

PLANT A TREE.
 He who plants a tree
 Plants a hope,
 Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
 Leaves unfold into horizons free.
 So man's life must climb
 From the clods of time
 Unto heavens sublime.
 Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
 What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
 Plants a joy,
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
 Every day a fresh reality,
 Beautiful and strong,
 To whose shelter through
 Creatures blythe with song.
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
 Of the bliss that shalt inhabit thee.
 —By Lucy Larcom.

A DRINK FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

I came to India in 185— as a private in the —th regiment; and my company formed a part of the garrison at Arcot. Life in barracks in India is very dull; and I have often wondered that British soldiers out here, on the whole, such a steady, well-behaved lot of lads. Compare a soldier's life in a small Indian station with being quartered even at Malta or Gibraltar, and either of these places will seem like Paradise; though the 'Rock' is by no means popular, and is always called a prison by the troops for the time being a garrison there.

Well, we found Arcot horribly dull, and it was with great satisfaction that we heard an order had been given for our company to march to Vedore to strengthen the garrison there, which had been very much reduced by cholera.

It was then about the middle of March, and consequently later than is usual for moving troops, as the days began to get very hot on the plains in the Carnatic about that time of the year. But ours was special duty; and as we should only march in the very early morning we did not fear the inconvenience of the mid-day heat; but looked upon the whole thing as rather a lark, and a welcome change from the monotony of garrison duty. As to the cholera, not one of us gave it a thought. Not likely it would touch one of us!

It was on the second day after leaving Arcot, that Private Thomas Atkins, who was my right file, suddenly had to fall out. I expected him to rejoin the ranks before long; but did not trouble myself about his absence. It was not until we reached camp, and had finished breakfast that I heard anything more about him.

I then learnt that he was buried! I knew cholera was awfully sudden in its attacks and effects, but I had not imagined the possibility of its carrying off a healthy man quite so rapidly. Of course immediate interment must take place in case of death on the line of march. I had liked Atkins much, but I fancy his death and burial were so sudden that the rest of us failed to realize the truth of what had happened to our comrade, and half expected to see him turn up again. Anyhow, we soon forgot the incident.

Late in the afternoon I was listening to a description of Vellore by one of our fellows who had been there, and speculating on the chance of seeing the crocodiles which Tippoo Sultan had placed in the moat round the fort, as the best possible sentinels to prevent prisoners from escaping or any of his troops attempting to desert, when suddenly I felt spasms and sickness.

"Hollo! old fellow, how blue you look!" remarked a companion sitting next to me; and as he spoke my comrades shrank, terror-stricken from me. It needed no doctor to tell what was the matter. The cholera had seized me!

I was hastily conveyed to the temporary hospital, where our assistant surgeon already had several cases of the disease under treatment, and I was laid on a charpoy. I rapidly passed from the first to the second stage of that malady, and by nine o'clock at night the incessant vomiting and purging had reduced me to a condition of weakness approaching insensibility. I was consumed by a burning, raging thirst, but the dresser disregarded all my entreaties for a drink of water. The system of treatment for cholera in those days allowed the patient nothing more than just to have the lips moistened occasionally with weak brandy and water; and this supply aggravated the torture of thirst. Nowadays champagne is given, and the sufferer is allowed to drink freely.

The hospital was, of course, only a pandal, hastily constructed with palmyra leaves, with a cuscus mat at the entrances at each end. Two large chatties of water were placed just outside each entrance, from which a coolie from time to time threw a pannikinful on the cuscus tathis, so that the wind, blowing through the wet mats, might cool the temperature inside the pandal. This result certainly was attained, but at the cost of intensifying the pangs of the patients, whose thirst was tantalized by hearing the splashing of the water.

I had begged, sworn and menaced at intervals, but no one paid the slightest heed to me; and I was sinking into that condition of torpor which is the immediate precursor of the third and fatal stage of cholera when I heard voices in the pandal. The assistant surgeon was making his last round for the night, accompanied by the hospital dresser. With a violent effort I roused myself, and eagerly listened for their approach. I wanted to hear my fate pronounced.

They stopped at length where I lay, and the doctor examined my body. "Mottled," I heard him remark to the dresser. I was nearly defenestrated by the singing or rather drumming in my ears, so I lay perfectly motionless, so

as not to let a single word of what they might say escape me, if possible. "He is insensible already," the doctor continued, "and will not last long. So Wetherall will make six!" "Make six what?" "Six corpses, of course, for burial at daylight to-morrow morning," a voice seemed to laugh out, with fiendish exultation.

The dresser said something which I could not distinctly hear, but the answer enlightened me as to the subject they were discussing. "Oh, yes, there will be room enough in fact, for two more, if necessary." They had gone, and the place was in darkness save for the glimmer of a cocoanut-oil lamp. I heard the scratching of mummoties just outside the pandal.

It was the noise made by the camp-followers who were digging a common grave for six of us, leaving room for two more if necessary.

I felt utterly stunned and quite indifferent as to my fate, which, of course, I considered settled, after what the assistant surgeon said. My tongue was like a piece of dry leather in my mouth, which had long since ceased to yield any saliva to relieve the agonizing burning of my throat and palate. I could not have made any sound had I attempted to do so; but I did not try, for the attendants were all stretched on the ground fast asleep. I felt I was deserted—left to die.

I was beginning to wander, I think, and was back again in the bright green English meadows, picking daisies with my little sister, and so I should have passed away. But just at that moment the coolies who had finished digging the grave—my grave—passed the entrance to the pandal; and one of them, with more consideration than his class usually show, threw a pannikinful of water on the cuscus tathis.

It was like a galvanic shock to me. I resolved to have a drink at any risk. I had to die, so what matter if I hastened my death an hour or two by drinking cold water! At least I should be relieved from the torture of thirst and die happy.

I tried to get up, but I was too weak to stand, and fell down at once. Then I reflected that I was more likely to be seen if I walked, and if detected in my attempt I should be brought back, and perhaps be strapped down to die. So I tried to crawl.

I was about ten minutes dragging myself the forty feet from my cot to the entrance, and I wriggled under the cuscus tathis like a snake.

There were the chatties before me! The first I seized was empty, and the disappointment nearly made me swoon; but the second was brimful. I threw my arms around it, and dragged myself to it. I plunged my head into the delicious, limpid water, and devoured, rather than drank, huge mouthfuls of the cool, heavenly fluid. I felt my stomach swelling with the enormous draughts I swallowed; but I laughed and drank again and again.

At length I could drink no more, and then discipline asserted itself. I knew I had no right to be out there, and I thought if I were missed from my cot I should be reported. So I crept back the way I had come, and shortly after fell into a profound sleep. It was broad daylight when I awoke and saw the assistant surgeon and dresser standing beside me.

"How is this?" asked the doctor. "Wetherall ought to have been dead."

"Please, sir," said I, "I am feeling much better, and have no wish to make the sixth this morning."

He knew I had overheard his remark on the preceding night; he smiled sadly and said, "I am sorry to say there were six without you. But I cannot understand how it is you are alive. Most extraordinary!"

I rapidly recovered; and as I had never indulged in the pernicious country arrack sold to soldiers out here, I was soon quite strong again. I was made sergeant very soon, and I remained upward of twenty years serving with different regiments out here; but it was sometime before I told any one how I recovered from my attack of cholera. However, I told the doctor one day all about it; and though he said the cold water ought to have killed me, I observed the poor fellows who were in hospital with cholera got an extra allowance of water.

All my people were dead or scattered, so I took my pension; and the bounties I had obtained, added to my savings, enabled me to buy this bit of land. I am doing well, and have all a man can wish for to make him happy.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Clover.

"A wonderful thing is clover. It means honey and cream; that is to say, industry and contentment; that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate old Boss, the bountiful, chewing satisfaction's out, in that blessed twilight pause that like a benediction falls between all toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs, and brooks and violets, and all there is of painless joy and peaceful human life. A wonderful word is clover. Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'v' and you have the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'r' alone and there remains a warm, deceitful bud that sweetens breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom was right, 'Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'"—Ingersoll.

CANNING SALMON.
 Chinamen in the Fish-Packing Business on the Pacific Coast.

The salmon canning industry of the Pacific coast is one of great importance and this city is well represented in that line of business, says a letter from Seattle, Washington. The canneries not only furnish employment to those who are actually engaged in the work of canning the fish, but it also brings a harvest to the numerous fishermen and Indians who are located here. Every day there are thousands of pounds of salmon, of the different varieties, landed on the wharves of the canning companies. The fishermen bring the fish to the dock, where they unload them.

After leaving the hands of the white fishermen, when they are piled on the wharf, they are handled entirely by Chinamen. The method of moving them about is very simple. The mover is provided with a stick in the end of which is fastened a sharp spike, and this is thrust into the head of the fish and a sharp jerk is given which lands him several feet away, and perhaps on another pile. The fish weigh all the way from five to forty pounds each.

When the men are ready to commence operations the fish are placed on a long bench, side by side and heads all pointing in the one direction. When the bench is filled, the man who has charge of that portion of the work takes his knife and gives it a rub on his steel, and then cuts off the heads and the front fins. The fish is then turned over to another man, and the head is thrown to one side. This man makes one or two slight-of-hand movements with his knife and the fish is shorn of its other fins and the tail. Another motion cuts the fish open and another removes the entrails and throws them into a receptacle prepared for them.

After the removal of the entrails the fish are thrown into a large vessel of water, where they are rinsed. They are removed from here and each fish is given a scraping, both outside and in. I may as well state that the salmon has no scales, and hence the work of removing them has no effect.

The man who scrapes them makes just two twists of his well-trained wrist and the work is done; and they are thrown into the water again, where they are thoroughly rinsed and every stain of blood removed. From this place the fish go to the chopper, where they are cut into convenient sizes for the cans. The chopper is made as follows: There is a table which, at a distance of two inches apart, across the whole width, has slots cut through. By the action of a lever curved knives are brought downward through the slots. The fish are laid lengthwise across the table, and when the knives are forced downward with a quick jerk the fish are neatly divided into cross sections.

These cross sections are then split into smaller sizes. This is done by hand. The meat is now ready for the cans, which are made in the cannery by the canning process is the salting. This is done in a very simple manner. A table or board one inch in thickness is bored full of auger holes. A thin board slides under the one which contains the holes, thus making a bottom. Salt is poured on the board, and after the holes are filled it is scraped off. Two dozen cans are placed in a tray and the tray is shoved under the table, so that a can is under each hole. The board is then removed and the salt falls through into the can. Each can receives something like a teaspoonful of salt.

