

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XX.

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NO. 43

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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

Hon. T. C. Henry, well known in Kansas, has made arrangements to build another 100 miles of ditch for irrigating purposes in Colorado.

The Farmers' Alliance of Cloud county have built an elevator near the Santa Fe depot at Miltonvale and expect to do their own shipping.

The Phillips County Farmers' alliance has resolved, "That we exact a pledge from candidates for offices that they will labor for such plans and for such only as will advance the interests of the producing and laboring classes."

It is said that the press that used to print the first newspaper published in Kansas is at present in use at Mankato, Jewell county. It was taken to Jewell county by Oscar Kelly in 1873, and used by him to print the Jewell County Diamond.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet entitled "An Appeal to Kansas Teachers," by Mrs. Laura M. Johns, of W. C. T. U's Supt. of Temperance, with an introduction by T. E. Bowman. It treats of stimulants, narcotics and the evils arising from their use, especially with the cigarette habit. It contains a number of temperance recitations for the use of the public schools. It would be well to have these pamphlets distributed among the pupils of our schools, and also in every home in the state. They can be had by sending ten cents to Mrs. Laura M. Johns, Salina Kan.

Forty thousand Iowa farmers asked the Iowa legislature to vote for Larrabee for U. S. senator and Larrabee did not get one vote. How will the sturdy yeomanry account for this lack of political influence which is simply startling?—State Journal.

One of these days the Journal will find it unprofitable to cast its slurs upon the farmers of the country, and then it will stop. The farmers are watching the papers, and will let it be seen whether or not they have any political influence. So they will in Iowa and Ohio where money alone seems to be a political power.

Southwestern France has been visited and devastated by a fearful hurricane.

The Brazilian minister at London denies that the comtiste calender has been adopted.

The khedive of Egypt gave state ball Tuesday night. Among the guests was Henry M. Stanley.

The trial of the action brought by Mr. Parnell against the Times for libel, has been fixed for February 3.

John McSweeney, the great criminal lawyer of Wooster, O. died very suddenly at 1 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Baron Von Frankenstein, one of the clerical party in the German reichstag, who has been ill for some time, died Wednesday.

The American squadron made ten knots between Gibraltar and Cartagena with a slight rise of coal consumption. The squadron will spend the week at Minorca.

Hon. A. R. Greene read an eulogy on ex Gov. Martin before the State Historical society on Tuesday night.

Gen. Roper, of Topeka, architect of the Kansas state capitol, is at Washington. He has been east inspecting various state capitol buildings and is now inspecting the national capitol with a view to making use of his observations in finishing the state house at Topeka.

Sleighting has been fine and all seem to enjoy it. Seldom do we have two weeks of better sleighting.

We acknowledge the receipt of Vick's Floral Guide. It will well pay any one to send ten cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for a copy of this fine work.

The sensation in the nostrils is described as indescribable and sneezing is but a temporary relief. One subject sneezes five hours in succession and survives.

Some people say the traffic in intoxicating drinks is not a crime, per se. How then comes it about that it is the mother of all crimes. Can it be, that what invariably leads to crime is not itself a crime—a chief criminal?

Some of our nimrods went hunting for jack rabbits a short time ago. They started a jack and fired several shots after him which only increased its speed. Finally a horseman coming along, the road east of town, headed it off and it ran into railroad culvert. Our valiant hunters crawled into the culvert and caught the jack rabbit.

If an enumeration was made of all our citizens who are now suffering with the "grip," it would make a very complete census of our little town.

The grip has seriously interfered with school for two weeks past.

Seven degrees below is the coldest weather we have had in this vicinity up to present writing.

McKinney, the new governor of Virginia, has never uttered a profane word, made a vulgar remark or drank a drop of whiskey in his life. If this be true, the question as to why he drifted into the democratic party and why the democrats should elect him to the governorship or any other office is a problem for moral philosophers to wrestle with.

While the eastern papers are dwelling upon the disastrous effects of the blizzard in Kansas, the farmers here are figuring up how many million dollars the snow which has fallen here during the past few days is worth to the wheat crop.

Lecompton people are up on ancient history.—Lawrence Record.

We doubt if any of our Lecompton citizens are as ignorant, as they are represented in the Times; but if so it shows the amount of knowledge the readers of the Times has in Kansas.

To impress a plain truth it is not necessary to paint it to the eye by comic wood cuts or sensational pictures of any kind. Ordinary type is better, if it secures your confidence. To illustrate: If you are the victim of Malaria, and wish to be free from it immediately, one bottle of Shallenberger's Antidote will infallibly do the work. It may pay you to believe this and get the medicine without delay. Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Pa., will send it by mail for one dollar.

Success in Creameries.

Farmers must learn that the good and well-fed cow is the bed-rock of the successful creamery; and have lots of them, in close proximity to a good central point, before it is anything but a "delusion and a snare" to talk gorgeous creamery building and equipment to the dairy farmer. The disproportionately costly creamery may be the very thing to crush out the true interest of the dairyman, instead of being a help to him. In a general way, we say to all farmers who think of engaging in co-operative dairying and are visited by oily-tongued emissaries of scoundrelly manufacturers, who try to make them believe a \$6,000 or \$7,000 creamery is essential to a good start, that if they have any many cures, set them on such fellows; but never use a decent, respectable dog for such purposes.

There is not one place for a creamery or cheese factory in a hundred at which it is wise to invest more than \$1,000 to \$2,000, till after the cowkeeping end of the enterprise has scored an enlargement. Consult the documents and price-lists of such manufacturers of dairy tools as Cornish, Curtis, & Greene, and others of our advertisers who we know will do the fair thing, and it will be seen that our advice is sound. Besides that, it is based on practical knowledge. We have no word to say against a factory growing to be a big thing—but let the growth of cows, and the growth of the dairy-farmers in practical knowledge of their business, precede the gorgeous factory, that generally ends in being an "elephant." There are lots of folks, by courtesy called men, now loose, who ought to be in jail.—Hoard's Dairyman.

1889.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

Twenty-first year.

1889.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS has for over Twenty years stood independently for the Home and the Farm. For years it was known as the official organ of the Patrons of Husbandry while they were learning the lesson of organization, and laying the foundation for greater reforms that were to follow.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS is more than gratified with the work of the late St. Louis Convention. For a score of years its present management has been engaged in just the work along the line laid down in its platform.

Recognizing the injustice of our laws in regard to women, and the disastrous effects of the liquor traffic upon the industries of the nation and the happiness of the people, we have held that no real progress could be made in labor and industrial reform, that did not recognize the relation of one to the other. We therefore believe there is reason to expect the best results from the position now taken by the National Alliance upon the situation of the day.

Upon all the great questions of our modern civilization the Convention seemed inspired with unusual wisdom. How refreshing those clear-cut declarations relating to the great principles underlying the common welfare of a free and enlightened people! How free from any apparent cant or hypocrisy! How striking when placed alongside the stale and meaningless platitudes of the every day political platform!

Such a ringing declaration ought to call together the clans of the nation, and become the war cry of the toiler on the farm and the workman in the shop. The world moves gloriously on.

No pulling faction was there. No sore, disappointed political hacks gave expression to those sentiments. No hidden, selfish purpose stares out between the lines. It was an earnest protest against great and growing wrongs. It was a protest as startling as that which went up from Rummymede, as full of meaning as that which rang out of Independence Hall.

This move the SPIRIT OF KANSAS hails with delight. It will lend to it a most hearty support, urging that unanimity of effort and that unselfish devotion to a great principle, without which it will not fully triumph.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS will not aim to be an organ of the Alliance, the grange, the suffragists, the prohibitionists, nor of any labor union. While it will favor the principle of all these, it will act from a stand point of independence, giving more attention to general principle than to details, as becomes necessary in an organ of any party.

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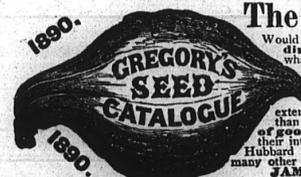
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The popular pastime of the day is sleighting.

A practical farmer who has tested it thoroughly says that seven pounds of dry corn of his is equal to eighteen pounds of hay. Two and a half tons of such fodder is only a average yield per acre, making an acre of corn fodder worth as much for feeding as sixteen tons of hay.



The Public Want

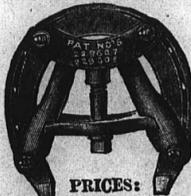
Their seed fresh and true. Would they not be most likely to obtain such by buying directly from the grower? I can buy seed at half what it costs me to raise it, but could not sleep sound should I warrant seed of this class. For the same reason I make special effort to procure seed stock directly from their originators. You will find in my new seed catalogue for 1890 (sent free) the usual extensive collection (with the price of some kinds lower than last season) and the really new vegetables of good promise. You should be able to get from me, their introducer, good seed of Cory Corn, Miller Melon, Hubbard Squash, All Seasons and Deep Head Cabbages and many other valuable vegetables, which I have introduced. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

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SORGHUM

A little book that every farmer ought to have is the "Sorghum Hand Book" for 1890, which may be had free, by addressing The Hyman Iron Works Co., of Cincinnati, O. Sorghum is a very valuable crop for syrup-making, feed, and fodder, and this pamphlet gives full information about the different species, best modes of cultivation, etc. Send and get it and read it.

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MY BED.

Oh, downy bed, with snowy spread,
And pillows of pure white,
How fondly I to thee draw nigh,
When comes the solemn night!

Then worn by care, oh couch most rare!
Between the sheets I creep,
And from my woe seek sweet repose
In quiet, holy sleep.

When drives the rain against the pane,
And nipping is the air,
The covering o'er my form I draw,
And nestle snugly there.

And then I think of those who sink,
Neglected and alone,
Their clothes in shreds, 'neath their heads
No pillow save a stone.

Ah, then to me, when poverty
Seems doubly to afflict,
A prayer I breathe, "Oh, God, relieve
The wretched poor to-night!"

GHOST OF VALLEYTHORPE.

"Well, I think it's a pretty good sale," said Mr. Moneybags, rubbing his hands. "Very good considering the dull state of the real estate market and the bad condition that Valleythorpe has fallen into."

"Have you sold it?" said Diana Dart suddenly dropping her needles and turning pale.

"Yes, I've sold it," said Mr. Moneybags, "for \$18,000."

"But it was mine," said Diana. "Old Mr. Thorpe gave it to my mother in reward for the care she took of him in his last days."

"Yes, I know—I know," said Mr. Moneybags, soothingly, as if he were speaking to a fractious child. "But, you see, you can't prove it. There ain't no papers later than the old will of 1880, and that leaves everything to Rufus Milner. And it ain't yours or his'n now. It's Chartley Fontaine's."

"I hate Chartley Fontaine," said Diana, with an oblique flash out of her superb Andalusian eyes. "He is always crossing my path."

"Oh, come, now, don't be unreasonable," said Mr. Moneybags. "Fontaine's a good fellow as ever was. It ain't no ways to his discredit that he knows a bargain when he sees it."

Diana Dart made no reply. She went on sewing with a dark frown outlining her level black brows.

Mr. Moneybags furtively observed her as he ate his dinner.

"I'm almost sorry," thought he, "that Mrs. Moneybags hired that girl to sew for her by the month. She's right smart with the needle to be sure; but she's got that gypsy way with her that nobody ever knows what she'll do or say next. Anyhow, I'll be glad when her time's up."

"Diana!"

The sun had just disappeared behind the purple spurs of the Berkshire hills. Diana, at last released from the drudgery of the needle, was standing under the fragrant silver-green blossoms of the grape vines, watching the slender curve of the new moon above her head. She started at the sound of Chartley Fontaine's voice.

"What is it?"

"I want to speak to you, Diana."

"You can't have anything to say to me!"

"But I have. A great deal. I've bought the old place, Diana!"

"You have bought it—yes. But who had any right to sell it to you? It's mine. Mine by inheritance from my mother."

"It shall be yours, Diana, if you will marry me!" he pleaded.

"I won't marry any man who is an impostor!"

Chartley Fontaine winced a little at this extremely plain speech.

"If I had not become the purchaser, Diana," said he, "some one else would. And it was for you, dear!"

Diana imprisoned her red lips firmly between her white teeth.

"I decline altogether to receive it," said she. "What! receive my own at the hands of any man alive? I've too much pride for that. It is mine! It was my mother's before me."

"You cannot prove it," he urged.

"Truth ought to need no proofs."

"There is no use in talking," said Fontaine, a little impatiently. "What I want to know is will you marry me?"

"No," Diana promptly answered. "Not as a portionless beggar."

"Diana!"

"I mean it," said she; and so they parted—certainly not enemies, but not quite friends.

Chartley Fontaine took possession of the old Valleythorpe mansion with a deal less pride and happiness than he had expected and, instead of the beautiful young wife upon whose presence he had counted, old Aunt Valencia came to keep house for him—a fantastic wincing little personage, with a 17-year-old head upon a 70-year-old pair of shoulders, a combination which is by no means so rare in this world as one would think. She was at once rheumatic and romantic, sensible and superstitious.

"Such a dear old place, Chart!" said she, as she followed her nephew through the halls and corridors, her skirts held daintily up, her eye-glassed orbs glancing here and there like those of an elderly sparrow.

"Only a little stuffy though, isn't it? By the way, what's this story that very respectable woman, the housekeeper, tells me about a counterclaim set up by one Miss Dart to this property?"

