

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

NO. 7

VOL. 11.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

BY THE  
**Kansas News Co.,**  
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 \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.  
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 rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of  
 four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kan-  
 sas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than  
 three months.

Judge Horton is mentioned as the  
 successor to Judge Brewer.

Rev Sam Small has applied for  
 ordination in the Protestant Episco-  
 pal church.

The annual diocesan convention of  
 the Episcopal church of Kansas has  
 been in session in Topeka this week.

The celebration of the centennial of  
 Washington's Inauguration as presi-  
 dent, took place in Washington last  
 Wednesday.

"Aunt" Mary Tyler, the subject of  
 the rhyme "Mary had a little lamb"  
 died at her home in Somerville,  
 Mass., last Tuesday, aged 83.

The liquor men opposed Judge  
 Brewer. He comes from a probi-  
 tation state, and has upheld the Kan-  
 sas and Iowa prohibitory laws.

The Missouri state grange holds its  
 annual convention at Booneville this  
 week. Important business is on the  
 program.

James Rankin, a farmer, living ten  
 miles west of Wichita, Kan., shot and  
 captured alive a golden eagle, over  
 six feet from tip to tip of its wings.

The Kansas City Star remarks:  
 "Topeka is being raided by horse  
 thieves. The next thing Tomlinson  
 will be insisting that the law against  
 larceny shall be resubmitted."

Lincoln county, Nebraska, is to  
 have a million dollar plant for the  
 manufacture of beet sugar. The soil  
 of Kansas is as well adapted for rais-  
 ing beets as for sugar cane, and bet-  
 ter than California.

The Douglas county alliances have  
 resolved not to trade with any one  
 who sells dressed beef from Kansas  
 City, nor with any merchant who  
 buys of them. The farmers have re-  
 solved to lend no support to their  
 enemies.

Some of our papers don't seem to  
 think the National Farmers' Alliance  
 meeting in St. Louis worth mention-  
 ing. They may think differently one  
 of these days.

R. W. Strickland, of Albion, N. Y.,  
 raised one hundred and thirty-four  
 bushels of oats on one acre, and re-  
 ceived the \$500 prize offered by the  
 American Agriculturist.

Hon Geo R Peck is in Washington  
 spying out the senatorial prospect.  
 He has his eye on the seat occupied  
 by the senior senator from Kansas.  
 There are signs of a storm on the  
 Ingalls horizon, and Mr Peck appre-  
 ciates the situation.

It looks as if the silvermen are to  
 have a chance at last. Three impor-  
 tant points in government finance are  
 definitely covered in the president's  
 message, viz—the reduction of the  
 surplus through conservative tariff  
 revision, the withdrawal of unneces-  
 sary non-interest bearing deposit, and  
 the recognition of silver as a mon-  
 etary standard.

The First National Bank of Abi-  
 lene has failed. Liabilities \$116,000.  
 There is a popular idea that National  
 banks are responsible to depositors,  
 —that deposits are secured. This is  
 not the case. They deposit bonds  
 only to secure their circulation. A  
 national bank is no safer than other  
 banks for depositors, and the whole  
 system is wrong.

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During a performance of "Uncle  
 Tom's Cabin" in a theatre at Johns-  
 town, Pa. Tuesday night, an alarm  
 of fire was given, resulting in a  
 terrible rush for life down the nar-  
 row stairs, by which ten persons were  
 killed and probably seventy-five  
 seriously injured. This theatre was  
 always noted as a death trap and was  
 condemned twelve years ago, but the  
 other theatre having been washed  
 away in the flood, this one has been  
 in use. The fire was in a suburb of  
 Johnstown, but the audience think-  
 ing it was the opera house, became  
 panic stricken.

Jim Vinegar, a colored deputy mar-  
 shall of Higginsville, Mo., shot N J  
 Perry at that place Dec. 8, and fled to  
 Kansas City. He was arrested there  
 and now begs to be placed in jail for  
 safety, as he fears to be taken to Hig-  
 ginsville. Vinegar's father was  
 Peter Vinegar who was hung from  
 the bridge in Lawrence nine years  
 ago for harboring murderers, and the  
 notorious "Sis" Vinegar was his  
 sister, and the entire family is notori-  
 ous for its crimes. It passes com-  
 prehension why such a person should  
 be appointed to a position where they  
 have the shadow of authority over  
 y one.

The winter term of the Lawrence  
 Business College takes place Janu-  
 ary 2d. All interested should as  
 far as possible enter at this time.

Congress will provide a territorial  
 government for Oklahoma.

Governor Humphrey has offered a  
 reward of \$250 for William Woody,  
 now in the Indian territory, wanted  
 in Lincoln county for shooting  
 Samuel Gilpin five times as the re-  
 sult of a debt.

H. L. King has been appointed  
 general agent of the Atchison, To-  
 peka & Santa Fe at Atchison. Mr.  
 King is probably the youngest gener-  
 al agent in the west, being only 27  
 years old. He began his railroad  
 career in the office of the auditor of  
 the Santa Fe at Topeka, four years  
 ago. Previous to his recent appoint-  
 ment he was station agent of the  
 Santa Fe at Atchison. He is the son  
 of Henry King, a well known Kansan,  
 who is now one of the principal edi-  
 torial writers of the St. Louis Globe-  
 Democrat.

Every reader of this paper will have  
 noticed what has been said weekly about  
 Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria.  
 No statement has ever been made which  
 is not strictly true and more than sub-  
 stantiated by experience. No testimonial  
 has ever been published which is not  
 genuine, and the original of which is  
 not in our possession. If you are the  
 victim of Malaria, don't trifle with Quin-  
 ine, but get the Antidote and enjoy  
 health. If your druggist don't keep it,  
 send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallen-  
 berger, Rochester, Penna., and get it by  
 mail.

Jackson St. Jackson St.

Dennis, why do you sell more goods  
 than other large houses? I will tell  
 you. **FIRST** I keep so many lines of  
 goods. **SECOND** I have a large, light  
 room. **THIRD** I can and do undersell  
 them all, and my regular everyday pri-  
 ces are below the special sales, or so-called  
 cost sales; you don't need to watch  
 the papers for special sale of a particu-  
 lar line, but can buy for less than regu-  
 lar values. I am selling cloaks at less  
 than the usual February prices. I am  
 selling dress flannels, Plain and Plaid,  
 for less than any clearing sale you will  
 see this next spring. I am selling mil-  
 linery at prices to surprise you, and so  
 through the Hosiery and Underwear  
 departments. In order to more fully  
 supply my customers with everything  
 they want, I have bought a stock of  
 toys, wall paper, stationery, Holiday  
 Goods, just at the time you wish such  
 things, and am giving you the benefit  
 of the lowest prices ever known on  
 such goods. You will find the Holiday  
 Goods, Toys and Wall paper at 710  
 Kan. Ave., and everything else on  
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 tinctly in beauty owing to undeveloped  
 features, flat breasts, etc., which can be  
 remedied by using

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 tion in an advertisement. Send 6c. in  
 stamp for a descriptive circular, and  
 receive "Beauty," a Monograph, with us-  
 timonials, mailed, by return mail. Sold  
 by Druggists. L. S. MARCH & CO.,  
 2317 Madison St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Scott-Lord, Mrs. Harrison's  
 sister, died in Washington last Tues-  
 day morning.

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

WHEN some men are "buried in thought" they are certainly laid in very shallow graves.

FOR the comfort of constitutional kickers, in politics and every thing else, it may be stated that "kicking" is a sign of vigorous life. Dead people never kick.

COAL dust is no longer regarded as waste. It is manufactured into blocks for fuel and found to burn readily, giving an intense heat with entire absence of clinkers.

The poet who complained that he was born a century too late was not in nearly so bad a plight as the child of royalty who first sees the light in this age of progress.

If "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" it is to be regretted that all the brass bands in the country cannot concentrate their strains on the Kentucky vendettists.

POPE, the poet, said, "Know thyself." In order that a man should get the full benefit of the advice he should run for office. Then he is pretty thoroughly introduced to himself.

The Chicago Tribune is rather boastful of the honor of its officials. It says: "Chicago has thirty aldermen that have not bowed the knee to boodle." Has boodle asked their adoration?

At the November meeting of the New Hampshire club, Rev. J. S. Odlin said the depopulation of New Hampshire hill towns had been greater than the depopulation in sections of Ireland.

The great question of how to get rid of the surplus population will doubtless soon be settled. A composition has been discovered which is twelve times more powerful than dynamite.

In no case where an American girl has sold herself to a foreign prince to gratify a silly ambition to carry a title has she been received as anything but an adventuress, and that is sizing them up just right.

The astronomers report that six comets are now visible. But with all their learning they have as yet been unable to plat the stars a man sees when his head is in conjunction with a policeman's club.

THERE must be a happy combination up north. Professor Boyesen thinks there is no country so democratic as Norway, where, he says, the people have loyalty with independence and obedience with self-respect.

In a recent interview Emile Zola, the French novelist, said: "I have always instinctively kept clear of politics. A man cannot be a politician and a literary man at the same time. These are two beings who strive in different ways for the same goal—that is, to be known and lauded by the multitude."

It is when the liar begins to believe his own stories that he becomes dangerous. The New Orleans Picayune says: "A liar gets along reasonably well until he begins to think lies, and fall into the condition of the oldest inhabitant, forgetting that he is a liar, and believing that all he says is true."

The vast majority of professional criminals become such in the cities, and, coincident with this, we find that the rural population is relatively falling off. The young men flock to the city in the delusive hope of bettering their condition, and vice, unwilling idleness, vagabondage and suffering are augmented in appalling ratio.

The wars of the future will be fought with smokeless and soundless powder, and the whole aspect of battle will thus be changed. It is also more than likely that the murders of the future will be committed with the same silent and deadly agents. The possibility that one may be shot from an opposite window or the shelter of a tree with neither noise nor smoke to betray the assassin, is not a pleasing one.

The small boy who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes so mean when you don't put it in" hit a very great truth in criticism and one having a double application. In the work of a literary man what is not put in quite as often saves as mars reputations. If we had a collection of all the matter in prose and verse which the sober second thought of great literary masters has led them to reject and suppress, it would be a curious study, showing that the most eminent men are capable at times of mediocrity or worse.

## COURT IN THE COUNTRY.

**A Rural Magistrate Elaborately Defines a Reasonable Doubt.**

**How a Country Justice Got Out of a Bad Fix—While the Picture May Be Somewhat Overdrawn It Points Out an Existing Evil.**

The rulings of those peculiar institutions for the enforcement of the law, known as country magistrates, says the Cincinnati Times, are celebrated the world over as second only to the finding of the average jury for originality of flavor, texture and color. He always has a quantity of justice on tap, and the litigant can have it in either large or small packages, and can have it delivered right at the door and pay at his convenience.

One of the best incidents that illustrates some peculiar characteristics of the magistrate in the country is that of the preliminary proceedings held in a case of a man who was arrested. The evidence showed the prisoner was apprehended while attempting to enter a house in the night time presumably with burglarious intent. The idea of binding him to the grand jury under a charge of attempted burglary did not enter the magisterial mind and he was stumped. The offender had been captured before he had taken anything and larceny was out of the question. He had not even completely entered the house for he had but one arm and one leg inside the window when captured. However, the squire got out of the fix in a way that would reflect credit on a judge of long experience.

"In my long experience as a very humble twig of the great forest of the legal fraternity I have never had a case that involves so many abstruse propositions (physical and architectural) and so many apparently adverse rulings by courts in totally different cases that I freely confess I can hardly turn either way without going in over shoe tops into the soup. (Pardon the expression. I know it has no strictly material relevancy, so the court of his own volition will rule it out.) The prisoner may be guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, and again he may not. In defining a reasonable doubt I do not take it that the law requires a doubt so stuffed with reason that it can't walk (so to speak) and has abdominal pains and seems surfeited with sense. Neither do I think it a doubt that wouldn't know reason if the latter came down the street in winter time wearing a duster and straw hat and carrying a tin valise. Not at all. The court, in defining a reasonable doubt, will say that the correct definition is a doubt that reason had smashed, run over, kicked and dragged about in the mud until the friends of either can not tell them apart and by unanimous consent of all parties it is considered a draw. Applying this rule to the prisoner, I'll be hanged if I know what to do. I think he is guilty but the question is not what I, a man who is prejudiced by the facts, think, but what is the opinion of the law made by men who never heard of the case. The law is like one size of a ready-made suit of clothes for people of various sizes. It may be loose in the seat (so to speak) or too galling in other places but the wearers must accommodate themselves to the clothes and not the clothes to the wearers. Not finding relief in any home authorities, I turn with considerable relief to the last ruling of the Supreme court of our sister country of Mexico during the reign of Santa Anna (Iztacohuatl vs. Popocatepetl, p. 19 M. R. 220). The case I need hardly recite at this time, for the time of this court is pressing, and dinner is almost ready. I think this man should be but partially held, for the right arm and leg may not have known what his left arm and leg was doing. Hence it is the judgment of the court that his left arm and leg be bound over to the grand jury, and he can take his right arm and leg with him or leave them just as he chooses. The constable and the victim will each pay half the costs."

## THE INQUISITION.

**Handy Implement For Dealing With Spanish Heretics.**

Spain had a handy implement, planned and perfected on her soil, which enabled her to deal in a way of her own with learned, noble, but pernicious heretics. It was for the benefit of Jews and Mahometans that the inquisition had been set up. In its earlier days it had done a large and successful business in them. Torquemada, the first inquisitor general, is said in sixteen years to have burned nine thousand. His successor, Diego Deza, was a less active man of business, for in eight years his murders were only sixteen hundred. But he induced Ferdinand and Isabella to expel the Moors as Torquemada had caused them to expel the Jews. Nearly two millions of their most industrious and able subjects were thus driven by these sovereigns from their country; a blow was self inflicted on Spain from which she has never recovered; indeed, the whole policy of the Inquisition was the means of dragging down Spain from the highest to the lowest place among the kingdoms of Europe.

Their highnesses of the Inquisition saw that to put down the rising spirit of Protestantism they must bend the whole resources of their institution, in the most merciless and relentless fashion, to stamp out, at once and forever, every spark and vestige of heresy. And their resources were simply appalling. They had lately received a

great extension of powers, and were practically able to arrest, confine, torture, convict, and burn whomsoever they pleased, and perpetuate upon them the most inhuman cruelties. Once within their clutches, their victims were practically helpless. Attempts have been made to show that it was otherwise, but historians of their own confirm what we have said. No doubt in their prisons there were cells that were fairly comfortable, but these were reserved for adulterers, pirates, smugglers or political offenders who were not very dangerous to the church. But for heretics the places of confinement were usually underground dungeons, dark damp and dreary, never warmed by the comfortable glow of fire, hardly reached by a straggling sunbeam, uncleaned and putrid, breeding diseases that, perhaps in mercy, ended the life of many a prisoner before he was condemned to the fire. At the dead of night the victim would be summoned to stand his trial in a dismal chamber, where his merciless judges would be found, while the "familiars of the Inquisition" moved about, executing their orders, their faces covered by garments with two holes opposite their eyes, as if to disguise their very humanity. If the accused person would not confess his guilt, or would not disclose the name of others whom he knew to be heretics, he was ordered the torture. The forms of torture were varied, but two obtained pre-eminence—the rack and the pulley. The rack was a hollow machine of wood, with no bottom, but a bar against which the body lay, while the limbs were fastened by tight cords that often cut through the flesh to the bone, and on the mouth a cloth was placed on which water slowly descended, causing a most irritating sensation, and a struggle for breath that often broke blood vessels in the lungs. In the pulley, the victim had heavy weights attached to his feet, his arms were bound behind, he was hoisted by a rope to the roof, then by the slackening of the rope allowed to drop with a jerk so violent that sometimes every joint was wrenched from its socket. If the first application of the instruments of torture was ineffectual the victim was flung back into his horrible cell to digest his agony as he might, and called out perhaps next day to undergo a repetition of the process. Sometimes it would be repeated day after day for many days in succession; and sometimes years upon years would be spent in captivity with an occasional touch of torture to break the monotony of the confinement.

