

7 G. Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00. There are now 1,700 Farmers' alliances in Kansas, with a membership in round numbers, of 40,000.

The cattle barons are becoming satisfied that they must leave the Cherokee strip.

The Santa Fe has shipped a carload of hogs from Kansas City to El Paso, a distance of 1,100 miles, in fifty-seven hours, the fastest freight run ever made over that route.

It has been demonstrated in Topeka that when a well appearing stranger wants to engage a farm hand and a governess, it is better to require him to pay a little earnest money down rather to cash his fraudulent checks.

Rev. Dr. Charles F. Thwing of Minneapolis, Minn., the new chancellor of the Kansas university, arrived at Lawrence Tuesday night. Vice Chancellor Spangler met the new officer at Kansas City and accompanied him to Lawrence.

J. K. Waysman, a Shawnee county pioneer and a typical plainsman, died recently at the home of his daughter in Marysville, California.

It was Helmholtz who once remarked that the greatest discovery he had ever made was that of the genius and writings of Thomas Young, whom he considered to be "the greatest man of science that has appeared in the history of this planet."

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to an Irishman he had taken on trial.

The Stafford schools are crowded to overflowing.

Arrangements have been completed for putting in a system of waterworks at Girard.

There are now 1,700 Farmers' alliances in Kansas, with a membership in round numbers, of 40,000.

At Salina, O. D. Jackson, a member of the city council, has been arrested for selling lottery tickets.

The Stafford city council has appointed a committee to solicit money from the citizens for the purpose of booming the town.

At the resubmission meeting in Topeka Saturday night resolutions were passed denouncing prohibition and demanding a special session of the legislature.

The expenses of the penitentiary last month exceeded the receipts \$80.63.

If the farmer never was before, he certainly is now the center of attractions. Most every one is willing to give him advice, and each are equally unwilling to give him any assistance unless it benefits them directly.

As soon as spring opens it will be noticed that the party who wants to make garden lives next door to the party who raises chickens. Hence comes on the irrepressible conflict and neighbors no more.

The Misses Adel and Hannah Peore, who resided four miles north of Concordia, committed suicide by drowning in Lake Sibley, March 10.

EX-Representative Taulbee died at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, in Washington. As soon as the police authorities were notified of his death, Mr. Kincaid was arrested and is now at the Twelfth street police station, where he is so prostrated with nervous exhaustion that it is the opinion of many of his friends that he will not live to stand his trial.

Judge McComas, who signed the warrant for the execution of John Brown, is dead, aged 74 years. He was lieutenant governor of Virginia at the time John Brown was hanged and the signing of the warrant devolved upon him in the absence of Governor Wise.

Four of the miners who were entombed by the explosion in the Moresa colliery, in Glamorganshire, Wales, Monday, have made their escape from the pit without assistance.

Some young men living in the vicinity of Newman were "taken in" to the amount of \$5, each, by a slick city chap a few days since.

Politicians are apt to urge people to vote as a duty. Really there is not much duty about it, unless one is satisfied that he is voting intelligently.

The most remarkable religious services ever held in New York were probably those conducted at mid-day during Lent by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, in old Trinity Church, New York.

March Mirth.

Figured goods—Heiresses. What's my wife's favorite dish? Cold tongue.

"Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

He made a goose of himself with one quill.

None have less praise than those who hunt for it.

Few-tile efforts—Starting hat store with 12 hats.

Where kicking helps one along in the world—\$3 wimming.

A man who wants to get at the root of a matter is necessarily a hog.

Though the waiter often holds a tray, he sometimes plays the deuce.

It is wrong to suppose every one is penitent because he is on his sneeze.

Mercury had wings on his pedal extremities. The inference is that he had soar feet.

"I'm all broke up." "Who are you?" "Don't you know me? I'm a New Year resolution."

First Cook—Its great use pepper is in the kitchen. Second Cook—Yes, but the nutmeg has a grater.

Little Invalid—Mamma, if heaven is such a nice place, why does the doctor try so hard to keep me away from it?

Don't be so severe on the man who scolds his wife in public. Perhaps that is the only time he dares to do so.

The higher you are lifted by the remarks of a flatterer, the flatter you feel when you come down to the truth again.

Doctor's Wife—Dear me; Mrs Goldberg is sitting in a draft. Husband—Never mind, I'll catch that draft later on.

"No," said the boodle alderman, "I shall not lend my vote to such a thieving scheme." And he didn't lend it. He sold it.

At the marriage supper of a deaf and dumb couple, one guest, in the speech of the evening, wish them "unspeakable bliss."

How much older than you is your sister? Boy—I don't know. She takes off a year annually, and I expect we will be twins before very long.

Among the "hundred best books" the pocket book ranks first. If it is sufficiently robust there will be no difficulty in selecting the other ninety-nine.

Free to our Lady Readers.

THE CADADIAN QUEEN is now having its ANNUAL FREE DISTRIBUTION of Choice Imported Flower Seeds, a large package containing an immense number of rarest varieties, together with THE QUEEN ON TRIAL FOR THREE MONTHS.

THE QUEEN is one of the finest Illustrated Ladies' Magazines on this Continent, it is devoted to Fashion, Art, Literature, Flowers, the Toilet, Household Matters, and contains the Latest Imported Designs for Fancy Work and Home Decoration.