Chartley listlessly explained the complication.

"What nonsense," chirped Aunt Valencia.

"She believes firmly in it," said her nephew.

"But she can't prove it!"

"No. She has only had her mother's word for it, and Mrs. Dart wasn't altogether right in her head at the time of her death. It is more than likely

that the whole thing was a delusion or part."

"What nonsense!" again repeated Aunt Valencia. "Chart, dear, did you ever hear that this house was—haunted?"

"No, aunt."

"It's the very place for a ghost," twittered the sparrow-like old lady. "This delightful corridor here, with the suspicious stains on the staircase—that lovely vestibule with the colored glass skylight! And oh, Chart, look out of this window. Do you see those white mists floating up from the laborum walk down there? Exactly like gliding, formless ghosts. Cook tells me they come up every night, from that very spot where the sun goes down. Do you think, Chart, that a murder could possibly have been committed there?"

"I think," Chartley Fontaine absently answered, "that the drainage of the place must be horribly bad, and we shall all have malaria unless I telegraph to Sutton to send up some drain tiles at once."

"But the place is full of such delicious tall fern and water lilies," pleaded Aunt Valencia.

"Hang the ferns and water lilies," said her nephew. "You'll have to content yourself with in-door ghosts, aunt, I can't stand a low pool like that under my very windows."

Aunt Valencia sighed, but Chartley was inexorable, and within a week the plumber's men were at work, hounding the white, floating mist-specters from their fragrant fastnesses with no more romantic implements than pick-axes and drain tiles. She and her nephew had come down to superintend the operations one evening, when a laborer came toward them, touching his frowny hat.

"Please, zur," said he, "here's what I found under the roots o' that big willer tree. It's zum zort of a box."

"The ghost!" whispered Aunt Valencia, giving her nephew's arm an ex-cruciating pinch. "Open it, Chart—do! See, it's almost rusted through!"

It was a box of papers, mildewed, time-stained, saturated through and through with an earthly smell—old love letters addressed to Emily Seacraft, afterward Emily Dart, the mother of Diana; apparently valueless receipts and memorandums; a few manuscript poems; a soiled glove and a French bon-bon case, into which was crumpled up an oblong piece of legal paper—a deed of gift from old James Thorpe to Emily Dart, and her heirs and assigns forever, of Valleythorpe and all its broad acres.

Chartley turned to Aunt Valencia with vividly scintillating eyes and pale cheeks.

"Aunt," he said, "you were right. It was a ghost, and it has rendered up its message from the spirit land. In one of her troubled brain-fits, Mrs. Dart must have hidden away these papers and forgotten to disclose their whereabouts to any living soul. Diana was right, also. Valleythorpe is hers, and I have no more title to it than yonder farm-boy in the high-road!"

"And Rufus Milner, of whom you bought it?" gasped the old lady.

"He had no right to sell what was not his. This deed of gift is dated seven years later than the will under which he inherited the place. He will have to refund me the purchase money of course."

"And that black-eyed, solemn-faced girl at old Moneybags's is the heiress of Valleythorpe?"

"Undoubtedly."

"How delightfully romantic!" lisped Aunt Valencia.

Diana Dart was feeding the little yellow goslings in the early sunshine of the morning at the back kitchen door of the Moneybags farm-house when Chartley Fontaine came along the winding footpath. She looked up with a sudden start.

"You have something to tell me," she cried. "I see it in your eyes."

"Yes," said he. "Will you have it all at once? You are an heiress—I am to be turned out of Valleythorpe."

And then he related all the particulars.

"Am I to go?" said he, quietly.

Diana's shadowy, black-lashed eyes followed the little goslings as they vanished like balls of downy gold into the tall southern-wood bushes along the picket fence.

"No," said she. "Why should you go? Valleythorpe is your own."

"No, Diana; it is yours."

What is mine is yours also," murmured Diana in a still lower voice, "if—if you will take it."

"Diana—my own darling! But you would not take it from me."

"But," whispered Diana, "can't you see that this is quite different?"

And she burst into a shower of happy tears, with her face hidden against his breast.

"I do love you," she sobbed. "I do love you! And I have loved you all along, only—I was too proud to own it."

So Mr. Fontaine staid on at Valleythorpe after all, and Aunt Valencia persists to this day that there was a genuine ghost in the laborum walk.

"And it has never come back, poor thing," said she, "because it has delivered its message from the other world."

"Because I have had the swampy hole thoroughly drained," said Fontaine, the iconoclast.

"All the same," chirps Aunt Valencia, "you must own that the whole occurrence is delightfully romantic."

On the Limited.

She: "Who is that meek, dejected looking man in uniform? He can't be one of the company's officials!" He: "Yes, he is a Pullman porter, but he has just discovered that there is a base ball reporter on the train."

ORDEALS OF BIG BOYS.

There are Youths Whose Lives are Made Miserable.

Tortures Which Attend a Young Man's First Visit to a Barber Shop for a Shave—Other Mean Things He Meets When Leaving His Toons.

You people who think life is all a dream of bliss to a youth of eighteen are much mistaken. The individual who treads the path which separates happy youth from established manhood has more kinds of trouble than an elevator boy. He knows he isn't an infant and yet he knows he dare not assert a claim to man's imperial estate. He is constantly getting in the way of grown people, and recoils from their assault in fear and trembling, only to be shocked into imbecility by the small boy whose well-contained nerves feel no modest fancies. He would gladly give two years of his life for any imaginable consideration, but finds years a drug on the market, and can only struggle along through this painful transition period until Father Time shall kindly make a man of him. He puts on a new suit of clothes and ventures forth into the free air, sweating his fears through every pore, selects the most unfrequented ways and runs in speechless embarrassment right into the presence of some dainty maiden who might sit as a painter's model of composure.

How he longs for the years when he can be a calm young man with a mustache, to stand even before grown girls and bandy repartee without being hampered by that ossified intelligence, and with the marvelous-fortune to so acquit himself that they shall admire him!

Speaking of beards—how eagerly he scans the advertisements of a drug warranted to produce a fine beard in five days. How often he buys it and tries it! How bitter his disappointment when the same old chin comes up as naked as an egg from every new application! How miserly he saves his few dimes and buys a shaving outfit of an unpleasant clerk, who can wear pomade on his lip adorning, and how clumsily he attempts his first shave. Oh, how he longs for a mustache! But dull razors that he cannot sharpen drive him at last to the awful resolve for an assault on the barber.

How a boy suffers when he goes for his first shave. The stillest hour of the afternoon is taken—when no one is likely to be in the shop—but the unhappy panter after age walks past a dozen places because they hold too many witnesses. He enters one at last in sheerest desperation, sweeps a frightened glance about, and half expects to hear them shout: "Goin' to git his first shave—ha! ha!" and then he breaks for the first chair.

"Shave?" asks the barber, with a pretense of respect, while the youth knows all hands have quit their occupations to see him. He wriggles farther back in the chair, fuming and boiling because his courage will not come, till the barber says again, more sternly this time—"shave?"

"No, hair cut," gasps the victim, and his chance is gone. He knows as well as the terrible man who is making merry with him that the hair doesn't need cutting. But the deepest depth of his heartrending trouble comes when he reflects he only brought money enough for a shave! However will he get out of this scrape?

These things may look like folly to bearded men who have outgrown all boyish foolishness and these men may suggest the use of a little common sense as an excellent preventive as well as cure for this unwelcome affliction. But common sense is just what the victim cannot command. To the large majority of maturing youths some morbid crosslight falls upon the scene, and he loses the hold on things of even balance. Little by little fate mitigates his sentence, until with manhood's years and pressing cares the nerves are forced in conduits and kept in strict control. The budding youth has passed to soberer maturity, and finds his only recompense of distant pain by watching here and there another victim in the toils of time.

Personal Servitude.

The domestic servant is going because the domestic spirit of the age, which is naturally more intense in this country than any other, has rendered and is every year still further rendering the relation of personal servitude unpopular. Domestic service implies a sacrifice of personal dignity in the relation of the employe to the employer, which at the present day in this country is required of no other class of workers and would be endured by none.

Such as Happart.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot employ you," said the owner of a dairy to a sturdy 6-footer, with a voice like booming thunder, who had applied to him for a job. "But," insisted the applicant, "I know all about the work—I'm an expert milker." "Can't help it," interrupted the dairyman. "Your voice would curdle the milk." That settled it.

Startling News.

"Any startling news in the paper this morning, Mr. Homerun?" asked his wife at the breakfast table. "Startling? Well, I should say so!" exclaimed her husband excitedly. "Here is an article headed 'Mulvey Signs with the Brotherhood.'"

THE GRAMMATICAL BOY.

Bill Nye Draws a Lesson from the School Reader.

Sometimes a sad, homesick feeling comes over me, when I compare the prevailing style of anecdote and school literature with the old McGuffey brand, so well-known thirty years ago. To-day our juvenile literature, it seems to me, is so transparent, so easy to understand, that I am not surprised to learn that the rising generation shows signs of lawlessness.

Boys to-day do not use the respectful language and large, luxuriant words that they did when Mr. McGuffey used to stand around and report their conversation for his justly celebrated school reader. It is disagreeable to think of, but it is none the less true, and for one I think we should face the facts.

I ask the careful student of school literature to compare the following selection, which I have written myself with great care, and arranged with special reference to the matter of choice and difficult words, with the flippant and common-place terms used in the average school book of to-day:

One day as George Pillgarlio was going to his tasks, and while passing through the wood, he spied a tall man approaching in an opposite direction along the highway.

"Ah!" thought George, in a very low, mellow tone of voice, "whom have we here?"

"Good morning, my fine fellow," exclaimed the stranger, pleasantly. "Do you reside in this locality?"

"Indeed I do," retorted George, cheerfully, doffing his cap. "In yonder cottage, near the glen, my widowed mother and her thirteen children dwell with me."

"And is your father dead?" exclaimed the man, with a rising inflection.

"Extremely so," murmured the lad, "and oh, sir, that is why my poor mother is a widow."

"And how did your papa die?" asked the man, as he thoughtfully stood on the other foot a while.

"Alas, sir," said George, as a large, hot tear stole down his pale cheek and fell with a loud report on the warty surface of his bare foot, "he was lost at sea in a bitter gale. The good ship foundered two years ago last Christmas, and father was foundered at the same time. No one knew of the loss of the ship and that the crew was drowned until the next spring, and then it was too late."

"And what is your age, my fine fellow?" quoth the stranger.

"If I live till next October," said the boy in a declamatory tone of voice suitable for a Second Reader, "I will be 9 years of age."

"And who provides for your mother and her large family of children?" queried the man.

"Indeed I do, sir," replied George in a shrill tone. "I toil, oh, so hard, sir, for we are very, very poor, and since my elder sister, Ann, was married and brought her husband home to live with us, I have to toil more assiduously than heretofore."

"And by what means do you obtain a livelihood?" exclaimed the man, in slowly measured and grammatical words.

"By digging wells, kind sir," replied George, picking up a tired and as he spoke and stroking it on the back; "I have a good education, and so I am able to dig wells as well as a man. I do this day-times and take in washing at night. In this way I am enabled barely to maintain our family in a precarious manner; but, oh, sir, should my other sisters marry, I fear that some of my brothers-in-law would have to suffer."

"And do you not fear the deadly fire-damp?" asked the stranger in an earnest tone.

"Not by a damp sight," answered George, with a low gurgling laugh, for he was a great wag.

"You are indeed a brave lad," exclaimed the stranger, as he repressed a smile. "And do you not at times become very weary and wish for other ways of passing your time?"

"Indeed I do, sir," said the lad. "I would fain run and romp and be gay like other boys, but I must engage in constant manual exercise or we would have no bread to eat, and I have not seen a pie since papa perished in the moist and moaning sea."

"And what if I were to tell you that your papa did not perish at sea, but was saved from a humid grave?" asked the stranger in pleasing tones.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed George, in a genteel manner, again doffing his cap, "I am too polite to tell you what I would say, and besides, sir, you are much larger than I am."

"But, my brave lad," said the man in low, musical tones, "do you not know me, George? Oh, George!"

"I must say," replied George, "that you have the advantage of me. Whilst I may have met you before, I cannot at this moment place you, sir."

"My son! oh, my son!" murmured the man, at the same time taking a large strawberry mark out of his valise and showing it to the lad. "Do you not recognize your parent on your father's side? When our good ship went to the bottom, all perished save me. I swam several miles through the billows, and at last, utterly exhausted, gave up all hope of life. Suddenly I stepped on something hard. It was the United States." BILL NYE.

A Sermon in Five Lines.

It takes so little to make a child happy that it is a pity, in a world full of sunshine and pleasant things, that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands, or lonely young hearts.—The Churchman.

WINGED MISSILES.

Cleveland, O., is to have a permanent electrical exhibition.

Thirty thousand tons of coal per day is displaced by natural gas.

Jay Gould predicts that 1890 will be a booming year to railroads.

Engineers are now laying out a line of railroad in the Congo region of Africa.

The Chinese Government will soon be able to send ironclads to New York harbor.

A tunnel is to be built under Lake Erie at Cleveland; it will be 7½ feet in diameter.

Mexico is coming up; banks are starting, crops are good, foreign commerce is increasing.

The Shenango Valley iron men propose to combine and erect an immense steel mill.

Reading has a silent barber who has a large number of customers. He is deaf and dumb.