The chopped fish is piled on tables, and the cans are taken to these tables as fast as they are ready. Here they are filled with the raw salmon. The pieces are put in and then packed down until the man cannot force in another ounce. Sometimes there will be some sticking over the top of the can, and this is removed with a knife. They are now ready to be topped and sealed. The tops are put on, and then the cans are run through a soldering machine and the work is completed with the exception of soldering the small hole in the top of the can. The canning is now over, provided there are no flaws to be found.

The cooking is the next thing on the list. The cans are placed in a large square iron tray, which holds about a hundred. The tray is lifted by a rope which runs over a pulley and then lowered into a big vat of boiling water, where they are allowed to remain two hours.

After the gas has escaped they are again made air-tight by the little puncture made for that purpose being soldered and then placed in the retort. This is kept at a steady heat, 28 degrees above the boiling point. Here they are kept for two hours more, and when they are taken out they are sufficiently cooked. The cans are taken one by one and rubbed over with a brush dipped into brown varnish and they are placed in trays which stand over large iron pans. They are again tested and then allowed to remain still, in order for the varnish to have time to dry. After they are thoroughly dried they are labeled, and last of all they are placed in cases which contain four dozen cans each. These cases are shipped to all parts of the world and the people at a distance get a chance to eat some genuine "Columbia River salmon."

Rules for Future Men.

Poor boys! How they get hectorated and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer. No wonder their opposition is aroused

and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when, after all, if they were only in a quiet way informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Auntie M." as she pointed out the following rules for the little 12-year-old nephew, who was the "light of her eyes." If not always the joy of her heart, for, though a good-natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently. First came manners for the street.

Hat lifted in saying, "Good-by" or "How do you do?"

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Always precede a lady up stairs, and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

In a dining room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they are out.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Always knock at any private room door.

These rules are imperative. There are many other little points which add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.

A Talkative Parrot in a Car.

"Ah, there, baby!" screamed the parrot hid behind a paper which Willie had placed over the cage, in a New York street car.

The old maid looked startled, says the Philadelphia North American, and a grin appeared on the faces of several of the other passengers.

"Oh, mamma!" croaked the bird.

The old maid glared at each passenger, highly indignant.

"Where did you get that hat, I'd like to know?" went on the irrepressible bird.

The clerical passenger looked up in alarm and then felt his hat in hasty confusion. Every one noted the action and a ripple of suppressed laughter went over the car.

"Ah, there, whiskers!"

The clerical man leaped to his feet and frowned at a smooth-faced young man near the front.

"I won't be insulted," he cried.

"Ding, ding; two more fares out of the company's pockets."

The conductor flushed and hastened into the car from the back platform.

"Who said that?" he demanded.

Willie looked as demure as an angel.

"Johnny, get your hair cut."

An old man with long hair made a precipitate departure from the car.

At Broad street Willie lifted the paper, grabbed the cage, and got off the car.

Then the passengers tumbled.

How a Congressman Lives.

For a congressman to live in the capital, says the Washington Star—that is, to make even a very mediocre figure in society—he must spend an amount equal to a least twice his salary. I should think \$15,000 a year would hardly go far in giving a man anything like a prestige. I mean, of course, the average congressman, the person who has neither brilliancy nor social standing to commend him. It is a fact, and a regrettable one, that a congressman is measured by the money he spends, not by his ability or merit. Take the average congressman who endeavors to live within his modest salary and he lives in a very unpretentious way. A cheap boarding house, say from \$8 to \$10 a week (a boarding house equal to a clerk's boarding house in Philadelphia), is his temporary home. His social life is a narrow one, as must necessarily be the life of a representative who has no wealth to squander. He is a fit prey of the lobbyist, an easy subject for shrewd jobbers, for he sees the others living in clover and knows that it is within his reach, and the temptation is not always resisted. But take it all in all, the congressman do not always live "high," not in the elegant style which newspaper correspondents delight in picturing. Very few, if any, of them save any money out of their salary. It is possible for a man to live, but his standing is impaired and his prospects damaged beyond repair. There is no reason why a man could not live within his means beyond that of social pleasure.

Now You Know What to Do.

The Chicago Tribune is always doing something for the public good. Its last effort is to explain that a Texas steer on the rampage through the streets can be brought to bay by someone throwing an empty flour barrel over his head. Gosh hang it! but why couldn't somebody in Michigan have thought of that thing!—Free Press.

WINGED MISSILES.

An excellent quality of brown paper can be produced from peat fiber.

Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, is about to set out for the North Pole.

A Pittston, Pa., clothier announces a "great Johnstown flood sale of fine clothing."

Talleyrand laid great stress on a knowledge of what is indispensable to a happy old age.

It's strange that more men don't die of alternately heating and freezing their stomachs.

Ben Butler is still issuing manifestoes. But his pen is not a whit mightier than his sword.

Vital statistics continue to show a steady decline in the number of births in France from year to year.

Say what you please, there is a great deal of chivalry and there is a great deal of magnanimity even in politics.

The mummy market is now so overstocked that lovers of the antique can obtain specimens for less than \$100.

Ben Butler's book will renew the fight with his old enemies. He will undertake to embalm them in profane history.

The English royal hounds will be abolished after next season, and the hunting establishments at Ascot broken up.

Buffalo Bill and Rosa Bonheur have become great friends. The former is taking lessons in oils from the great artist.

Since Cardinal Manning effected a settlement of the London dockers' strike he is spoken of as the "Grand old Manning."

Mr. Duthie, botanical director for northern India, advocates the use of the flowers of the Calligonum for food in northwestern India.

The California grape crop will be dried and made into brandy chiefly, the supply of wine being already greater than the demand.

The man who said "Give me neither riches nor poverty," did not live in this age. Men were formerly easier satisfied than now.

The new dock at Halifax was subsidized by the city of Halifax, and the Canadian and British governments, to the merry tune of \$600,000.

Southern orators tend to the florid style. Their speeches are pleasant to hear and poor to read. This is a fact but they will not admit it.

England sends word that Mary Anderson is almost entirely well again. Her cheeks are said to be rosy and her form is becoming plump and round.

Boston does not grow rapidly. It only claims a population of 415,000. But Boston holds that it is brains and not vast numbers that make a city.

The death of Eliza Cook has called "The Old Arm Chair" to the front again. It is one of the good old domestic poems that should not be allowed to die.

When Gladstone went to Paris he did not use the hotel elevator but sprang nimbly up the stairs. Age frequently wants others to believe that it is youthful.

Learning is not always the pathway to a living. A former teacher of Latin in one of the high schools in Indiana is now driving a dirt car in Wichita.

Violent Cameron, once an acquaintance of Lord Lansdale, is in London trying to earn a living as a concert-hall star. Violent has become a "little faded flower."

The Scotch system of admitting voluntary patients into lunatic asylums is said to work very satisfactorily. Last year the number of such patients was fifty-five.

Late advices from Mexico are to the effect that the state of Chihuahua is financially embarrassed. A great many people elsewhere are in a chronic state of Chihuahua.

John Connor, of Saint Ste. Marie has a cat which has seven legs and eight paws, with one head, three distinct jaws, and to complete the combination it has two tails.

John Brennan, an inmate of the poorhouse at Shamokin, Pa., has been officially advised that his sister, Mrs. John Carson, died recently in San Francisco and left him \$2,000,000.

The range of the Mannlicher rifle was proved again in a startling manner when an Austrian soldier was killed by one at target practice at a reputed range of over two miles and a half.

On what a slender thread an argument may be based. St. Louis is claiming that it ought to have the World's Fair because it already has a monument erected to the memory of Columbus.

John Jones, a Norristown hunter, has shot with a small rifle an owl-shaped bird, of bright yellow and white tints, with a face like a monkey and an ink mark on its breast resembling a heart.

The phylloxera has attacked the Grecian currant, Greece's great staple, threatening grave disaster to Greek finance, as the export duty on the currant is one of the most important elements in the revenue.

And speaking of the Priests of Pallas parade the young man and the maiden, the middle aged, the babes in arms, and the "mothers in Israel" were all there to see the gorgeous spectacular pageant.—K. C. Star.

The value to Scotland of the opportunities for sports is very large. The deer forests, of which there are 100, covering 3,000 square miles of land useless for agriculture, rent for £100,000 annually; £12,500 of this goes to the local taxes.

Professor Lexis, of the University of Göttingen, has published a work in which he proves by statistics that the German universities have twice as many students as can possibly hope to make a living by the respective professions for which they are preparing.

There are forty-eight zoological gardens in the world, six of them being in the United States, located as follows: Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. These institutions are supported by the cities or by local enterprise.

MATTERS ABOUT THE FARM.

The Butter Extractor—A New Discovery for Dairy-Men.

Something About Pests of the Poultry House—Why Do the Grapes Not Bear Abundantly—Several Good Things to Know—Stick to Thoroughbred Animals.

The Butter Extractor.

A dairyman of Stockholm, Sweden, has invented and patented a butter extractor, the object of which, the inventor says, "is to separate, collect and remove the butter from fresh milk, leaving fresh skimmed milk or blue milk, and not buttermilk, as is obtained as a residue by the ordinary process of churning."

"Fresh milk just drawn from the cow, as is well known, consists of blue milk and butter fat, the latter being distributed through the new milk uniformly in the form of exceedingly minute globules, the compound forming a sort of emulsion."

"By my method I extract from the fresh milk in a continuous manner substantially the whole of the butter fat, leaving as a residue fresh, skimmed milk, without any perceptible lactic fermentation."

The Farm and Fireside, publishing in full the article and cuts from which we make the above extracts, comments as follows:

"If all the favorable reports are true, the butter extractor described and illustrated on another page of this issue is certainly one of the greatest inventions ever made in the art of butter making. By a comparatively simple addition and improvement, the centrifugal cream separator is turned into a machine that completes the process of separation and takes the butter from the cream. Fresh, sweet milk, at a temperature of 62 degrees, runs into the machine, and the butter comes forth ready for salting and packing for market, the whole operation lasting but a few minutes. This means a complete revolution in our most improved dairy methods."

"Consider the simplicity and directness (characteristics of all great inventions) of the new method, the time, care and labor saved, and the milk handling and churning apparatus that will be done away with. Milk, cream and butter are very perishable articles, and every hour they are kept adds to the risk of loss, and the dairyman has very much to gain by being able to place pure, fresh butter on the market within a few hours after the milk from which it is made is drawn from the cows. So far as we are able to learn, tests made in this country establish the claims made by the Swedish inventor, and the butter extractor is a success."

The Farm and Fireside is excellent authority on such matters as the above, and it is not apt to be carried away by extravagant reports of new inventions.

Pests of the Poultry House.