## ÆOLIAN HARPS.

**They Can Be Made by Almost Anyone.**

Have any of our young friends ever seen an Æolian harp? It is a musical instrument made by the Greeks many centuries ago, and hung among the trees or where the wind could blow upon it, making a low, soft, musical sound. To make one is very easily done and inexpensive, for most of the material can be found about the house. Wax a piece of buttonhole twist about two and a half feet long; tie each string strongly to a small peg and thrust the pegs down the crevice between the two sashes of your southern or western window, stretching the silk as tightly as possible. It will surprise you, the sweetness and variety of the tones the wind will bring from it.

Having done this, you may be moved to go further and prepare a more elaborate Æolian harp. Take some quarter-inch wood and make a box the length of your window frame, four or five inches wide. Bore a few small holes in a circle at the back of the box, upper side of a near what will be the end, and stretch on them several strings of fine catgut, contriving a series of screw pins to aid in the tight stretching necessary, and allow of their being tuned to one note. Then raise your sash on the windy side of the house, and the wind passing through the hole and over the strings will, in its rising and falling, make very sweet music.

## Religion in the Schools.

Although they're neither knaves nor fools Nor, as some say, sons of Perdition Who to religion in the schools Evince a bitter opposition, Perhaps they'll think when passion cools Religious text-books we should purchase And have religion in the schools.—We have so little in the churches.—Boston Courier.

## War Prices.

A shaggy looking veteran dropped into an Upper Lisbon street barber shop Monday and got a shave. After the shave he wanted his beard trimmed just a bit, and then he thought he would like his neck "trimmed up" some, not a hair-cut but just a little slicking up. When he got through he asked the price.

"Ten cents," was the reply, the barber thinking that it ought to have been a quarter.

The old fellow looked up with a sort of yearning look and said: "That so? Still keep up your war prices, don't you?"—Lewiston Journal.

## Usefulness.

"My dear," said Mrs. Honeymoon to her spouse, one day at dinner, "the doctors say that one should not think about business matters at meal times, as it impairs digestion and injures the health. Pray, dear, what do you think about when you sit down to meals?" "Sweetest," replied the old man, "I only think about chew!" And Mrs. Honeymoon put her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

## ODD NAUTICAL SLANG.

**Odd Terms and Phrases Used by the Jolly Tars.**

The nautical names for some of the usual articles of food on board ship are suggestive of the coarse and unappetizing nature of the fare. The stock dish of salt beef is commonly known as "junk," "old horse," "salt horse," and "salt junk." Clark Russell, in one of his sea stories, declares that "salt horse" works out of the pores and contributes to the mahogany complexion common to sailors, which is often mistakenly attributed to rum and weather. A savory mess is "lob-scouse," or "scouse" as it is sometimes more shortly called. It consists of pounded biscuit, small pieces of salt beef, and a few potatoes boiled up together and seasoned with pepper. Smollet mentions the "composition knollen by the name of lobscouse." A dish of cold fish and potatoes is known as "twice laid," and may be considered as a near relation of the mysterious "resurrection pie" of school days, or of the familiar "bubble and squeak." "When midst the frying-pan, in accents savage, The beef so surly quarrels with the cabbage." as Peter Pindar sings in very limping rhyme. A pudding made of dried peas boiled in a cloth rejoices in the enticing name of "dog's body." The hard ship biscuits are called "hard tack," while the ordinary loaves of white bread to be obtained ashore are christened "soft tack," or "soft tummy." The latter epithets will be familiar to readers of Marryat, and also to the many hearers of "H. M. S. Plover," wherein the "bumboat woman," recounting her wares, sings of "soft tummy and succulent chops." "Midshipmen's nuts" are broken pieces of biscuit eaten by way of dessert. The late Charles Kingsley, in one of his lectures, mentions friends who got midshipman's half pay (nothing a day and find yourself), and monkey's allowance (more kicks than halfpence.)

## "Doing" a Ticket Agent.

One of the ticket agents of the Michigan Central railroad, at a certain town in Canada, was an airy, independent young man, who began work with the idea that he ran the whole line. "The boys" had numerous complaints against him, and more than once he would have caught it in the ear had he not been fenced in where he could not be got at. One evening five or six of us happened to meet there as we came in on cross roads, and we soon got on to the fact that the general manager and two or three other officials of the road were in the ticket office. We laid our heads together and put up a job. We all had thousand-mile tickets, but each of the six went to the window in turn and bought a ticket for the nearest station east or west. When all had been served the first went back to the window and said:

"Young man, I think you made a mistake."

"I guess not."

"I've got a ticket to C—. That's thirty cents. I gave you \$1, and you gave me ninety-two cents back."

"Humph! That's funny!" muttered the young man, as he took in the change and corrected the alleged error.

Then the second went up and said:

"Young man, I don't want to beat this railroad, I bought a ticket to R—, which is twenty-five cents; gave you half a dollar, and you handed me out sixty cents."

"I did, eh?" queried the agent, as he flushed up and took in the change.

Then the third, fourth, fifth and sixth man went up with a similar story. The big officials were taking it all in, and they got very nervous. The young man was whiter than chalk at the end of it, and he was not wrong in believing that he was doomed. Next day he was replaced, and I learned a few weeks later that he had quit running a railroad and gone into a woolen mill. It cost each of us a small sum out of his own pocket to work the snap, but it was pro bono publico and worth double the amount.—Exchange.

## A Matter of Labels.

"Human nature," says a rustic philosopher, "don't change a mite from one generation to another when you come right down to facts."

"We have to say just about so often that young folks ain't what they used to be, and old folks ain't what they used to be, and women folks have changed, and men ain't so brave and honest as they was, and children ain't children any more."

"But it's only in the out'ard appearances that things and people change; the thing itself is allus jest about the same."

"It strikes me that it's all a good deal like this everlastin' up the new kinds of soap that they hev down 't the grocery store; there's a new label on the package every year, but I guess we had about the same kind of soap when I was a boy."

"Men an' women an' boys an' girls is jest about the same that they always was; but bless ye, it don't do no kind of hurt to change the labels on the human packages every few years, or so!"

## Your Wife.

Your wife works quite as hard as you, her holidays are few, the breaks in the routine of her labor are very rare and the strain upon her mind and tug upon her heart are not lightened or loosened, as yours are, by brisk contact with the world and frequent glimpses at the kaleidoscope of affairs. You go out, she sits in; you spend, she saves.—N. Y. Press.

## A SERVANT GIRL'S PARADISE.

**Montana a Market for All Marriageable Young Women of Service.**

Perhaps the demand for domestic servants is as generally unsatisfied in the northwest as in any other section, says a writer in the N. Y. Telegram. I have yet to visit the happy, happy land where the servant girl problem does not exist as the principal source of domestic gloom, but here it is certainly to be found at its worst.

The female half of the population of Montana, while large and growing, is still in considerable measure the smaller half, and young women of every degree are quoted higher than they would fetch east of the Alleghenies. This may not be gallant, and yet it ought to be valuable to such young women in the east who feel themselves unappreciated. The cases are counted in hundreds where a girl has entered a family as a cook or chambermaid and thereafter remained as daughter-in-law. It is highly unprofitable to fetch girls from eastern cities.

If they are worth their salt they go off and get married, often before they have earned the price of their railroad fares. Servants' wages are 100 per cent higher in Montana than in New York. The cooks on the railway dining cars receive \$60 a month. In private families \$30 is the lowest wages offered, and some are paid as much as \$100. The girl experiment is so generally unsatisfactory that many families employ colored men and Chinamen. The way to get a Chinaman is to tell another Chinaman you want one. He will spare you all the trouble and expense of dealing with an employment agency. An officer at Fort Custer, who had imported girl after girl only to have them come to him within a month or two and say they were going to get married, was at last advised by a friend to procure a Mongolian. "I have one," said the friend, "and he is a perfect jewel. If you like him I'll teach him to find one for you."

The officer kindly consented, and in the course of a day or two, when his wife went to the kitchen to prepare dinner, she found a Chinaman, cued and white-vested, already at work among the pots and pans. She cheerfully retired in his favor. About a week later, when the officer and his wife sat down to dinner, they observed that the heathen in attendance upon them was not the heathen who had been serving them for the past week, but an entirely new and different one. They also observed that the dinner he bore them was much superior to the dinners their late heathen had supplied. They presently inquired of the new heathen what had become of their old one.

"He no good," answered John. "He some washee, but no cookee. Wing Ting tell him go and he say me come."

## Origin of the Potato.

The potato is one of the most important of cultivated plants, and in universal cultivation in temperate parts of the globe. It is a native of mountain districts of tropical and subtropical America, probably from Chili to Mexico, but there is some question as to where it is really indigenous. Humboldt doubted if it had ever been found truly wild, but subsequent travelers of high scientific reputation express themselves thoroughly satisfied. Maize and potatoes are the two greatest gifts which America has given to the rest of the world.

The potato has been cultivated in America and its tubers used for food from times long anterior to the discovery of America by Europeans. It seems to have been first brought to Europe by the Spaniards from the neighborhood of Quito in the sixteenth century. No more important event of its kind has ever taken place than the introduction of potato culture into Great Britain and other European countries. It was long called "Batatas," or sweet potato, which is the tuber or plant meant by English writers down to the middle of the seventeenth century. It appears to have been brought to "Ireland from Virginia, by Hawkins in 1665," and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1623.—American Rural Home.

## A Year's Drought.

An impressive lesson for the United States comes from South Africa, where no rain has fallen for a year, and there is much suffering from want of water. Professor Seely, the American geologist, who has just made a tour of the country, says the same cause that ruined Egypt, Mesopotamia and India, once the most fertile countries in the world, is at work in South Africa. It is the destruction of the timber, and the same cause that turned those countries into deserts is producing the same effect in South Africa. It is at work in the United States, and we shall see destructive effects from it before many years.

## Complimentary.

It is a delicate proceeding to tell a woman that you do not like the music she makes, but in case of necessity the thing can be done.

A gentleman with a sensitive and cultivated ear was greatly annoyed by the persistent and wretched piano playing of a woman who occupied the room over his head. One day he met her in the hall accompanied by her 3-year old daughter.

"Your little girl plays quite well for a child of her age," he remarked, in his most friendly manner. "I hear her practicing every day."—Youth's Com.

## THE FROZEN NORTH.

Strange Sights to be Seen in the Icy Polar Regions.

Men no Bigger than Children and Children no Bigger than Dolls—Bareness of the Landscape—A Correspondent's Adventures Among the Rocks.

The further north you go, the more marvels spring up around you, says David Kerr in the N. Y. Times, writing of his experiences in Alaskan wilds. No words can do justice to the weird attractions of this strange life beyond the bounds of the living world, where there is no sunrise and no sunset, but one endless, unchanging day; where time, space and established rules are alike unknown; where you breakfast at 4 in the morning, sup at midnight, dine whenever you please, and never go to bed at all; where men are no bigger than children, and children no bigger than dolls; where mosquitoes swarm beyond the Arctic Circle; where you find cattle the size of sheep, sheep the size of dogs and dogs the size of rabbits; where one turns from watching the sea foam into whirlpools around a frolicsome whale to see an eagle swoop from the brow of a perpendicular precipice 6,000 feet high; where phantom ships appear hanging upside down in mid-air, and instead of one sun you see four or five at once; where dwarfs live under the snow as in fairy tales, and the day of the week or of the month is a matter of glorious uncertainty from the beginning of the voyage to the end of it.

But when you pass from the limit of vegetation into the region of eternal emptiness beyond, the Polar Ocean is seen in its grimmest and gloomiest aspect. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare, craggy sides of innumerable precipices, heaving up their gaunt outlines against the darkening sky, and the endless succession of barren mountains overhung by the cold dead whiteness of the eternal snow, the sullen, lifeless waters beneath, the gray leaden sky overhead.

It was in one of the countless rocky islets of this ghostly sea (a mere dot in the boundless waste of waters) that I once met with an adventure which, though I have already made some passing mention of it, is well worth telling over again. The island, which was one vast precipice on all sides but the southwest terminated to the north in a bold, turret-shaped headland more than 100 feet in height, just beyond which towered an isolated crag of equal height, evidently torn from the main cliff by some mighty convulsion ages ago. This I climbed at the risk of my neck one afternoon, only to find that the natural bridge of rock by which I had reached it had been covered by the rising tide, and that my retreat was cut off.

So there I was, 50 feet up a dangerous precipice, on a ledge just wide enough for me to stand on, with a raging sea below, and a coming storm blackening the horizon, which as I well knew, would whirl me off my perch like a feather into the roaring waves beneath. My sole remaining chance of life was one from the thought of which I instinctively shrank, viz., to leap across the hideous chasm that separated me from the main cliff and alight upon the nearest ledge of the latter. It was indeed a fearful risk, which nothing short of the prospect of certain death could have nerve any man to face. The leap was a wide one, and the shelf on which I stood barely large enough to give me space for a spring, and the ledge on which I meant to alight was so narrow and slippery as to make it an even chance whether I fell to reach it at all, or reached it only to fall back into the dreadful gulf below. But I knew that every moment of hesitation would only make matters worse, and that my only chance was to risk the leap before my nerves gave way altogether. I clinched my teeth and sprang out into the empty air, and the next moment I was safe on the opposite ledge.

So far so good, but even now my troubles were only just beginning. For below me roared the churning sea, and high above me towered a grim precipice, which I had always heard spoken of as absolutely unscalable. To all appearance there was no going either up or down; yet up or down I must go, and that speedily, for if I stand where I was the approaching storm would hurl me from my perch and dash me to pieces. Just at this moment I espied a cleft, or rather crack, running slantwise up the face of the cliff above me, the edges of which, frayed and roughened by spray and storm, offered just footing enough for a cat or an Alpine climber. A perilous scramble enabled me to reach it, and up I went inch by inch like a fly on the wall.

Not without a long and hard struggle, and more than one hair-breadth escape from instant destruction, did I at length drag myself wearily over the topmost ledge, spent, gasping, bruised, out and aching in every limb. As I did so, I caught sight of a man seated close to the edge of the cliff only a few yards away from me, seemingly busy with a sketch of the sea view. So completely engrossed was he with his work that he never heard the scraping of my feet against the rock as I scrambled up, till, as he happened to raise his eyes suddenly from the paper, there I stood like a ghost on the very brink of the precipice, a ghastly figure, right between him and the red, angry glare of the stormy sunset, which outlined me in all my terrors. My face and hands were black as ink, my clothes torn and stained with blood, while my wet, disordered hair, standing wildly out in

every direction and intertwined with three or four stray tufts of seaweed, powerfully enhanced the horror of my appearance.

For a moment he stood gazing at me as I suddenly turned to stone, and when, flinging down his sketch and implements with a yell worthy of an Ojibbeway Indian, flew away with such amazing speed that I could hardly see where he went to. I never had a chance of finding out what account he gave of his adventure, but I can pretty easily guess it.

### Practical.

Horace Greeley had the reputation of being a practical philanthropist, and his advice was sought by hundreds of strangers, whose only excuse for intruding upon him was that they needed his counsel, and that he had the brains that could advise them.