Millionaires at Church.

The most remarkable religious services ever held in New York were probably those conducted at mid-day during Lent by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, in old Trinity Church, New York.

ONCE IN A LIFE TIME.

Here is our short time offer. Read and act promptly.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS One Year for 60 cents. For the remainder of this year, 50 cents.

The SPIRIT and the Leavenworth Times both One Year, 85 cents. The SPIRIT and The Times both One Year, and twenty packets of Garden Seeds \$1.25.

The seeds sent postpaid, will be as follows: Two packets each Beets Cabbage, Lettuce, Cutumber, Radish; one each Carrot, Muskmelon, Watermelon, Onion, Winter Squash, Summer Squash, Tomato, Turnip, Pepper and Parsnip.

The SPIRIT, the Times, and the Kansas (or the Prairie Farmer) each one year, and the 20 packets of seeds all for \$1.75.

A 25 cent Family Receipt Book and Hints on Health, free to each subscriber when clubs of three or more are sent, on any of the above offers.

Papers sent to different address if desired. Send to SPIRIT OF KANSAS, Topeka, Kansas.

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 also send what I want 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 the year 1890, the usual extensive collection (with the price of some kinds lower than last season) and the really new vegetables of great promise. You should be able to get from me, in my catalogue, 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.

A pig born with a weak constitution is a poor piece of property in these days of cheap pork. The farmer cannot give it what it should have received from its dam before it was born. In every case for the greatest benefit to the farmer the pig's birthright should be a strong constitution.

To secure choice pigs the selection of the male is of the utmost importance. It is claimed as an established law, one that cannot be disputed, that the boar to which the sow is first bred leaves her impress on all her future litters. It is a great loss to the swine breeding interests that all farmers do not know or understand this.

At Lincoln, England, not long since, a ram of the Lincolnshire breed—the largest breed—weighed three hundred and ninety-two pounds, live weight, and when dressed yielded two hundred and sixty pounds of meat. This is an extraordinary weight for a sheep, even in England. Rams of any breed in England seldom weigh less than two hundred pounds.

Early pigs and early lambs are the early birds that catch the golden worm; but the early animals must have comfortable quarters in which to get their start in life or the desired worm will not be caught.

Thirteen years ago a young man commenced breeding sheep in Colorado with 500 breeding ewes. He has given his entire attention to sheep ever since. Today he has 25,000 sheep and his wool clip the past season brought him \$20,000.

Tobacco is really good to kill lice on cattle, but if farmers will give their cattle good care so that they will not be troubled by lice, and tobacco be not required as an insecticide, nothing but a bad habit can be pleaded as justification for raising it.

Miss Pyrite—What makes you such a confirmed woman-hater, Mr. Olebach? Olebach—Well, when I was a young man a woman made a fool of me. Miss Pyrite—And you never got over it.

THE BEST SEEDS are those put up by D. M. FERRY & CO. Who are the largest seedsmen in the world. D. M. FERRY & CO. SEED ANNUAL. Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced. Let us be credited with all applications, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person who is a grower, farmer or gardener should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

GRAYVILLE, IND., Feb., 2d, 1887. DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa. Dear Sir: I have used your Antidote for Malaria for over a quarter of a century and have found it to be in every respect all that you claim for it. It not only cures chills and fever of every kind, but it is the best medicine I ever knew to build up the system when broken down from any cause. Respectfully yours, F. M. Brown

Peterson for April offers special attractions for ladies. The colored fashion plate and other engravings show the newest and most effective spring styles. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper's Paris letter gives full information in regard to the latest French fashions. By the aid of "Peterson" any lady can prepare her own and her children's wardrobes at far less expense than by any other means. The other departments of the magazine are at their very best, and cannot be surpassed by any periodical. The steel engraving of Queen Louise, of Prussia, and her Sons, is not only a beautiful picture, but especially valuable for giving the portrait of the late Emperor William when a lad of ten. Miss Alice Bowman's serial, "The Story of Dagna," is so far the best novelet we have met in any magazine this year. It is no wonder that "Peterson" preserves its popularity. Its fiction, historical sketches, fashions, music and household suggestions exactly meet home needs. Terms \$2.00 a year. Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mollie (who has poured a glass of milk over her new dress)—You will catch it, papa, just as soon as mamma comes home. Papa—But, Mollie, you spilled the milk over yourself. Mollie—Yes but you will catch it for not taking better care of me.

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.

THE Chicago auditorium is a bigger thing than Tammany Hall.

It is a wise age when one half the people can make money as fast as the other half can steal it from them. We live in a wise age.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain boasts that she is more in debt than any other woman in Europe and her creditors stand ready to confirm the report.

AN agricultural journal advises: "Grind your own bones." Those of us who have had our nose to the grindstone have a delicate idea of how the thing would feel.

HAVING gambled away \$100,000 at a sitting ex-King Milan of Serbia is reported to have forthwith sunk so low as to open negotiations for a new supply through the woman who was his wife. Natalie she will come to his rescue.

"GLORY awaits the first amateur photographer who will take a picture of glubular lightning, a phenomenon known to occur, but of which no trustworthy evidence exists." In Kansas: Shake the whisky before using. Take the globules as they "bead"; you have it.

