before.

Nevertheless the spectators of whom there were now a large number, regarded the affair as a great joke, and fifty or a hundred of them offered to hold the machine for nothing if my wife's mother would try it again. Probably they thought that they could bluff her out. This mistake arose from not having had her in the family. She was in a condition of mind to ride that bicycle if nothing had remained of it but one wheel. Singularly enough, however, it was found to be substantially uninjured. About a dozen men then grabbed the machine while the female cyclist of our family proceeded to mount. They were assisted by one small boy who took hold of the rear wheel with the avowed intention of "steadyin' de bloomin' bike till de old lady holler'd go." He didn't wait for the signal, however, but, as soon as my wife's mother got her seat, he gave the machine a violent push which caused the slender man in front to sit down very suddenly. The cyclist, having by this time got a grip on the treadles, took a flying start and passing over the slender man lengthwise, proceeded on her way down hill.

It isn't very hard to run a bicycle down hill if you're in a hurry and don't care how fast you go, and don't get your feet mixed up with the treadles or run over a dog or meet anything coming up. Some of these possibilities occurred to my wife's mother after the speed of the machine began to get away from her, and they destroyed her peace of mind. But nothing serious happened. She ran down the long hill beautifully, and her headway took her about forty feet up a short, steep incline that faced the other slope. She tried to continue her progress up this slope but it wouldn't work. Instead, she began to gather speed in the opposite direction; so she gracefully alighted on her back, and picked up the machine which had run into a tree.



MY WIFE'S MOTHER UNDER FULL SAIL.

She led the bicycle up the hill, and endeavored to look as if nothing had happened. She was not wholly successful for her fame spread and there seemed to be people all over the place who wanted to hold the machine, and then see the fun afterwards. Among them was a large, fat patriarch who said that he was an expert. He really did understand the subject very well, for he put my wife's mother on it without much trouble, and suggested that she should ride round and round on the level space at the top of the hill and not try to go down. She tried this plan and succeeded fairly well.

Meanwhile the expert strolled down the hill. Probably he knew that my wife's mother would get down there eventually. She got there sooner than he expected. For riding a bicycle a woman wears a round, full skirt, much like an ordinary riding habit but not so long. Now there happened to be a good breeze on the eminence, and before my wife's mother was aware of it her skirt had blown out like a great balloon and was sailing off with her before the wind, and the wind blew straight down the hill. Forty miles an hour was nothing to her speed at the moment when the obliging expert turned and saw her bearing down upon him. He was too completely taken by surprise to dodge, so he fled. A half dozen other pedestrians and several dogs joined in the stampede. They made good time but it was no use; they couldn't beat the air ship on wheels.

The flying machine passed over the fat gentleman and ground his nose into the sand. The bicycle was deflected from its course by this collision, and made a jump for a shady nook where one of the park gardeners was eating his lunch sitting on a board across two barrels. The bicycle went under the board, and my wife's mother went over it. She took the gardener with her. He did not mean to elope but he couldn't help it. He had no time to reflect. They both landed in a large tank which the gardener had been filling as a sort of reservoir.

Undoubtedly if I had seen this event with all its breakneck possibilities I should have thought myself in luck. But I wasn't. My wife's mother escaped entirely uninjured, but the bicycle was a wreck and I had to pay for it. Still it is a fact that although bicycling is getting more fashionable for women, it has permanently lost its popularity in our family.

## A VALLEY OF WONDERS.

Marvelous Sights Along the Course of the Colorado River.

On the Colorado river, a distance of 100 miles, are mountains of salt extending miles. The salt is so pure that a newspaper can be read through blocks of six and eight inches. A single blast of giant powder will blow out tons upon tons of it. This salt does not dazzle your eyes, as you might expect, while riding along on the river steamer or clambering over it. It has a layer of sandstone from two to eight feet thick over it. When this is torn away the salt lies in full sight like a great snowdrift. How deep it is nobody knows. This salt is destined to be the source of great wealth. Hamilton Disston, the big salt manufacturer, and Baldwin, of the Baldwin locomotive works, are the only men who have secured any of these salt mountains. When the Utah Southern railroad is pushed on from Frisco, Utah, it will tap the gigantic salt mountains. The rocks up toward the salt mountains are painted and cut into hieroglyphics which none of the Mojave, Xuma, Piute or other Indians know the meaning of. There are valleys along the great but as yet unknown Colorado, singly as much as 120 miles long and twenty wide. That will be the real orange country of the globe. They are as rich as the valley of the Nile. Irrigation will redeem them. Water will be brought on them as sure as destiny.

El Dorado canyon is grander than the Grand canyon of the Colorado. The tops of the windows of the steamer Gila do not project out more than six inches, yet I may put my head out and look as high as I can and I can't see half way up the mighty walls of the canyon. The river is 350 feet wide there, too. The only way you can see to the top is to get right out on deck and look straight up. The walls are so high that there is perpetual shade there. Neither the sun nor the moon can shine in. It takes ten hours going up to go through the canyon and two hours coming down. By the Colorado river and the Virgin you can run clear up into Nevada and Utah. Many people have laughed at me for saying I was going up into mountainous Nevada by boat, but that's just what I have been doing right along. Strange as it may seem, and little as it is, the Colorado has more navigable water without portage than any other river on the Pacific coast. It has 700 miles, while the Columbia has but 350. The Colorado is the only real field for explorers on the North American continent outside of the frigid North. The wonders that could be unearthed there will yet attract the attention of the greatest scientists of the world.—Colorado Letter.

## Brough and Corwin.

In one of his political campaigns, Gov. Brough was pitted against Corwin. In the course of his speech the Governor said: "Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches encouragement of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England—had it shipped across the ocean to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?" When Corwin's turn came, he began slowly and in a stammering, confused manner, as if he felt himself in a very embarrassing predicament. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "you have heard what my friend, Mr. Brough, has to say of my carriage. I plead guilty to the charges and have only two things to say in my defense. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it; the second is that I have not used it for seven years, and it has been standing in my back-yard all that time and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen, that is all the defense I have to offer; but before I go on with what I have to say upon the topics before us, I should like to ask how Brough happens to know anything about my carriage, unless he has been visiting my chicken roost?"—Argonaut.

## IF.

If damsels fair and youthful  
But meant the things they say,  
Ah! then, what joy to listen  
When eyes of azure glisten  
And tender words and truthful  
Our fears and doubts allay;  
If damsels fair and youthful  
But meant the things they say,  
If maidens never flirted  
And men were never false;  
If matrons never chided,  
If wall flowers ne'er derided,  
One's cares might be diverted  
By gliding through a valse;  
If maidens never flirted  
And men were never false.  
If bores were never present,  
And bores were never seen;  
If girls in their tenth season  
Would only listen to reason,  
'Twould render much more pleasant  
Society, I ween;  
If bores were never present  
And bores were never seen.  
—America.

## A Gambler's Request.

Frederick Brown, a well known sporting man of Washington, who died in Saratoga recently, made a will leaving his mother \$80,000. This amount he has won from the bookmakers in the last year. At the last meeting of the Jockey club in 1888 he "went broke," saving from the wreck only a diamond ring, which he pawned for \$40. Borrowing \$10 he started with this capital and won \$6,000 during the spring meeting. He followed the horses to Monmouth, Sheepshead and Saratoga, and won right along. He deposited \$17,000 of his winnings in a Saratoga bank.

## WINGED MISSILES.

The Pope has a full set of pearly white teeth well preserved.

Of the English bench of bishops, twelve are pledged abstainers.

Machinery has not yet entered the manufacture of French clay pipes.

A buried city, containing relics in profusion, has been unearthed in Honduras.

A Londoner advertises that he is "Porous Plaster Manufacturer to Her Majesty the Queen."

It is reported that a floating island 800 yards in diameter has been found in Honey lake, Idaho.

Buffalo Bill is spending considerable money in making a collection of French paintings of value.

It is a curious fact that there are 200,000 people in the United States who have artificial legs or hands.

A well in the south, from which a strong breeze rushed for years, has suddenly taken to spouting water.

Miss Lincoln, daughter of Minister to England Robert Lincoln, has become an acknowledged belle in London.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter boats for purposes of recreation.

Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone, Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe and Lord Houghton were born in the year 1809.

It is estimated that a major-general in citizen's clothes deteriorates fifty per cent, more especially if he smokes common cigars.

Out of 246 men passing along Main street in Cincinnati on a recent afternoon 210 had lost one or more of the hind buttons of their coats.

There are still over 10,000,000 square miles of unoccupied districts in various heathen lands, where missionaries thus far have never entered.

A London journal states shirts of chain armor, which cost about \$50, are now worn by more than one distinguished person on the continent.

A San Francisco jeweler has just received \$700 for diamonds which he sold twenty-five years ago. The purchaser was honest but he had bad luck.

A brakeman on the Chicago & Alton locked three murderous tramps in a refrigerator-car. They have an ice way of doing things on that line.

The drivers of Boston ice wagons suffered more from the heat last summer than the draymen, although having a temperature of 51° at their backs.

George Johnson, of Utica, paid \$1,200 for a trotting horse, and he hadn't owned him a week when a rat frightened him so that he jumped and broke a leg.

Fish have been caught in the Gulf of California at a depth of 1,400 feet. It must be fun to pull in a half a mile of fish line and find a three-ounce perch on the hook.

The formation of an orange trust in Boston is announced. The number of spinsters in that city leads to the suspicion that an orange-blossom trust has long existed there.

A Chicago alderman whipped two citizens Sunday night for standing on a street corner. It is hard to say what he would have done if they had been standing in the middle of a block.

It is estimated that the amount of gold and silver coin on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is about \$50,000,000, and it is further estimated that most of it will stay right where it is.

The Japanese are learning how to eat meat. In 1885 only 30,000 head of cattle were slaughtered in all Japan. In 1886 the number increased to 116,000; in 1887, to 130,500; in 1888, to 200,000.

Col. North, who began life in England as a humble laborer, is now the nitrate king, and pays Chili \$1,725,000 per year export duties on nitrates produced by one of his works in that country.

A burglar who was captured by a woman at Elizabeth, N. J., says he could have broken loose from two men. She got him by the hair and hung on, and nothing he could do would shake her loose.

The Queen Regent of Spain has caused advertisements to be published in all the leading newspapers of her dominions offering the two prizes, \$5,790 and \$2,895, for the two best essays on the life of Christopher Columbus.

A Memphis policeman, who was called on to shoot a dog, managed to hit a boy in the leg, a man in the foot and a horse in the head, and while he was scattering two or three more bullets along the street, the dog trotted off.

William O'Hare, of Williamsburg, N. Y., was denounced in public by Charles Masters as "a pious old fraud with the instincts of Satan," and a jury assessed the damages of \$3,000. Mr. Masters said he supposed this was a free country.

A West Virginian trained a tiny stream of water to fall drop by drop on a rock, and in five years it has worn a hole seven inches deep in solid stone. He could have made the same hole in fifteen minutes with a chisel and hammer.

"Can the mosquito be exterminated?" is a question which some people seem to think difficult to answer. Yet any man who has experimented vainly with one mosquito from bed-time to the breakfast hour can give the proper reply with his eyes shut.

The Queen Regent of Spain and her family were weighed recently at San Sebastian. King Alfonso weighs 35 pounds; his mother, the Queen Regent, 118; his eldest sister, the Princess of the Asturias, 48; the Infanta Maria Theresa, 45. The whole family, therefore, weighs three pounds less than ex-Queen Isabella, who tips the scale at 249.

