

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. 11.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

NO. 33

The Independent.

A Weekly Religious and Literary Magazine.

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THE INDEPENDENT is primarily a religious paper. It is evangelical and undenominational. It affords a common ground for all Christian people, detailing not so much local denominational news as the larger drifts and progress in each body, with sympathetic appreciation or free criticism. It contains a score of departments, besides the editorial department, there are departments of "Literature," "Religious Intelligence," "Missions," "Science," "Biblical Reference," "Sundays-School," "Art," "Music," "Farming," "Insurance," "Old and Young," "Farming and Garden," "The Independent discusses the other words, THE INDEPENDENT discusses the uppermost religious, theological, literary, scientific, philosophical, social, political and artistic topics of the day. It secures contributions from the ablest American and foreign writers on any and all subjects that demand the attention of thoughtful people. It has a corps of not less than fifteen editors and editorial writers who are specialists, each in his own department and speak with knowledge and authority. As an advertisement, the services of Mr. Maurice Thompson, the poet, novelist and essayist, have just been secured. In the future, Mr. Thompson will write critical notices of current novels, poetry and belles lettres.

THE INDEPENDENT FOR 1890. "THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS SERIES," will be a feature of the early year. In writing trials and triumphs met with in the different walks of life.

Ex-Pres. James McCosh will represent the Teachers.
 John H. Oberley, the Office-holders, Surgeon-General Hamilton, the Physicians, Richard Henry Stoddard, the Poets, Daniel Huntington, the Artists, Frank R. Stockton, the Novelists, Dudley Buck, the Musicians, Cans. Emory Smith, the Editors, John V. Farwell, the Merchants, etc.

During 1890 THE INDEPENDENT will continue its monthly articles by T. W. Higginson, Andrew Lang, Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, Rebecca Harding Davis, and others. Joaquin Miller's weekly articles on the West will be a feature of the paper for some months to come.

Frederick Schwaika, as the result of his travels and discoveries, will write two important articles, one on "The Ancient Cliff and Cave Dwellers," and on "The Living Cliff and Cave Dwellers."

Prof. J. F. Mahaffy, and Justin McCarthy, M. P., will write from and concerning Ireland; James Payn will continue his monthly "English Notes" and William C. Ward will write on English Art; Agnes Farley Miller will write from Paris; the Countess von Krockow will write from Germany; Dr. Francesco Garlanda from Rome; Pres. George Washington from Constantinople, and Isabel F. Hapgood from Russia.

The paper, as heretofore, will contain contributions from the best poets and story-writers known, including both poems and story from Curran Silva, Queen of Rumania, who was introduced to English readers through THE INDEPENDENT; F. Hopkinson Smith, the author of "The White Umbrella in Mexico," will write one or more character sketches.

THE INDEPENDENT will continue to be the best religious and literary weekly paper that exists.

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To our Readers.

This is the time of year when our readers are wondering which is the best periodical in the United States for them to subscribe for during the coming year. We unhesitatingly recommend them to take THE INDEPENDENT. It is by far the largest, the most instructive, and the most interesting weekly newspaper published in this country, if not in the world. It has regularly 32 folio pages, but it increases this number frequently to 36 and 40, and sometimes even to 48 pages. These are filled with the best articles, stories and poems that this country and Europe can furnish. Every conceivable topic of religious, political, social and literary interest, is fully and freely discussed. It has a score of departments, embracing nearly all branches of human interest. THE INDEPENDENT is above all things a family newspaper, and as such we recommend it to you. We would at least advise that you send thirty cents in postage stamps for a month's trial of the paper. That will fully persuade you to subscribe. The yearly subscription price is \$3.00, or two years for \$5.00.
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The first annual exhibition of the Kansas Poultry and Pet Stock Association will be held in Wichita, Dec. 3. In connection with the exhibition, which now promises to be a grand success, there will be a lecture each evening from some prominent American fancier on subjects appropriate to the occasion.

Jackson St. Jackson St.

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I have the Greatest Bazar of Bargains ever offered in Topeka. The long talked of project is put into action, and I have opened the Jackson Street Mercantile Enterprise. Reasons why I will sell Dry Goods, Millinery, Shoes and Cloaks cheaper than any other house in Kansas: 1st—Can sell for less than manufacturers' prices and make money. 2nd—I pay no rent. 3rd—My building has been delayed so long I have short time to unload fall goods. 4th—I am determined to make the Jackson street enterprise a success.

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THE GOLDEN LAND.
When the heavens are drearily shrouded
With clouds and wintry gloom,
I dream of a land that is golden
With sunshine and Summer bloom,
And then the clouds and the darkness,
Like mist roll away from mine eyes,
And I see in its beauty and splendor,
The land of the beautiful skies!
And so, though life's roses have perished
In storms of wintry years,
Though sunshine has turned into darkness,
And pleasure to pain and tears,
I dream of skies that are cloudless,
Of peace, and of heavenly rest,
And I see, in a glorious vision,
That golden Land of the Blest!
—Charles W. Hubner.

THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

The widow Mauvaire had suffered many reverses of fortune. Her eldest son, who had been her sole support, had perished by shipwreck and left his four motherless children to her care. This misfortune had indefinitely postponed if not entirely prevented the marriage of her daughter, besides cutting short the studies of her second son, who was obliged to come home at once and seek for work. But in the midst of the anxieties of the poor family an unexpected ray of hope appeared.

A letter was received from Bruno Mauvaire, the widow's brother-in-law, who had left home as a sailor twenty years before. He wrote from Dieppe, which was but a few miles away, and said that he had just come from America with all his worldly goods, and intended immediately to visit Ormondville, his native place. At that time it was not very unusual to see at Dieppe merchants, whose ships crowded the harbor, and who had left home years before, in the dress of common sailors, and the sight of these fortunate ones was a constant source of encouragement to the ambitious and of hope to the penniless. The unexpected news of their uncle from America, therefore, gave rise to the most delightful conjectures in the Mauvaire family, for although he did not state the exact amount of his fortune, it was easy to see from the jovial tone of his letter that he was a man of wealth and prosperity. Once started, imagination ran riot, each one adding something to the first supposition.

"Perhaps if he had come before my poor Didier need not have worked so hard," sighed the widow.

Julienne, her god-daughter, who helped with the housework, replied quickly: "But there are his children to be provided for, and besides the rich uncle will no doubt see to it that Miss Clemence has a rich marriage dowry."

"That would be no use now," said the young girl, shaking her head hopelessly.

"No use!" repeated Julienne. "Is it not for the want of a dowry that Mr. Mark's parents have refused their consent to his marriage and sent him off to sea? Your uncle has but to say the word and the young man will soon come back again."

"Perhaps he does not want to come back," said Clemence in a low tone, and turned away.

But her brother, thinking less of the man than of the marriage, said consolingly: "If he does not another will. You may be sure, sister, that a pretty girl with an uncle from America need never want for a husband. Very likely he will bring a young friend with him, some millionaire that he has chosen for a nephew."

"I hope he will do nothing of the kind!" cried Clemence in dismay. "I am in no hurry to get married."

"What is most urgent is to find a good position for you, Martin," said the widow in an anxious tone to her son.

"The count has almost promised me the overseer's place," said the young man.

His mother answered: "But he seems to be in no hurry. That is always the way with the rich. They think only of their own pleasures, and when at last they happen to remember the bit of bread promised to a fellow-creature the poor man has starved to death."

"Uncle Bruno will not forget us," said Martin. "The letter says: 'I shall be in Ormondville to-morrow with all my worldly goods.' He will soon be here."

"Clemence, is everything ready?" asked the mother, bustling about.

For answer her daughter opened the pantry and showed the well-filled shelves. Near to a roast leg of lamb was a huge ham, flanked by two dishes of wheat-cakes and a bowl of sweet cream, while several jugs of cider and butter-tart completed a bill of fare which made the children exclaim with delight. The widow had taken from her linen-chest her best table-cloth, which had grown yellow through want of use, and Julienne now hastened to set the table, putting in the place of honor the only silver spoon. Just then one of the children who had been watching outside rushed into the house, exclaiming: "Here he is; here he is!"

"Who is it?" asked the others.

"Uncle Bruno, of course!" answered a cheery voice, and there appeared in the doorway an old, bearded sailor, holding in one hand a small bundle and on his other wrist a green parrot, while on his shoulder perched a monkey. The younger children in affright ran behind their grandmother's chair and the grown persons gazed at the new-comer in dismayed silence.

"You need not be afraid of my managerie," said the sailor, laughing.

"Come and kiss me, children, for I have traveled 3,000 leagues to have that pleasure."

Martin Mauvaire was the first to re-

cover himself sufficiently to greet his relation, then Clemence, her mother, and the eldest of the children followed his example, but nothing could induce the three little ones to stir.

"My faith! I thought I never would be here," said the uncle; "it is a long walk from Dieppe."

His nephew glanced down and saw that the traveler's boots were covered with mud.

"Do you mean to say that you walked all the way?" he cried.

"Indeed I did. Do you think I could sail across the fields?"

"But—your baggage?"

"I have my baggage on me,"

"I beg your pardon, uncle; but we thought from your letter that you would—"

"That I would come in a three-decker, my boy?"

"No," replied Martin, forcing a laugh, "but with your trunks for a long stay?"

"My trunks?"

"Yes; you said you would bring all your goods."

"And I have brought them—my parrot and my monkey."

"Is that all?"

"All excepting my bundle, and there is nothing in this but some heelless socks and old shirts. But what does it matter as long as one's conscience and digestion are good? Excuse me, sister-in-law, but I see cider in your pantry, and I am thirsty after my walk. Come, Rochambeau, say how-do to your relations."

He made a sign to the monkey, who leaped from his shoulder and turned three somersaults across the room, then sat up, grinning and scratching his head. His master then seated himself at the table and with a glance at the half-open pantry declared that he was nearly famished. There was nothing to be done but to set before him the ham and cider which he had seen, but Mme. Mauvaire shut the pantry door on the rest of the dainties. While he was eating and drinking the traveler gave his relations an account of his life at sea, and ended by declaring that he had saved nothing, his pay always being spent as soon as earned.

In less than an hour the Mauvaire family were aware that the uncle from whom they had expected so much possessed no other wealth than a cheerful disposition and an excellent appetite, and their disappointment was so keen that it soon became apparent to him. Martin grew thoughtful and silent, Clemence sadly left the room, and their mother, on seeing that the youngest grandchild was in terror of the monkey, insisted on banishing it to the garden. At last the uncle found himself alone with his nephew, and having drained his glass he threw himself back in his chair, whistled softly for a minute, and then, fixing his eyes on the young man, said slowly:

"It seems to me, my boy, that the wind is blowing from the northeast in this house. You are like icicles to your father's brother. But never mind, you will be sorry for it."

He took up a knife and began cutting a fresh slice of ham, and his hearer struck by his confident air wondered whether a trick were being played:

"He wants to try us," thought Martin, "he never would be so jolly and contented if he had not a cent in the world. We have all been idiots!"

Muttering some evasive reply to his uncle's last words he slipped out of the room and hastened to tell his mother and sister what his suspicions were. In a few minutes the three returned to the sitting-room with smiling faces and profuse apologies for their absence, the women saying that household matters had detained them.

"You have had nothing to eat, brother," said the widow, opening the pantry and bringing out the leg of lamb, "why has not Julienne attended to her duty? Clemence, where is the tart you made for your uncle?"

In another minute they were all partaking of a generous meal and talking merrily.

The visitor looked admiringly at his pretty niece and said: "You are the image of your father, my poor George. Though I have never seen you before, my dear, I have heard a great deal about you."

"From whom?" she asked in surprise, and at that moment a voice behind her exclaiming, "Clemence!" made her start up and look around her.

It was only the parrot, who was perching on the back of her chair.

"Clemence Mauvaire," it said solemnly.

"Who taught it her name?" asked the mother.

Uncle Bruno answered: "Jakko learned it from a young man who happened to be on the ship with us coming over. He was a native of Ormondville."

"Was it Mark?" cried the girl.

"That was his name, my dear. He is coming home determined to settle himself in life; he talked a great deal about you."

"Then he has not forgotten me," thought the girl, with a bright blush overspreading her face.

"I have something for you sister," said the sailor, "but I am afraid there will be sadness—"

"It is about poor Didier!" murmured the widow, with a mother's quick perception.

"You are right," he said. "I chanced to be on the coast of India where he was wrecked, and I found the spot where they had buried him with some others. I planted a bush on the grave."

"Oh, thank you, brother!" said the mother tearfully.

"Then I learned that his watch was in possession of one of those miserable Lascars, so I hunted him up and gave him all I had for it, and here it is."

He put an old silver watch into her

hands, and, recognizing it as her son's, pressed it to her lips and sobbed softly. The others wiped their eyes, and Uncle Bruno hurriedly drank a glass of cider to hide his emotion. A long talk followed, and although the Mauvaires found that their first impressions had been correct—their relative having returned to his home absolutely as poor as he had left it—the attentions they now bestowed on him were dictated by pure affection instead of by policy as before.

Martin having left the room for a minute came hurrying back to ask his uncle what he would sell the monkey for.

"Sell Rochambeau?" cried the old man, "why, I raised him myself, and he has always been my companion. He loves me devotedly and shall never have another master. Who wants him?"

The young man replied, with a disappointed air, that the count was passing and took such a fancy to the funny animal that he told Martin to find out the price and bring it up to the chateau.

"Tell him it is not for sale," said the uncle, lighting his pipe.

"It is very unfortunate," said Martin wistfully, "for he said that he wanted to see me about the position—and your refusal will put him in such a bad humor."

The uncle, on hearing what this position was, said: "Then I give you the monkey, Martin, and you can do what you like with him. Now go at once, before the count changes his mind."

An hour later the young man returned and delightedly recounted how he had obtained the position at a good salary.

"It is all your doing, Bruno," said the widow; "how thankful we are that you came home."

"Why, I brought you nothing but two useless brutes," he answered with a twinkle in his eye.

But Clemence put her arms about his neck, and laying her pink cheek against his bronzed one, whispered softly: "Dearest uncle, you have given to each of us a priceless treasure; to my brother, work; to my mother, a remembrance, and to me—a hope."

—From the French for the Epoch.

DONE BY COPPER WORKERS.

Marvelous Sheets of Metal Rolled from Coins.

