



**NEWSPAPER LAWS.**  
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FROM the frequency of royal marriages in Europe of late it would appear that representatives of monarchy are forming a crown trust.

AN unusual wedding ceremony occurred not long ago in Dublin, where a well known artist was married to his second wife by a clergyman who was his son by his first wife.

THERE has been a marked decadence in the use of the French language at Montreal during the last ten years. Formerly it was the prevalent tongue, but now the English predominates.

NONACO, to which only consuls are accredited, has a big diplomatic corps in the rest of Europe, and its diplomats display a profusion of gold lace and titles purely for the honor of serving the principality gratis.

PRETENDED rivals of Boston in refinement and culture have often appeared, but they have never made good their claims. The Hub still holds its own as a literary centre, and it is still the home of some of our most eminent literary men.

THEY are telling of a Maine man who asked two boys to carry half a cord of wood from the sidewalk up a flight of stairs to his office, and when they had finished the task handed one of the lads a cent, with instructions to "divide it" between them.

A SENSIBLE suggestion is made that the movement to restore the monument to the memory of Mary Washington, the mother of the first president, shall include the purchase of the old house in which she lived and died. It is a small house at Fredericksburg.

AN American orator, at a dinner at the Grand Hotel in London, recently made use of the following metaphor in his speech: "Let the Russian bear put his paw upon the fair land of Australia and the British lion, the American eagle and the Australian kangaroo will rise up as one man and drive him ignominiously to his lair."

ACCORDING to the New York Tribune the paupers of the Rockley Almshouse, Philadelphia, can't complain that their lives are monotonous. While they are sleeping the sleep of the pauper, large and hungry rats nibble their toes, and while they are partaking of their dinners, the resident physician and officials engage in rat-shooting contests.

"LOOKING BACKWARD" has sold to the extent of 175,000 copies. This is immense when it is considered that the ordinary novelist thinks success has been attained when his production has reached a sale of 5,000 copies. Belamy's book is still selling at the rate of 1,000 a week. It has passed by "Ben Hur" and promises to overtake "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

THERE is a plant in New Grenada known as the "ink plant," the juice of which serves without the least preparation, as ink. The writing at first appears red, but in a few hours assumes a deep black hue. Several sheets of manuscript, written with this natural ink, became soaked with sea water on their journey to Europe, but when dried the writing was found to be still perfectly clear.

MORE remnants of the famous old bridge of the Romans at Mayence have been discovered recently. In digging for the foundation of a factory laborers found a massive pillar of square cut stones, which 1,900 years ago helped to support the bridge. The pillar was without seam or crack. After digging down sixteen feet the workmen gave up trying to find the pillar's base.

As a rule, there is very little in the average marriage that involves the sacredness of a sacrament. Men and women drift together, are interested, and they marry with as small regard for its real importance as if it were an evening call. Society is largely frivolous, shallow, unthinking. These superficial people marry on sight; none of the deeper and more serious feelings are involved in the union.

THE great Bear river canal in Utah, for the construction of which \$2,000,000 has been provided, is expected to be one of the most extensive irrigation works in America. To get the river along the side hill along Bear river canyon and out onto the plain near Plymouth will necessitate moving 222,000 cubic yards of solid rock, 19,000 cubic yards of loose rock, 1,528,080 cubic yards of earth, and digging 1,200 feet of tunnel.

## LEGAL WIT AND BANTER.

### A Prompt Answer From the Witness in the Leathern Doublet.

How the Heroical Sergeant Davy Met His Match—Sir Fletcher North and His Two Manors—Sharp Sallies in Court—Giving Tit for Tat.

Jeffreys, the afterward notorious chief justice and chancellor, was once retained on a trial in the course of which he had to cross examine a sturdy countryman clad in the usual habiliments of a laborer, and, finding, the evidence telling against his client, he endeavored to disconcert the witness by exclaiming in his own bluff manner:

"You fellow in the leathern doublet, what have you been paid for swearing?"

"Truly, sir, if you have no more for lying than I have for swearing you might wear a leathern doublet as well as I."

In another case he was matched by an equally smart witness. Cross examining a gentleman who frequently used the terms lessor, lessee, assignor and assignee, he was led to exclaim:

"There, you have been with your assignor, and assignee, lessor and lessee. Do you know what a lessor or lessee is? I question if you do, with all your formal evidence."

"Yes, but I do," replied the witness, "and I will give you an instance. If you nod to me you are the nodder, and if I nod to you you are the noddie."

On one occasion Dunning met with a stinging retort. Having dealings with a gentleman whose nose was of a somewhat peculiar type, he said to him:

"Now, Mr. Coppernose, you have sworn, what do you say?"

"Why, upon my oath," replied the witness, "I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

We are not informed what influence, if any, this evidence had upon the judge. He would probably be satisfied as to the veracity of the woman in the following case, assuming that the cross examination be correctly reported:

"Was he a tall man?" he asked.

"Not very tall your Honor: much about the size of your Worship's Honor," replied the witness.

"Was he good looking?"

"Quite contrary; much like your honor but with a handsomer nose."

"Did he squint?"

"A little, your Worship; but not so much as your Honor by good deal."

Lord Kenyon, when trying a case respecting the non fulfillment of a contract on a large scale for shoes, the principal question in which was "whether the shoes were well and soundly made with the best materials," asked a witness pointing to his own shoes: "Were the shoes anything like these?"

"No, my Lord," was the reply, "they were a good deal better and more genteeler."

Curran was once engaged in an exciting argument with a judge when the latter said: "If you say another word I'll commit you."

"Then, my Lord," replied the witty counsel, "it will be the best thing you'll have committed this year."

At the trial of Horne Tooke, Sir John Scott who prosecuted as attorney general, declared that, in instituting the prosecution, he had been guided by the dictates of his conscience, and expressed the hope that after he was gone his children might feel that in leaving them an example of public probity he left them an inheritance far more precious than any acquisition of property or honor he could bequeath to them.

During this speech Sir John shed tears, and to the solicitor general, wept also.

"What on earth," said someone to Tooke, "can Mitford be crying for?"

"At the thought of the little inheritance that poor Scott is likely to leave his children," was Tooke's reply.

A story is told of a well known lawyer addressing a jury respecting a chimney being on fire, and in the course of his address exclaiming:

"Gentlemen the chimney took fire; it poured forth volumes of smoke. Volumes, did I say? Whole encyclopedias!"

Witty and humorous remarks also frequently pass among the legal fraternity outside the law courts. Lord Ellenborough was dining one day at an assize dinner, when someone offered to help him to some fowl.

"No, I thank you," said his lordship, "I mean to try beef."

"If you do, my Lord," said Jakyll, "it will be hung beef."

Sergeant Davy was accused on one occasion of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client. "I took silver," he explained, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

One night as Erskine was coming out of the House of Commons he was stopped by a member going in and asked:

"Who's up, Erskine?"

"Windham," was the reply.

"What's he on?" was the next question.

"His legs," said the witty advocate, a reply which would scarcely satisfy the desire for political information.—All the Year Round.

## FARM SAWS.

### Both the Cross-Cut and Rip-Saw Variety in Use.

I suppose they were called saws at first because possessed of considerable cutting quality. No one likes them better than country folk, and it is

curious to see how all common wisdom, in time, gets into these sharp sayings.

Every vegetable, fruit and grain is brought to contribute its pretty simile for the rustic mind. I have often heard it said of some one whose notions were either too shallow or too profound.

"The fellow doesn't know beans." Nothing, certainly, could express the contempt of a Massachusetts farmer more vigorously than to say of a man he was ignorant of the leguminous and commonest product of his field.

Any land will grow beans; and for that reason they became early a very important article of food. Baked beans was, for two centuries, the staple for Sunday dinner. Fortified with a plateful of beans with a center of pork, and with a pitcher of cider, two sermons of two hours each could be assimilated by the folks who had no other mental excitement during the week.

I suppose they really did not know beans, but some who were in their judgment so stupid that nothing else could describe them. It must be remembered that country folk make quite as much ridicule of city people as the townmen make of them in return.

"As like as two peas" is an exact way of saying that two people do not differ at all. It is, however, more often applied to pigs, poultry, calves and articles of apparel. If you will pull open a pea-pod you will not wonder that the farmer has adopted peas to express his opinion of likeness.

"He feels his oats" is vaguely understood by everybody; but only a farmer or a horse owner can quite get the force of the saw. A horse that is "sober as a deacon" on hay, when well fed with oats is a new creature and not good to drive at a funeral. Boys often feel their oats when a little wild and frisky.

"Sowing wild oats" is of obscure origin and not so easily understood. It probably was originally "sowing his oats wild," or it may mean that a too lively chap has none too moral habits. The phrase is clear enough—the meaning may not be.

"Leaky as a sieve," refers to grabblers and gossipers. But, as a matter of fact, country folk must gossip more or less, and so must city folk. I should like to write a defense of gossip. Where the daily paper is an impossibility, life would be insufferable but for a good deal of tongue. The result is that in every community a few persons get differentiated from the rest as news gatherers and scatterers. It is surprising how these people get hold of every item of your private affairs.

I fancy sometimes it is a matter of instinct—of smell, the farmer would say, because smell is the most unaccountable function we have. A cat will smell meat through two stone walls, and know just where it is. A bee will find a broken grape five minutes after it is cracked in the vineyard. An ant will climb a bean pole 10 feet in search of a pod that has been bruised. A gossip has some such instinct for juicy bits of tattle.

## Came to Grief.

The suit of the Widow Gibbs against us for the breach of promise, damages \$15,000, came up in court last Friday. This suit was instituted six months ago by the court house ring, which has sought our downfall ever since the first issue of this paper. That is, they put the widow up to sue us, and have advanced the money as it was needed.

When the widow was put on the stand she testified that on the night of February 21, 1887, we asked her to marry us. She insisted that the date was correct, and that nothing could change her mind about it. We then exhibited the records of the jail to prove that on that day and night, and on all the next day and next night, we were a prisoner, having, as some of our readers may remember, departed from the line of virtue and a gone on a bender. This exhibit knocked the widow out on the first round, and confounded her supporters, and we don't believe they will tackle us again after that fashion.

As for the widow, she was only a cat's-paw, and we have sent to her house a basket of groceries, a clothes line, a set of cups and saucers and a sack of flour to prove that we have no malice.—Arizona Kicker.

## A Serenade.

If the sun cares to rise, let him rise, and if not, let him ever lie hid; For the light from my lady-love's eyes Shines forth as the sun never did.

If the moon care to shine, let her shine, But her glory is dulled by far, Than the dream of a face that is mine— Of a face that beams bright as a star.

## Buffalo in Australia.

"Comparatively few Australians," remarks a Melbourne journal, "are aware that part of their own country—the northern territory—has vast herds of wild buffalo roaming over its plains and wallowing in its shady pools. The animals are massive and heavy, with splendid horns and afford sport of a sufficiently dangerous nature to possess charms for the most daring hunter. The first buffaloes were landed at Port Essington in 1829 by order of the imperial government, and after sixty years' uninterrupted increase their numbers are now astonishing."

## Second Nature.

No, George, you cannot chide a baked potato because it smokes any more than you can chide a locomotive for leading a fast life. They are built that way, and you will observe that the baked potato, unless ordered otherwise, will appear suitably clad in a smoking jacket.—N. Y. Com. Ad.

## Mean Old Things.

Fond Mamma—Emily, child, don't get into that crowd. You'll get squeezed.

Emily that's just like you, mother. You never want to have me enjoy myself.—Judge.

## PROGRESS OF ELECTRIC SCIENCE.

### The Wonders of Electricity but Half Disclosed as Yet.

The adoption of electricity as a motive power marked an epoch in the mechanical and industrial world. Electricity is an ever-present giant, ready to do the work of the world as soon as men learn to put the harness on him. He is now partially harnessed, and what he does is a faint prophecy of what he will accomplish as soon as men have learned to bind him more thoroughly. He is a giant of infinite strength, of infinite despatch, and unimaginable possibilities. The numberless uses to which electricity may be put is beginning to be understood. The large buckle in the harness about this tireless monster was fastened when he was made a message bearer over the telegraph wire and across the submarine cable. Another buckle was fastened when he was not only made to carry the messages of men, but to carry their tones and voices by means of the telephone. He was brought still further under the domination of man when he was made a torch-bearer at night, and the electric light flooded our cities with nearly the brilliancy of noonday. Electricity is now largely supplanting horses on our street-cars, and the time is nearly at hand when it will have entirely superceded them.

The greatest authorities on the subject say that the electric motor will soon supercede the locomotive, and that steam, like a tarry laggard, will be dismissed for the more nimble-footed messenger, electricity.

It is also predicted that electricity will soon be used to impel our ocean steamers, to run our mills and turn our factory wheels.

It has been predicted that within fifty years there will be many long rows of electric lights across the Atlantic, so that collisions in fogs and darkness will be made impossible.

It has also been predicted that farmers will sometime light their farms by night with electric lights, and thus produce two crops a year, as it is said, crops grow much faster in the light than in the darkness.

No one will accuse a man of such gigantic accomplishments as Mr. Edison of being wildly theoretical or visionary. Yet he believes that aerial navigation will, in a short time, be made practicable by means of electrical appliances. Perhaps this will be the next great invention which will startle the world.

Electricity is one of the modern forces that is transforming the industrial condition of the world. Electrical science is still in its infancy, but enough is already known of this subtle and mysterious force, for us to predict that, through its agency, an industrial and mechanical revolution, such as the world before has never seen, will soon be accomplished.

## Duel Between Two Kings.

In the last century Europe nearly beheld the edifying spectacle of a duel between two of the most powerful monarchs of the day. A quarrel arose between George III. of England and Frederick of Prussia about negotiations for a double marriage which it was proposed should take place between their houses. The angry feeling engendered was increased by a quarrel about Mecklenburg, and after a violently abusive and very unbecoming correspondence, the two monarchs came to the resolution of settling their differences by a personal meeting. King George chose Brig. Gen. Sulton as his second, and Frederick selected Col. Dersheim to accompany him. The territory of Hildesheim was fixed upon for the place of meeting, the king of England being at this time in Hanover, while the Prussian monarch was at Saltzbad, near Brunswick. The meeting was averted by the Prussian minister to the Court of St. James, who, having been dismissed thence, in a very abrupt manner, repaired to his royal master. At first he feigned to encourage him in his purpose, but he managed to persuade Frederick to delay the sending of the challenge for a fortnight by pointing out to him that his health was far from good just then, and that a collapse just before the meeting would place him in a very false position. The delay enabled the ministers on both sides to negotiate, with the result that the quarrel was made up.