A spring of petroleum discovered in the Wisconsin iron range has been tested and proved genuine.

A railroad is projected by the Russian government through Siberia. It will be 4,000 miles long.

Railroad companies are ordering all the freight cars they can get car-builders to take contracts for.

Money and taste can make an impression. Vice President Morton is the best dressed man in Washington.

Some Lynn boot and shoe manufacturers are looking up sites in Norfolk, Va., and elsewhere in the south.

Mechanical engineers are trying to solve the problem of reducing cost of steam engine work 26 per cent.

Cathedral glass is to be made at Findlay, Ohio. A large glass factory is to be removed to Sheffield, Ala.

The czar has learned a diversion that will save him from ennui. He has become interested in American poker.

The coal miners in the anthracite region are unable to get ahead. There are more diggers than there is work for.

There are some drugs which are said to be worth \$2,000 a bottle, and the druggists say they don't make much on them either.

The King of Siam is a very enterprising man and doesn't care for expenses. He has just taken unto himself twenty new wives.

The National Wool Growers have effected the strongest possible organization, and now feel that their industry cannot be damaged.

Gounod has promised to write a mass for the opening of the new organ at St. Peter's. Four thousand singers will take part in the ceremonies.

Margaret Deland has not been so great a success in her picture as in her novel, "John Ward, Preacher," which has reached its fiftieth thousand.

A highly electrical young man in Alliance, Ohio, has only to rub his fingers, when small coin and other metallic valuables stick to them as if by magic.

Down in Georgia cotton mill operatives do eleven hours' work, as it requires one hour per day longer to do a day's work there than it does in Northern mills.

A plague of monkeys afflicts Tanjore, in Southern India. The creatures do so much mischief that an official monkey catcher receives a rupee for each monkey captured.

Somebody figures out that 3,000,000 people walk about London's streets daily, and that in so doing they wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes.

Robert Conner has on his farm at Tarrytown and in his city stables in New York nearly sixty of the notable turf performers of their day and for which he paid nearly \$500,000.

A Chambersburg, Pa., youth thought he ought to try some of his girl's cooking before marriage. He ate a dinner which she prepared with her own hands and hasn't been to see her since.

The business interest of the country are not suffering. Every branch of trade and manufacture is booming; yet there are tens of thousands who are barely able to live on their low wages.

Talmage is not \$10 a piece for medals. In Pompeii he paid \$10 a piece for medals. His wife has informed him that the same articles could be bought at the curios in Brooklyn for 25 cents apiece.

To be a Hoosier these days is an honor. In population and wealth Indiana claims to be the sixth state in the union and the first in educational facilities. Of course officially speaking the state leads all others.

A family at West Bethel, Me., consists of a couple of eighty-five and eighty years of age respectively, who live alone and do most their work. But they do not lack for music or excitement—they keep fifteen pet cats.

Thirteen mills are turning out 150 tons of wood pulp daily. It requires machinery of 15,000 horse power to run these mills. When all the wood pulp mills now building are completed, 1,000 cords of wood will be turned into paper daily.

Within the next ten years some of the grandest pieces of engineering ever conceived will be started. Bridges will be commenced which if talked of now would be regarded as chimerical. Houses 15 to 20 stories high will be built.

In discussing lager beer a German critic insists that there is in the German vocabulary no such word as lager, which he believes to be purely a Viennese expression. There is also very little lager about a great deal of beer that is put out.

Soap bubbles blown with newly generated hydrogen gas have been found to act as electrical condensers, the liquid of which, when broken, exhibited a negative charge. It is suggested that this fact explains the so-called fire balls sometimes seen during thunderstorms.

A peculiarly shaped rock was picked up by workmen on the foundation of a building near Morgantown, W. Va. It almost exactly resembles a moccasin foot, and for a time it was supposed to be the petrified pedal extremity of some giant Indian who chased buffaloes and tomahawked his enemies in prehistoric ages.

FOR THE FARMER.

Hints for the Progressive Farmer and Stock Raiser.

The Necessity of Changing Seed—A Good Road is Money Saved—Points About Good Milk—Protect Farm Implements—Some Household Recipes of Value.

Changing Seed.

A neighbor called on business the other day and chancing to see some sample ears of corn in our window expressed his desire to examine them, which was gladly granted. We had sold him several bushels of fair seed three years previously. He wanted to buy some fresh seed for he said corn run out when planted on the same land continuously and a change of seed was essential.

I tried to explain to him that while it may be true that change of seed was beneficial, and there seemed to be some evidence to that effect, that the principal reason for the benefit he derived from buying fresh seed was that he bought of some one who took more pains in selecting seed than he did. In support of his opinion he said he always took pains in selecting his seed and that in harvesting five thousand bushels of corn whenever he came to a particularly good ear he put it aside for seed. Still his seed ran out.

There happened to be five ears in the window. Three were good specimens—considerably above the average. Two were conspicuously inferior; so much so, it seems to me, as to be apparent to the mere novice. Nevertheless, he chose one of the latter as what he considered the best ear in the lot. Is there any wonder his seed ran out? Such a selection of seed corn would ruin any variety we have on the farm in three years and we grow some standard varieties.

During the last ten years about a dozen different varieties have been tested annually, and no variety has been found to take the place of one which has been grown as a field crop continuously during that time, and it is believed to be better now than formerly.

Undoubtedly a farmer had better buy an already improved variety than to try to improve an inferior one; but having a good variety, he may, by careful selection, retain its good qualities and even improve them.

A Good Road.

A good road is always to be desired, and is a source of comfort and convenience to every traveler. Good roads attract population, as well as good schools and churches. Good roads improve the value of property, so that it is said that a farm lying five miles from market connected by a bad road is of less value than an equally good farm lying ten miles away from market and connected by a good road. A larger load can be drawn by one horse over a good road than by two over a bad one. Good roads encourage the greater exchange of products and commodities between one section and another. Good roads mean for you and me better business. Good roads encourage riding, driving and sale of our vehicles, while bad roads mean less business for you and for me, for where the roads are bad the traffic must of necessity be much less. As a nation we are a remarkably patient and an easy-going people, considering the enterprise and business activity for which we are noted the world over and rather too apt to fall into the way of doing things as a matter of course. As a result of this, very strenuous and continuous efforts are frequently necessary to bring about the farthest reaching and most desirable reforms. From a business point of view, we can not afford to neglect any opportunity to help along the present movement. Fifty years ago there was some excuse for bad roads, for our country was poor. Now it is rich there is no excuse.

The Viscosity of Milk. The viscosity, or sticky property, of milk has been an interesting study of late years by dairymen. The degree of viscosity in milk is a sure test of its purity and quality. An undue viscosity in butter is a sign of adulteration or counterfeiting. In making butter it is found that the less glutinous the milk is, the better it is for butter. A number of experiments have been made on New York dairy farms, which have led to some practical discoveries.

The more viscous, or sticky the cream is, the harder it will be to churn. By mixing a little gelatin or other sticky substance with cream, it can be mixed up and beaten without any danger of making butter. In the same way if the cream is very viscous it will be hard work to make butter, and very little will be made even after it comes. Cream that is very sticky should be removed from the milk, and thoroughly mixed with water, until it is thinned down. It will then yield butter very quickly, and it is believed a larger quantity. Butter that is made from non-viscous cream will keep much better than that made from viscous cream.

Petroleum for Work.

If a farmer buys a barrel of crude petroleum and uses it freely on his implements he will save its cost every year—provided he is what is called an

"average" farmer whose tool shed is co-extensive with his farm.

Crude petroleum is easily applied and is cheap; mine cost 8½ cents per gallon—and it will penetrate wood deeper than the heavier linseed oil; its uses on the farm are almost numberless. It can be used in the hen-house to kill lice; on pigs and other animals for the same purpose; on dogs to kill fleas; on plow moldboards to keep them from rusting; on gate hinges to prevent wear and squeaking; on roofs to prevent decay; on siding to precede and save paint and on any kind of exposed wood work. It is always ready for use and its cheapness will cause it to be used where a more expensive oil or paint would not be. I believe if the rims of wagon wheels are kept filled with crude petroleum they will never decay and the tires will not need setting nearly so often.

Mule's Shoulders.

Unless care is taken there is considerable danger of getting the shoulders sore, and if they once get galled it is difficult to cure them. It will be a much better plan to take considerable pains to keep them well, than to risk curing and working at the same time.

One of the first items is to see that the harness is properly fitted; each horse should have a collar fitted to him, and then adjust the harness to fit the collar as perfectly as possible. The same harness should then be kept without changing. It is very important with the teams that are kept steadily at work to have the harness fit well. Keep the collar clean. They should be cleaned off in the morning and at noon. It will pay to remove the harness and collars at noon.

Grape Vines on Heavy Soils.

The old idea that grapes thrive best on light land is mainly due to the fact that such soils are naturally dry. While heavy clay is not best for the grape, it is no insuperable obstacle to success in vineyarding, provided it is thoroughly underdrained. In fact, grape-growing is possible under a wider range of conditions and soils than it is the case with any other crop. The one thing that grape roots cannot abide in stagnant water. No matter if this dries out in mid summer it is then past the power of the vine to regrow in lost time. Land thoroughly drained to the depth of three feet warms more quickly in spring, and makes a difference in temperature of five to ten degrees or more at the time when the vine most needs warmth.

Farm Notes.

The best way to get rid of willows or other trees liable to sprout from the stump is to girdle them and let them stand until they cease to produce leaves. By this plan all trouble with sprouts will be avoided.

When breeding any class of stock a selection of the breed is the most important requisite. Some breeds demand better management than others, and a mistake in selecting the breed may entail a loss.

Experiments show that any portion of the seed from an ear of corn may be used for planting, and that there is no advantage possessed by the butt seed over the tip seed, nor is the middle seed better than that from the butts or tips.

When crossing for improvement of the stock the male should always be pure breed. When a graded male is used the tendency is to retard improvement. It requires but two or three seasons to effect remarked improvement on the farm stock if careful consideration be given the selection of males.

Rye straw, unbroken, sells better in market than that which is broken; but for bedding, on the farm, it is better to cut it, as it can then be easier handled when added to the manure heap. The fitness of all material entering into the manure heap is important, as it promotes more rapid decomposition and saves labor in handling the manure in the spring.

According to Sir J. B. Lawes, an acre of barley absorbs 517 tons of water a day. This appears enormous. But if we could see the amount of moisture that daily and hourly arises from the field and forest, it would astonish us until we got familiar with it. The water is thrown off by the trees and plant, but the fertilizing material which it held in solution remains to nourish them and promote their growth.

The Household.

POP OVERS—One egg beaten thoroughly, one cupful of milk, one and one-fourth cupfuls of sifted flour, and a little salt. Bake in gem pans in a very quick oven about forty minutes.

SOUR MILK BISCUIT—One quart of flour, two cups of sour milk, two level tablespoonfuls of lard. Mix with a spoon as bread dough, only not so stiff. Roll out about an inch thick; cut and bake in a moderate oven.

EGGLESS CORN BREAD—One pint each of wheat flour and Indian meal, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of butter, one pint of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a well-greased baking tin.

GRAHAM BREAD—With one quart of warm water and one cup of yeast make a stiff batter with Graham flour; let rise, and add a half cup of brown sugar and one teaspoonful of soda; mold into loaves with wheat flour, let rise and bake in a slow oven.

OATMEAL MUFFINS—One and one-fourth cups of oatmeal, one cup of flour, one-half cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter worked into the sugar, one egg, a small cup of milk, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in less than a half cup of molasses, one egg, a little nutmeg.

POPULARITY OF HEARTS.

Pointers on a Game Which Bids Fair to Be All the Rage.

"Hearts," the little game that was introduced into high society a few years ago, is likely to become as much the rage, according to the New York Sun, as progressive euchre has been for a season or two past. The game seems to be all right, and fully as pleasant as the older one of euchre, not to speak of its being easier for a greenhorn to pick up. There were always one or two at a progressive euchre party who did not know the game, and hadn't more than begun to earn it when the bell rang for the last round. This greatly interfered with the celerity of play that was essential to make a progressive euchre party lively, and was a constant annoyance to good players. There will be no such troubles with hearts, for its rules are so simple that any one with any knowledge at all of cards can pick them up in a few minutes. At the same time there is room in the game for the exercise of the faculties of memory and judgment essential to a good whist player. The more one knows about it the better one plays, but to be able to play well enough to keep up with the procession and avoid delaying the game it is not essential to have expert knowledge.

There are four players in each game, but no partners, a fact that simplifies it greatly. The full pack of fifty-two cards (no joker) is dealt at once, and the cards rank from ace, high, to deuce, low. The deal is determined by throwing a card to each player, the lowest dealing. The player at the dealer's left leads, and the others play in rotation, following suit if they can, throwing away if they have none of the suit led. The highest card of the suit led takes the trick, and the winner of one trick leads for the next.

The object of each player is to avoid taking any trick that has a heart in it, and, of course, to compel some one else to take tricks into which hearts have been thrown. The result is a sort of reversal of whist, with hearts perpetually trumps. Of course the highest cards are the most dangerous, for they are most likely to take tricks, and the fewer tricks one takes the less chance of hearts. Hearts, also, are things despised, to be got rid of as rapidly as possible. It is a good thing, in a general way, to get rid of all cards of one suit early in the play, because then one can avoid having to follow suit, perhaps, and have a chance to throw away a heart, and in various other matters the rules and customs that have become instinct with whist players are reversed in hearts.