Probably the most expert copper rollers in the country are to be found among the workmen of Ansonia and Birmingham, N. Y., and recent events go to prove it. A few days ago Walter Buckingham, of Birmingham, took a notion to run an old-fashioned copper cent between a pair of rolls in the Osborne & Chessman Co.'s shops. When he got through with it, he felt proud at having a strip of copper seventeen inches long and one and one-half thousandths of an inch thick. He exhibited it to a reporter of the Ansonia Sentinel, and, it being regarded as a curiosity, it was duly chronicled in the columns of that paper. A peculiarity of Mr. Buckingham's cent, after it was rolled, was that the lettering on the original coin could be distinctly read by means of holes in the rolled strip.

The publication of the item at once started a regular mania for cent rolling, and several pretty skillful pieces of work have been shown to the Sun reporter. None of them, however, exceeded Mr. Buckingham's cent until Alfred Shaw, a roller in the employ of the Ansonia brass and copper company, started in to see what he could do. He ignored the old-fashioned copper penny and took the more modern alloy cent. The first one he neglected to notice the date, but he rolled it out to thirty-eight inches in length and one five-hundredth of an inch thick. This was pretty fair work, and several tried to emulate him, but did not surpass his record. One Birmingham man took an 1889 cent and succeeded in getting it down to three-quarters of one-thousandth of an inch, but he could only make it twenty-two and one-half inches long.

Mr. Shaw tried again with an 1888 cent. He got that squeezed out to fifty inches long, three-quarters of an inch wide and one two-thousandths of an inch thick. Again his brother rollers endeavor to surpass him, but could not succeed. They came dangerously near to his record, however, and in order to put the notch a little higher, Mr. Shaw tried once more. With a cent of this year's coinage he succeeded in producing a strip fifty-nine inches long and less than one two-thousandths of an inch thick, so thin, in fact, that there is no instrument in Ansonia delicate enough to measure it, and it had to be glued to a strip of ribbon in order to preserve it from falling to pieces. The strip has been seen by the Sun reporter, who can vouch for the accuracy of the statement. When it is considered that the rolls upon which this remarkable performance was done are huge and massive machines used for rolling great bars of copper, it will be seen that it required extraordinary skill as well as nicety of touch to handle so thin a piece of metal.

Calico.

The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limit of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the little town which grew up in the center of this territory was called Calicoo, or the cock crowing. Afterward it was called Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England, bearing the name of calico.—N. Y. Argus.

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH.

Some Go for Duty, Some for Pleasure, but Few to Pray

The churchgoers—who are they? said a Memphis pastor in a recent sermon. There are a very large number of them, and they can be divided into classes, first, there is the class, not a large one perhaps, who go as a matter of duty. For this class the weather never gets too bad, a slight cold does not keep them at home; rain or shine, cold or hot, they are always to be found in the house of God. They feel that an obligation rests upon them, and they are of a class that keep their obligations.

There is another class outside of the church, but who also attend services from a feeling of duty. They feel that the church is a public safeguard; that it watches their property while they sleep; that it guards public morals; that without it society would be unsafe. They feel it to be their duty to sustain the church, and they attend its services, not because they love it, or believe its doctrines, perhaps, but they say: "I want it for my wife, for my children, and for society, and I must not let that church go down." The value of this class cannot be estimated.

Then there is a class who attend church for pleasure; that is, because it is a pleasure to go, and this class can be subdivided into several others. First, there are a certain few to whom it is a pleasure to go to the house of God. They find there a certain beauty and sanctity; they experience a feeling such as David speaks of in the text. This class go early and listen attentively to the sermon.

Another class go for the pleasure it gives them to hear the Gospel preached. They love to hear the preacher talk of faith, of baptism, of regeneration; they never tire of hearing the word of God expounded.

Opposed to this class is another who go for pleasure of a different kind. They are pleased only when the preacher eliminates from his sermon every word of God and religion, and preaches of something which neither he nor they understand.

Another class go for amusement, or to hear the music, and there is so much in music that is elevating, soft, and pleasing that I will not say much on that head for fear I may say the wrong thing. There is something sensuous about music. Observe the man who comes solely to hear it. He impresses you as one who has an easy time. He lays his head back and listens to the strain of melody and sleeps between times. I don't like this class, and I think that when it becomes necessary to have an opera to draw a crowd that it is time for the church to get a new pastor.

There are still others who go to church who don't go to worship God, to hear the Gospel, or to hear the music, but who go to indulge a sort of clandestine courtship. They write notes and pass them slyly along the seats or whisper sweet nothings to each other. I do not understand this phase of courtship. I know, or at least I did know forty years ago or so, how the soft rays of the moon favored that sort of ecstasy, but I cannot conceive how the sacred precincts of a church can be considered a proper place.

There are those who go to church to seek, honestly and sincerely, the way of life. They are young men and women who want to know what God wills that they should do, and they go to find out with the intention of doing it.

The last class of whom I shall speak, and it touches me to mention them, are those who go to church hoping to be comforted, who need a ray of sunshine in their hearts, a little warmth, a little of heaven. Think of them seeking some one to put their arms around them, to lift them up, to keep them out of the reach of temptation. There are those among them who come disappointed, groaning under some great sorrow; they come from the barren gates of poverty; they may come from the curse of a drunkard's presence; they may come from a newly made grave. Who knows the sorrows that women have to bear?

A Paradise for hunters.

People who think of Finland as a sub-arctic country of bleak and forbidding aspect may be surprised to hear that several railroads have already made a large part of the region accessible. A new line, 160 miles long, has just been opened to the heart of the country in the midst of the great forests and perhaps the most wonderful lake region in the world. Sportsmen are now within less than a day's journey from St. Petersburg of Central Finland, where there is the best of hunting and fishing and twenty hours of sunlight every summer day. The most unique of railroads, however, is still the little line in Norway, north of the arctic circle, carrying the product of far northern mines to the sea, and famous as the only railroad that has yet invaded the polar regions.

We Should Be Human Beings.

I live to myself, without friends, says Henry Ibsen. Friends are a costly indulgence; they lay on us obligations. I belong to no party and wish to belong to none. I will sacrifice my feelings to the claims of no organized mass, be it party, society, or state. From our early youth we are all brought up to be citizens instead of human beings; but we belong in reality to humanity rather than state. The expression of our own individuality is our first duty, not its subordination to the interests of the community. I, at least, have no talents as a citizen, the leader of a school, or a member of a party; and there must be thousands just like me.

WINGED MISSILES.

A son of Maine has invented a machine that makes mustard plasters.

In pugilism the blow of the mouth is greater than that of the fist.

From hand to mouth—Going to the dentist after consulting the palmist.

"In the swim" of society the codfish aristocracy should be able to hold their own.

Children are the buds, girls the early blossoms, and women the flowers of creation.

"Think twice before speaking once." But how about the man who never thinks at all!

Diamond rings for dog's tails are the latest whims of New York women dog worshippers.

Gossips are not egotistical. They find more pleasure in talking of others than themselves.

When you hear a man say he has a bad wife just ask him what he has done to make her a good one.

Two young women in Indiana have seen fit to be baptised by lantern-light in the presence of 500 people.

St. Paul will put \$50,000 in an ice palace gain. One of the twin cities is never tired of losing a little money.

In some houses where boarders are kept the weakness of the coffee is often offset by the strength of the butter.

Household hint—To remove stains from clothing use benzine. To remove stains from character use "sugar."

James Tunny of Boston is 102 years old and in the full possession of all his faculties. He was born in Ireland.

The wait of an epicure: When I see waiters wait on each other I sometimes regret that I am not a waiter.

I can not understand, said the bard, why I am alluded to as an "obscure" poet. A child could understand my writing.

Tennyson is represented as being in the last round of the "Seven stages of man." He is garrulous of the past and infirm of body.

It is provided in the Idaho constitution, that two-thirds of a jury may convict or acquit, or render a verdict, the same as if the twelve had agreed.

General Sheridan's Memoirs have been reasonably successful. Mrs. Sheridan's share of the profits on the sale of the book thus far has been \$20,000.

A Cincinnati physician will publish a book entitled "The Evil That Has Been Said of Doctors." He will not want for material for a good sized volume.

In England they call elections to fill vacancies "by elections." It is strongly suspected that some of the elections to fill vacancies in this country are buy elections, too.

A paper watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner that the watch is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

"It is so Spanish, you know," a learning Spanish is the local fad, and a very pleasing one it is. To be proficient and fluent in the language of Cervantes is no small accomplishment.

"Now for the opening of the fall campaign," was what the serpent said to himself when he observed Eve approaching the tree of knowledge under whose branches he was lying.

There is a time for everything. After you have weighed your neighbor in the balance drop the nickle of fairness into the slot of self-examination and ascertain your own moral avoidupois.

The World, a colored man's paper, published at Indianapolis, very pointedly says: "The negro needs less politics and more business, more education and less talk, more real substance and less gush."

Utah is an obliging country in which to make one's final exit from the world. Under the territorial law there a criminal condemned to capital punishment can have his choice between being shot and hanged.

It would be somewhat expensive to give every citizen of the world even a limited meal. It has been figured out that it would take \$10,000,000 to give every poor person in the world an oyster stew, a roast of beef and a mince pie.

The name of "Bender" seems to be one of ill omen in Kansas. Prof. Fether of Abilene, principal of the Fourth ward school, a member of a church choir and a prominent church worker, has been accused of forgery and confessed his guilt.

There is a great deal of "moving about" in the metropolis of the world. Some one figures out that 3 million people walk about London's streets daily, and that in so doing they wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes.

The sulphurous smell of the hail-stones, by some observers at Philadelphia recently, was no doubt due to the impurities of the atmosphere over the city caught up in the hail as it was being formed. The storm was a purifier and cleared the atmosphere.

A citizen of Charleston, W. Va., has long been bothered with a smoky chimney, and the other day he got a mason to investigate. In the flue was found a tin box containing \$5,000 in cash, which some one had hid away during the war and never returned to get.

Cologne is to have a singular exposition next year, the exhibits to be confined to instruments of war, ammunition and accoutrements. Several entries have already been made, and it is stated that all the recently invented life-destroying machines will be represented.

The eggs of Pacific island turtles are laid in a perpendicular cavity about a yard deep at the bottom of a great circular excavation which the female scrapes by whirling around like a fly with its wings spread and violently plying its flippers. There are usually over a hundred eggs in a litter.

Chicago is taking "broad views and high grounds" on the World's Fair subject. The Tribune says: "The question is this: Is the World's Fair of 1893 to be for the exclusive benefit of a few thousand Europeans or should the convenience of 60,000,000 Americans be consulted to some extent in locating it?"

FOR THE WESTERN FARMER.

Interesting and Instructive Gleanings About Affairs of Agriculture.

A Writer Who Opposes "Too Much" Plowing
—Treatment of Foot-Rot in Cattle—Value of the Mule as a Farm Animal—About Celery.

Too Much Plowing.

It is possible that we use the plow more than we need and more than we ought, says a writer in the Omaha World. Many have become convinced that such is the case. Twenty years ago the advocates of sub-soiling and deep plowing were in the majority. Then many market gardeners spaded their land because a plow did not go deep enough. Now not a few who raise onions do not plow their land, but simply scratch the surface with a harrow or rake. Peter Henderson, an authority on gardening, advocates "firming soil" to insure the germination of small seed and the growth of young plants. Many farmers now state that the best way to secure a good "catch" of grass is to scatter the seed on ground that has not recently been plowed and to allow the rain or frost to cover it. For a century traders in Asia have laughed at the way the farmers prepared their land for a crop of wheat by simply scratching the surface with a piece of iron attached to a stick. They have been informed that they could double their yield if they would properly plow their ground. But persons have recently discovered that these primitive farmers have all the time been pursuing the right course.

That very light and sandy land has been plowed too often and too deep is now generally admitted. It needs to be rendered more firm, but the use of the plow renders it more loose. On the light land in Kansas and Nebraska good crops of corn are raised when the seed is put in by means of the implement known as the "lister." It is simply a machine for planting corn on land that has not recently been plowed. If the roots and butts of corn did not interfere with the use of a harrow and grain drill there would be no occasion for plowing most corn fields before sowing oats. If the soil contains much clay and has become compact it should be plowed, but if it is light and sandy a plow will not be needed to render it fit for a seed-bed.

Foot-Rot in Cattle.

Foot-rot in cattle is of two forms, simple and contagious, and the latter is mainly recognized by its speed through a herd without any sufficient local cause in management or character of soil occupied. The symptoms are lameness and sores between or about the claws, varying in severity according to the extent of the trouble. It is most common in herds that are pastured on soft, boggy lands, where the hoof is worn away as fast as it grows, or on hard, stony land, where the hoof is worn down to the quick. It also occurs on clayey soils where the spaces between the claws are liable to be clogged with the dried clay.

The treatment called for is to clean and wash the parts and touch the raw places with a leather dipped in a mixture of one part sulphuric acid to four parts water. Another method is to cleanse and then cover sores with tar and a cloth to keep it in place. Animals with long toes caused by standing on plank floors or from want of wearing travel should have their feet pared as often as they grow unshapely.

Contagious foot-rot calls for isolation of the affected animals to prevent the spread of the disease among healthy ones. If the pastures or general treatment are at fault, remove the cause if possible when discovered. Chloride of lime used freely about the stables will have a purifying influence.

The milk of any animal that is badly diseased is liable to harm weak stomachs, particularly of young children. Yet a cow may have a sore foot without rendering her milk dangerous as human food. When an animal is so badly diseased with foot-rot that it cannot or will not stand, but creeps along on its knees, it is not in a condition to take on much flesh or fat from feeding. Many farmers and cattle men aim to keep their cattle in such high condition that if any accident or slight ailment occurs they may be turned for beef if deemed best without delay.

I am aware that the disease is communicable to man, but there is another somewhat similar disease, so far as the feet are concerned, the "foot and mouth disease," that may be conveyed to man through the milk. The responsibility of one who should introduce foot-rot into a neighborhood would depend upon the circumstances connected with its introduction. If done knowingly and maliciously such person should receive just punishment.—New England Farmer.

Value of the Mule.