## Ed Sothorn Wanted to Know.

They are telling a story about E. H. Sothorn. He was riding in a street car a few mornings ago, and upon entering found the car full, though one man took more than his share by stretching his feet out along the seat. Sothorn held on to the strap and bore this for a while, but when two ladies entered and were obliged to stand his patience gave out. Then leaning over the dif-fused man he said in a clear loud voice, "Excuse me, but I am a little nervous, and with my most honest and innocent Dun-dreary stammer: 'Excuse me, but I'm sir, for a-addressing you, b-but I'm very anxious to l-learn what nerve tonic you take.'" A grin spread over the faces of the passengers, the man got red, opened and shut his mouth two or three times and then bounced up and left the car, upon which the actor and the two ladies sat down, and Sothorn gazed pensively out of the window.—New York Sun.

## Mean Old Things.

Fond Mamma—Emily, child, don't get into that crowd. You'll get squeezed.

Emily that's just like you, mother. You never want to have me enjoy myself.—Judge.

## TALK OF THE DAY.

A speech from the throne—"Blast that mule."

In the race of life the fastest man is almost sure to fail.

It will take a good deal of courage for the social reformer to sit on the barbed wire trust.

"Does your teacher ever get mad?" "Yes, indeed. I am often the victim of his ruling passion."

The absent-minded professor to the night watchman—"Good night I hope you will sleep well."

If it wasn't for his neglected half-brother, Ink, the Pen would be mightier than a butcher's skewer.

Little Freddie (to sister's caller)—"It must be awful nice to be a man. Don't you wish you were a man, Mr. Nobrains?"

Illinois uses more shingles than any other state in the union. The Illinois school teachers seem to understand their business.

The boarding-house keeper who gives her boarders oleomargarine instead of butter provides them with the fat of the land.

Level means flat, yet the man who would feel flattered to be called level headed would object strongly to being called flat headed.

Giles—"How is it your sisters can never agree?" Bobby—"They're both the same size and are always wearing each other's clothes."

Indemnity money. "What do you get an evening for waiting at entertainments?" "Five marks, but if there is to be singing I must ask six."

A Boston club has ordered a bust of John L. Sullivan. John would, no doubt, be pleased to furnish it himself, if the requisite funds were sent him.

A Missapprehension of Terms—Mr. Oarsman (on the crew)—"Have you seen the Yale tank?" Miss Pharmington (innocently)—"No, I haven't met him."

"Is there much corn raised in Germany?" asked Squidig. "I think not," replied McWilliamen. "Why?" "It seems to me I have heard it called the fodder land."

"What? Is the widow Brown going to be led to the altar for the third time?" "No, I guess not. She ought to be able to find the way there herself by this time."

Dunn—"When can you settle this account, Mr. Short?" Short—"Oh, come around next week." "Will you pay me then?" "I can't promise that exactly; but I can tell you then when to come again."

"Why, my boy, you've spelt window without an n. Don't you know the difference between a window and a widow?" "Yes, sir. You can see through one—and—and—you can't see through the other, sir."

The Sagacious Maiden—He—"I don't see why you won't marry a man without capital if he has a good salary. Mother Eve married a gardener." She—"Yes, and the first thing he did was to lose his situation!"

Effects of a Carousal—First Umbrella—"Oh, dear! My ribs ache and I'm sore all over." Second Umbrella—"Well I should think you would be, you were pretty well soaked when you were brought home last night."

Mrs. Yeast—"Johnny, are you full over to your house?" Johnny (whose mother takes boarders)—"Yes; you see Uncle Remus sent a barrel of fall apples down day before yesterday, and now we're very much cramped."

Clothing Salesman—"Well, how do you like this pattern?" Customer—"Can't you give me something a little quieter? You see, I frequently come home after midnight, and it is a matter of some importance to me to wake up my wife."

Mr. Nagger—"I believe if I was to die you'd be willing to wed Beelzebub himself, just to see if you could force him into subjection to your will." Mrs. Nagger—"The law does not allow a woman to marry the father of her deceased husband."

Trifling Injuries—Football Player (feebly)—"Did we win?" Sympathizing Comrade—"We did, old fellow." Football Player (excitedly)—"Never mind that dislocated thigh, doctor. Take these broken teeth out of my mouth so I can holler!"

Mrs. Gullible—"Do you know, dear, John is as boyish in his feelings as ever?" Mrs. Kawler—"Indeed?" Mrs. Gullible—"Yes, Why, it was only last night I heard him talking in his sleep about seeing the elephant. The dear fellow had doubtless been to the circus."

Between the Acts—Young wife—"Yes, dear, I am worried! George seems to have acquired such a bad habit. When we attend the theater he always goes out between all the acts." Friend—"Oh, my dear, you look at it in entirely the wrong way. You ought to be thankful that he comes in between all the drinks."

Late at the observatory.—"Please tell me where I am to go. I was invited to see the transit of Venus." "I am extremely sorry, madam, but you are too late. The transit was over fifteen minutes ago." "Oh, that's no matter. The superintendent is a friend of mine and I am sure he will have it done again for me."

"No, my son, I do not think it best for you to join the football team of your class. I would like you to preserve your physical anatomy as long as possible." "But you see the boys are determined, and I am the best man our fellows can furnish to the rush line." "It makes no difference, young man. You must have something left of yourself to meet the ordinary railroad accidents of life."

## DECLINE OF DUELING.

A Remarkable Duel With a Dose of Poisoned Pills.

Settlement of a Bitter Rivalry in a Way that Must Leave One of the Principals Alive—But the Fair Woman Repelled Him.

The advantages of living in the latter half of the nineteenth century are many and various; but none is more to be prized than the fact that the face of society is now as sternly set against dueling as it looked with favor upon the barbarous custom in days which are within the memory of many living men. We can hardly realize now that fifty years ago a Major in the British army was killed in a duel which arose in a dispute about what was trumps at a game of cards; but such was the case. There is no record of a private duel having been fought in this country before the time of James I. Duels became usual in the reign of that monarch, and grew in favor during the years in which the two Charles occupied the throne. They were most common in England in the dissolute days of Charles II. It was then customary for seconds to fight as well as their principals, and, as they were always chosen for their adroitness, their combats were usually the more fatal.

Duels were prevalent in France for fully a century before they became introduced on this side of the channel. Hallam attributes their rise to the barbarous custom of wearing a sword as part of the private dress of a gentleman of fashion, which was introduced at the end of the fifteenth century.

A duel which occasioned a great sensation at the time of its occurrence was one between Henri Delagrave and Alphonse Riviere; the cause being the success of the former in winning a young lady to whom they were both attached. Riviere insulted his successful rival by slapping him on the cheek in a gaming saloon, and it was agreed that a duel should take place, in which the life of one should be ended. The details were left to their seconds to arrange; and, until they faced one another upon the field, neither of the young men knew in what form they were to brave death. On the following morning four men met in a quiet wood. They were Riviere, with Monsieur Savalle, his second, and Delagrave, who was accompanied by a doctor named Rocquet. The latter informed the rivals that Monsieur Savalle and himself had arrived at the decision that, in order to secure the certainty of a fatal result to one of their principals, it would be best to leave out of the question swords or pistols, and to trust to the more sure action of a deadly poison. As he spoke he drew from his pocket a little box, in which lay four black pellets all exactly identical in size and shape.

"In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of any one who swallows it. M. Savalle and I will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and you shall alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effects." While speaking the last word the doctor spun into the air a glittering gold piece, and, as it fell, Savalle cried, "Tails." It fell with the head upmost, and Savalle said: "The first choice yours, Mr. Delagrave." The two whose fate was contained in those innocent-looking black balls had shown no sign of trepidation while the doctor explained the awful preparations that he had made for the death of one of them; and Delagrave's face was perfectly impassive as he selected and washed down with a glass of claret one of the globules.

"And now Monsieur Riviere," said the doctor, Riviere extended his hand and took a pill, which he swallowed with as little appearance of concern as his opponent. A minute passed, two, three, and still the duelists stood motionless. "It is your choice again, Monsieur Delagrave," said the doctor; "but this time you must swallow the pill at the same instant that M. Riviere swallows the one you leave for him." Delagrave paused for a moment, looking in silence at the two balls that lay before him. The closest scrutiny showed not the slightest difference between them; one was harmless, but in the other rested the ball of eternity—the silence and peace of that sleep which knows no awakening in this world. With a start, he drew his eyes from the box, and, putting his finger and thumb into it, drew forth one of the remaining pills. Riviere took the solitary one remaining, and both men simultaneously gulped down their fate. A few seconds passed without any perceptible movement on the part of either of them, and then Riviere threw up his hands, and, without a sound, fell flat upon the grass. He turned half round, gave one convulsive shudder, and, as his rival bent over him, breathed his last. The fair cause of this awful tragedy was so horrible that it that she refused to see Delagrave again; and the memory of those few minutes weighed so heavily upon him that he followed Riviere to the grave in a few months' time.

## HOW MEN MAKE LOVE.

A Lively Actress Reveals Some Interesting Points on the Subject.

"A Frenchman is the most delicate and persistent of suitors," said Marie Halton, Franco-American opera-buffe singer, in a recent interview with the New York World. "Repel his advances and he redoubles his attentions. If you treat him coolly his bouquets gradually increase in size and beauty.

Not all at once mind you. He does nothing to create surprise and put the object of his sentimental attack on the *qui vive*. Your true Frenchman is an artist in love as in everything else. The bouquet increases in size almost imperceptibly day by day, and delicate attentions of all kinds which serve to soften the perverse heart of a woman are multiplied after the same careful and mathematical fashion. The amount of time a Frenchman will give to the besieging of a citadel is, in itself, the most delicate compliment he can pay to the object of his devotion. And it is for this reason that Frenchmen are usually successful in their love affairs. Men who at first acquaintance are positively distasteful succeed in mingling their personality after a time so thoroughly with a multitude of pleasant attentions that the first unfavorable impressions are altogether obliterated.

"The American, on the other hand, carries into his love-making the ideas which have proven successful in his business. His chief object seems to be to save time. He measures his success in love not so much by what he captures as the time he has expended in winning a victory. He is in the habit of taking everything for granted and, what is worse, plainly shows in his manner that he does so. No woman wants a man to think that she is easily won, and no mode of proceeding could be more impolitic. The American is introduced to a lady and in half an hour expects to be treated like a life-long friend. I believe that in your American game of poker what you call 'bluffing' is a very ordinary mode of procedure. As I understand it, 'bluffing' is an attempt to convince your opponent that you have a mortgage on all the cards in the pack worth having and you really have nothing. That illustrates my point perfectly. An American carries the game of bluff into his wooing. He practically says: 'I hold all the winning cards, and when I get ready I will simply lean over and collar the pot.' And he says this with a confident air highly exasperating to his opponent who, of course, in this case, happens to be a lady.

"In the matter of presents, the American is also very different from the Frenchman. He is more lavish than the Frenchman is, and often generous to extravagance. But he shows little or no discretion. A Frenchman is introduced to a lady upon whom he is desirous of making a good impression. The next day he sends her a bouquet of choice flowers and the next a box of bonbons. It may be weeks after the introduction before he will make a call, and the diamond stage is reached only after months of acquaintanceship. When an American meets a lady he desires to win he will call the following day and bring a diamond brooch or bracelet. The day following he will send a grand piano or anything else which happens to strike his fancy. Should he receive no encouragement from the lady of his choice, he does not, as in the case of the Frenchman, continue sending presents until his persistence compels recognition. He simply transfers his attentions to some other quarter.

"The difference between a Frenchman and an Englishman may be seen by the way each looks at a woman on horseback. A Frenchman looks first of all at the woman; an Englishman first of all at the horse. The American looks at both together."

## Gets There Just the Same.

The man who calls the shows all cheats, And circuses all measly lies, And base ball matches but dead beats, And dime museums full of lies; All combinations dull and dim, And slugging contests slyly tame, When passes free are given him, He always gets there just the same.

## Likes Home Customs Best.

At the Isles of Shoals they tell the tale that a lecturer went thither to lecture to the assembled guests upon the character and characteristics of the Japanese, and in the course of his remarks he dwelt upon the two facts that the self-contained people do not use expletives, profanity being unknown in their land, and that equally are they ignorant of the goody fashion of kissing. These statements had their due effect upon the audience, it being observed that the masculine portion of the hearers were the more impressed by the feminine portion by the latter. As the audience was dispersing, with all the clatter of comment, gossip and banter which belongs to such a gathering, one young woman was overheard confiding to another her sentiments in a phrase which was at once most human, expressive and picturesque.

"As for me," she said, "give me a country where they kiss and cuss!" It was felt that on the whole she might be regarded as having pretty well sized up the situation.

## Siamese Tonsorial Customs.

The children of Siam have their heads shaved with the exception of a lock on the crown. This is not allowed to be touched until they reach manhood, and the ceremony of cutting it off is one of the greatest events of the child's life. The hair-cutting of a prince belonging to the royal family costs thousands of dollars. A great feast is given, and the barber who does the work receives a valuable present. He clips the locks with golden shears and shaves the spot with a gilded razor. When the hair apparent to the throne is shaved in this way the whole nation rejoices. There is a grand festival at Bangkok, in which the royal white elephants take part, and feasting goes on for days.

## FOUR THOUSAND MUMMIES.

The Remarkable Spectacle Presented on a Peruvian Battle Field.