Emperor William has but recently honored himself with any high military rank. Though as Kaiser he is the "War Lord" of the German army, he remained but a brigadier until a short time ago, when he rose to be a major-general. Since Queen Victoria made him a general, Moltke has urged him to come up to the first rank, and he is now a commanding general.

## WHERE GEN. LOGAN LIVED.

His Widow Has Organized a Memorial Museum.

Trophies of Many Battles--Souvenirs of Travel--Relics of Historic Value--The Work the Soldier Left Undone--His Superstitions--His Habits--His Favorite Books.

### Special Washington Letter.

I strayed up Meridian Hill last evening to Calumet Place--the mansion where Gen. Logan spent the last years of his life. I know the house pretty well as a social rendezvous where the senator and his wife held pleasant receptions for their friends, and was drawn there now by the report that since his death her love and grief and wisely pride had transformed it and made of it a great memorial chapel, as well worth visiting as a corner of Kensington.



MEMORIAL WINDOW.

A spacious edifice is Calumet Lodge, sixty feet square, of brick, with a brick annex that gives to the whole pile something of the appearance of an aristocratic ladies' seminary. Across the whole front runs a porch, twenty feet wide, supported by heavy granite columns. On every side is lawn, thick-set with flowers, hedges and rare palms, and the brick walls of the house are gracefully masked with climbing roses and honeysuckles and ampelopsis interlocking its bright green fingers.

I found Mrs. Logan more cheery and sunny than she has seemed before since her great sorrow. When I told her my errand, she said, "Why, yes, why not? I will show you the house and its curious equipment, and you may write whatever you please about it, for you write with a friendly hand, and there are many who have a right to know what has become of their splendid offerings to the general's memory."

"You are a literary workman again yourself," I said, "and appreciate the exigencies."

She smiled and answered: "Yes and the 'Home Magazine' under my management is thriving--now just make a note of that before you go any farther," and she offered me, for a seat, a generous leather chair.

"How came you over to buy this house?" I ventured to ask.

"Ah!" she cried, "you think it doesn't look like a poor man's cabin? Well, I'll tell you. We had existed in boarding houses for twenty-five years. Do you know what that means? Very well. After the election of '85, Darling was selected for the last time, and we talked it over and said 'Now let's buy a house.' We meant to get some quiet place easy of attainment. But I heard of this big double house and came to look at it and was delighted. The general vetoed my ambition. 'It is too big,' he said, 'hard to pay for and impossible to furnish. Its eight largest rooms are 20x25 feet square.' But we had some rugs and chairs and desks and bookcases, of course, enough to furnish two rooms, and I said 'Darling, see here, you give me \$1800 and I will furnish that house.' I knew it couldn't be given an outfit of modern furniture for twice that, but I resolved to get old mahogany. You see I succeeded. It is set in solid wood, mostly mahogany, from basement to roof. But it required economy and a heap of thinking. This central hall was always a favorite resting place for the general."

I rose and inspected it. It was twenty feet wide and contained a spacious stairway in the rear, rising, right and left to the high floor above. A double flat office desk was in the center, with chairs and equipments for writing.

"This piece near the door," said the lady "is a composite. The fine mahogany table was old Dr. Sims'. The great gold-framed mirror behind it, that must be 100 years old, I got down town at an antique store, and its side supports are those two great mahogany bedsteadposts." I had to

confess, even to myself, that it was entirely symmetrical and handsome.

"These old mahogany settles are from Fredericksburg. That tall clock is from Germantown and dates back almost to William Penn. You will hear its Cathedral chimes. This other hat rack was made from a design by the general to hold that grand elk's head projecting from the oak-leaf necklace in the upper panel. Poor Ed. McCook shot that Elk and sent the head as a present. The branching antlers are some five feet long. This wooden panel on the wall is very crude and inartistic, you see. It was taken from the Guadalupe church in Santa Fe by a priest and given to the General. Formerly it framed the paintings of saints. Beside it hangs a shield and buckles of rawhide believed to have belonged to some soldier of Cortez. It bears, you notice, rudely painted, but not greatly faded, the arms of the Spanish conquest, the towers of Castile and the lions of Leon. It is from Mexico."

Upon the walls of the hall is a painted horn of pulque from Mexico (though a pilfering darkey with a strong stomach has nearly drunk it up.) and there are Indian relics--moccasins, ornamented bows and arrows, caps, tobacco pouches, necklaces of shell and silver, gantlets, sashes from the Maquis and Zunis, the model of a Piegan canoe, and Indian toys and dolls in abundance. There is also an elaborate floral piece from the Baltimore Invincibles--a cartridge box in immortelles and on its side the words "40 rounds, the symbol of Logan's 15th Corps. Flung across the settles in this hall and in the parlors are handsome Navajo blankets, and sitting about are woven Muscular water jugs, and Zuni pottery. There are also a Sioux hunting shirt of buckskin and a gun cover very ornate, given to the general by a chief. Here, too, are some much admired portraits of noted chiefs, in oil, by Prof. W. H. Holmes, of the Geologist Survey. In a corner is an oaken dowel chest, unique, from a German baronial hall, carved in oak in high relief and painted fantastically.

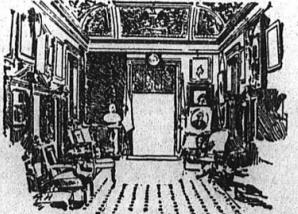
One of the front rooms is the sitting room, and here is one of the half dozen desks that Logan used. Sitting back of it is a photograph of the Illinois legislature that elected him in 1855. On the table is a brass book-rack, containing his familiar books of reference--Life of Grant, Protection vs. Free Trade, Bread Winners Abroad, (by Robert P. Porter, journalist and chief of the present census.) The Wandering Jew, The Bible, The Irish Question, Shakespeare and The Free Trade Folly.

"This solid mahogany sofa," said the lady of the house, "belonged to old Slidell." Near by is a wooden box containing Logan's tobacco and kit, including a Turkish pipe which he toyed with occasionally. Around the walls were photographs of his brother generals and statesmen, bearing autographs. The heavy walnut chairs were from General Butler's house. Near a window was mounted the eagle that was sent Logan in 1884 from Kansas. Around these rooms were several busts of the general.

In the dining room the massive mahogany tables, sixteen feet long, were once old Daniel Carroll's--an original settler of Washington. The China buffet, also of mahogany, was Daniel Webster's book case. Hanging on the wall in another parlor is Logan's coat-of-arms, in bronze. It is no hereditary trinket, but a superb thing of his own earning, bearing the full record of his battles, the badges of his corps, the flags of his regiments, and his civil service throughout. It was erected and presented by Post 23 of the G. A. R., Chicago. Near the mantle is a painted lithograph of the last parliament of Ireland.

The sacred room of the mansion has not yet been visited. This is Memorial Hall--a room 25x50 feet, lighted through a glass arcade roof from the sky, which Mrs. Logan has built as a repository of the trophies of her beloved dead, with whom she enjoyed an ideal and romantic union.

Here are two large memorial stained glass windows, containing a portrait of Logan, his corps badges (the arrow and cartridge-box), the gold badge presented by congress for gallantry at Vicksburg, a sword crossed upon a rifle, the antique arms of the Logan clan--the heart of Bruce with the three passion nails in it, and the gorgeous badge of past commander of the G. A. R.



LOGAN MEMORIAL HALL.

Around the top of the room runs an ornate frieze of high colors--two blue ribbons festooned through laurel leaves, and bearing the record of Logan's battles. At the ends of the hall this is held in place by the coat-of-arms of the United States and Illinois, and at the sides it is caught up by two black eagles.

Below the frieze hang the little straight sword that Logan carried as adjutant of the Illinois Volunteers in the Mexican war; the Enfield rifle which he carried at Bull Run, when a member of congress, he joined Richardson's Michigan regiment on the field, and two sabres which he wore at Atlanta and Vicksburg. "He never

wore an officer's sword if he could help it," said his widow, "he always preferred a cavalryman's ordinary sabre."

Nearby hangs a poor likeness of him when he marched to the Mexican war, red and boyish, and in the corner his mother has proudly written his name, and added, "aged twenty years, four months and seventeen days." Then there are a large photograph of Logan and his staff at Vicksburg, the well known picture of "Sherman and his Generals" and the vivacious colored lithograph of the march to the sea. On one of the large bookcases are his field-glasses and holsters.

Around the walls and on the tables are arranged the tributes of grief and respect sent to Mrs. Logan after the general's death. Thirty or forty of these are marvels of high art, beautifully embellished and framed or bound at great expense. Single boos' must have cost hundreds of dollars. Two of the finest of these are from Oakland, Cal., and Brooklyn, N. Y. The veterans of Chicago sent an oaken easel, elaborately carved with the general's portrait, and on it a sumptuous volume bearing their resolutions. A door of the room is flanked with two flags--his regimental banner and the standard of the army of the Tennessee. One of the large bookcases contains ten volumes of personal letters which the general received, urging his nomination for president; twenty approving of his Fitz-John Porter speech, and about fifty scrap books of current comment on him from newspapers and magazines. All these are in beautiful order--indexed throughout by Mrs. Logan's hand.

### A Horse's Memory.

I happened to be the witness of an odd scene the other day which, when recounted, may possibly amuse the reader, says a writer in the Boston Post. One of those not infrequent, but I must confess usually fictitious, necessities had arisen which take me to a stable--on this occasion to a large establishment in the vicinity of Chardon street. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and various people were starting for home, among them a man and woman, who had a remarkable intelligent looking gray horse. Just as he began to trot down the lane by which the stable is reached from the street, a stout "party" who, I noticed, had been watching the gray very intently, suddenly cried out in a loud voice: "Dan, don't you want a piece of cake?" The horse stopped short, pricked up his ears, looked around and uttered a faint whinny of recognition and assent; nor would he go on until the stout man had come forward and explained his interference. It appeared that several years before he had brought the horse from Vermont, where he owned him for some time, and as the beast was particularly docile he had taught him the true sense of the question the sudden asking of which brought the animal to a standstill. It is well known that horses never forget a person or place, and scarcely an event. No matter how much time has elapsed or how greatly the horse may have changed in disposition, one word from a former master will establish immediately the old relation between them.

### The Golden-Rod.

Yes, let our nation's emblem be The flower that blooms from sea to sea, That flings by every roadside free Its wealth of feathery gold, That decks the mountains in their pride And waves along the prairies wide, And smiles when frailer beauties hide From autumn's gathering cold.

Symbol of loyal life, confessed By North and South, by East and West, Faith's bravest blossom blazons best The empire of the free. And breeze and sunshine, bee and bird, Will join when patriots speak the word, And say "Our floral sign preferred The Golden-rod shall be."

—Youth's Companion.

### A Card That Speaks for Itself.

Adjoining the Wesson farm I had a piece of land, writes Geo. Hubbard in the Flint, Mich., Journal. On the land was a barn, a well and some tile ditching. In the barn was some farming tools suitable to conducting scientific farming. The last time I inventoried my agricultural assets I was short two potato bug sprinklers, one half-dozen clevises and two cotton binder covers. They have been secured by some accumulating cuss, and if any friend should notice a chap decorated with a log chain, six clevises, two potato bug sprinklers and two canvases, each 9x17 feet in size, wish they would tell the fellow he forgot to steal the drive-way, 200 yards of blind ditch, 197 stumps, and the mortgage covering the property. But if he will come back by appointment, divine or otherwise, I will fill his skin so full of bird shot and other chinking that his mother can't tell the seat of his pants from a colander.