It is easier to shut out cats and dogs from winter chickens than from those in summer coops, but they are always to be feared in brooding houses. The writer's experience makes her dread rats as powerful foes, countless, cruel, and endlessly greedy. If there is a Satan in the world of poultry, he surely must take the form of Bishop Hatto's executioners. Of course they can be defeated, but it is difficult to guard against enemies which are such engineers at sawing and tunneling. They are responsible for many crimes charged to minks, often killing half-grown pullets when hungrier than usual. Once on moving to a farm with old outbuildings, fifty baby chicks were taken by rats before they could be protected, and then after the brooding house was occupied, cats, regarded as allies, got in at the windows and killed twenty more.

Fine wire netting is a safeguard against rats, which after all are not really reasoning beings. It bewilders them by its transparency and toughness. A width of it fastened over the angle where wall and floor join is a great protection, because that is where they are most apt to gnaw, but put not too much trust in this defense, for their wicked, bright eyes may appear in the middle of the floor. Brick foundations help in keeping them out of buildings, but the cost is often too great. The creatures may easily be poisoned in their holes, but if they die in unreachable places the odor they make poisons the wee chickens. Well-trained cats are capital guardians of brooding houses, but must themselves be watched lest they yield to a sudden temptation.—American Agriculturist.

Why Do the Grapes Not Bear?

Notwithstanding all that has been written in our horticultural journals respecting the care and management of grape vines, many people seem totally in the dark still concerning the secret of their fruitfulness. You may not have consciously neglected your vines. You may have carefully nursed them and trained the luxuriance of your tender care over an expensive arbor. But have neglected the one thing needful, that is to trim. Grapes do not bear on the old wood, but on the young shoots. Remember this, and next year just before the buds begin to swell in the spring, get up on your arbor, cut out all weak shoots, train back the long branches of the last year's growth to a few eyes or buds—say from three to six—leaving long such branches as are necessary to preserve the symmetry of the vine. If getting the vine in shape is an object, it is well to remember that those buds

on a shoot cut back start first which are nearest the end of the shoot. Thus made ready, when the summer comes the vine with its strength concentrated in a lesser number of buds will push out luxuriant shoots, and having more strength and nourishment than is required for growth will utilize it in transforming some of the tendrils opposite the leaves at the base of the young shoots into bunches of grapes.

Ten Good Things to Know.

That salt will curdle new milk, hence in preparing milk porridges, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm salt or gum arabic dissolved.

That beeswax and salt will make rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, and then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unailing bed bug remedy, as a coat of whitewash is for a log house.

That kerosene will make tin tea kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.

That cool rain water will remove the machine grease from washable fabrics.—The Sanitarian.

Improved Herds.

Very little is heard nowadays about improving the herds. Low prices have paralyzed the industry for the time being.—Texas Live Stock Journal. In other words, now that a thoroughbred animal can be had for what was once the price of a scrub, there is very little demand. Now is the time to improve on the quality of the herds. There is more wisdom and will be more profit in buying one thoroughbred now than there was five years ago in buying a car-load of grades or scrubs. The quantity of herds has been increased too much.

Notes.

Never grow trees of different kinds together until satisfied one does not injure the other, as is frequently the case when plums are grown near peaches, thus inducing the curculio to sometimes attack the latter. A single wild cherry tree near an apple tree will provide a harboring place for caterpillars, which finally injure the apple orchard.

It requires but a small plot of raspberries to give an abundant supply for a family. They should not be set out until late in the fall or early spring, and if a protected locality be selected for them they will bear a little earlier than if exposed. The raspberry delights in a rich soil, and the canes should be well manured every season.

The radish is our first root salad. When well grown its tender, slightly acid flesh is peculiarly agreeable, while it seems to add a relish to other dishes. Tenderness, crispness and mildness are the desirable qualities of this vegetable. To secure these, it is important that the roots be developed quickly.

Wheat and oats make a much better feed for chickens than corn alone, and especially is this so for laying hens. When you wish to fatten any fowls, then plenty of corn is the best thing to give them.

Manage your poultry on the same basis that you do any other business, if you wish to make any money out of it. That is, manage them in such a way that a profit is made and not a loss.

Oh! You Gee Aitch.

The farmer walks behind the plough,
Out in the fields beside the lough,
And from a tree will cut a bough
To whack his horse with on the hough.
He plants the wheat to make the dough
And for the pigs he fills the trough
And tells in rainy weather, though
He's sure to catch a cold and cough.

If on his hand there is a slough
Alive with snakes who've cast their slough,
To drain it he will make a sough
Until he gets it dry enough.

Sometimes along the rocky clough
He'll miss, alas, a flying chough
Then hit one sitting on a bough
To find, when eating, that it's tough.

If he buys hay he'll claim his rough
But selling—then he thinks it rough—
Oh! You Gee Aitch, at you we scoff
And make mistakes through your snuff.

For "Pet" Parties.

The important announcement is made in a society paper, that cards for pet parties are the same size as those used by the lady owning the pet. For a pet dog there may be a neatly engraved head of a dog—a likeness of your Fido if you prefer—on the lower left hand corner. A cat may sit purring in the corner of the card, if the party is to be given in honor of a pet feline. If you are unable to attend a pet dog party in person, and there is no pup about the house that you can send to represent you, etiquette requires that you forward a dog collar, blanket, bridle, drinking bowl or dog-bonnet with your compliments. A boot-jack is one of the most appropriate things you can send a cat.—Sittings.

A JACKKNIFE GENIUS.

Queer Things Carved Out of Solid Blocks of Wood.

Almost twelve years ago Alfred Armstrong, a resident of Lake Village, gave up all ordinary pursuits and began to devote his entire time and energies to the carving from solid blocks of wood with no other tool than an ordinary jackknife. From the fashioning of small toys he turned his attention to carving likenesses of everything that presented itself for a model, from big, solid blocks of wood, carefully preserving every specimen of his handiwork, whether good, bad or indifferent. Within the past five years his oldest son, who inherits his father's peculiar inclination, developed such ingenuity and patience that he, too, graduated from common labor, and united with his father with equally patient devotion in his original craft.

To-day they have a big tent full of curiosities and travel about the country at the beaches and fairs exhibiting their museum of wooden wonders with financial returns which are not nearly proportionate to the patience and toil which their curiosities represent. Some are handsomely ornamental and all would find ready sale as toys, but to the owner they are treasures beyond price, and he can not be induced to part with even the most insignificant, and as he continually keeps up his whittling, his stock of curiosities is constantly increasing. No painter or sculptor was ever more wrapped up in his art or more enthusiastic over his productions than this old fellow, now about 65 years of age, who has been in poverty all his life, and who doesn't appear ambitious to better his condition.

Among his curiosities are all sorts of puzzles cut out or put together in small-necked bottles. In one is a man sawing wood, with saw and saw horse which closely fill the space of the bottle. In another is a yoke of cattle neatly carved, with a man standing beside them. In another is a ship, and in another a house. How these things got inside the bottles is an inexplicable puzzle to those who have looked over the old man's collection, and he does not give any light upon the matter.

Besides these puzzles and his wooden menagerie are houses which are almost big enough for dog kennels, and which might almost serve as models of modern architecture, all of one piece and carved from a solid block. There are also boxes and cases composed of hundreds of different kinds of woods, firmly inlaid and finely finished. The most remarkable piece of this kind of work is a violin case made of 2,036 pieces of wood of 106 different kinds.

Of his puzzles, perhaps the most mysterious is a big snake inside a glass jar, cut out in a coil which completely fills the inside. The neck of this jar is perhaps 1 inch in diameter, and a big wooden stopple is put down through and locked underneath with a wooden pin.

One of his best carvings is a yoke of oxen hitched to a hayrack, in which rides a man. The whole thing is about 3 feet in length and half as high, and, like all his other works, was cut out of solid block, even to the rack and cart wheels.

The New Religion.

The new religion which was ventilated during the international congress of spiritists and spiritualists, in Paris, says the London Telegraph, has been lost sight of in the reports of the assembly, but it deserves a few lines as a novelty. It is a compound of Judaism and Christianity, and its apostle is a priest, the Abbe Rocca, who has been suspended by his bishop as being heretical, but who, like Pere Hyacinthe, insisted that he did not want to leave the real true church as it existed according to his own lights and convictions. The abbe appeared at the congress in a semi-ecclesiastical costume, and while most of the speakers were curtailed he was allowed full leave and license to pound away with his exposition of doctrine, and his terrible fulminations against what he called the vatican Christ. According to the abbe, every man was an involuntary Christ—a deity, in fact. There was a Christ-medium, St. Paul, St. Luke and the Prophet Isaiah being also of that order. Spiritualists, he contended, could well afford to adopt this religion of the general Christ, since it was in consonance with their doctrines.

He Hedged.

"Isn't it glorious weather?" he said to the man on his left on the street car platform.

"I will look into the matter and see," was the quick reply.

"Say, your liver is out of order," continued the other. "Take some blue mass at once."

"That was a rather queer conversation," observed a passenger who had overheard it, after the liver-ailing man had got off.

"Oh, I had to hedge," replied the other. "After I had spoken of the weather I recognized him as a lawyer. He was going to write an opinion and send me a bill. I'm a doctor, and so I gave him medical advice as an offset."

Can't Tell How Soon.

Just at the present time there is no North Pole expedition sloshing around the Arctic Ocean in the attempt to reach one point higher than any previous expedition, but one can't tell when some crank will bob up and go sailing away for the purpose of getting his name into headlines.

How to Cure a Cold.

When one becomes chilled, or takes cold, the mouths of myriads of little sweat glands are suddenly closed, and the impurities which should pass off through the skin are forced back to the interior of the body, vitiating the blood, and putting extra work on the lungs and other internal organs.

Just beneath the surface of the skin, all over the body, there is a network of minute blood vessels, finer than the finest lace. When one is chilled, the blood is forced from these capillary vessels into one or more of the internal organs, producing inflammation or congestion, and often causing diseases dangerous to life.

The time to treat a cold is at the earliest possible moment after you have taken it and your prime object should be to restore the perspiration and the capillary circulation.

As soon, then, as you feel that you have taken cold, have a good fire in your bedroom. Put your feet into water as hot as can be borne, and containing a tablespoonful of mustard. Have it in a vessel so deep that the water will come well up toward the knees. Throw a blanket over the whole, to prevent rapid evaporation and cooling. In from five to ten minutes take the feet out, wipe them dry, and get into a bed on which there are two extra blankets.

Just before or after getting into bed, drink a large glass of lemonade as hot as possible, or a glass of hot water containing a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, with a little sugar if desired.