THIRTEEN prominent business men of Helena, Mont., have been indicted for stealing coal from the Northern Pacific Railroad company. The company claims to have lost 210 carloads there in one month. Let's see 13 goes into 210 how many times? Or was the whole town into it?

No man, or company of men, railroad or railroad official, has got the right to say to any man, "you shall not drink." But the railroad officials have got the right to say that any man who drinks intoxicating liquors, on or off duty, shall not run a locomotive under them; and this is just what they need to be saying and doing.

AN Anglo-Roman company has undertaken a contract to light Rome by electricity. The plant is to be set up at Trivoli, it is said, and power supplied by water there, the current then being transmitted by over-head wires to the city itself, and throughout the city by over-head wires for public lighting, and by subways for lighting of private houses.

The real inventor of the powder used for the "Lebel" rifles is not the colonel of that name. But M. Vieille, a young French engineer. M. Vieille will be the fortunate recipient ere long of a prize of £2,000 awarded every three years under the auspices of the French Academy of Science to the author of the most important discovery made within that period.

A FINE portrait of John Wesley has just been hung in the hall of Lincoln college, Oxford. This picture, which has recently been purchased by the rector and the Fellows, represents Wesley when he was a fellow of the college, and it is pronounced by experts to be either the original or a replica of the well known portrait which was painted by James Williams in 1742.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for the establishment of free Turkish baths in Brooklyn. Here is a suggestive item. With the millions spent for public benefits and luxuries, why not think about public bath houses? There would be nothing more conducive to public health. Cleanliness is godliness, and there ought to be a free means for dirty sinners to wash, and a law to compel them to do so.

GENERAL LONGSTREET is keeping a hotel in the little town of Gainesville, Ga. He is a distinguished looking man, with his English whiskers and mustache, and has made hotelkeeping a success. General Longstreet has seen many ups and downs since he left West Point, but he is perhaps happier and more contented now than when he was commanding thousands of men or representing this country at Constantinople.

THE laws of most of our states declare that a citizen is entitled to only one legal residence. But these laws were enacted when the country was poor and when but few could afford the luxury of several homes. In other times and in other countries where wealth abounded men possessed of great powers and property had many residences, each of which was regarded as a home. It is stated that Cicero at one time had no less than seventeen homes.

HE WAS WELL TRAINED.
Carl Dunder Was Laying Low to Get a Thorough Education and He Got It.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Sergeant Bendall in great surprise, as Carl Dunder softly entered the Woodbridge Street Station Saturday afternoon. "I thought you had started for Germany sure."

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Dunder, as he blew his nose with great complacency.

"But where have you been?" "Sergeant, vvas I some greenhorns?" "You don't look to be."

"If some cow meets me on der street would she take me for hay?" "Hardly."

"If you vvas some confidence man would you try to play a game on me?" "I don't think so. But what do you mean by all this?"

"Sergeant, I used to be like some cabbagehead. Eaferybody beats me. Eaferybody laughs at me, and I like to go back to Sherman. Dis vvas all shanged now."

"How?" "Vhell, I keeps quiet for der last six weeks and get posted. If somebody can make fun of me now I like to see him do it. I vvas right on to all der tricks you efer heard of, and I can spot a sharper two blocks away. You won't haf to tell me any more to shump into dot river."

"I'm rejoiced at the news. Now tell me who posted you?" "A feller from New York. He takes me in a class all alone for \$15 per week. How vvas dot, eh?"

And he threw up his right arm and made a long jump sideways, knocking a chair over and scaring a boy out of a year's growth.

"That's pretty good. What kind of a movement do you call it?" "Dot vvas a nickel-plate movement, to be practiced if a man shumps out of der alley to hit you mit a sand-club. When dot club comes down you vvas ten feet away. Dot probably safes my life one thousand times."

"Vell, if a tief come around I can spot him like grease rolling off a log."

"How?" "He carries his left hand in his pocket, and can't look you in der face. I can pick 'em out der street by der dozen."

"That's a good thing, and you ought to start a detective bureau. Anything else?"

"I should shmile! Sergeant, if you vvas some pickpocket, where you look for my money, eh?"

"In your breast pocket."

"So? Ha! ha! ha! Dot vvas another trick! I put my handkerchief oop here, and if a tief goes to rob me he gets nottings. Dot probably safes me two million dollars."

"Y-e-s. Anything more?" "Vhel, suppose I vvas in Chicago and a bunko man likes to make me his victim. If it vvas you, vvat would you do?"

"I don't know."

"Ha! ha! ha! It pays me to learn dot. It safes me thousands of dollars. I shust vink at him—so, and say: 'How vvas coons to-day?' and off he goes. Dot makes him understand I vvas on to der racket."

"I see. What else?" "Suppose you vvas going home at night, and a robber steps out and wants your money or your life? How would you do?"

"Give him my money, of course."

"You would, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Dot shows who vvas a greenhorn! I shouldn't do dot vhay. I should open my umbrella and hold it before me and cry 'fire' as hard as I could. No robber can get at you if you hold an umbrella out. I know lots of odder things, but I haf no more time to-day. I come down to gif you some complaints. Somebody stole \$25 from me last night, and dot feller from New York vvas lost. He goes out to walk around a leedle by himself, and being a stranger he vvas all mixed oop and can't find his way back."