One day, says the Youth's Companion, while he was writing an important letter in his office, a boy, 15 years old, entered the room, and standing near the door and behind the editor's chair, said, "Mr. Greeley, I have come to ask your advice."

"Say on," answered the editor, without stopping his pen or even glancing at the boy.

"The only relative I have here," continued the boy "is my sister. I have been boarding with her, and she let me have board so cheap that I could earn money enough to pay her, and have something left to buy my clothes. Now I have quarrelled with her, and am boarding at another place, where they charge me all I can earn for my board,—not so good as I had at my sister's,—and I have nothing left to pay for my clothes. What shall I do?"

"Is your sister married?" asked Mr. Greeley, without looking up or stopping his pen.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she a respectable woman?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Go straight to your sister and tell her that you are ashamed of yourself, and ask her forgiveness. If she will take you, go back and live with her, and after this remember that if your own sister is not your friend, you will not be likely to find any friend in New York City."

The boy departed without another word, and Mr. Greeley had not even seen him, so engrossed was he with his writing. This poor boy did not personally know Mr. Greeley, but being in distress, sought him out in a city of several hundred thousand people as the man to give him good advice.

"It was a higher compliment than I had ever before seen conferred upon any one," writes the Hon. Eli Thayer, who was present at the interview, and reports it in his "History of the Kansas Crusade."

### Bug-Gosh.

The chinch bug chaws up the wheat galore, The Hessian bug chaws the balance some more.

The army bug repeats the chawing o'er, The fire bug chaws the grain that's in store, And every bug that chaws along, Chaws up the wheat with molars strong. But of all the bugs that bother the wheat, 'Tis humbug that takes the proscenium seat!—Milling World.

### The Ocean Steamer of the Future.

She will be over a quarter of a mile in length says Once a Week, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in thirty-six hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity, and in such a fashion as to keep railway time, despite of storm or fog. Passages can be secured by flash photo, "Edison's patent," and the ticket will include an opera stall, or a concert ticket, or a seat in a church pew—the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will also be provided, and a racing track for fast trotters. A base ball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes on the verbatim system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system. A spacious conservatory, containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis. As at Monaco and Monte Carlo, a suite of apartments will be laid out for play, to be kept open all night—a sumptuous supper with costliest wines free. English tailors and shoemakers will be in attendance, and clothes will be made and finished during the passage. The millinery department will contain the French fashions of the previous day, and costumes will be ordered while the ship is en route, and delivered complete on arrival at dock. Accommodations will be furnished for 10,000 passengers.

### Washing Men by Machinery.

One of the latest inventions in sanitation is machinery for personal washing. A French colonel, according to Mr. Edwin Chadwick, ascertained that he could wash his men for a centime, or one-tenth of a penny a head, soap included. The man undresses, steps into a tray of water and soaps himself, when a jet of tepid water is played upon him. He then dries and dresses himself in five minutes, against twenty minutes in the bath, and with five gallons of water against seventy in the usual bath. In Germany they have an arrangement under which half a million soldiers are regularly washed. By an adaptation of apparatus to the use of schools a child may be completely washed in three minutes.

## A PERSIAN GIRL.

In Babyhood Her Hair, Hands and Feet Are Dyed With Henna.

When She Is Twelve Years Old She Dons a Mantle and Thereafter None but Members of Her Family Are Allowed to See Her Face.

Her eyes are black as sloes. Of course they are black, for blue eyes are considered unlucky in Persia. Her skin is a rich, warm, delicate brown that overlays the round, plump features, tinged with a tint of rose where the dimples are or should be, where the silky hair is as dark as the plum of the raven that crows the head of the little girl baby, who was born but yesterday in that quaint dwelling at the foot of Mount Elborz.

She is a Persian and in Persia will she live, for it is only with the special permission of the Shah that a Persian woman can live out of her native land. She is but a day old, but an amulet has been already hung on her neck containing a tiny scrap of paper on which is inscribed a passage from the Koran, intended to ward off mischief from djinns or evil spirits. For the same reason if any of the neighbors look in to see the little stranger and express admiration of her beauty the nurse requests them to spit in the baby's face lest the influence of the evil eye should lurk in what might be the praise of envy or jealousy. A tiny white cap of open embroidery also covers the infant's hair and her limbs are swathed tightly in wadding bands.

When Fathimeh is five or six months old her hair is dyed with henna. The first application turns it to a bright orange red, the second wash turns the hair to a rich blue-black. The finger and toe nails, the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands are also dyed yellow with henna. This is not done entirely for beauty, as Europeans often imagine, but rather to toughen the skin. This is especially necessary with the soles, as most women in Persia go barefooted in the house.

When little Fathimeh is old enough to toddle about she has a present of red slippers, embroidered with tinsel, but rarely wears them at play, for they are an encumbrance. When she is two or three years old, however, she begins to wear a mantle—an article of dress that she will wear until her death, whenever she steps out of the house, whether to sport in the garden or play or walk in the street. This awkward dress she wears attached to her head and it reaches to her feet. While she is a child it is worn loose and flies behind when she runs; but when she reaches the age of eleven or twelve the mantle is drawn over her face, excepting the eyes, which are protected from the gaze of any but her own family by a tiny lattice work exquisitely embroidered of white silk.

While still a child little Fathimeh sits in the gate and sometimes plays with the boys of the neighborhood, and thus, perhaps, forms a passing acquaintance with her future husband. If her parents were peasants she would accompany them to the fields and aid in picking the fruit and gleaning the harvest. But as her parents are well-to-do city folk of some means, she is soon taught that her destiny is to be a life almost as secluded as that of a nun.

If Fathimeh's father has several wives, which it is greatly to be feared is the case, then she also has her half brothers and sisters as playmates, and a merry time they have of it.

Going to the public bath is one of Fathimeh's greatest diversions from the earliest childhood. At least once a week her mother takes her there, and they make an afternoon of it. Fathimeh has her fingers freshly dyed with henna, and her hair, which has grown very long, is plaited into innumerable small braids, which are expected to last without recombining until her next visit to the bath. These days at the bath are an education to the little girl now rapidly approaching womanhood. With the exception of a few lessons with the needle or on the guitar or in the making of preserves, the little maiden has had no other education except what she gains from hearing older people of her own sex converse. And thus, when she is at the bath and hears the women talking while embroidering or smoking after the ablutions are over, she learns much from their conversation of life in the outside world of Persia, and she will need all the information she can acquire; for if she ever learns to read or write, which is not likely, it must be after she is married. That marriage is her inevitable destiny she learns as soon as she can talk. There are no old maids in that country. When she is eleven or twelve years old the question of finding her a husband is earnestly discussed. The matter is settled between the parents of the bride and the groom, the most difficult point to arrange being the amount of the dowry to be paid with the bride. If this is the first marriage of the prospective husband then he also is young, not over sixteen or seventeen. The marriage is accompanied with great pomp and the festivities last several days, after which the bride is taken to her new home at the head of a long procession, crowding the narrow streets, marching to the sound of horns, pipes and kettledrums. And there we leave the little bride, hoping she will have at least her share of wedded bliss.

S. G. BENJAMIN.

One legged Dorsey—Say, you chump, w'y don't ye put dat "I am Blind" sign on the front of yez instead of your back? Me scietious Biggs—Cos de front o' me ain't blind, I don't want to git run in fer nassa.—South.

## MAUM LIZA REBELLED.

She Took Issue with the Heavenly Bill of Fare.

There is one class of sable servitors who look back with longing eyes to the days on the old plantation—they are the house servants, the red-bandana aristocracy of serfdom. Each and every one a privileged character, from the old mammy who had nursed her master or mistress in babyhood, and their children after them, to the last scullion in the kitchen just emerging from the chrysalis of pickaninny-hood, and whose sole duty was to grease the griddle while the cook lifted out the cakes.

Every such old mansion had its mammy. She was invariably large, inclined to corpulency, dignified, very black, and intensely religious. All mummies were old. They must have been young once, but no one ever saw a young mammy. Such an old mammy lived on the plantation of Col. Way, near Savannah. She was the ideal mammy in all details. One day she came in to her mistress.

"Miss Fanny, dar gwine ter be a communion in town on de Sab."

"And of course you want to go, Maum Liza?"

"Yes, Miss Fanny. I feels de need o' res'n de spirit."

"Very well. You shall have some money to pay your car fare, and I hope you will have a good time."

Maum Liza waddled off with a broad grin on her face, and for the rest of the week fed the chickens four times a day and sang in a high voice all the camp-meeting hymns she knew, prominent among which was:

My bones is ol' and sore an' my body's wrack with pain, But I know I git to Jesus bine by.

Saturday night saw her off arrayed in a stiff black dress, brand-new handkerchief, and some cold fried chicken to stay her hunger. She spent the night at a relative's in Savannah, and returned home the plantation on Monday. Her mistress expected to have a long story of the "communion," but none was forthcoming. All day long Maum Liza stalked about the yard moody and silent. Something was evidently wrong. Finally the lady walked out into the yard.

"Maum Liza, are you sick?"

"No, Miss Fanny. 'Is to'able peart."

"But something is wrong. Have any of the servants annoyed you? If they have I will have them punished."

"No, Miss Fanny. Nobody misbeholden ter me. Any nigger gimme sass he feel do doughstick."

"Now, what is the matter then?"

"Yo' jes' got stret in de house, Miss Fanny, 'n' tek yo book 'n' sot down 'n' read 'n' don' bodder yo head 'bout Maum Liza."

"But I am not going to. Something is wrong, and I am going to stay right here until you tell me what it is."

Maum Liza shifted from one foot to the other and nervously twitched the bandana on the back of her head. Finally she broke out:

"Well, Miss Fanny, sence yo' so 'tarmined, yo' sot on dat stump an' I tell de hull story. Yo' know I went ter communion las' Sab. In de mawnin' I say I go to de Fo't chu'ch. I went arly an' went clar down in de front row. All de niggers come, an' de church jam full. De berry las' minute, w'en he cud'n git nurr' chile in, de pash'n come an' walk down de sonter aisle wid he tall, shiny hat hol' up in de han' side he head, so. Den we all sung a hymn, an' Pa Johnson, he gib out de tex' fum de book. I dunno whurr' he kin read or no, but he mek out he cud. Den we sing ergin, an' den de pash'n pray. Law, how he pray, I kneel down. Well, he pray till ebery blessed bone in my poor ol' body wrack wid pain. Neber heard no such prar' 'bout heb'n, an' all de niggers goin' nurr' wid crowns ob glory on deir heads, an' harps un'r deir ahms, an' walkin' on streets ob gol' a-flappin' deir wings an' praisin' de Lawd. Den he preach. Neber heard no sich preachin'. He pound' de Bible, an' preach 'bout de crowns ob glory, an' de harps, an' wings, an' streets ob gol' an' praisin' de Lawd, an' libin' on milk an' honey—milk an' honey!"

"Af' dinner I t'ought I go 'down to de chu'ch 'n' de canawl 'n' habe nurr' communion 'n' sot clar down in front ergin. More darkies dere 'n' dey was at de Ol' Fo't Chu'ch. Law, me how dey did jam in 'n' most' tromple one nurr' un'er foot. Blemby Pa Quibus Frazier he come in 'n' dess march down de sonter aisle, wid de shiv silk hat dess lak it been rubbed wid er taller dip, hel' high up side he ol' bal' head 'n' he head run right up back like a 10c mattemillion. He walk up in de pulpit 'n' open de book, 'n' gib out er hymn. We all sing 'n' he read de tex'.

Den he pray bout twice long Pa Johnson did in de mawnin. Den we sing an he preach. Neber hurd no sich nowhar. It war all bout dyin' 'n' goin' to heb'n. 'n' walking de golden streets wid our wings a flappin' like young rooster on a dung heap, 'n' a twangin' on de harps, 'n' praisin' de Lawd for eber 'n' eber, 'n' eaten milk 'n' honey, milk an' honey. Nuffin else, no corn bread, no yams, no fried chicken, no rasher bacon, ner aigs, nuffin but milk an' honey."

Maum Liza visibly swelled with suppressed indignation.

"W'y, Miss Fanny, w'en yo' ma was er young lady, long fo' she met de kunn', she used ter stan' all us pickaninies up in a row ebry Monday mawnin' we's alive 'n' dose us wid wormwood, milk an' honey, wormwood, milk an' honey. 'N' ebry time I hears anybody say milk an' honey I feels lak I mus' gag 'n' 'trow up."

But the grace of God is pleased to move us by ways suitable to our nature, and to sanctify these sensible helps to higher purposes.—South.

## THE RAILROAD MAN.

If He Don't Get Killed He May Become a King.

Some railroad men are made up out of ordinary mortals; but most of them are born that way, says Puck. It may be noted in the incipient railroader that even during the tender months of babyhood he will shriek like a freight-engine, if his feed is not properly attended to. Growing older, he sometimes gets off the track of absolute rectitude, and is switched back by the superintendent of the domestic department.

As soon as he is old enough to stray around with other boys, he goes straight for the railway switch yard, if there is one in the same county. Here he spends his time jumping on and off trains, and learning the vocabulary. Other boys do the same thing, get run over and are killed; but he—never.

By-and-by, after he has not been killed a number of times, the trainmen submit to the inevitable, and stop putting him off. Then he is happy; he rides on top of the cars, polishes the brake handles, and uses a code of signals that would make the everlasting fortune of a deaf mute. Some day he tries his hand at coupling up, and has a couple of fingers smashed, not so very badly, but enough to draw blood, and make arnica and a rag bandage necessary.

This is the proudest, happiest day of his life; never in after-years, even when, as general manager, he may speak haughtily to a baggage-man, or ride on the express engine with a cinder in his eye, can he extract so much real pleasure out of life as he now derives from those two crippled fingers in a dirty rag.

"Done it down to the switchyard couplin' up," he explains to questioning friends, and he grows a little taller every time he says it.

It won't be long now before you find him regularly employed braking on the through freight, waving his hands to every pretty girl along the line and highly contemptuous of any one who is not, like himself, "in the hardware line." "Buckwheater" is his comprehensive term for all non-railroaders, no matter what their calling. From brakeman to conductor, from conductor to train dispatcher, and then to superintendent are easy steps for the born railroader, and then he has only to keep his eyes open, and success is assured.

Within the next few years he will very probably be a railroad king, and a power in state politics. But with power come cares before unknown, and not all the prestige and salary can make him so happy and light-hearted as when he first smashed his fingers coupling two empty freight cars on a cross roads siding.

### How the Gift Was Marked.

"One of the funniest things that I have heard for a long time happened a few years ago," said a westerner to a New York Evening Sun man, "out in Indiana, where one of the 'pillars of society' is a wealthy and generous old soul with an immense fortune—the result of an invention of an ingenious triangular bit of iron designed for the noses of hogs and called a hog-ringer. Now, it happened that the pretty daughter of his pastor was about to be married and (surely a bride may indulge in a little ladylike wonder as to such things) and speculation was rife in the pastor's family as to what the good 'pillar' would send as a gift. On the morning of the wedding-day there came to the house a great box bearing the card of the wealthy inventor.

"With pleased anticipation it was opened. It contained a dinner service of solid silver, exquisite in design and finish. With little cries of rapture the bride took out piece after piece and placed them side by side. Then a queer little mark, where the monogram usually is, caught her attention; she bent over it, and what do you think? Exactly in the most conspicuous place on each piece the dear old donor, with happy inspiration, had had his hog-ringer engraved."