A mule weighing 1,000 pounds is about as strong as a horse weighing 1,500 pounds. If well used mules will live twenty-five to forty years. They are useful nearly twice as long as heavy horses, often three times as long if used on the paved streets of cities. As a rule mules do not become vicious if used continually, but horse mules will frequently kill pigs, calves, sheep, etc., if kept idle and well fed. Mules are generally considered to be jumpers, and are certainly more given to fence-jumping than the average horse. How-

ever, thousands of pastures in the west contain mules, the fences being slightly higher than those in the east. In caring for mules the same rule should be followed as in the care of horses, namely, kind treatment, quiet but firm control being exercised. Mules should be broken to the bridle and halter while very young, and before they get their strength, that they may be the easier handled. If this plan is adopted there will be little trouble with them as they develop, and when strong enough to be put to work they will take to it as naturally as does a horse. Mule colts demand as much care and warmth in winter as any other animal, and the size and stamina depend as much on food as does that of the horse.—New England Homestead.

Treatment of Celery.

Celery, whether self-blanching or otherwise, can be grown with much or little labor, but like other vegetables, the more care that is given the better will be the result. There is a certain crispness and delicacy of flavor which can only be imparted by banking generously with earth. Previous to banking, some attention is necessary.

Last year, says a writer, I bought a few pounds of straw paper, cut the sheets into 10-inch strips, and wrapped each plant in a paper jacket, then hilled up almost to the top of the papers. After a little practice this can be done as expeditiously as the ordinary tying up. This wrapping should be done when the plants are perhaps a foot high, keeping the loose ends of the paper in place with a handful of earth, thrown on with a garden trowel, until the row is finished. Care should always be taken in hilling up to give a broad base to the hill, as the soil will need to be drawn up higher, later on, if the plants have grown far enough above the paper to make it necessary. Persons raising celery on a large scale, for ordinary market purposes, would hardly care to take this trouble, but if only a few hundred for family use are grown, this plan can not be too highly recommended. There are two advantages gained by this process: (1) There are no crooked stalks, as is often the case when the plants are tied up; (2) it prevents earth-worms from nibbling the stalks, which they are sure to do in a wet season.

Averages.

In associated dairying, averages will not do, as they do not secure the ends of justice. They may be all well enough in the general result, but they rob Peter of his just dues to pay Paul what does not belong to him. They are a perpetual discouragement to all improvement in quality. There can be no justice in associated butter or cheese making without accurate tests of the quality of milk for both the purposes. The available fats for butter, and the available solids for cheese, must be determined, if justice is done. We have no really reliable test for either that can be applied to every mess of milk. The need of these has long been felt by those who look beneath the surface of things, but they are not yet forthcoming. A mere determination of the solids of milk does not show what proportion the cheesemaker can get, as neither the albumen nor the sugar is available for his use, save to a very limited extent; nor does a mere determination of the butter fats present show what proportion of them can be recovered by the butter maker. The desideratum is a reliable test for both butter and cheese. The true value of milk for either cannot be determined by the gross amount of any one or all of its constituents.

Wintering Geraniums.

At the Horticultural Society several ladies recently discussed various methods of keeping geraniums over winter. One said that she hung her geraniums by the roots to the ceiling of the cellar if the cellar was not too cold. Another planted hers in the cellar floor and heaped up the sand over the plants, which she watered once or twice during the winter. A third filled boxes with sand and planted her geraniums in these, which she placed in the cellar and watered occasionally during the winter. The fourth visitor, ignoring all suggestions, said that she preferred to take slips from her geraniums and to leave the old plants out of doors, where they would certainly be killed.

Poultry.

Never fatten a turkey in a coop. It is a bird that loses flesh if confined too long.

The hen that keeps herself busy scratching in the manure heap will always prove to be a good layer. Industry and egg production are inseparable with hens.

The lice do not cease work in winter. A warm poultry house is as favorable to them as to poultry.

Hens may be kept in larger flocks in the winter than in summer, as crowding on the roost is not so injurious.

The Bantam lays a larger egg, in proportion to size, and cost of food, than any other fowl, and, though small gives a larger profit in proportion to room required and care bestowed.

To Bridge the Channel.

The Forth bridge has stirred the engineering world so that Schneiders Co., the great French iron makers, have prepared a design for a channel bridge from Dover to Calais. The length is twenty-four miles and the number of piers proposed to be built in the sea is 120.

Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use.—J. Dyer.

SAMOANS AT PLAY.

Sports, Games and Other Amusements of This Warlike People.

Boxing and Wrestling the Best-Enjoyed Pastimes of the Men, but They Also Enjoy Spear-Throwing, Pigeon-Catching, Spinning the Coconut, Etc.

The natives of Samoa, who are noted for their very fine physical development and intelligence, are the most ardent lovers of all kinds of sports. Like all tropical races, they are of an indolent disposition, but when engaged in their native games it is truly surprising to note how quickly their lethargy disappears.

Boxing and wrestling are considered by them, as with more civilized races, the most engaging of all athletic sports. As a consequence a large majority of the men are experts in one or both of these exercises. On festival days, tournaments devoted entirely to these branches of athletics are held under the auspices of the ruling chiefs. Prior to the introduction of Christianity women frequently entered the ring and strove for pugilistic honors, and it is a matter of record that on many occasions they proved their muscular superiority by defeating stalwart men. Since that time, however, they have been taught to engage in more womanly diversions.

The Samoan method of wrestling differs greatly from that to which we are accustomed. The usual plan is to choose sides, say, four against four, and the party who loses the greater number of falls is compelled to furnish a feast of roast pig, served up with taro, or else supply some other variety of food, as mutually agreed upon prior to the commencement of the contest.

A peculiar style of wrestling called "clasp and undo," is very popular among these islanders. One man clasps another tightly around the waist, and a second does the same with a third. The three thus linked together like down upon a mat and challenge any single man to separate them, promising a forfeit if he succeeds. If he proves unequal to the task, the expense of such forfeit must be liquidated by the loser.

Another game much relished by the young men is spear throwing. The young bucks of one street in a village, or of a whole village, are matched against those of another. The contestants throw small wooden spears, so that they may first strike the ground and then spring upward and onward in the direction of the target. Those who came nearest to the mark are declared the victors. As in the majority of the games indulged in by the Samoans, the forfeit is a grand feast at the expense of the vanquished party.

A more dangerous variation of this amusement consists in one of the young warriors placing himself at a certain distance from his companions and permitting them to cast their spears at him. He is provided with no shield, but he wards off the blows aimed at him. Some of them exhibit a wonderful degree of dexterity in parrying spear after spear as they are hurled at him with all the force of athletic arms.

Fishing matches are also very popular, the party taking the greatest number of fish winning the stake of an elaborately cooked meal.

In June the islanders indulge in pigeon catching, a sport in which all take especial delight, but more especially is this the case with the chiefs. The most elaborate preparations are made, and on such occasions all the pigs in a settlement are often slaughtered to furnish a grand feast for the hunters and their families.

The food is prepared a few days before the appointed time and then the entire population of a village starts off for the pigeon grounds in the bush. There they erect huts and very often remain for several weeks engaged in this peculiar sport.

The ground is first cleared and the chiefs station themselves at certain distances around a large circle, each being concealed under a low shed, or brushwood covering, and provided with a net attached to a long bamboo pole. In his hand each holds a stick with a crook on the end of it, upon which is perched a tame pigeon, fastened to the crook by means of one of its legs. It is trained to fly around and around as directed by its master.

The hunter gives his decoy the word; it circles about in the air and soon the wild birds are attracted to the spot. The nets are now brought into requisition. The hunters emerging from their concealment quickly gather in large numbers of the birds, who thoroughly frightened by their sudden appearance, fall an easy prey to them. The chief obtaining the largest number of pigeons is accounted the hero of the day and is honored by gifts of the choicest bits of food from his companions' stores. Those he usually distributes among those of his friends who have proved less fortunate in their endeavors. Many of the pigeons thus trapped are kept to be trained as decoys, while the remaining ones are baked and eaten.

"Spinning the coconut" affords an inexhaustible fund of amusement, and is thus played: A number of natives arrange themselves in a circle, and one squatting in the center spins a coconut around and around. When it ceases its gyrations the others immediately ascertain toward whom the three black marks, or eyes, on the end of the nut point, and impose upon him some trivial task or forfeit, such as unhusking a hundred chestnuts, or

carrying a load of coconuts for the benefit of his partners in a game.

This is also the Samoan method of casting lots. If any of their number is unwilling to perform some specified duty, the question is decided by spinning the coconut to see to whom it turns its "face"—as they term it—when it rests. At one time it was used in a similar manner to detect a suspected thief, or one who had otherwise broken the established laws.

There's Lots of Things You Don't Know.

There is a period in the lives of most young men when they imagine they have superior wisdom, says the Milwaukee News. They know all about it, and their elders can teach them nothing. I was no exception. I remember an incident that occurred thirty years ago that taught me a lesson from which I profited in after life. It happened in a little 200-inhabitant town called Crittenden in Grant county, Kentucky. The postmaster was also the tailor and rector of the village. He was the law and the prophets, appealed to on all topics, legal, scientific, religious, and what-not. Never known to fail in rendering an opinion, although at times he would express himself in rather hazy terms when not exactly assured of his position. He was considered a veritable encyclopedia. And he appreciated the importance of it too. He never lost an opportunity to snub even those who came to him for information. The advance sheets for Woodhull & Claflin's famous, or infamous, weekly paper had been flying all over the country for some time, and one afternoon I dropped into the little 10x12 postoffice and shop for my mail. I stepped back in the rear and the old man was sitting cross-legged on the bench stitching away. By his side lay a copy of the notorious paper, which he would glance at occasionally. I picked it up and expressed my surprise, to the effect that I did not know that it was yet out. He stopped with his needle half-way through the cloth, and looking up at me from over his spectacles and through his great, bushy eyebrows remarked:

"Young man, there are lots of things you don't know."

It was a vicious stab and I wanted the floor to open and swallow me then, but I have thought of it thousands upon thousands of times since and it has done me a world of good. Tell it to the boys.

A Wonderful Trick.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can:
Do something for somebody, quick.

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man:
Do something for somebody, quick.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Japan has thirty-one schools of medicine, one of dentistry, and two of veterinary surgery.

An electric launch in England recently made sixty miles without recharging the accumulator.

It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the arsenites are effective against the codling moth, and the tree upon which they are used.

The new apparatus for feeding the fires of electric-light plants does away entirely with the necessity of handling coal after it has been dumped in the fuel room.

To add to our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism it is suggested that regular magnetic observatories be established at the Cape of Good Hope and in South America.

In experiments on the solubility of glass in water, plumbiferous flint-glass was found to be the least soluble, and the relative resistance of glasses was different toward hot and cold water.

The new artificial silk made of cotton or the sulphated pulp of young wool treated with nitric acid and then dissolved in a mixture of ether and alcohol is said to have a density, breaking strength, and elasticity that compares very favorably with natural silk, while surpassing it in luster.

The latest improvement in the manufacture of filaments for incandescent lamps consists in heating them to a high temperature by burning fluid fuel in a suitable furnace, and at the conclusion of the operation raising the temperature to a still higher degree for a short period by the introduction of a blast of oxygen.

Succession to Victoria's Throne.

I hear that the Duke has worried the Queen considerably about the question of the succession to the throne in the event of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George dying without issue, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Empress Frederick are understood to be strongly of the opinion that in order to prevent any possibility of dispute and troubles in the future, there ought to be a formal understanding on the subject. It is undoubtedly desirable that such questions should be properly and publicly settled in good time, and human life being uncertain, the anticipated situation might arrive any day. Lord Salisbury has been much to blame for letting the matter slide in order to avoid threatened disputes, as a formal announcement ought certainly to have been made to parliament before the marriage took place.—London Truth.

JUPITER'S WONDERS.

Remarkable Character of Recent Discoveries.

Astronomers have of late been making some exceedingly interesting discoveries about the huge planet Jupiter, so says the N. Y. Sun, which is now visible in the evening sky. When we are thinking about worlds it is just as well to think of Jupiter, for that is a globe worth pondering over. Thirteen hundred times as large as this big earth of ours, and illuminated by four obedient moons, Jupiter has uncommon claims to consideration. But it is not so much the gigantic size of that wonderful planet as the extraordinary appearances and occurrences upon its surface that command particular attention at present.

Most readers know that when Jupiter is looked at with a telescope certain bands, or belts, are seen extending in parallel lines across its disk. We ordinarily see the great planet thus represented in illustrated books of astronomy. It is among these belts of Jupiter that the astronomers have observed some very surprising things. The most conspicuous belts lie on either side of the planet's equator, in what upon the earth we should call the tropical latitudes. Jupiter's equator, however, is so slightly inclined from the plane of his orbit that his tropical circles do not extend as far north and south as the belts lie. The first explanation that naturally occurs to the observer who watches these belts is that they must be enormous bands of cloud encircling the giant planet on each side of its equator. If he has a powerful telescope and a patient mind he discovers that changes of form and position occur in the belts, which are composed of clouds. The various colors that they show, and in particular the prevailing red tint which characterizes the largest belts, may excite wonder as to the nature and condition of masses of vapor that could present such an appearance, but upon the whole there seems to be nothing to seriously discredit the idea that the greater number of these phenomena really are clouds.

And now we come to the most surprising facts. It is evident that a tremendous current is continually sweeping right across the huge globe of Jupiter over its equatorial regions. The cloud belts are all in motion, but not all with the same velocity. The nearer they are to the equator the faster they move. The observations of Mr. Stanley Williams and others show that in the north temperate zone there is a broad light band encircling the planet which may possibly be the actual surface of Jupiter's globe. By comparing the rate of motion of cloud-like objects seen in this region with that of the adjacent cloud belt it is found that the latter is moving much more swiftly. The general period of Jupiter's rotation upon its axis, notwithstanding the enormous size of the planet, appears to be a little short of ten hours. But the equatorial clouds go around in about nine hours and fifty minutes, while the clouds 30° north and south of the equator require five minutes longer to complete a circuit. In other words, the equatorial part of the atmosphere appears to be flowing past the regions on either side of it at the rate of some 240 miles an hour! This, as M. Flammarion has remarked, is incomparably faster than the most violent cyclone upon the earth. And this gigantic current of wind, if so it may be called, forms a perpetual hurricane, blowing around Jupiter as unremittingly as our trade winds, but with inconceivable power and energy. The result of the varying velocities with which adjacent portions of the Jovian atmosphere appear to move should naturally be the formation of enormous whirling storms, and tornadoes of incredible fury.

Remarkable Mesmerism.