The bark Edwin Reed, at Philadelphia, recently discharged a cargo of nitrate of soda brought from Pisagua, Peru, which was gathered from the battle field of Tarapaca, where the bodies of 4,000 Peruvian soldiers have lain unburied for ten years. The battle was fought between the Peruvians and Chileans on November 17, 1789, and the heavy losses sustained by the Peruvians forced them to retreat, leaving their dead lying on the field. The nitrate of soda was gathered among the corpses, loaded on the backs of mules and carried down to the port of Pisagua, where it was transferred on lighters to the bark. It will be manufactured into gunpowder.

The bodies of the soldiers have turned into mummies, strange as it may seem, after lying on the desert plain all these years. In any other country they would have been reduced to skeletons in a short time between the ravages of wild beasts and the exposure to the elements. For over 199 miles on either side of the battlefield not a blade of grass can be seen, owing to the nature of the soil. The absence of grass and water accounts for the absence of wild beasts. The earth is so filled with nitrate of soda that this, in connection with the hot dry atmosphere, has preserved the bodies of the men and horses from decay.

The scene is a strange one, indeed, and when the officers and some of the passengers of the bark visited the place they were astonished. The fumes arising from the nitrate of soda have prevented the uniforms of the soldiers from becoming rotten and dropping off. On a bright moonlight night the scene is said to suggest the idea that the battle had only been fought a few days. The Peruvian government has not made any effort to bury the dead. The country is so poor since its defeat by Chili that it is as much as it can do to pay the tributes levied by Chili.

The demand for nitrate for use in the manufacture of gunpowder has become so great, though there is no immediate sign of war anywhere, that thousands of tons of the article are brought to this country annually from Peru by a syndicate of which ex-Mayor Grace, of New York, is the head. Peru pays a tax to Chili on every ton of nitrate shipped from that country.—Philadelphia Record.

## The French.

They seem to me to be people made exactly for enjoying themselves, says Buffalo Bill, writing of the French. I do not mean to say that they have no valor, or military courage, or energy; all the world knows the reverse is true in war matters, and the energy of the country is wonderfully proved by the recent exposition. On the other hand I do not think that they overwork. They appear to take their pleasure as they go along, and are content with moderate fortunes and incomes. It is a great pity that the governments of Europe cannot get on peaceably together, for if it was not for the necessity of keeping up a standing army I believe the French would be the happiest people in the world.

Their manner of life is a perfect indication of their general character, and though I cannot help admiring it, I must say that it would not do for me, and I think most Americans would come to the same conclusion. Coffee comes rolls at 9 o'clock in the morning, breakfast at noon, coffee in the middle of the afternoon and dinner in the evening does not give the rapid American time enough for his work. The French, however, find sufficient time to do what they wish to and manage to get more fun out of life than we do.

## A Very Bad Cold

When you're wheezing and sneezing And feel just like freezing; And your eyes keep a running, In a manner most stunning; Your cough gets a showing, And your nose gets a blowing; And your voice is pitched low, And sounds full of woe; Folks give intimation, And much information, For full often you're told: "Why, you've got a bad cold!"

## Still Room for More.

There is no immediate danger of the United States becoming overcrowded, for Joseph Nimmo, Jr., shows in Frank Leslie's paper that since independence was achieved the United States government has been the largest owner of arable land on the earth. The total area of the "public domain," sold and unsold, amounts to 1,849,072,587 acres and constitutes 72 per cent of the total area of the United States, including Alaska. About 700,000,000 acres have been sold and donated, and about 1,150,000,000 acres remain unsold. As the area of Alaska is 369,530,000 acres, the area unsold exclusive of that territory is about 780,000,000 acres.

## Brought Him to Time.

"You are not going to stay downtown late to-night, are you, John?" "Not very late, Maria. I have to help put a man through the third degree at lodge, I'll come straight home as soon as it is over." (Kindly, but firmly)—"If you can repeat the password, 'Six slim slick saplings,' distinctly when you come home from the lodge, John, the outside guardian will admit you, and if you can't you needn't ring any alarm at the outer door. You'll stay on the outside all night, my dear."

[John came home early.]—Chicago Tribune.

## BURMESE OIL MILLS.

Primitive and Dangerous Method of Securing Petroleum.

Dr. Noetling, of the Indian Geological Survey, to whose report on the petroleum deposits of Burmah reference has already been made, gives an interesting description of the native method of digging the wells. As soon as a native has made up his mind where he is going to have a new well, the workmen, usually four in number, begin to dig a square shaft, the sides of which measure between 4 feet and 4 feet 6 inches. Over this pit a cross-beam, supported on stanchions at either side, is placed, in the centre of which is a small wooden drum or cylinder, which, with its axis, is made of a single piece of wood, the latter running on coarse fork-shaped supports. The leather rope used in hauling up the oil passes over the drum, and on it is fastened the workman who is going to be lowered down, as well as the common earthenware pot in which the oil is drawn up. If possible the well is so placed that the men or women drawing the rope walk down an inclined plane along the slope of a hill. The tools employed in digging are quite primitive and can only be used in soft strata. Timber is used to support the walls of the shaft, and the latter is lined with wood. This wooden wall has considerable strength, but it has to be carefully watched lest it should give way.

The workmen are lowered in an ingenious way. The man sits on two slings formed of strong rope running between his legs and knotted over his left shoulder. To prevent sliding, a thin rope runs down from the knot, across the breast, underneath the right shoulder to the back, where it is fastened to the rope forming the slings. A second rope for the same purpose is fastened around the hips. On account of the explosive gas filling the shaft no light can be taken down; the workman, therefore, ties up his eyes previously to descending so as to enable him to see during the short time he is in the well, otherwise it would take him longer to accustom his eyes to the darkness than he is able to stay down on account of the gas, which renders breathing difficult. The data obtained by Dr. Noetling as to the time occupied in the ascent and descent, and the period during which the laborer can remain below, show that not 25 per cent of the total working time is really spent in extracting the oil. Two hundred and ninety seconds is the longest time any man, however strong, can remain below without becoming unconscious, while in some he can only remain sixty seconds. With increasing depths the difficulties in obtaining the oil after the Burmese methods become insuperable. Hence the limit is 310 feet and the workers' object to more than 250 feet. The drawing up of the oil is as primitive as everything else. The rope is fastened round the neck of the ball-shaped pot and, being lowered, is allowed to fill by sinking in the oil below. The oil thus raised is poured into another pot of the same shape, but much larger, and twelve of these are packed on each country cart.

## People With Horns.

Human freaks in all imaginable shapes are well known to the frequenters of the dime museums. However, not one person in 1,000, perhaps in 10,000, knows that human beings with horns like an ox or a unicorn have frequently been exhibited in the cities of England and continental Europe during the past 500 years. The first of these rare specimens of the genus homo of whom an authentic written account has been preserved, on a Piet Darnelo, was up before the town tribunal of Lisbon in 1306 on a charge of being an offspring of the devil. When born Piet had two horns grown from his head, one over his left ear about one and one-half inches in length, the other almost exactly in the centre of his forehead nearly three inches long. At first both were covered with a soft, downy fur like that on the new horns of animals of the deer species, but this soon cracked and peeled off, leaving horny excrescences which in the quaint language of the account, "did much resemble the spurs of ye male barneyard fowls." The horn near the ear was immovable from the first, being firmly attached to the skull. The larger one on the forehead seemed only in the skin, and could be pressed down until the point touched the nose without causing the owner the least apparent pain. At the age of three years the larger horn was removed. During that short time it had grown from less than three inches to nearly seven inches in length, and had given evidence of becoming permanently attached to the frontal bone.

Within the year following a soft tumor appeared over the right ear of little Piet, conforming in position almost exactly to that of the smaller permanent horn over the other ear, which had at this time attained a length of near five inches. From the tumor there sprang a horn which grew with alarming rapidity for three or four months, or until it had grown to be about the length of the one over the left ear.

## No Use for It.

Capt. Adams, a Scotch whaler, who put in several months in Davis Straits, says there was not one day's sunshine between May 15 and September 10. We don't look upon that as very strange. Why should old Sol want to be wasting his rays on those ice-fields when they were wanted down this way to grow corn and cabbage and bring forth watermelons?

## THE HEROINES OF TONKIN.

A Splendid Temple Dedicated to Two Girls Who Won Enduring Fame.

A little out of the city of Hanoi, in Tonkin, is a remarkably handsome pagoda in which live twenty women. They seldom leave their chosen home, and they subsist upon the contributions of visitors and upon some small revenues which the temple receives from the government. Some of them are young and pretty, and in intelligence and attainments they are all above the common people. They are recluses, and their mission is to perform the work of the temple and to keep a light constantly burning before the life-size statues of two young women whose patriotic heroism is thus honored, and the memory of their achievements and martyrdom for their country kept alive in the hearts of the people, though they lived nearly nineteen centuries ago. Their career greatly resembles that of Joan of Arc.

In the year 36 of the present era, Tonkin was suffering under the oppressive rule of China, who had driven her legitimate kings from the throne. Tonkin was a Chinese province, ruled by Chinese functionaries, and the people groaned under a heavy yoke. Two young sisters, of noble family, named Chin Se and Chin Eul, took advantage of the wide-spread discontent to stir up a revolt. Remarkable for their energy and bravery, and greatly admired for their bravery and splendid horsemanship, they placed themselves at the head of a volunteer army, and drove the foreigners pell-mell out of Tonkin. For a time Tonkin was her own master, the sisters were idolized, and the people received them with acclamations and gratitude.

The news traveled to Peking of the disgrace two women had inflicted upon the Chinese arms, and the Emperor Kwang Ti sent a great army under one of his most famous soldiers to teach Tonkin and her female generals a terrible lesson. When the army reached Tonkin the sisters and their warriors met the Chinese host on the frontier, and contested the ground step by step, performing prodigies of valor. The decisive battle finally took place on the outskirts of the capital. The Tonkinese at first had the best of the fight, but in the crisis of the battle some of their generals passed over to the enemy. This treason gave the victory to the Chinese. The two sisters fell from their horses pierced with spears as they were leading a last charge in the vain effort to check the Chinese advance.

The memory of their patriotism and feats of arms has been perpetuated in the costly temple. High walls surround it, and only those can enter who have a permit. Within are many carvings and paintings, done in the best style of Tonkinese art, depicting scenes in the brief but glorious career of the two sisters. A great couch is shown, which is supposed to be similar to that upon which the sisters sat when they gave audiences. Specimens of ancient weapons of warfare hang on the walls. There are life-sized paintings to represent the horses upon which the sisters rode, and one wall is entirely devoted to a painting of the two elephants which always marched at the head of the army of the heroines. The statues of the sisters stand upon bases of stone, and they are richly robed in silks. Before them burns a lamp, and the recluses of the temple are very careful to keep the flame constantly blazing.

## Women Who Fight the Tiger.

Gambling among some of our fair women says a New York letter has become such a craze that in several instances they have had to sell their jewels in order to obtain money enough to pay their debts. Poker is their favorite game, and it has played sad havoc with many a dainty, well-stocked jewel casket. Two well-known society women, one young and the other rather advanced, have been especially unfortunate. A considerable difference in their appearance at the opera and whatever places they have been wont to flash their gems in will be noticeable. Both husbands have refused point blank to settle their wives' "debts of honor." At a big hotel on the sound, which, perhaps, has a scarcely enviable reputation, every evening during the summer was spent by married women and young girls in the rather dainty card-rooms, making a business of card-playing. At first the limit was kept at a low figure, just enough to make it interesting; but as the season passed and the women became more infatuated it was gradually allowed to become larger. Some of these devotees were mothers of large families, and needed rest after their winter's social and household duties, but they gambled with a reckless nervousness that is always observable in a woman at a poker-table. They frequently played until morning, and were a nervous, dragged-out set when the hotel closed its doors and they came back to town.

## A Characteristic of Hebrew Papers.

It is an interesting fact that Hebrew papers, as a rule, are much more severe in criticising the faults of Hebrews than of Christians. This tendency is carried so far that if you believed everything you read in some Hebrew papers, you would at once conclude that the Hebrews are a bad lot. It is doubtless a mistake to be thus over-critical of one's own household, but it is far better than to be holding up the faults of some other household to public scorn. In spite of what their papers say, our Jewish friends are all right, as they will find out by reading Christian papers.

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**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.**

France has recognized the Republic of Brazil.

Congressman Reed of Maine finally readopted the speaker'ship.

The Marquis de Lorne will soon publish a love story.

Martin T. Lupper, the well-known poet and prose writer, is dead.

The Brazilian Government has finally readopted the old flag.

When the courts begin to realize that trusts are conspiracies against the public welfare, light will begin to break.

On last Saturday night the Minneapolis Tribune was destroyed by fire. Probably fifteen men were burned. The loss is placed at fully \$1,000,000.

State Treasurer Hamilton appointed H. N. Coffin to succeed R. R. Moore as assistant state treasurer. Mr. Coffin has been in the treasurer's office for twelve years, and his promotion is fully merited.

The flouring mills of Topeka ground 1,325,000 bushels of grain for the month ending June 30, 1889. It cost \$1,097,000, and they turned out equal to 275,925 barrels of product. One hundred and four men were constantly employed, the mills ran an average of 306 days of 12 hours, and were capable of turning out 1,440 barrels daily. One hundred and twenty-four sets of rollers and 15 pairs of bulrs were used. The milling capital of the city amounts to \$536,000, an increase over the aggregate amount last year of \$38,000.

Senator Kelly, of McPherson made a speech at the late silver convention in St. Louis in favor of the free coinage of silver. This was right. But he held that this would solve the labor problem. We are short of money. This would give a supply. So the advocates of greenback currency argue. This is just the argument that the powers that be delight in. It is soothing syrup to the people, and does the throne no harm. Really it is nonsense: because it does not propose a radical remedy. We have not enough money as it is, but we have more than the people can get hold of under the present system that drives or carries most of the money into the hands of those who practically control its circulation. Double the amount, whether it be in silver, in gold or in greenbacks, and permit trusts, combinations, national banking and other systems of monopoly—conspiracies against the public good, and all such proposed relief as more silver or an issue of greenbacks, would only be temporary, and in the end the result would be worse than at present. If there is a remedy it must come from a source deeper than a silver mine.