### How to Reform a Drunkard.

Let me tell "Drunkard's Wife" how to make a tea for her husband, writes one who has tried it. Take two pounds of bayberry bark, one pound of ginger-root, and two ounces each of cloves and cayenne pepper. Pulverize all finely and mix well. Now put one-half teaspoonful of this powder and a teaspoonful of sugar into a teacup and pour it half full of boiling water; let it stand a few moments and fill the cup with milk; hot water will do if milk cannot be obtained. Part of this is to be taken immediately on arising in the morning and the rest before meal time. Those who have been accustomed to the excessive use of ardent spirits will find that a warm, healthy glow spreads from the stomach over the whole system, accompanied by a desire for food instead of liquor. Take this two or three times a day, or even oftener, as first, if the craving for strong drink is intense, using it less often as soon as possible. With this help a drunkard may reform if he really cares to do so.

### Muscular Christianity.

Rev. Sam Jones is one of the most eloquent preachers this country ever produced. When under full headway he has a command of language which Beecher or Talmage never dreamed of. We extract a single gem from a recent sermon. He remarked: "John the Baptist was the bravest type of Christian I know of. He just jumped on Herod and paved his feathers out."—New York Herald.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

The best roads in the world to-day  
are those of England, France and  
Germany.

A Denver labor paper proposes  
what it calls a reform but which is  
nothing less than simple anarchy.

Progress toward a higher life was  
the sentiment renewed and sent out  
at the St. Louis convention last week.

Perfect order is maintained in  
Brazil. The military is quiet and in  
harmony with the new government.

Amelia Rives-Chandler's popularity  
is said to be waning. This is as it  
should be, and speaks well for the  
ublic taste.

The Southern Kansas Farmers'  
Association will meet at Wichita next  
week, and promises to be one of  
universal interest.

Why waste so much time and ink  
in writing and talking about re-  
submission? Better discourse on  
Egyptian mummies.

Since Judge Brewer's appointment  
to the supreme bench, some of the  
Kansas politicians are taking back  
some hard things they have said of  
President Harrison.

The national alliance mutiny at St.  
Louis last week was one of those  
moves that make thrones tremble,  
whether they be set up in monarchi-  
cal or republican ages.

Kansas City is counting too much  
on its barge line. The age of trans-  
portation with rafts and stilts has  
passed. The age of scarecrows is,  
however, in its prime.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to dress  
prettier and look younger and prettier  
this winter than ever. It will be dif-  
ficult to make her numerous friends  
believe the latter to be possible.

The mysterious and unaccountable  
disappearance of ten horses belong-  
ing to residents of Topeka and vic-  
inity, within the last two weeks,  
prompted the organization of an anti-  
horse thief association.

According to the statement made  
by Bishop Spaulding of Peoria, Ill.,  
who has just returned from Europe,  
the estrangement of Miss Caldwell  
from her one time fiance, Prince  
Murat may not be permanent.

Humboldt was the scene of a severe  
fire on the 7th inst., the immense  
flouring mill of Lindsay and Kolson  
being totally destroyed. Loss \$100,-  
000, insurance \$40,000. Fifty men  
were thrown out of employment.

The Farmers' Alliance platform as  
set forth at St. Louis last week was  
the most strictly republican docu-  
ment that has been issued in the last  
quarter of a century. It will take the  
nation by storm, north and south.

An income tax is the most just of  
all, and the rate should increase with  
the income so that those with the  
largest incomes should pay not only  
the largest taxes but more in propo-  
tion than those of smaller incomes.

The McPherson Republican pub-  
lishes the speech delivered by Ben  
Terrell, the National lecturer of the  
Farmers' Alliance, and says it should  
be read by every farmer. The Tope-  
ka dailies turned it off with a six line  
notice.

When the census bureau unearths  
the farm mortgages in this country  
there will be a class who will regret  
the condition of things that will be  
developed, and another class who will  
think that there is nothing to com-  
plain of.

No better declaration of principles  
was ever promulgated than that of  
the National Farmers' Alliance at its  
convention last week. It will bear  
the closest scrutiny. Now for a move  
all along the line, in the name of hu-  
man rights.

The old-fashioned nightshirt is be-  
ing rapidly supplanted by pajamas,  
and this is a sensible revolution.  
Now will somebody who knows, rise  
up and inform us what a "pajamas" is.  
If it is sensible we want one, so what  
is a pajamas?

Dom Pedro and his family were  
shown scant courtesy by the new  
government of Brazil, being forced to  
leave the country late at night and  
on a very short notice, and prior to  
their departure really suffering for  
food. The empress was handled  
roughly, her hands and wrists being  
hurt as she was being hauled on  
board the Alagoas.

### The Farmers' Consolidation.

Possibly no more significant con-  
vention has been held in this country  
during the present century than that  
of the several farmers' and laborers'  
organizations that met last week in  
St. Louis. We say, possibly, because  
much depends upon the patriotism,  
and the ability of those interested in  
maintaining a compact and practical  
organization. If no trivial and per-  
sonal feelings are allowed to interfere,  
the convention marks the beginning  
of a quiet but long-deferred revolu-  
tion in the interest of mankind.  
Among the resolutions passed the fol-  
lowing may be summarized here:

In favor of woman suffrage  
Public lands for actual settlers  
Against acquisitions of lands by  
aliens.

Rigid regulation of corporations.  
Free coinage of gold and silver and  
an amendment to the law which per-  
mitted loans to banks on bonded se-  
curity of money at 1 per cent, while  
the farmer was obliged to pay 8 and  
10 per cent.

Speedy payment of the public  
debt.

Against the national banking system  
and in favor of the greenback  
doctrine.

Taxes on real estate, mortgages,  
and a gradual income tax.

Economy in all departments of  
government

Against increased salaries to govern-  
ment officials

Against the liquor traffic in all its  
forms.

For the Australian system of voting.

For a deep harbor port on the  
gulf.

The resolution on the tariff was as  
follows:

Resolved, That we favor such re-  
vision and reduction of the tariff that  
the taxes may rest as lightly as pos-  
sible upon productive labor, and that  
its burdens may be imposed on the  
luxuries and removed from the  
necessaries of life, and in a manner  
which will prevent continued accu-  
mulations of the United States  
treasury surplus.

The foregoing resolutions were  
then capped by one declaring that  
the members of the convention would  
support no candidate who did not  
subscribe to the principles enumerated  
therein

A working union with the Knights  
of Labor was effected.

It is not proposed to form a new  
political party, but existing parties  
will be asked to endorse and to ef-  
fectively carry out these reforms. If  
one does it, that party will be support-  
ed. The one that declines to do it  
will be defeated overwhelmingly. No  
one can question the power of the  
alliance to secure this result if it  
works as a unit.

The following were elected officers of  
the national alliance: President,  
L. L. Polk of North Carolina; vice  
president, D. H. Clover of Kansas;  
secretary, J. H. Turner of Georgia;  
treasurer, William Hickman of Mis-  
souri; national lecturer, Benjamin  
Terrill of Texas.

The Great Western Conservatory  
of Music of Kansas, under the  
management of Signor Barabini, and  
to be located at Topeka, has been in-  
corporated for twenty-five years with  
a capital stock of \$10,000.

Work has begun upon a canal  
across the horseshoe bend of the  
North Canadian and through the  
town site of Oklahoma. The canal is  
six miles long, with a fall of thirty-  
four feet, and will furnish practically  
inexhaustible water power.

The quince is a fruit that has al-  
ways sold at good prices in our large  
markets, and the demand for it is al-  
ways increasing. It is not only de-  
licious as a preserve, but is a capital  
thing to mix with apples for either  
saucy or pies, giving its delicious  
flavor to the somewhat insipid apples.

The present administration has  
now a masterful advantage. It is in  
full power in all departments. It can  
place itself in harmony with the farm-  
ers' platform and gain for itself eter-  
nal honor. It would be a move for-  
ward, and it claims to be progressive.  
Hence it would not be inconsistent.  
If it fails to do this it must go down.

The American Protective League  
offers this year, as it did last, three  
prizes for the best essay on protection:  
First prize, \$150; second, \$100; third,  
\$50. Last year the first prize was  
taken by a member of Prof. J. H.  
Canfield's class at the State Universi-  
ty, refuting the charges made by  
politicians against his methods of  
teaching political economy.

Mr. Meserve, the new superintend-  
ent of Haskell Indian Institute at  
Lawrence, has the management of  
affairs well in hand now. The  
government road, for which an ap-  
propriation of \$75,000 was made last  
winter, will be macadamized at once,  
contracts having been let. A weekly  
paper is proposed in the near future  
under Mr. Meserve's supervision,  
with Miss Helen Ball as editor. The  
steam fitting for Robinson Hall, the  
new building, has all been put in.

### Books and Magazines.

#### Denman Thompson's Old Homestead.

A story of clouds and sunshine alter-  
nating over a venerated home; of a grand  
old man, honest and blunt, who loved his  
honor as he loves his life, yet suffers the  
agony of the condemned in learning of  
the deplorable conduct of a wayward son;  
a story of country life, love and jealousy,  
without an impure thought, and with  
the healthy flavor of the fields in every  
chapter it is founded on Denman  
Thompson's great drama of "The Old  
Homestead." Street & Smith, 31 Rose  
Street, New York, are the publishers of  
this life-like story. It is No. 23 of their  
Select Series.

The December number of The Domestic  
Monthly is one of the best. It has two  
large supplements besides its regular de-  
partments crowded with novelties. The  
number contains over 150 illustrations.  
As a fashion magazine, The Domestic is  
justly regarded without an equal. It is  
the cheapest good magazine published;  
only \$1.50 a year, with \$1.00 worth of  
patterns free. The publishers announce  
a very attractive trial subscription offer.  
For only 25 cents the magazine for 3  
months and coupon for 25 cents worth  
of "Domestic" paper patterns. THE DO-  
MESTIC MONTHLY, 853 Broadway, New  
York.

The December issue of the Eclectic  
closes the fiftieth volume of this old and  
favorite periodical. The January num-  
ber will come with a new and attractive  
cover, and special efforts will be made  
to raise the magazine to a still higher  
standard of excellence. Sir Samuel  
Baker opens with a striking article on  
"Africa's Development in the Sudan," a  
subject now of great interest. Ar-  
minius Vambey, the great Asiatic  
authority, writes about "The Shah's Im-  
pressions of Europe." Horace Victor is  
the author of a highly interesting paper  
on "Eastern Women." The picturesque  
features of early California life are  
treated by Horace Hutchinson. One of  
the most piquant papers is "Roman  
Catholicism in America." Among light-  
er articles may be mentioned "A Modern  
Correspondence," "The Bronze Age," a  
study of primitive civilization; "A Court  
Day in Fiji;" "Indian Insects." "Some  
Recent Scientific Advances" gives a very  
interesting account of progress in  
tributes the first part of a short novelette.  
The shorter papers are bright and sug-  
gestive. E. R. PELTON, 25 Bond Street,  
New York. \$5 per year; trial subscription  
3 months, \$1. Eclectic and any \$4 Maga-  
zine, \$8.

#### The Leading Ladies' Home Paper.

Surely, no other recommendation than  
the following list of contributors is neces-  
sary to convince our readers that in  
home papers THE HOUSEKEEPER, pub-  
lished semi-monthly at Minneapolis,  
Minnesota, is by all odds the best.  
"Notes on Housekeeping," for the Novem-  
ber number is made up of sketches by  
Mrs. President Harrison, Mrs. Ex Govern-  
or Martin, Mrs. Senator Ingalls, Mrs.  
Senator Morgan, Mrs. Senator Bate, Mrs.  
John Sherman, Mrs. J. P. Richardson,  
and Mrs. S. P. Snyder.

"Our Current Comment," devoted to  
the Scientific, Social, News and Artistic  
topics of the day, is filled with matter  
unparalleled by Century, Scribner's or  
Harper's; Emily Huntington Miller ex-  
presses, in an able article, her views of  
Women Wage-Workers. Canadian read-  
ers will be particularly interested in  
Judge Mahoney's Notes on Annexation;  
Professor Bradley on Compulsory Edu-  
cation says: "Efforts should be made by  
teachers, the public press, and all friends  
of intelligence and good citizenship to  
retain pupils in school until they can  
be really educated, and that a law to en-  
force attendance should be passed with-  
out delay." A not less interesting ar-  
ticle is "A Field for Rich Women," by  
Frances A. Shaw. The writer, in speak-  
ing of the many charitable institutions  
founded and carried on by Mrs. Quincy  
A. Shaw, of Boston, uses this beautiful  
sentiment: "If all endued with wealth  
used the gifts of fortune as wisely as she,  
the problems now agitating society and  
threatening to undermine our social sys-  
tem would be easily solved, the great  
gulf between the rich and poor would be  
narrower, and in place of the present  
rancors and jealousies, a feeling of mu-  
tual respect and good will would exist."  
The publishers inform us that a large  
supply of similar matter has been ar-  
ranged for and that The Housekeeper  
will be better than ever before.

The December 15th number will be  
one-quarter larger.

If you are not a subscriber, send ten  
cents to the publishers and mention our  
paper, and receive The Housekeeper for  
3 months (6 numbers) as a trial; regular  
price \$1.00 per year.

#### The Fire at Lynn.

Everyone who has read of the  
disastrous fire at Lynn, Mass., will  
scrutinize with interest the pictures in  
this week's Frank Leslie's Weekly.  
The strong, manly face of Henry M.  
Stanley which is represented speaks  
of the energy that has accomplished  
so much, while that of Mrs. Charles  
Albert Stevens is most attractive in  
its beauty. Pictures of the Yale-  
Princeton match, the new cruisers,  
the Squadron of Evolution in Boston  
Harbor, and other subjects, give the  
paper its usual interest.

The president has been paying  
Chicago a visit where they came near  
squeezing him to death.

#### 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 Coughs,  
Cold, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis,  
Etc. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please  
address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

## THE JACCARD Watch & Jewelry CO.

Are now prepared for the holiday season with a full line of  
Diamonds, Watches, Canees, Umbrellas,  
Solid Silver and Plated Ware.

100 Visiting Cards & Engraved Copperplate, only \$1.50

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO  
JACCARD'S, 815 Main Street,  
KANSAS CITY, MO.  
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

The countryman, when told that  
"lightning never strikes twice in the  
same place," exclaimed, "It don't have to."  
When success hits the nail on the head  
it never stops to argue. Like lightning,  
it don't have to.

This is why Drs. Starkey & Palen, in-  
stead of argument, offer example.  
Drs. Starkey & Palen—Your Compound  
Oxygen Treatment cured me of con-  
sumption of four years standing.  
L. A. PEACOCK, M. D.,  
Smithville, Ga., Jan. 11, 1898.  
Drs. Starkey & Palen—I had phre-  
nitis; your Compound Oxygen  
Treatment cured me.  
JOS. S. HOWARD, 67 Main St.,  
Mansfield, Pa.

A brochure of 200 pages containing the  
history of the Compound Oxygen Treat-  
ment in cases of consumption, bronch-  
itis, asthma, catarrh, dyspepsia,  
nervous prostration, rheumatism, head-  
ache, neuralgia, and all complaints of a chronic  
nature, will be forwarded free of charge  
to any one addressing DRs. STARKEY &  
PALEN, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia,  
Pa.