In one of the law courts of Helsingborg, Sweden, a queer case of hypnotism has puzzled the judges. A young medical student brought suit against a practising physician in the town for having hypnotized him several times against his will, with the result that his nervous system was injured and his mind somewhat enfeebled. Several witnesses appeared for the plaintiff, and, to the astonishment of the court, they all appeared to be crazy, and gave the most contradictory and astounding testimony. Hereupon a medical gentleman came upon the stand and still further astonished the court with the announcement that his confere, the defendant, had hypnotized the witnesses and made them say just whatever he liked. Finally the court adjourned the case and appointed a commission to see if the entire crowd were not crazy.

White Poplar.

There is a beautiful custom in some of the northern parts of Europe. There the white poplar, in good soil, increases a shilling in value every year. The trees are generally cut down at the age of twenty years, as they are then supposed to have attained their full growth. When a daughter is born in the family of a respectable farmer, the father, as soon as the season will permit, plants a thousand young trees, which are to constitute the dowry of the maiden, which grow as she grows and increase in height and value as her virtues and beauty increase.

The toper's face is sometimes a gin phiz, and sometimes he has a beer mug. At all times he has a "smiling" aspect.—Munsey's Weekly.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

The Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern railway has placed on record a mortgage for \$7,500,000. The mortgage is filed in Wyandotte, Leavenworth, Douglas, Shawnee and other counties in the state through which the road runs.

The military reservation of Ft. Hays, Kan., has been reduced by order of Secretary Proctor and the released portion turned over to the secretary of the interior for disposal. The amount thus added to the public territory is about four square miles.

The Sioux City, Iowa Journal declares that prohibition was the prime cause of republican defeat in that state and expresses the belief that high license will be enacted this winter. A Des Moines dispatch makes the fatal declaration that the republican party has never espoused the prohibition cause. This is precisely what the third or prohibition party has held all the time, not only in Iowa but in other states. It has been their vote that has defeated the republican party. In view of this fact, now admitted, the republican party must endorse prohibition throughout the nation or go down. It is folly for it to expect to outbid the democracy for the liquor vote. An endorsement of high license will drive to the prohibition party the best temperance men in the party. Prohibition may have a check in Iowa, but that check will be the death warrant of the republican party.

Ex-Governor St. John put the case in regard to Vice President Morton's connection with the liquor license, as follows: "It has been charged that Vice President Morton is a saloon-keeper. This is not true. It has been charged that he has taken out a retail liquor license. That is not true. It has been stated that a saloon license has been issued for a hotel owned by the vice president. That is true. I come from the seat of war and I know the facts. Morton finished a fashionable hotel and leased it to a man named Kernan. Kernan applied for a license. He had to get the consent of the owners of the property on each side and they were Vice President Morton and John R. McLean. Vice President Morton was the first one to consent that liquors should be sold in the new hotel. These are the facts, and if he loved the country, God and humanity as the man occupying such an exalted position should, he would have never signed that application; he would have forbidden the sale of liquors in his hotel."

The Topeka Journal has about as much contempt for the Farmers' Alliance as the Capital. Its report of the late meeting in Topeka is as follows:

"About 100 farmers listened to the lecture of Hon. Benj. Terrell, state lecturer of the Farmers' Alliance of Texas, at the court house Saturday afternoon. His talk was in the interest of the Alliance. The Alliance has a comparatively small membership in Shawnee county, but it is said to be growing."

This reads very much like the usual notice of an opposing political mass meeting.

In another place the Journal has the following in regard to the Alliance, which shows how much it knows of the aims and purposes of the alliance, and illustrates its prejudice, which is that of ordinary politicians. We give it without comment.

"The growth of socialistic ideas among the farmers of Kansas and other states where such a thing would be least expected, is a curious phase in the development of political ideas. The farmers' alliances of Kansas, now numbering, it is said, 60,000 members, claim that all railroads, telegraphs and telephones should be not only controlled, but owned by the state and eventually by the general government and should be run for the benefit of the whole people of the United States as is the United States postal system. So far as corporate property is concerned, our farmer friends are anxious enough to place it in the hands of the government, but the first farmer is yet to be found who is desirous of placing all the lands in the hands of the government, also. If the farmer would be consistent he ought to favor government ownership of the land as well as of telegraph and railroads. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. When the farmer is willing to become merely a tenant of Uncle Sam, perhaps the managers of the great railroads will be willing to turn over the vast system of roads they have built up to a government bureau. Neither event is likely to happen soon."

In other places we refer to the action of the two leading republican papers of the state, the Topeka Capital and the Journal, to the Farmers' Alliance. This opposition has been growing for some months, although the policy has been to ignore the existence of the Alliance. In some portions of the state open opposition has been developed and in these cases the politicians have been snowed under.

The republican leaders are simply courting defeat when they make war upon the Alliance.

Let us consider this matter from the standpoint of an independent republican. The Alliance is the legitimate outgrowth of legitimate causes. For twenty years and more there has been growing up a feeling of unrest. The Grange movement was one of its early symptoms. In answer to that agitation some attempts, handicapped by political policy, it is true, have been made. The subsequent labor movements were other symptoms. To quiet these and other evidences of unrest, the politicians have used every means except the right ones.

A democratic administration was saddled with the responsibility as soon as it came into power. It was certainly as responsible as any other administration so far as it could be in its limited term, but no more so. We were told that its defeat would bring relief, and it was defeated. A year has now passed. It has been a year of fruitfulness for the farmers of Kansas. Their products are needed in other parts of the country, but right here in eastern Kansas, close to good markets and innumerable shipping facilities, the farmer is asked to sell his corn for fifteen cents a bushel and his other products in proportion. Money cannot be had, and harder times have seldom been known.

There is no good reason for this state of things and the farmer and the laboring man knows it. He knows it by instinct even if he has never read a word on political economy.

Our mines are yielding immense wealth as they have done without cessation for fifty years. Our farm lands have produced bountifully under an improved and more careful system of agriculture. Our manufactures have multiplied until they are able to meet almost any demand of the most advanced civilization. Our means of communication, always running parallel with commercial and civilized advancement, have woven a railroad network all over the country, generally by the aid of the people who are always voting bonds for this purpose, as they do for no other private business. Wealth has been accumulating for the last quarter of a century as it never did before in any nation on the face of the globe. All this and more.

Yet in the face of these known facts,—facts that need no demonstration, there are persons dying of starvation or suffering all the terrors of want and privation in almost every portion of the country, especially in every city. In our country districts, the farmer with his yards filled with choice stock, and his grain bins filled to repletion, is without money enough to buy the commonest articles of necessity that he does not raise. If he wishes to exchange goods he may take to town a load of corn and with it get a pound of sugar for each bushel of corn. His stock will hardly bring enough to pay him for taking it to market, meanwhile the government has been permitting large cattle syndicates to monopolize the great feeding grounds, and to control Indian lands until now they tell us, if required to move, they will throw their stock upon the market for what it will bring and so further depreciate the market.

In the meantime, one, Sherman, a New York lawyer, and once a member of the Cabinet, writes an article for the Forum, showing the aggregation of wealth in a few hands. Fortunes surpassing anything before known in the world's history, are owned in this country.

According to system of political ethics, these fortunes may all be legitimate, but the fact that such accumulations of money have been possible in a democracy claiming to be of the people, by the people, and for the benefit of the people, is sufficient proof that something is rotten, and that a system that does not provide for a more equitable distribution of the products of labor is faulty and needs reforming. It is the lie to our boasted idea of republicanism.

The system needs reforming. It needs it now before it grows worse. The farmer and the laborer knows this, and he knows it instinctively and without any process of reasoning, if that were necessary.

If this reform requires the destruction of political parties, or the overthrow of hitherto petted ideas, they should go and must go.

For one, we have no squeamish sentimentality, partisan or otherwise, that we care to defend.

It is not surprising that Ohio is just now jubilant, singing: "The Campbells are coming."

Republicans, come, let us reason together.

Shall we take advance steps and meet the demands of the people, or, ignoring them for selfish party ends, die ignobly?

Conceded abuses have stalked boldly into the party. The late independent voting such as defeated the entire ticket in such a county as Douglas is evidence of this. The defeat in Ohio affirms it, and the result in Iowa adds emphasis to the statement.

The party managers have abandoned the early principles of the party and gone after strange gods like that of a protective tariff, with all that it implies. It is a reckless desertion of the people, and devotion to a system that robs one class and enriches another. This is not republicanism. The golden calf has been set up in the inner sanctuary of the party managers and strangers have been called in to worship it. Shall this idolatry go on, or shall there be a return to the true worship?

A heavy snow storm out west, but rain in Kansas.

Hays City stores are now lighted by electricity.

The Sibley Sorghum Co. worked up thirty acres of sorghum.

The Marion Record is celebrating its nineteenth anniversary.

C. D. Gould has been appointed postmaster at Nance, Phillips county.

Geo. M. Gaither is shipping dairy cows from Emporia to Texas by the car load.

The Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern railroad will be extended to Wichita.

Some one says the Lawrence Journal, tall and all, will now go over to the democracy.

J. P. St. John is happy once more as he surveys the field where he fought, bled and ran away.

The election was a quiet affair although the lightning did strike unexpectedly now and then.

The annual meeting of the Southern Kansas Farmers' alliance will be held at Wichita December 17, 18 and 19.

The Leavenworth police board has dismissed Chief of Police Robinson and detailed Capt. Doane to act as chief.

W. F. Faxon, an old resident of Lawrence, shot himself in the head Saturday with suicidal intent. He can not recover.

Constable Blackwood, charged with killing Van Meter at Buffalo, Wilson county, November 5, has been admitted to bail.

James M. Fortner, treasurer of Riley county, has skipped to Canada. The amount of his embezzlement is at present unknown.

Low Aspey, city marshal of Wichita, was dismissed Saturday by the police commissioners on the charge that he did not procure enough evidence against joint keepers.

At the Kansas State Fair, Wyandotte County came out first, Shawnee second, Ellis third, Jewell fourth, and Kiowa fifth. In the awards for fruit, Allen County scored a victory, Jewell following for second place.

THE BEST YET.—We have been readers of "Peterson" for a long while—but, excellent as we have always found it, we consider this the best yet. The December number cannot be surpassed in the beauty of its engravings and the interest of its contents. The paper on "Picturesque San Jose" is admirably written and illustrated, and the other stories and articles are all capital. "Things Worth Knowing" gives some "New Christmas Games" which will prove most acceptable to the young people, and the needlework department offers numerous charming designs for holiday-presents. Practical, useful, interesting, there is no other lady's book which compares with "Peterson." Indeed, it fills a range so wide and varied and is so admirable from a literary and artistic point of view, that it meets the requirements of an entire household as no other magazine can. Next year, it will be better worth having than ever, with its new cover and type and various other improvements. A subscription for 1890 would make a valuable and useful holiday-present. Terms: Two Dollars a year, with greatly reduced club-rates. A sample copy will be sent to those desiring to get up clubs. Address: PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The November WIDE AWAKE is likely to be read and preserved, on account of its portrait of Helen Hunt in her young womanhood; it is engraved from the charcoal by Miss Bartol made for "Susan Coolidge," from a precious old daguerotype. It gives the idea of a gay, happy young woman, and is most pleasant to look upon. The accompanying article is by Susan Coolidge; it is full of fresh anecdotes and gives the story of "The Naughtiest Day of my Life," as "H. H." one day related it herself to her friend. A very delightful article for boys is about "Jack-knives," with twenty-one pictures, the joint work of Professor Mason and Mr. Chandler of the Smithsonian. Mrs. Fremont tells how she went to an Odd Fellow's Ball in California, and camped out on Mount Bullion, fronting the Yosemite. Mrs. White's Public School Cooking series, in closing, tells how young women may get their training as Teachers of School-Cooking. "Men and Things" is full of original anecdotes. This department alone is worth the price, \$2.40 a year, alone is worth the price, \$2.40 a year. The December number is to be much enlarged. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.



The above cut illustrates a novel feature in the stove-line, and one that creates a sensation wherever introduced.

A STOVE THAT REQUIRES NEITHER PIPE OR CHIMNEY.

NO SMOKE, NO SMELL

We also carry a full line CHARTER OAK STOVES, Fine Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carvers, Razors, Builders' Hardware, &c., &c.

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718 Kans. Ave.
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CITY MEAT MARKET,

Established 1871.
ED. BUECHNER, Prop.
Carries on a
Strictly First Class Business
with all its different branches.

Buys all His Stock alive

and has it butchered in his own slaughter house.
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\$100,000.00

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JOHN HOWARD & Co
at No. 409 Kansas Ave.
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

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

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

A Successful Book for Agents.

The rush of agents for Mary A. Livermore's famous new book, "My Story of the War," is unprecedented, and its sale is increasing every day. This magnificently illustrated work is not, as might be supposed from its title, a history of the war, but is Mrs. Livermore's own account of her four years' personal work and experiences as a nurse in hospitals, camps and on the battle-field. Of course the book is full of the most profound pathos, and the Christian Woman truthfully says of it, "We care not how deep the well may be, tears will be drawn from it and fall upon these pages." Its sale offers to men and women a rare opportunity to make money. It is published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford Conn., who advertise for men and woman agents in another column of this paper.

Kansas.

Manhattan has a lock factory.
Kingman is to have a sack factory.
An electric light plant is assured to Manhattan.

The Currie Windmill Co. have moved their plant to Manhattan.

Fifteen hundred car loads of cattle have been shipped from Caldwell this fall.

A soda factory is to be operated in connection with the new salt shaft at Kingman.

A watermelon farm near Ellsworth is the largest in the State. It contains eighty acres.

Medicine Lodge is to have a flour and grist mill with a capacity of 190 barrels of flour per day.

At Elliptonwood is a field of beets that yields 3,959 bushels to the acre. Thus Kansas soil is destined to beat the world.

St. Marys has a fine quality of cement rock, and arrangements are made for the establishment of a cement factory.

1890.
Harper's Magazine.
ILLUSTRATED.

A new Shakespeare—the Shakespeare of Edwin A. Abbey—will be presented in Harper's Magazine for 1890, with comments by Andrew Lang. Harper's Magazine has also made special arrangements with Alphonse Daudet, the greatest of living French novelists, for the exclusive publication, in serial form, of a humorous story, to be entitled "The Colonists of Tarascon; the Last Adventures of the Famous Tartarin." The story will be translated by Henry James, and illustrated by Rossi and Myrbach.