"Ah! Didn't you lose a coat, too?" "Yes. It vvas behind der door, and somebody takes coat and money too."

"Come this way."

He led him into the lock-up, halted him at one of the cells and asked him if he knew the occupant.

"Vhy, he vvas my trainer!" exclaimed Mr. Dunder. "How he comes in here? Vvas he some lost shild?"

"He got your coat and money. We have the coat and most of the cash. How do you tell a thief, Mr. Dunder?" But Mr. Dunder didn't reply. His hair stood up, his eyes bulged out and he walked out of the station like a man going somewhere in a nightmare.—*Detroit Free Press.*

STATISTICS OF OLD AGE.
An Analysis of Returns Respecting Fifty-Two English Centenarians.

Prof. Murray Humphry has just brought together a remarkable book on "Old Age," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is based upon the results of an inquiry conducted by the collective investigation committee of the British Medical association.

In a portion of it the analysis of the returns respecting 52 centenarians are given; of these 16 were males and 36 females. Eleven of these were single (10 being females), 5 were married, and 36 were widowed. Out of 50 returns 3 only were in affluent circumstances, 28 were comfortable, and 19 poor; of these 9 were fat (8 being females), 20 were spare, and 18 of average condition. Twenty-five were erect in figure and 25 were bent.

Out of 35 returns 28 used glasses, 7 did not; out of these 4 were poor, 6 had used glasses for 40 to 50 years, 5 for 30

to 35, 4 for 10 to 20, 2 for 4 to 6 years, 5 for "many years," 2 for a few years. From among these I had used spectacles for many years, but for the last 12 years had been able to read without them; another had not used them for 12 years, another "not for many years," but I can not now get them strong enough.

Out of 47 returns 40 had a good digestion.

Out of 48, 36 had good appetites, 2 bad, and ten moderate. Of 47, 25 were moderate eaters, 9 small, and 12 large. In regard to alcohol, 15 took none, 24 a little, 6 were moderates, and 1 was used to a good deal of beer. Of animal food 3 took none, 10 moderate, 25 little, 2 very little, and 1 much. Of aperients, 22 took them rarely, 14 never, and 6 frequently.

Out of 39, 26 could say that their memory was good, 6 bad, and 7 moderate. Of 45, 7 smoked much (4 being women), 2 little (one a woman), 3 moderately (one a woman.)

Out of 40, 37 did not take snuff. As to sleep out of 40, 32 were good sleepers, 5 bad and 7 moderate.

From 35 returns the average time of going to bed was 9 o'clock; but 1 retires at 12, and 1 at 11, 5 at 7; 7 are bedridden. The average time of rising was about 8 o'clock, but 6 rose at 6 o'clock, 1 at 5, 9 at 10, 1 at 11, and 1 at 4 p. m.

Out of 42 returns 25 had no teeth, and from 28 returns but 4 had artificial teeth; yet in men about 80 the average number of teeth is only 6 and in women 3.

In 12 returns the average age when married among the males was 23 and the females 25; the average number of children is, from the returns received, 6.7.

ICE 80,000 YEARS OLD.
A Mine in California in Which There Is Perpetual Frost.

The altitude of the Stevens mine on Mount McClellan (California) is 2,500 feet. At the depth of from 60 to 200 feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore, together with the surrounding wall rock, is a solid frozen mass, says an exchange. McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range. It has the form of a horse-shoe, with a bold escarpment of feldsparic rock nearly 2,000 feet high, which, in some places, is nearly perpendicular.

In descending into the mine nothing unusual occurs until a depth of eighty or ninety feet is reached, when the frozen territory begins and continues for over 200 feet. There are no indications of a thaw summer or winter.

The whole of the 200 feet of frozen walls is surrounded by massive rocks. The miners, being unable to pick and drill in the usual way, found that the only way to mine in this peculiar lode was to kindle a huge fire against the "face" of the tunnel and in the morning take out the ore that had been thawed loose during the night.

In fact, this was the only mode of mining used while going through the frozen belt some ten or fifteen years since. The tunnel is now many hundred feet deep, and still there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. Besides this there are many other mines in the same vicinity in a like frozen state.

The theory is that the rock was deposited in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. In that case the mine is an ice-house whose stores have remained unthawed for at least 80,000 years.

The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Stevens mine, show no opening for air-currents must be referred to imbedded icebergs of the glacial period.

Epitaph on a Dog.

What is said by the authorities to be the grave of the only dog buried in Greenwood Cemetery is in the Howe plot, at Hemlock and Battle avenues, not far from the Soldiers' Monument on the Battle Hill. The plot is a circular one, surrounded with a granite coping, and in the center, upon a granite pedestal, is a bronze bust of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine which bore his name, and whose death took place in 1887. In the rear of this monument is a modest headstone, resembling thousands of others in the great burial-place. It is of polished Quincy granite, and the inscription is surrounded by a delicately chiseled ivy vine. The stone bears the name "Fannie." Died Dec. 10, 1881. The lines underneath the name give the clue to the identity of the body buried beneath the stone. They are as follows:

"Only a dog, do you say, Sir Critic? Only a dog, but as truth is prize, The truest love I have won in living Lay in the depths of her limpid eyes, Frost of winter, nor heat of summer, Could make her fall if my footstep led; And memory holds in its treasure-casket The name of my darling, who lieth dead."