C. S. Finch, who has for a year been doing editorial work on the Journal-Tribune, in retiring, reads a severe lesson to the business men of Lawrence for not better supporting their daily papers. The advice is ill timed, although well intended and not ungraciously given. It betrays, however, an ignorance of the business and of journalism. No amount of money or patronage would enable the press of Lawrence to make a Wichita or a Topeka out of it. Nor did that day ever exist. At this day no amount of patronage would enable a Lawrence publisher of the best capacity to make more than a very local daily. At best its field is circumscribed—cut off on all sides by metropolitan dailies against which it cannot hope to compete. All attempts must inevitably fail. It is unreasonable to ask the business men of Lawrence to support three daily papers. Really, it is simply an imposition and they realize it. Now we venture a suggestion with nearly thirty years practical, uninterrupted, journalistic experience, two of them with dailies in that city, to guide in its utterance:—Lawrence is one of the best little cities in the west. It needs a small, newsy daily. It could support one well if devoted to the business interests of the city and not weighted down by party or faction. There is no party, clique or faction there able to enable a good paper to be a credit to the city. Let the people unite, with no small axes to grind, in the support of a cheap, lively, newsy, just and fair daily newspaper, and they may have a self-supporting, creditable daily that will do all for the business interests of the city that the "press" can do, more than a dozen faction-pulling presses can do. The Lawrence press has seldom lacked in ability.

**A Rival to Coffee.**

The diminishing production of coffee in Brazil has given rise to the suggestion that the cultivation of the kola nut as a substitute for coffee should be undertaken in Ceylon. As a stimulant and an article of food, possessing the essential qualities of coffee, it is said to be even richer. The kola nut is indigenous in western Africa, but has been produced in other tropical countries, and is, in fact, now growing in Ceylon. Hitherto this product has been chiefly put to medicinal uses, but its acceptability as a beverage is growing (says the Ceylon Mail), and it has a high value because of its power of enabling men to sustain great effort or to endure prolonged fasting. Nothing is said as to the price at which this article can be produced, nor as to its capacity to compete commercially with coffee, probably because the cultivation has not yet been carried on upon a large scale. The Mail is of the opinion, too, that the plant may be made much more productive than it now is, little effort having hitherto been made to raise it above the state in which it is found growing wild in the countries where it is indigenous. Since the successful introduction of tea into Ceylon a strong desire has been manifested in the island to promote the cultivation of new products.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Every new trust that is formed becomes an argument in favor of free trade.

A firm at West Point, Neb., last week, ordered an elephant to be used for advertising purposes, but when a freight bill of \$500 was presented they refused to accept the goods. While the agent was waiting for instructions, the animal got loose and started up the business street. After demolishing glass fronts and knocking in sides of buildings, it was captured and dragged to the depot.

Reliable advices from Lisbon indicate the imminence of a demonstration of a republic which will menace the overthrow of the monarchy. The republicans of Lisbon, Oporto, Villaret and Aveiro are co-operating. They have ninety seven working organizations and 17,000 enrolled members. The changes in Rio Janeiro, which in themselves are viewed with comparative indifference are anxiously watched by the government as associated with the republican agitation in the Spanish peninsula with reference to their reflex influence upon the whole of Europe.

The December Century opens with a series of unpublished letters written by the Duke of Wellington, in his very last days, to a young married lady of England. These letters present the Iron Duke in a very attractive light, amiable and unpretending; the careful guardian of the children of his friend in their childish illnesses. Besides pictures of the Duke's residences, etc., there are three portraits of Wellington; the imposing full-length picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence being used as frontispiece. The "personal interest" is very strongly continued in Joseph Jefferson's autobiography, which this month covers wide ground and goes into the most amusing details concerning "barn-storming in Mississippi." An interesting character called Pudding Stanley, Jefferson's Mexico experiences (just after the Mexican War), his reminiscences of the Wallaces, John E. Owens, Burton, etc. Mr. Charles Barnard's illustrated article on "The New Croton Aqueduct" is the first full account of that marvelous and unique engineering work. A striking feature of this paper is Mr. Barnard's expose of the frauds in the building of the aqueduct—the empty places in the masonry being shown by means of photographs. The Rev. W. E. Griffis, the well-known authority on Japan, writes of "Nature and People" in that fascinating island—more of Theodore Wores's pictures being given in this connection. Mr. Wores's "An American Artist in Japan" in a recent number will be remembered. The two celebrated French painters, Alfred Stevens and Gervex, gives pictures of their "Paris Panoramas of the Nineteenth Century," and tell how they came to construct the work, and their method of putting it on the canvas. Professor Fisher begins his striking papers in this number on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," taking up at once the subject of "Revelation and the Bible." In fiction we have Mrs. Barr's new novel, "Friend Olivia," Mr. Stockton's "The Merry Chanters," Hopkinson Smith's heroic story of "Captain Joe," founded on fact; and "The Taming of Taurus" by a new writer. Besides the Christmas and other poetry of this number, Mr. Stedman has a poem inspired by Fortuny's famous "Spanish Lady," and accompanied by an engraving of the picture. The chapters of the Lincoln Life deal with the fall of Richmond and Lincoln's visit to the abandoned capital. Mrs. van Rensselaer gives briefly her expressions of the French Exhibition; and the editorial pages come to the defense of civil service reform.

**Volunteer Writers for Magazines**

New writers for periodical literature, in spite of the protestations of the publishers of the leading monthlies, always fear that their articles will not be candidly examined; a name counts for everything; and an article even of unusual merit by an unknown person stands no chance. While this supposition may be true about the editors of second-rate periodicals, it can hardly be charged fairly against the editors of the leading monthlies. They cannot afford to be so careless; and, on the other hand, it is to be commended, that the Forum as an example. Its effort is to have only such articles as are written by authorities. Authorities on all subjects are people who have obtained some distinction, else they would not be authorities. Yet no manuscript received at The Forum office is ever returned before a careful reading, and some of the very best articles that The Forum has ever printed have been "volunteer" articles. There is hardly a month but one or two are by men who are unknown to the public; as, for instance, in the November number there are at least three writers who therein made their first appearance in periodical literature.

There is an almost unvarying law that regulates the flow of manuscript into the Forum office. When a subject of unusual popular interest has been discussed and probably exhausted for present needs, there is sure to come a great number of articles on this topic, a great majority of which are unconscious reproductions of the articles that have already been published, and by which they were suggested. People read the essays, become greatly interested in them, and sit down and write out their thoughts, which turn out to be, after all, but the thoughts they have got from the articles they read. Yet all these manuscripts are conscientiously examined and a separate autograph letter is written to every man who sends one; and an explanation is given, if it is rejected, exactly why it is rejected. The "volunteer" writer who stands the best chance is he who brings a new subject; for the continued discussion of a topic that has already been treated is likely to be much more stale than the writer is aware of.

The system of payment on acceptance has now become practically universal in first-class magazine offices. The editors of them all have "readers" who take the manuscripts as they come in, go over them carefully and report their conclusions. In cases where the "reader" unhesitatingly rejects the manuscripts, they are at once returned with explanations. In cases where he is in doubt, the editor reads for final decision, and an immediate answer is sent.

The humor of "volunteer" manuscripts is inexhaustible. For instance (although The Forum, of course, never published a line of poetry), there have been received at that office poems by an Indian Chief. There have been received from people of great self-importance letters of indignation because they have not been invited to contribute. There have been received contributions accompanied by dozens of letters of introduction of the writer, written on the supposition that the politicians call a "pull," is necessary. There have been received most solemn manuscripts, long enough to fill three issues of the magazine. There have been received stories, although no story, of course, never published. And there are received continually many very able essays on very important subjects, which cannot be accepted for the physical reason that the magazine can publish only about 125 articles a year. This class of contributions brings the same feeling of disappointment to all editors that the returned manuscript brings to unsuccessful contributors.

Beaufort county, North Carolina, was visited by a cyclone Thanksgiving day. An entire family of six persons was destroyed, and one young lady caught up by the wind and carried away. Her body has not yet been found.

**TO CONSUMPTIVES.**

The undersigned having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, [FREE] with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MILES AND MILES OF THE WORLD? THE BEST FREE EYE CURE. The following cut gives the appearance of eye reduced to scope.

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$5 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, with our experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLITT & CO., Box 986, PORTLAND, MAINE.



TOPEKA - KANSAS,  
F. A. LEWIS, City Ticket Agent.

When the Leavenworth pontoon bridge went down we had another evidence that cold water is able to knock the wind out of whiskey.

Judge Anderson has denied the applications for citizenship made by Mormons who have taken the endowment house oaths in the Mormon church. His ground for such decision is that the Mormon church has always been hostile to the laws of the United States and disloyal to the union and seeking its overthrow.

Kansas farmers are said to be stocking up with Cherokee strip cattle. The cattlemen are disposing of all they can sell in anticipation of a failure to renew their lease.

Deputy United States Marshal George Walker look Chamberlain and Cook, two of the Stevens county alleged murderers to the Paris, Tex., jail to await their trials. The rest of the men arrested were all able to furnish bail bonds and were released from custody and returned to their homes.

Another swindle is being successfully worked on the unsuspecting farmers in this and adjoining counties. A man comes to the farmer's house claiming to be in the employ of the company in which his house is insured, and sent out for the purpose of examining the lightning rods to see if they are in good condition, and if not, he represents that the farmer signs a paper purporting to be a statement that they are in bad condition, which, as usual, turns out to be a promissory note.

Our Little Ones and The Nursery enters upon a new volume with the November number. The Nursery is the veteran of Magazines for younger readers, and those who read its earlier issues in childhood are now active members of society, speaking in the warmest terms of their former favorite, and taking it for their own children. Our Little Ones is ten years old, and its million readers are still its strongest friends. The United Magazines have won a success never before achieved by any similar publication, and to-day Our Little Ones and The Nursery stands alone, not only in this country, but in the world, as a marvel of fitness for little readers. Its illustrations are always new and fresh, drawn by the best artists, and engraved for each number, under the supervision of Mr. George T. Andrew, the sponsor for so many artistic works on the counters of the book-sellers. It is very carefully edited by a well-known author. It is largely used in schools and kindergartens, and is an educator of the highest character in both family and school, not only of the mind, but also of the taste of its little readers. Published monthly by the RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO. Boston, at \$1.50 a year. A trial subscription of three months for 25 cents.

Columbia Welcomes Brazil. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS-PAPER this week has a most appropriate frontispiece admirably designed. It represents Columbia welcoming Brazil into the sisterhood of Republics. Pictures of the Cronin trial, and of several fine exhibits at the Paris Exposition, together with views of St. Joseph, Mo., and other pictures equally fine, and to the attractiveness of this week's number. Mrs. Adolph Ladenburger's lovely face looks out from another page, and fully justifies her popularity.

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**N. Y. TRIBUNE FOR 1890. NEW FEATURES. A Brilliant Year Ahead.**

During 1890, the New York Tribune will be greatly improved in quality and made more lively, fresh and readable than ever before in its history. Among the special contributions during 1890 will be: Andrew Carnegie, "Principles of Business Success." Gail Hamilton, "European Monarchs." T. W. Higginson, "Restriction of Immigration." Chauncey M. Depew, "Senator John J. Ingalls and other topics not announced." Albert Griffin, "Temperance Among Germans." W. W. F. George, "The Colored Race in America." S. T. Dodd, "The Advantages of Trusts." Ernest Horn, "College Education Good for All." Henry W. Grady, "The Small Salaries of Country Clergymen." Senator Wm M Stewart, of Nevada, "Unlimited Emigration." Fred S. Duggan, "Men of the Revolution." Kate Field, "Mormon Question." Erasmus Wilson, "Success and Failure Among Business Men." Rev. Edward Everett Hale, "The New England of To-day." Bishop Henry C Potter, "Rural Reinforcement of City Population." Geo W Cable on "Some Strange Legislation in the South." Marshall P Wilder, "Humor of England and America." S. T. Dodd, "Evils of Trusts." Henry W Grady, of the United States Constitution "Chances for Capital in the New South." C Russell, United States Geological Survey, "Highest Peaks of the United States." W M Grosvenor, "Gold and Silver as Money." L E Quigg, "What is Left of Our Public Lands." Earnest Whitney, "Household Science." Wm M Brewster, "Familiarities of American Pronunciation." Prof William Pepper, President of University of Pennsylvania, "College Education Good for All; what is best for those who cannot get it." M Y Beach, "Slayer of 430 Bears."

The Tribune will also print, in addition to its regular 8 A. M. and 5 P. M. issues, a number of entertaining stories of actual experience in the War, not less than 25 in number, each a page of the Tribune in length, by privates and officers of the Union, of a rank not higher than that of captain. Veterans are invited to contribute to this series of stories. Every tale accepted will be paid for at regular newspaper rates. Prizes of \$250, \$150 and \$75 will be paid for the best tales. Manuscripts must be enclosed to "The Tribune, New York," and inscribed "Soldiers' Department."

**PAPERS ON FARMING.**

In addition to our regular and extremely able agricultural department (two pages a week), The Tribune will print a number of long and carefully prepared articles on Particular Branches of Farming, written by practical experts. Farmers who want to make money out of their farms must read these special discussions in The Tribune. The BEST TRIBUNE EVER SEEN will be supplied to readers during the coming year.

A large number of desirable and novel premiums are added to our list, and they are offered at terms which will enable our readers to obtain them practically at wholesale rates. Send a cent stamp for our 20 page catalogue. VALUABLE PRIZES. One Hundred Special Prizes will be distributed on May 1, 1890, among the club agents who have up to that date, sent in the largest 100 clubs of local Weekly and Semi-Weekly subscribers. These prizes will include a \$700 Piano, a \$250 Cabinet Organ, a \$150 Solitaire Diamond, and a free Trip to New York, with expenses there paid, etc., etc., being worth a total of \$2,440. Prizes are fully described in our new 20 page catalogue; send a cent stamp for a copy. Sample copies of The Tribune free. Subscription Rates: Weekly, \$1 a year. Semi-Weekly, \$2. New subscribers receive the paper until January 1, 1890, free. Daily, \$10 a year. Library of Tribune Extras, 12 numbers a year, \$2. THE TRIBUNE, New York.