W. D. Howells will contribute a novelette in three parts, and Lafcadio Hearn a novelette in two parts entitled "Yeuma," handsomely illustrated. In illustrated papers, touching subjects of current interest, and in its short stories, poems, and timely articles, the Magazine will maintain its well-known standard.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year:
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....2 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.
The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order.
Bound Volumes of Harper's Magazine for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00 per volume. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50c each—by mail, post paid.
Index to Harper's Magazine, Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified, for Volumes 1 to 70, inclusive, from June, 1850, to June, 1886, one vol., 8vo, cloth, \$4.00.
Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.
Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.
Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1890.
Harper's Weekly.
ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serial and short stories by the best and most popular writers, fit for the pursuit of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. The Weekly supplements are of remarkable variety, interest and value. No expense is spared to bring the order of artistic ability to bear upon the illustration of the changeful phases of home and foreign history. A Mexican romance, by the author of "Thomas A. Janvier," will appear in the Weekly in 1890.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....\$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....2 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada or Mexico.
The volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.
Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for \$7.00 per volume.
Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00 each.
Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.
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1890.
Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information in regard to the fashions, its numerous illustrations, fastidious patterns—shoes supplement—are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays and thoughtfulness satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues, during 1890 Olive Thorne Miller, Christine Toru-Herick, and Mary Lowe Dickinson will respectively furnish a series of papers on "The Daughter at Home," "Three Meals a Day," and "The Woman of the Period." The serial novels will be written by Walter Besant and F. W. Robinson.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:
HARPER'S BAZAR.....\$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.
The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.
Bound Volumes of Harper's Bazar for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for \$7.00 per volume.
Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00 each.
Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.
Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.
Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1890.
Harper's Young People
An Illustrated Weekly.

The Eleventh Volume of Harper's Young People which begins with the number for November 5, 1889, presents an attractive program. It will offer to its readers at least four serials of the usual length, and others in two or three parts, namely, "The Red Mustangs," by William O. Boudreau; "Phil and the Baby," by Lucy C. Little; "Prince Tommy," by John Russell Corvelli; and "Mother's Way," by Margaret E. Sangster; two short serials by Hiram North Baynesen. Two series of Fairy Tales will attract the attention of lovers of the wonder-world, namely, the quaint tales told by Howard Pyle, and so admirably illustrated by him, and another series in a different vein by Frank M. Biscnell. There will be short stories by W. D. Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, David Ker, Hezekiah Butterworth, Sophie Swett, Richard Malcolm Johnston, etc.

A subscription to Harper's Young People secures a juvenile library. There is useful knowledge, also plenty of amusement.—Boston Advertiser.

Terms: Postage Prepaid, \$2.00 pr yr.
Vol. XI. begins November 5, 1889.

Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.
Single numbers Five Cents each.
Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.
Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.
Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Great Creditors' Sale AT LEVI'S MAMMOTH ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

628 and 630 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas,
\$40,000 must be realized during the next 60 days, and to do this the immense stock of the above firm is placed on the market.

25 per cent. less
than cost of manufacture.

Incomparable Prices!

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Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Etc., Etc. are being sold at 25 per cent. less than cost of manufacture! Before purchasing elsewhere call and examine the Great Bargains. An opportunity of a life-time. The money must be raised, hence this great slaughter.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS AT
LEVI'S MAMMOTH ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,
628 and 630 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kans.

Western Farm News.

The Politicians and the Farmers' Alliance.

The politicians do not favor the Alliance. They never favor anything that is not tributary to their schemes and their pockets. The Farmers' Alliance is the most rapidly growing organization now in existence. Its purposes are not political. Its objects are to improve the condition of mankind. In working out these purposes it must necessarily have to do with social science, political science, political economy, and all kindred matters. These, of course, are questions that command the attention of statesmen, and statesmanship ought to be synonymous with politics, but it is not.

No individual, and no party, can reasonably complain when another gives attention to questions looking to the betterment of mankind—the equalizing of justice—the evening down of our so-called civilization. But the modern politician is always doing this. He has nothing but slurs and contempt for all efforts at reform. Even when made to acknowledge the necessity of reform he touches it as gingerly as possible.

So no farmers' movement, no labor movement, no woman's movement, in fact, no great moral movement, ever finds favor with the politician. The most old-fogy, the most conservative, hide bound, narrow-minded, selfish, mulish fixture on this green earth, is the egotistic, arrogant, assuming politician, whose littleness of heart and soul is only paralleled by his monumental cheek and impudence. His policy is to ignore and revile all progress, all reform, all efforts to give the people an equal chance in the race for life and happiness.

Here now is the Farmers' Alliance, a movement for humanity that is actually moving over the face of this country with the power of an ancient glacier. The national lecturer of this great organization, a man of eloquence and power, comes to the capital city of Kansas, and the Topeka Capital of the next morning reports the meeting in full as follows:

Hon. Ben. Terrill addressed the Farmers' Alliance yesterday afternoon at the court house. The court room was filled with tillers of the soil who listened attentively to his lecture and frequently applauded him.

We submit if this is not a direct insult to every farmer in Kansas. The same issue contained a slur at Col. Percy Daniels, a "tariff and tax reform" candidate of the farmers' alliance of Crawford county.

In this same issue of the Capital may also be found a dozen extended reports of China weddings, enchebre clubs, reading circles, surprise parties, country lyceums, &c., with columns of the softest social notes and "society" doings.

If all this transcendent snobbery—this discrimination against the positively good, and elevating, does not smell to heaven, we much mistake the temper of this nation. The Farmers' Alliance is already making revolutions. If it finds no better recognition of its work than has so far been given it by the press of the country, it will doubtless take a hand in establishing a press that will give the news in place of slush. It will be able to do it, and if forced into politics it will clean the Augean stable thoroughly.

When political managers, the men who assume leadership, pay no heed to manifest dissatisfaction that exists at their selfish policy, they need not be surprised when defeat overtakes them.

Party leadership is pure assumption. No one is given authority to lead, and no one is under obligation to follow when self-constituted party leaders forget to be patriots and seek only selfish ends.

Up goes the tariff and down goes the party.

Topeka will not bridge the Kaw and Wamego will dam it.

Up goes the liquor license theory and down goes republicanism.

Iowa's favorite democratic song is now "The Boies are Marching on."

The divine right of bolting a corrupt party ticket has again been asserted.

The kickers were out in force on election day and kicked higher than ever before.

Topeka has had another failure—its Trade Palace—the largest millinery store in the city.

Foraker's presidential cake is all dough. License regulation did it with its little sting.

John Brown's body will turn up in the Shawnee county clerk's office, a little colored for the occasion.

The politicians are making a quiet war on the Farmers' Alliance, and endeavor to ignore its existence.

Four one-hundredths of the state of Kansas seem to favor resubmission. The Kansas City Times thinks this a significant pointer.

Dispatches from the Texas panhandle say that the deepest snow that has fallen in that region for twelve years is now on the ground.

The politicians explain it by saying it is an off year. It is the politicians who are off, and they will stay off as long as they hold out license as a sop.

The city marshal of Wichita has been relieved from duty. The charge against him is that he has been too lenient with the sellers of intoxicating liquors.

The same fellows who are howling for protection on one hand, are quite as loud for full and free trade with Mexico and the other American countries.

The high license and the high tariff policy beat the republican party this year, and they will beat it every time hereafter, if the error is not corrected.

A Wamego man attempted to play a sharp game by trapping rats and was skunked the first night. It was a strong affair and smelled from cellar to garret.

There is no sympathy for Foraker now that he is beaten in his third contest for governor of Ohio. He was a royal good fellow, just the man, until he was beaten. Now he is a "poor, foolish man," just like St. John.

When the Topeka Capital attempts to show that a tariff for protection, was ever a "fundamental principle" in the republican party, it confesses to its own ignorance, or to a willingness to mislead. A tariff for revenue only, was all that the party favored until a very recent date.

In view of the result of the late elections it will be well if the republican party hastens to get down from its high license hobby. It is natural enough for such politicians as Mr. Clarkson and some others to talk about its being an "off year." They are after any reason but the right one. The party has weakened itself by trying to save the whiskey vote through high license. It toys with a great principle just as the whig party toyed with slavery. It cannot serve two masters. The late election was a significant warning. The third party vote gained largely in all the states, notably in Iowa and Ohio.

A Long Row.

A correspondent of the American Rural Home gives the amount of travel it takes to raise a crop of corn as follows: "I have a twenty-acre field forty by eighty rods. To break this up would take one hundred and sixty-six miles; harrowing it, about forty miles; furrowing, ninety miles; planting, forty-five miles, if with a planter; and if chopped and then covered, ninety miles. And for each plowing of two furrows in a row, ninety miles, or five plowings, four hundred and fifty miles. Thus you see that it takes 800 or 900 miles of travel to raise twenty acres of corn, not counting going to and returning from the field."

What Causes Panic.

A REMARKABLE paper on "Financial Panics, their Cause and Cure," is the leading editorial contribution in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER this week. It is from the pen of General Spinner, the veteran former Treasurer of the United States. The advantages of St. Louis as a site for the world's Fair are pictured. An exciting game of football forms the first page, and Mrs. Edith May Randolph is "the society lady" of New York who is shown in all her beauty.

Hard at Work.

Nearly one hundred Eminent Persons are now engaged in preparing valuable and important contributions to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1890.

Mr. Gladstone is getting together his reminiscences of Motley, the Historian; Justin McCarthy is writing all his personal recollections of great Prime Ministers; Sir Morell Mackenzie is thinking of what he shall say to THE COMPANION readers on the training of their voices in youth; Captain Kennedy is recalling the exciting episodes of his five hundred different trips across the Atlantic, and making notes for his articles; P. T. Barnum is preparing the account of how he secured his White Elephant; General Wolsley is arranging to tell the boys how they can endure hardships; Carroll D. Wright is securing statistics about the boy and girl laborers of America, what they do and what they earn; Hon. James G. Blaine is writing a paper for our young politicians; popular authors are at work on serial stories; the Presidents of three leading American colleges will give advice to boys on their future; Tyndall and Shaler are to talk about the wonders of nature; Marion Harland promises to entertain the girls, while Lieutenant Schwatka will take the boys in imagination to the loneliest place in the United States.

There are hundreds of pleasures in store for THE COMPANION readers of 1890. Every one is hard at work, as you see. \$1.75 will admit you to 52 weeks of these entertainments. Send for Full Prospectus for 1890 to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

□ We had never fully comprehended what was meant by a "Family" magazine, until we had given the fine Christmas number of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE a thorough examination. Of all others, this Magazine is certainly, best entitled to use the word "Family" in its title, for every member is considered in its make-up. Its beautifully illustrated articles are equal to any in the high-class literary magazines. Especially noticeable in the December number is one about "Uncle Sam's Money," giving a description of how our coin is made, the illustrations starting with a view of the Mint, and going through every process until the coin is put into circulation. The "Day Nurseries" takes us amongst the worthy poor, and shows us what can be done for their little ones. Every father and mother will appreciate this comprehensively and finely illustrated article. The other illustrated articles and stories are too numerous to mention, as can be appreciated when we say that the December number contains over two hundred illustrations, and every member of the family is thought of. But though our space is limited, we must mention the beautiful oil picture, "Christmas Morning," which is indeed worthy of a frame. We would advise everybody to at least see this FAMILY MAGAZINE before making their choice for next year. They claim a dozen magazines combined in one, for only \$2.00 per year, and certainly the claim is a just one. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York.

The Southwestern Farmers' Alliance will meet in Wichita December 17-19.

INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

PAGE, NORTON & CO
—NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.—

Millers and Grain Merchants.

Manufacturers of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

Western Foundry

—AND—
MACHINE WORKS.
R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r

Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,
Bearings and Fittings, Etc.
WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans

ANOTHER SPLENDID GIFT!

AN ELEGANT WORK OF ART

To every new subscriber or renewal for the

Weekly Globe-Democrat

10 PAGES.

ONE YEAR,
THE BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.

"THE SCOTCH RAID,"

A group of cattle and sheep (by Rosa Bonheur). A companion piece of "THE HORSE FAIR," which was until recently, the premium with the WEEKLY GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

The price of the WEEKLY GLOBE-DEMOCRAT, one year, and the engraving "THE SCOTCH RAID," is only

ONE DOLLAR.

Subscribers desiring both pictures can have "The Horse Fair" for 25c extra.

Postmasters and news dealers will take subscriptions or remit direct to the

GLOBE PRINTING CO.

St. Louis, Mo.

A large, illustrated catalogue of the Lawrence Business College, containing complete information regarding the institution will be mailed to any address free.

Address:
E. L. McIlravy, Pres.
Lawrence, Kansas.

The Gloss Laundry.

604 Kansas Avenue.
NORTH TOPEKA, KANS.

Mistakes should be promptly reported at the office. A lady will have charge of all Ladies' Wearing Apparel. Short order work, extra charge. All work guaranteed.

Your order solicited

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH published at New Orleans, La., announces that in about three weeks it will establish a Whist Department under the editorship of N. B. Trist, Esq., the originator of the "American Leads" and the highest authority on the game in the United States if not in the world. Mr. Trist will begin at the beginning and explain the game in its elementary principles, gradually increasing the scope of his lessons until they embrace the whole subject of the science of whist. His articles will be elaborately illustrated by means of card type, showing all the hands around the board and how to play each in their turn. Mr. Trist will also conduct a correspondence column in which he will answer questions as to knotty points in the game, occurring in actual play.

Established in 1870.

J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

PIANOS & ORGANS.

803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason & Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA.—

HANLEY BROS.,

Dealers in
Groceries, Flour & Feed.

Cornet Gardens st. and Topeka Avenue.
Leave orders for coal. Good promptly delivered
NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

Mrs. R. I. ARMSTRONG & Co.
Millinery Notions & Dressmaking
Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.
807 KAN. AV.

North Topeka, Kansas.

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 returning to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

THERE is a city of 30,000 inhabitants not one of whom cares a cent for a dollar, but it is because coins are unknown in the part of India where the city is located.

VITIATED air shows its effects in the constitutions and progeny of those who are obliged constantly to breathe the same. A healthy, sound race of people cannot be reared amid such surroundings.

THE man who gives his time and money in trying to connect with the prize wheel of the Louisiana lottery is likely to come to the conclusion that life is not worth living. And indeed it is so for him. The wheel of fortune knows its proprietor.