### The Grave of Daniel Webster.

In the quaint, grass-grown old burial-ground just back of his own farm is the last resting-place of this great man. His tomb occupies the centre of a large lot surrounded by a high iron fence. The vault is entirely covered with soil and is only opened on the death of one of the family. It was last opened in 1862 to receive the remains of Fletcher Webster, who was shot in the last battle of Bull Run. In the same vault lie the bodies of children and grandchildren. Not a drop of Webster blood now remains in existence. The last living member of the family is the wife of Fletcher Webster. On her death the tomb will once more open to receive her remains, and will then be closed and sealed forever.

### TUSSLE WITH A 'GATER.

Exciting Encounter with a Big Mouthed Monster.

Following are the particulars of a remarkable adventure of W. H. Abbott, of indigo and racing fame, as narrated by a writer in the Military Gazette:

It was in the rains when the jamadar told us that there was a huge alligator under the bridge of the river. Sending for a gun and a couple of bullets, we went up to the bridge, and, sure enough, about 20 yards off, there was an enormous "ghurial" some 20 feet long, with his head just visible above the water. A well-directed shot caught him between the eyes, and the brute, mortally wounded, plunged into deep water, rolling over and over, and was carried by the tide down toward the bungalow, which was a quarter of a mile off. Abbott seized a long rope lying there, and rapidly made a slip-knot in it, and, declaring that he was not going to lose so lovely a skin, kicked off his boots, and just as he was—in socks, breeches and shirt—jumped into the river, giving me and a lot of other natives the other end of the rope to hold. He got well into the middle of the stream and was quietly treading water while we were all anxiously watching, when suddenly within two feet of the swimmer the alligator plunged straight up out of the water, snout foremost, as alligators generally do when hit in the head. Without the least hesitation Abbott flung both arms right around the snout and a regular rough-and-tumbled ensued.

Presently the brute's whole body appeared. Abbott calmly mounted him, evidently trying the while to disengage the slip-knot, which had now got tight round his own arm, and to shove it over the brute's head. Then the alligator started swimming and we following down the bank, when, just as we were opposite the bungalow, he pulled dead up, brought his tail out of the water, and with a fearful side sweep capsize Abbott, snapping at him as he fell. Then came another fight such as I never wish again to see, the pair eventually disappearing beneath the water. We hailed away at the rope, thinking it was still attached to Abbott, when unexpectedly we saw him come up a few yards from the bank, evidently almost senseless. A Rajpoot peon jumped in and dragged his master up the slope. He was bleeding awfully, and was a gruesome sight—shirt in ribbons, arms and chest torn all over, both hands badly maimed, and the right foot completely crushed. He came to at once, and only said, "The rope's safe over his nose," and so it was, sure enough; for the natives to whom I had thrown the rope were busily engaged in hauling the defunct saurian on shore.

I never saw a man in such a mess; and, to add to the horror, down to the edge of the river, just as we had dragged up her half-killed husband, rushed his young wife, wringing her hands and, naturally, half out of her wits with terror. While she was standing over him, and the servants were carrying him to the house, he was singing, "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead." A nice time of it we had out in a jungle, with no appliances to tie the severed arteries, and with a patient who would insist on trying to get out of bed to see how the skinning of the alligator was getting on. We tried to hire kahars, but the whole country was under water, and they refused to budge from home; so we put him into a shampany and took him into the doctor at Mozufferpore, taking from 10 o'clock Tuesday till 7 o'clock the next morning to do the twenty miles.

### Life in Japan.

An article in the Century by the artist Wores says: "In Japan women have always held a higher position than in other Asiatic countries. They go about freely wherever they please, and the seclusion of the Chinese is wholly unknown to them. The schools receive as many girls as boys; and as a result of my observations I can safely say, without idle compliment, that the former are brighter than the latter."

"By degrees, and under these favorable conditions for general observation, some of the causes of the people's happy spirit of independence began to be revealed to me. The simplicity of their lives, in which enters no selfish rivalry to outdo one another, accounts in a large measure for this enviable result. Regarding one another very much as belonging to one family, their mode of life is more or less on the same plane, and consequently a great spirit of harmony prevails. A very small income is sufficient to supply the ordinary necessities of life, and everything else is secured with but little effort. Household effects are few and inexpensive; and should everything be destroyed by fire or lost in any way, it is not an irreparable calamity. All can be replaced at a small outlay and 'I go on the same as before.'"

### Jim Flisk on Cemeteries.

Denman Thompson, it is reported, has built at his own expense a solid out-stone wall in front of the old cemetery in West Swanzey, N. H. Apropos of cemetery walls, they used to tell a good story of Jim Flisk and his attitude toward such structures. A delegation from a country town, in which he had resided for a time when a boy, waited upon him in the height of his prosperity, begging for a subscription to put a wall around the old cemetery. "Not a cent," said Flisk. "I won't give you a cent. It's a useless expense. Nobody in the cemetery wants to get out and nobody out of it wants to get in."—N. Y. Tribune.

### A PRETTY TALL STORY.

Remarkable Feat of Railroad Engineering in Colorado.

Among the recent invigorated liars of the town is one who has just returned from a session with ozone in Colorado, says the Omaha World-Herald. It was his first trip through the mountains and he was much affected by the feats of engineering skill there manifested, as witness the following:

"I had heard of the curve on the Pennsylvania, where, according to the time-card schedule, the engineer is obliged to lean out of his cab and exchange tobacco with the brakeman on the rear end, so as to give the passengers something to talk about, and I now believe it. There was an old, honest, horny-handed miner rode over the road out of Denver with me and he told me several things. Once while we were being jerked around the edge of the mountains and could look out from under the roots of our hair at the track opposite in the valley he told me a tale. Said he:

"That yere track down yan is the one we're onto, but we won't tech it fer an hour. We run up the ravine an' down the side of the mountain an' double back. Down thar is wher' Sim Lyle saved the paymaster o' the road."

"How' I inquired.

"It were this way: The paymaster's car was hitched onto the hind end o' the freight train, his own engine havin' had a little trouble with her runnin' gear an' bein' abandoned fer awhile up the road. Well, the train was snortin' and crawlin' aroun' the mountain when all of a sudden the back brakeman comes a runnin' up an' yells to Jim:

"Pull out! Pull out! They's a gang o' rustlers has caught the engine an' are humpin' after us! Pull!"

"Well, Jim Lyle noticed that. He seen at wunst that the engine had been fixed up an' that the rustlers had took her to ketch him an' git the dust in the paymaster's car, so he pulled out right peart an' tried to outrace 'em, but it wan't no go. They kep' gittin' up on him.

"Pretty soon he struck the beginnin' o' this yere curve. He didn't slack a breath an' the conductor come rushin' up an' belled:

"Fer God's sake, what kin we do? If we run this we'll climb a rail."

"Sallright," said Jim Lyle. "If I calculate rightly that car's saved," an he gave another pull out an' just as we reaches right here he jerked her wide open. Then we see what was what. Lookin' back, I bein' on the train, seen the last coach go up in the air, there was a jerk, an' away over into the canyon she went."

"Well, where does the salvation of the coach come in? I asked. 'I didn't see any particular advantage in being spilled over a mountain-side and being shot by train-robbers.'

"Now don't git frisky," said the old man, "I'm tellin' this yere an' I an't done. That there coach, as I say, sailed over offin the track just like the hind boy did when you used to play 'crack the whip' at school. It floated down as nice as you please an' lit on the track below in the valley an' with the force it was slung rolled ten miles to the next station. When we got there it was on the sidin' an' we pulled by, an' when the light engine load o' rustlers come bullin' along the town-people was waitin' for 'em an' the new cemetery was started in good shape."

### Grant's Gallantry.

When the honors came upon the Grants, says America, the mistress of the white house began to renew the dream of her girlhood--to have her cross-eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise the president, Mrs. Grant telling nobody, sent for the most eminent oculist in America. He willingly promised to undertake the operation which he assured her would be easy to accomplish and without danger. The good lady could not contain herself for joy, and, woman-like, gave way when she saw her husband, and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store for him. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checkered career, and said, in his simple way, "My dear, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they would seem strange if altered." Nor Launcelet, nor Romeo; nor lover of any clime or age, ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry.

### London Fog Is Healthy.

If London is the metropolis of the land of fogs, there is much consolation to be found in the fact that in spite of the smoke and its fogs it is not only one of the healthiest cities in the world, but it is growing healthier every year, says the London News. According to the official statistics for the quarter ending June last, our annual deaths are only at the rate of 16 per 1,000. If we could eliminate from the calculation some over-crowded and notoriously unhealthy districts the figures would, of course, drop considerably. Still more remarkable would our sanitary condition appear if the area were confined to the high and airy suburbs in which so large a proportion of those who are by day "in populous city pent" are fortunate enough to dwell.

### Explicit Directions.

Stranger (stopping over Sunday in Kansas City)—Sir, can you direct me to the ball grounds?  
Resident—Cert'nly. There's Dr. Dewitt's congregation coming out; just follow the crowd.—Life.



Another Ray from New Mexico.  
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. Sept. 25, 1889.  
DEAR EDITOR:

The oldest civilization in the territory now the United States ought to be the best, but it isn't. The Navajs and Pueblo Indians learned what they know of the arts of civilization long before Columbus discovered us, and practice them in exactly the same manner as they would if Christopher had staid at home, except that they now wear store clothes—a pink calico shirt and while cotton trousers—the shirt being worn so as to show its whole beauty as to length. The squaws are mostly engaged in the peach and grape business, dressing in a more becoming manner, and are quite graceful in their manner of accepting a nickel. These tribes cultivate grain, vegetables and fruit, and I am told are better farmers than the Mexicans. But I am going to saunter out some day and see them at their homes and learn some of their "folk lore," eat some of their home cooked mutton with chili sauce, and then I can write of them without fear of being unjust or hurting their feelings.

Old Albuquerque is said to be as old as Santa Fe and I for one do not doubt it after seeing it. I haven't seen Santa Fe, but know it can't look any older than the "Old Town" as it is called.

The growth of the new town has probably injured it somewhat, as a large number of its adobe buildings are in a ruined condition and no attempt seems to be made to rebuild them. There are, however, some good houses and well kept grounds in the ancient town. Ex Gov. Stover, of Kansas, lives there in quiet and luxurious seclusion. The county court house is there—a splendid modern building, with large and beautiful grounds surrounding it. Also the jail, a good but rather small building, if the size of the county is taken into account, which is about one-third the size of Kansas.

The new town of Albuquerque is the child of the great Santa Fe Route and is the best town on the line between Hutchinson and Los Angeles. It is the head quarters of the Atlantic and Pacific, of which it is the Eastern terminus. The latter road has here its extensive shops and general offices and the Santa Fe employs a large number of men here.

The total population of Albuquerque, old and new, is placed at 8000; and it is the center of commerce for a vast territory. Wool and hides, important products of this country, are handled in immense quantities. Wholesale stores in all lines are located here, and there are several solid banks, among them two national. Two live daily papers seem to prosper—The Citizen and The Democrat.

Education is represented by a Catholic seminary, a Methodist college and a Presbyterian academy; there is also a Government Indian school. But that foundation of the state, the public school, has not yet been established. Hope is expressed here that the next legislature will pass some enabling act by which a public school tax may be voted in a local option sort of way.

The town is located at the edge of the valley of the Rio Grande, 5000 feet above the sea level and enjoys a fine climate—the air is very dry because there has been no rain for six months to wet it. Eastward about twenty miles the Sandias mountains rise 4000 or 5000 feet higher and vary the otherwise monotonous horizon. But adios. If there is anything I've left out, telegraph me.