In the plot are buried Elias Howe Salmon and Harriet Haliday Salmon. The grave of the dog is little known to curious visitors, as it is not pointed out by the regular carriage-drivers, and workmen seldom say anything about it unless directly questioned. Some years ago the directors passed resolutions forbidding the burial of pet dogs and cats in the cemetery grounds, but the animals are occasionally smuggled in by plot-owners, it is reported.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The natives of the Fiji Islands have taken up the game of cricket.

DR. TALMAGE'S MOTHER.
An Eloquent Tribute to Her Memory by the Famous Preacher.

I never write or speak to woman, says Dr. Talmage in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but my mind wanders off to one model—the aged one who, twenty-four years ago, we put away for the resurrection.

About eighty years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting-house at Somerville, N. J., and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitude my mother lived harmlessly and usefully and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned away empty. No one in sorrow came to her but was comforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to that dwelling she was there to robe the departed for the burial.

We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say: "O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they may all be the subjects of thy comforting grace!" Her eleven children brought into the kingdom of God she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long-absent missionary son, and when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor and the long-absent one passed over the threshold of the paternal home she said: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation."

The prayer was soon answered! It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar, and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for the children. Whatever else we forget, we never forget the look of mother's hands. As we stood by the casket we could not help but say: "Doesn't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting place. The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan river until it looked like fire; but more calm, and beautiful, and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

"Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod. While the pure spirit rests with God."

With such a mother as an example, it is strange that I should always have cherished the most exalted estimate of woman and womankind?

Said to be 180 Years Old.

The oldest man in the world is a citizen of Bogota, in the Republic of San Salvador.

The new Methuselah declares that he is 180 years old, and it would seem he flatters himself, for his neighbors give the assurance that he is older than he says he is.

He is a half-breed, named Michael Solis, whose existence was revealed to Dr. Louis Hernandez by one of the oldest planters in the locality, who as a child knew Solis as a centenarian.

They have found in the year 1712 his signature among those of persons who contributed to the building of a Franciscan convent which exists near San Sebastian.

His skin is like parchment, his long hair, of the whiteness of snow, envelopes his head like a turban, and his look is so keen that it made a disagreeable impression on the Doctor.

Interrogated by the Doctor, he answered complacently that his great age was due to his regular mode of living, and to his never giving up to any excess of any sort whatever.

"I never eat but once a day," said he, "but I never use any but the strongest and most nourishing foods. My meals last a half hour; for I believe it is impossible to eat more in that time than the body can digest in twenty-four hours. I fast the first and fifteenth day of each month, and on those days I drink as much water as I can bear. I always let my food become cold before I touch it. It is to these things that I attribute my great age."—*Union Liberales of Quebec.*

Artificial Lightning in War.

"This is the age of patent new inventions for killing bodies and for saving souls," is what Byron wrote nearly a century ago. There is a man over in Tronton who comes forward today with a scheme for killing bodies which, he thinks, when duly patented, will revolutionize modern warfare. Unless he is in error, the plan will certainly serve to put an end to battles, because the inventor will by this ingenious device kill whole armies in a day. The man's name is Grinnell. He is a Jerseyman and feels a little anxious to know what the effect of his plan will be before getting a patent on it. He wants it used only in case it would put an end to wars. The Jerseyman, you will see, is a kind-hearted destroyer. His invention resides in the power to produce lightning by artificial means. By the use of a small dynamo Grinnell has already killed the flies in a 20x20 room, and by a little work in perfecting his scheme he expects to be able to kill an army any fair day in the week. The act of wholesale destruction will have to be suspended on wet days.—*N. Y. Letter.*

A Tall Throne.

The King of Italy has sent to King Menelik a carved wooden throne twenty-four feet high.

DUTIES OF LADIES' MAIDS.
What New York Society Women Require at Their Hands—Their Compensation.

New York letter to the *New Orleans Picayune*: The duties of a lady's maid, says one of them, are almost constant, if seldom heavy. One may have leisure for half a day or scarcely get a breathing spell of ten minutes in twenty-four hours. There is not a great deal of variation. I get up at 7 in the morning and am through my bath and toilet in time for breakfast at 8. Immediately afterward I take a pot of chocolate and the morning papers to my mistress and while she drinks the chocolate I read from the papers aloud. Her mail is brought up at 9 and I manœuvre her hands while she reads it. Then I prepare her bath and afterward arrange her hair and dress her for her 10 o'clock breakfast.

While the chambermaid is doing up her room I arrange her toilet brushes and boxes and get out her afternoon dress. I have my dinner at noon. If my mistress feels like napping after luncheon I read her to sleep. If she goes shopping I usually accompany her. At 3 I dress her for her afternoon drive, and at 6 for dinner. I have supper at 7, and the evening is generally my own, but I go to bed early when my mistress is out, because when she comes home I have to undress her, brush out her hair, give her a cup of hot bouillon, and read her to sleep. Brushing, mending, and making over her dresses, attending to her laces, and looking after her linen take up most of my spare time. Sunday afternoon I always have to myself, and altogether I am very well satisfied. Ladies who require the attendance of maids have to treat them with a certain degree of consideration in order to keep them.