AFTER the agony is all over, the men who sat up nights declining the honor and those others who nearly ran their legs off after it will appreciate the wisdom of the man with his hat full of buzzing bees, who simply sawed wood and said nothing.

ENGLISH is making its way. In the public schools of Japan the English language is required to be taught by law. The brightest and most ambitious of the young men in the open ports and commercial cities of China are all eager to learn English has a passport to wealth, position and employment.

At the Paris Hippodrome the chief attraction for the season was the spectacle of a lion taking equestrian exercise—the animal really mounted on the back of a horse and being carried several times around an enclosure. The receipts accruing from this novel performance are stated to amount to more than half a million dollars.

LAUGHING is catching and it also may be attended with pain and mortification. Miss Taggart of Plainfield, N. J., laughed so hard at one of her escort's jokes that she dislocated her jaw. For two hours, before a doctor could be found, she suffered terrible agony. It eventually took two physicians forty minutes to get the jaw back to its socket.

WHEN a Chinaman is arrested in California he does not give the correct "celestial" name, but puts up an America combination. This is often amusing. For instance, when Hop Lee was brought in before a San Francisco justice he gave his name as Cabbage Cow. John is imitative and soon falls into American ways—especially the evil ways.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S son, now at Lehigh University, is quite a wit. While he was in Philadelphia he was lionized a good deal. One evening at dinner a rather fresh young lady turned to him and said: "Your father is one of the big guns of England, is he not, Mr. Farrar?" "He was at one time," replied the young man, politely. "He was a canon, you know."

THE French republic is stronger today in the affections of the French people than ever before. For the first time since its establishment after the fall of the commune the world can see no formidable dangers threatening its security. The monarchy is a ghost of the past, which rises no more from the bloody grave where it was laid a hundred years ago and where at last it rests in peace.

WHATEVER progress has been made in the improvement of society has been secured by the exposure of its evils and the attack upon injustice, dishonesty and wrong wherever it exists. There is plenty of room for improvement; and the critics of evil in the present day are furnishing the influence which, if effective, will make the next generation better than this, as this is better than its predecessor.

IT was hardly a month after the Emperor of Germany tried to put down the excessive love of dancing among his subjects, until a kind of counterblast raised by the Berlin Academy of German Dances, which offered a prize for the best "new German square dance." But the editor from the throne evidently frightened competitors, for the results were not very satisfactory.

SHAKESPEARE had the richest vocabulary and the longest lingual string to his literary kite of any Englishman, and a Buffalo school teacher has figured out that he employed only 16,000 words. Milton could take his pick out of 8,000 words, but the average college graduate rarely has a vocabulary of more than 3,000 or 4,000 words and generally half that number is all he or she cares to struggle with.

PRE-HISTORIC RUINS.

The Remarkable Hidden Mysteries of Guatemala and Yucatan.

A Rich Field That Ought to Be Explored—The Stephens and Catherwood Discoveries—Remains of a Lost Race Whose Civilization Was of a High Order.

While archaeological, historical, geographical, and exploration societies are zealously delving among the ruins of the ancient civilizations of Egypt, Syria and Greece and occasionally unearthing some piece of statuary, the section of an architectural ruin, some tool or utensil, or perhaps a sculptured monolith inscribed in hieroglyphics that antedated letters with some short chapter of the history or tradition of the place where it is found, says a writer in the New York Times, a field for archaeological research remains on this western hemisphere more extensive and promising than any in the old world, and one which has for more than three centuries been left untouched.

Only twice since the Spanish discoverers overran old Mexico and Central America and ruthlessly laid waste many of those monuments of the ancient and apparently degenerate civilization that might have furnished the connecting links between the present and that mysterious past, has the civilized explorer turned his attention to the vast fields of architectural ruins in Guatemala and Yucatan.

They visited and investigated and sketched more than a score of ruined centers of a some time dense population, the only evidences of which still existing were found in the remnants of vast, spacious, towering and gorgeously sculptured temples, castles, pyramids, strongholds and terraces. Of the utensils in domestic use by the builders and occupants of these majestic piles, their implements of toil and warfare, or even the places and manner of their sepulture, so few were found that little or nothing of the dark cloud of mystery that enshrouds the origin of these stately ruins was removed and the much more important question, "Whence came the mighty race that reared these stupendous piles and where are they now?" is still as deeply involved in mystery as when, in 1517, the flag of Caucasian civilization was first planted on their shores.

In the extensive ruins of the Central American states there are convincing evidences of the existence of a dense population—denser and more puissant apparently than its successors in possession in this later part of the nineteenth century. That population has left in its architectural remains evidences of a knowledge of physics, mathematics, mechanics and sign language. In the gorgeous costumes in which their sculptured heroes and deities are set forth is also proof that the mechanical art has reached a high state of development, only the most rudimentary principles of which remain in the debris of the early part of the sixteenth century.

In the royal magnificence of their surroundings, their jewelry, their sculptured thrones, and implements of war, as shown in the statues and bas-reliefs, are evidences of a system of fine arts and a knowledge of the use of metals. Yet of tools, implements of war, or ancient fabrics no signs have been found. But some of the statuary still retains the colors in which it was originally decorated; while in some few respects the buildings and their decorations, the monoliths or idols of stone, and the hieroglyphics resemble similar creations found among the ruins of the old world, there are principles of construction absent from the Yucatan and Guatemalan structures which proves them to have been of an order of architecture altogether independent of the ancient schools.

Stephens, in his story of exploration, says: "Volumes without number have been written to account for the first peopling of America. By some the inhabitants of the continent have been regarded as a separate race, not descended from the same common father with the rest of mankind; others have ascribed their origin to some remnant of the antediluvian inhabitants of the earth, who survived the deluge which swept away the greatest part of the human race in the days of Noah, and hence have considered them the most ancient race of people on the earth. Under the broad range allowed by a descent from the sons of Noah, the Jews, the Canaanites, the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Scythians, in ancient times; the Chinese, the Swedes, the Norwegians, the Welsh, and the Spaniards in modern times have had ascribed to them the honor of peopling America. The two continents have been joined together and rent asunder by the shock of an earthquake; the faded island of Atlantis has been lifted out of the ocean; and, not to be behindhand, an enterprising American has turned the tables on the old world and planted the ark itself within the state of New York. The monuments are architectural remains of the aborigines have heretofore formed but little part of the groundwork for these speculations."

He quotes Dr. Robertson's skeptical impressions concerning these ruins, and thus demolishes the author: "At that time distrust was perhaps the safer side for the historian, but since Dr. Robertson wrote a new flood of light has poured upon the world, and the field of American antiquities has been opened." Confident then that in his and Catherwood's and Poulsey's work of exploration a beginning had been made

which would never be abandoned until the soul of the great mystery had been laid bare, he proceeds to castigate the subjugators and inheritors of this all bountiful and terribly misused land after this fashion:

"The ignorance, carelessness and indifference of the inhabitants of Spanish America on this subject are matters of wonder. In our own country the opening of forests and fortifications, extending in ranges from the lakes through the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, mummies in a cave in Kentucky, the inscription on the rock at Dighton, supposed to be in Phœnician character, and the ruins of walls and a great city in Arkansas and Wisconsin had suggested wild and wandering ideas in regard to the first peopling of this country, and the strong belief that powerful and populous nations had occupied it and had passed away, whose histories are entirely unknown. The same evidences continue in Texas and in Mexico they assume still more definite form."

"The first to throw new light upon the subject was the great Humboldt, who visited and collected some information about 'Militia, or the Vale of the Dead; Xochicalco, a mountain hewn down and terraced and called the Hill of Flowers and the great pyramid or temple of Cholula.' Unfortunately, of the great cities beyond the vale of Mexico, buried in forests, ruined, desolate, and without a name, Humboldt never heard, at least he never visited them. It is only lately that accounts of their existence reached Europe and our own country. These accounts however vague and unsatisfactory, had roused our curiosity; though I ought to say that both Mr. Catherwood and I were somewhat skeptical, and when we arrived at Copan it was with the hope rather than the expectation of finding wonders. Since the discovery of these ruined cities the prevailing theory has been that they belonged to a race long anterior to that which inhabited the country at the time of the Spanish conquest."

It's Done by Personal Experience. "Is it true," was asked of an old tramp who reached Jersey City the other day on the bumpers of a freight car, "that tramps leave marks on gate posts, sign boards, doors, and other places to tell the next comer what reception he may expect?" "Naw," was his indignant reply. "But how do you tell?" "Personal experience, me boy, and that's uncertain. If the house looks all right and there are no men around and the dog is chained up in the barn, you enter the gate and knock on the side door or go round to the back. If the woman isn't up stairs sewing, and if none of the young 'uns are down with the measles, and if she hasn't got callers in the parlor, she'll answer your knock."

"And then it's all right." "Not by a long shot! If she happens to be in good humor, and if her husband has promised her a new fall hat and if her corns are all right and if she happens to be the first look of you, she'll hand out cold meat and bread, and perhaps a boiled egg and an old pair of boots to go with it; but if she's the least bit out of sorts she straightens up, extends her arm, and tragically exclaims: 'Now you git! And I meander and try the next.'"

No Buffalo West of the Rockies. No white man ever saw a buffalo west of the Rockies. The Indians of the northwest have a legend to account for this. Many moons ago, they say, some Indians were hunting buffalo on the other side of the range—they were plentiful over there then. An old medicine man told them where to find a big herd which, he said, was led by a red bull calf. The Great Spirit would give them all the buffaloes they desired, but the red calf must not be killed. If it was killed the Great Spirit would punish them severely. The braves started out, found the buffaloes, and slaughtered them by the hundreds. When they looked among the carcasses, the body of the red calf was found. It was never known who killed it, but they say the buffaloes all disappeared, and were never again seen on that side of the Rockies.—Globe Dem.

The Stars—Cauch. Tarnished, and battered, and old, Heartlessly hidden away, Left to the moth and the mold, Darkness, and dust, and decay, This was the pride of its day, Now all its glory is o'er— Faded and vanished away, Gone are the driver and four. 'Long through the heat and the cold Ever from May until May, Over the highway it rolled; 'Twas now made it his prey, Never a dash as of yore, Never a swing or a sway; Gone are the driver and four! Over new roads that men lay Rushed with a rattle and roar, Only sweet memories stay; Gone are the driver and four!—Bissell Clinton in Harper's Magazine.

What It Is Made Of. The heaviest purely metallic meteorite known is the "thunderbolt" of the Arab Sheikh Kalaph Ben Assab. It fell in Central Arabia, and is one of the ten known meteorites that have been seen when falling. It was bought by English authorities, who have since caused it to be chemically analyzed. It contains 18.05 per cent of iron, 7.30 nickel, 0.66 of cobalt, traces of copper, phosphorus, and 0.89 of amorphous carbon. Its weight is 120 pounds. Much larger stony meteorites are known, including one of twenty-five tons.

SIAM'S AMAZONS.

The King's Body Guard of Four Hundred Women.

The King of Siam formerly had a real Amazonian guard of 400 members. This guard consisted of the most beautiful and the strongest young women in his kingdom. Every recruit had to be at least thirteen years old, and of almost perfect physical development. After serving twelve years she was required to the reserve corps. An active guardswoman was a personal life guard of his Siamese Majesty. A reserve guardswoman, however, had merely the duty of watching the royal palaces and the crown estates. Every recruit, before she was admitted to the Amazonian guard, took the oath of chastity, for the king of Siam allowed only women of the strictest virtue in his personal military service. The Amazonian corps wore most elaborate uniforms. A fine white, gold-embroidered woollen skirt hung down to the knees. Over this each wore a light coat of mail. The arms were bare. The head was covered with a golden helmet. At court feasts and on national holidays the Amazons carried only lances in their right hands. They handled these lances with all the expertness of drum majors, twirling, twisting, and tossing them as they marched and counter-marched before their critical sovereign. Generally, however, the Amazons carried muskets. The corps consisted of four companies of one hundred Amazons each, commanded by female captains. Immediately after the death of an Amazonian commander the king critically reviewed the leaderless division, and after three days thought over the subject promoted the most accomplished Amazon in the rank and file to the captaincy. Every member of the corps was served both at home and abroad by five negresses. The corps held dress parade on the parade grounds near the capitol twice every week, and exercised daily with the lance, the pistol, the musket, and the rifle. The discipline of the corps was unexceptionable. The necessity of punishing a member rarely occurred oftener than once a year. Duels, however, were frequent among the Amazons. Before a duel could be fought the permission to fight it had to be obtained from the commander-in-chief. Swords were usually chosen as the weapons and the meeting took place in the presence of the whole company to which the challenged belonged. An Amazon who fell in a duel was buried with extraordinary pomp, and the priest in his funeral oration usually recommended her to a high place in heaven in consideration of her bravery on the field of honor. This victorious duellist was obliged, however, to retire from her company for two months, which she passed in fasting and praying. Then she was reinstated with high honors in the active service.

Some Common Names Explained. Aqua fortis is nitric acid. Aqua regia is nitro-muriatic acid. Blue vitriol is sulphate of copper. Cream of tartar is bitartrate potassium.

Calomel is chloride of mercury. Chalk is carbonate of Calcium. Salt of tartar is carbonate of potassa. Caustic potassa is hydrate potassium. Chloroform is chloride of formyle. Common salt is chloride of sodium. Copperas, or green vitriol, is sulphate of iron. Corrosive sublimate is bichloride of mercury. Dry alum is sulphate aluminum and potassium. Epsom salts is sulphate of magnesia. Ethiops mineral is black sulphate of mercury. Fire damp is light carburetted hydrogen.

Galena is sulphide of lead. Glauber's salt is sulphate of sodium. Glucose is grape sugar. Goulard water is basic acetate of lead. Iron pyrites is bisulphide iron. Jeweller's putty is oxide of tin. King's yellow is sulphide of arsenic. Laughing gas is protoxide of nitrogen. Lime is oxide of calcium. Lunar caustic is nitrate of silver. Mosaic gold is bisulphide of tin. Muriate of lime is chloride of calcium. Nitre or saltpetre is nitrate of potash. Oil of vitriol is sulphuric acid. Potash is oxide of potassium. Realgar is sulphide of arsenic. Red lead is oxide of lead. Rust of iron is oxide of iron. Sal-ammoniac is muriate of ammonia. Slacked lime is hydrate calcium. Soda is oxide of sodium. Spirits of hartshorn is ammonia. Spirits of salt is hydrochloride of muriate acid. Stucco, or plaster of Paris, is sulphate of lime. Sugar of lead is acetate of lead. Verdigris is basic acetate of copper. Vermillion is sulphide of mercury. Vinegar is acetic acid diluted. Volatile alkali is ammonia. Water is oxide of hydrogen. White precipitate is ammoniated mercury. White vitriol is sulphate of zinc.—American Artizan.