SCIENCE NOTES.

In a recent trial with armor plates of English and French make, held in Holland, the former came out victorious.

There is said to be a spot in Siberia about thirty miles square where the ground has not thawed out for the last hundred years, and where it is frozen to a depth of sixty feet.

A Nuremberg manufacturer has invented pencils in blue, black and brown, for writing on the human skin. They are for use in anatomical and chemical demonstrations.

A shell, making a prodigious noise as it passes through the air, not unlike the noise made by a foghorn, has lately been introduced in France, the object being to stampede the enemy's cavalry and artillery.

For a cement for fastening wood to stone, melt together four pints of pitch and one pint of wax, and add four parts of pounded brickdust or chalk. It must be warmed before using and applied thinly to the surfaces to be joined.

A mortar which, it is claimed will stand in all sorts of weather, is made of one bushel of unslaked lime and three bushels of sharp sand, to which is added one pound of alum mixed with one pint of linseed oil. The alum will counteract the action of frost on the mortar.

A company has just started in New York city for supplying cold air to the butchers of Washington Market. The supply is regulated by a clock. The air is cooled by the ammonia system, and its temperature enables the butchers to dispense with the ice into which they formerly put their meat.

Some one asks what is the difference between electricity generated by chemical process and that generated by friction, magnets and otherwise? The answer given is that the difference consists in tension or potential; frictional electricity has very high tension compared with that generated by a battery.

In the present phonograph, a stylus for impressing the wax is attached to the center of the vibrating diaphragm. The new improvement of G. Bettini is to extend little rods from the stylus to several parts of the diaphragm. In this way greater exactness of tone and speech is obtained, so the inventor claims, and much superior results.

To Prevent Rheumatism.

By the exercise of a little care and the adoption of a few simple rules a great deal of rheumatism could be prevented. Abstemious living, free exercise, frequent bathing to keep the skin active, a liberal use of fruits, and the drinking of water in large quantities are sure preventives. Water dissolves and washes waste matter out of the system, and its use is essential where there is any impairment in the action of the kidneys, bowels or skin. By the application of this simple treatment and ordinary care immunity from rheumatism can be obtained.

WITHOUT A SOUL.

Our Glorious Government as a Debtor is a Scoundrel.

The United States of America as a debtor is the most unconscionable scoundrel on the earth, writes Col. Van Horn, the veteran editor of the Kansas City Journal, in a Washington letter. A claim against the government is like an ancient case in chancery—and much of the impotency of congressmen is from people, poor, in distress, want and poverty, to whom the government has honestly been in debt for a generation. I would like to see a president and a congress elected on the direct issue of paying the honest debts of the nation. Then, how to pay, instead of how not to pay, would become for once the public policy. I know men in congress who have made a national reputation as economic statesmen, because of their long and pertinacious objecting to the payment of money, in whose shoes I would not stand in the hereafter for all the honors ever heaped upon them or their kind since the nation was founded—nor would I sleep with the conscience they ought to have for all the honors a generation of kindred souls could bestow. And nine times in ten this affected zeal for the public treasury, that sends scores and hundreds to suicide, crime or paupers' graves, is the merest studied demagogism. I know there are fraudulent claims before congress and it goes with proverbial unanimity that they are more apt to be paid than the honest ones—for they can be prosecuted on contingent fees, while honest debts cannot afford to pay—but even these pretenses ought not to be regarded so as to control the policy of congress. If the people of the United States could for a moment see and realize the terrible wrongs perpetrated by the men they send to congress, they would vote money enough to pay the claims en masse, rather than see and know the suffering, the wrong and the infamous cruelty perpetrated against legitimate creditors of the government. I know one case of a man who was an inmate of the house I make my home here, who literally starved to death a little more than a year ago, an accomplished man, a scholar and a gentleman, to whom the government owed an adjudicated claim of \$70,000, money advanced on its own authority out of his own pocket, because he could not get congress to appropriate the money to pay it. And this case, infamous as it was, is only a sample of scores and hundreds of others. I have said that as a debtor the United States is the most infamous scoundrel on earth—and don't such a case as this, as far as it goes, sustain the allegation?

He Shouted for the Wrong Man.

The Fayetteville centennial celebration of the last month was one of the most notable events of recent years in North Carolina, says the Washington Post. The Marine band was there. The principal orator was Senator Ransom.

A score of prominent men sat on the platform, including Senator Vance and Ransom, a majority of the congressional delegation, and other distinguished citizens. Gov. Daniel Fowle made the introductions. He is a very deliberate and impressive speaker. Walking to the front he said in his most deliberate and impressive manner:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: There is upon this platform to-day a citizen of North Carolina. Whose name is a household word from the sea to the mountains. Learned, patriotic, and eloquent. He has the honor. To represent the state of North Carolina. As one of her two representatives. In the senate of the United States. I have the distinguished honor of presenting to you the—

Just then an enthusiast in the front row jumped up, shook his hat wildly, and yelled at the top of his voice:

"Hurrah for Zeb Vance!"

The crowd caught it up with a will and cheered him to the echo.

"Hon. Senator Ransom," continued Gov. Fowle, competing his sentence. Then Senator Ransom got up, pulled down his cuffs, walked forward, bowed, and made his speech.

That evening one of Zeb Vance's admirers took the enthusiastic shout into town and bought him a new suit of clothes.

Clean is the Faith.

"Yas, sah, Mr. George," said an old negro, "we got ter keep clean; we got ter keep clean, sah, or dar ain't no hope o' de salvation."

"Why, then, don't you go and wash yourself?"

"Whar—whar—whut, sah? Why doan' I go w' sh marse?"

"Yes, and put on a clean shirt. You are as dirty as you can be."

"Oh, now, yere, I ain't talkin' 'bout dat sorter keepin' clean. I wuz talkin' 'bout keepin' clean in de fait, sah—in de fait. I ain't got no time ter fool erlong wid de waters o' dis yere life. What I mean is ter keep yer spirit clean, washed in de dewdrops o' de new Jerusalem; means, ez I tell you, dat we mus' keep clean in de fait, sah—keep clean in de fait."—Arkansas Traveler.

And He Didn't.

Some men are disastrously superstitious, says the Burlington Free Press. A Burlington swain came to the determination to propose on a certain evening. Entering the parlor in considerable trepidation, he picked up a book and glanced at the title page. It is a copy of "Don't." He didn't, and on the very next afternoon his girl consented to be Mrs. Somebody Else.

TALK OF THE DAY.

The natives of Alaska are a cold and distant people.

Alack aday! The only hippopotamuslet we ever had is dead.

He—"Wilt thou mine become?" She—"Imbibest thou rum?" "No. Masticates thou gum?"

Xmas.—"And why do they spell it Xmas, papa?" "Because, my son, it has so many ten-der recollections."

A salutation of the period—First clubman (aged 17)—"Hello, me boy!" Second Clubman (aged 60)—"Hello, old man."

Some men work harder to avoid paying an honest debt than they would have to work to earn the money to pay it with.

The elevator boy has a life that is full of ups and downs; yet when he is at the end of his rope he can always raise something.

Fires Are Raging Everywhere.—First Small Boy—"We had a fire at our house last night." Second Small Boy—"That so?"—F. S. B.—"Yes. Pa fired sister's beau."

No one is so much likely to be astonished by the wonders of photographic science as the young amateur looking at his first negative.

"Don't you look back on the palmy days of your youth with regret?" "No. Mine were not so palmy as they were slippery and strappy."

"What is the use o' that girl bangin' away on the piano, Maria?" "Practice, John. Practice makes perfect." "Perfect what—pandemonium?"

Foodlebhoy—"Not at home! Why, I told her I'd call this afternoon." Footman—"Yes, sir; so she told me when she gave me the message."

Hotel to porter (to gentleman in washroom)—"Is yo' a guest ob de hotel, sir?" Gentleman (paying \$5 a day)—"Guest? No; I'm a victim."

Amy—"What an absurd habit that is of young Dalley's—always sucking his cane." Susie—"I think it is a good plan. It keeps him from talking, you know."

Definite.—Mr. Stayathome—"What are you going to do with the shears, John?" John (just from England)—"Hi'm goin' to trim the hedge of the 'edge, sir."

She—"Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field!" He—"That isn't a scare crow." "It must be; see how motionless it is." "That's the hired man at work."

Resident (to organ grinder)—if you'll stop playing 'White Wings' I'll give you five cents." Organ Grinder—"Sweet Vollets," five cents; "White Wings," ten cents."

What They Missed.—Mrs. Sowders—"Burglars broke into the church last night and took everything." Rev. Snowdon (absent minded)—"Did they take a collection?"

He misunderstood.—Mr. Waverly West—"Show me to my berth, porter." Mr. Pullman C. Porter—"Upper ten, sah." Mr. Waverly West—"Oh, yes! I'm one of the fourundred."

The dozen or so young ladies who form a society and "resolve never to marry," are the first in the town to corral husbands. This is what makes such societies so popular—and numerous.

Yabsley—"Did I understand you to say that Mudge went insane when Miss Filip refused him?" Wickwire—"I don't know what you understood me to say. What I said was that he went away mad."

Bonhomie.—Uncle Henley (who has been introduced to the Duchess of Sockmook, and is staggered for something to say)—"Proud ter see yer. How'd yer leave his nibs, th' d-d-drake?"

Balm.—Papa (After the senec in the woodshed)—"Do you know that it pains me more than it does you to have to whip you?" The Terror—No, papa; I didn't know it; but now that you've told me I feel better."

A proof of everything—"I suppose you are ready to substantiate any statement your paper makes?" said an angry-looking caller to the editor. "Oh, yes; we have the compositors prove everything that is set up."

Circumstances Alter Cases.—Moneybags (to Hopful)—"See here, you scamp! you'll have to cut down your college expenses. Now, when I was a boy—" Hopful—"That's all right; I have a rich father and you hadn't."

Truly his own: Hollis Holworthy—"Alas, how unfortunate Tom Guzzler has been of late! He has but one thing left which he can rightly call his own." Jack Mathews—"And that?" Hollis Holworthy—"His insatiate thirst."

And They Flew.—"Lover—"Come, darling, let us fly." Sweetest—"We have no wings." "I can furnish wings that will help us." "Where are they?" "Oh, Uncle Sam's golden eagles; and I have plenty of them." "Charlie, dear, let us fly."

Diamonds have advanced 10 per cent in price during the past six months, and the dealers in these precious stones say a further advance is at hand. In that case it looks as if you might have to buy your wife a calendar for Christmas.

Overheard on the street cars.—(On the way to Sunday school)—"Mamma, you havn't give me my five cents yet to send to the heathen." "I have just given it to the heathen myself, Tommy. That conductor charged me full fare for you."

Belinda—"I see that Clara has taken to sending liberal donations to the hospitals and asylums." Agnes—"Yes; you see she has everything she could possibly want; she has not a wish ungratified, so she is going to be self-denial and giving to the poor."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
—THE KANSAS NEWS CO.—
G. F. KIMBALL, Manager.
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Payments always in advance and papers stop
ed promptly at expiration of time paid for.
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as
second class matter.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.

Jack Frost nipped the ice famine
in the bud.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln in
the Century will end with one more
number.

It requires a good deal of running
to Washington to keep the Lawrence
postoffice on the track.

The Rock Island declines to trans-
port dead bodies. They must be
carried by express companies. Other
roads are requiring the same.

Five agricultural conventions, the
state bar association, and a meeting
of the Horse Police society occupied
the people of Topeka during the week
of prayer.

Coon-hunting has grown popular
since the president went out to try it,
and like him, most of our amateur
hunters are as likely to mistake a pig
for a coon.

Mr. J. R. Burton, who has senatorial
aspirations, writes a three
column letter to show that he had no
connection with the alleged insurance
corruption, and succeeds in proving
that he will be a safe man for the
people to let alone.

Governor Hill, in his message,
speaks at length on the Australian
ballot. He says: "There is a general
belief among many that the adoption
of the Australian ballot would tend
to a freer expression of the political
preferences of the voters than our
present system."

The people will want a better ex-
planation from J. R. Burton and Bill
Hackney than they give in explana-
tion of their course in the last legis-
lature. It seems they admit the re-
ceiving of money, but say it was for
attorneys fees. In that case it will
be well to see that attorneys are not
sent to the legislature at all.

The Emporia Republican says:
"There's a land that is fairer than
this, but it doesn't show up on the
map; to get to that good land of
bliss, we must get our wings fixed to
flap. We should all try, of course,
to meet there, and let nothing our
footsteps beguile; but as Kansas is
healthy and fair, we prefer to remain
here awhile."

E. E. Fuller, president of the
Quebeco Mill company, claims to
have a Stradivarius violin made in
1725. He says he captured it in the
south during the war. The instru-
ment bears this inscription: "Anto-
nio Stradivarius Cremonensis
Faciebat Anno 1725." This inscrip-
tion is still plainly visible, although
muddy with age. If this is true the
violin is worth a small fortune.