Should there be pain in the chest, side or back, indicating pleurisy or pneumonia, dip a small towel in cold water, and wring it as dry as possible. Fold the towel so that it will cover a little more surface than is affected by the pain. Cover this with a piece of flannel, and both with oiled silk, or better, with oiled linen; now wind a strip of flannel a foot wide several times around the chest.

The heat of the body will warm the towel almost immediately, the oiled linen and flannel will retain the heat and moisture, and steaming the part will generally cause the pain to disappear.

Should there be pain or soreness in the throat you should treat it in a similar manner with wet compress and flannel bandage.

Eat sparingly of plain, simple food. Baked apples and other fruit, bread and butter, bread and milk, milk toast, baked potatoes or raw oysters may be eaten.

By following the above directions intelligently and faithfully you will ordinarily check the progress of the cold, and prevent serious, possibly fatal, illness.—Youth's Companion.

The New England Idea.

Nobody who is anybody cares to deny that the New England of the first, second, even the present, third century, has had her own hands full in wrestling with home infirmities and diabolisms; even that, on the whole, a Yankee fool, crank, or devil may honestly claim precedence among his fellows in any part of this or any land. Certainly the Puritan parson, in humble imitation of his persecutors across the water, did try for fifty years to make the law of Moses the common law of Massachusetts, and the New England colonial soil uninhabitable to anybody but a Calvinistic saint.

Certainly, the witches were hung; the uncomfortable agitators, Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, were banished or suppressed; negro slaves were bought and sold in Boston and Newport ships; the old Hartford convention was held; and plenty of other unpleasant things were said and done, and all still ventilated and put in experiment, which have been justly condemned by the impartial jury of American civilization.

But the real glory of New England is that no respectable class there objects to putting all these things in a common school of history, and sending the class to the public library to look up the conflicting testimony on any important point in the controversies. The New England idea is that no class that honestly has its face set to the front to-day will be bothered by looking over its shoulders or spending time in trying to cover up the tracks of old mistakes or old sins.—New Eng. Magazine.

A Boston Tragedy.

"Clara," he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his cardiac region, "I have long looked forward to this opportunity to tell you that I love you with all the ardor of a nature free from guile and duplicity. Say the little word, Clara, which shall make me the happiest of men. Or if your maiden modesty seals your ruby lips, give me some keepsake which shall mutely say that my love is returned, and which shall be a constant reminder of this my hour of happiness. Stay! Let it be one of your golden tresses, just one little lock of your fragrant hair."

Clara blushed, and seeing that George took up the scissors from the table, she murmured: "Nay, George, never mind the scissors; here it is (and she removed an affluent switch); take it; it cost me \$10, but such love as yours is worth far more than that."

He Ought to Hate Him.

The Rev. Dr. Smith: "I can't say that I like my son-in-law." The Rev. Dr. Brown: "Why?" The Rev. Dr. Smith: "I married him to my daughter and he paid me with a counterfeit \$10 note."

THE UNPARALLELED MAN.

Easily the Greatest Name in the Annals of History.

The astonishing ease with which Shakespeare seems to have raised his mighty lines and fine humanities is the greatest discouragement to subsequent literature. Compare him to Tennyson, for instance, who is still living, and has been made a baron! Tennyson has crammed himself full of culture, has weighed his lines and tried all manner of flutes and bugles, but we behold at last one who has rather buried literature and its period instead of having revived them. It may be that Tennyson is to be the last English poet. There is certainly no great occasion for many more.

Shakespeare never reached a higher dignity than that of "gentleman," and even that was probably an ascription of his posterity. He lived in a time when the past still stood colossal and the future was like a new-born babe within the ruins of feudal violence and power. He lived after the reformation, when Europe was on the eve of its last mighty war to settle the status of Luther and the popes. After Shakespeare was placed in his tomb there was war in Germany for thirty years between the Lutheran and the Holy Roman empire. Great men were yet to be, perhaps the greatest of all Englishmen as a ruler—Cromwell.

The apprehension of Shakespeare, naturally healthy and earnest, became heightened by the vast surroundings until he rose above theologians and above literature itself, and became like a theologian of the first order, like Moses or Mohammed, or Calvin or Luther, all of them literary men. He discerned that man, with all his lofty purposes, was a mere puppet. He had lived to know that the worlds themselves were held in check by other worlds, and that gravity governed everywhere. He lived a hundred years behind Columbus, and yet had been intimate with such home events as the murder of Darnley, the execution of Queen Elizabeth's mother, the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the conclusion of the Wars of the Roses. It was a time when the wisest man felt the most ignorance and the most humility, and only the fool was confident that he had the key to nature and God. Shakespeare, therefore, generally represents man in his subject condition—the trifter, the lover, the melancholy prince.

His appreciation has been for about 250 years confined to the English nations; now it is beginning to go abroad. His statue stands in the streets of Paris. The Germans almost regard Shakespeare as one of themselves.

Two facts stand out together which the man of thought will long connect with each other—the nation of men to which he belonged and the greatest empire of history. This Englishman and these Englishmen explain each other.—Gath.

Just Like Common Folks.

There is a distressing story that Queen Victoria was at one moment, or perhaps at two, in a bad temper at her granddaughter's wedding. The ceremony began ten minutes late, and the queen no more likes being kept waiting than did Louis XIV. The reason for the delay was simple enough. The Princess Louise of Wales drove away from Marlborough House in such a hurry that she forgot her bouquet. It was thought worth while to send an enquiry on horseback from Buckingham Palace to Marlborough House to bring the missing flowers. And as the princess was arranging her veil the necklace which she wore burst and scattered over the floor. The links had to be found and put together.

Last of all, it appears that Lord Fife, a shy man, did not salute in the usual way the mother of his bride. Probably it did not occur to him that, even in these circumstances and by virtue of his new relation, he had become privileged to kiss the princess of Wales. At any rate, he did not do it, and the queen noticed the omission and was vexed, and one of the household, who does not like the marriage, said: "If he had been a German prince he would have done it as a matter of course."

How the Kaiser Rides.

Mr. Yates writes of the recent review at Aldershot of the British army by the emperor of Germany:

"The Kaiser was extremely industrious in looking into the heart of things, galloping about from point to point with a recklessness which rather disconcerted several corpulent officers in attendance upon him. He himself is rapidly increasing in weight, and is already quite as heavy a man as was his father in his mature prime. Headlong rider as he is, his seat on horseback is the reverse of good, being the very loose and bucketing sort of seat that the old school of ringmasters used to oblige as a 'wash-ball seat.' There can not be much amiss with his left arm, since he holds the reins in his left hand, and, without using his right, can pull a horse on his haunches from a gallop."

Should be Generally Known.

P. T. Barnum's animal instructor says he has made a close study of camel nature, and that the animal is capable of feeling great emotion and betraying much sentiment. We are glad to publish the fact. The camel has never been looked upon in the right light, and now we hope to see justice done him.—Free Press.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

Don't bet a dollar on the election.

The elections this year develop only scrub races.

It is hinted that one, George R. Will Peck his way into the United States senate if possible

The young emperor of Germany is to have a new crown that will contain over one hundred diamonds.

Kansas newspapers are engaged in a lying contest about October strawberries and peach trees in bloom.

The appointment of political editors as postmasters, and to other official positions, is a pernicious practice.

This week will practically close the campaign and put an end to political lying to some extent. It will be a good thing.

Pension Commissioner Raum has not a good record on the temperance question. But that question does not cut any figure with the statesmanship of the day.

Ex-Secretary Bayard and Miss Mary Olymer will be married Thursday, November 7, at the residence of the bride's mother. The ceremony will be a very quiet affair.

The Capital wants the duty taken off of sugar and a bounty paid on home production. Carry that idea out in regard to other things as well and where would we laud?

Public opinion ought to attach a stigma of disgrace upon every man who persistently seeks office, and when such a man gets nominated he ought to be beaten at the polls, no matter to what party he belongs.

Civil service reform should be carried to such an extent that officials in the pay of the government should not only be forbidden to take part in political affairs, but for the time should not even be allowed to vote.

When a party goes nutting in the woods is it an incursion or excursion? This question is testing the mental ability of one of our state colleges. Why not an excursion from the school on an incursion to the woods?

The Abilene bank, owned by Mayor C. H. Lebold and Colonel J. M. Fisher, suspended Monday morning, creating great excitement, as it has been considered the strongest financial institution in central Kansas. The deposits amount to \$200,000.

At the meeting of the Kansas Women's Home Missionary society, at Manhattan, Mrs. D. C. Haskell, of Lawrence, gave an account of the government Indian school at Lawrence, where she holds the position of matron. There are at present about 440 Indians there.

Superintendent E. Summerfield, of the Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern, states that pooling rates have been entered into between his road and the Kansas Central, narrow gauge. This latter road is owned by the Union Pacific, and reaches a large territory which has heretofore been tributary to Leavenworth. Kansas City being unable to compete for the business owing to high local rates. Under the present arrangement the Kansas Central agrees to turn over all its business to the Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern at Holton. This will have the effect of throwing to Kansas City the large trade that has heretofore gone to Leavenworth. This pooling arrangement will go into effect at once.

Mick Schaffer was found guilty in the Shawnee district court, of selling cider that was intoxicating, and convicted under the prohibitory law. The verdict was in accordance with the instructions of Judge Guthrie who, in addressing the jury, said: "The prohibitory law will not permit any scheme or device to evade its consequences. The sale of hard cider that is intoxicating is as much of an offense as the sale of whiskey, brandy, gin, wine or beer, and there should be no difference with the jury or the court. Every person who sells cider or other liquid matter takes the risk that what they sell is not intoxicating liquor. If you find from the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt that the liquor sold by the defendants or either of them to the witnesses contained as much as 8 or 10 per cent of alcohol, then such liquor, whether known as hard cider or any other name, is presumed to be intoxicating when used as a beverage.

To Help the Farmer.

The Chicago Farmer's Review contains the following, which refers to the plan adopted by Mr. R. W. Sweet of Lawrence: "Early in the spring of the year this gentleman came into the possession of a herd of well-bred bulls and in every respect in good condition. Along with the herd he acquired the necessary farm on which to feed them and also some outlying prairie lands suitable for pasture. Being well aware that as a beginner in the business of breeding and selling pure-bred cattle and recognizing that the state of the trade was seriously against him at starting, he set himself to the discovery of some way out of the difficulty. He said to himself that Kansas farmers, while they have numbers of native cattle on hand, cannot obtain much money for them and although anxious to improve the quality of their stock, cannot afford to pay a high price for a pure-bred bull or bunch of heifers. This being the case, it would be a very difficult matter for him to dispose of his pure-bred animals for cash, so after considering these and other equally important points, the following plan was devised:

"He opened a meat market in Lawrence and built a cheap slaughter house upon his farm which is located close to the city limits. Next he got acquainted with all the cattle raisers of his immediate neighborhood and commenced trading for their steers and store cattle. In many cases a farmer would want a pure-bred bull and be willing to trade steers for other feeding stock for him and our friend was willing to deal, figuring the steers at a good live price and his own stock at reasonable figures. If the farmer had a likely bunch it was purchased upon this basis, the pure-bred animal or animals being taken as payment and the balance, on which ever side it fell, being paid in cash. The cattle thus purchased, if fat enough, were taken immediately to the slaughter house upon the farm, dressed there and eventually retailed at the meat market in town. If not ready to kill they were sent to the distant pastures, or fed on the home farm. At the slaughter house hogs consume all of the offal except that which furnishes tallow. The tallow is sold to a dealer who visits the slaughter house twice a month. The hides go direct to a manufacturer of boots and shoes (in Lawrence), who also tans the hides he purchases.