#### A Valuable and Unique Business Calendar.

The most convenient, valuable, and  
unique business table or desk calendar  
for 1899, is the Columbia Bicycle Calen-  
dar and Stand, issued by the Pope Mfg.  
Co., of Boston Mass. The Calendar  
proper is in the form of a pad of 200  
pages, each 5 1/2 x 2 3/4 in., one for each  
day of the year, to be torn off daily, and  
one for the entire year. A good portion  
of each leaf is blank for memoranda, and  
as the leaves are not pasted, but sewed at  
the ends, any entire leaf can be exposed  
whenever desired. By an ingenious de-  
vice, the leaves tear off independently,  
leaving no stub. The portable stand,  
which holds the pad, contains pen rack  
and pencil holder, and is made of solid  
wood, brass mounted. Upon each slip  
appear quotations pertaining to cycling  
from leading publications and prominent  
writers, and although this is the fifth  
year of the calendar, the quotations are  
fresh and new, mentioning the notable  
facts in cycling, opinions of medical  
authorities, clergymen, and other pro-  
fessional gentlemen, the rights of cycle-  
ists upon the road, advice upon costumes,  
directions about road making, with oc-  
casional mention of the bicycles and ac-  
cessories made by the Pope Mfg. Co.,  
and the information therein contained  
would, if placed in book form, make a  
fair-sized volume.

#### Fine Instruments on Fine Ships.

As to music, the owners of the City of  
Paris, City of New York and Tuetonia  
have shown the same consideration for  
the comfort of their passengers that they  
have in everything else. The two former  
ships are each provided with an upright  
piano by Mason & Hamlin, furnished in  
a superb case of cherry inlaid in bird-  
eye maple, the design harmonizing beau-  
tifully with the room itself. These pianos  
contain the improved mode of string-  
ing, invented and patented by Mason &  
Hamlin, which is said to peculiarly fit  
them for withstanding the ravages of the  
sea. The Paris and New York are each  
provided with a two-manual pedal base  
organ, also by Mason & Hamlin, furnis-  
ed in an exquisitely chaste case of white  
enamelled. The salon of the Tuetonia con-  
tains a piano and also one of those mag-  
nificently beautiful and artistic instru-  
ments, viz. the Liszt organ, by Mason &  
Hamlin. The case of this instrument is  
truly a work of art. It is of old oak, high-  
ly polished, with trimmings in gold and  
dark brown, the total effect harmonizing  
beautifully with the architecture of the  
room. It is to be regretted that America  
can boast no such ships as these, but it is  
some comfort to the patriotic that the  
magnificent instruments on these ships  
are all of American make.—N. Y. SUN.

There is only one way to plan a  
year's work and future operations, and  
that is to go right ahead just as  
though you were going to live for-  
ever. The moment you stop to think  
how old you are, how short life is,  
how liable you are to be taken sick,  
and all that, it puts a pair of bars be-  
fore your operations, and just checks  
everything.

#### How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward  
for any case of Catarrh that can not be  
cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.  
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe  
him perfectly honorable in all business  
transactions, and financially able to  
carry out any obligations made by their  
firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist,  
Toledo, Ohio.  
Walling, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale  
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo  
National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,  
acting directly upon the blood and  
mucous surfaces of the system. Price,  
50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

#### WANTED!

To trade a well improved resid nee  
property in city of Hotton, Jackson  
County, Kans., for improved farm of  
not less than 40 acres nor more than  
80 acres.

E. H. HARRIS  
Ozawkee, Kans.

#### LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, with its

varied and excellent contents, is a library  
in itself.  
It was indeed a happy thought to print an  
entire novel in each number.  
Not a short novelette, but a long story such  
as you are used to get in book form and pay  
from one dollar to one dollar and a half for.  
Not only that, but with each number you get  
an abundance of other contributions, which gives  
you a good magazine besides the novel.  
The ringing blows which have been struck on  
the gateway of popular favor, have resounded  
throughout the entire land, and to-day Lippin-  
cott's Magazine stands in the front rank of  
monthly publications, and is the most widely-  
read-and-talked-of publication of its kind in the  
world. For full descriptive circular, address  
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia  
\$3.00 per year. 25 cts. single number.  
The publisher of this paper will receive your  
subscription.



One of the BEST TELESCOPE  
scopes. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to  
about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size tele-  
scope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you  
can make from \$5 to \$10 a day at home, from the start, with-  
out experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges.  
Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 5365, PORTLAND, MAINE.

#### 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. The children may look for me paper as they do for a friend.
- I WANT Stories of Interest for us Elders. For we, too, like our hours of leisure.
- I WANT 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 Flimsy, 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, Farm-  
ers' Wives, Farmers' Sons, Farmers' Daughters, Coun-  
try Merchants, Country Store-keepers, Blacksmiths,  
Carpenters, Builders, Stone Masons, and all other  
laborers, who form the backbone of our Country and  
who want to be thoroughly posted in what is going  
on in the World.  
The WITNESS offers one of the most val-  
uable premium lists of any paper in America.  
Every article guaranteed and away below  
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#### PIANOS & ORGANS.

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Agent for the Unequaled Mason &  
Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey  
Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

TOPEKA

# Great Creditors' Sale

## OF

# CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, ETC.

To be cleared out before Dec. 27<sup>th</sup>, 1889. To do this the prices have been cut into

## One Half Off. ————— One Half Off. —————

If you want to secure a bargain, call and examine the lines and get the prices.

It will astonish you the way things are selling! The **FINEST STOCK** in the WEST.

Come and Be Your own Judge.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS AT

**LEVI'S MAMMOTH ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,**  
628 and 630 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kans

### Western Farm News.

Seven barrels of whiskey and one of wine were seized and destroyed at Leavenworth a few days ago.

A great Roman Catholic bank trust with \$100,000,000 capital is the latest sensation. It is to have headquarters in this country.

Fifty-nine cotton dealers at New Orleans have estimated this year's cotton crop with an average estimate of 7,500,000 bales.

Topeka is spreading out like a flattened octopus. It covers six square miles and soon expects to take in such suburbs as Leavenworth and Wichita.

When one of the guards at the Missouri penitentiary attempted to subdue an unruly woman prisoner she seized a hatchet and split open his head.

If the dressed beef monopolists do not find an end to their control of the cattle market it will not be because the proof against them is in any ways wanting.

Speaker Reed is doing well by Kansas in the way of giving her members positions on important committees. Kansas is indeed getting to be quite a big frog in the political puddle.

The Ohio Experiment Station concludes that beets are better calculated for milk production than ensilage is. In our humble opinion the man who has roots to feed need not lose sleep because he has no ensilage. That has always been our opinion. But people at large will not grow roots.

Correspondence received by Secretary Mohler, of the agricultural department, reveals the fact that there is a gigantic scheme on foot to bond the new counties of southwest Kansas for the purpose of building sugar works. From the best information which has been received it seems that the scheme is engineered by speculators who have very little interest in the sugar industry and there can be no question but that if carried out it will result disastrously to that section.

When once the orchard is vigorously established, the money we get from it comes about as easily as any we find on the farm. And when we also get a good crop of grass from the same land, our success in making land profitable is well nigh complete. An orchard where both land and trees are giving a good showing, pays a percent on the capital that any merchant would be proud of in his business, even when apples are at a low figure.

Secretary Mohler, of the agricultural department, has received a letter from Dr. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry, stating that he will be in Topeka during the session of the state board of agriculture, which is to be held the first week in January. He will give his views regarding the cure of hog cholera, a subject which he has given a great deal of attention, and one in which the farmers are deeply interested. The swine interests of Kansas have suffered disastrously from hog cholera during the past year. Secretary Mohler received a letter from a farmer in Greenwood county, in which he states that thousands of hogs were dying of cholera. The most learned men have investigated this fearful malady and numerous nostrums and discoveries of one kind and another have been brought out, but so far the disease does not seem to have been checked. Prof. Billings, formerly of the State Agricultural college of Nebraska, claims to have discovered a process of inoculation which will prevent the disease, and he has written that he will present the claims of his discovery to the farmers' convention.

### Important to Stock Men.

The stock growers of Franklin county have issued the following circular:

Dear Sir: The Kansas Farmers in response to numerous private letters have called a convention of Stock Growers, Feeders and all others who are interested in the cattle industry of the State to meet in Topeka, on the 8th of January next, to consider and if deemed advisable to take action respecting the depressed condition of both cattle and hogs.

In order that said meeting may be a representative one from all parts of the state and be largely attended:

We, the undersigned committee, appointed by the Franklin County Stock Men's Association, Nov. 23, 1889, take the liberty of addressing this circular to you with the earnest request that you will notify (in some way) the prominent stock men in your county of the above meeting, and urge upon them the importance of attending the same in order to make it a success. For surely every man interested in live stock must feel that the time has come for something to be done to better our condition.

The President's message has given him a new lease to his popularity.

Merchants everywhere seem to be cutting prices. It is not certain that the sign is healthy.

Pants from some of the eastern advertising clothing dogs would last about as long as the pants of a common house dog.

Colonel J. H. Rathbone, founder of the order of the Knights of Pythias, who had been ill for several weeks at Lima, Ohio, died there last Monday.

Three renowned German artists have been commissioned to paint a panorama of Stanley's and Emin's adventures for the American world's fair.

The people of British Columbia have sent a formal protest to Premier McDonald of Canada, against any modification of the Chinese restriction act.

An Atchison man is to start a new paper in Topeka, because there is not now a good one in the capital city. He will attempt to plug a long felt want.

To carry out any farming operations successfully, you must go right ahead, without taking the time it will take to yield you a return into consideration.

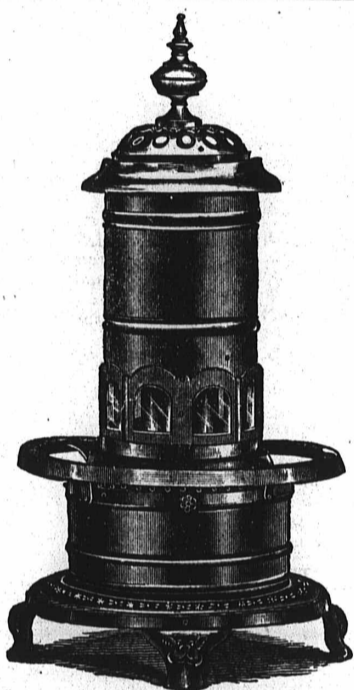
It is said that there is a constant increase in the city consumption of cream. That is right. More cream and less cod liver oil will greatly benefit our city folks.

The first Republican convention that ever assembled in Alaska met at Juneau, Nov. 5. Resolutions were passed requesting that they be allowed a delegate to congress.

Don't do anything to make the cow or calf afraid of you. Every time a man kicks and "kusses" a cow or calf, he throws away a dollar. A cow-kicking man ought to join a gymnasium where he could kick a sand bag until he kicked his leg off.

The state board of railroad commissioners is receiving scores of complaints almost every day from grain shippers who are unable to obtain freight cars. The complaints are not against any particular railroad, but against all the railroads.

Capt. Murrell, the captain of the steamship Missouri, who rescued the hundreds of passengers from the sinking Danmark last spring, is reported going blind. He will certainly lose the sight of one eye. The cause is straining the optic nerve in a long vigil in a fog on his last trip from Europe.



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.

**D. A. MULVANE,**  
713 Kans. Ave.  
Topeka, Kansas.

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

The eminently practical temperance women of Washington have two splendid institutions under their control. One is a free home for soldiers, sailors and civilians and another is a help mission for poor, unfortunate women, inebriates and opium eaters.

In the investigation of the Mormon church at Salt Lake City, it was disclosed that members of the Mormon church were required to take an oath that they would avenge the blood of Joseph and Hiram Smith on the American nation, and teach it to their children to the fourth generation.

**An Unusual Club Offer.**

THE FORUM is the foremost review of living subjects, and it has more authoritative contributors than any other periodical (including nearly 300 of the ablest writers and most distinguished workers on both sides of the Atlantic). The price of THE FORUM is \$5 a year. We have made a special arrangement whereby we can fill orders for our paper and THE FORUM for \$5.00.

**CATARRE,**  
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.  
A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

## W. W. CURDY, Holiday Announcement!

To-day we place on sale in our 10 different departments, our new stock of Christmas Goods. We can supply you with the choicest things for Christmas Gifts for everybody at

**The Lowest Possible Prices!**  
EVERYTHING IN

Ladies' and Gents' Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs and Mufflers, Kid, Silk and Wool Mittens and Gloves, Foster's, Mather and English Derby Kid Gloves in black and all colors, Silk, Lisle and Wool Hose, Fancy Goods and Materials, Silk Umbrellas, Ruchings, Collars and Cuffs, Fans, Laces, Ribbons, Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Table Linens, Blankets, Seal Plush Saques, Walking Coats and Jackets, Shawls, Furs, Overcoats, Fur Caps, Slippers, Rugs, Portieres, Curtains, Carpets, Sweepers.

See what you can do with us before making you Holiday Purchases.

This week we offer for just

## HALF PRICE.

Our entire stock of French Pattern Dresses, Fancy Persian Goods and Astrakhans, and make a Special Sale of LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S KNIT UNDERWEAR, and give you your choice for 39c per yard of an assorted lot of Eiderdown, Basket and Dress Flannels.

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 14.** one lot of HASSOCKS for 25c each.

## W. W. CURDY,

419 & 421 Kan. Ave., Topeka.

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

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

Congressman Perkins got stuck by Silcott's rascality.

Hiawatha is now connected with St. Joseph by telephone.

Thomas Kinney, formerly of Atchison, was killed in a railroad accident near Oakland, Cal., Saturday.

Kansas has been taken care of, and the "storm center of discontent" which is said to have hovered over the state has passed on.

The Central flour mills of Atchison has closed a contract to furnish thirty-six car loads of flour to a firm in Glasgow, Scotland.

The Humbolt flouring mills burned Saturday. The mills were as good as any in the state and the loss will be a heavy one to the little city, as it will throw many men out of employment. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

J. M. Smith, in an article in the Wisconsin Agriculturist, in reply to the question as to the safety of horticulture as a business, says that if a man is so situated that he must depend upon any of our large cities for a market he should keep out of the fruit business. There are millions of dollars worth of horticultural products sold in Chicago annually at ruinous prices, and the same is true of nearly every city or town in the Northwest. The way to do is to settle near some young and growing town, buy land when it is cheap, raise such crops as are needed and adapted to the soil, and put them in the market in a little better condition than his competitors.

**HANLEY BROS.,**  
Dealers in  
**Groceries, Flour & Feed.**

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

**CITY MEAT MARKET,**  
Established 1871.

**ED. BUECHNER, Prop.**  
Carries on a  
**Strictly First Class Business**

with all its different branches.  
**Buy all His Stock alive**  
and has it butchered in his own slaughter house.  
810 Kan Ave. Telephone 37  
North Topeka Kan.

## 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. DETLOF,**  
507 Jackson st. Topeka.  
Correspondence and Telegrams promptly attended to.

A good for nothing cow in the herd is a swindler, and a man who can be swindled by a cow, would stand a poor show with a lightning rod man.

## TRANS-ASTRA.

There is no fear of death  
For souls that soar in faith  
Above this world's incarcerating bars,  
And so, by inner sight,  
Behold that Land of light,  
Whose glory dims the splendor of the stars!

Such, with the spirit's ear,  
Most marvellous music hear,  
Seraphic anthems, sung in unseen skies,  
And breathe—devinely blent  
With the grave's noxious scent—  
The lily-perfumed airs of Paradise.

## ENOCH'S LOSS AND GAIN.

There had been two weeks of kite-flying on the common out Vanderbilt way—two weeks of intense delight to almost every chick and child in the West end—but still little Enoch was unsatisfied. He had never had a kite of his own. It is true Tommy Boland had let him hold his string once when his kite was up, but only for a minute while he "histed" for another boy, "and warn't like yer awn, yer very own," Enoch had said.

His heart's desire was to possess a kite of his own. He knew Tommy would lift it for him, and he liked to contemplate the joy he would have in sitting on his rock, holding his own kite pulling against the wind.

Enoch was fond of the common, anyhow. It seemed to him that it was his big house, with a green and yellow and brown carpet on the floor, and a big blue ceiling away up high—higher even than his kite would go, if he had one.