The appointment of Miss Sarah A.
Brown, of Lawrence, to the position
of matron in Haskell Institute lately
vacated by Mrs. D. C. Haskell, is one
which reflects great credit on the
present Indian department. Miss
Brown is a daughter of the Rev. John
S. Brown, who for more than a quarter
of a century has been one of the lead-
ing Unitarian preachers in Kansas,
identified always with the best
thought and best work of the state.
Miss Brown is also a sister of Ex-
Congressman William Brown and a
sister-in-law of State Senator F. E.
Gillette. She has taught successfully
for years, and has been superin-
tendent of schools in Douglas county
her broad culture, her sound judg-
ment and her skill in affairs render
her thoroughly competent for the
position, while her rare qualities as a
noble woman and a true friend will
insure the approval of all acquaintances
who learn of her appointment.—
State Journal.

The teachers of Jackson county on
their return from Topeka after the
capture of the flag, were met at the
depot in Holton by the Third Regi-
ment band and a large company of
citizens. From the depot they were
escorted to the court house; here the
meeting was called to order. Colonel
Roach was elected chairman and Miss
Sue Hoaglin secretary. Rev. Rice,
pastor of the M. E. church, was
called upon to address the audience.
He dwelt upon the importance of the
public schools, spoke of the success
of the county in the contest for the
flag as giving a new impulse to the
educational work in this county, and
of the pride of Jackson county in her
schools. He also dwelt upon the
thought that the public schools and
universities are mutually dependent
upon each other. President Hoen-
shell, of the Campbell university, ex-
pressed his delight at living in the
sunflower state where "December is
as pleasant as May," and where the
people are noted for sobriety and
enterprise.

Old Allen Thurman Talks.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 7.—"I can truly
say when I was chosen on two dif-
ferent occasions to the United States
Senate my elections did not cost me
a penny, not even a drink of
whiskey," remarked "the old Baudan-
na," Allen G. Thurman, in the course
of an hour's chat with a correspond-
ent. Judge Thurman has not been
near the Neil House during the sena-
torial campaign. He declines to talk
about local or state issues at present,
and those who know him best respect
his desire to remain silent on these
topics. He belongs to a class of Ohio
democrats that is rapidly disappear-
ing. There are aside from him no
more of those sturdy, self-reliant men
of the Ewing stripe. He does not
even mingle with the visiting states-
men, although every week day finds
the judge at his office on High street.
The inclemency of the weather does
not keep him from attending to the
business of his clients. He walked
down town yesterday in the midst of
a raging wind and rain storm, and
worked several hours in collating the
authorities bearing on a knotty law
point. The judge suffers a good deal
from rheumatism, and does not walk
without some physical discomfort.
His mind and his preceptive faculties
are as acute as when he led the dem-
ocratic side of the senate of the
United States. He analyzes all
propositions laid before him with the
cool deliberation that years ago gave
him a reputation second to no one on
the bench of the country.

The extraordinary feature of the
annual meeting of the Kansas state
bar association which convened Tues-
day evening at the senate chamber,
was the presence of the three judges
of the first supreme court of Kansas.
It was remarkable, indeed, that these
three distinguished gentlemen, after
having been separated nearly thirty
years, should meet once more and ap-
pear before the legal profession of
Kansas. General Thomas Ewing,
the first chief justice, came from New
York city by special invitation from
the bar association, and delivered the
principal address of the evening. It
was his first visit to Kansas in twenty
years. Hon. S. A. Kingman, of To-
peka, and Hon. L. D. Bailey, of Gar-
den City, who were associates of
Judge Ewing on the supreme bench,
were also in attendance. The meet-
ing brought together over 200 of the
leading attorneys of Kansas, all
sections of the state being represented.
It was one of the finest gatherings
of the legal profession ever held in
the west. The senate chamber was
crowded, the audience including
many visitors who were not members
of the bar.

It is said that Topeka has a new
paper, a resubmission organ. If so,
it has failed to create a single ruffle.

There can be no doubt but the
present Congress is entirely subser-
vient to the ring masters of Wall
street.

James R. Harrah, the newly ap-
pointed marshal for the western
district of Pennsylvania, was one of
the famous 306 who stood by General
Grant in the Chicago convention of
1880.

Senator Ingalls is preparing a
speech on the southern question,
which he proposes to deliver in the
senate next Monday. The speech
will deal with federal elections, negro
outrages and general abuses of the
suffrage in the south.

A number of state papers are com-
ing out in favor of a reduction of
official salaries. This much is due to
the influence of the Farmers' Al-
liance, and there is to be a good deal
more of it. Public office does not
want to be made a place to get rich
in.

Of course there is to be a business
reaction. The country could not get
along with the screws turned down
always. After the producers,—the
farmers, mechanics, and merchants
have been squeezed until they have
no more blood to lose, they must be
allowed to recuperate until they are
in condition to be tapped once more.
Then they will be asked to be thank-
ful for their great prosperity. This
is the way the capital interest
manages to do things, and the modern
politician is always ready to do its
bidding. Common people ought to
be thankful that they have masters
who are so generous.

Judge Guthrie decided in the case
of Hass vs. the A. T. & S. F. R. R.
Co., that the clerk of the court had
no right to issue a summons where a
legal deposit had not been placed
with the clerk; that a promise to pay,
or a deposit of a less amount than
fifteen dollars, was not a legal de-
posit; that it had to be either a cash
deposit of fifteen dollars, a bond for
costs, or a poverty affidavit. He de-
clared that the clerk could not waive
as statutory provision in reference to
the amount deposited, and that he
would set aside service of summons
upon application of the defendant in
every case that the statute had not
been complied with.

La Grippe.

Foreign names are almost without ex-
ception objectionable, but no name can
be too foreign to indicate his disease,
that now seems to be visiting all coun-
tries. Its origin is said to be in the
barracks at St. Petersburg, and sixty
thousand persons were taken down by it.
It was no respecter of persons and ear
and self suffered alike. Then it visited
Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Spain and
France, and now has come to America.
It is not the rheumatism, malaria or
influenza, but it is like each and all. It
commences usually by cold chills creep-
ing down the spine, with feverishness,
anxiety, headache, acute pains in the back
and limbs, nausea, faintness, loss of ap-
petite, almost constant sneezing and cough-
ing.

Of itself, it is doubtful if it has ever
been fatal, but it is apt to lead to a com-
plication in disease, which makes it nec-
essary to be extremely careful in treat-
ing it. Recovery is hastened by keeping
closely in bed a day for a day or two.
And indeed this is really enforced upon
the patient, as the genuine grip usually
holds a patient in his bed. Many fancy
they have the disease, who, under other
circumstances, would term their trouble
only a severe cold or acute rheumatism.
Others are so ill that they are powerless
to leave their beds and suffer acute pain.

When steady, clear, cold weather comes
the disease will doubtless disappear.
Meanwhile it behooves all to exercise
their common sense in avoiding, or pre-
venting, or curing "La Grippe."

The funeral of ex-Empress Theresa
of Brazil, took place at Oporto Jan. 3,
with imposing ceremony. The body
was removed to the Lapa Church,
where the services were conducted by
Cardinal Neto, Patriarch of Lisbon.
All the Brazilian imperial family
were present except Dom Pedro, who
was too ill to attend the funeral, and
his mental condition gives rise to
serious apprehension.

With regard to the proposed
World's Electrical Exposition, to be
opened in Frankfort in June next,
and to be continued for five months,
Herr Siemens, Germany's foremost
electrician, warns his fellow country-
men that Germany cannot now com-
pete with America in the number of
new electrical inventions, and advises
that the exhibition be postponed
eighteen months, until the disparity
becomes less startling.

A New York capitalist predicts that
this is to be one of the most prosper-
ous years ever known, one indication
being the low price of corn so that
farmers burn it for fuel. This shows
the kind of glasses the fellow looks
through. If they could get their
corn, and flour and beef, and pork,
their wool and their cotton, their
lumber and their iron, giving nothing
to the labor that produces it, there
would be still greater prosperity for
the capitalist, but how about the
farmer and mechanic?

At the meeting of the state bar as-
sociation Tuesday evening, Judge
Bailey late of Lawrence, made a
humorous address after the quite
lengthy one by Judge Ewing. We
take this from the Capital:

The other member of the first supreme
court, Judge L. D. Bailey, now engaged
in farming near Garden City, was next
introduced and enthusiastically applaud-
ed as he advanced upon the platform.
He is now quite infirm, being the oldest
of the three judges, yet spoke very clearly
and made a brief address. The judge re-
ferred in a humorous vein to his career
as an agriculturist which provoked
frequent and hearty bursts of laughter
from the audience. He said that after
leaving the supreme bench he turned his
attention to farming, first locating upon
the banks of the Wakarusa; he then re-
turned to Garden City and settled in a
desert which far surpassed that in which
St. John wandered so long. He took one
of Uncle Sam's claims, which he has ever
since held. "I love to tell my friends,"
said the judge, "that in my old age with-
out a nickel to back me, I have earned
that bounty of Uncle Sam and it is still
unadorned with a mortgage and will so
remain to the last day of my life."

Gladstone attained his eightieth birth-
day Dec. 29. He is in the best of health
and almost boyish in his manifestations
of joy over the scores of birthday presents
and hundreds of letters and telegrams
received by him, from all parts of the
world.

The National University of Chicago
proposes to erect a \$50,000 library, mu-
seum and lecture hall to be devoted par-
ticularly to free lectures on political
economy to workmen, and to inaugurate
in this country the University Ex-
tension system of Great Britain, bringing
the University to the people. \$25,000 are
already subscribed, but subscription to
the remaining stock at \$10,000 a share are
solicited from the benevolent, payments
of 10 per cent. to be made annually.
One of the trustees of this fund is S. A.
Kean, Banker, of Chicago and New York.
Address: 147 Throop Street.

The fear of diseased meat is justly
great and the statement made in a tele-
gram from Chicago is listened to with a
shudder. It is said that a lot of 109 cat-
tle said to be lumpy jawed arrived at the
stock yards on Friday, Dec. 27. They
were driven the whole length of one
division and placed in covered pens.
Many of them were marked with the
official "tag" of the State Live Stock
Commission, indicating them to be
afflicted with lumpy jaw. The odor com-
ing from the pens was sickening in the
extreme. An officer of the Humane
Society was notified and ordered them
shot at once. Much indignation is felt
regarding it and there will be an investi-
gation.

INTER-OCEAN MILLS. PACE, NORTON & CO, —NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.— Millers and Grain Merchants

Manufacturers of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE
LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight
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Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,
Gearings and Fittings, Etc.
WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans

He Won the Suit.
Judge O'Brien, of New York, has given
judgment in favor of George C. Rice in
his fight with the Standard Oil trust.
Some months ago Mr. Rice purchased
in open market five Standard Oil trust
certificates. He also received an addi-
tional share as a stock dividend on his
five shares. The certificates remained in
the name of the person from whom Mr.
Rice purchased them, and notwithstanding
repeated efforts to have them trans-
ferred to his name on the books, the
trust refused to comply with his demands.
Then he began suit in the supreme
court against John D. Rockefeller and
other trustees of the trust, to compel
them to transfer the certificates to him
on their books, and also to pay the di-
vidends to him and accord him all legal
rights as a certificate holder.

The suit came to trial six weeks ago,
and the defense was that Rice had not es-
tablished his title to the certificates and
that the plaintiff was hostile to the de-
fendants, having purchased the certifi-
cates for the purpose of harassing and
annoying the trust; that Rice had insti-
tuted several suits to annoy defendants
and that he had offered to drop proceed-
ings if the trust paid him \$550,000 for his
oil refinery at Marietta, O.

Plaintiff denied that he brought action
to harass the trust, but admits that he
did institute action in the west against
certain railroad companies for unjust
discrimination in favor of the Standard
Oil company, and the trust in the matter
of freight rates.

Judge O'Brien in giving judgment in
favor of Mr. Rice says he has established
his right to become a transferee under
the trust agreement. As to the suits
against the railroads and others, the
judge holds they were justified by the
unjust discrimination in freight. At
any rate, Judge O'Brien says in sub-
stance that even if these suits were un-
justifiable, that fact should not have
been put forth as a reason to deprive the
plaintiff of his rights.

Frank Mahon was killed in St.
Louis on Tuesday, while repairing an
electric wire.

Mrs. Hannah Southworth, the sayer
of Petis, died in her cell at the
Tombs last Tuesday evening.

It is reported that as "an act of
humiliation," the actress, Mary Ander-
son, "recently went down on her
knees and scrubbed the floor of a con-
vent."

Kansans invoke their Prohibition
law to prevent punch being served
at a banquet, but they didn't object
when President Harrison put their
Brewer on the Supreme Bench.

The Dowager Empress of Germany
died on Tuesday. She was born
September 10, 1811, and was married
to King William I June 11, 1829.
She was the mother of Emperor
Frederick and grandmother of King
William II, the present ruler of Ger-
many.

MISS CALDWELL is going to take Prince
MURAT at her own price. American
heresses can all get job lot noblemen on
the same terms, if they only have the
spunk to do it.

THE spruce gum supply of Northern
Maine is giving out, which fact would be
a blessing to a long-suffering public, if
Yankee invention had not been so prolific
in production of other chewing gums.
Nineteen kinds are made on one street
in Boston.

A man who has practiced medicine for
40 years, ought to know salt from sugar;
read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.
Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:
I have been in the general practice of
medicine for most 40 years, and would
say that in all my practice and ex-
perience have never seen a preparation
that I could prescribe with as much con-
fidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh
Cure, manufactured by you. Have pre-
scribed it a great many times and its
effect is wonderful, and would say in
conclusion that I have yet to find a case
of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they
would take it according to directions.
Yours Truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give \$100 for any case of
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superior goods we will send
TO ONE PERSON in each locality
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to us at once can make sure of
the chance. All you have to do is
return to us a few lines telling us
those who call—your neighbors
and those around you. The be-
nefitting of this advertisement
shows the small end of the tele-
scope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced.