"Every scrap is sold and brings its profit, there being absolutely no loss to our acquaintance who is proving the scheme quite a success. When it comes to competing against the dressed beef shipped into Lawrence by the great packers, the chief trouble is encountered. But care has been taken to advertise the nature of the business being done, and a public sentiment has been aroused in favor of patronizing the local butchers, thus our friend has built up a capital trade and has an increasing demand for his meats.

"He is of the opinion that he has solved the problem of the present trade in pure-bred cattle, and suggests that others similarly situated should give his plan a trial. It would certainly appear that his scheme is perfectly fair to all concerned and a mutual benefit in which the farmers get a good market price for their cattle and he for his pure-bred Herefords; while at the same time his profit must be certain from one branch of the business or another."

KANSAS.

Smith Center is to have water-works immediately. The material is on the road.

The Attica sugar works have sent 100 barrels of new sugar to a Topeka wholesale house.

Pittsburg last year mined \$26,000,000 worth of coal and \$27,000,000 worth of lead. Kansas is wonderfully rich in minerals, and big manufacturing cities are in embryo.

The Kansas Teacher is a new educational paper published at Wamego by R. M. Pemberton, J. S. Mitchell, and E. M. Hutton. It is devoted to the educational interests of the State of Kansas in general and Potawatomi County in particular.

Fred Houghton will ship two carloads of horses soon. He expects to take these to Boston. This will make about 800 head he has bought in this country this season, and represents about seventy thousand dollars of solid cash distributed among the farmers of Riley County for horses in one season.—Manhattan Record.

Information has been received from the Paris Exposition that the State of Kansas was awarded a gold medal for the best agricultural report exhibited. A silver medal was awarded to a publication of the labor department of Kansas, and "mention honorable" was awarded to the Conway Springs and Douglas Sugar Companies for their sorghum sugar.

A Salina man, A. G. Emery, has invented a machine of peculiar value to Western Kansas. It is a revolving hoe for pulverizing the ground to a great depth. Where the ground has been plowed in midsummer this rotary machine will pass over, demolishing the weeds and hoing up the surface as can be done by no other machine now in use. The machine will be put on the market next spring for the first time, a patent having been secured for it.

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J. P. Miller of Marysville says he has a grape vine that has ripened three crops of grapes this year, and that a fourth crop is more than half grown.

The most potent remedies for the cure of disease have been discovered by accident. The first dose of Dr. Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria was given, as an experiment, to an old lady almost dying from the effects of Malaria, on whom Quinine acted as a poison. One dose cured her; and a single dose has cured thousands since. It is the only known Antidote for the poison of Malaria. Sold by Druggists.

Farm, Garden and Household.

A little gum arabic imparts a gloss to ordinary starch.

Potatoes cannot be sold in Atchison even at 16 cents a bushel.

Wash all marble daily with ammonia and water instead of soapsuds.

To prevent a door from creaking apply a little stove polish to the hinges.

Sweep and dust once a week the rooms which do not daily receive this attention.

Put salt in the water to prevent black calicoes from fading when they are washed.

Young veal may be told by the bone in the cutlet. If it is very small the veal is not good.

Egg shells crushed and shaken in a glass bottle half with water will clean it quickly.

Paint made with turpentine is a better protector for iron work than when mixed with linseed oil.

A wineglass of strong borax water in a pint of raw starch will make collars and cuffs stiff and glossy.

A good egg has a clean, healthy looking shell, while a bad one has a dull porous looking shell.

Kerosene is unexcelled in starch to give polish; also to polish glass. It will make your windows shine like silver.

Cake is baked when a fine splinter of wood will pass through without any of the cake adhering, and not until then.

When not too bad, nasal catarrh may be relieved by snuffing tepid salt water through the nose, two or three times a day.

A few drops of lard or sweet oil rubbed on the surface of a mustard plaster will always prevent it from blistering the skin.

Horseradish root grated and moistened with vinegar, put in bag and applied to the seat of pain, will cure or relieve neuralgia.

Two apples kept in a cake box will keep moderately rich cake moist a great length of time, if the apples are renewed when withered.

Call at Madame Marmont's, corner Fourth and Kansas Avenue, for the latest styles and lowest prices in millinery.

John W. Martiu & Co., of South Topeka, have opened a first-class stock of groceries, Queensware, Flour, Feed &c. at No. 605 Kansas Ave., North Topeka, and offer to their customers goods at the lowest cash prices for quality of goods sold.

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Given away every month, a life size 20x24 in. portrait, handsomely framed, value \$10, at Aldridge's, 1013 North Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

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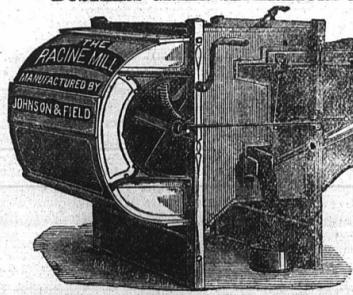
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NEWSPAPER LAWS.
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from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

The man who keeps an exact cash account of his daily expenses generally earns an expert bookkeeper's salary in trying to remember where the money went.

Fairs and festivals are the outward flourishes of civilization. They, in a sense, symbolize the material condition of the people who look at others but really see themselves.

DELAWARE county, Pennsylvania, let her one hundredth anniversary go by without taking note of it. When people have been asleep too long they never know when to wake up.

An Iowa man thinks he has invented a way to bottle up sunshine, but he has to look after it with a lantern after dark. The only way we know of to keep sunshine is to bottle it up in your heart.

The bananas, which was a luxury not many years ago, is now peddled about the streets as commonly as our own apples, and oranges and other semi-tropical and tropical fruits are, in their season, within the reach of even the poorest of our people.

The painter's brush is liable to wipe out of literature a common phrase—"the black monsters of the deep." The new war vessels have been painted white and there is a prospect that in the future white will take the place of black on war ships.

The Swiss army has adopted smokeless powder. The Germans adopted it so that they could see the enemy, but the Swiss army is so small compared with those of the neighbors of that plucky little republic, that an impression is likely to get abroad that the object of the Swiss soldiers is to see themselves.

SOME one suggests that if clergymen divide their sermons into two equal parts, and have a hymn or an anthem sung between the parts, it would be a good thing. Doubtless it would be considered a good thing by those who don't like long sermons; for they could quietly steal out during the singing of the hymn.

SOME of the morning papers published in Mexico go to press at noon of the day preceding, and all before 8 o'clock p. m. Either they have so large a circulation that as much time as this is necessary to run off the edition or else the number of subscribers is so small that it really does not make any difference when they go to press.

The time made on roads in Belgium, Germany, and Holland is not so fast in England and Scotland, for the reason that the roads owned and controlled by the governments, and therefore there is no competition or advertising fast trains on this road or that. These roads have crossings at grade, and they have drop gates and watchmen at every road crossing their lines.

The Russian nobles are rushing to bankruptcy in great numbers. The credit bank for lending money to them on mortgage of their lands, established by the government two or three years ago, has now no less than 2,000 estates which will have to be sold by public auction for non-payment of interest on loans. The question is, who will buy this enormous amount of property?

ONE of the most conspicuous as well as one of the most pleasing evidences of the most wonderful development of transportation facilities during the past twenty-five years is that exhibited on the fruit stands. The luscious products of orchards, vineyards and plantations in all parts of the world are now brought to every state of the Union and sold at remarkably low prices.

Was there ever such a history as that of the cotton seed? For seventy years despised as a nuisance, and dumped as garbage, then discovered to be the very food for which the soil was hungering, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of utilities, shortly afterward found to be nutritious food for beast as well as for soil, and thereupon treated with something like respect.

The royal family of England is not walking well at present. The Queen's knee-joint is still swollen and she cannot walk without a stick. The Prince of Wales still suffers from a varicose vein and limps perceptibly. An affection of the instep causes the Princess of Wales to limp a trifle. Prince Albert Victor, who may rule over England some day, recently met with an accident while stalking deer in Scotland.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

How the Preacher of Nubbin Ridge Cast Out Devils.

An Obdurate Young Sinner Who was Forced to "Profess" After a Desperate Struggle—A Bit of Fun in Tennessee—He Didn't Want to Go to Heaven.

In the northern part of Sumner county, Tenn., there is a charming community where the people still adhere to that demonstrative, almost violent sort of religious belief which many years ago was warmly fostered and warmly fought for by old Peter Cartwright. In this community known



"OH, I LOVE YOU WELL ENOUGH," as Nubbin Ridge, the inhabitants are so far removed from the world's throbs and thrills that they do not believe that telegraphic communication is a possibility, and in fact a young fellow who after a short absence from the neighborhood stated that he had seen a whole string of covered wagons pulled by a big chunk of iron that smoked like a tar-kiln was arraigned before a justice of the peace, tried, convicted by twelve solemn jurymen and sentenced to pay a fine of six bushels of cornmeal.

During a recent revival at Nubbin Ridge meeting-house, the chief exhorter, old Dave Henly, was so successful in his mourners' bench persuasiveness that but one sinner remained. This obdurate sinner was a brawny young fellow named Calvin Hicks. Old women sanctified in their own belief, and old men who in the autumn sang loud songs of praise, but who in the spring cut many silvery capers while selling seed oats, went to Calvin and tearfully implored him to give Satan a backhanded lick and press his sin-cursed brow down upon the bench of repentance. Calvin continued to chew his tobacco and squirt through his front teeth.

One afternoon while the meeting-house was crowded, a number of the brethren held a consultation with old Dave Henly, and shortly afterward old Dave arose and said: "Everybody that wants to go to heaven, stand up."

"Calvin," said old Dave, "don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Ain't hurtin' to go," Calvin answered.

"Is it possible that you want us to leave you behind?"

"Wall, I don't reckon I'll be so mighty fur behind when you fellers git thar."