**WHAT I WANT IN MY WEEKLY PAPER.**

- I WANT A reliable paper that I can safely take into my family.
- I WANT A paper which represents High Ideals and Sound Principles.
- I WANT The latest Home News, The latest Foreign News, The latest Political News.
- I WANT Reliable Market Reports, Reliable quotations of Farm Products, Live Stock Markets, Financial & Commercial.
- I WANT Sensible and reasonable Editorials, On Political, Social, and Moral Questions.
- I WANT The cream of the best Editorials in New York and other daily and weekly papers. To let me know what they think of matters.
- I WANT Good, reliable Farm and Garden Articles Written by Practical Men.
- I WANT To know something of the Home Life of the American people, and of their Life, thoughts, and experiences.
- I WANT Pleasant moral stories for the Young People, That the children may look for the paper As they do for a friend.
- I WANT Stories of interest for my Elders, For we, too, like our hours of leisure.
- THIS IS WHAT I DON'T WANT: Long, padded News Articles; The padding doesn't add to the value, And I haven't time to read them.
- I DON'T WANT Pious, one-sided Editorials, Written by special pleaders, Who can see nothing good In any side but their own.

**NOW, WHAT PAPER WILL FILL THE BILL? WE ANSWER: THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS EVERY TIME. ONLY \$1 A YEAR.**

The Witness is just the paper for Farmers, Farmers' Wives, Farmers' Sons, Farmers' Daughters, Country Merchants, Country Store-keepers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Builders, Stone Masons, and all other laborers, who form the backbone of our Country and on in the World. The WITNESS offers one of the most valuable premium lists of any paper in America. Every article guaranteed and away below retail prices. Send for a free copy. Sample copies sent free to any address. Address: JOHN DOUGALL & CO., 156 Nassau St., New York. Established in 1873.

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# 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!

25 per cent. less  
than cost of manufacture.

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.

Keep an eye on the vegetables and fruits all through the Winter that any decay may be noticed and the decayed specimens removed.

During cold weather a feed of hot mashed potatoes and corn meal once a day is good. Give a variety of food and plenty of it and your fowls will keep healthy.

The sunflower seed makes good oil, makes good feed for fowls at least, and the refuse, after the oil is expressed, makes good stock feed. The sunflower will grow, too, where it is dry.

Bury tightly headed barrels of apples half their thickness in the ground and then cover with enough earth to keep out frost, is recommended as a good way to keep apples fresh through the winter.

In milking, when you first take hold of the teats don't grab them as if you were falling over a precipice and they were your only "bit," but begin gently. Some cows are very nervous, and if you begin milking too abruptly they may possibly kick.

In Winter have a good, warm place for your cows. Feed them ground corn, oats and barley, equal portions of each, being the best food to produce quality and quantity combined. Corn meal and shorts form an excellent feed. Never feed oil cake or turnips. Give plenty of sweet hay and pure water.

Scalding milk cans is objectionable. Hot water makes milk curd insoluble, hard and tough. Rinse everything, strainers, pails, cans, can covers, etc., with cold water as soon as used, and before drying wash them in water as warm as the hand will bear, using enough soap, common soda or saleratus to cut the grease. After this washing, scald in boiling-hot water, and set to dry in sun and pure air. Use tin pails for milking. Never use wooden pails.

Frosted bits are cruel instruments of torture if thrust into the horse's mouth. Various forms of bits are now made with coverings of rubber or leather, which, becoming comparative non-conductors, do not freeze to the tongue at the first touch, like iron. In the absence of these always take the frost out of the bits before they go into the horse's mouth.

The supposition that fowls must be continually receiving egg-foods, red pepper or stimulants, has led to many errors in poultry keeping. The most important requirements are warmth, dry shelter and a variety of food. If the fowls are not fed exclusively on corn, or any one kind of grain, they will need no medicine. The object will be to have them in such condition that they will always be willing to hunt and scratch for their food, which indicates health. Forcing with stimulants may be beneficial for awhile, but there will some time come a reaction.

One drawback to poultry is disease, and the breed that is hardy and seems to endure the climate well is the one that will lay the greater number of eggs and yield the larger profit. The conditions, of course, vary according to the location. A breed may be hardy in one climate and not in another. It may stand close confinement under certain conditions and be sickly in another. So many factors enter into the keeping of poultry, and are to be considered, and that no two sections are alike. Hardiness is essentially one of the important points in the selection of a breed. A delicate chicken should not be bred from at all, for poor success will eventually follow and dissatisfaction and disgust face the breed.

Arkansas City is having a genuine boom.

Hessian flies are worrying farmers near Wellington.

There are fourteen women convicts in the Kansas penitentiary, and Douglas county furnishes six of them.

Southwestern Kansas has an immense acreage of this fall. The season is very wet and that is an encouraging sign.

Charles Kelly, a young clerk at Galena, Cherokee county, suicided by shooting himself in the head. Cause unknown.

The trial of one of the damage suits resulting from the Frontenac coal mine disaster near Pittsburg, resulted at Girard in a verdict for \$2,000 for the plaintiff.

John Gillette, cashier of the Citizens' State bank at Selden, was arrested Thursday charged with obtaining loans on forged mortgages. He was about to leave the state when arrested.

C. K. Holliday, of the Topeka Democrat, was put on the witness stand and asked on oath where all the joints were he was talking about, and he said under oath that he knew of none.

Judge Parkinson says of the prospect of sorghum sugar: "I wish the farmers' outlook for profit from corn or pork raising, wheat or beef growing was as good. The industry has come to stay."

### Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia.

We are pleased to note the appearance of the nineteenth volume of the admirable Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia. It was apparent from the first that this was to be the Cyclopedia for "the people" and each succeeding volume emphasizes the great superiority of the work for popular use over its far more costly competitors. It is remarkably comprehensive. The fields of literature, science, art, and of all knowledge are thoroughly gleaned. The topics are ably treated, many illustrations are given, and a vast amount of information is condensed into small spaces. The articles are written by experts in their various lines and are carefully and skillfully edited. The results of the latest discoveries and inventions appear, many of the subjects being brought down to June, 1889, and some even later. Among the important topics treated in this volume we notice Home Rule in Ireland; Homestead Entry, and the Homestead Laws for all the States; Homeopathy, nearly 7 pages; Hop; Horology; Horse, Horse Racing, Horse Shoeing, and Horse Taming; Hospitals, 8 pages; Howard University; Hydrophobia, over 6 pages; Hypnotism, 4 pages; Hysteria; Ice; Immigration, with valuable statistics; Imports and Exports, with figures for the United States covering 100 years and brought down to June, 1889; Indians, 7 pages; Induction of Electric Currents, 8 pages. In the line of biography we find articles on Homer; Hood; Hopkins; Horace; Howard; Howells; Hugo; Humboldt; Hume and Hunt; while among the Countries and States noted are Honduras; Hungary; Iceland; Idaho; Illinois; India, 35 pages; Indiana, 8 pages; and Indian Territory, including the opening of Oklahoma. The price of this great work is almost incredibly low. The first nineteen volumes in cloth binding will be sent upon receipt of \$9.00 or half Morocco style for \$12.80, if ordered at once. A specimen volume, subject to return if not satisfactory, will be forwarded for 60 cents in cloth or 85 cents in half Morocco. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Chicago, and Atlanta.

For an elegant line of Holiday Goods go to Farnsworth's Crockery Store, 503 Kansas Avenue, south, Topeka.

Hon. Edward J. Phelps, ex-minister to England, says that over 500,000 divorces have been granted during the past twenty years.

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

The December St. Nicholas, 1889.

The Editor of St. Nicholas deserves the hearty thanks of all lovers of Thackeray. She has secured from Mrs. Ritchie an account of "The Boyhood of Thackeray," illustrated by fac-similes of drawings and letters not hitherto published, and also by the frontispiece to the magazine—a bust showing Thackeray at the age of eleven. This early portrait is contrasted by Mrs. Ritchie with the last photograph ever taken of her father. She says: "All a lifetime lies between the two portraits, all its sorrows and successes, its work and its endurance. No words of mine are needed to point out the story. As a boy, as a man, my father held to the truth as he felt it to be, to the duties and courageous things of life. He bore much trouble with a brave, cheerful heart, and he made all who belonged to him happy by his generous trust in them, and his unchanging tenderness and affection." One is tempted to quote many paragraphs, but it will be better to refer to the number of St. Nicholas containing the whole of this welcome addition to our knowledge of England's great novelist.

Miss Edwall tells a story of early Virginian history, an incident of the Indian massacre, strongly illustrated by Birch. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt extracts from the diary of his brother, experiences in "Buffalo-Hunting," which will be enjoyed by all boys who love life on the plains, and supplements them with much interesting text of his own. This being an authentic account will be found to give the right mingling of romance with reality and is not likely to send youngsters buffalo-hunting before their time.

Nora Perry begins a serial for girls, "May Bartlett's Step-mother" and Walter Camp's second Foot-ball article is offered to young men as a counter attraction.

The verse is unusually attractive. Mr. Butterworth gives us a sort of responsive carol "For Christmas Day," Mrs. Spofford gives an excellent verse "The Story of the Iceberg," and Eva L. Ogden, Ida Van der Voort and M. Helen Lovett have written graceful and amusing ballads which are strongly and fully illustrated by Birch, O. Beck, and C. T. Hill respectively.

Besides the pieces already mentioned there is a good story by Prof. Boyesen, a pleasing bit of fancy by S. Walter Norris, a fanciful story by Tudor Jenks, with illustrations by Bensell, a single illustrated by Albertine Randall, Whelan and other attractions. It is a delightful Christmas Magazine. The January number, it is announced, will also be a holiday issue.

November 9, 1889, occurred the terrible mine explosion at Frontenac, ten miles east of Girard, when forty-five miners met a tragic death. The mine was operated by the Cherokee and Pittsburg and Cherokee Coal and Mining company, one of the wealthiest corporations of the west. Since this accident the relatives, of the deceased have sued the coal company for damages. These suits are now pending in the Crawford county district court. A test was made of the case of Thomas F. Jones. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, fixing the damages at \$2,000. The coal company claims that if all of these cases go against them it will bankrupt the company. It is the most important trial ever held in the court.

### Christmas and New Years.

DON'T FAIL to send twenty cents to BOYS AND GIRLS, Springfield, Ohio, for the Grand Christmas and New Years numbers of that beautiful, illustrated home magazine. Each number contains tales of adventure, scientific and historical articles, puzzles, fun, games and other interesting matter. A year's subscription would make a splendid Christmas present for a young friend. Regular price, one dollar. New subscribers, until December 20th, only FIFTY CENTS. This will include Christmas and New Years numbers. Do not delay; send immediately.

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

For an elegant line of Holiday Goods go to Farnsworth's Crockery Store, 503 Kansas Ave., South Topeka.

The corpse of a colored man was found in a carload of wool over the Santa Fe from Las Vegas. It is supposed he got into the car to steal a ride and smothered when the door was closed.

## W. W. CURDY,

Holiday attractions begin with us Monday morning. Everything new and nice in Fancy Work materials, Fancy Goods, Beautiful Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, and Ties, Fine Kid Gloves and Mitts. Rich Silks, French Pattern Dresses, Warm Cloaks, Shawls, Furs and Underwear. Overcoats, Mufflers, Fur Caps, Elegant Rugs, Curtains and Upholstery.

EARLY PURCHASERS OF

## Christmas Gifts

THIS YEAR WILL GET THE CHOICE.

## W. W. CURDY,

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Dry Goods, Carpets, Uphol'ing, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c

The National Magazine for December will contain an interesting article by Prof. Schele de Vere of the University of Virginia, entitled "A Chat about Numerals" giving many curious historical facts. Quite a noteworthy contribution to the poetic literature of America will be "The Nativity; a Christmas Carol" by F. W. Harkins, Chancellor of the National University of Chicago, whose Shakespearean essays are continued in this number. "The University Extension System of England" will prove a timely article; being supplemented by a description of a benevolent Society for similar work lately organized in Chicago with headquarters at 147 Throop St. called "The University Extension and Home Culture Society." This scholarly magazine is the cheapest of our monthlies, being only \$1.00 per year. Sample copy 10 cts. Published the first of each month by the National University of Chicago, whose novel teaching by mail will be described in this number.

For an elegant line of Holiday Goods go to Farnsworth's Crockery Store, 503 Kansas Ave., South Topeka.

Mrs. Vanderbilt and the Southern Confederacy.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, one of the series of its society women's gallery, is portrayed in this week's Frank Leslie's, while a double page reproduces Gilbert Gaul's famous painting of "The Last Stand of the Confederacy on Virginia Soil." "An Oyster-bake" to Virginia's colored voters, and the pursuit of Babe Burrow's gang of outlaws in Alabama, are among the other striking pictures. "Uncle Sam's Farm," the first of a series of deeply interesting articles by Joseph Nimmo, Jr., regarding the irrigation of our arid Western lands, is the leading editorial contribution.

Timothy and clover sustain friendly relations. They never quarrel about their food. Clover is a deep feeder. Timothy is a shallow feeder. So they never interfere with each other except to secure standing room.

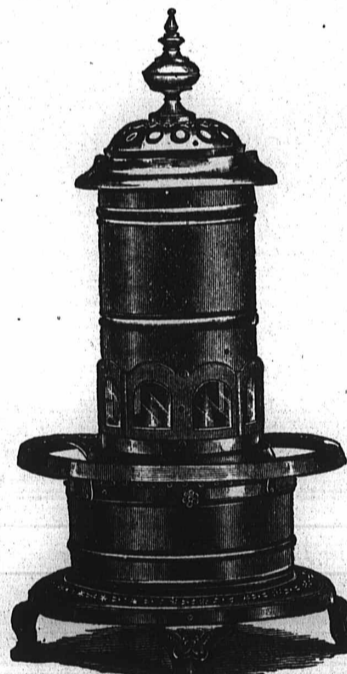
It is not the largest hog, but the one that makes the most growth in the least time and on the smallest amount of feed that is the most profitable. In other words, it is the one that most fully digests and assimilates what he eats.