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

In our time there is a strange want of discrimination between the artistic and the brutal use of what are called forbidden things, as literary materials.

It is not "looking backward" the people of this country need so much as looking forward, although, possibly, the hindsight may help the foresight.

A SOCIAL authority declares that a man can afford to dress badly if he is a genius or a chump. But if he isn't one or the other of these two things he must toe the mark of fashionable convention.

A WEEKLY paper proposes to inform fathers and mothers how to develop the powers of a backward boy, but what parents are more interested in is how to throttle the powers of the forward lad.

As OUR thoughts follow close in the dawn we are impressed with the sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main heading of its history—hunger and labor, seed time and harvest, love and death.

A NEW process for burning coal without smoke has lately been discovered. It consists in sprinkling water containing a special preparation of resin over the coal, and the result is that there is no smoke, and the glow is as intense as coke.

THE bloody Apaches, now supposed to be prisoners at Mt. Vernon barracks under guard of United States soldiers, continue to stab and steal and gamble and get drunk and lead a licentious life just as they did while roaming the wilds of Arizona unrestrained.

IMITATION is the sincerest flattery. It is said that at least six novels by popular writers of fiction are to be written this year, based, like "Ben Hur" on scenes and incidents in the Bible. Joshua, David, St. John, St. Paul and other Bible worthies are to figure in these novels.

No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using the figure 9. It now stands on the extreme right, 1889. Next year it will be in the third place, where it will remain ten years. It will then move up to the second place. 1900, and there it will rest 100 years.

OTHER things being equal, if a man wishes a thorough education he must begin by going through a college course, though it is true that many of the best educated minds have never received a collegiate or university training. But they have spent in study the time such a course would require.

ONE of the superstitions is that the senators take snuff, but the fact is that few of them use tobacco in this form. When they do the government furnishes it. They get it from two little black boxes on either side of the president's platform. The boxes are fastened firmly in niches between the wall pillars.

THE trouble in this country is that we have too many colleges, and many young men are induced to attend them who might better be devoting the years to preparation for employments for which a collegiate education is not necessary or even desirable, and for which alone their aptitudes and capacities fit them.

PLANS for giving England and France better means of communication than by water have always been impeded by England's jealous regard for its insular situation. This sentiment now shows itself in opposition to the bridge which engineers of both nations propose to build across the English Channel.

WHILE the slave trade in Africa has never been more active than at present, the destination of this human property has long been a mystery. Where and into what countries the thousands taken out of Africa were sold was a source of wonder. A Turkish gentleman, writing to the London News, reveals the fact that Constantinople is the great slave market of the world.

THE true test of morality in literature is its effect upon the mind of the reader, and by the test every book should be judged. The real question is not whether all the incidents recorded in the story are incidents to be approved, or whether all the characters have acted as a high morality dictates, but whether, on the whole, the tendency of the book is to make the reader love vice or loathe it.

ALL UNDER THE WATER.

Diving Expert Fuller's Novel Exploit Under Water.

He Was the First Man to Dive Into the Sea, Catch a Fish and Clean and Cook it Before Coming to the Surface.

"I believe," said George W. Fuller, the veteran diving expert, in conversation with a reporter for the Boston Globe, "that I was the first man to ever catch a fish, dress it and cook it, all under water, and then bring it to the surface in a perfectly palatable and appetizing shape."

"How did you come to do that?" questioned the writer.

"It was this way," replied Mr. Fuller, sitting back in his chair and half closing his eyes, as if to recall all the circumstances of this most curious of diving experiments. "You see, I had been talking with some of the boys, telling them about what I could do, and all that, and, if I remember rightly, I made the assertion that I could catch a fish, dress it, cook it under water and bring it up to the surface in good shape for eating without wetting it a particle. Of course everybody was incredulous, and one man, who was even more incredulous than the rest, offered to bet me \$100 that I could not do it. Of course I felt that I could, and although it looks strange to you now you can see how it was done after I have finished my story. As I thought I had a pretty sure show of winning, and the man seemed anxious to bet I put up my money, and when asked when I wanted the affair to come off I set a day about a week ahead, as I had some preparations to make. The date was agreeable to all parties concerned, and other things were talked of. So the days went by until I only had a couple more to wait for the trial. Then, taking two of my men, I got a boat and went quite a distance out into the harbor, stopping over a place where I thought I should be able to catch a fish easily. I had brought a weighted barrel along with me and my diving suit. The barrel, we then proceeded to sink, having the open side downward. Putting on my suit I went to the bottom and securely fastened the barrel to some rocks with ropes to make sure that it would neither rise to the surface nor float away. Mind you, I had the barrel raised about three feet from the bottom, and at this time as matter of course, it was filled with water. After I had secured it I stooped down and crawled up into it, standing erect upon the bottom. When I crawled in the barrel was full of water, but as I stayed under there minute after minute the water began to be driven out little by little, this being caused by the air which was issuing from my escape valve rising to the top of the barrel, and not being able to go any farther it, as a matter of course, kept forcing the water down. Soon my head was entirely out of water, and soon my chest was out.

"Then I unscrewed my helmet and stood in the air under the barrel. As it was being fed constantly from the pump above, the water lowered until there was not a drop in the barrel, and I was standing in only three feet of water. I had one of my patent lanterns with me, so I could see what I was doing, and taking a hammer, nails and a small board, which I had brought down with me, I proceeded to nail up a small shelf at one side of the barrel of the height so that when my lantern was set upon it it would be convenient for me to look down on top of it. This done, I put on my helmet, got out from under the barrel and went up to the surface once more. All my arrangements were completed, and all I had to do now was to wait patiently for the day of the trial to come off.

"It dawned at last, bright and clear, and a considerable party of gentlemen embarked with us to either see this, as they supposed, great feat performed or to see me fail in my attempt to make good my assertion. I impressed it upon the mind of the party who had bet against me that to perform the feat it was very essential that I should go under water at a place where I could be reasonably sure of catching a fish, and he left it with me to select the place. Of course I steered for the spot where I had the barrel anchored, and, stopping near where I thought it would be, I put on my suit and prepared for the descent. I took with me my lantern, a small stew pan, pepper, salt, etc., and my fish-hook.

"By the way, you never saw a man catch fish under water, did you? Well, it is quite a simple operation. You don't really use and hook at all, but a long line with a big sail needle on the end of it. When you are on the bottom and see a fish, good care must be taken to get behind him. Then cautiously edging up to him, you make a quick jab with the needle, and if you are a good shot your fish is caught. Then all you have to do is to push him up on the string, which must, of course, be knotted on the end, and you are ready for another one. It was one of these needles that I had, and I was very successful in not having to occupy much time in catching my fish, for I had scarcely struck bottom and got my bearings when I saw one directly ahead of me, and I succeeded in getting him impaled upon my needle in short order. Then I crawled under the barrel, and setting my lantern on the shelf waited for the water to lower. I had not long to wait, however, and soon my helmet was hanging on a nail which I had hammered into the side of the barrel for that purpose, and I was busily cleaning the fish with my jackknife, which I forgot to mention I

brought with me for that purpose. This done, I unscrewed the top of the lantern, which, as you know, is quite a large one and has a big flame. This lantern is fed by a small air pipe from above, the same as a human being is, and as I could live and breathe freely under the barrel, of course the lantern could burn brightly, too. Placing the pan which fitted exactly into the top of the lantern over the flame, I put the fish in it and was soon frying away at a great rate, while I made him palatable with salt and pepper.

"After it was well fried I shut off the blaze in the lamp and screwed on the cover, leaving the stewpan and the fish inside, where they were sure to keep perfectly dry. Then, putting on my helmet, I got out from under the barrel and gave the signal to be pulled up. I had been gone only a few minutes and the people thought as a matter of course that I had come up to say that I could not catch the fish, never dreaming that I had caught it, dressed it and cooked it all ready. They were very much surprised when, on taking off the lamp, I showed them the fish steaming hot and well cooked. Of course, like all other tricks, it's easy after one knows how to do it, but I made a little money being the first to think of it.

What You See in the Shooting Star.

A small body, perhaps as large as a paving stone or larger, more often perhaps not so large as a marble, is moving round the sun. Just as a mighty planet revolves in an eclipse, so this small object will move round and round in an eclipse, with the sun in a focus. There are at the present moment inconceivable myriads of such meteors moving in this manner. They are too small and too distant for our telescopes, and we can never see them except under extraordinary circumstances. At the time we see the meteor it is usually moving with enormous velocity, so that it often traverses a distance of more than twenty miles in a second of time. Such a velocity is almost impossible near the earth's surface; the resistance of the air would prevent it.

Altogether, in the emptiness of space, there is no air to resist the meteor. It must have been moving round and round the sun for thousands, perhaps for millions of years, without let or hindrance; but the supreme moment arrives and the meteor perishes in a streak of splendor. In the course of its wanderings the body comes near the earth, and within a few hundred miles of its surface, of course, begins to encounter the upper surface of the atmosphere with which the earth is inclosed. To a body moving with the appalling velocity of a meteor a plunge into the atmosphere is usually fatal. As the meteor rushes through the atmosphere the friction of the air warms its surface; it becomes red hot, then white hot, and is finally driven off into vapor with a brilliant light, while we on earth, 100 or 200 miles below, exclaim, "Oh, look there is a shooting star."—Albany Journal.

A Requiem.

Ah! hope was high, when youth was nigh,
And golden it painted the coming years,
But the years have flown, and all alone
I weep in sadness with bitter tears.
And still I think, though I fain would shrink
From memories that haunt me, so false
and fair,
As I dream of the past, while the wintry blast
Of age creeps over my snowy hair.
For youth has fled, and hope is dead,
And golden years never came to me.
So I wait with tears, through lonely years,
For another morn that shall set me free.

Rapidity of Movements.

The writing of shorthand has often been mentioned as a wonderful instance of the way in which varied faculties of the mind and body can be brought into play at the same moment, but M. Fere, in his work on the relations of sensation and movement, and kindred topics, shows that the playing of the piano, as an illustration of physical and mental rapidity and versatility, is still more remarkable. A pianist in playing a presto of Mendelssohn, played 5,595 notes in four minutes and three seconds. The striking of each of these notes involved at least two movements of the finger, and possibly more, and the movements of the wrists, elbows and arms can scarcely be less than one movement for each note. As twenty-four notes were played each second, and each involves three movements, the result would be seventy-two voluntary movements per second. Again, the place, the force, the time and the duration of each of these movements was controlled. All these motor reactions were conditioned on a knowledge of the position of each finger of each hand before it was moved, while moving it, as well as of the auditory effect in force and pitch, all of which involves at least equally rapid sensory transmissions. If to do this we add the work of the memory in playing the notes in their proper position, as well as the fact that the performer participates at the same time in the emotions the selection describes, and feels the strength and weakness of the performance, we arrive at a truly bewildering network of afferent and efferent impulses, coursing along at inconceivably rapid rates.

Some Are That Way.

Mr. Lamb, of Portland, On., was walking out for his health, when a man asked him the price of mutton. Mr. Lamb sheepishly repaired to the courts, began a suit for slander, and the result was that he pulled \$600 worth of wool from his tradee's wallet. Lamb chops are now a rare dish in Portland.

A CLEVER SWINDLER.

A Man Who Makes Money by Picking Up Crusts in the Streets.

There was a usual crowd of ladies shopping on Fourteenth street recently. A slender man about 35 years old, with an uncertain blond beard, and wearing blue overalls and a well-worn coat, walked rapidly down the street. Directly in front of two handsomely dressed ladies, who were walking slowly, he stopped, stooped over and picked up a crust of bread. With an apparently shamefaced air he took a bite of the crust and placed the remainder in his pocket. Then he started away. At first the ladies were too shocked to speak. Then one of them called after him:

"Oh, poor man! Come back here. We want to talk to you."

He paused as if undecided what to do. Then he shuffled back to them with downcast head.

"My poor man," said one of the ladies, pityingly "are you so hungry as that? What was it you picked up? Let me see."

The man turned his head away and said nothing. While the ladies were fumbling with their purses he drew forth the crust of bread.

"Yes, I am hungry," he admitted, "and so are my wife and babies. I can't get work anywhere, and I cannot beg."

Instantly the two purses flew open and two dollars were placed in his hand. He didn't seem to want to take the money, but the ladies prevailed upon him. Other ladies came up and were told the story. When the man went away he had over \$5.

About twenty feet away stood a well-dressed man.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" he ejaculated to a companion. "Did you see that? That fellow who got the money? It's the cleverest scheme that I've seen for a year. It's a new one to me. The fellow carries a crust of bread, and when he sees a benevolent-looking lady he drops it surreptitiously and picks it up conspicuously. And he works it like an artist. I'm going to watch him for a while."

The well-dressed man followed the clever swindler for an hour. In that time the man made over \$10. Then he seemed to be satisfied with his day's work and made his way to a Bowery saloon.—N. Y. Press.

THE WOMEN'S HUNT.

They Put On Men's Clothes in Order to Chase Away Evil Spirits.