YARBH.

Iowa democrats have resolved against prohibition. This is satisfactory. Fence riding never is. Now we know just where they are, let this example be followed. Now let republicans carry out their dodge game of high license—if they dare. All that the people want to know is just where they stand. Soon they will be forced to take position. When this done fairly the temperance sentiment will know just what to do and how to do it. It is needless to say that high license will be condemned. The war is against the whole business, and the traffic must go or the party must go that dares to protect it directly or indirectly.

Logging on the Pacific Coast.  
The lumber interest of California, Oregon and Washington receive a unique presentation in a special number of the Lumberman, of Chicago, which bears date of September 28. It contains a list of all the operators in the three states with complete details as to their lines of business and equipment, much special matter of a technical character, statistics, and illustrated articles which vividly portray the timber and logging and lumbering methods in those greatest forests of the continent which have their habitat west of the Cascades. It is embellished with a handsome engraved cover and contains 140 pages. The publication is of interest to everyone, but no one interested in the lumber business should fail to read it. The price of this artistic as well as practical work is 50 cents.

### Shots in a Famous Old Revolver.

The Listener witnessed this morning an interesting little ceremony—the removal of three charges from an old revolver which had been borne, and evidently used, by an officer on the field of Cedar Creek, on October 19, 1864. On that day Capt. G. F. W. of the Thirtieth Massachusetts had, as he charged with his company the stone wall behind which the rebels were entrenched, drawn this old five-shooter, of the most approved ante-war type, which looks about as much like the ordinary Colt or Smith & Wesson of this day as a Revolutionary firelock does like the latest pattern of magazine rifle. The revolver was loaded, but the captain had discharged two shots from it. Then he himself was shot through the heart, and fell. The men pushed on; the rebels were driven from their position, and defeat turned into victory; but when Gen. Sheridan rode before the reformed line, and complimented the troops upon their bravery the gallant captain lay back upon the field, among the dead and wounded. His revolver, with the remaining three charges in it was sent home to his family, and from that day to this the charges remained in it, like a sheathed weapon ready for service. Occasion had arisen, however, to pass the old pistol on to a still younger hand, and it was deemed best to draw the old charges at last. So the three percussion caps, that looked as old-fashioned as a flint-lock itself to this generation, were removed. The bullets, with their paper cartridges, were carefully drawn and the powder fell out of them, some of it as bright and doubtless as energetic, if one were to test it, as when the captain loaded his revolver before the battle of Cedar Creek. To one who was there the sight of those old cartridges must have brought back a grim and moving spectacle of as gallant a charge as the war had known. —Boston Transcript.

### Scene at an Ant's Funeral.

The following incident appears in the "Proceedings of the Linnean Society," having been communicated to that learned body by an observer in Australia. The writer saw a large number of ants surrounding some that he had killed, and determined to watch their proceedings closely. Accordingly he followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ant's nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly, two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants.

In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the body of one of their comrades, then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, and then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pair, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about 200 ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead body, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea.

The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, in each of which a dead ant was laid. Then they all fell to and filled up the graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this insect funeral. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked and killed on the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it. —Cape Argus.

### Staid All Night.

An Akron man, who drives a fast team of horses, recently gave his family, his hostler and his hired girl strict orders to see that the barn was securely locked each evening. It happened that this careful liege lord came home with his steeds one evening, and while he was in the barn unitching some member of the family noticed that the front doors of the barn were open. A regular "ague" chill struck the spinal column of the person who had made the discovery, and he at once cautiously and quietly proceeded to the barn, closed the doors and locked up for the night. The husband did not show up until the hired man went out to feed the horses in the morning. Duplicate keys have now been provided.

Those who would like to have Dewey secure the Republican Presidential nomination think that it is a good Chauncey has—Boston Post.

### THE PIG IN GOOD SOCIETY.

How His Skin Will Be Used in Covering Books of Every Description.

Fashion touches almost every manufacture nowadays and has a great influence over stationers' novelties, gift books, and souvenirs. F. E. Hofely of a large New York firm is at the Palmer house, and shows some of the novelties that will be the rage this year in his line that embraces so many pretty fancies.

The wallowing hog in his native element is not a general object of admiration among the women. But when his pigskin is dead and his skin has been carefully dressed and finished in the highest skill of the tanner's and bookbinder's art, the dainty fingers can handle, with great pleasure, a gift book or souvenir that is clad in this new cover, which will be all the rage this season. Pigskin has been used in pocket-books and such objects for two or three years, but this is the first attempt to bind dainty books with it. The skin is of delicate touch and embosses handsomely. As prayer-books and kindred literature are printed largely at Oxford, England, it is generally a year after new bindings come into vogue that they cover such books, so it will probably be a twelve month before his pigskin gets into church.

But by those with exquisite designs and a long purse the crushed levant leather will be in demand. Seal has held sway as the finest leather, but the new manufacture will supersede it. Crushed levant is the skin of the walrus and the finest specimens of seal-skin treated by an elaborate process. Ticknor used the levant last year in a few copies of gift books, which he sold at \$25 each. An ordinary volume of poetry in the levant will cost from \$10 to \$15.

Monochrome lithography will enter into souvenirs more than ever. This process, only three years old, consists of manifold impressions of tints of the same color with a completely shaded illustration is produced. It differs from color lithography in that it uses only tints of the same color, while the latter uses different colors. Combinations of oligraph (which resembles oil painting) and monochrome lithography are the latest for souvenirs and illustrated poems. Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" is thus elaborately illustrated in this new combination. The monochrome work is only done in Nuremberg, Bavaria, which Costell & Co. of London controls. Oxidized silver ornaments and titles is also a new fashion. Celluloid and bronze have been used, but only recently has the latter been brought into vogue. —Chicago Times.

### The Problem of Electrical Executions.

As the time approaches for the going into effect of the law passed in the state of New York for the electrical execution of criminals, the advisability of this mode of execution is again being discussed, and experiments on living subjects have been undertaken to test the new method of punishment. That electricity, when properly applied for the purpose, will cause death has been established beyond a doubt; but it has been recently pointed out again that there is some probability of the victim being only temporarily deprived of the signs of life, and thus meeting a more terrible fate later on. It is, therefore, suggested, that, to prevent any possible burial alive, a post-mortem examination be made. This somewhat novel question introduces another factor of uncertainty, for a case might thus arise in which death might be due to the post-mortem, instead of the electric shock, supposing the latter to have only stunned the victim for a greater or less time. Regarding also the question of spilling blood at electrical executions, a recent experiment at Mr. Edison's laboratory, where a dog was killed by electricity, shows that under certain circumstances, too high electro-motive force for example, may be drawn from the victim by the bursting of a blood vessel.

While we believe that executions by electricity can be made as painless as by any other method, it is to be regretted, in some respects, that it has been chosen to replace the office of the hangman, if it is to be attended by grim and ghastly incidents or accessories. That may meet the views of those who wish to make executions horrible, but we sincerely trust that electricity is free from such recommendations. —Electric World.

### The City of Quito.

If it were not for the climate, Quito would be in the midst of a perpetual pestilence; but notwithstanding the prevailing filthiness, there is very little sickness, and pulmonary diseases are unknown. Mountain fever, produced by cold and a torpid liver, is the commonest type of disease. The population of the city, however, is gradually decreasing, and is said to be now about sixty thousand. There were five hundred thousand people at Quito when the Spaniards came, and a hundred years ago the population was reckoned at double what it is now. Half the houses in the town are empty, and to see a new family moving in would be a sensation. Most of the finest residences are locked and barred, and have remained so for years. The owners are usually political exiles who are living elsewhere, and can neither sell nor rent their property. Political revolutions are so common, and their results are always so disastrous to the unsuccessful, that there is a constant stream of fugitives leaving the State. —Curtis, in the American Magazine.

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### The Best And Cheapest College.

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"BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES," a book for boys and girls is one of the most beautiful works published this season for children and is a new departure in the line of juvenile books. It is illustrated with colored plates printed in fourteen colors showing the butterflies in their natural beauty hovering over flowers which are also printed in their natural colors. A striking feature is the illustrated title page printed in fourteen colors. This book was written by M. G. Musgrave, a young Englishman, whose entire life has been devoted to the study of Natural History, and whose name is mentioned as an authority many times in Newman's famous work on butterflies, published in England. Elder Publishing Co. Chicago.

We have a neat little volume by Mrs. J. B. Rideout, author of "Six Years on the Border," entitled "Camping out in California." Its twelve chapters are very readable, and bear with them the refreshing influence of the Pacific slope. They are off-hand, easy letters relating the experience of a party of young travelers. In some cases they are even too carelessly written, for instance when the writer speaks of "a strata" and "quite a number of miles" etc. Sold by booksellers or sent by R. B. Patterson, Publisher, San Francisco, Cal. Price 50c.

THE CENTURY has in preparation a series of papers on topics relating to The Gold Hunters of California. The articles will be prepared for the most part, as were the War Papers, by prominent participants in the events which they describe; and they will include, accounts of Early Explorations, Life in California before the Gold Discovery, the Finding of Gold in 1848 at Sutter's Fort, the Journey to California by the Different Routes (around the Horn, across the Plains, by Nicaragua, and by Panama), Life in the Mining Camps and in San Francisco, and other important aspects of California life at the time. It is believed that these papers will be in the nature of a revelation to the reading public of the present day as to many interesting aspects of the pioneer period, its romance and adventure, its tragedy and pathos, and its poetry and humor. A careful search in California and elsewhere has already brought to light many interesting pictures never yet engraved. The publication of the papers will not be begun until the series is further advanced.

The "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" for October opens with Mr. Byrner's serial, "The Begum's Daughter," which the "London Spectator" pronounces "a very powerful story." "A Non-Combatant's War Reminiscences," by J. R. Kendrick, contains fresh statements with regard to the social and political condition of South Carolina before and during the war. The writer was a Union man. Another of Mr. Byrner's valuable papers on the American Revolution is devoted to "The Month and Newport Campaigns." An article which should be read by every individual connected with the government is an account of "The Government and its Creditors," by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson. It is a record of the dishonest, shamelessly neglectful course of the government in its treatment of its honest creditors, and should rouse an indignant determination that the government shall hereafter at least try to be honest. A paper which will be read with interest is one upon the late President Wolsey, by Prof. J. H. Thayer, of Harvard. It is an admirable description of a thoroughly admirable man. Sophia Kirk contributes a paper on "Prismatics," which discusses color and poetry. J. D. Morgan writes concerning the education of women and the much broader and truer ideas which now prevail. There are three poems, reviews of important new books, and the usual variety in the Contributors' Club. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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

The Century Magazine closes its nineteenth year with a number for October which, besides its leading serials on Lincoln and Siberia and the Old Masters, contains several papers of peculiar importance. One of these is a study of "Moliere and Shakspeare," by the eminent French comedian M. Coquelin, accompanied with a frontispiece portrait. "Reminiscences of the Herschels," is by the celebrated American astronomer, the late Maria Mitchell. With the latter article is a portrait of Miss Mitchell, and a picture of her last observatory, at Lynn, Massachusetts. Miss Brackett has an appreciative "Open Letter" on Miss Mitchell in the same number. A group of brief illustrated articles on manual training presents this subject from three different points of view. There is great variety in the story element. The "Strange True Story" is the "War Diary of a Union Woman in the South." A story which every newspaper man, woman and boy in the country will especially appreciate is Mr. Allison's, "The Longworth Mystery," supposed to be told by the "City Editor." Manrice Thompson publishes a dialect story which the author declares has "a trace of allegory in it." An extremely timely illustrated paper is that from the expert hand of Mr. Walter Camp, and entitled "Base-ball—for the Spectator." Mr. Wilson has a paper on "Three Jewish Kings," which will especially interest those who are following the International Sunday School Lessons. Mary Hallock Foote, in her "Pictures of the Far West," portrays a "Pretty Girl" of that part of the country. The list of poets hardly sustains the charge that "our young poets get no chance in the leading magazines."