No Harry. Young Bird (on a tree)—"There comes a hunter. We'd better fly away." Old Bird—"No hurry. He's got to climb a fence before he gets to us, and his gun will probably catch in a rail and shoot him. They 'most always do."—New York Weekly.

TALK OF THE DAY.

An old time boy-cot—the "trundle-bed."

If time were money the tramp would be rolling in wealth.

The pugilist is a similar personage. He is likely at any time to make a hit. Tip your hat to a lady and you give her a straight tip on the quality of your manners.

It is perfectly safe to "make light of" an electric wire, provided you don't take hold of the live end of it.

Man doesn't know all. The unassuming porcupine can give the smartest man on earth many points.

To marry and settle down is no longer an fait; it's more the fashion to marry that you may settle up.

Being asked the name of the world's greatest composer, a smart university young man said—"Chloroform."

Jones—"Why do you borrow trouble so?" Bones—"Well, to tell the truth, that's the only thing I can get credit for."

Squeers—"I want a name for my horse. What can you suggest?" Nickleby—"Call him Money." "Why?" Goes fast.

Tight collars are said to be the cause of near-sightedness. It is well to remember however, that tight collars are frequently able to see double.

Now autumn summer puts to rout And chilly winds blow begin; The ice-cream jokers is going out, The stovepipe joke is comin in.

First tramp—"Down with whisky is what I say. Don't you say so, pardner?" Second tramp—"I've alius set my face agin it whenever I had the chance."

Between Two Fires—Mr. Lonesome—"Can you—will you be me own?" Father of five of them (in a side whisper)—"For Heaven's sake don't hesitate, Louise! He may take it back."

"It is a firmer conquest, truly said. To win the heart than overthrow the head." But that depends, we judge, in every case, Whether the heart's a two spot or an ace.

Charming widow—"And what are you doing nowadays?" He—"Oh, amusing myself; looking out for number one. And you?" Charming widow—"Looking out for number two."

Miss Minor (after the concert)—"Fraulein Sprawler plays with a great deal of expression, but what do you think of her technique?" Miss Greening—"I didn't notice that she wore one."

"Now, really, what was the most astonishing thing you saw in Paris, Mr. Spicer?" asked Miss Gusher, and without a moment's hesitation Seth answered, "My hotel bill."

Charges of plagiarism still continue. It is now hinted that the successful and hitherto unsuspected farmers crib the stores of their corn magazines from nature's cereals.

A Dartmouth graduate has written a work on "The Probable Cause of Glaciation." We didn't suppose that it was a matter of dispute. If it wasn't cold weather, what could it be?

Miss Belle (warningly)—"Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish." Sally (who owes her one)—"Well, why didn't you?"

A Philadelphia base ball player has been given a gold watch for stealing bases, and another Philadelphia has been given two years for stealing seven dollars. Is justice a failure?

Lost—A golden opportunity—She (archly)—"Whom should you call the prettiest girl in this room?" He (looking about him)—"H'm. Well, to tell the truth, there isn't a pretty girl in the place."

"I must beg the congregation to forego the usual donation party this year," announced the minister. "I have nothing to give. The last crowd cleaned me out of eatables for six months."

New nurse, rocking the crib, sings: "Sleep, little one, sleep." Voice from the crib: "Now, Paula, you might as well understand at first that I don't want to hear any of those old things."

A Michigan fruit-grower has a peach that measures eleven inches in circumference, but as he doesn't show any disposition to pass it around, it isn't likely to do Somerville people any good.

Temperance Woman—"My friend, if you don't want whisky to get the best of you, you must get the best of whisky." Promising Subject—"I do, mamma, when I can; but when a feller's only got a nickle—"

Mashorby—"They tell me, Miss Lacey, that you will dance with nobody. Now, can't I prevail upon you to take the next waltz with me?" Miss Lacey—"Why, certainly, I'm a woman of my word, you know."

Mamma—"And how did my darling like being at church?" Maud (who had been at church for the first time, and put a penny in the collection plate)—"Very much, mamma, and it wasn't dear!"

In a contest for a gold medal in London, between a male and female cornetist, the woman won by "her superior tonguing." That is the way a woman generally wins in a contest with a man.

Kindly Old Gentleman (visiting penitentiary)—"My poor, unfortunate man! What brought you here?" Convict—"Well, now, boss, I ain't quite certain, 'bein' kinder full of de time, but I think it was de patrol wagon."

A Birmingham man has patented an umbrella that is transparent. What he needs to do now is patent a borrower of umbrellas whom the owner can see through before lending. This would save many an umbrella to the unsuspecting lender.

A KANSAS ADVENTURE.

Account of a Scout's Early Experience in Western Kansas.

A Beardless Boy of Nineteen Vanquishes a Hoarde of Redskins Single-Handed and Alone—Four Dead Indians and Buckskin Becomes the Result.

The man who should attempt to argue that the native American had lost any of his pluck since the days of the Revolution would soon find himself smothered under volumes of proof to the contrary. In war soldiers have shown their pluck by brigades, regiments, and companies. In peace peril menaces individuals alone, and gives a man's nerve fair trial. I have seen the American, as an individual, in a good many tight places, and it has been a rare thing to see one show the white feather, no matter what the odds were.

In the year 1867, while I was acting as a government scout, says a writer in the New York Sun, I had to pass between two military stations in western Kansas. The Indians were out on the warpath, and were never so malignant and cruel. They could see the beginning of the end, but were determined to fight it off as long as possible. I left camp at midnight for a ride of forty miles. I could have made it by daylight, but at 2 o'clock in the morning my horse slipped on a stone and went dead lame. I was then on the right bank of the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas river, following it down, and by leading the horse half a mile I got the shelter of a grove of cottonwoods. I knew I must remain there for the day, and I made the best arrangements I could for defence. There was a large thorn-appletree in the centre of the grove, which was covered with a grapevine. Under this shelter I dug out a rifle pit, and when it was finished I knew I could stand any small party of Indians off until I had fired 100 bullets.

I slept from 4 o'clock until 9, at which time a whisper from my horse aroused me. I heard the reports of rifles to the north and the east, mingled with the faint whoop of Indians, and as soon as I could get a look in that direction the cause was plain. A white man on horseback was headed for the grove, coming from the north. He was followed by a dozen Indians. He was well ahead of pursuit, and would have made the grove all right, but a party of four Indians were coming down from the east to head him off. He had pulled up just as I looked out. He was cut off, and those behind were fast coming up. He took in the situation in a minute. He was on a knoll covered with dead grass and scrub bushes. He swung himself from the saddle, unhooked and pulled it off, and gave the horse a slap and started him off. I had a telescope with me, and when I got it out and got the bearings the man was so hidden on the knoll that I could only guess his location by locating the saddle.

All the Indians had come up and halted just out of rifle range. There were fifteen of them, and from the appearance of their ponies I knew they had had a long chase. The white man's horse came down to the stream above me, drank his fill, and then began grazing as if in his own pasture. I wanted to mix in at once, but they were not only out of range, but my horse was disabled. To have moved out on foot would have been throwing my life away. There was every chance that I might have to fight them single-handed later on. The white man's actions proved that he knew how to take care of himself, and I must let him do so for the time being. I climbed into one of the cottonwoods, got an elevation of about thirty feet, and now my glass served me better. The man was digging in the earth with his hunting knife to scoop out a rifle pit. While he worked the redskins rested and planned. They gave him about twenty minutes, and at the end of this time he was well hidden, even from my sight. He had turned up several large stones, and these made a breastwork.

When the Indians moved it was to circle around him and keep up a fire to rattle him and waste his ammunition. While they were at long range he made no answer, but as they narrowed the circle a puff of smoke suddenly leaped from his pit, and one of the warriors fell from his horse like a log. A second dashed in to secure the body, and his horse was shot through. The bullet hit the rider in the opposite leg, and I could follow him as he crept away through the grass. Another consultation was held, and it resulted in a general dismount. Then each warrior began creeping forward on his own account, firing at will. They had the man completely encircled, but he was very cool. When he finally got a sure thing he fired, and shot an Indian so dead that the fellow never kicked. Two minutes later he killed a second. This was three killed and one wounded. All crept out of range and consulted again, and I knew how it would end. If the eleven warriors let one white man beat them off they would be disgraced forever. The ground was favorable for charging him on horseback, and they were soon ready. Six went to the east and five to the south, and at a sign and rode for the knoll. Up jumped the man, his rifle at his shoulder, and he fired twelve shots into the two sections faster than I could count. He killed two ponies and wounded two or three warriors, and this stopped them. They broke back and headed for the

grove to make new repairs and study up new deviltry. I let them come within pistol shot and then opened on them with my Winchester, and it is recorded in military reports that I killed two and wounded a third. The living went off down the river so badly rattled that an old woman could have kept them on the run with a broomstick.

It didn't take the stranger more than a minute to catch on, and he came down to me. To my great surprise he turned out to be a beardless boy of 19, who had been out searching for lost stock. The Indians had run him all night long, making a ride of almost fifty miles. He didn't pretend to be even a cowboy, and when I praised his courage he blushed like a girl. He said he expected to be wiped out in the end, but he was bound to give the redskins the best he had before he went under. It was a lucky fight for both of us. There were four dead Indians on the ground, and we found on each a buckskin bag with \$480 in it. They had finished off some pioneer or mining party and made a big haul, and the money had been evenly divided. We had \$1,720 to divide between us, and it was a big lift to both.

Re-peopling New England.

New Hampshire has gone into the business of immigration as well as Vermont, but with less show of necessity for doing so. There are many vacant farms in and around the White Mountains, as tourists know very well, but the summer boarder has done for New Hampshire what it has not done for Vermont. He has made a market for the poverty-stricken farmer, and eaten his corn and potatoes at a fair profit for the tiller of the soil. No such happy luck has come to the Vermont farmer, and the deserted farms in that state are ten to one compared with those to be found in New Hampshire. This does not lessen the gravity of the situation, however, for there are large tracts in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, and even in Massachusetts, where to-day you can buy a farm for a song, and where Finns, Swedes, Icelanders or French-Canadians are cordially invited to succeed the Anglo-Saxons, who have run away to engage in more lucrative enterprises. The restocking of the remote towns is one of the questions of our social economy. It is plain that fresh blood must be taken to them, and it is believed that the honest agriculturists of the Old World constitute some of the very best elements which can be transplanted to New England. This matter of resettling the vacant farms is not to be dismissed, however, by simply sending for the foreigner. Vermont and New Hampshire have done wisely in appointing a commissioner to look into this matter of destitution, so that the facts can be fully known. Let the other New England states do the same, and by the study of the facts thus brought together we shall learn a great deal about the social, economic, and industrial condition of our country towns. Nothing can be done that really is worth while until information is collected together and the right sort of inquiries are instituted. It is a matter of congratulation that New Hampshire and Vermont have taken this subject up so wisely and so well.

Talleyrand.

"The sole depository of the entire tradition of the state," Talleyrand, even at the age of 80, ate but one square meal in the day—his dinner—and every morning he required the menu of it from his chief. He would rise at 10, dressing himself even after his hands had got rebellious, and half an hour later would have an egg, a fruit, or a slice of bread, or perhaps only two or three cups of camomile tea, before beginning "work." No coffee, no chocolate, and "China" tea very rare. He dined at 8 in Paris, at 5 in the country, well and with appetite, taking soup, fish, and a neat entree, which was almost always of knuckle of veal, braised mutton cutlets, or a fowl. He would sometimes have a slice off a joint, and he liked eggs and custards, but rarely touched desert. He always drank a first-rate claret, in which he would take very little water; a glass of sherry he did not despise, and after dinner a petit verre of old Malaga. In the drawing-room he would himself fill up a large cup with lumps of sugar, and then the maitre d'hotel—Careme, no less—would add the coffee. Then came forty winks, and afterward he would play whist for high stakes. His senile eyelids were so swollen that it was a vast effort to open them to any width, and so he often let them close and "slept" in company that bored him.

He Missed His Mark.

Arizona Kicker: Our esteemed contemporary down the avenue didn't like the way we showed him up last week, and on Monday he borrowed a revolver from Sam Adams as long as his leg, and lay in ambush for us at the corner of Apache and Cactus avenues. As we appeared, on our way to the postoffice, he opened fire, and six shots were fired at us at a distance of no more than ten feet. Not one of them came within a foot of us, but the shooter did manage to wound a \$100 mule belonging to Lew Baker, and to kill a \$50 dog belonging to Judge Stoker. When he was through shooting we knocked him down and hammered him till he hollered. We understand that he has settled with the others for \$150 and that he thinks of leaving town. He better. If he ever had any standing here he's lost it now for sure. A man who holds a gun in both hands and shuts his eyes to shoot, is of no account in this district. The coyotes wouldn't even bark at him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Personal Appearance of the Father of His Country.

In a memoir written by David Akerson in 1811 is found this description of the father of his country: Washington had a large, thick nose, and it was very red that day, giving me the impression that he was not so moderate in the use of liquors as he was supposed to be. I found afterward that it was a peculiarity. His nose was apt to turn scarlet in a cold wind. He was standing near a small camp fire, evidently lost in thought and making no effort to keep warm. He seemed six and a half feet in height, was as erect as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude that seemed a vital part of the man. Washington's exact height was six feet two inches in his boots. He was then a little lame from striking his knee against a tree. His eyes were so gray that it looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. He had a piece of woolen tied around his throat and was quite hoarse. Perhaps the throat trouble from which he finally died had its origin about him.

Washington's boots were enormous. They were No. 13. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be almost painful to look at. At that time he weighed 200 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His large tent, when wrapped up with the poles, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington would lift it with one hand and throw it in the wagon as easily as it were a pair of saddlebags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a pistol. His lungs were weak, his voice never strong.

He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut-brown, his cheeks were prominent and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to his habits at that period, I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat if he had plenty of it. It was his regular custom to take a drink of rum or whisky (neat) on awakening in the morning. Of course all this was changed as he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray and his form slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth, which did not fit his mouth and pushed his under lip outward.