A curious custom is that called the women's hunt, which prevails among some of the aboriginal tribes of Chota Fagpore, India. It is observed whenever any calamity falls upon the community—such as, perhaps, a visitation of cholera.

The women put on men's clothes, take up arms and go a-hunting—not in the jungles, but in the nearest village east of them. They chase pigs and fowls, take on their own everything they kill, and levy blackmail from the heads of the villages for their themselves to be bought off for a small sum of money and a pig. Toward evening the hunting party retire to a stream, cook and eat their meal, drink their liquor and then return home, having acquitted themselves during the day in a thoroughly masculine and boisterous manner.

Then the village that has been visited goes on a similar excursion to the village east of it, and so on to the eastern border of the district. By this series of excursions it is supposed that the evil spirit is safely conducted out of the district without offending its dignity.

Curing a Hiccough.

Mr. Smithin had heard that a sure cure for a hiccough was a severe fright. One evening, smoking at his fireside after supper, he was taken with a hiccough, which continued in spite of all his efforts to check it.

Presently he got up suddenly from his chair and called out in alarm to Mrs. Smithin:

"I've lost my watch! I've lost my watch!"

Mrs. Smithin hastened into the room.

"John Smithin!" she said, "what do you mean? Why, you hain't done any such thing. Here's your watch all right in your vest pocket."

"Don't you think I know that," said Mr. Smithin. "I was just giving myself a severe fright, you know, to stop the hiccoughs."

A Sentence That Was Never Finished.

"It was seven years ago," said C. R. H. Davis to a St. Louis Republican man, "that I saw justice turn from tragedy to farce in a twinkling. It was in one of those pine board court-houses of the mining regions that I, as foreman of a jury, led my colleagues out, and with long face pronounced the verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree upon the prisoner. Then I sat down, my chair tilted against the window, and listened to the stern decree of the court: 'To hang by the neck until dead.' Just then three pals of the condemned man walked in with loaded guns, and the sentence was never finished. I dropped back through the window, the court followed, and the prisoner never has been seen to this day."

She Was Darning.

"Whose stockings are you mending, love?" asked Gazzam of his wife. "It's none of your darn business," she replied, sweetly.

CHEWING-GUM.

How It is Made in the United States.

The sum paid out for chewing-gum is estimated to be close on to \$3,000,000 per annum. In fact it is natural for people of all races and conditions to work their jaws. The only reason that civilization discouraged the practice until recent years, is because the proper article had all along been wanting.

The Mexican Indians used to carry a knot of gum from the ohicle-zapote tree with them when they went out on the plains. It served to keep their throats from becoming parched if they got in need of water and could get none. Other tribes chewed cool leaves at times with the same object. Those of warmer climes chewed herbs and plants, tobacco leaf being the hot favorite.

The material substance of manufactured gum is spruce that comes from New England; paraffine, which is the residue of crude petroleum in process of refining; but the thing most used by the leading manufacturers is the Mexican product that is drawn from the "ohicle zapote." This runs from the tree like sap, and it has for many years been the custom of the natives to confine it in stone jars after being drawn. There it is heated until it coagulates.

It is this article that caused the boom for chewing-gum, because it has been decreed, particularly free from deleterious properties. It is curious how it came to be introduced. It happened in this way:

Just after the war, a merchant from Mexico came to New York with a lot of the native products of this country. He hoped that Yankee brains and ingenuity would find a profitable way of utilizing them.

Among his collection was a lump of the coagulated substance taken from ohicle zapote tree. That fell into the hands of Adams, the present gum manufacturer. He was looking about for some way of making a fortune. It struck him that the substance might be used in place of gutta percha or soft rubber, and with that idea experiments were made on it for two or three years without result.

A good deal of the useless stock was left and the owner was at a loss to know what to do with it. One day he broke off a bit and began chewing it. It was pleasant to the taste. The idea struck him that he would manufacture the article into chewing-gum.

A lot of it was sent to a prominent chewing-gum manufacturer to be tested, but he returned it as no good for the purpose.

Not believing this the prompter himself manufactured the stuff into gum and sold it on a small scale to dealers. It went like hot cakes. Adams thought that a pretty good business and he went into it. Now his factory building is six stories high and he employs 250 men. The gum from the Mexican tree finds its way into all the factories in the country. Two million pounds or more is imported here every year.

The preparation of this and other material ingredients of chewing-gum is simple. It is first heated until it becomes pliable or juicy. Then it is washed and the stray foreign particles taken from it. Then it is worked up like dough. The ingredients that may be mixed in are the essence of barley, sugar and flavoring extracts. Improved machinery does most of the work.

Gum-chewing is beneficial to the stomach, according to recent theories. It opens the salivary glands, thus causing an abnormal production and flow of saliva. Swallowing the saliva gives material aid to the discharge of green and starchy foods. Nature created it for that purpose. Hasty eating prevents a sufficient quantity of it from assimilating with the food. People who eat in haste can repeat at leisure by chewing gum.

A Golden Lamp Worth \$70,000.

The interior of the grand cathedral in the City of Mexico is, even at the present day, after having been successively plundered, most magnificent. It contains five naves, six altars and fourteen chapels, which contain the bones of some of the viceroys and departed great men of Mexico. The Glory of the Capola, Virgin and revered saints were painted, says the New York Journal, by celebrated artists. A balustrade surrounds the choir, of a metal so rich that an offer to replace it with one of equal weight in solid silver was refused. This weighs 26 tons, and came from China in the old days of Spanish dominion, when the richly-freighted galleons of Spain sent their cargoes overland from Acapulco to Vera Cruz on the way to the mother country. The high altar was the richest in the world, and yet retains much of its original glory. It contained candlesticks of gold so heavy that a single one was more than a man could lift, chalices, crucifixes and pyxes of gold encrusted with precious metal, studded with emeralds, amethysts, rubies and sapphires. The statue of the Assumption (now missing) was of gold ornamented with diamonds, and is said to have cost \$1,000,000, writes a correspondent. There was a golden lamp, valued at \$70,000, which cost at one time \$1,000 to clean, but according to a French writer—and the joke is his—the liberal troops cleaned it for nothing, and it has not been seen since.

A Waste of Power.

A fly-wheel weighing forty tons burst in a Pittsburg factory the other day, with the intention of killing 300 men, but when the damages were figured up it was found that only one man had been hit and he supposed that it was a chip doing at him by a fellow employee.

CRIME AS A PROFESSION.

A Brooklyn Police Superintendent's Expert Observations.

He Classifies Crime—Forgery Banks First, Burglary Next in the Gradation of Wickedness—The Desperate Chances Men Take for Money.

"It is a curious and suggestive fact," said Superintendent Campbell, of Brooklyn, while talking to a reporter of the Eagle; "It is a curious and suggestive fact that crime is graded by the amount of money it can procure. Thus forgery, in which by a few strokes of the pen a man may obtain a fortune, is counted first and highest, of course, not considering murder.

"Next comes burglary, where, with greater trouble and risk, a fortune may still be procured in a few hours. And so on.

"Of late years burglary has ceased to be a crime, and has now become, as it were, a business, a profession requiring nerve, skill and system. Considered as a business, it requires a number of tools, or at least a considerable number of variations upon a few implements. Now, I've got specimens of a good many burglars' tools here, all of which were taken away from criminals caught operating in this city. I've a few minutes to spare, and it will be of interest to you to look them over."

"This," the Superintendent explained, bringing into sight a two feet in length iron instrument, which looked like an enlarged ordinary tack-lifter, "is the burglar's characteristic implement; without it he is lost; with it he feels at home almost anywhere. It is that famous instrument, a jimmy. There are two varieties of this tool in ordinary burglarious operations. The small jimmy, which is used in what the burglar facetiously styles 'light household work,' such as bursting open bureau drawers and the like. The other, of which this is a sample, is used for 'heavier work.'

"This is a drill, another favorite tool with burglars," the Chief went on, picking up what might have been taken by the uninitiated for a mammoth cold chisel.

"Here's a wedge." This time the Superintendent singled out an ordinary wedge-shaped piece of mahogany. "This is greatly in use by burglars. It is in fact a peculiarly characteristic burglar's tool. In their slang it is called an 'alderman.' It is used to pry open doors, or rather to prepare the way for other tools to pry. The 'alderman' is generally the first tool inserted by a burglar under a door when he 'sizes it up,' by increasing the size of the wedge, till finally the door is at his mercy. Why such an insignificant but dangerous tool as this should be called an 'alderman' perhaps not even a thief could tell. Next we have here a sledge-hammer. This forms an important, though a simple item of that terrible weapon, a 'billy.'"

"One of the latter appeared to be a diminutive policeman's club, and the other a long, slender canvas bag of shot, with a cord handle attached. "The slung shot," the Chief remarked, holding up what looked like the butt end of a horse-whip, or loaded cane, suspended by a leather cord, "contributes an interesting share to the burglar's outfit, and enables that valuable member of society to defend in the regular discharge of his profession. The brass knuckles further contribute to the same desirable end. Worn over the hand, these artificial knuckles furnish a terrible weapon in a hand to hand encounter. Skeleton keys form a most important part of a burglar's stock in trade. Some of these are single and others are double. They are used a great deal by that branch of criminals known as 'hotel thieves,' who come under the general head of burglars.

Here's a pair of nippers—simple, ordinary looking things, aren't they? The aid of these nippers on the outside of a door the key may be turned on the inside.

"Given these tools," Superintendent Campbell continued, returning them carefully to their place of safe keeping, "and a little powder, possibly pluck, patience and no principle, and a burglar has all he needs to make or take a fortune—if he can only first find it. There is this recommendation about a burglar's professional career; he takes big chances at huge gains. True he risks death if detected in his operations, and has a certainty of a heavy sentence if captured, but he argues on the other hand, he may in one night capture the results of a whole lifetime of toil.

Continuing, the experienced head of the Brooklyn Police Force said that, as in other trades and professions, so in burglary, the work was systematized and divided, and much was done before anything appeared to have been accomplished. Burglaries, like campaigns, had to be planned before they could be executed. One set of men did the thinking, while another set did the working.

A gang of burglars, like a company of actors, have their advance agent—a man who goes before them, prospecting the place where the robbery is to be committed and prepares the way for the working force of the gang. This scout or advance agent, is always a very clever man and generally possesses a gentlemanly appearance and social qualities. He will, if occasion requires it, assume the guise of a laborer and obtain employment about the bank, or he will become a menial, or be any body, or do anything which will accomplish his purpose. If a bank

in a city like Brooklyn or New York is to be entered, the advance agent may assume the guise of a diamond broker, or a manufacturing jeweler, or a dealer in feathers, or in trunks, so as to occupy, under an ordinary pretext, room or rooms in the bank building, or near it, so as to gain the necessary points of information.

A CATASTROPHE.

But It Was Averted by a Wonderful Pet Kitten.

As the train was about to pull out of the Broad street station, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, I recognized an old friend in the engineer. He nodded to me and I jumped into the cab. Dick and I shook hands and he introduced me to his fireman, a young fellow with large, truthful, honest eyes, and the most innocent looking face I ever saw. Perched on the seat was a huge black cat, ugly, scraggy, and with a ground plan of fur that looked like a railroad map, it was so plowed and out up.

Naturally I noticed the cat and asked what it was doing there.

"That's a wonderful cat," said the youthful fireman, "and thereby hangs a tale. Do you want it?"

"Of course."

"Well, about a week ago we—Dick and me—were making the run between Philadelphia and Trenton. It was a dirty, black night—cold and a driving rain, and we were—that is, Dick was—behind time, and we were—that is, Dick was—making her hum for all she was worth. We—that is, Dick—had a clear track and the right of way. A few feet ahead of the pilot it was black as nothing. We were driving into chaos at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I could not help thinking that if we ran into anything we'd know more about the other world than was ever written in books, and I said a little prayer that I had learned in Sunday school. The prayer didn't seem to do me much good, and I asked Dick if it was necessary to run so fast. Dick gave me a look of mild contempt, and then I got on my dignity and felt as if I'd rather like to strike something just to change that look of Dick's to one of surprise. This was wicked, I knew, but I couldn't help it.

"Suddenly there was an awful crash directly in front of me, a splintering of glass in the cab window, and this came tumbling in. My heart got right up in my throat and I thought I'd choke. I saw Dick turn pale, and he terrified as I was, I remember being glad at it. He didn't lose his head, though—Dick never does—but reversed the machine, and when the train stopped we—that is, Dick—got out to investigate. And what you think? There was a rail misplaced within a dozen feet of the place where we had stopped. The flagman at the switch had seen it and had stationed himself up the track to signal us. He had a pet cat, which followed him wherever he went. The cat was with him, as usual. When he heard us thundering down upon him his lantern went out. He laid it down to re-light it. A gust of wind caught it and it rolled down the embankment. Here was a state of things. The flagman was quick to act, however, and grabbing his faithful cat by the tail he hurled it at the cab as we rattled by. Here is the cat that saved our train. Didn't you, Danger?"

The cat humped its back in recognition, and I looked at the frank, innocent face of the boy. He returned the look with wide-open, truthful eyes. "Shades of Mount Vernon! What a liar that fellow is," said Dick to me in a whisper. "He has the reputation of being the biggest liar on the road. He'd finish first in a race with Tom Ochiltree. That cat story is his latest 'saved the train' business. I saw him fish that cat out of the ditch a few days ago."