Sharks have invaded the Mediterranean Sea since the Suez canal united it with the Red Sea.

### THE OLD MAN MAKES A SWOP.

I've swopped ther ole gray mare, Lizer,  
'Nd g'n' ther cash ter boot  
'Twixt her 'nd er peart young mule, Lizer,  
Thev'll jest my fancy suit.  
What! Sorry I swopped her, Lizer!  
Wal, wife, that's pow'ful strange,  
I 'lowed yer' tired ov her, Lizer,  
'Nd like me, wanted a change!

We've had her with us so long, eh,  
Yer hates to lose her now!  
Wal, wife, it's curus how wimmin  
'Li hev sech feelin's! Someshow  
When't comes ter tradin' 'nd swoppin',  
They're allus at a loss;  
Wimmin ain't meant fer bizness  
When't comes ter tradin' er hoss

Now don't begin ter cry, Lizer,  
'Nd go on in ther fool way,  
Ets too late now ter be snifin'—  
Ther ole mar's gone ter stay!  
Now jest sort o' reconsider,  
'Nd you'll 'low I wuz right  
In gettin' rid ov ther critter  
With sech er trade in sight.

What's ther yer say!—'Whod'—Lizer!  
'Whod' yer infernal—'Whod'!!!

Good Lor! Wuz ther an earthquake  
Ez elevated me so!  
No! Now I reckon, Lizer,  
'Twas ther air mule! Say, wife,  
I've got er kickin' catapulit—  
Ther wuz trade in m' life!

Talk about swoppin' hosses!  
(I'm sick er sick kin be.)  
Ter think ther kickin' varmint  
Could be worked off on me!  
Ther trader wuz er rascal!  
But sense I bring't ter mind,  
I forgot ter tell him, Lizer,  
Ther ole gray mar' wuz blind!

### THE SENATOR'S STORY.

A Hasty Speech for Which He Deeply Paid.

"Well, said the senator, as he selected a fresh cigar and reached over for a match, 'you may not think it, but I came mighty near being hung once.

The whole party started. Any one less likely to be accused of serious crime than our host—a distinguished lawyer and state senator of California—it would have been hard to imagine.

"How was that?" I asked.

"When I was a young chap I got my sheepskin from Dartmouth, and as I had a few dollars, I made my way out to this state. I mined for a while, and then went to Sacramento, where I hung out my shingle and waited for business. It was literally a shingle, too, painted by myself. I soon after met a girl, Polly Sinclair, the daughter of Robert Sinclair, a builder. There were not so many girls there then, and Polly had plenty of fellows after her. But somehow she took a shine to me, poor as I was, and I was as much in love with her as man could be. Her people did not like me, though, and naturally enough, too, for I was only a poor, struggling lawyer, and they thought Polly could do better. Her brother was especially against me. Poor Bob, perhaps I was to blame most in the matter. Anyway, Polly and I had found out that we cared for each other, and one night, when we were walking together, we met Bob. He began by calling me all the names he could think of, and my temper being none of the best, I got mad.

"Polly kept begging me not to quarrel, and at last I turned away, leaving her with him. As I left I said to him that we would meet again, when I would make him explain his words.

"I was so excited that I could not go home, and I walked along the road for, I should think, five miles from the town. Then I turned and walked back, went to my room, and, being tired out, went to sleep.

"In the morning I was waked up by the sheriff, and arrested for murdering Bob. The poor fellow had been found in the street with his head crushed in by a blow from behind, and every thing he had with him taken. There were a dozen witnesses to what I had said to him and to the quarrel. No one had seen me during the evening, my boarding-house keeper had not seen me come in, and altogether things looked rather black for me. The only thing in my favor, and that was little enough, was that there was nothing of poor Bob's found in my possession.

"Well, I was locked up in the old jail, and to tell you the truth, I didn't see my way out of the trouble. Every one in town belted me about lynching me out of hand. When I say every one, I mean make an exception. Polly, bless her, believed in me still, although her father was one of the bitterest, naturally enough.

"I had been in jail about ten days, when one day the door of my cell opened, and Polly came in. How she managed to persuade Sheriff Hughes to let her see me, I do not know, but she did somehow.

"I am not going to tell you what sort of a meeting that was, I could not if I would. Of course, I told her I was innocent of poor Bob's death, and she sobbed out her belief in me as I held her in my arms. At last she whispered her plan to me. I was to escape, and the dear girl shoved a file into my pocket as she talked.

"No one, she said, in Stockton would ever believe that I was innocent; and if I did not run away I would be hung. As for herself, she would try to prove my innocence, and if she succeeded we would be married. If not, then she would never marry any one else. Naturally, I said I would stand my trial, as I was innocent; but when Polly pressed me as to how I was to prove this, I did not know. She talked and begged, and at last I consented. So, as Sheriff Hughes came back, she had to leave me.

"I did not like the job, but still I worked away with the file, and as the bars were pretty poor stuff, I got out one of them. I crawled and reached

the street, and then made my way along it towards the edge of the town. I was to strike out across the plains, hiding in the day-time and traveling at nights only. I reached the open country, and just about daylight lay down to sleep in a hollow between two ridges. I could not sleep long, however, and after a time I was lying there wide awake. I got so nervous at last that I made up my mind to go on, and started once more. I had not been walking very long, and, as you may suppose, I was taking advantage of every bit of cover that I could get, when I saw a long line of men riding over the plains toward me. With them were any number of dogs, for, although we had no bloodhounds in those days, there were lots of dogs who would bark at a stranger if they saw one.

"Gentlemen, my heart seemed to stand still. Although I didn't want to escape at first, now that I had, it seemed to me doubly bitter to be retaken. I do not know how to explain it to you, but the second capture was far worse than the first. But what could I do? There wasn't a tree, for miles there was no broken ground nor rocks to hide in. Nothing but that wide rolling plain, and that line of men slowly riding towards me. It made me feel sick.

"I took the only chance I had, and lay down in a hollow place where they might overlook me, and so I waited. I could hear the shouts of the men as they came nearer, hear the barking of the dogs, and I could do nothing. I tell you I seemed to fairly melt with perspiration. At last they came quite close. A dog saw me and began to bark. I sprang to my feet and as I did so a man fired at me and shot me in the shoulder, which is stiff yet. This man was John Bogart, the deputy sheriff. Of course there was no fight—I had nothing to fight with.

"Naturally my capture soon became known, and Polly, as she has told me since, was nearly beside herself at the result. She blamed herself for it all, especially as every one told her that my running away proved my guilt. The poor girl got sick with anxiety and fear, and had to take to her bed.

"Meantime, the time for my trial was coming mighty near, and I do not believe that a jurymen could have been found in Sacramento to say that I was not guilty. In fact, any twelve men would have sentenced me without hearing the evidence. My shoulder bothered me not a little, too, and Bogart, the jailer, used to tell me, with a grin, I must get well in time for the 'ceremony,' as he called the hanging. Cheerful, wasn't it?

"One evening, Polly, who was getting a little stronger, was sitting on the porch of their house, when she saw a man walking up the street. She has always said she does not know why she did it, but something made her follow him. She just could not help it. She did follow him down a by-lane, until he reached a hillock of sand just outside of the town. On the further side of this, she saw him dig some things up which he put into his pockets. Then, after filling in the hole, he made his way back, passing close to where the girl was crouching behind a pile of rubbish, so close that she recognized him. She followed him again, and saw him walk towards the jail. Reaching that building, he went into a little house at one side, and Polly crept softly up, and looked through a crack between two of the boards.

"What she saw was enough to make her go to the sheriff's house as fast as she could walk. Hughes had gone to bed, but Polly insisted on his getting up and talking to her. When he heard her story, he put on his hat, went out and got three men he knew, and made his way with them to the house by the jail. Here they walked in, and quietly searched the room.

"I suppose you have guessed what they found. All of poor Bob's things—his watch, his money, a revolver with his name on it, and his pipe were hidden away under a board in the floor under the bed. It was while they were looking at the things that a step was heard, and the door opened for a second. Before they could jump, the man had turned and run; only to fall into the arms of stout Mike Cassidy, the guard Hughes had left by the door, with orders to let any one in but no one out; and when they hauled the man back into the room where the light was, Hughes had the pleasure of looking at his own deputy and jail keeper, John Bogart.

"To make a long story short, Bogart was the guilty man, and he took a more prominent part in the 'ceremony' than he had anticipated. As it afterwards turned out, he had embezzled some money belonging to the county, and hearing that Bob had several thousand dollars with him which he was taking home, he had stolen up behind him in the street and crushed in his head with an iron bar. He might not have done it had he not heard of the quarrel between Bob and myself. In the morning, when the body was discovered, he had suggested that I was the murderer, and, of course, the suggestion was taken up. He confessed everything before he died.

"The next day Polly insisted on telling me the news, and, naturally, she was allowed to. I am not going to say anything about that meeting, but after we had been together an hour Hughes came in, saying he wanted to congratulate me, too. It was not long before I was out on bail, and people could not do enough for me. I got cases as fast as I could take them, and it was not long before I was as prosperous as I had been poor before. As for Polly—why, if you have done smoking, we can join her in the parlor."—Alfred Balch, in N. Y. Ledger.