Once I lived with a woman who would not open her eyes in the morning until I had bathed them with rose-water, and who compelled me to brush her feet for her. I found out that before her marriage she did all the household work for her father and a family of several children, and the discovery so irritated me that I soon conjured up a pretext for leaving her.

The lady's maid in most households ranks with the housekeeper and butler, and is not required to eat in the kitchen. Her average pay is \$25 a month, but if she fulfills all requirements the very wealthy often give her \$50, or even more. If she is a capable dress-maker and milliner it is a positive economy to retain her at high wages. English maids who have lived with the aristocracy are the first choice with New York women at present. They are able to give points. All the Vanderbilts have maids who have lived in the families of English noblemen, and as much may be said, with slight limitations, of the Astors, Lorillards, and other families. Mrs. William Waldorf Astor's personal attendant formerly waited upon the queen of Italy and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt had one who served Lady Churchill.

Recently a lady's maid was discharged because she was mistaken for her mistress when the two were out together. Another was sent flying because she accidentally pulled her mistress' hair while brushing it. A third discharged herself because her mistress insisted that she should administer a hypodermic injection of morphine every night.

Child Life on Canal-Boats.

One of the curiosities of life displayed along the water-front of this city, says the *N. Y. Times*, is the way children are canal-boats. Any person who takes the trouble to visit Coenties slip or the neighboring docks where canal-boats lay up can see every day the common sight of a group of toddling children playing on the open decks of the low bulwarked boats, but he never hears of one falling overboard.

On one canal-boat, the Betsy Ann of Whitehall, that lay in Coenties slip the other day, was noticed a novel arrangement for keeping the little ones within the bounds of safety. On the after-deck a regular play-ground had been fenced off for the youngsters by building a high picket-fence, over which they could not climb. This had a swinging gate secured by hasp, staple, and padlock. Inside of this inclosure were four children, who made the air ring with their shouts, telling of their unalloyed happiness and contentment with the arr-goment. On another boat, a little way distant in the same slip, was another queer arrangement to keep the little tots from falling overboard. In the center of the deck was fastened a stout ring-bolt to which were fastened three stout but small ropes. At the end of each rope was a stout leather belt buckled about the waist of a rugged, sun-burned youngster. The ropes were just long enough to prevent the children from reaching the edge of the deck, but were not too short to allow them ample room to play in. The children seemed happy, too, and were not disturbed a particle by their tether.

On nearly all the boats the children are allowed to roam about the deck at will, both while coming down the river in tow and while tied up to the dock. Many of them are born aboard the boats. There they grow up and in many cases marry, selecting their mates from aboard other boats, and immediately taking up the life followed by their parents.

The Future Man-of-War.

The Italian Admiral Albini thinks that the future man-of-war will have double screws and a helm at each end, so that in battle it need waste no time in turning around. Its sides will be unarmored.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Range of Matter Adapted to The Use of All.

A Place for Everything—The Art of Raising Calves—Comparative Cost in Hogs and Cattle—Notes and Recipes Wholesome to Remember.

Order in the Home.

There are very many ways labor can be economized both in and about the house and about the farm; the best thing to do it with is order. With order we have harmony, with disorder confusion, says a writer in the American Cultivator. For instance the shears are used and laid aside where used, in place of having a place for them and when done with them putting them in their place, and when next wanted are nowhere to be found and perhaps an hour is spent in fruitless search. How perplexing it is, the good lady gets a scowl on her face, soon John comes in to change some of his apparel to go to town and a button is off or a rent, or something of the kind and Jane says "let me have that a moment till I do so and so to it," but he is in a hurry and has hardly time to stop, besides, he says, "why did you not do that in the morning?" The reply is, "I could not find the shears."

John gets home and it is milking time goes for the pails and finds them unwashed and has to wait till the good lady washes them, and, of course, naturally enough, says, "Why didn't you wash them before?" The reply is: "I have been hunting for those shears," or something else that was mislaid. Clean clothes are laid away in the drawers unpatched, and some without buttons, etc. Sunday comes and going to church is contemplated. John gets his shirt and finds it unfit to wear; but the good lady gets thread and needle, if she can find them, and temporarily repairs the garment. Again, naturally enough, John says, "Why did you not fix this before?" Again the reply is: "I could not find" so and so; and so it will go the whole time where order does not prevail, to a great extent both about the barn and in the house. Have a place for everything and everything in its place.

Hogs vs. Cattle.

A correspondent of the Western Rural, giving his views on the comparative cost of raising hogs and sheep says that it will take twenty-five bushels of corn to raise and fatten a hog to 300 pounds, worth to-day \$9.60, while the twenty-five bushels of corn would raise and fatten five sheep, worth \$25. Now the sheep will pay for all its feed and care with its wool. What has the hog to offer for its care and keeping? Nothing but the "grunt," and our pork packers, with all their ingenuity and skill, have not learned to utilize that. I know from my experience in handling sheep for the past four years that money invested judiciously in sheep will pay for their feed and make one hundred per cent on the investment. My sheep have not failed to make over one hundred per cent and one year by actual test made 125 per cent. But this cannot be done in a haphazard way. It will not do to let hogs, cattle and horses run with flock. They want good and separate care, plenty of shelter, feed and water. Don't be deceived into believing that sheep don't want water. They do want water and want it every day.