"Now look here, Calvin, these folks have put me up as exhorter; they have confidence in me, and I want to tell you right here that you've got to stand up. If you don't shame Satan you shan't shame us. Do you hear?"

"Ain't deaf."

"Wall then, harken to my voice."

"Ain't out a harkenin to-day."

"That's what they call me."

"Air you not goin' to stand up?"

"When I git tired a settin'."

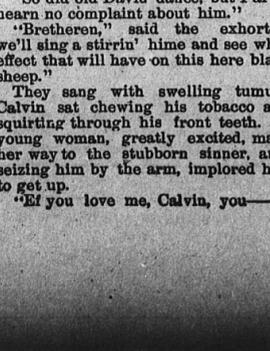
"Young man you air a cuss to this here community."

"Wall, the community is a cuss to me, too."

"Calvin, you have been know'd to git drunk."

"So did old Noah git drunk and I reckon he's all right now."

"Calvin, you go to shindigs and dance."



"AIN'T OUT A HARKENIN' TO-DAY."

"So did old David dance, but I ain't hearn no complaint about him."

"Bretheren," said the exhorter, "we'll sing a stirrin' hime and see what effect that will have on this here black sheep."

They sang with swelling tumult. Calvin sat chewing his tobacco and squinting through his front teeth. A young woman, greatly excited, made her way to the stubborn sinner, and, seizing him by the arm, implored him to get up.

"Oh, I love you well enough" [squirt].

"If you do as they want you to—if you will only go to heaven I'll marry you to-day."

"Kain't marry me if I go to heaven. They ain't give in marriage thar."

"Oh, you know what I mean. Just see how they air lookin' at you."

"Yes; see how I am looking at them." [Squirt.]

"You'll break my heart."

"If I do I'll keep the pieces."

"Air you goin' to git up?"

"Yes, when I git tired a settin'."

"Calvin," said the exhorter, "I am tired foolin' with you."

"All right then, stop."

"I'll not stop yet, want you to understand that. Answer me yes or no. Do you want to go to heaven?"

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go, then?"

"I am waiting to be called there."

"Mount have to wait a long time."

[Squirt.]

"That's all right, but I want you to understand one thing. The brethren have put your case in my hands. They want you to repent and you've got to do it. You stand up now, or I'll whip you, sah."

"You ain't chawed enough hog meat yet."

"We'll see befo' we git through who has chawed the most hog meat. Air you goin' to stand up?"

"Am when I git ready."

"But will you be ready putty soon?"

"When I git tired of sittin'."

Old Dave, brushing aside the people as he advanced, approached Calvin, and, taking him by the ear, said:

"Calvin git up—got up with a bound, catching Dave on his hip with a quickness that surprised the old man. The congregation made room, and in a series of irregular bounces, the combatants reached the door and bounded out under the trees. The congregation poured out; the two men capered picturesquely. Calvin got old Dave's head under his arm; Dave bit him painfully in the short ribs. The effect of the bite was so noticeable that an ancient, though much interested brother, remarked:

"The old man's teeth set diggin'."

"The combatants danced a schottish, then softened into a waltz, with chances about equal, but when the performance was suddenly thrown into that species of dancing known as "doing the buck," old Dave, aided by his great experience, tripped Calvin and sprawled him upon the ground.

"DO YOU WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN?"

"Calvin," said old Dave, as he sat on the sinner.

"That's what they call me."

"Do you want to go to heaven?"

"B'ieve I do."

"Will you profess?"

"B'ieve I will."

"Wall, then, come on in here and git down at the bench. Bretheren, let us have a stirrin' hime."

"Calvin" professed, and instead of regretting it he is now the chief exhorter of the Nubbin Ridge meeting-house.—OPE P. READ.

Too Fresh.
Stark and stiff he sat on a rock, He seemed to have had a most fearful shock; What was the cause of such an attack? He'd found a new joke in an almanac.

Could such things be? The joke had taken the senses away, Like a thunderbolt on a sunny day. To the mad asylum the poor man went, The almanac was to Barnum sent, No wonder greater had he.

Gambling at Long Branch.
Stories of the winnings of men at faro and baccarat at the gambling houses of Saratoga and Long Branch are very much exaggerated by the time they get to New York, says the New York Sun. Not long since it happened that the writer was in Daly's place at Long Branch, when a man who bears a well known name among the 400 of New York, came in and laid a \$20 bill on the table. He won, pulled up a chair, and played half an hour, and quit the game a little over \$1,400 ahead. This amount he counted carefully while at supper with the writer of this paragraph. As the father of the player is of considerable prominence in New York, he was careful to say nothing about the incident. This amount jumped to the extraordinary figure of \$18,000 in the Society Weekly, which was issued last Thursday, and by the time it gets back from a series of peripatetic journeys through the western press it will in all likelihood reach six figures. And the amiable young son of a New York millionaire will be quoted as one of the most daring and hazardous gambling sharps in the country. In point of the fact, he has not played faro more than half a dozen times in his life.

OLE'S LULLABY.

A Pathetic Story of a Little Norseman.

A few years ago a Swedish family named Olson left the fatherland and sought a home and fortune in America, the promised land, says the Minneapolis Journal. They were poor, but their hearts were stout, and they feared not for the future so long as they had health and strength. From the confusion and strangeness of Castle Garden they set their faces to the west—the golden northwest. Others might stay and starve in the crowded cities, they said, but they would go where they could claim a bit of land as their own and find health and happiness. The broad prairies of Dakota beckoned them onward, and at last they rested on unbroken soil near Long Lake. The Olsons were amazed at the wealth of the land that spread out before them, with the virgin soil waiting for the touch of the husbandman, and they set to work with a will. A year or two passed away. The Olsons had not become rich, but they had a home that, however humble, was theirs, and they were happy.

Harvest time came. The golden grain stood ripe and heavy in the fields. The mother and the eldest children went to help the father with the harvest lest the rain might come and catch them napping. So it happened that one morning little Ween, aged 7, was left all alone to care for his little brother, who was just able to toddle about the house. For an hour or two they amused themselves with their toys and then the little one, in childish glee ran about the room "playing horse." The floor was built of rough, undried boards and in some places had become "sprung." Careless of danger little Ole ran about until he stepped into a crack and fell. The merciless boards closed fast about his foot and held him prisoner. Shrieking with pain he called to his brother for help. Ween tugged away at the boards, but they refused to release their prey. Little Ole's appeals became more and more frantic. Ween went to the door and shouted for help, but no one heard him. At last, frantic with fear he seized a dull ax that stood in the shed and rushed to the little sufferer. Still he could not pry up the boards. There was but one way now; he must cut off the little one's foot! So he raised the dull ax and brought it down. A ragged gash was made and the shrieks grew louder. "Don't cry, Ole, I will soon have you free; and down came the cruel ax again. Again and again it fell, until at last the prisoner was free. The blood frightened Ween, and he took the little one in his arms and sought to soothe it with a song he had heard his mother sing:

"Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby, to sleep."

Little Ole's cries became fainter and fainter. His head fell lower on his brother's arm and his eyes closed.

Ween thought the baby was very white, but still he sat there crooning the cradle song and waiting for the return of his father and mother. High noon came and the mother returned to prepare the frugal noonday meal. No little voices came to greet her with shouts of joy, and her mother's heart stood still with a nameless terror. Into the house she rushed. "Sai! sai!" whispered Ween. "Ole got hurted, but I rocked him to sleep."

Yes, Ole was asleep. His eyes would never open again upon earthly scenes. And little Ween rocked to and fro, singing softly:

"Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby, to sleep."

A Fatal Widow.

"Ye a widder?" asked a long, lank, leathery woman of a distinguished-looking lady dressed in full mourning on a railroad train out in Kansas.

"I am," was the reply, given coldly and haughtily.

"I reckoned so," said the woman calmly, "and I knew how to sympathize with you, especially if he was taken sudden like. I've laid away four good husbands of my own and all taken sudden. One of 'em was blown up in a mine; another got killed in a saw-mill; Bill Johnson got kicked to death by a mule, and Sam Higgins fell off the ruff of the house. My fifth man is out in the smoking-car and I'm skeered evry minnit for fear he'll tumble out of the window and break his neck, luck seems to be so ag'in me. That's a right good piece of crape in your veil. I'd like some like it if I ever have to git any more—and, oh, goin' to change your seat, eh? It is sunny on this side. Guess I'll move over too and set with you until my man gets back, if he ever does git back!"—Time.

Keep Out of Debt.

Every man who would get along in the world should, as far as possible, avoid debt. From the very outset of his career he should sternly resolve to live within his income, however paltry it may be. The art of living easily as to money, is very simple—pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. All the world's wisdom on this subject is most tersely epitomized in the words of Dickens's Micawber:

"Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds and six; result, misery."

Many a man dates his downfall from the time he began going in debt.

What Thou Doest, Do Well.

Mrs. Husey: "Bridget, can't you sweep the room without raising such a dust?" Bridget: "Sure, mum, ye wouldn't want me to lave any av it on the fure!"—Puck.

CATCHING WILD STEERS.

How the Texas Steer is Kept in Subjection in Chicago.

When the fiery, untamed Texas steer makes his debut at the stock yards, says the daily Sun of that city, his first sensation is one of surprise followed by alarm. He longs for the wild unfettered freedom of his native plains and has no hankering for the high-priced and effete civilization that prevails at the stock yards. Probably he also scents the not far distant danger to bovine life at the slaughter houses of Packingtown, and refusing to eat the timothy hay of civilization, he pines for the bunch grass and solitude of Texas. The first thought of the average Texan steer on arriving at the stock yards is to give the commission man the cold shibe and make his escape. He has a very indistinct idea of where he intends to locate, his primary object being to leave the stock yards. Once loose he finds time to indulge in the festive freaks that made life in his native heath so enjoyable, and nothing creates so much glad joy in his heart as to jab one of the long horns with the corbellum of a three hundred dollar horse or to make a woman jump over a fence seven feet high.

These peculiar inclinations of the recently arrived steer compels the stock yards company to maintain a bureau for his suppression, and at the same time the preservation of the safety of the public. Sometimes a steer breaks loose, demolishes a street car or two, causes half a dozen women to die of hysteria and creates havoc generally. These damages are assessed on the stock yards company and the duty of the bureau is to overtake the runaway steer and suppress him before he has had a chance to destroy many brick blocks. This bureau is under the management of Chief of Police Mel Hoerner, and it performs many deeds of valor in the task of squelching the frisky and peculiar fancies of the nimble steer.