### GOLD IN IRELAND.

#### A Discovery Which Lights Up Hope for the Old Sod.

The rumor having reached town that a large discovery of gold had been made in the County Wicklow, I proceeded by the 2 o'clock train to Aughrim, a village on the Shillelagh branch of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford railway. I found considerable excitement existing among the people, and I did not want for a guide to conduct me to the spot where it was alleged that the valuable discovery had been made. Close to the village, which is one of the prettiest and cleanest of its size that is to be found in the country, runs the river Derry, a stream that passes through one of the best wooded and most picturesque portions of the County Wicklow. The locality has been always noted for the indications of gold which are from time to time apparent, but the main difficulty has been to pitch upon the particular spot where it lies. On reaching the bank of the river, close to town, I found a man with a shovel poking at the stones and rubbish by the side of the stream. He was an old digger, having spent the earlier years of his life in the gold fields of Australia and New Zealand. He was a native of the locality, and though now living at home for many years he had not forgotten his digging experience, and manifestly knew well what he was about. I learned from him the true history of the excitement that had taken possession of the people within the past few days about the finding of gold. It appears that two gentlemen had come down to the village a few days ago to ascertain the gold yielding properties of the place. One was Mr. P. A. Byrne, of Dublin, and the other was Mr. McNally, who, having spent many years in the gold fields of the colonies, naturally takes a deep interest in the subject. They fell in with the man whom I found working by the side of the river, whose name is Foley. Without delay they then proceeded to make experiments, and the first spot they struck on by the river side they found considerable quantities of floating gold. They experimented over and over again with equally satisfactory results, finding upon each occasion the color of gold, which in digging phraseology is the proper term to be applied to floating gold obtained by the method they pursued. Foley made two or three experiments in my presence. He had the small tin pan which he filled with stones and rubbish dug out of the river bank. Putting his feet on two stones in the river he proceeded to wash the rubbish. The operation occupied some time, and by degrees he reduced the quantity of stuff in the pan to a small mass of sand in the bottom. As the water came into the pan he pushed the sand out rather roughly with his hand, and I remarked to him that if there was any gold in it he was putting it out. He replied, with a smile, that that was what every one thought who had never seen the operation performed before, and explained that as gold was heavier than the sand he contrived to leave it at the bottom of the water while he got the sand to about a thimbleful, he held up the pan, and there, true enough, I saw from fifteen to twenty particles of gold. He repeated the operation with all the same result. Foley did this with the execution of an old worker, applying the rough terms of the diggers to each branch of the operation. Picking up a glittering stone he handed it to me and asked me did I think it to be gold. I replied that it bore the color and certainly looked as if it did contain some quantity of the precious metal. "That," said he, "is what we call new chum gold, because all the new chums at the diggings believe that they have gold when they find a stone like that. But it is not gold." I then asked Foley what he thought of the symptoms. His reply was that he had often known prospective claims to have been obtained in the colonies for indications far less satisfactorily, with the result of large discoveries of gold. Of course the method of procedure would be to take several parts of the stream and experiment upon them and thereby feel the way to where the main body of the gold probably lies. The operation which I witnessed on Friday would not yield enough to pay all the parties who would have a claim upon the production, but if a laborer could dispense with the charge attaching to the digging of gold he could, in Foley's opinion, make enough to repay him. The Earl of Meath is the landlord, and for the digging purposes Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M. P., is the lessee of the twenty-five miles of the River Derry. It is to be hoped that Mr. Morgan, who is a gentleman of enterprise and experience in mining matters, will be induced by the experiments that have been made to test the resources of the River Derry.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

#### The Dipper.

If a number of dippers could be started from the head of the watershed any given area, tracing the brooks and streams from source to mouth, they would register a perfect chart of the waterways of the district. For it is a characteristic that, however sinuously the stream may wind and double on itself, these the dipper closely follows, never skirting the land to make short flights. Even if one be fishing or boating on the stream, the bird only rises higher, but allows no obstacle to bar its course. The dipper is perhaps the most essentially water

bird we have—even more so than the so-called water fowl. It seems so completely a part and parcel of the stream, it inhabits that one might almost suggest its origin from the streams themselves—from the bubbles or the spray. More frequently than not the nest is placed immediately beneath a waterfall and the young birds get their first peep of the world without through a spray shower of water crystals. Their green mossy home conforms marvelously to the dripping rock against which it is placed—so much so that only a trained eye can detect it. The dipper is an early breeder in some years commencing its nest in January and having its five foam white eggs by the end of the following month. There has been an onzel's nest by the White Water rocks time out of mind. Every spring, when the first willow wren's call comes up from the woods, we make a pilgrimage to visit it. So soon as we are near enough to hear the rush of water over the falls, so soon do we catch the wonderfully joyous strains of the brook birds. It seems that the more white water is falling the louder they sing; and often when from the bird's bill we have seen that it was singing, the song has been completely drowned by the rush of the water. But the nest! It has been against the dripping lichened rock since first we could reach up to it. It is one of the marvels of bird architecture—so fresh, so crisp, so cunningly woven and yet so much in keeping with the spirit of the bird. It is quite a foot in diameter, round and bossy in outline, with a neat hole in the side and wholly composed of the freshest green moss. Standing by, one is soon drenched through by the falling spray, which makes a miniature rainbow against the sun. It is here that the young dippers first begin life, and a fairy spot it is. They soon learn to love the white foam and the torrent and a few days after they leave the nest may be seen wading among the shallows, or occasionally disappearing in the depths. From these they emerge, the golden water trickling from their backs, but seldom without some soft bodied thing from among the pebbles.—Sylvan Folk.

#### A Man of the World.

I suppose I am one of those persons who come under the street phraseology of 'a man of the world.' I also suppose that phrase, in its best sense, means a man not wholly good or bad—a person known and distinguished from those whose pretensions lead them into exclusiveness—those who pretentiously consider themselves specially ushered into the world for a purpose. With this self-sanctifying definition of my place in the social, economic, political and business world, I have closely observed the men of my class as contra-distinguished from my own. Few men who have breathed the waves of every day life, and smiling in the sunshine to-morrow, fail to develop a heartiness and benevolence. Now, it is with no intention to cast odious reflections upon a pretentious class by relating a recent incident. A comparatively young man, of good family and having the advantage of a good education, but who was unfortunate to the extent of leaving the parental roof prematurely, and who failed to find the world all roses, called upon a now wealthy and formerly intimate friend of his father's family for assistance. He was seedy and absolutely needed. He wanted to take his rags and all his valuable experience home again, freely admit his error and commence life anew. He was not only refused assistance, but was even gruffly ordered away. He returned to his old haunts and his men of the world associates disheartened, related his day's experience to a company of three or four, and with the result that they chipped in enough to send him to the old home, and they did not ask any note for the amount advanced, with usurious interest, either. I received a check for the amount a few days ago, and it may not be inappropriate to say that his father has discontinued his business relations with the man to whom his son applied for assistance, which means the loss of several thousand a year.—Globe Democrat.

#### Sometimes You Can't Always Tell.

A Wise Man says: "A young man used hardly and roughly will be a tougher man in the end. He will go into the fire iron and come out steel." That depends a great deal on whether he does or not. And that, again, depends largely on what the young man is when he goes in. If he is simply basswood, and the very best quality of basswood at that, when he goes in, he goes in for good. He doesn't come out anything. I don't know where he goes, but he doesn't come out again. It won't do to put all young men into the fire. Unless the tempering process be considered a good way to get rid of them. And then when you put the young man of iron into the fire you don't want to keep him there too long, or you'll spoil him. Iron will burn as well as basswood, if you keep it on the fire long enough. "How long shall you keep him in then?" Oh, bless you; how do I know? Ask the Wise Man, he began it.—Burdette.

#### Would See Him Again.

In Meadville, a couple of days since, a young man called on Court Clerk Gaskill for a marriage license. On giving the lady's age as twenty he was told her parents' consent was necessary. He meditated and concluded: "Just let it go a few days. I've got another girl that I like pretty well, and I think she's of age. I may change my mind, I'll see you again, anyhow."

### WOMAN'S WORK AND WORLD.

#### Train the Girls.

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

#### The True Lady—Advice to Young Women.

It is the duty of every woman to be a true lady. Brazen boldness is a thing which girls cannot afford to practice. Wildness of manner and an open defiance of all those wholesome laws which have made woman's name illustrious both in sacred and profane history from the beginning of time, are no more becoming to girls and "young ladies," so-called, than in angels. Delicacy is an innate quality of the female heart, which, when once lost, can never be regained. No art can restore to the grape its bloom or its sweetness to the taste, when the mildews of night have once settled down upon the vine. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard to the common rules of etiquette even, is destructive of all that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

"The world is wide, these things are small, They may be nothing, but they're all."

#### A Whiff of Lavender.

Lavender, the favorite perfume of our grandmothers, has again come into favor. The lavender is put into little bags of cambric or silk, and placed between the sheets and table-cloths, as well as in the drawers where underwear is kept. Some women prefer rose or violet perfume, and make long mats of thin silk or cotton, fitted to the size of a drawer or trunk-tray, sprinkle them well with sachet powder, cover with another piece of silk and "tuft" it with embroidered silk. Sometimes these bags are made of cheese cloth, which are less costly and answer the same purpose equally well. They retain their perfume for a year or more, and if kept in the bottom of a trunk or drawer will perfume the entire contents.

#### The Round Waist, Sleeves, Etc.

The round waist is without darts, and, paradoxical as it may sound, is slightly pointed in front and back. It has but few seams, and may be either plain or full on the shoulders; its fullness below is plaited or gathered to the points at the waist line, and it is trimmed there by vandyke points of embroidery or of passementerie, or else it is edged by a folded ribbon fastened by a bow without ends on the left side. The round shallow yoke so often mentioned will still be made of velvet, silk, moire, or any material of the dress material covered by passementerie. The high standing collar and mutton-leg sleeves will be made for most woolen dresses; cloth dresses, however, seldom have very full sleeves, as they cannot be worn under a cloth jacket or fitted coat.

#### Autumn Dresses.

The first French dresses imported for autumn repeat many of the designs brought out late in the summer by Parisian modistes. Round waists, full sleeves and straight skirts reappear with variations. Jacket waists and elaborate fronts of corsages remain in vogue, and basques are not wholly abandoned. Some features of the Directoire coat are retained, and new ones are added. Passementerie, braiding, fur and feathers with velvet cut bias and also velvet ribbons, are the trimming of the first dark dresses.

#### The Chambermaid Cure.

The Queen of Sweden is undergoing peculiar treatment to restore her nerves to a normal condition. Her doctors have ordered her to rise early, make her own bed and dust and sweep the room. She has to take a walk in the garden before breakfast, work among the flowers afterward, and lead an active out-door existence all day long. Already the Queen has been benefited by this curious cure—the chambermaid treatment, as it is called. It is not likely to become popular.

#### Worry Kills, Not Work.

It is not work that kills, but worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but fiction. Work is good for the soul, good for the body and good for the mind. If you want a good appetite don't worry. If you want to stand well with yourself and want to stand well with your right in your home and your business, do not worry. If you want to size up 100 cents on the dollar, do not worry.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Climate and Food on Wool.

In a recent article the Western Rural says that climate has an effect upon wool, and, to prove it, cites the fact that the New England mills pay a higher price for wool that comes from Southern Ohio, Western Pennsylvania and portions of Western Virginia than for wool which comes from any part of the United States. There is a different texture to it. That climate has some effect is no doubt true, but the effect is rather indirect than direct. It has been claimed that the soil has an effect. That is true, too, but it is an indirect effect. The wool and fur of animals in a cold climate differ from the wool and fur of animals in a warm climate. But weather as cold as "Greenland's icy mountains" will not cause wool to grow. It is a wise provision of nature that the animal in a cold country shall be protected, but nature furnishes the covering by giving the animal a larger capacity for the consumption of food. This difference is due, not to a cold or warm temperature, but to the food. It is possible, too, that in certain sections there is greater system in management. Do not let us get the idea into our heads that anything, climate or other circumstances, can relieve us from the responsibility of good management.

### Excessive Swarming.

It is easy to get lots of bees and little honey, says the Iowa Homestead. Expense of hives to shelter bees that only board themselves is a burden, and it is unsatisfactory to lug hives in and out of cave or cellar for the mere fun of the thing. We use hives that are interchangeable—one will sit on top of the other. It can be tied to any height. In the season of 1888, when bees got into a swarming spree and got beyond our control, and when we were too busy to potter and fuss with them, we just let them swarm, hiving and saving all we could. We hived them on clean, new frames, with starters. When the fall honey was at its best, last August, we doubled up ten stands as an experiment. To do this, first, set the clean, bright combs of hives to be united in the stand to be placed on top. Place it on the other, in which has been placed the brown comb containing bee-bread and most of brood. They will fight some, but if honey is coming in fast it will not last long. Smoke them severely and drum on the side of hive and set them to roaring, and they will soon kill off one queen and get acquainted. These five stands gained 400 pounds surplus in large frames, which brought \$45, selling 2 to 3 cents less per pound than section honey.