Enoch lived on the pike with Granny Winship, the vegetable woman. Why he lived there he never knew. He sometimes thought he remembered a beautiful house—more beautiful even than the commons—with flowers and pictures, and some one, so beautiful, dressed all in white, who used to come to his bedside and kiss him, but it was a very vague memory, and he seldom thought of it, save when he was alone. He was alone on the commons a great deal. In the early morn he would sit on his big gray stone by the water-cress stream and poke with his little crutch into the soft mud, making little wells for the water to fill, and in the evening, when the boys were out, he watched them at their play.

He had helped Granny to gather the vegetables one morning, and she had let him ride with her in the little cart as far as the commons. She gave him a large flat basket of beans, which he was to take to Mrs. Thomas on Broad street, and then await her coming on the commons. Enoch had hardly taken his seat on his stone when two young ladies with their color boxes and stools came by, going to make an early morning sketch.

They stopped and spoke to the little boy, and one of them said:

"Why, isn't this water-cress here?"

"Yessum," said Enoch, "and mighty sweet an' good it is, too. I don't eat nothin' else for lunch some days."

"Well, then, you must get very hungry, my little man," said one of the artists.

"Oh, how I wish Mrs. Stewart had some of the cress," said the other. "She is so fond of it. I wonder why some one doesn't get it and sell it."

"Would anybody buy it?" inquired Enoch eagerly.

"Oh, yes," said the girls, and then they showed him how to pick and wash it.

Enoch knew that Granny went to Mrs. Stewart's, and conceiving a sudden purpose, he picked and washed enough cress to fill the basket. When Granny came he told her what he had, and she very willingly carried him with her to Mrs. Stewart's.

He was very proud of the dime he got for his basket of sweet cresses, and Granny said:

"Well, as that's the first money you ever made you can spend it as you please. I'll be bound it goes for candy."

"No, it won't, Granny; you'll see," said Enoch.

He was up betimes the next morning, and at the little store on West End avenue before the door was open. It was a dirty, dusty little shop enough, but it was perfectly gorgeous in Enoch's eyes, because behind the fly-specked glass in the little show window he had seen rows and rows of kites, green and blue and yellow and red—every color and shape and form; kites with tails and kites without.

Presently, as Enoch was beginning to wonder if perhaps the man had moved away, the man came out himself and took down the shutters. "I wants er kite, mister," said Enoch, hobbling into the store. "I want the blue one with white wings."

Enoch waited anxiously till Tommy Boland came by the common on his return from market. He felt that he could not wait till the afternoon, when other boys would be out.

Tommy was glad enough to "hlist" the kite for him, and when the tail was properly adjusted and the beautiful paper sails were swelling nicely in the breeze, Enoch took the string and sat down to enjoy his possession. He watched the children pass by on their way to school and almost forgot to envy them their ability to go. He could scarcely discern the outlines of his kite against the blue above, but "She's all right," he said; "she's er pullin' steady, an' she's mine—my very own."

He kept very still on his rock lest he should disturb his kite, but it seemed to him he was following it, and that it was leading him away—up above the Vanderbilt "horns," above the new West End church spire even—up to a place where there were birds, and flowers, and pictures, and music, and

"Mebbe," he said to himself, "mebbe

the beautiful lady will come an' kiss me like she did so many, many, years ago, before I knew Granny or anything."

Suddenly he felt a jerk, a snap—the stiff string hung limp and loose in his hand.

"Lordy, she's broke loose," cried the poor little boy.

We got up an followed on beneath the kite as it fluttered and twisted in the breeze, floating over across the common.

"Oh, the telegraph poles," he murmured, but the kite was too high and escaped the wires. The electric car came gliding swiftly down the avenue just then and Enoch had to wait for it to pass.

"Oh, it's er goin' in there!" he exclaimed, as the kite lodged in a lilac bush that grew in the beautiful yard surrounding a grand old house, before which Enoch had often stopped to see the beautiful flowers and to catch a glimpse of the sweet, white-haired old lady who would sometimes give him little bunches of roses and lilacs and pinks—"posies" she called them. She came down the steps, leaning on her gold-headed cane, just as Enoch got to the gate.

"Please, mam," he said, "may I come in an' get my kite?"

"To be sure, my little man. How is it you are out so early with your kite?" said the lady.

"I never had er kite before," answered the little fellow simply.

"Oh, is that it? Well, come now and we will get it down said the lady. Together they tried, little Enoch leaning on his crutch and the old lady standing on tip-toes and poking with a stick. Finally it was brought down.

"There's a hole in it!" exclaimed Enoch. "Oh, my beautiful kite."

"Never mind, little man," said the sweet lady, "bring your kite into the house and we will see."

He followed, awe-stricken, up the stone steps and down the long hall. He raised his eyes as he entered the big, beautiful room, from which he could see the flowers beyond.

"My beautiful lady!" he exclaimed, gazing at the picture of a young girl which hung over the fireplace. "The lady that I see so much on the common!"

"You never see her, my little man," said the old lady gently.

"Not sho nuff, mebbe," he answered, "but er heap er times, when I'm er thinkin', an' oncet, er long time ergo, she did come fur sho; I know, 'cause she kissed me an' she looked jerry like this, only she was paler an' more sorry like."

The lady knelt down on the floor beside the boy, and, taking his little face in her trembling hands, looked in a strange way into his beautiful eyes and said:

"Tell me who you are, child; who is 'Granny,' and what is your name?"

"Granny, she lives out on the pike and sells vegetables. She takes care of me, but she says she an't no kin ter me, an' that my own mother died an' left me with her, an' my name is Enoch Estell."

Enoch Estell! My God! exclaimed the old lady.

By and by, before Enoch knew what was happening, there was a hurrying of servants coming and going, and the old lady was telling him he must go with her in the carriage to where Granny lived.

He waited without on the steps, while the sweet lady went in to talk to Granny. He could not think what they could be talking about; he did not know what it all meant. Presently he saw Granny go into the little room and get the picture and letters which she had told him were to be his some day, and the "sweet lady" cried when she saw them. She was crying still when she came out, and putting her arms about his neck told him he was to go and live with her. She told him then, but he did not understand it till afterward, that the beautiful lady whom he remembered was his mother and her daughter, whom she had not seen for so many years—not since she married and went away.

It was many months after, when Enoch had grown accustomed to his new home in the big house, that he said one day to his grandmother:

"Grandmother, we never did mend the kite, did we?"

"No, my child, do you want it?" she asked.

"Please, grandmother, dear, let's keep it just like it is, 'cause it did bring me to you, and the flowers, and—and everything, just like I dreamed it would when I sat on my big stone by the water-cresses."

And the old lady only kissed him for an answer.

## The Queen Led the Smokers.

The present queen regent of Spain is very simple in her manners and is gradually relaxing the severe etiquette of the Spanish court. Of course it was not possible to smoke in the queen's presence, but, knowing the Spanish fondness for cigarettes, at a recent court dinner to gain popularity she ordered cigars to be produced. Every one hesitated to make the first innovation, and the officer of state, next the queen, held the silver basket containing them, scarcely knowing what to do, when the young queen, taking one and lighting it herself, gave it to the next minister and said in a loud voice: "Pass round the cigars, gentlemen."

All this arouses enthusiasm for the moment, but it is the crowned heads themselves that are giving the death-blow to royalty all over the world by these concessions.

God's foreseeing doth not include or connote pre-determining, any more than I decree with my intellect.—Hammond.

## A UNION SCOUT.

He Served in the Ranks of the Enemy and Had Many Narrow Escapes.

"Milton, the scout," decorated with a beautiful Medal by General Hancock—His Darling Exploits, Imprisonments and Escapes—A Model Old Man.

Possibly the most unobtrusive man in Kansas City, says the Times of that city, is the one who has had the most adventurous career. His name is Dewitt C. Taylor, and three years ago he passed the allotted three score years and ten. For four years during the civil war he was known as "Milton, the Scout," and on May 23, 1864, the day before the grand review of the federal troops at Washington, General Hancock called him to a platform and before a vast army presented him with an enameled silver medal for his gallant services as scout. This medal he now wears beneath his military coat. It contains four links of solid silver, each two and a half inches square, and engraved thereon the name of his army corps and the battles in which he participated.

Mr. Taylor rarely speaks of his adventures and it is with extreme difficulty that even his old army friends can prevail on him to relate any one of his many thrilling experiences. He is modest and retiring and neither his bearing nor his facial expression give any evidence of the sufferings and perils he experienced during his life as a scout. He was captured four times during the war and twice he was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot.

The narrowest escape with his life occurred soon after the battle of Cold Harbor. Taylor had entered Lee's army soon after the battle as a deserter from the federal forces. He was suspected, watched and finally court-martialed and sentenced to be hanged. Eight soldiers were commanded to guard him and he was sent across the country to General Lee's headquarters, where he was to be hanged. Taylor determined to either gain his freedom en route or lose his life. It happened that in traveling across the country a blackberry patch was encountered. The soldiers were tired and hungry and left one of their number to guard the prisoner while they strolled in quest of berries. Taylor's time had come. He had no weapon except a sheath knife with a blade about four inches long, which was concealed under his shirt. He watched his opportunity and while the soldier was off guard threw one arm around his head, placing it over his mouth to stifle the cries. His knife then did its work. Arming himself with the revolvers of the dead soldier, the scout secreted himself in a ravine and waited until the soldiers had passed him in their search.

This was only one of a hundred thrilling incidents in his career. At one time he was being pursued by five confederate soldiers on horseback and emptied four saddles before he could make his escape. Taylor enlisted in the Second Michigan regiment in April, 1861, and the following year was transferred to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, where he served until mustered out in 1865. He is now lieutenant colonel of company A, Kansas City veterans.

He was detained as a scout in 1862, shortly after being transferred to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, and reported direct to General Meade or Hancock. His duty was to keep posted on Lee's movements and stay at headquarters. For six weeks at a time he was often compelled to remain in the confederate ranks doing duty as a soldier.

"I believe the confederates kept a much closer guard on suspects than the federals," said Mr. Taylor, and it was much more difficult to operate among them. The confederate officers and troops seemed to have a keener discernment of approaching danger and were able to locate a scout quicker. It is a very easy matter to gain admittance to the ranks of a foe, but the difficulty comes in getting away. I usually pretended to be either a deserter who wanted to join the ranks or a soldier of some other division of the army who had been taken prisoner.

Before leaving headquarters I always arranged for a postoffice under some rock or crevice and never knew who came after the letters. The greatest danger lay in falling into the hands of some officer who knew me or in meeting a confederate scout who had been among our forces. There is now in Kansas City a man who was a confederate scout and who frequently saw me during the war. Neither he nor I knew the business of the other, but since the war we have become acquainted with each other's former duties. His name is Craddock and he is also a carpenter belonging to the carpenters' and joiners' union."

## MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

A Wife's Tender Sympathy in Hours of Pain and Trouble.

The other night I was taken with a sort of pleurisy pain, and I nudged Mr. Bowser and asked him to get up and mix me a mustard plaster. He lay on the broad of his back, hands locked under his neck, and snoring as if hired to give a midnight performance on a fog-horn.

"Zi! Yes," he growled as I nudged him.

"Mr. Bowser, get up!"

"Yum! Lemme lone!"

"Mr. Bowser, I am in great pain!"

"Yes, I know."

"Will you get up?"

"Whaz mazzar now?" he demanded as he tried to sit up in bed.

"I am threatened with pleurisy."

"Hey! Who is it?"

"I am threatened with pleurisy and I do wish you would get up and mix a mustard plaster for me."

"Bosh!" he growled, now fully awake. "You just lie quiet and the pain will go away."

He dropped back and began to snore again, but after ten minutes' hard work I got him out of bed. He sat on the edge, staring blankly into vacancy, and ready to fall back any moment, and I even while I was telling him that I might not live till morning he fell over, kicked himself under the clothes, and went to sleep while I was pulling his hair.

A night or two later, just after the bells had struck 12, I dreamed that I was being chased by a locomotive. It gave an extra toot and awoke me, and I discovered that toot to be Mr. Bowser's voice growling:

"For the land's sake get up or I shall be a dead man."

"What is it?"

"Terrible cramps in my stomach. I'm just tied in a knot!"

"Oh, it's only a passing pain," I replied as I sought the pillow again.

"Lie still and it will soon go off."

"Lie still thunder!" he yelled as he got one leg out of bed. "I tell you I shall be a corpse within an hour if I don't get relief!"

"Well, you'll find the Jamaica ginger on the side-board. Take a big dose of it in wine."

"I'll never find it! Oh! Heavens, what a pain!"

I wanted to get up, of course, but I was determined to pay him back in his own coin, I therefore apparently fell asleep, and after banging around the room for a few minutes he went out. He was back again in three minutes, however, to exclaim:

"Are you going to lay there and let me die like a sick horse?"

"But you didn't get up for me."

"I know it, but that was because I—I—whooop! Blue blazes, but I know I'm dying!"

I had to get up, of course, and, of course, I had him relieved in a quarter of an hour. Man-like, he was frightened to death at a pain which he would have expected me to keep perfectly still about.

## HISTORICAL.

Among the rights asserted by the Protestant clergy in the Middle Ages, and which caused much dispute, was exemption from lay jurisdiction even in cases of felony.

During the French and Indian war the American colonists spent \$16,000,000, of which England repaid only \$5,000,000. It is estimated that the Americans lost 35,000 men.

Cock fighting is said to have originated with the Athenians. It existed in the days of Thomas a Becket, and until the time of the Commonwealth it flourished, a pit at Whitehall having been erected and patronized by royalty. It was prohibited in 1654.

In ancient history, a "client" was a Roman citizen whose relation to his patron was in many respects similar to that of a serf to his feudal lord. It was the duty of the patron to watch over the interests of his clients and protect them, and to defend them in lawsuits.

Clisthenes, an Athenian statesman, the grand-uncle of Pericles, lived about 500 B. C. He increased the number of the tribes of Attica from four to ten, and made important changes in the constitution, which he rendered more democratic. He became very popular, and was the foremost Athenian statesman of his time.

Club life in London had its origin in the day of Elizabeth, when the Mermaid Tavern in Fleet street, enlivened by Shakespeare, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, became the name of a sort of club. Jonson afterwards founded a club at the Devil Tavern, Fleet street.

Coffee was not known to the Greeks or Romans, but in Abyssinia and Ethiopia it has been used from time immemorial. In 1690 it was carried by the Dutch from Mocha to Java, where it was soon extensively raised, and young plants were afterwards sent to the botanical garden at Amsterdam.

## Out of the Reach of the Camera.

There is no apparent limit to the feats of instantaneous photography. It has caught ball players in the act of pitching, running bases, striking a ball and catching a fly. It has photographed running and trotting horses, and it has taken a successful picture of a flash of lightning. Until lately it has stopped at a bullet shot from a rifle, but by an ingenious use of electricity even that swift and diminutive object has been photographed. The camera is provided with an extremely sensitive plate, and the bullet is fired in a dark room. As it passes the camera it breaks an electric current by which it is illuminated for an instant, when its image is transfixed on the sensitive plate. Nothing, apparently, is out of reach of instantaneous photography, unless, perhaps, it is the swift clasp knife of a "Kentucky gentleman."

## What the Editor Said.

He was tall, thin and hungry looking, and when he told the editor he was a poet, the editor didn't say a disparaging word. But he didn't get his poetry in the paper, just the same, and the companion with the blue pencil and the preoccupied air made several remarks.

"Poets are born, sir!" he said haughtily, as he rolled up his manuscript.