A chase after a runaway steer is by no means an easy job. The pursuer usually arms himself with a pair of boxing gloves, a revolver or two, and sufficient money to liquidate any claims that the steer may create by reason of damage to property in his travels. The shooting of a steer is to be avoided if possible, as the carting of the dead carcass back to the stock yards is attended with expense. By overhauling the steer and knocking him out according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, the steer is to some extent tamed and will frequently return cheerfully to captivity.

The chase after wild steers is more exciting than running down a ferocious bag of aniseed. Sometimes after chasing a steer many miles the chaser is compelled to dismount from his horse, throw the steer over in the ditch and hold him down by the horns until assistance arrives. Mr. Hoerner has made a specialty of this trick.

Many feats of valor have been performed in the capture of runaway steers, but one went on record last week that eclipses any ever before accomplished. A steer with the general aspect of a Numidian lion got away from the stock yards and made a bee line for Jackson park. On arriving there the steer chased everyone off the grounds and proceeded to destroy the last season's improvements with the intention of making it look as much like his lost Texas as possible. Soon the hired man of the stock yards company appeared on the scene and gave battle and the conflict was a desperate one. The steer fought bravely but finally human superiority prevailed, and dragging the steer into the lake the stock yard attaché held his head under the water until it was drowned. This story sounds a little off color but it will be vouched for at Mel Hoerner's office at any time.

Roses.

My love has a garden of roses,
'Tis stately, and ample, and fair,
And sweet as the breath of the Indies,
For the rose of all roses is there.

Herself is the daintiest flower
That bursts on the rapturous sight;
The queen of that garden of roses,
Queen rose of the realms of delight.

How to Have Beautiful Hair.

Now about your hair, says Bab, in a late letter: its gloss is gone; it looks dirty; very well, then, what it needs first of all is a good shampooing with warm water and brown soap gotten from the kitchen. You only need enough soap to make a good lather, but no other is as really desirable as this, which seems to cut the dirt, and being washed out immediately by the hot water, it does not injure the hair. Have your hair fanned until it is dry, or else go about with it loose, but do not under any circumstances put it up while it is damp, for if you do it will have for days an abominable mouldy smell. To get back its gloss you will need to cultivate the muscles of your arm; brush it for fifteen minutes every night and morning, giving it long sweeping strokes, and having a brush the bristles of which, while they are long and close together, are yet not stiff enough to hurt your head. It is a matter of small importance about the brains, but when it comes to brushing the hair you need not bang your head as if you thought it was made of wood. That sort of treatment will never give it the beautiful gloss, the beautiful natural gloss, that announces to the world at large that not a particle of dye has been used upon it in making it blonde or brown. Entre nous, the brushing of your fair locks in the way described will develop not only your arms but your bust.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

An Interesting Tradition of the Blackfeet Indians Revived.

It Grew Out of the Massacre of a Band of Emigrants on the Plains of Montana—A Box of Buttons and the Unbusiness of it Caused.

The other day I was up at the Piegan Agency, says a Montana correspondent, and met a grizzled old veteran of the frontier, who remembers when Fort Benton was 760 miles from a railway—as I do myself, for that matter—and who always has some interesting



incidents to recall of those adventurous fur-trading days when this wild region was truly wild.

A couple of ragged, dirty and listless Indians were leaning—almost lying—upon the counter of the agency store.

"You bet!" was old Gray's rejoinder, as I made some such observation to him. "Don't you forget that these Piegans are Blackfeet, and the Blackfeet, you know were the terror of this whole region a few years ago. I've seen these same Piegans make it hot for a whole trading-post morn' once."

Now the Piegans are limited to a poor reservation, decimated by disease, and forgetting their former glory and the savage glee of the buffalo-hunt, the raid and the fight at dawn, in which their fathers rejoiced.

You have seen in a menagerie the intent and covetous gaze which a leopard bends upon the keeper when he comes in with a basket of meat. Thus, almost, was the gaze of these two Indians now concentrated upon the agent, who, preparing at his desk a remittance of money, was counting out a lot of gold coins.

Old Gray noticed it as well as I, and said it recalled to his memory an incident—or at any rate a tradition—which was well known to the frontiersmen and traders of forty years ago in this vicinity.

About 1845 one of the sub-chiefs, or band leaders, among the Piegan-Blackfeet was a daring spirit named Little Dog, who, though he had the wit to remain at peace with the traders of the American Fur Company, was accustomed to lead his warriors on



long forays, not only into the hunting-grounds and camps of the redskinned enemies of the Blackfeet—and that meant every other tribe within raiding distance—but also against parties of emigrants, traders, trappers or hunters not connected with the posts at Fort Benton or the Marais.

On one such raid Little Dog had forced his way through the country of the Flatheads and Nez Percés down to the bank of the Snake river, in what now is central Idaho. He had been attracted there by the report that white emigrants, in increasing numbers, were passing westward along that lonely road, each company possessing a train of wagons loaded with what to the Indian's eye seemed fabulous wealth. It was in the hope of finding and conquering one of these parties that Little Dog and his followers had risked their lives so far from home.

Disposing his warriors in a situation favorable for attack, the Indian waited and watched with impatience for the coming of a train. At last, far over the yellow plain, the white tops of a few wagons are seen creeping over the back of a ridge, and with feverish scrutiny the lookout counts them and with his fingers signals their number to his anxious companions below.

On they come. They are drawn by oxen which jog lazily forward, their tongues protruding with heat and thirst. The monstrous vehicles move nearer and nearer, until at last the caravan, all unsuspecting of the lurking

foe, rolls into the midst of the ambuscade.

A terrific whooping and the rush of the painted foes surprises the incautious travelers, and while the arrows hurtle, the swinging skull-crackers crash down, and the scapling knife does its swift and bloody work, there is time for little use of guns before all have been struck down and despatched, save perhaps two or three who can steal away and hide in the rocks.

The eager sack of the wagons which followed may be imagined. How each redskin with the childlike glee of the savage, would seize upon and pervert or destroy all he did not understand the value of, and could not employ as an ornament or easily carry away. The preeminence of Little Dog was little regarded at such a time, but it happened that among the things upon which he first laid hands on was a small strong box, carefully stowed under the seat of the foremost wagon.

A blow of his pogmoggan burst it open, and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the chief a great quantity of what he thought to be brass buttons—three or four double handfals; but none of these buttons had eyes. Now, such buttons, complete, would have been thought a very desirable acquisition by the Indians. But what could be done with them so long as they lacked eyes? They were very heavy, too, and home was far away. Alas! that the white man should make such a mistake as to load his wagon with so useless an article! But Little Dog could not bear to simply throw away these glittering objects; and thinking that some day he might return to this spot, he cached (that is, hid) the box with much care in a crevice of a promontory which jutted into the Snake at that point, sure that he could find it when he wished to.

Perhaps in after years Little Dog's thoughts reverted sometimes to the hidden buttons, but he did not esteem them of sufficient value to warrant another hazardous expedition for their recovery, and they remained in their hiding place unsuspected for twenty years.

Then population began to flow into Montana, and gold coin, unknown to the earlier fur-traders, began to circulate in the territory. Little Dog was at the post one day when a prospector was making some purchases, and he saw eagles and half-eagles lying on the counter. There were his "buttons without eyes!" With them men were buying from the trader pound upon pound of tea, sugar, tobacco, powder—all that the Indian longed for. And



he had enough of those gold pieces hidden away in the dark canon of the Snake to purchase shelvesful of goods over and over. Oh, that he could recover it! How rich he would be in his village—how much dignity he could assume—what gaily should his young new square dress! But time had changed. He was old. The Snake was many a weary day's journey away, and food was scarce. He could only lament the fatuity which had led him to throw the treasure away.

Little Dog told of his "buttons" and how he had hidden them. The people at the fort were interested, and put faith in his story, and at last Mr. Dawson, then in charge of the post, offered to give the old Piegan a pony and provisions, and a large share of the cache, if he would lead him to the spot. Little Dog demurred. His "medicine" was against the expedition, he said, and he feared to go. Dawson urged, until finally the old man consented, and the two started, but Little Dog had marched only a short distance when he was overcome by superstitious fear and turned back, never to risk offending his guardian diety again by such temerity.

"Was the treasure never found?" I asked Gray, when his recital had ceased.

"No, but it has been searched for many a time. In fact, I once took a day to it myself. Little Dog tried to describe to me the exact spot in the canon just before he died, and I thought I found it, but I couldn't locate the cache."

"Do you believe it exists?"

"Certainly I do, and some day some fellow'll hit upon it by pure accident, and he'll wonder how it got there more'n if he seen a coyote saying his prayers."



New York Must Look to the West. If this city is to be again revived, the revival will come from somewhere in the west, says "Gath" in his New York letter. The forces of disintegration are altogether more active at present than those of construction; the hysterical critic, bawling for reform, has got the ear of the town, and not improbably a pessimistic stomach existed here before he had arrived. A good many people live in New York who do not want any fair, any great incursion of strangers or any revival. The forces which have commonly prevailed in New York are now next to dumb and stagnant.

WESTERN LIFE.

Something New About the Wonderful City of the Mormons.

A Railroad to the Snow Capped Summit of Pike's Peak—Young Men Who Drift to the West and are Lost—The Frisky Jack Rabbit.

Sober Truth About Salt Lake.

Some of the writers who have made glowing descriptions of Salt Lake, says a letter to the Philadelphia Ledger, have lingered long in telling about the streams of sparkling mountain water that roll and babble along the edges of the streets, nourishing the trees and grass and imparting coolness and freshness to the atmosphere. The accounts may have been true when they were written. They could not be repeated now with any regard for the truth. It is true that the water from the mountains, taken from City creek, does flow through the streets.

It is carried in little ditches, about two feet wide, planked at the sides, the planks being stayed up by cleats nailed across at intervals of six feet or more. When the water supply is abundant, as it is now, these ditches may not be nuisances. It is difficult to imagine the flow of water to be so strong as to rid these little "catch alls" from refuse of all kinds that is thrown into them, that is blown in by the wind, that accumulates wherever building is going on, that gets into them in the many different ways that dirt will collect in gutters.

Instead of "babbling" through these open sewers, the water now runs in a stream so thin as to be insufficient to carry away even the bits of paper that litter them. It is a mere trickling rill, and sometimes an infragranone. The great canal through the center of North Temple street, intended to carry off the excess of water in City creek, is dusty and dry, and in places hidden from sight by dead brush and grass. Off the main street the little rivulets in the side ditches are lost to sight under mats of grass that have never been cut or trimmed. While most of the shade trees are in fair condition, there are many dead ones that with a watchful and tasteful city government would be replaced by young trees.