### Chicken Cholera.

The Poultry-Keeper remedy is doubtless a good one, and is as follows: "Add a teaspoonful of strong liquid carbolic acid to one and a half pints of water, and let the birds eat what they will of it. If they do not eat give them a teaspoonful of the water twice a day; the same with turkeys. If they do not improve, take one gill crude petroleum, one gill kerosene oil, one tablespoonful of pulverized boracic acid, and one teaspoonful of carbolic acid. Shake well before using, and with a sewing-machine can, force ten or twelve drops down the throat of the sick bird twice a day. Keep the bird warm and dry, and give no drinking water with this treatment. If they will eat, give the soft food (corn meal is best), mixed with the carbolic acid and water."

Another good remedy that has been recommended is hyposulphite of soda, 4 parts; red pepper, 1 part; rosin, 1 part; rhubarb, 1 part. Give each fowl a teaspoonful, and repeat every hour until relieved. It is a strong purgative, and after cleaning out the germs of disease give each bird a few drops of tincture of iron in a spoonful of warm water.

### Keeping Sweet Potatoes.

We would say to a correspondent who inquires about keeping sweet potatoes, says the Western Rural, that they can be kept for several months in an ordinary cellar if he is careful in handling them. They should be thoroughly dried before being put away, and so carefully handled as not to bruise them. The drying may be done in the sunshine, spreading them out carefully so that the sun can get at them, and carefully covering them at night so that the dews will not get on them. Or they may be dried in a kiln. For family use drying in the sunshine would of course, be the cheapest and would answer all purposes. The cellar in which they are kept should be dry, and it is better when possible to so put them away as that the air can have free access through them.

### Dressing Grass Land.

Some farmers top-dress their grass land directly after haying. Others prefer to wait until late in the fall. Those who have tried both methods prefer to top-dress late in the season. When the manure is spread upon the fields directly after haying, if there is a protracted spell of dry weather, the dressing becomes so dry and hard that it takes a long time to render it soluble, so that its fertilizing elements can be appropriated by the grass roots. When applied just before the ground freezes the action of the frosts serves to disintegrate the lumps. The fall rains and early snows render it soluble, and its effects upon the grass will be plainly visible in early spring. Late

top-dressing is preferable on the whole.

### Catching Hawks.

If there is some predatory enemy of the poultry that diminishes their numbers by day it is probably the hawk. He will pounce down at the most unexpected times and swoop up chickens, tearing them to pieces for his bloody feast. Set a pole in the ground fifteen or more feet high, squaring the top just large enough to hold a steel trap already set. No bait will be needed, but the trap should be firmly bound to the pole with rope or chain. The hawk will quickly trap himself, when he lights to make his customary observations.—American Cultivator.

### The Value of Bran.

Farmers who live near flouring mills can buy bran and other ship stuffs more cheaply in August and September than at any other season of the year. The demand for this is less now than it is later in the season, when other feed becomes scarce. Besides, millers are filling up all available room with wheat. Bran, in proportion to the space it occupies costs little, and the profit on it is small. If farmers have an extra dry room they can hardly put it to better use than filling it with bran and fine middlings.

### Feeding Fall Pigs.

The most convenient and the easiest way to feed fall pigs is to give them whole new corn. While this is true, it is a most hazardous way to start them, for they are liable to come to winter quarters burned out, lacking in vigor and digestive powers, which makes it exceedingly probable that they will go through the winter without a paying gain.

### Beets for Stock.

No succulent food is more greedily eaten by pigs at any age than beets. They may be fed any time from the first thinnings during the growing season to the fully grown roots in winter. They are especially valuable as a part of the winter food for breeding sows, and some beets should always be saved for that purpose.

### Water for Trees.

All plants and trees consume water in large quantities. Sir John Laws discovered that an acre of barley will take up 1,094 tons of water in two days. Trees and plants are composed more largely of water than any other substance. The branch of a tree will lose nine-tenths of its weight by drying.

### A Bad Practice.

It is a serious mistake to stall pigs at any season, but the more so in the fall. Spring pigs with an abundance of succulent grasses hastily recover from the blunders made by their owners in feeding, but the fall pigs have not this great system renovator to aid them, and suffer in consequence throughout the winter.

### A Few Delicacies.

**CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—Cream one cup of sugar with a piece of butter the size of an egg, add two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one and two-thirds cups of flour and two teaspoons of baking powder; bake in layers. For the filling, take one-half cup of grated chocolate, one cup of sugar, three tablespoons of sweet milk; let it heat slowly in a saucepan, and when it boils stir in a teaspoon of cornstarch wet with cold milk; simmer until it thickens.

**ROCK CREAM.**—Sweeten one cup of boiled rice and put in a deep dish; lay on it, in different places, small squares of jelly; beat the whites of six eggs to a froth with a little powdered sugar; add one tablespoonful of cream and pour over the rice.

**TAPIOCA CUSTARD PUDDING.**—Three-tablespoons of tapioca soaked in a cup of milk one-half hour, yolks of four eggs, one pint of milk; boil ten minutes then add the whites of the eggs; flavor with vanilla and serve cold.

**STEAMED PUDDING.**—One cup each of flour, sugar and sour milk, two cups of raisins, two eggs, one teaspoon of soda and a pinch of salt; steam one hour.

**FOAM SAUCE.**—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one tablespoonful of flour; beat to a cream, place over the fire and stir in quickly three-fourths of a pint of boiling water; flavor with nutmeg.

### Buried Treasures.

'Tis true my later years are blest  
With all that riches can bestow,  
But there is wealth, wealth cannot buy,  
Hid in his mines of "long ago."  
There jealous guard does Memory keep;  
Yet sometimes, when I dream alone,  
She comes and takes my hand in hers,  
And shows me what was once my own.  
I revel 'mong such precious things;  
I count my treasures o'er and o'er;  
I learn the worth of some, whose worth,  
Ah me! I never knew before.

And then all slowly fade away,  
And I return to things not known,  
With empty hand and tear-filled eyes,  
Back from the mines of "long ago."

### A Cure for Drunkenness.

Let the person have within his reach a small vial of the best kind of tincture of Peruvian bark, and when the craving of liquor comes on him let him take a teaspoonful of the tincture every two hours. In a few days the taste for liquor is destroyed, and destroyed while indulging in it, for tincture of Peruvian bark is spirits into which has been drawn all the substance of Peruvian bark. It is to be found in every drug store, but it should be of the very best. This is the receipt of Chas. A. Dana.

## BROWN'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The Desperate Measures He Planned to Conquer an Enemy.

Eli Brown was nearly 40 before he permitted himself to become sufficiently enamored with one of the gentler sex to contemplate matrimony. Not that he was inappreciative of the joys of wedded life, but because he had made up his mind, from all the testimony, that to have a mother-in-law would be utterly unbearable.

Brown's lady friends, unfortunately for him, were all provided with mothers who bade fair to live as long as anybody, and poor Brown seemed doomed to the isolated life of buttonless bachelorhood. In an evil hour, however, he had met his fate in the person of a charming young lady, whose mother was scarcely in her prime and as full of life as a two-year-old colt; and moreover she was fond of Brown and smiled most graciously upon his suit. In an exceedingly brief space of time Brown was hopelessly ensnared, and in due season had taken his bonnie bride to his bosom, and thrown open his doors to her mother as a residuary legatee.

Up to the time of her entrance to his home Brown had scarcely allowed himself to think of his mother-in-law, so great was his infatuation for the daughter, but now that he had accomplished his heart's desire and had time in which to breathe, as it were, he contemplated with horror the fact that the troubles that he had dreaded and shunned for years were about to be realized.

Yet the weeks slipped by without any demonstrations of mutiny on the part of wife and mother, but, argued Brown, this quiet cannot last; it is only the calm that precedes the storm. Indeed, he began to be a little impatient for the storm to begin. How he would arise in his just wrath and crush any spirit of rebellion! "Let 'em come on," he soliloquized, "I'll show 'em!"

Meanwhile, however, the two ladies were living in perfect contentment, never dreaming of the deep unrest that filled the soul of the lord and master. One morning Brown felt that the time had come. His wife had suggested accepting an invitation for herself and mother to spend a day with the Smiths, and Brown was to take tea and spend the evening with them. He demurred. He never did like the Smiths, anyhow. His wife was silent, but her mother prepared to speak.

"Now," thought Brown, "the ball opens, and we will see who's master here. Oh, how I'll sit down on her!"

But she only said in the sweetest tone in the world, "There, my dear, I told you Eli wouldn't care to go, and I'm sure I don't." And his wife responded cheerfully, "All right, Eli; I'd ever so much rather stay at home with you and ma."

Then Brown felt remorseful, and insisted on going, anyhow; said he wouldn't deprive them of any pleasure just because he left a little prejudice against the Smiths. After all, he didn't know but that the Smiths were about as good as the ordinary run of people. But the ladies wouldn't hear of going, and Brown kicked himself down town.

The fact was that Smith and he were the best friends imaginable, and a visit to him meant an interesting game of chess, a fragrant cigar and a good time generally; and the worst of it was, that his wife and her mother knew it.

Brown began to seriously review the situation, and having carefully canvassed his married life, he could see where he had been a brute here and a pup there, and an ass generally, and how his wife and her mother had uncomplainingly borne it all; and he swore that whatever other mothers-in-law might be his was an angel and he would tell her so. And he did.—Texas Siftings.

### Alpine Funerals.

A clue to the origin of the Irish wake and other funeral posipositives, which we are sometimes inclined to regard as relics of barbarism, may be found in the funeral customs of some of the Alpine regions. The circle of acquaintance of the more prosperous people of the villages often extends over miles of country; and the friends of a deceased proprietor will make long journeys to attend his funeral. The dictates of hospitality require that their physical wants be provided for, or, if not, they will meet at the inn and naturally have something very like a feast. In some districts, even before death occurs and the patient is in his last agonies, all around are informed of the fact, and expected to make a ceremonial last visit. They enter the sick room, take a long look at the dying man and go their ways. After death, when the body has been prepared for burial, a table is spread covered with refreshments, and open house held till the funeral.

### Ghosts Superfluous.

Ghosts are superfluous. An old Maryland colored man once remarked to a Baltimore American writer: "These yere hants ought to be ashamed of themselves. We've got trouble enough in this world without being bothered with 'em, and long as we pay pretty smart for 'givin' 'em sleeping places in the graveyards they ought to have sense enough to stay there." This philosopher was right. Ghosts are entirely unnecessary. The earth is living. The ghosts have the unmeasured vastness of the universe for a picnic ground, and they ought to stay there. But in spite of abundant stories, it can be said of ghosts what the old major said of woman haters, "There aron't any."

## THE MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER.

An Envelope That Caused a Father's Hair to Turn White.

It was a few evenings ago that an ex-congressman sat with a couple of newspaper correspondents and a government official in the latter's room in a big hotel in this city, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. They were discussing politics, and the ex-congressman was talking when he was interrupted by a knock at the door. In response to an invitation the door was opened and a messenger boy stood at the entrance. In his hand was an envelope with a heavy black border. It was such as those used to enclose a death message or to indicate deep mourning. The boy paused for a moment, evidently speculating in his mind as to the proper person to receive the letter.

Finally he tendered it to the ex-congressman, who was nearest the door. That individual turned pale and trembled, but extended his hand as if to take the message. He hesitated an instant and his hand dropped nerveless. A second time he essayed to take the message from the boy, and again he failed. It was only after the third effort that he was apparently able to reach it, and by that time the government official for whom it was intended had come to the door, read the address and took the message from the trembling hand that had received it.

"Ah," said he, after opening and reading it, "it's only a note from an office seeker. Why it should be in mourning I don't know. As the office seeker is a woman, I presume it is merely a feminine freak."