A Fleeting Fancy.

I met her where the sea waves sigh
One golden, perfect day in June;
The hours went all too quickly by
For hearts so perfectly in tune.

This was the face of which I dreamed,
But never had looked upon before;
A glimpse of paradise it seemed,
That summer day upon the shore.

I wildly lavished all my gold
That I might faintly thus express
The love I dared not yet unfold—
The thoughts I hoped to soon express.

And when the hour came to leave,
I asked with my most fetching smile;
"Are you engaged for Wednesday eve?"
"Yes, sir; I'm married all the while."

Depth of the Ocean.

The greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the Island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was there reached at a depth of 40,236 feet, or 8½ miles, exceeding by more than 17,000 feet the height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world. In the north Atlantic Ocean, south of Newfoundland, soundings have been made to a depth of 4,580 fathoms, or 27,480 feet, while depths exceeding 34,000, or 6½ miles, are reported south of the Bermuda Islands. The average depth of the Pacific Ocean, between Japan and California, is a little over 2,000 fathoms; between Chile and New Zealand, 1,500 fathoms. The average depth of all the ocean is from 2,000 to 2,500 fathoms.—Exchange.

Contentment.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

DEATH IN DIPHTHERIA.

It is Certain that no Infallible Remedy is Known.

The Best Physicians Agree that Pure Air, Good Diet and Vigorous Health Are the Only Absolute Preventives—Some Approved Receipts.

There is no infallible cure for diphtheria. Once the dread disease fastens on a child the probabilities are all against recovery. In its earlier stages and milder forms the disease may often be successfully combated if right methods be employed. In a disease which always develops a certain form and, with very rare exceptions, is only fatal where the false membrane has gained a foothold, it would seem that somewhere in the realm of remedies existed a specific which, itself unchanging, would successfully combat that unvarying symptom. But in fact no two cases of diphtheria are alike. A difference in heredity, some variance in the condition of the blood in a particular patient, any one of a thousand influences of diet, hygiene, temperature, all combine to isolate each case and make it a thing to be studied by itself, to be treated in a way different from any other, and with the chances of recovery either more or less than in other instances. Prevention is possible; cure is more nearly impossible than in almost any other disease known to medical science.

Diphtheria usually attacks children from two to ten years of age. It is almost invariably accompanied by sore throat, directly following which one and sometimes two formations of a foreign and vicious growth appear. These are of a grayish-yellow appearance, and at the beginning are no larger than a barley grain. They usually grow very rapidly, spreading over the back of the throat and forming a false membrane which strangles the patient. In some cases this development is very rapid, death following the first appearance of the fungus by only a few hours. In others it is of more slow progress, reaching into days. Twelve days is the usual course of the disease, and though it may vary below it will seldom go above that.

Diphtheria, however, is in many cases fatal even before a single trace of the false membrane can be seen. The poison of the disease kills before it spreads its ghastly warning. Aside from the precautions as to dry and wholesome air, vigorous strength and cleanliness, a gargle of any antiseptic agent should be frequently used to prevent the raw surfaces of any portion of the throat from inviting a growth of the false membrane, the fungus that comes so swiftly, and so stubbornly defies removal. For this growth will take root wherever scarified flesh presents a surface—the nostrils, the lips, may be overrun, as well as the portions of the throat and tongue where the growth is usually seen. For this purpose, says a writer in the Chicago Herald, an antiseptic gargle is invaluable. Even so common a gargle as vinegar and water is often used with good effect, not to cure, but to prevent the inception of the disease. Chloride of iron is an excellent remedy, both as a gargle and as a remedy to be taken internally, for it not only prevents an exposed surface, but invigorates the system so that affections of all kinds are less liable to find lodging place.

A gargle of one drop of carbolic acid to ninety-nine drops of water, used every hour, is recommended. A saturated solution of chlorate of potash, used as a gargle, is well known of as a preventive, although the carbolic acid seems to have the preference with the medical fraternity. The most important thing, then, to be said of diphtheria is that it should be prevented; that this can best be done by securing pure, fresh, dry air at a temperature of from 70 to 75 degrees; that children should be kept in vigorous health by regular diet on nutritious food, and that sore throat should be guarded against by examinations and occasional gargles to keep the exposed surfaces in a healthy condition. All this done the chances of contracting the dread disease are reduced to a minimum.

As to remedies, their name is legion, but that which may do the effective work in one case is likely to be the very thing to avoid in another; as soon as the first symptoms of diphtheria are evident a physician should be summoned, disease so dangerous, so insidious in its approach and so rapid in its development should never be consigned to experiments, but that the tendency of mankind to prescribe in all cases should be curbed, and a physician—the nearest one, summoned at once.

As to remedies: A Chicago physician, who has lost few cases of this disease, recommends the tincture of iron. One drop in a teaspoon of water is recommended for an infant of one year, if any cases appear in such tender years. The dose should be increased one drop with each year. The solution should be used as a gargle, and once an hour a teaspoonful should also be swallowed. Quinine is nearly always recommended by physicians because of its tonic effects, for diphtheria is one of the most exhaustive of vital forces of any disease known. When physicians cannot at once be summoned let warm flannel clothes be used to wrap the throat, to protect it from changes of temperature. When the disease is well started physicians rely on quinine and alcohol stimulants largely, to keep up vitality while the disease is wasting its immediately dangerous powers.

NUNS WITH SHAVED HEADS.

A Curious Temple in Japan—Decorated With Hairpins.

On a hill back of the main temple is an octagonal temple that is the most curious one I have seen in Japan, and that satisfies one's love of the novel, strange and picturesque in such edifices. The place is filled and covered with votive offerings from those who have been restored to health or had prayers answered.

The outside is half nailed over with little six inch square boards, on which are painted the suffering pilgrims who have been cured, and a ledge is heaped high with awls, which the deaf offer up when their hearing is restored. Locks of hair, short swords and devices in coins are hung up as offerings of gratitude on the doors. Inside there is a circular altar containing old statues and sacred images, and its base is plated with sword-hilts, short swords and round metal mirrors, until not a bit of the woodwork can be seen.

Helmets and bits of armor are put wherever possible, and the long shell harpins of Japanese women have been woven with silk cords into curtains or screens between the posts supporting the dome roof.

All around the walls and over the rafters, as far up into the darkness as one can see, the walls are covered with short swords ranged closely side by side, by overlapping metal mirrors, sword hilts, bows and arrows, coins and curious weapons and pieces of armor.

This little temple is such an extraordinary curio itself, and its contents so unique, that its loss by fire would seem to be more than that of any other building at Horiuji, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Near it is a nunnery, where a family of women, with shining, shaved heads and wearing the same gowns and garments as priests, have their altars and images, daily services, and lead the same life in every way as the priests.

HE DECLINED THE OFFER.

The Funny Mistake Resulting from an Old Slave's Ignorance.

At the close of the war there was many a poor, ignorant negro who, finding himself "lord of himself, that heritage of woe," knew not where to turn nor to whom to look for aid, says the Philadelphia Times. Many there were who continued as hands in the employ of their former owners, but there were others, a more adventurous set, who struck out for themselves in various directions, some to attain success, but some alas, to fail.

Among the class who deemed it advisable to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" was old Uncle Jake, quite a character in his way. He took a journey to hire himself and family upon Mr. Jones' farm. The old man made a quick trip of it and was soon back upon the old place again.

"Well, I done come back, old marse-ter," he said.

"What is the matter, Jake?" inquired the judge. "I thought you were going to work for Jones?"

"No, sir; yer see me an' him couldn't come ter terms. He offered to lemme work er piece er his land, an' me have no more'n fo'th er crap, but I wouldn't work for nobody for such er little bit er tuck. Ef he'd er gimme er f'ith I'd er took it."

Stanley a Woman-Hater.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley is a woman-hater. A letter has been unearthed from the explorer in which he gives his views on love and ladies generally.

The following is not complimentary to the fair sex: "Poets and woman appear to me to be so soft, so very unlike (at least what I have seen) the rude type of mankind, that one soon feels when talking to them that he must soften his speech and draw, or affect a singular articulation, lest offense be taken where none was intended. Hence men are seldom sincere to women or poets. Have you ever thought of how you looked when speaking to a woman? If my recollection serve me right, I have seen you talk with such an affected softness that I cannot compare the manner of it to anything better than that of a strong man handling a baby—tenderly, gingerly. So! But my pen is carrying me away. I wished to say, my dear friend, that I am absolutely uncomfortable when speaking to a woman, unless she is such a rare one that she will let me hear some common sense. The fact is, I can't talk to women. In their presence I am just as much of a hypocrite as any other man, and it galls me that I must act, and be affected, and parody myself for no earthly reason, but because I think, with other men, that to speak or act otherwise would not be appreciated."

Witty and Righteous.

It is related of an old-time Bath school boy that after the master had given him a good flogging the youngster said to the teacher in a melancholy and serious tone of voice; "I thank you, sir." "Thank me! What are you thanking me for, you young rascal?" replied old Master Whetstone. "I thought you did it for my good, sir," replied Joshua. The tone, manner and the words made the school rear, while the stern old pedagogue could take no exception to the retort, and had to acknowledge its righteousness as well as its wit.—Lewiston Journal.

THE AFRICAN IN AFRICA.

He is Not Always a Barbarian, but is Often Semi-Civilized.

"Many people," said Dr. T. H. Eddy to a reporter of the St. Louis Republic, "think the African in Africa is a barbarian, but while some of them are, the majority of them are as far from being so. Stanley in his travels visited the very worst classes on the Congo. They are no criterions of the Mahometan negroes, but quite the contrary. Africa contains 130,000,000 negro inhabitants outside of the Moors and people of Arabic descent. When I say negroes I mean natives with woolly hair. Woolly hair is characteristic of the negro, but the flat nose and thick lips are only peculiar to them. One of the finest nations of Africa is the Foulah, which number about 30,000,000 souls, and live back of Senegambia, occupying a country 1,000 miles north to south and 1,500 east to west. These people are all Mahometans and write their own language in Arabic characters, also speaking, reading and writing Arabic. They are black with woolly hair, but have thin, prominent noses, and very thin lips. No traveler has ever been in their country since 1780, and what I know of them I have learned from Foulahs, whom I have met on the coast. They make their own guns and gunpowder, and as fine known English officers to pay as high as \$50 for a pair of boots made by them, and they were very beautiful, being buttoned above the knee with silver buttons. In their cities they build houses two and three stories high of adobe and frame. They are governed by a sultan, and each man is entitled to four wives. Their costumes are similar to the Turks." Within their nation they have very large cities, but as they will not allow strangers within the borders, all that can be learned of them is from some members of the country as make visits to the coast and elsewhere. On one occasion a French army of 700 French and 2,500 mixed soldiers with officers attempted to invade the Foulah country and got 147 miles. Only seven succeeded in getting back.

"These people make pilgrimages to Mecca, a distance of 6,800 miles, to pay their respects to the great shrine of the Mahometans.

"The most beautiful race of the negroes are the Jaloff, from which the beautiful negroes of Louisiana were brought.

"In Africa polygamy is the rule, and the proportion of females born is two and one-half to one of the males. I knew one African—Ben Manna, king of the eastern Veys—who had 238 wives, 684 children and 1,860 slaves, and every one of his children resemble him to such an extent that you could not fail to recognize them after once seeing the father.

"The white man cannot exist in Africa. He will not multiply, and degenerates under the climate. Again, the country is so densely populated that there is no room for immigration, yet the soil is so fertile that it can accommodate far more people than America. The natives are too powerful to be conquered, and even if this were done the result would not be worth the effort.

"The Congo country is not, comparatively, a new country, nor is there much trade there. The Niger Valley, however, which is the best in Africa, is 2,600 miles long, very rich, and has a trade amounting to \$40,000,000 a year.

"Liberia is a terrible country. Sierra Leone is known as the White Man's Grave, and Cape Palmas as the country where white women weep. No beasts of burden can live there, not even a mule. All die of malaria. The English army lost 1,600 men there in three months. And while natives thrive and multiply, while everthing produces two crops a year and hens lay two eggs a day, foreigners die and children are never born to them."

A Colored "Gentleman" Seeks Advice.

The arduous labors which his candidacy for the speakership entailed upon the Hon. "Joe" Cannon, writes a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, did not prevent that genial gentleman from being frequently "reminded of a little story" whenever a congenial group of visitors thronged his rooms at the Shoreham. Here is Joe's latest, and he tells it to illustrate the rapid degree by which a certain colored friend of his, whom he calls Caesar Smith, is arriving at the technical distinctions of securities. Caesar Smith applied one day to Mr. Cannon for advice.

"Mistah Cannon," asked Caesar, "would you lend Cuff Jones \$40 if you was me?"

"What security can he offer?" inquired Cannon.

"A mortgage?"

"A mortgage? Why, what has he got to mortgage?"

"Dat's what boddens me, Mistah Cannon. I know he don't own nuffin but the duds on his back."

"Well, then, how can he give you a mortgage?"

"Dat's de qeshun. Mistah Cannon. No, he can't do it, and I see made up my mind dat he can't have de money unless he gives me his note of hand!"

What You Escaped.

If you were a subscriber to a Halifax paper you would be expected to believe that a diamond ring lost by a young lady who was out sailing in 1882 was found in the stomach of a codfish caught 400 miles away this last October. Consider that you have had a narrow escape.