"And I'm doggoned sorry for it," said the editor.—Merchant Traveler.

## WINGED MISSILES.

There are 135,000 mormons in Utah's total population of 300,000.

Sir Morell Mackenzie contemplates making a lecture tour of this country.

Prince Bismarck considers Sir Charles Dilke the greatest English statesman.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian playwright, pronounces his last name "Eye-ben."

What people call the eye of the oyster is scientifically known as the abductor muscle.

Patti has been singing for \$3,500 a night in London. Evidently her voice is richer than ever.

Admiral Kimberly, in command of the Pacific squadron, has been in the service for forty years.

"Come off the perch," said the fisherman as he removed the scales from a specimen of the finny tribe.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" when she was under 17. She is now 30.

Besides being great on the table, common quail is an exterminator of chinch-bugs. Give the quails a chance.

More than twenty-five tons of paper were used in printing the ballots for the last election in Massachusetts.

"Gnaw, you don't," as the cheese said to the mouse when he tried to eat a hole in the wire screen that covered it.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000,000 of these diminutive but useful articles every year.

Florida produces crocodiles as well as alligators, but they are harder to capture, being more wary and "chuck full" of fight.

The Emperor of China, who married against his will in obedience to his mother, now refuses to see either his mother or his wife.

Cardinal Lavigerie estimates that with 1,000 good soldiers and \$4,000,000, he will be able to suppress the entire slave trade of Africa.

George Augustus Sala has retired from journalism and wants to go to parliament. He knows of many reforms that ought to be made.

The Khan of Khiva intends to make a tour of Europe, beginning with Russia. He thinks he Khan Khiva the ground inside of a year.

The Earl of Meath, who has been traveling in this country, says that the pavements of our cities are a disgrace to American civilization.

The shareholders of the Eiffel tower have got all their money back from the profits and will take half the net receipts during the twenty years the concession runs.

A grocer in Jersey City had been complained of to the county board of health for selling sunburned potatoes. The complainant alleged that such potatoes are poisonous.

Many of the new apartment houses being erected in London are fifteen stories high. The air at that height is fresh and cool, and it is said to be like living in the country.

Miss Jennie Flood, daughter of the bonanza king, is the richest unmarried woman in California and spends a great deal of her time in looking after the condition of the poor.

The Texas Sittings says: "While the English drum beat is heard around the world, the American deadbeat is not far behind." America keeps up with the procession.

The dowager Empress of China, takes a great interest in the development of the Celestial Kingdom, and spends a great deal of time in consultation with railroad projectors.

A big kaleidoscope which revolves for several minutes for the benefit of the person who drops a nickel in the slot with which it is provided is the latest production in this prolific line.

The King of Bavaria smokes 100 cigarettes every day and is so fond of seeing blazes that each time he lights a cigarette he sets off a box of matches just for the fun of seeing them burn.

A man in Simer Co., Cal., who killed a neighbor's steer to save his own family from starving declined counsel, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to one year in the state prison.

John Hicks, United States Minister to Peru, informs the State Department that the Peruvian girls are very pretty. This will still further cement our friendship with South American nations.

A magnificent English tree known as the "Winfarthing oak," which measured 93 feet 7 inches in girth in 1744, has just been measured and found to have grown just 17 inches in the interval of 145 years.

A New York boarding-house mistress indignantly prints the following: "If the smart young person who changed the letters in our dining-room motto so that it reads, 'God Bless our Bone,' will settle for what is due me I shall be glad to have him go."

The mohammedans of Lahore are endeavoring to bring about a reform in the matter of the expense which now attends marriages and funerals. Sometimes families remain in debt for generations on account of extravagant outlays on these occasions.

Prince George of Wales commanded a torpedo boat during the recent British naval maneuvers. When at last the pennant was hauled down, he personally thanked and shook hands with every member of the crew, and gave to each his photograph and a sovereign.

The seminary system of study, so much in vogue in Germany, is being widely introduced at Cornell. There are now seminaries in economics, history, literature, philosophy, and pedagogy, and active steps are being taken to organize one for the mechanical and electrical engineers.

The water lily is largely used in some parts of India as food stuff. The fruit of one species that grows plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch and has much the flavor of a chestnut. If the nuts are dried they will keep for a long time, and when ground may be made into cakes or porridge, or they may be soaked for some hours and then boiled.

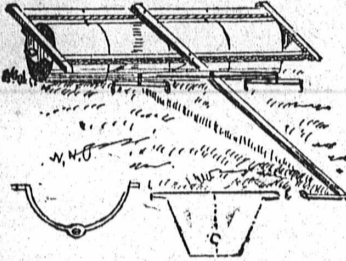
## THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Useful Information and Practical Suggestions for Indoors and Out.

**A Cheap and Serviceable Farm Roller—Cure for Kicking Horses—Bearing Fall Colts—Uses for Turpentine—Corn Husks for Beds—Household Suggestions.**

### A Sectional Farm Roller.

One of the most useful implements, next to those of absolute necessity, upon a well conducted farm is a roller. When the soil is heavy and tenacious the roller helps to crush the clods and level the rough surface, while a light, shifting soil is quite as much benefited by its compressing action. A roller consisting of a single long cylinder works at a great disadvantage in turning corners, the outer end having to travel over a much greater distance than the inner, so that it must sweep over the ground without revolving.



A SECTIONAL FARM ROLLER.

This difficulty is largely obviated by making the roller in sections, each one of which turns independently of the others. We illustrate herewith a sectional roller which may be cheaply constructed and effective. It is in four sections. The frame shown in Fig. 1 is of oak or tough, hard timber, three by four inches. The two side pieces are nine feet six inches long, the two end pieces three feet. A block of white oak or similar wood, eighteen inches in extreme length and nine inches wide, shaped as shown in Fig. 2, is securely bolted to the lower edge of each end piece, to hold the boxes in which the outer ends of the axles revolve. Three iron bars of the shape shown in Fig. 2 are bolted, one in the middle of the frame, and one on each side half way to the end. These hold the boxes which support the inner journals. A stout piece of oak or white elm is bolted across the middle of the frame and extends in front where it serves as a tongue to which the double-tree and neck-yoke are attached. The cylinders may be made of wood or iron.

### The Rope Cure for Kickers.

During the last thirty-five years a neighbor has permanently cured over twenty horses of the kicking habit without fail in any case attempted, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

Following in his method: Take a half-inch rope that has been stretched until it cannot be stretched any more, tie it around the horse's back of the pad and belly-band of the harness; insert a short stick and twist it up nearly as tight as the rope will bear without breaking, and tie the stick so that it will stay. Fasten the horse in a stall where there is room behind him to wield a long-lash whip, then strike him around the hind legs quite severely; at the second or third blow he will generally kick with both feet with all his might, but only for two or three times. If he has been in the habit of kicking in harness, drive him with the rope on two weeks, or until he quits making threats. Some will kick once or twice with one foot, and bob up and threaten for several days. They should be tickled or teased, or have a basket or pail thrown under them or tied to a hind foot several times a day to make them try and kick, and until they cease to make any effort in that direction. The remedy is then effectual. After driving the animal half an hour, the rope should be tightened. This will also cure bucking horses, or any which try to throw their rider.

### Fall Colts.

John M. True, a breeder and correspondent of the breeders' Gazette, believes in fall colts. In a communication to that paper he says the fall colt at birth is less subject to general weakness and crookedness as well as that great destroyer of spring foals—osteitis. The strong colt nourishes by the full flow of milk at this season, with the dam in vigorous condition and free from the danger of over-heating so general in warmer months, at once takes a thrifty growth, and by the time winter sets in is in good condition to meet all necessary exposure to cold. The colt early learns to eat hay and grain which should be liberally provided, and with plenty of daily exercise all the conditions are met for promoting rapid, uninterrupted growth. The colt weaned about six months old, soon after goes upon grass upon nearly equal footing with the spring yearling, and in my experience at two years old is equal in form and size to his spring cousin which had the seeming advantage of six months lead in the start of life.

### Meat For Laying Hens.

There is no doubt that fresh meat is excellent to make hens lay. It contains much of the material of which the egg is composed, and with ground bone for making the shell constitutes a perfect egg food. But it is too heating for exclusive feeding, and unless mixed with grain, it will make the eggs strong, like those of ducks and other waterfowl. It is possible, by giving the hens wheat, oats and buckwheat, with plenty of

gravel and lime, to keep hens in laying condition with little and perhaps even with no meat except insects they pick up in their range.

### Turpentine.

After a housekeeper fully realizes the worth of turpentine in the household, she is never willing to be without a supply of it. It gives quick relief to burns; it is an excellent application for corns; it is good for sore throats. Then it is a sure preventive against moths; by just dropping a trifle in the drawers, chests and cupboards it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from closets and store-rooms by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves. It is sure destruction to bedbugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts if thoroughly applied to all the joints of the bedstead, and injures neither furniture nor clothing. A spoonful of this added to a pail of warm water is excellent for cleaning paint.—Weekly Press.

### Milking Cows.

It often happens that a cow is extremely hard to milk, and cannot in consequence be milked clean. This is very certain to cause the flow of milk to diminish, for if any milk is left in the udder it becomes more or less inflamed, and the milk falls off in quantity. The hardness in milking is caused by the hole in the end of the teat being too small, and Prof. Sheldon recommends that it may be distended by the insertion of a small plug or cone of ivory, bone or hard wood, well oiled, when the milking is over, and leaving it in the teat until the next milking time. This may be repeated until the cow becomes easy to milk. If made of the right size, no harm will result, and in a short time the orifice in the teat will become permanently enlarged, and the cow will no longer be difficult to milk.

### Domesticating Wild Turkeys.

All our domestic turkey are descendants of wild stock, as this bird was until the discovery of America. A return to the original breed give more hardiness, and is on some accounts desirable. The turkey always needs a wider range than other fowls, but while young is very susceptible to injury from cold and wet. In its wild state the weaklings are killed off, and only the strongest survive.

### Corn Husks for Beds.

As a mattress on which to lay the feather bed corn husks are much superior to straw. They are clean, always light, and not liable to get matted down or to wear out, as straw beds do by long handling. Only inside husks, those not exposed to the weather, should be used. A bed thus made will keep in good condition many years.

### Farm Notes.

It is claimed that if linseed oil and sulphur mixed be poured on the hot-water pipes of green houses the odor will destroy mildew.

Linseed meal should be used regularly for all classes of stock. It is not only nutritious, but serves to regulate the bowels and aid digestion.

Have a small bin in the cellar in order to store parsnips, carrots and beets for family use. Store them in dry sand. The main crop may be stored in mounds outside.

Calves do not pay, say the dairymen, yet somebody raises the cows that the dairymen buy, and it is impossible that some one must make the calves pay, or there would soon be no cows.

There is usually a difference of 50 per pound between live and dry-picked poultry. Scalded poultry sells for about 20 per pound less than the dry-picked. Young squabs at this season are salable, and young ducks bring 70 per pound more than the adults. After January prices usually begin to rise.

When a flock of hens do not pay, the best plan is to pick out the ones that are laying and sell of the others. It is sometimes the case that there are too many of them together. A few hens, well kept, will produce more eggs, proportionately than a larger number.

Does it pay to keep oxen? Where the roads are rough in winter, and travel very difficult, an ox team can be made serviceable, especially for hauling wood or heavy loads. Where the roads are kept in good condition the horses are better adapted for service.

The Farm Journal says that a well-raised pig of from 150 to 180 pounds, dressed at 8 or 9 months old, is the best eating that grows in that sort of hide, and that the days of heavy pigs are numbered.

Manure may fall to give good results the first year and show well the next. Much depends on the condition of the material. It can not afford food to plants until it decomposes and its soluble material can be appropriated.

### Hints to Housekeepers.

When beating up the whites of eggs, add a tiny pinch of salt, because this will cut them up, and make them frothy much quicker, as well as make the froth more "heady" than it otherwise would be.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

Wall papers of large patterns decrease the apparent size of the room.

The following makes a good stove polish: To one-half pound, powdered black lead, add one-half gill water, one-half ounce sugar; bottle and shake thoroughly.

The latest decree of fashion is that

tables should no longer be square, but round or triangular, so that every guest faces the host or hostess.

Warts may be destroyed by being rubbed with alum. Carry a lump in the pocket and rub on the wart frequently, wetting it as you do so.

Hanging shelves in the cellar are a great convenience.

It is a good idea for a tall woman to have her kitchen table and ironing board a little higher than ordinary. It will save many a backache.

Straw hats, straw mats, willow furniture, etc., may be cleaned almost like new if salt and water be used for washing them.

Lemon Sauce.—One teacupful of sugar, one-half teacup of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, all well mixed together. Add also grated rind of lemon and a pint of boiling water. Boil five minutes. When ready to serve squeeze into sauce juice of one lemon.

Nut Cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of five eggs, beaten separately, very light, one cup of chopped hickory-nut meats, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Lay some whole meats of the nuts on the icing of the cake.

Tomato mustard.—One peck of green tomatoes sliced thin and sprinkled thickly with salt; let stand overnight and in the morning squeeze out the salty juice; slice one-fourth of a peck of onions, lay them in a porcelain lined kettle, tomatoes and onions alternately; add one pound of mustard, cover with vinegar, boil steadily one hour and pack in stone jars.

### Wendell Phillips's Southern Story.

Here is a Southern story from Phillips, says the Forum: "That most eloquent of all Southerners, as I think, Mr. Sargent S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, was addressing a crowd of 4,000 people in his state, defending the tariff, and in the course of an eloquent period which rose to a beautiful climax, he painted the thrift, the energy, the comfort, the wealth, the civilization of the north, in glowing colors; when there rose on the vision of the assembly, in the open air, a horseman of magnificent proportions; and just at the moment of hushed attention, when the voice of Prentiss had ceased and the applause was about to break forth, the horseman exclaimed, 'd— the north!' The curse was so much in unison with the habitual feeling of a Mississippi audience that it quenched their enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept them from cheering the horseman. Prentiss turned upon his lame foot and said: 'Major Moody, will you rein in that horse a moment?' He assented. The orator went on: 'Major, the horse on which you ride came from upper Missouri; the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton, N. J.; the hat on your head came from Danbury, Conn.; the boots you wear came from Lynn, Mass.; the linen in your skirt is Irish, and Boston made it up; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manufacture, and was cut in New York; and if to-day you should surrender what you owe the 'd— north,' you would sit stark naked.'"

### The Old Fashioned School Ma'am.

How dear to my heart is the old fashioned school ma'am,  
When sad recollections present her to view;  
The way which she'd often we boys with a rule lamm  
Would make the whole future look fearfully blue,  
And still in my fancy I feel my flesh tingle,  
Time never can quite the sensation describe,  
For when she got rattled she made the house jingle—  
The old fashioned school ma'am, I knew when a boy,  
The red headed school ma'am the strong muscled school ma'am,  
The argus eyed school ma'am I knew when a boy.

### A Dress Album.

What woman has not at some time or other had memories awakened by the sight of a piece of some special gown suddenly brought to light? To some, therefore, it will be welcome news, perhaps, to learn that an ingenious woman has hit upon the idea of a "dress album," in which tiny cuttings of every gown belonging to its owner are to be chronologically arranged under the dates on which they were first or specially worn. There is a decided touch of pathos in the notion, for an occasional review of this curious volume as the years rolled by could scarcely fail to bring back to memory many by-gone hours of happiness and sorrow connected with the collection. What a picture would arise to the mind, for instance, at the sight of a fragment of one's first ball dress, or of one's wedding gown, or that first shred of black that stood out in terrible contrast to the gaudy samples surrounding it.