Everybody had noticed the strange demeanor of the ex-congressman, and, observing that an explanation was expected, he finally said:

"I think the use of black-bordered envelopes ought to be prohibited by law. The very sight of one unnerves me. When I tell you why you may doubt the truth of the tale, but it is true, nevertheless. Ten years ago I was making a political canvass in my district. At the close of a speech one afternoon I received a telegram from home stating that my boy, the idol of my life, was dying, and that if I wished to see him alive I must come at once. I went immediately to the hotel, took my satchel and started for the depot. There was no passenger train due for some hours, but a freight train was pulling out, and I jumped aboard. It was late when I reached the little town on the river where I could take a boat for home. I hurried to the wharf and found that the steambot would not pass until after midnight, and that I would thus be delayed many hours. I was undecided whether to wait for the steambot or hire a boat and leave at once. While I stood on the wharf hesitating a messenger boy suddenly appeared before me. Before I could say anything he thrust into my hand a white envelope with a heavy black border. A strange feeling came over me, and it was only by the greatest effort that I was able to open the letter. The apprehension I felt in the few moments was awful, for I knew it must contain dreadful news. When finally I looked at the letter there appeared in a strange hand the single sentence:

"You must come quick."

I knew that I must hurry if I would see him alive. The message decided me, and at once I sought a boatman, and, securing his services, started down the river. I reached home some hours ahead of the steambot upon which I had originally intended to come. I rushed to the house and was ushered into the presence of my dying boy. As I approached the bedside he recognized me with a smile, and then said:

"Papa, I've been waiting for you." "Those were his last words, and in a moment he was dead. I then knew that the message I had received had come from him, and that he had been waiting for me. None of my family or friends had seen the message nor did they know anything about it. Afterward I made the most searching inquiries at the town where I waited for the boat, but nobody had seen the messenger or ever heard of him. Not the slightest trace of him was to be found, and I was led to the conclusion that the messenger had never appeared to any one but me, and that I alone had seen the message.

"You can understand now why a black-bordered envelope always fills me with the greatest dread and apprehension, and why it was that I turned pale and trembled when the messenger boy who just appeared in the door tendered me the ominous looking message intended for you.

"You will observe that my hair is white, although I am yet a young man. Before that eventful night my hair was as black as a raven's wing.

"After I received the black-bordered letter from the mysterious messenger, who came to me at the boat landing that night, a feeling came over me such as I never knew since. The awful agony of that trip down the river will remain fresh in my memory until death ends all. When I reached home and stood at the bedside of my boy my hair was as white as snow. It has darkened some in the years that have since passed, but it will never be black again."

### Sounded Just Like Him.

Wife—John, I read in the morning paper that a very badly intoxicated man fell out of the fifth-story window of one of the down-town hotels and was killed. Nobody can identify him. Husband—Well, what of that? Wife—I wish you would go down to the Morgue and see if it isn't you.—Judge

## TALK OF THE DAY.

The man who believes in nothing is as big a fool as he who believes in everything.

It is the skirt of a lady's ball dress that costs; the corsage doesn't come high.

When you hear a young man say that a girl has no heart you may be pretty sure that she has his.

"So you had young Beaumash all the evening. Did you notice his lovely eyes?" "No, dear, I was too busy listening to his clothes."

Tramp—"I have scarcely a rag to my back, mum; can't you help me out?" Lady—"Certainly, sir; here's the rag-bag, help yourself."

Lady—"I thought I told you I wanted curried potatoes for dinner." Bridget—"The hostler was busy, mum, and I'm no groom."

"Say, ma, a mouse has fallen into the milk." His mother—"Did you take it out?" Boy—"No, I have thrown the cat at it."

New York boy—"Mamma, isn't that a funny little belt?" Mamma—"Hush, child! That's the waist to your sister's new ball dress."

It costs less to go to see a doctor than it does to have him come to see you, but the apothecary man gets there, just the same.

Editor (to tipsy reporter)—"What are you writing about?" Reporter—"Whisky." Editor—"Well, I see you're full of your subject."

Briggs—"Hello, Braggs! I've just got back from the lakes, you know?" Braggs—"I'm very sorry, my boy, but I haven't got a cent."

Too Personal—Old Blodgett—"No, boys, there is not near so much drunkenness in the club as there was when I was in it." The boys—"That's so!"

"This is the most unkindest cut of all," said Jenkins, as he observed the very small piece of meat that the landlady placed on his plate at breakfast.

Arr and Nature—"So you have been 'way to Greece, have you?" "Yes; saw everything worth seeing. 'Mong other things saw Apollo with the beveled ear."

Medical authorities insist that stimulants weaken the voice, and doubtless they do. It must be admitted, however, that they strengthen the breath. Little Dick—"Do you go to circuses?" Circus is wicked." Little Jack—"Yes; the big shows is wicked, but the ten cent shows ain't. Pop always takes us to them."

Critical parlance. "What I like about Barkins' work is that it is so full." "Yes, Barkins put a great deal of himself in his books. He's that way himself half the time."

Ethel (entering the parlor)—"Oh, Aggie, so glad to see you. (They kiss.) Why, you are engaged to be married." Aggie—"How do you know?" "I can tell by the way you kiss."

"Is there a wheelright in the delegation?" asked one of the committee. "Why?" asked another. "Because he would be the proper man to act as spokesman."

Transferred Discipline: Mr. Walker Flohr (on his return from service with his regiment at Peekskill—"Number three, down there!" Mr. Dollarvis—"Yessir." Mr. Walker Flohr—"Police that ribbon counter!"

Tommy—"Say, Mr. Dryleigh, you can try it on me if you like." Rev. Mr. D.—"I don't understand you my child. Try what?" "Why ma says you can put anybody to sleep in five minutes." (Tableau.)

Nephew (trying to make a good impression)—"Uncle, this port is excellent." Uncle—"Well, I should think so; it is fifty years old." Nephew—"By Jove, you don't say so! What a superb wine it must have been once!"

Judge (to police officer)—"Are you sure, sir, that the prisoner was drunk?" Officer—"Is it drunk, yer honor? Shure as he ud spoke through the telephone the brith uv 'im ud av made the poles shagger."

Labor-saving Proposition—"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time; and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry." "Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." "Why, Johnny?" "Because it will do for next time."

Mrs. Winks (at dinner in great hotel)—"Who are those men at that table in the corner?" Mr. Winks—"Don't know." "What are they talking about?" "Base ball, horse races, prize fights and so on." "Oh, they are probably city officials."

City man (on a summer jaunt)—"Are you going to have an agricultural exhibition here this year?" Farmer (sadly)—"No-o, I'm 'fraid not. Most of the old ladies what makes quilts is died off, and there ain't a decent race hoss in the county."

"Haven't you got some ice that isn't quite so cold?" asked the lady of the house when the usual lump was left in the morning. "Dr. Hammond says that ice water is more injurious to health than coals of fire. Hereafter leave us the warmest ice you raise."

Assistant editor—"Here's an account of a minister assaulted by a disappointed lover, while in the act of performing the marriage ceremony." Chief—"Put it in the railway news." Assistant (astounded)—"Why?" Chief—"He was hurt while making a coupling."

Inez (telling of her yachting trip)—"And from there all the way home we just hugged the shore." Young Saph-head—"Ah, do you know, I would have been very glad to have been the shore." Inez—"Thanks, but the shore had lots of rocks; quite an attraction nowadays as you are aware."

**FLYING MACHINES**

Impossibility of a Successful Invention in This Line.

We must admit, says the Popular Science Monthly, that a bird is an incomparable model of a flying-machine. No machine that we may hope to devise, for the same weight of machine, fuel and directing brain, is half so effective. And yet this machine, thus perfected through infinite ages by a ruthless process of natural selection, reaches its limit of weight at about fifty pounds! I said, "weight of machine, fuel and directing brain." Here is another prodigious advantage of the natural over the artificial machine. The flying animal is its own engineer. The directing engineer in the former (the brain) is perhaps an ounce, in the latter it is one hundred and fifty pounds. The limit of the flying animal is fifty pounds. The smallest possible weight of a flying-machine, with its necessary fuel and engineer, even without freight or passengers, could not be less than three or four hundred pounds.

Now, to complete the argument, put these three indisputable facts together:

1. There is a low limit of weight, certainly not much beyond fifty pounds, beyond which it is impossible for an animal to fly. Nature has reached this limit, and with her utmost effort has failed to pass it.
2. The animal machine is far more effective than we may hope to make; therefore the limit of the weight of a successful flying machine can not be more than fifty pounds.
3. The weight of any machine constructed for flying, including fuel and engineer, can not be less than three or four hundred pounds. Is it not demonstrated that a true flying-machine, self-raising, self-sustaining, self-propelling, is physically impossible?

**Invention of the Shot Tower.**

There was once a mechanic at Bristol, England, whose name was Watts. He was by trade a shotmaker. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them into sheets of a thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he rolled in a revolving barrel until the corners were worn off from the constant friction.

Watts, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the ale-house, went home and turned into bed. He dreamed he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent.

In the morning, when Watts awoke, he remembered the dream and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last he carried a ladleful of the church of St. Mary, of Redcliffe, and dropped it into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of perfect shot, far superior to any he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot tower, which has ever since been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so much used in war and sport.

**The King and the Pope Together.**

The king and the pope together  
Have sent a letter to me;  
It is signed with a golden scepter,  
It is sealed with a golden key.  
The king wants me out of his eyesight;  
The pope wants me out of his sea.

The king and the pope together  
Have a hundred acres of land;  
I do not own the foot of ground  
On which my two feet stand;  
But the prettiest girl in the kingdom  
Strolls with me on the sand.

The king has a score of soldiers  
Who will fight for him any day;  
The pope has both priests and bishops  
Who for his soul will pray;  
I have only one little sweetheart,  
But she'll kiss me when I say.

The king must marry a lady  
Of exceeding high degree;  
The pope has never a true love,  
So a cardinal pours his tea;  
Very few stand round me at the table,  
But my sweetheart sits by me.

And the king with his golden scepter,  
The pope with St. Peter's key,  
Can never unlock the one little heart  
That is open only to me;  
For I am the lord of the realm  
And I am the pope of a sea—  
In fact, I'm supreme in the kingdom  
That is settling just now on my knee.

—Charles Henry Webb in Harper's Magazine.

**Domestic Discipline.**

Jones—Why, Smith, what's the matter with your eye?  
Smith—Oh, nothing.  
Jones—It looks black. Have you been splitting wood?  
Smith—N-n-o. I spilled soup on a new tablecloth and my wife observed

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The eighteenth annual convention of the national board of the steam navigators began at Pittsburg, Pa., yesterday.

By the caving in of a sewer trench in Eau Claire, Wis., yesterday two men were killed, a third fatally injured and two more badly hurt.

Residents of the Kaw Bottoms can congratulate themselves on not having such floods when they read the following item from the Blue Mound correspondent in the Valley Falls New Era: The late flood washed Chas. Davis hogs about over two townships and completely swept his corns.

Theodore McClelland, son of a wealthy banker of Michigan City, Ind., has been found to be \$1,500 short in his account to the Michigan Central railroad.

It is reported from Bloomington, Ill., that the Ohio, Indiana and Western railway has passed into the hands of the "Big Four" combine.

Four miners from central Alaska who have arrived at Port Townsend, Wash., report 250 miners on the Yukon river 1,600 miles from St. Michael's island suffering for food and likely to encounter great privations this winter unless aided.