When you have praised the broad streets and the miles and miles of shade trees that are the outcome of Brigham Young's foresight, and have admitted that nature never furnished a more beautiful setting for any city than it has for Salt Lake, you have said almost all that can be said for the city as it is. There is one little green spot within the high cement wall that incloses the block occupied by the tabernacle, the assembly hall and the unfinished temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. But it has every appearance of recent growth; the trees are all saplings, and one cannot help thinking that this suggestion of taste for the beautiful has been from one permitted expression since the death of the greatest man the church has produced.

If you climb the hill and walk along the road that Brigham built early in the settlement of the city to enable his followers to get into the canons for firewood, and you pass under the curious four-legged arch, with a huge eagle resting with outspread wings up on the keystone, you are told that here under the arch, Brigham took toll of each of his fuel-hunting followers, until he had recovered the money expended in making the mountain highway. Then he removed the tolls, leaving the toll-gate and its eagle to recall the story of early vicissitudes and his own enterprise.

A Railroad to Pike's Peak. While in Kansas City recently the contractor who is building the railroad to the lofty highth of Pike's Peak said: "We commenced at the top of the mountain first, for the reason that we thought we could finish the three miles above timber line before winter set in. The government has very kindly rented us one or two buildings usually devoted to the uses of the signal service corps station on the peak, and id these we manage to keep our 800 men very comfortably. Of course, where we are now at work is away up among the clouds, and it is right annoying to run against a transient rain or snow storm every few hours. There hasn't been a day passed since we began work but that we had either a rain, snow, or sleet storm, and frequently the clouds hover about so thick that we can't recognize each other fifteen feet apart. The road we are building is owned by the presidents of several Western railway systems, and when completed will touch the highest point of any road in the world. The summit depot will be an enormous one, being twenty-five feet to the 100, or a one-fourth pitch, the heaviest on record. The plan of construction is similar to that of the White Mountain road in New Hampshire. The company that is building the road expected to have it in operation by July 4, 1890." The road will be thirteen miles long.

Victims of Misfortune. There are hundreds of young men in the cities of the west who left good homes in the east and not meeting the success which they anticipated have become lost to their parents. They have drifted into ways concerning which they would not care to have known at the old home and have gradually become buried in the great mass of the unknown which is found in

every large city. The parents may be wealthy and of good position, but the boy is proud and will not go back when the tide of misfortune sets in upon him. He does not write and the mother becomes alarmed. She does not know what to do, but at last writes, perhaps, to the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association: "Do you know my boy? Can't you look him up and take good care of him?"

It is touching, says the Kansas City Journal, to read the many letters Mr. Hansel receives from eastern mothers relative to their lost boys, and if any part of the association's work is religiously and cheerfully done, this is it.

One day last week Mr. Hansel received a letter from a wealthy Englishman, of London, asking about his boy who came to Kansas City five years ago, and has not been heard from since. The association looked for several days, and finally found in a low gambling den what was once a fine and polished young Englishman. Another letter was from a clergyman. The son of one of his parishioners was last in Kansas City, and his parents wanted information. The young man was found in a small printing office barely eking out an existence, with mind shattered and friends gone. There are many other such cases which the association helps, and if the organization exists for anything, it is this, and just that is being done.

The Sportive Jack Rabbit.

The fact is, it is no easy matter to capture a live jack rabbit. Plenty of people say they can catch them, and think they can catch them, says a Kansas letter to the N. Y. Star, but when it comes right down to business the results do not warrant the assertion.

One vehement Colorado citizen who lived in a section where the jack rabbits fairly swarmed has repeatedly declared his ability to capture 1,000 jacks in a week. He thought he could take a number of men and some long nets and make a dive which would round up about an acre of writhing, seething jack rabbits at a whirl. His project is not new and has been tried. The result usually is that the big hares either get away or get killed. Eastern parties desirous of starting coursing parks have had outstanding offers of \$5 apiece for jack rabbits not any longer than your hand, but they were unable to get any. A few young ones are occasionally picked up in nests by boys or by hunters upon the western plains, and once in a long while one is caught in a big "figure 4" trap or "fall door" trap, although the latter does not often happen, because of the brightness and shyness of this particular kind of rabbit. Neither of these sources of supply, however, is in any way constant, and both are altogether inadequate to the exigencies of regular coursing events. It did not take long, therefore, for the projectors of an inclosed coursing circuit to realize that they must have a jack rabbit farm. The only farm of this sort, so far as known, is situated on a flat alkali section near a town in central Kansas. It and its jack rabbits are the property of a coursing association which will not sell a rabbit to any one else, and which depends on its farm for the supply of hares taken to other cities in park coursing events.

Fingers Before Forks.

The duchess of Beaufort, dining once at Mme. de Guise's with King Henri IV, of France, extended one hand to receive his majesty's salutation while she dipped the fingers of the other hand into a dish to pick out what was to her taste. This incident happened in the year 1598. It demonstrates that less than 300 years ago, says the Popular Science Monthly, the fingers were still used to perform the office now assigned to forks in the highest and most refined circles of society. At about this time, in fact, was the turning-point when forks began to be used at table as they are now. When we reflect how nice were the ideas of that refined age on all matters of outer decency and behavior, and how strict was the etiquette of courts, we may well wonder that the fork was so late in coming into use as a table-furnishing. The ladies of the middle ages and the renaissance were not less proud of a delicate, well-kept hand than those of our own days, and yet they picked the meat from the platter with their slender white fingers, and in them bore it to their mouths. The fact is all the more remarkable because the form of the fork was familiar enough, and its application to other uses was not uncommon.

A Touching Incident.

A touching incident was that of Mrs. William Nichols, a brilliant and much-admired lady of Bath beach, who had been suffering for some time from an affection of the eyes, says the Brooklyn Citizen. She was led to fear a speedy change for the worse, and immediately consulted her physician. An examination discovered a sudden and fatal failing in the optic nerve, and the information was imparted as gently as possibly that the patient could not retain her sight more than a few days at most, and was liable to be totally deprived of it at any moment. Last Tuesday the afflicted mother quietly made such arrangements as would occur to one about to commence so dark a journey of life and then had her two children, attired in their brightest and sweetest costumes, brought before her; and so, with their little faces lifted to hers, and tears gathering for some great misfortune they hardly realized, the light faded out of their mother's eyes, leaving an ineffaceable picture of those dearest to her on earth—a memory of the bright faces that will console her in many a dark hour.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Market Report: Stoves are going up now.

Soup a la Jay Gould—Take a little stock, six times as much water, and then put in the lamb.

Stranded.—First Thread—"What's the matter?" Second Thread—"I'm broke."

Busy.—First Flea—"How is business?" Second Flea—"I'm on the jump all the time."

Too cheap.—Customer—"How much is that ring?" New jewelry clerk—"It's marked 18c. Eighteen cents, please."

The average car horse is a tender-hearted animal. He is always ready to stop and listen to a tale of woe.

Stranger—"What in connection with bicycle riding, strikes you most forcibly?" Bicycle rider—"The road."

First thief—"How is your baby getting along?" Second thief—"First rate! He has got so he reaches out for things already."

Dime museum managers should inaugurate a search for a woman who can play cards an entire evening without asking "What's trumps?"

One would imagine that counterfeitters were very exact about their work, considering the danger of detection, and yet they are satisfied if it is passable.

Wickwire—"Have you noticed that we have had some beautiful sunrises during the last week?" Mudge—"No, I've been going to bed early here lately."

The destruction of the Temple of Heaven by fire at Pekin was an unlooked-for event. It was probably not insured, as fire in that direction was not dreaded.

Cantwate—"Say, do you remember that \$5 bill I loaned you?" Owen Long—"Remember it, sir. I never forget a favor like that. You haven't got another one about you, have you?"

A Young Barbarian: Fond mother—"Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best?" Tommy (after a moment's reflection)—"I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked."

A crash!—the foreman stood aghast, with type about his shoes, surveyed the fallen form and said—"Well, there! I've broke the news."

"The empress of Austria sits alternately on either side of her horse," says an article on "Horsemanship for Women." Everybody will be glad to hear that she sits that way alternately and not simultaneously.

Subordinate—"Here's an article on 'Pharaoh and Joseph.' Shall I put it in the local column or among the Miscellaneous Notes?" Proprietor of Bugle—"Somethin' about fero, eh! Put it among the sports, or course."

Reassuring.—Guest (angrily)—"Confound your awkwardness! You've spilt half that soup down my back." Waiter at restaurant (heartily)—"Don't mind it, sir. I'll bring some more. Bless you, there's plenty of soup!"

Where he put his faith.—Long-suffering wife—"How do you expect a woman to provide vittals and drink when you don't bring home no cash Saturday night?" Husband—"Why, M'rier, the grocer and the butcher ain't moved, has they?"

Mrs. Sadface to Tommy, who had stolen a jar of preserves—"My boy, I know you are sorry. I see it in your face." Tommy (meditatively)—"Yes, mamma, I am. There was a bigger jar on the shelf that I couldn't reach."

He Was in a Minute: He (waiting for an answer)—"Marry me, darling, and you shall never want for anything, although I have a reputation for being rather close." She (cooly)—"Indeed? I never should have suspected it."

Mrs. Wickwire—"If woman were given the credit she deserves I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the world's history." Mr. Wickwire—"I guess you are right. If she could get all the credit she wanted he'd be in the poorhouse."

"Forming an opinion: 'This,' said Mabel to George, 'is our new bull dog,' and she patted the animal's head caressingly. 'Papa bought him this morning. How do you like him?' 'I dunno,' said George thoughtfully. 'Let's see his teeth.'"

Not to be fooled Mr. Lumpley (whose wife has put in her annual application for a sealskin)—"I am told that the sealskin saques will not be stylish this winter." Mrs. Lumpley (sagaciously)—"Well, dear I never did care much for style any way."

Downy—"So, you're studying German, eh? Fine language when you get into it. Fleecy—"Yes, but I'm not very far on. I have learned only a few phrases that a fellow finds necessary in the course of the day." Downy—"Ah, I see. Such as 'zwei beer,' etc."

Mme. Chaperone—"Is Mr. — a professional man?" Miss Prue—"I don't know." Mme. Chaperone—"Is he a man of brains?" Miss Prue—"I don't know that, either." Mme. Chaperone—"Why, aren't you acquainted with him?" Miss Prue—"Yes, but I've met him only in society."

The summer's over; In meads of clover The schoolm'ar's fair we no more discern; The boys she teaches, And warns their breeches When the tasks she set them they fall to learn.

Too smart for the place—"Do you know of a boy who wants a situation?" asked one dairyman of another. "Why, I thought you had a good boy." "Well, he got along pretty well; but when I told him to go out and feed the best cow and he dumped a lot of bran into the pump, I thought it was about time to let him go."