### The Kind of Novel to Write.

The successful novel of to-day is that which contains some social problem woven into the narrative, says a writer. This fact I learned in a recent conversation with a prominent publisher. Said he: "There was a time, not long ago, when people wanted fiction pure and simple, and there are people of the same idea now. But novel reading has changed. Take Mrs. Ward's or Mr. Bellamy's novels, or Mr. Froude's latest, and each presents a social problem. Of course, everything depends upon the topic woven into the narrative, and much upon the public's willingness to take it up."

## FROM SHOP TO THRONE.

How a Tobaccoist's Son Mounted to the Spanish Dais.

He Became a Favorite of the Physically Rotten Father of Queen Isabella, then a Favorite of the Queen, and a Threat Did the Rest.

The ruler who preceded Queen Isabella, of Spain, was a strange, coarse man of violent temper and repulsive exterior. Extremely suspicious of his subjects, he was always trying to test their affection, to penetrate by disguise into their homes that he might learn if he was beloved by his people. It was a point he was exceedingly tender on. One evening before dusk he left the palace in disguise. Some new rumors that he was unpopular had disturbed him, and he could not rest till he had investigated them. As he approached the borders of the royal park he found that he had forgotten his tobacco, and seeing a light gleam from a little shop where his soldiers were supplied he bent his steps toward it. On entering he only found a boy, who had been left in charge by his father, the tobaccoist. While making his purchase his majesty noted the singular beauty and intelligence of the child's face, and asked him his name, which the boy said was Lorenzo. The king then lighted a cigar and skillfully led the conversation till he had induced the boy to speak of his feelings for his sovereign, when the unconscious child disclosed a heart of such loyalty and love for his ruler in spite of his faults, which he freely babbled off, that the monarch exclaimed: "Would all my people were educated like this; then would my throne stand firm." Then he left him gazing in astonishment at a gold piece in his hand. The next morning the king called his chamberlain and said: "The tobaccoist on the borders of my park has a son of great intelligence; I wish him placed in the royal college." "But, your majesty, the college is only for the sons of nobles." "Obey my orders."

One day the monarch, ill and almost deserted, heard some one playing a sweet little melody on a mandolin from the garden outside. The air soothed him and he cried: "Who is that?" "It is Lorenzo, your majesty." "Send him to me." Then, as the young officer stood before him, he dismissed his attendants and said: "Do you love me, Lorenzo?" The poor old king was disgusting to behold, swollen beyond semblance to humanity, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything, and in the clutches of his dreadful disease. Lorenzo's great feeling could forget all, and, bursting into tears, he threw his arms around that mass of corruption, crying: "I love you, your majesty. I would give my life to save you one moment's pain." "Then you shall never leave me."

After this Lorenzo was always at his side. But now comes a new actor on the scene of this strange drama—the queen. The Princess Christina, daughter of the king of Naples. As the disease progressed even the attendants fled, and in all the crimson and gold of the royal chamber only Lorenzo and the queen were left to watch the bed of death. Lorenzo was one of those who seem to be born to die for their sovereign, but the young queen did not look with the same loyal eyes upon the dying king, and she soon fell in love with Lorenzo. Before her child was born she caused a new law to be passed securing succession to it whether male or female, and that is how Isabella came to the throne.

The young queen now plunged deeper into guilt, and fearing for the future began to secrete great sums of money and even to replace some of the crown jewels with paste. To this she wanted Lorenzo to become her accomplice. Reluctantly led before, he now saw his chance for power over her. Soon the time came when they sat on either side of a bed with a corpse between them. "Lorenzo," she said, "I will always remember your services. I will reward you with great honors and titles." "One title will be sufficient, madam," he said, with a smile. "What do you mean?" she cried. "Your husband, or you go to the scaffold." And so the tobaccoist's son mounted the throne.

### Who Is This Mr. Tammany?

A fresh-faced New York girl said at a young woman's luncheon the other day: "Who is this Mr. Tammany that one hears so much about? I see his name in all the papers. Did any one of you ever meet him, and is he old or young or what?" None of the girls knew. They discussed it for awhile, and one of them hazarded the suggestion that so popular a man was likely to be president eventually and it would be wise, if possible to meet him. It might mean an invitation to the white house some day. So impressed were they with this view of the case that several of them spoke to men they knew of the matter, and that was how the story got out.

### The Art of Sharpening a Knife.

"Do you know how to sharpen a carving-knife?" The question was asked by a big butcher in Fulton market. "Very few people do," he said. "The carver ought to be held at an angle of twenty to twenty-five degrees on the steel. When the other side of the blade is turned you must be careful to preserve the same angle. Then draw the steel from heel to point against the edge, using only a slight pressure."—New York Herald.

## TALK OF THE DAY.

With many of the performers a ballet is mere matter of form.

Soothing syrup manufacturers are paid considerable hush money.

It is the wife of the late husband who is most interested in the coming man.

First Cheese—"Are you improving in health?" Second Cheese—"Greatly; I am getting stronger every day."

Screwdriver—"Well, what do you think of me?" Screw—"I must say you have completely turned my head."

Not Her Fault—"What an enigma you are, Nell!" "Why?" "I never knew how to take you." "You've never tried."

"What is your salary, Dr. Stig-gings?" "My salary," said the clergyman slowly, "is \$3,000. But my pay is about \$1,200."

Miss Gotham—"Oh, Miss Boston, I am making a crazy quilt." Miss Boston—"Indeed! I never made but one imbecile coverlet."

A French laundryman says you can whiten linen with potatoes. Yes, and you can color it with tomatoes. We've been a lecturer 'ourself."

Hypothetic benevolences. Miss Winter—"Caroline, what would you do if you were a man?" Miss Lateinthefall—"Propose to you, out of pity."

In the French class—"Johnny, what is the meaning of je ne sais pas?" "I don't know." "Then go back to your desk and study till you do know."

Papa—"Come here, children, and give this lady a kiss. This is the new mamma I promised to bring you." Der Kleine Karl—"But, papa, she isn't new."

Perfectly Natural.—Mrs. Brown—"What prompted that bold young man to kiss you at the door last night?" Cora—"Why, ma, I don't think he needed any prompting."

Boarder (to landlady who has just discharged a profane cook)—"Was that the breakfast I heard swearing in the kitchen?" Landlady—"Sir?" Boarder—"O, I'm not at all surprised. It's tough enough."

Lady of the house—"Why, you are the same man to whom I gave a loaf of my home-made bread the other day." Tramp—"Yes, mum; and I merely came around to show you that I was still alive."

Barber—"I think this is the first time I ever shaved you, sir." Victim—"You're mistaken there." Barber—"Strange I fail to remember it, sir."

Victim—"You wouldn't be so likely to remember it as I."

"Blinks is a nice fellow." "Yes; but he shows such a marked disposition to exaggerate." "To be sure; but that is counterbalanced by one thing."

"What is that?" "The general indisposition to believe him."

He—"The poodle! Why he's dead, didn't you know?" She—"Oh, how sad! How did it happen?" He—"I was driving to the Tuxedo and the horse bolted. Poor Toby was killed, but I escaped." She—"What a pity."

A Morning Call: Mrs. Gadd—"I'm nearly tired to death; was at Mrs. Nabb's party last night." Mrs. Gabb—"I didn't go; in fact did not get an invitation. Where there many there?" Mrs. Gadd—"Oh, no; it was very select."

At a public dinner, Mrs. Pongee—"Isn't that Mr. Dolliver near the chairman?" Pongee—"Yes, my dear."

"How utterly miserable he looks! Has he been ill?" "Oh, no; he's all right. The poor fellow is booked for a funny speech to-night."

Deacon Jones (solemnly)—"My young friend, do you attend a place of worship?" Young man—"Yes, sir, regularly, every Sunday night." Deacon Jones—"Pray tell me where you go to worship?" Young man—"I'm on my way to see her now."

Mrs. Blinks—"See here, Mr. B., I thought you said you had been duck shooting." Mr. Blinks—"Yes, m' dear, been duck (hic) shooting." "But these ducks you brought home are tame ducks." "Y-e-s, m' dear, I tamed 'em after I (hic) shot 'em."

Edison has invented a phonographic clock that will talk. If he will teach a timepiece to yawn and say "Good night, George," or whatever his front name may be—about half past 10 p. m., every family in which there is a court-able daughter will purchase one.

"Farewell, George," she sobbed, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "Don't take on so, Mary," he soothingly replied. "I'm only going down to the office, six blocks distant." "Yes, I—boo-hoo—know," she wept afresh; "but you are going on a cable car."

Rogers—"I tell you, sir, when the Chickasaw bank pressed poor old Jones for a settlement it signed his death warrant." Williams—"You don't say so! Why did it affect him so seriously?" "He had taken a heavy cold, and the draught from the bank brought on pneumonia."

"I noticed," said old Misfit as he walked out of church after service, "that the choir made an honest acknowledgment in one of the responses." "Indeed," said Mr. Pewholder, "in what part of the services was that?" "Why, where they all said 'we are miserable sinners.'"

Diner—"You have waited upon me very acceptably and I have enjoyed my meal thoroughly. You have behaved like a gentleman, and a gentleman you certainly are, notwithstanding your humble occupation." Walter—"I hope, sir, that I am a gentleman. I always try to be one." Diner—"It is as I suspected. And being a gentleman, I shall not insult you by offering you money. Perhaps at some time I may be able to reciprocate your courtesy. Till then, farewell."

Horticultural Suggestions.

When an apple tree has grown scrubby, the best thing ordinarily to do with it is to "pluck it up and cast it into the fire."

One of our horticultural journals has an exhaustive article on "fish balls." It is a timely subject. Get ready to grow fish balls.

In answer to a correspondent we would say that the potato seed ball will not produce the same variety of potato which produces the ball.

The Minnesota potato starch factories are said to be booming this season. There is no reason why they should not, if they get anything for their starch.

The East is complaining of a poor apple crop. It is attributed to having early rains which produced fungous growth "which afterwards appeared as black soab on the skin."

Massachusetts has a new imported caterpillar which devastated the foliage of trees last summer. Feed it on Paris green. Anything that eats a leaf can be fixed with a mixture of Paris green.

Mustard yields a crop of about twenty-five bushels to the acre, which is worth from two to three dollars. Two quarts of seed to the acre is the quantity sowed. We do not know as to the certainty of the crop.

Whenever we all get down to managing an orchard as carefully as we manage other crops, while we shall still have serious failures, we shall reduce failure to the minimum. Everything that grows must have care except a weed.

"Everything is good in its place," says one of our exchanges. Now if somebody will tell us where the place of the potato bug, curculion and other pests of that kind is, the only thing left to do will be to get them into the place.

A gentleman picked the ripe fruit from his Bartlett pear trees, leaving the small fruit on. He found that when the trees were relieved of the ripe fruit the small pears grew to be nearly as large as the picked fruit. That is reasonable.

There is reason, plenty of reason why the farmer and the gardener grumble. But the man who wears out his breeches sitting on a dry goods box in town, talking politics, and lets his farm or garden wear out from neglect, has no reason to complain.

The rolling farmer gathers no moss. Settle down somewhere and stay there.

The machinery on some farms will soon be under cover. The snow will be here soon, if it has not come already.

It is a good thing we are not all rich and lazy. If some of us were not poor the world would starve to death. It is the poor people that keep things moving.

It must fill the breast of the average Kansan with rage and disgust when he buys a Kansas City Sunday paper and finds its contents chiefly given over to boasting of its own "enterprise" in being on sale in Kansas at all.

A French scientist has discovered a new method of predicting the weather. It is based upon the scintillations of the stars, which, he has observed, increase greatly before storms, thus giving token of disturbances in the upper atmosphere, long before meteorological instruments have registered any change.

Despise book farming? Well, that is partly the trouble with agriculture. For years it has been considered even by farmers themselves as a calling that anybody could follow, with some experience. It is both an art and a science, and the man never yet lived who knew all that might be known about farming.

The wool industry, the Department of Agriculture thinks, probably represents \$300,000,000 per annum, and the native wool product is four times as large as in 1860, while the average fleece weighs as much as two of that date. Prior to that time there was a slow increase of numbers and small advances in quality or weight. Large classes of goods which could not be produced in this country, as was claimed by importers, and half believed by consumers, are now produced here in nearly full supply of the home demand. Their manufacture was rendered possible first by the effect of the war premium on gold and afterwards by the influence of the tariff of 1867.

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The expenses of the Leavenworth street railway during the past year were \$6,000 in excess of its receipts.

The healthfulness of mutton, its suitability for Summer use in warm climates, and its growing popularity as highly-fed animals of the best mutton breeds become more common in our markets, contribute to the rapidly enlarging demand. It is important that this branch of sheep raising should receive greater attention. So says Uncle Jerry Rusk.

The annual report of First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson shows that 2,770 first class postoffices were established during the past year, making the total number in operation 58,599. The number of pieces of mail matter handled by carriers during the year was 3,085,905,540. The excess of postage on local matter over the total cost of the service was \$2,678,679.

The Rural World says: It is claimed that the beef packing, oleo making and superfine lard manufacturing firm known as Armour & Co., of Chicago, use eight millions of dollars worth of cotton seed oil a year. How much of this goes into their canned beef, imitation butter or fraudulent lard, no buyer or consumer can tell, but "it goes" nevertheless. They don't buy it to throw into Lake Michigan, because it would be seen, and their business is to put it where it cannot be seen, nor will they run it in the sewers because it won't pay, and they buy it to make money out of. It goes in to our tables, reader.

Exceedingly moderate weather has prevailed over the west this week.

The wife of Edgar E. Salts has brought suit for divorce. They were married in 1883.

Topeka has another new paper this week, called the Tribune, with one or two more in prospect.

We suspect there is more talk than reality in the idea of a car famine. We do not think the farmers are so anxious to sell grain at present prices as to over tax our great railroad facilities for shipping.

In the senate, Tuesday, Mr. Merrill from the finance committee, reported back adversely the bill to provide for the organization of national banks with less capital than \$50,000, and it was indefinitely postponed.

Topeka held a big anti-resubmission meeting Tuesday night. There was no special need of any such meeting, for despite the howling of the Kansas City limes and the screaming of the Wichita Sore Eagle there is really not enough resubmission in Kansas to deserve the least attention.

It is not very pleasant to milk a cow in a temperature that is twenty degrees below zero. It is quite as pleasant for the milker as it is for the cow, however.

Forum Announcements.

The contents of the Forum are, like the contents of a newspaper, so confined to subjects which demand present attention that announcements of them cannot be made far in advance. During the year 1890 there will be discussions of all important subjects brought forward by political, social, religious, and scientific events; for, since The Forum was founded, there has been no problem of great public concern that has not been discussed in its pages by the masters of the subject on either side. Early in the year the following essays will be published:

Cardinal Manning, "Laborers Grievances;" Gen. Francis A. Walker, "The Coming World's Fair;" John G. Carlisle, "How the Tariff Affects the Farmer;" W. H. Mallock, "The Relation of Art to Truth;" President C. K. Adams, "The Moral Perils of College Life;" Prof. St. George Mivart, "The Omnipotence of Agnosticism;" Gen. Henry L. Abbott, "The Effect of New Inventions upon Warfare;" Andrew D. White, "The Disadvantages under which Science is Taught;" Lieut. Bradley A. Fiske, "Naval Warfare under New Conditions;" Francis Power Cobbe, "Secular Changes in Human Character;" Prof. R. H. Thurston, "Aerial Navigation;" Sir Richard Burton, "Drawbacks of High Civilization;" Edmund Yates, "The Development of Journalism;" Major J. W. Powell, "The Antiquity of Man in America;" Prof. Goldwin Smith, "Woman Suffrage."

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