Charcoal is much appreciated by the fowls. The best is formed of charred grain. Corn roasted like coffee and fed twice a week would no doubt pay for the trouble.

## Veterinary Notice!

All diseases of animals scientifically treated by the latest method. Poll-evil, Fistula and Lameness a Specialty. Give me a trial. All examinations free.

DR. DETLOR,  
507 Jackson st. Topeka,  
Correspondence and Telegrams promptly attended to.



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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Carries on a  
Strictly First Class Business  
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Buy all His Stock alive  
and has it butchered in his own  
slaughter house.  
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### BE PROVIDENT.

Be provident, waste not the gold  
That fortune showers down;  
Time carries not, you may grow old,  
And fortune yet may frown,  
For that she is a fickle jade  
To all 'tis very plain,  
And when she has your great store made  
Off takes it back again.  
Be generous, but still take heed  
Your loved ones suffer none  
That you come not to bitter need  
When you with work are done.  
Be generous but not unjust,  
See well what you're about,  
For 'tis a maxim that you must  
For "number one" look out.  
Be provident, but be not mean,  
If you great wealth command,  
Let selfishness not come between  
You and a ready hand.  
If there is danger that you may  
Your run of luck outlive,  
Reduce your luxuries straightaway,  
And then you still may give.

### A SUMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

We were not very well off. Father's situation in the bank, although a responsible one, yielded but a small salary when compared with the expensive family it had to support; so, when the question came up where we should spend the summer one of the first things to be taken into consideration was expense.

It did not make much difference to me—I was sure of a certain amount of admiration and attention wherever I went. I had always received it since my first day at school, where my pretty curls and shining eyes had captured the hearts of the "big boys," up to the last ride taken in the park.

With not only the beauty but much of the cleverness of the family, naturally great things were expected of me. I had but one sister—a poor, pale, little thing. She was younger than I and had always been delicate, but for some time had been gradually weaker, until now we wheeled her about the house in her easy-chair. It was finally decided that mamma should take the boys up into New Hampshire, and Sister Millie and I should go down to Beachpoint, a little unknown resort on the coast.

Father accompanied us, but only stopped long enough to see us comfortably settled. I was lonesome enough the first few days. There were no boarders but us, and the house was the only one on the beach, our neighbors being away back in the uplands.

I dutifully took my bath each day as one swallows a bitter tonic. I played on the old-fashioned piano in the parlor, and to kill time slept away a greater part of the long summer afternoons. It was all very dull and commonplace.

Millie was cheerful and contented. She read and worked on the pretty things she was constantly knitting out of bright wools, or sketched as much of the scenery as she could see from her chair by the window.

One evening I was out of sorts and a little cross, and had just declared I wouldn't make a toilet to go downstairs, where there was no one but the landlady's son, who usually expressed his admiration with open-mouthed wonder.

Presently our landlady bustled in full of importance.

"I just ran up a minute to tell you that the stage has come, and Mr. Brent was in it. He is here every summer and comes gunning in the winter. He gave us the sailboat on the bay, and we had his name painted on it, 'Hartley Brent.' He isn't so very young, but he is rich, and I thought perhaps you'd like to know he was here, so as to change your dress before you come down."

She hurried away, feeling she had done a good deed.

After closing the door to shut out the cool sea air I wrapped a shawl around poor, shivering Millie, saying: "Now, dear, I have been 'forwarded,' and when I am arrayed in my new grenadine I shall be 'forearmed.'"

Time dragged no longer after Hartley Brent came, and soon several other pleasure-seekers arrived, until we were a merry party. Esports were plenty, and as was the privilege of my bellehood, I chose such as pleased me best. When my choice fell on Mr. Brent, as it often did, I could see how pleased he was to do me service. He was never officious, yet always ready to quietly render any little attention needed. His manner was different from the gay gallantry of other cavaliers, with their jests and flattery, though he was always deferential, and praised my taste, my music, and my voice with a discriminating earnestness I knew to be sincere.

"It is because he is older than the others," I said to Millie, who loved to hear me talk of him.

She was always interested in anything I liked, and he had been kind to her, bringing her fruit, and flowers, and books, and taking her in his strong arms down to the parlor of an evening, and back again to her room when she was tired. "Besides," I said to myself, the warm blood circling round my heart at the thought, "their attentions mean nothing, and he is in earnest."

How quickly time flies when one is happy. Each perfect summer day has a remembrance in my heart; we boated, and fished, and gathered shells during the day, and in the evening sat on the long piazza, after I had tucked Millie in bed and kissed her good-night.

Mr. Brent and I engaged in quiet conversation, our voices subdued, that they might not reach or disturb those who sat with us, while he told me of his home; of his struggles with the world, and the success which had crowned them; his past life, and plans, and aspirations for the future.

Listening to his voice and looking out over the moonlit expanse, love

freighted a fairy boat and launched it from the sand, and I watched it sailing o'er the summer sea, careless where it drifted. I was so happy.

Each day I looked in the little square glass that hung on the wall of our room, and saw myself growing more blooming and radiant. Mr. Brent—I called him Hartly in my thoughts—said I reminded him of a crimson carnation, with my bright color and the spicy scent of my fan.

"And, Millie," he added, turning to her with a kindly smile, as though she might feel slighted, "with her golden hair and white dress, is a water lily."

It was our last day at Beachpoint. The season was nearly over and mamma was already at home with the boys and had written to me to come and bring Millie. Mamma informed me that she had described her case to a celebrated physician, and he thought she could be cured beyond a doubt.

In the morning we went with a merry bathing party over the bay to the surf. Millie waved her hand to us from her seat on the porch, where Hartly, with brotherly kindness, had brought her and crowned her with moist pond lilies, which he must have walked a long distance to gather.

After taking my bath I donned my walking-dress again, and getting tired of watching the others, in their picturesque costumes, sporting in the breakers, I wandered down the beach to a point where the hulls of two staunch vessels, with crushed timbers half sunk in the sand, eloquently told the story of storm and shipwreck.

Seating myself on a projecting beam, I gave myself up to pleasant recollections of the eventful weeks just passed. I pictured my fairy boat sailing forever over friendly seas and under cloudless skies, until, life being done, it was safely anchored in heaven. I had no fear for the future if one dear hand was to guide me, one thrilling voice I had come to know so well was to cheer me.

How good and noble he is! I thought with a swelling heart; how altogether superior to all other men I had known; how worthy the love and respect of any woman! I had never been in love before. I had seen a great deal of society, and had received several offers, but none were eligible, and when mamma said "No," I had without a pang seen father turn them away.

There was a step behind me, and my heart told me who it was.

"How did you find me?" I asked, as Mr. Brent pushed aside my dress and sat down on the same beam.

"Don't you suppose I have followed those little footprints until I know the slender tracks?" he smilingly answered, pointing to the impression in the damp sand of my high-heeled walking-boots. "Isn't this scene grand? One never tires of looking at the ocean, for it is never twice alike."

He was silent a moment, and seemed more thoughtful than usual, gathering a handful of the white sand and watching it sift slowly through his fingers, at length recovering himself, he said, "Sing something, please; you know I always like to hear you sing, in season and out of season." The sea will be bass and accompaniment."

I began the old ballad, "Three fishers went sailing away to the west."

As my voice rose loud and full, swelling over the water with the melody dying away to the sounding monotone of the waves, I looked at my companion. His face was turned seaward, and over it was a softened expression, and in his eyes a tender light I had never seen before. Though my heart ceased beating my voice was too well trained to falter, and the music wailed on:

"For men must work and women must weep,

Though the harbor bar be moaning,"

The sad chord did not touch him; joy, faith, and hope held possession of his soul. How his thoughts irradiated his somewhat stern features. It was the face of the one man in the world for me, but I did not know it could look so handsome.

When the last echo of the song was lost in a retreating billow he turned, and, taking my hand, said, in the courtly manner that never forsook him:

"Thank you. I did not know there was so much music in that song. I have heard it often before, but never like that. Your rendering of it adds a hundred fold to its meaning. And now I want to speak to you on a subject I did not intend to mention when I followed you here."

His bronzed face took a ruddier hue, and the firm fingers closed over my hand in a nervous clasp, while, unnoticed by him, I lowered my sunshade between my face and his.

"I know I ought to have waited until you were at home, and I had meant to, but something impels me to throw myself on your mercy, and find out my fate before you leave. I love your sister Millie with all my heart, as I have never loved anyone before, and I ask your permission to tell her so. I do not think she regards me wholly with indifference. I will take and cherish her as a precious flower. As my wife, time and wealth shall not be spared, and I am confident that somewhere may be found a cure for her infirmity. Will you intercede in my behalf, if she hesitates to commit herself to my care? Plead for me with the assurance that it is love, not pity, I feel. Knowing your great influence over her, I want to beg you, for the sake of our pleasant friendship, to use it in my favor."

A cloud was gathering on the deep, the waves looked dark and angry, and fancy saw my love-boat reel from side to side and then go down swallowed up in mid-ocean.

At the call of the company we joined them, and I went home, as I shall go through life in daily sight of their happiness, with never a line on my face to tell of my loss.—New York Weekly.

### A YOUNG HERO.

Bravery and Patriotism Was His Expiring Inspiration.

How a Young Soldier, Almost With His Last Breath, Fulfilled His Vow—There is a New-Forgotten Inspiration in Such a Death.

Col. Henry Jordan retains clearly many recollections of his army experience, and no one is more entertaining in telling them, says the Indianapolis Journal. It is the out-of-the-way incident that gives his stories a zest; the incident that would be forgotten and crowded out of the record by those of greater historical importance. "Soon after Wilder's Brigade," said the Colonel to a reporter recently, "had been armed with that implement of destruction the Spencer repeating rifle, the confederate women whom we chanced to meet along the line of our expeditions told us that John Morgan had determined to arm his forces with repeating rifles captured from Wilder's brigade. This taunt had its desired effect. It enraged our men, and consequently delighted our fair tormentors. But it had another effect, unforeseen by Gen. Morgan and his female allies. It made our men solemnly resolve never, under any circumstances, to surrender a gun to the confederate forces.

"But there was a danger against which provision had to be made. Often our line, moving toward our point of destination, would be ten miles long, sometimes even longer. Such a line could not be maintained unless the men were widely separated, and wide separation made easy communication and rapid concentrations impossible. Capture of single men or small detachments was not only possible, but probable, and it was against this danger that provision had to be made. How to save our guns in the event of capture, and thus defeat Morgan's design, was the problem that confronted officers and men alike.

The latter, grouped around their camp-fires at night, discussed the matter with great earnestness, but their deliberations were without result. Finally it was suggested by one man that, as their guns would have to be given up in the event of capture, all that could be done would be to destroy their effectiveness, in some way or other, before surrendering them. Investigation disclosed the fact that by removing a single screw the whole loading apparatus could be removed in a single piece, and this piece thrown away, there would remain nothing but the stock and barrel of the gun to be surrendered. This discovery made, the men gave, each to the others, a solemn vow that, in the event of capture, the effectiveness of their rifles should be thus destroyed.

"Wilder led the advance of the army of the Cumberland, and sweeping through Hoover's Gap with his horsemen, carrying everything before him, stood at bay at the further end. He held it against overwhelming numbers until the infantry, which he had left far in the rear, came to his support. Standing in the ranks of the 17th Indiana that day was a young soldier, beloved by all his comrades for his intelligence, manliness and splendid courage. A mere child, with a womanly expression upon his face, one could only regret that the war should have dragged him away from his home to be sacrificed on the field of battle. Unmindful of everything but duty, he stood there, that day, bravely fighting against the overwhelming forces that were hurled against us. Suddenly he was seen to fall, and lie motionless upon the field. After awhile, in a lull in the battle, he raised himself upon his elbow, took out his little screw-driver, removed the screw and threw the piece away. Not content with that, which his fast-falling strength he emptied his cartridge-box and scattered his metallic cartridges among the leaves. Then, looking up at the comrades who had gathered around him, he said: 'Boys, they have killed me, but you can whip them yet. Don't give up the fight.' And then, as he sank back to the earth, we saw that the spirit of that brave boy had ascended to the God of battles.

"Thus died Christopher C. McReynolds. There is inspiration in such a life; there is inspiration in such a death; and, in the dark days that followed this event, when one disaster to our arms was quickly followed by another; when discontent and avowed opposition to the war was to be seen in many of the states of the north, and when foreign intervention, which meant the success of the rebel cause, seemed almost inevitable, and when, discouraged by these things, I was almost prepared to sit down and give up all as lost, it seemed to me that I heard that little blue-eyed boy still whispering, 'Col. Jordan, don't give up the fight. The highest reward I ask for the poor service I rendered my country is that it shall be remembered that I did not give up the fight until the flag for which that young hero died waved in triumph above his lonely grave on the mountainside in Tennessee.'

### AN EAVESDROPPER'S FATE.

Young Mr. Silt had been three months away from his sweetheart, and he thought what a joke it would be to hide behind the parlor door and jump out and kiss her by way of surprise. He succeeded in getting into Emily Ryder's house unobserved, and posted himself behind the door just as he had planned.

As he stood there in gleeful expectancy he heard his sweetheart's voice exclaiming:

"O Robin, I've almost cried my eyes out for you!"

Then the listener heard a horrible

sound like a kiss, and an endless dialogue followed, in which a man's gruff voice was intermingled.

Tom Silt was in a perspiration of agony, and he felt strongly in favor of rushing upon his sweetheart and the villain she was making love to. On second thought he stole outdoors and posted himself where he could see his rival in exit.

In a few minutes the door opened and a young man came out.

A curiosity impelled Timothy to follow the young man and see where he lived. The stranger looked back once or twice suspiciously, and then Timothy would get interested in something across the street till the former faced front again. And so they kept on till the forward man entered a door over which the words "sample-room" shone in gilt letters.

Timothy followed the file leader, whom he found seated at a small table in the act of calling for a "gin fizz."

Timothy sat down at another table and compromised with his conscience—he was a Good Templar—by ordering lemonade "straight."

At length Timothy's and the stranger's eyes met. Neither would look aside and the result was a prolonged mutual stare.

The man got up and swaggered across to Timothy.