Raising Calves.

At a recent meeting of the Elmira Farmers' Club, President McCann said he wanted to know how to raise a good calf without milk. In response, John Bridgman said: "I have raised calves on hay tea with a very little milk and a handful of wheat middlings or ground oats mixed with it. It will keep them growing and make them strong, but not fleshy. I have also fed a porridge made of buckwheat flour. I think they need milk until a week or more old." G. W. Hoffman said "I would feed calves dry meal. I never had any trouble to get them to eat it. I would feed them milk for two weeks, and three is better; either skimmed or buttermilk is good to raise calves on as new milk." D. Shappee said: "To raise calves I would feed them new milk until three or four weeks old and if I was selling my milk I would go to the creamery and get skimmed or buttermilk to feed them, with cornmeal mixed with it, I would prefer buttermilk to skimmed milk."

Them City People.

"Them city people," said Farmer Smiley, "think themselves mighty smart, but they are an ignorant set. Frinstance, when I wuz ridin' long Queen street west last Saturday, I seen a big sign out. 'Great sale of Jerseys, all wool.' Hal! hal! What d'yer think of that! They act'ly think that wool grows on Jerseys! Why, any six-year-old boy on a farm knows better'n that."

A Safe Investment.

"One of the safest investments for the farmer," says the Nebraska Farmer, "is the draft horse. This line of production never has been and never will be overdone." This may be good advice for western farmers, but it will hardly apply with equal force to those in the east. The production of the draft horse may not be overdone, but it is certain that eastern breeders cannot raise draft horses for the price western bred horses bring in this market. One has only to attend the auction sales and note the

prices obtained for magnificent great horses to be assured of this.

Farm Notes.

Hogs are benefitted by a liberal supply of salt and ashes kept where they can help themselves.

The farmer's boy should be allowed to handle tools and trained in their use. When he becomes a full-grown farmer it will be a matter of economy of both time and money if he is able to mend implements and do a fair job of carpentering or blacksmithing.

Western Rural.—Put white butter and yellow butter side by side and tell the consumer that one is artificially colored and he will take the colored article 999,999 times in the 1,000,000. Let nobody worry about the consumer being deceived. He is after the "yaller."

An intelligent farmer gives the lowest price at which corn can be raised without loss at the various yields per acre. His estimates are as follows: Sixty bushels to acre, 13 cents; fifty bushels, 15 cents; forty bushels, 18 cents; thirty-five bushels, 22 cents; thirty bushels, 30 cents.

Excellent Reference Items.

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin.

Hot fat or cutting bread will soon dull the edge of the sharpest knife.

A red-hot iron passed over old-putty will soften it so it can be easily removed.

Save the juices that drain out of roasts and steaks to add to stock for soups and meat sauces.

If the eggs you have to use for frosting are not quite as fresh as you could desire, a pinch of salt would make them beat stiffer.

If breakfast bacon or ham is to be served for breakfast the fat that is drawn out in cooking should be used for frying its accompanying hominy or Indian mush.

Yellow stains left by sewing machine oil on white may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia before washing with soap.

To clean so-called brass lamps rub the lamp thoroughly with a mixture of crocus and sweet oil, stand aside to dry. When dry polish it with dry crocus and chamois skin.

A few drops of carbolic acid added to mucilage or ink prevents mold. If an ounce of carbolic acid is added to each gallon of whitewash applied to cellar or dairy, it will not only prevent mold, but the disagreeable taints often perceived in meats and milk kept in damp apartments.

To remove ink from paper, if not of too long standing, wet a teaspoonful of chloride of lime with just sufficient water to cover it. Pat (not rub) the spot gently for a few minutes, using a soft cloth wet with the mixture and the ink will slowly disappear. If one application is not sufficient, try a second.

Willow chairs that have lost their natural color can be restored by using a solution of chlorine. Clean cane-seated chairs with salt or ammonia and warm water. Apply it with a nail brush, scrubbing it well, rinse with cold water and dry thoroughly. Wet the under part of the seat, and when dry it will become taut.

Scrap-Book Recipes.

LEMON COUGH CURE.—Roast a lemon without burning. When hot enough, cut it and squeeze out juice, which can be sweetened to taste. Dose, a dessert spoonful when cough is troublesome.

GRAHAM CRACKERS.—One quart of graham flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of butter, milk to make a stiff dough. Knead five minutes. Roll thin and bake ten minutes.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one pint of milk; add butter half the size of an egg to the flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda; then add the milk; mix soft and bake quickly. You can not fail having good biscuit with this recipe.

ONION SOUP.—This is made by frying sliced onions in butter, and turning boiling water over them. To six good sized onions allow a gallon of boiling water and add parsley, also pepper and salt to taste. Serve with a slice of bread fried a light brown in each plate.

OAT MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—To a pint of cold oatmeal mush, stir in about half a cup of hot water (use only enough to moisten it and beat smooth), add three eggs, beaten light; add cold milk to make a thin batter, one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half cup of flour; if they break in baking add more flour. Bake on a griddle.

ORANGE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs; one half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the grated rind of one orange. Bake in two layers. Stir powdered sugar into the orange juice until quite thick, and spread it between the cakes when cool. Ice the top with a white icing flavored with orange-flower water or cover it with orange quarters thickly covered with powdered sugar.