Doctors' Visits.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friend, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched for him! What an emotion the thrill of his carriage wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! How we hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get from a smile or two, if we can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten! Who hasn't seen a mother prying into his face, to know if there is hope for the sick infant, that cannot speak, and that lies yonder, its little frame battling with fever? Ah, how she looks into his eyes! What thanks if there is light there; what grief and pain if he casts them down and dare not say "hope!" Or it is the house-father that is stricken! The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his patient's wrist, smothering her agonies as the children have been called upon to stay their plays and their talk! Over the patient in the fever, the wife expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were fate, the dispenser of life and death; he must let the patient off this time, the woman prays so for his respite! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man; how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better; how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate; how great the delight of victory.

Melinite.

A French officer, in speaking of melinite to a representative of the Times, said: "Our shells for field artillery, as well as those for our forts and siege guns, are charged with melinite. What melinite is we do not know, and if we knew we should be very careful not to tell." Both the Italians and the Germans have sent spies to discover the secret, and to offer money for even the smallest fragments, but they have all been captured. All that can be said is that, according to a treatise published in 1882, melinite is composed of melted picric acid. But in the interval our artillerymen have perfected the discovery of M. Turpin. They have made melinite a tractable product. The effects of this explosive were fully demonstrated in some experiments at the Fort of Malmaison in 1886. Melinite is so safe that in three years only one accident has occurred, that at the arsenal of Belfort.—From the New York Times.

ONE DARK, BLACK NIGHT

The Light Went Out in Time to Save a Life.

A long silence had fallen on the group around the little stove in the back of the Oklahoma dry goods store. Each of the rough citizens had told his story or related some experience which once befel him, and the silence that followed an incredible yarn of the Hon. Jim Jenks was intense.

The stranger from the east had listened throughout in a listless, wandering manner, and yawned exceedingly when the others laughed. The silence thickened with the smoke, and as they looked at one another in the growing darkness for encouragement to break it Mr. Mike Swipes, with a slight yawn, said:

"Well, now, we've all had our say. Let the stranger say suthin'." All eyes were turned toward the stranger, who had come from the east. He pleaded ignorance of a good story, but they persisted. They weren't particular. After a moment's deliberation, during which all snugly placed themselves in their favorite attitudes, the stranger consented, and began in a monotonous and sing-song voice, as follows:

"One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered round a camp fire in the heart of the Harz mountains, in Germany. They had just returned from a plundering expedition, and were resting themselves. The camp fire threw a flickering light on the weird scene. The captain of the band was standing in the shadow, leaning against a tree, his hands resting on his gun. His eyes were bent on the ground, and his face bore a troubled expression. Suddenly he turned, and walking to where his lieutenant stood, said to him:

"'Suddyy, my boy tell me a thrilling story.'"

"Suddyy settled himself on a log seat, and told the following thrilling tale: "One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp fire in the heart of the Harz Mountains, in Germany. They had just returned from a plundering expedition, and were resting themselves. The camp fire threw a flickering light on the weird scene. The captain of the band was standing in the shadow, leaning against a tree, his hands resting on his gun. His eyes were bent on the ground and his face bore a troubled expression. Suddenly he turned, and walking to where his lieutenant stood, said to him: "Suddyy, my boy tell me a thrilling story." Suddyy settled himself on a log seat and told the following thrilling tale:

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READY-MADE CLOTHING.

We All Wear It Now, and More Yet of Us Will Before Long.

The business of manufacturing men's clothing is one of the leading industries of the United States. Those who haven't yet made their plunge into its growing vortex says the New York Sun, can form no adequate idea of its immensity or its scope. It is a gigantic "puller in" of invisible arms, for, one after another, men who have not worn a ready-made coat since the last one bought by their mothers, are meekly walking into the great ready-making shops and buying their goods. That is because the goods are good, made with a degree of art that some years ago came from the shears of a custom tailor only.

Not the least remarkable of the modern methods of business is the generous and extensive methods of advertising. The clothing men have almost rivalled Barnum in the seductiveness of their advertisements, and, like Barnum, they have comprehended the value of newspaper advertising, and expended fabulous sums for making known to the public what they have for sale. In doing this they have of late years employed a good deal of literary and artistic talent that has succeeded in making the clothing advertisements readable. Every one has noticed the beautiful and artistic pictures that the clothing men have published in the past few years, and the artistic excellence that has marked some of them has led to a good deal of curiosity as to the name of the artists. The fact is that some artists of acknowledged repute have been employed in making these designs who would dislike very much to have it known that they were so employed, but who have been unable to resist the temptation of generous remuneration that the clothing men have put forth.

The great wholesale houses flood the country with drummers and sell millions upon millions by samples. Some of them get up expensively illustrated catalogues.

The result of the new methods of business and sharp competition has undoubtedly been to enable people to dress better for less money year by year, so that to-day a man of moderate income wears clothes of greater variety, of more artistic construction, and of better materials than kings could wear a century ago.

Natural Gas in Balloons.

As no other parties than myself and the lady mentioned here have ever used natural gas for ballooning, a brief note of the few ascents made with it may be of interest. The first ascension was made by myself from Franklin, Pa., Sept. 8, 1885. The gas arose from wells thirty miles distant, at a pressure of 700 pounds to the square inch. It was admitted to the balloon at sixty pounds pressure, through 1,000 feet of one-inch pipe, heated throughout its length to restore the caloric lost by expansion. Twelve thousand feet of it lifted about 250 pounds. So a very light balloon had to be used, and only twenty pounds of ballast was carried. Sept. 10, 1886, Carlotta, the well-known lady expert balloonist, arose from the same place with a larger and still lighter balloon, carrying sixty pounds of ballast. She flew ninety miles in ninety minutes, and arose to the highest elevation ever attained in America—over four miles—where the barometer carried failed to register at about thirteen inches barometer pressure.

With the same balloon a third ascension was made by myself with sixty pounds ballast at Erie, Pa. June 10, 1887, with natural gas admitted at a pressure of 112 pounds, the balloon descending itself after a flight of three hours. The gas pressure at Sandy creek ascension made by me was sixty pounds, and the gas was the lightest I have found. No other ascensions have been made by anybody with natural gas, the reported balloon ascension extensively noticed as having occurred at Anderson, Ind., last year being a hoax.—Carl Myers, Aeronautical Engineer.

The Growth of Trees.

In the parish of Winfarthing are two magnificent oak trees, one of which is known as the "Winfarthing Oak"; the other is little inferior to it in magnitude, but appears to have been generally passed over in favor of the more celebrated tree first mentioned. These trees were inspected by Robert Marsham, F. R. S., the friend and correspondent of Gilbert White, and a great agriculturist, in the year 1744; and he has left in his diary accurate measurements of both. The larger tree measured at that time 38 feet 7 inches in circumference, and the smaller just 30 feet. In the year 1874, when these trees were measured according to Marsham's method, the larger tree was just 40 feet in circumference, and the smaller 30 feet; it will thus be seen that one tree had increased 17 inches in 130 years, whereas the other had remained in statu quo.—London Standard.

Fit for a Poor Man's Wife.

Anxious Mother—"I am greatly surprised, my son, to find that while you were away you became engaged. I hope you have not acted hastily. Has the young lady you have selected the proper qualifications for a poor man's wife?"

Adult Son—"Yes, indeed, mother. She's got \$50,000 in her own right."—New York Weekly.

HUNTER'S PARADISE.

Trees Black With Wild Turkeys in the Verde River (A. T.) Country.

D. J. Chadwick, the Los Angeles attorney, and a party of other prominent gentlemen, were at the Grand, telling hunting stories, says the San Francisco Examiner. One of them told how numerous the wild turkeys were on the Pecos river, and that he had killed as many as forty turkeys in a two days' search.

"I want to tell you of a strange experience I had with wild turkeys at the head of the Verde river in the White mountains of Arizona," said Mr. Chadwick. "One day in 1885, while I was a special agent of the land department at Washington, I was riding on horseback alone on the Verde. It was approaching nightfall, and I was pushing on to reach Joe Kingman's ranch, which is high up the river. I entered a scattered grove of pine trees, when, happening to look up, I saw what appeared to me to be thousands of turkeys. The trees were black with them, and many of the limbs were bent down. There was a flapping of wings and a clucking while the turkeys were getting adjusted.

"It was the prettiest sight I ever saw—great magnificent birds. I could have taken a stick and knocked off all I wanted to. I didn't, though, but whipped out my revolver and killed a couple of them, and rode up to old Joe's with them. Maybe those turkeys were not fine eating for the next day or two.

"In many places in Yavapai and Graham counties in those days the turkeys were so plentiful that nobody knew what to do with them. They used to go in bands of two or three hundred, and thus traverse a large region. October is the time for migrating.

"They are then leaving the Brazos and Pecos river regions in Texas and pushing forward to the more congenial climate of Arizona. They walk almost together, rarely flying except to cross a river or to get on a tree, and they move along just like an army, making from fifteen to twenty miles a day. They live on pine nuts and various kinds of grain when they can get it.

"It is in October that they move in on the Verde, and there are some old-timers there who have got the business of catching them down fine. It is a novel contrivance, and I never heard of its use any where else. They build a pine pole pen in the heart of the rendezvous of the turkeys. This pen is about four feet wide, eight feet long and three high. A small hole just large enough to admit the body of the turkey is cut in the side of the pen near the ground. Wheat is then scattered for many feet away from the pen, and trails of the wheat lead into this hole.

"The turkeys coming along get into these trails and follow them up, one by one, and enter the hole. Once in, then they look up, and immediately begin walking around, looking high, and craning their necks trying to get out. They never think of looking down. That is not their habit.

"Thus I have seen a trap full of perhaps fifteen turkeys, and not one of them knew how to get out. It is a very curious thing, but there are men in Arizona who do little else than thus capture wild turkeys and market them on the railroad and in the out-lying mining camps. They make a good living at it, too. Some make as much as \$100 or \$200 a month in this easy way.

"The wild turkey of the Verde and other parts of Arizona is about four feet long and has a sixty-inch stretch of wings. Its color is copper-bronze, with copper and green reflections. Each feather has a black margin. The heads are blue and the legs red. The males usually weigh from fifteen to eighteen pounds each, but I have known them to reach thirty and even forty pounds. The females usually weigh about nine pounds. The wild turkey of this country is the origin of all the domestic varieties of both hemispheres.

"As late as '67 I saw as many as 200 or 300 wild turkeys in a band in Crittenden county, Ky. This county is the famous game county of Kentucky, but the turkeys I saw there are not so big as I saw in Yavapai county.

A Young Woman With Gull.

The daughters of Henry W. Longfellow tell the story of a remarkable request once sent to their father. Mr. Longfellow, as is well known, was a very kind-hearted, generous man, and when he received a letter from a young woman in a distant part of the country, who said she wanted a piano, and felt sure that Mr. Longfellow would be glad to encourage youthful talent and send her one, the family were really afraid that he would respond; but he decided not to do so, on the ground that a girl who was so lacking in delicacy and self-respect could not appreciate music.

Shook Hands and Were Sworn Brothers.

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

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

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

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

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

"I do, sir."

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

Small Bits of Soap.

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

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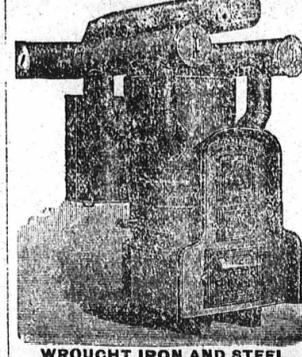
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Mention this paper

No. 129. 7 lots on Harrison St. North, \$275 each 1-2 down, balance in 1 and 2 years.

No. 130. 2 lots on Topeka Avenue, North, \$350 each, 1-2 cash. Also 5 lots on Park St. at \$275 each, 1-2 cash.

No. 654. 8 acres 3 miles north of Auburn, Shawnee Co., stone house 2 story and basement, good barn, plenty of water, young orchard. Price \$2500. Mortgage \$1200. Exchange for Topeka property.

No. 117. 2 lots on Park St., North Topeka, \$600.

No. 212. 50 feet on Kansas Avenue; 3 room house, good well, barn and out buildings, \$2000. Terms to suit.

No. 810. 39 acres 8 miles from city, good bottom land, good house and barn. \$75 per acre.

No. 173. 40 acres of bottom on Half Day creek. Frame house, good stables, at \$40 per acre. Will trade for stock.

No. 993. 70 acres on Muddy Creek. Good house, out buildings, etc. Price \$1500.

No. 907. 50 feet on Topeka Avenue, 100 feet on Morse St., 2 houses. Trade for farm.

No. 908. 25 feet in Heery's Sub-division, 4 room house. Trade for farm.

No. 702. 6 lots in Highland Park, good 8 room house, 2 wells, windmill, large barn, neat hedge around place, \$1000 incumbrance. Price \$5000. Will give also a mortgage of \$1000, thus making it clear.

No. 217. 2 lots in Maple Grove will sell or trade cheap.

No. 604. 160 acres in Barber county, 8 miles from Medicine Lodge. Price \$1600. Exchange for Topeka property. Incumbered for \$450.

No. 723. 160 acres in Pottawatomie Co., 50 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture. Stone house, good stable, 3 1-2 miles from Fostoria. Price \$2000, mortgage \$500.

No. 405. 25 feet on Jefferson St. between Klus and Saywell streets. 3 room house. Mortgage \$300. Price \$600.

No. 477. 2 lots in Oakland to exchange on farm. Price \$600. Mortgage \$350.

No. 806. 25 feet on Adams St., North, 6 room house, stable etc. Price \$1600. Mortgage \$500.

No. 805. 80 acres in Auburn township, 5 room house, stable, etc. 33 acres in cultivation on Salt Creek, plenty of water. Price \$2200.

No. 736. 40 acres, 3 miles from good town, room house, good fruit, cheap at \$800.

No. 604. 6 1-2 acres 1 1-2 miles from Topeka, \$250 per acre.

No. 607. 40 acres, 2 miles from Topeka, \$250 per acre.

No. 710. 80 acres No. 1. Kaw river bottom land, well improved, \$50 per acre.

No. 728. 80 acres bottom land, well improved, \$75 per acre. One-half cash, balance to suit purchaser.

No. 733. 3 acres, 6 miles from Topeka. Cheap at \$565 per acre, can be sold at \$60 per acre.

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