"What'd yer want along o' me?" he demanded fiercely.

"Maybe that's it," he added, giving no time to answer and dashing the remainder of his "fizz" in Timothy's face. "Anyhow you'll find it an improvement on the slop you're swilling there."

Here was the opening Timothy had longed for! He took no small pride in his muscle and his "science." In an instant he was up and on guard, and before his adversary knew what was coming a stinging left-hander had closed his right eye.

The combatants, it soon appeared, were very equally matched. Blows fell thick and fast. Right and left they struck out, neither taking time to parry. Damage to the enemy, not self preservation, became for the time the primal law. Nobody interfered, and when the conflict ended it was from sheer exhaustion—victory perching on neither banner.

Timothy had himself put into a cab and driven to his lodgings, whither a doctor was summoned, for repairs.

Next morning as he lay, feeling as battered and bruised in spirit as in body, a gentle tap came to the door.

"Come in!" growled Timothy, thinking it was the landlady.

"Why, Timothy!" cried a sweet voice, full of sympathy, "whatever's the matter? I heard this morning you were ill and had had the doctor, but didn't know you'd been in a railroad smashup or been blown up on a steamboat, as I see you have. They didn't want to let me see you, but I said I would—it was my place to nurse you. How did it happen, Tim, dear?"

"Emily Ryder," said Tim, sternly, raising a corner of the beefsteak, and giving her a very black look indeed, "don't be a hypocrite! I know all!"

And when he had told her all he knew—the story of his fight included—Emily burst into a hearty laugh.

"I'm quite prepared for such heartlessness," said Timothy, bitterly.

"O Tim, Tim!" cried Emily, recovering her breath. "I'm not heartless—I'm truly and sincerely sorry; but how could you be such a dunce? Wait till I introduce Robin. I left him out in the carriage."

And, running out, she was back in a minute carrying in her arms a mite of a Scotch terrier, that looked like nothing but a pair of glittering eyes peering from a wisp of Scotch heather.

"Here's Robin," she said, depositing him on Timothy's pillow, whence he made a vigorous dive at the beefsteak, but his mistress caught his collar.

"He's a present I got while you were away," said Emily, "and the nicest little creature in the world. He was stolen the other day, and I offered a reward for his return—no questions to be asked. Yesterday a queer-looking man brought him home—the same, no doubt that stole him. Of course I was very glad to see Robin, and called him 'darling,' and kissed him, and made a great do over him. But you getting into a jealous quarrel and fighting with a dog thief—it's too funny for anything!"

For Timothy's sake we drop the curtain.—Milwaukee Journal.

### Save Me from My Friends.

An insurance company once declined to write a large policy on the life of a prominent St. Louis lawyer, on the ground that he had too many enemies, and it thereby made an enemy of the lawyer. But the company had reason to congratulate itself upon its action the other day, when the aforesaid lawyer was shot and killed by one of his numerous adversaries. The man with too many enemies may inspire doubt and hesitation in an insurance office, but they take far greater risks in insuring the man with too many friends. He is the chap who is in the greatest danger. A man can avoid his enemies or guard against them, but he is often powerless against his friends. Thousands of men are ruined or sent to an early grave every year because they had too many friends.—Texas Sittings.

### No Joke in It.

The man who seeks to joke about hotel hash doesn't know what he is fooling with. The cost is not only greater than any other plain dish, but it is recommended to beat almost any other one on the score of health. Give hash a chance to come to the front.

### WINGED MISSILES.

A scheme is on foot to construct a railroad up the Jungfrau.

Louisiana is becoming a very important sugar and lumber state.

The Union Pacific is building a new road Southward through Utah.

The average life of an ocean cable, as at present constructed, is twelve years.

More business men and fewer lawyers and mere talkers are wanted in Congress.

Only policemen and stars are allowed to shoot on the streets of a well-regulated city.

The Canadian government has subsidized a steamship line between Vancouver and China.

A tailor requires many yards to cover a man, but a burglar will cover him with a small revolver.

Over 1,000 cars of Ohio grapes have been shipped this year to points west of the Rocky Mountains.

There is a good deal of sense in the old sea proverb: "He that embarks with the devil must sail with him."

The Pacific Coast is becoming a great manufacturing section. Thousands of Japanese are arriving there.

Ex-Congressman Stephen F. Wilson, of Wellsboro, Pa., has built for himself a granite tomb in shape of a log cabin.

It is said that Nontafu does not blame Germany for not recognizing him, for he hardly knows himself with trousers on.

Wine is one of the staple products of France. Over 7 millions of the people there are engaged in cultivating the vine.

English syndicates have invaded the Austrian empire, and are buying up breweries in Bohemia, and printing offices in Vienna.

There is talk of negro colonization on a large scale in Mexico. White labor is gradually crowding black labor out in the South.

There is considerable "hollering" going on in this country all the time. About 300,000 telephones are in use in the United States.

Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, although over ninety years old, can still make a glowing address when he gets warmed up.

Jay Gould is being done" by a portrait artist in New York. The wits are remarking that it is the first time that one has been able to "do him up."

The tallest smoke stack in America is at Fall River, Mass. It is 340 feet high. The tallest chimney in the world is at Paisley, Scotland; it is 500 feet high.

One of the results of the French exhibition has been to make the London hansom cab very popular in Paris where it has hitherto been in no special favor.

The French Government is having rifles turned out for the army at the rate of 1,000 per day. The rifle sends a small bullet through 15 inches of solid oak at 230 yards.

A South Bethlehem (Pa.) ivoryman has learned a bit of wisdom expensively. The woman for whom he left his family and business left him in turn, and with \$300 of his cash.

A number of English subscribers have resolved to build a monument at Fort Ticonderoga to the memory of Lord Howe, whose forgotten grave was discovered there some weeks ago.

The brain of the country are going into business instead of law, and that profession is going down hill. Technical schools are attracting thousands of young men of the best families.

The Russian emperor, as he grows older, becomes in appearance more and more like a typical Cossack; colossal in figure, entirely bald head, and enormously mustached and bearded.

There is a little hill in Queensland, only a few hundred feet high, which is attracting well-deserved notice, because it has made Queensland the greatest gold-producing colony in Australia.

At Plant City, Fla., there has been found what seems to be a half orange with a smooth skin and a half lemon with a rough skin, the latter being a little larger, growing together as one fruit.

Dr. J. Milton Bowers, of San Francisco, who three years ago was sentenced to death for poisoning his wife has brought suit against three insurance companies for \$11,000 insurance on her life.

The railroad companies are doing quite well; earnings are better than a year ago; freight is plentier than cars and locomotives, and the car-builders are in many places working at night to catch up.

There have been two springs discovered in Branwell, W. Va., which are only about fifteen feet apart, and the water of one is colder than ice, if possible, while the other almost reaches a boiling temperature.

American wild turkeys have been successfully acclimated in Austria on that portion of the estate of Count Breuner which is known as the Danubian meadows, and great flocks of them are to be seen in his forests.

A ramie company with a capital of \$1,000,000 has been organized at Philadelphia to encourage the cultivation of ramie and to build machines for the decortication of the fibre on the plantations, and to establish mills to bleach and spin the product.

The king of Siam is a magnificent object in state attire. He glisters from head to foot with jewels worth more than \$1,000,000. It is commonly reported in Bangkok that he has 300 wives and eighty-seven children, though the exact figures have never been given to his subjects.

A minister of the gospel, a son of a prominent minister of Lexington, Ky., is attempting the extraordinary task of committing the entire New Testament to memory. He has been working on it for years, and as he has a wonderfully retentive brain, the work is in a fair way to early completion.

A Parisian architect, proud of his magnetic powers, sent the *bonne amie* of one of his friends to sleep the other day, and could not rouse her. Two hours' hard work by a chemist were necessary to bring her to consciousness, and then the amateur mesmerizer and his friends found themselves in custody.

## THE FARM AND HOME.

The Farmer who Reads and Thinks will Here be Interested.

Beans Need Light, Sandy Soil — Artificial Egg-Hatching Requires Great Care—How to Cure Hog Cholera—Household Hints and Suggestions—Useful Recipes.

### Bean Culture

The Rural World says in regard to this legume, which is being raised quite extensively, that it is a crop that need not depend on the general market for sale and profit, for it is one that can be disposed of readily and profitably on the farm. No class of animals on the farm, from the farmer himself and his family, down to the poultry but will be benefited by a diet of beans. Having, as they do, a large proportion of albuminoids or muscle making elements in their composition, they form an excellent substitute for meat. Pursuing the subject, the Rural World says:

"But few farms are without some land that is well adapted to this crop. The soil best suited to it is a light, sandy, well drained soil, not over rich, at least in vegetable matter. Beans will do fairly well on land too poor for many crops, and for this reason many have thought that only poor land should be used; but for paying crops and for this reason many have thought that only poor land should be used; but that only poor land should be used; but for paying crops they demand fertile land, though the fertility must be adapted to their needs. Manures containing a large per cent. of nitrogen and a good proportion of phosphoric acid, are best.

### Why He Failed.

Not every one knows how to keep a hotel—or run an incubator. A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer who has tried to do the latter thus describes his experience:

Allow me to make an admission. I have exchanged a goodly pile of hard-earned shiney dollars for a stifled and varnished incubator, filled its secret chambers with expensive eggs, got up steam, regulated the regulator, coiled the thermostat, vigilantly regarded the rise and fall of the mercury, and patiently endured the scoffs and gibes of unsympathetic neighbors, for a period of twenty-one long days and nights. I say I have done all of the above several things; and then, while darkness o'erspread the land and unfeeling men slept, I have done as follows: Raked those expensive eggs out of the dark recesses of that infernal machine, let them fall, with a dull, squashy thud into a bucket, stealthily dug a great hole in the earth, and, with many low but deep imprecations, poured them into it and piled the soil upon, and jumped on it.

The failure was probably due to one of two causes—a defective incubator, of which there are many on the market, or to a lack of the patience, watchfulness, and "horse sense" requisite for so delicate an operation as hatching eggs. We have seen many thousands of thrifty chickens and ducklings hatched in incubators; but the result was secured only by unremitting care and attention from start to finish, and the exercise of an intelligence due to keen observation and much experimenting. Artificial incubation is a business which must be learned. The mother-hen makes a business of hatching, and so must man, if he would succeed in it. For ordinary farm chicken-raising, the hen is still the best incubator.—Examiner.

### To Cure Hog Cholera.

An old gentleman dropped into the office of the Washington Star in search of a reporter to whom he wanted to impart some valuable information on the above subject. He said: "I read in a Chicago paper some time ago, where a farmer out west lost his corn by fire and that a number of his hogs got into the debris and ate the burned corn they found there. It so happened that nearly every pig he had was suffering from the cholera. Many had died and he found little hopes of saving the others, though he had resorted to all kinds of treatment known, but every hog that ate that corn got well.

"I did not take much stock in that story, but recently visiting Mr. James Nute, of Montgomery county, Md., I found he was losing many of his hogs by cholera. I suggested and he tried the burned corn on one he had given up as gone, and it got well in a short time, as did others under the same treatment. This is a simple remedy, at the command of any one, and I vouch for its success in the cases I have tried. My name is Wm. Hill, and I live on N street southwest, near the Washington Barracks. Many of your farmer readers, both in the city and out in the country, will be glad to know of this, and as the Star takes great interest in giving its readers valuable information I should like to see it in print."

### How to Tell Good Oats.

Good oats are clean, hard, dry, sweet, heavy, plump, full of flour, and rattle like shot. They have a clean and almost metallic luster. Each oat in a well-grown sample is nearly of the same size. There are but few small or imperfect grains. The hard pressure of the nail on an oat should leave little or no mark. The kernel when pressed between the teeth should clip rather than tear. The skin should be thin. The size of the kernel will be less in proportion than the skin is thick. The color of the oats is not very material, but white oats are generally thinner in the skin than

black. Again, black oats will grow on inferior soils. Short, plump oats are preferable to large, long grains. Bearded oats must have an excess of husk. Oats are not necessarily bad because they are thin-skinned or bearded; but they must contain a less amount of flour per bushel than thin-skinned oats without beards.

### Care of the Hands.

The hands may be kept clean and soft by washing them in lukewarm water containing a little ammonia or borax. A little oatmeal mixed with water will whiten them.

When the hands are chapped and sore, mutton suet is the most healing of all remedies. Apply as often as convenient, after washing and wiping the hands thoroughly, and the soreness will soon disappear. Glycerine is good for some persons who have chapped hands and not for others, for it is irritating to the skin in some cases. Sunburnt hands may be treated with lime water or lemon juice. Gloves save the hands from much wear and tear and staining, and, if the fingers are cut off, do not hinder work. A housekeeper gives the following recipe for a preparation to be used upon the hands before retiring: One gill of honey, one gill of sweet oil, one ounce of yellow wax. Boil together and stir till cool.

### Farmers' Meetings.

When the farmers of any community are able to hold frequent meetings for discussing subjects relating to farm crops, for several years in succession, that community will step in advance of one where no meetings are held. Those who have had opportunities to observe such communities are able to see a difference in the management of the farms, as well as in the conversation of the farmers themselves. It is impossible for farmers to frequently meet together and discuss farming operations, without being improved socially as well as intellectually. They learn to fit into society, and are made to see more clearly the position they occupy. The man who keeps on his own farm and avoids society, contracts his ideas and sees but little beyond his own farm. Having but limited opportunities to compare ideas, or crops, with others, he is very likely to either over-estimate or underrate himself and his crops.

### Hints to Housekeepers.

To take iron rust out of white goods. Pour a teacupful of boiling water; stretch the goods tightly across the top of it; then pour on a little of the solution of oxalic acid dissolved in water, and rub it with the edge of a teaspoon or anything. If it does not come out at once, dip it down into the hot water and rub it again.

Shrunken, half-worn bed-blankets or comfort, past using on a bed, make good pads to put under a stair carpet. They will answer the purpose just as well as the boughten pads, and be a great saving in the wear of the stair carpet.

Painting the kitchen walls enables one to wash them off, and in general tends to a neat appearance. The paint should be good oil paint, applied as for out-door work, first sizing the surface to be coated with a solution of one-half pound of glue to a gallon of water. Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable.

Apples will not freeze if covered with linen cloth, nor a pie or custard burn if in the oven with a dish of water.

Never wash cups, plates, spoons and knives used in the sickroom with those of the family. Scarlet fever and other infectious diseases have been spread in this way. Do not eat in the sick person's room, or partake of anything that has stood there.

A remedy for burns is a paste of baking soda and water. Take a wet cloth, cover with the paste and bind over the burn. Should the paste become dry, wet it from the outside.

Never put potatoes on the table in a covered dish. They will reabsorb their own moisture and become soggy.

White merino underclothing, when past wearing, makes excellent wash-rags and cleaning-cloths, and nothing makes better holders for either ironing or use about the stove than cast-off woolen hosiery covered with thick drilling. It is a good way to make the covers for iron-boards of white drilling in the form of a bag, then they can be slipped off and washed when soiled.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One and one-half pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, three-fourths pound butter, five eggs, ginger, and a little saleratus; spread on thin sheets and roll thin.

JUMBLES.—Six cups of flour, three of sugar, one-half of butter, four eggs, teaspoon saleratus dissolved in a cup of milk; drop on tins with a spoon, sprinkle with sugar and bake quickly.

NEWPORT TEA CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of melted butter, 1 1/2 of milk, two spoons of cream of tartar, one of soda and flour to make a stiff batter; mix the soda and cream of tartar with the flour; bake twenty minutes.

POTATO CAKES.—Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter into two pounds of mashed potatoes; add two pounds of flour, a little salt, and milk enough to make a stiff batter; add half a cupful of yeast; set the mixture to rise, and when light bake in cakes the size of muffins. Serve hot and buttered.

### Anything Else in Her Line?

Algernon—Dearest Emily, I can not conceal my feelings any longer. I must tell you how dearly I love you. May I hope for your love in return? Emily—Certainly. Will that be all to-day?—San Francisco Evening Post.

## IT IS A DEADLY DRUG.

A Valuable But also an Exceedingly Dangerous Surgical Ally.

Results of the Use of Cocaine—Cases Where Death Has Resulted from Its Administration—Most Dangerous in Cases of Aged and Highly Nervous People.

Cocaine, as is now well-known, is a valuable but an exceedingly dangerous drug; and M. Defournier a French physician of note, has lately published the remarkable result of his investigations into its use. Cases where accidents have occurred are very numerous, and there is hardly a surgeon using cocaine who has not had occasion to witness them. As early as in 1887 Dr. Mattison published the account of forty such instances, and the role of victims who have lost their life from a dose of cocaine has now reached as high as nine. In a large number of cases it has given rise to a species of poisoning, from which the patient usually recovers. Among the phenomena characterizing this form of poisoning one is worthy of special mention. The patient was taken with facial paralysis, from which he did not recover for six months. Other symptoms are hallucinations, great excitement, and cerebral agitation; and, finally in one case he saw the entire body covered by a scarlatiniform rash.

Wishing to remove a large wart situated at the base of the thumb of a young girl of 20, the physician injected under the skin, close to the wart, one cubic centimeter of a one-in-ten solution of cocaine. The patient felt no pain, but as the little wound was being sewed together she suddenly lost her color and fainted; her pulse became weak and slow, and her hands and feet softened. Water was dashed in her face, and she recovered consciousness, but she did not regain at once her sense of feeling, as she kept asking where her hands were. By this time the stiffening had extended to the whole of her person; but these alarming symptoms quieted down little by little, and in half an hour's time they all came to a happy end. This case represents the mildest form of cocaine poisoning. Between this form and the cases in which death ensued come in a series of severer forms, in which the alarming symptoms last from three hours to five or six days.

Dr. Baratoux mentions the case of a druggist, who, under the impression that he was attacked by diphtheria, sprayed his throat with a solution of cocaine; for seven or eight hours he passed from one syncope to another, until he finally succumbed.

A doctor reports another case—a woman of 71. She received a hypodermic injection of four centigrams of cocaine in her lower eyelid before undergoing a trivial operation in that region. At the close of the operation she fainted, and her face became purple as in asphyxia. In spite of the fact that artificial respiration was performed, and that hypodermic injections of ether and caffeine were made, and though the latter seemed for a moment to revive her, this unfortunate woman died five hours afterward.

If we endeavor to ascertain to what cause to ascribe these different symptoms and these cases of death, we note that the most frequent is the use of too large a dose of cocaine. The highest dose that can be used without risk is, according to some, three centigrams; according to others, twenty centigrams. Between these two quantities, that are so wide apart, there is a moderate dose that we can set as being from five to seven centigrams; with this dose it may possibly happen that in some cases total anesthesia will not be reached, but in the larger number of cases no alarming symptoms will be observed. Still, it is prudent to refuse to give cocaine to aged persons, to highly nervous people, or to such as are run down from any cause.

### The Buckboard-Driver's Mistake.

A Bar Harbor buckboard-driver is sore on account of a mistake he made last summer, says the Lewiston Journal. He had taken a passenger, a young woman, from near the clubhouse to "Chatwold" and had told her that the price of the trip would be \$1.50. On the way he tried to make out whether she was a tourist or a servant, as, according to an exchange, "his big heart would not allow him to charge a working girl such a price for so short a ride." On reaching their destination the newcomer was met at the door by one of the maids, and he decided she was a servant, and so gave back the half-dollar when she paid him. Later he learned that the young woman was Miss Mary Garrett, a twenty-millionaire, and he is now inconsolable. "She took the 50 cents as willingly as if she had been taking in washing to earn the money," is his plaint.

### Cotton Stubble Fiber.

It is said to have been demonstrated that the cotton stalk, which has hitherto been regarded as waste, contains valuable fiber. A lot of the stalks was recently sent from Arkansas to a factory in New York to be operated on in the same manner as flax and hemp. There were returned about twenty different grades of fibrous material, from coarse strands of the stalk to the glossy fiber as soft as silk. Persons are now engaged in perfecting a machine that will spin the material. The fiber is sufficiently strong to make the best of bagging as well as cloth as fine as linen.

### Wherein States Excel.

Alabama ranks fourth in cotton. Arizona ranks second in silver. California ranks first in barley, grape culture, sheep, gold and quicksilver. Colorado ranks first in silver. Connecticut ranks first in clocks. Delaware is way up in peaches. Dakota is the finest wheat growing state. Florida ranks third in sugar and molasses. Georgia ranks second in rice and sweet potatoes. Indiana ranks second in wheat. Illinois ranks first in oats, meat packing, lumber traffic, malt and distilled liquors and miles of railway. Iowa ranks first in average intelligence of population, first in production of corn and first in number of swine. Idaho ranks sixth in gold and silver. Kansas ranks fifth in cattle, corn and rye. Kentucky ranks first in tobacco, and has a world wide reputation for thoroughbred horses and cattle. Louisiana ranks first in sugar and molasses. Maine ranks first in ship building, slate and granite quarries, lumbering and fishing. Maryland ranks fourth in coal. Massachusetts ranks first in cotton, woolen and worsted goods and in cod and mackerel fisheries. Michigan ranks first in copper, lumber and salt. Minnesota ranks fourth in wheat and barley. Mississippi ranks second in cotton. Missouri ranks first in mules. Montana ranks fifth in silver and gold. New Mexico's grazing facilities can't be beat.

Nebraska has abundant crops of rye, buckwheat, barley, flax and hemp. Nevada ranks second in gold. New Hampshire ranks third in the manufacture of cotton goods. New Jersey ranks fifth in the fertilizing marl, zinc and silk goods. New York ranks first in value of manufacture, soap, printing and publishing, hops, hay, potatoes, buckwheat and milk cows. North Carolina ranks first in turpentine. Ohio ranks first in agricultural implements and wool. Oregon takes the palm in cattle raising. Pennsylvania ranks first in rye, iron and steel, petroleum and coal. Rhode Island, in proportion to its size, outranks all other states in value of manufactures. South Carolina ranks first in phosphates. Tennessee ranks second in peanuts. Texas ranks first in cattle and cotton. Utah ranks third in silver. Vermont ranks fourth in copper. Virginia ranks first in peanuts. West Virginia ranks fifth in salt and coal. Wisconsin ranks second in hops.

### Funeral Feasts.

A funeral in the rural districts of Lehigh county, this state, says the Philadelphia Record, means a feast. It is a practice antedating the present century, and to-day it is as much in vogue as 100 years ago. It is not an uncommon thing to see from 100 to 300 people at a funeral. Farmers frequently leave the harvest field to homage to the departed. People go in vehicles of every description, on foot, and others take the steam cars. It is an almost unnatural custom, but a house of mourning is often turned into a house of feasting. With the coming of death comes a season of preparation of the edibles to feed the relatives and friends. The latter include everyone in the vicinity. The family bereft of one of its members must of necessity begin to prepare bread, pies, rolls, etc., entailing a great deal of labor and time, which in cities and towns, is devoted to private contemplation. Sometimes a neighbor's wife will lend a helping hand, but nearly always the members of the bereaved family must do the work themselves.

### The Eagle was Worsted.

A story of a strange combat comes from Fishkill, N. Y. A gray eagle which had its nest in the Fishkill mountains, has been seen to alight several times in the asylum grounds, presumably in search of prey. A great flock of crows had chosen that locality as a feeding ground and resting place, and they evidently looked upon the advent of the eagle as an intrusion. The crows apparently decided to give the majestic bird to understand that it was poaching. At any rate it is a fact that a dozen or more of the crows attacked the eagle while it was soaring over Rogers' field and put it to flight. The battle lasted half an hour or more. The crows which did not participate kept circling around and around the combatants and cawing incessantly. The fight was witnessed by several persons, who picked up many blood-stained feathers from the ground.

### A Pretty National Song.

The state department some time ago wrote to our foreign representatives directing them to forward national airs of the several countries to which they are sent for insertion in the book compiled by Lieutenant Sousa, of the marine band. The latest received is from Jamaica and the following is a literal translation of the words of the French original:

"Monkey, monkey, play the fiddle, Monkey, monkey, play the fiddle, Monkey, monkey, play the fiddle. See the baboon dance."

### WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

The Sad Story About His Favorite Daughter.

There was a wretched woman singing for pence in the slums recently who had a history, says the Glasgow, Scotland, Mail. She was none other than the favorite daughter of Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, who used to mystify the last generation with the wonders of elementary electricity. Many people who marveled at the professor's show—and who did not marvel at it in those days—will remember his handsome daughter. She used to have little to do with the performance beyond playing the piano sometimes, but she was always on view, and she was always seen about with her father. He left a good deal of money behind him, and she had her share, but by this time she had married a New York professional man, and he quickly made ducks and drakes of it. She left him and sought to make a living on the stage.

A good musician and a fair singer, she managed to get on pretty well for a time, and came to England; but a run of ill luck came and engagements failed her. She parted with her wardrobe and came down at last to singing in the streets.

The wizard was a remarkable man in many ways. He was a cook by trade and practiced his profession as chief at a hotel in Aberdeen. He left his hotel to become a wizard. The tricks by which he made his fame would hardly puzzle a schoolboy nowadays. But those were the early days of electricity, and when people saw candles suddenly light up without a match being put to them and heard rappings and bell ringings and drum beatings coming in the most mysterious manner from all parts of the hall they were a little frightened as well as being astonished. Some of what were accounted the professor's most marvelous tricks were accomplished by concealing underneath the carpet on the stage a copper plate communicating with an electric battery. In the heels of his boots were fixed spurs, in such a manner that whenever he liked he could drive them through the carpet and make electrical connection with the copper plate underneath. When people did not know of the ingenious little arrangement the easily produced electrical phenomena were sufficiently marvelous. He used to give his audience shocks and do a little in the electric faith healing line by way of varying the performance.

The wizard was a born mechanic and used to manufacture all his own apparatus as far as possible. He possessed also a large measure of that great quality of the successful inventor, the power of appropriating other people's ideas. If anyone brought him a new piece of trick apparatus that showed ingenuity, he would contrive in examining it to break it. Then the artful wizard would send for the inventor to repair it, and if he showed any cleverness would keep him hanging about till he had found out what ingenious ideas the unsuspecting inventor had got floating about in his head. The professor always had his own workshop in every town he visited, and to this he would retire with such ideas as he had managed to pick up and work them out as his own inventions.

He was very canny, was Professor Anderson, and, apart from the merits of his performance, he is accounted one of the cleverest showmen that ever lived. Professor Anderson had another daughter besides the unfortunate lady referred to above. She used to take a prominent part in the performance and regularly accomplished some really marvelous mnemonic feats. Every day she used to learn off by heart the contents of three newspapers. At night her father would blindfold her and invite people in the audience to indicate any paragraph in either of those papers which they would like the young lady to read by second sight. She would repeat it word for word without ever making a mistake. This, perhaps, the most remarkable feat of memory on record. She is a middle aged woman now, and is engaged in literary work in Leeds.—Glasgow Mail.

### Natural History Lectures.

THE FROG.—The frog is a very curious animal resembling the toad, but it has an advantage over the toad in that it can swim. It has a long pair of legs in the rear and a deep bass voice in front. Some people admire the frog's voice, but that depends upon the kind of music they were brought up to; others admire the hind legs of the frog. This is owing to the style of beef they have been used to. An appetite for frog's legs is apt to be hereditary, and not acquired at one sitting.

A frog, in the first stages of its career, gives no hint as to what it will become. As far as looks go, one would suppose it was going to be a catfish. It spends the first days in some pool, wagging the small tail that accompanies it. By and by a pair of legs begin to stick out from under its vest; these it uses for a time to kick with, and then moves them up to the shoulders to make way for its long and esculent hind legs. It is then that the frog shakes its tail, quits water except for bathing purposes, and becomes an article of commerce.

The frog figures largely in fairy-tale literature, where he is usually described as a young fellow who has determined that it is his time to go wooing, and consequently gets himself in trouble.

The largest frogs weigh from six to eight tons. They are railroad frogs.

### Shots in a Famous Old Revolver.

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

### Scene at an Ant's Funeral.

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

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

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

### Staid All Night.

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

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

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