CREAMED EGGS.—Boil ten eggs twenty minutes. Take one pint of cream, one tablespoonful of cornstarch or flour, and one tablespoonful of butter. Mix the butter and cornstarch together until smooth and light. When the cream boils stir four tablespoonfuls of it into the butter and cornstarch, and when this is well mixed stir it into the boiling cream. Season to taste, and cook eight minutes. Shell eggs, place them on a hot dish, pour the sauce over them and serve immediately.

COURT DAY IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Scenes That are Dangerous to the Gravity of the Spectators.

The gala dresses are not startling. Here is a dignified old gentleman arrayed in a second-hand tunic of a marine, in much the same plight as to buttons as its owner is to teeth; near him stands a fine young village policeman, whose official gravity is not enhanced by the swallow-tailed coat of a nigger minstrel, while the background is taken up by a bevy of village maidens clad in gorgeous velvet pinafores, who are giggling after the manner of their whitesisters until they are fixed by the stern gray eye of the chief policeman, which turns their expression into one of that preternatural solemnity they wear in church.

The court-house, a native building carpeted with mats, is now packed with natives, sitting cross-legged, only a small place being reserved in front of the table for the accused and witnesses. The magistrate takes his seat, and his scribe, sitting on the floor at his side, prepares his writing materials to record the sentences. The dignity with which the old man adjusts his shirt collar and clears his throat is a little marred when he produces from his bosom what should have been a pair of pince-nez, seeing that it was secured by a string round his neck, but is, in fact, a jews-harp. With the soft notes of this instrument the man of law is wont to beguile the tedium of a dull case. But, although the spectacle of Lord Cole-ridge gravely performing on the jews-harp in court would at least excite surprise in England, it provokes no smile here.

The first case is called on. Reiterated calls for Samuela and Timothe produced two meek-faced youths of 18 and 19, who, sitting tailor fashion before the table are charged with fowl stealing. They plead "not guilty," and the owner of the fowls being sworn, deposes that, having been awakened at night by the voice of a favorite hen in angry remonstrance, he ran out of his house, and after a hot chase, captured the accused red-handed in two senses, for they were plucking his hen while still alive. Quite unmoved by this tragic tale, Vatureba seems to listen only to the melancholy notes of his jews-harp; but the witness is a chief and a man of influence withal, and a period of awed silence follows his accusation, broken only by a subdued twanging from the bench.

But Vatureba's eyes are bright and piercing, and they have been fixed for some minutes on the wretched prisoners. He has not yet opened his lips during the case, and as the jews-harp is not capable of much expression, it is with some interest we await the sentence. Suddenly the music ceases, the instrument is withdrawn from the mouth, the oracle is about to speak. Alas! he utters but two words, "Vula tolu" (three months), and there peals out a malignantly triumphant strain from the jews-harp. But the prosecutor starts up with a protest. One of the accused is his nephew, he explains, and he only wished a light sentence to be imposed. Three months for one fowl is too severe; besides, if he central jail and not work out his sentence in his own district. Again there is silence, and the jews-harp has changed from triumph into thoughtful melancholy. At length it is withdrawn, and the oracle speaks again: "Bogi tolu" (three days).—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Philosophy of the Table.

A sick palate is beyond the reach of Physic.

Uneasy fits the coat the stomach pays for.

When dinner and appetite fall out it is time for arbitration.

One man may be sentimental, another hungry; no man can be both at the same time.

The first lesson in dyspepsia is a surprise to him who thinks he knows everything.

There is little choice between a dinner with no appetite and an appetite with no dinner.

Poverty is an unpleasant dose, but it will be a sure remedy for many ills of the rich.

The devil hath many disguises. Beware of him when he dons the cook's cap and apron.

Mix your remembrance of a good dinner with a little gratitude to heaven and the host.

True charity warms the heart of him that gives and him that takes; the other sort is more chilling than cold soup.

The life of the dinner lieth in deliberation; the death of the diner may lurk in the lack of it.

The appetite is a tool of nature's tempering; if you will listen to her and reason, you may learn the best way to sharpen it.

Man prayeth for a long life; let him study how to use a short one his prayer may be answered.—*Joseph Whilton in Table-Talk.*

Flowers as Political Emblems.

One result of the election has had a strange effect on the flower market in Paris. Since the election the price of red carnations has gone down like the shares of a bubble company. While the white carnation is quoted in the *Marche aux Fleurs* at the respectable figure of 1 franc a dozen, the red is offered freely at no more than 7 sous. Neither in Paris nor anywhere else does anybody care to be identified with the symbol of a failure.

Several calculating machines received the gold medal at the Paris exposition.

The Terrible Tcherkesses.

The Tcherkesses—the term now most used in Europe to designate the different Caucasian tribes—are a wild, bellicose, and rapacious nation. The Tcherkess is a warrior in his very soul, sly, cruel, and blood-thirsty. The sufferings of an enemy awaken in him only a sensual smile of enjoyment. He tortures his prisoner, kills him, and mutilates him terribly. How many loved comrades have I found with their arms twisted out of joint, and other parts of their bodies cut off and stuck in their mouths! The Tcherkess is not a fanatic, but he is a great fatalist; and now he is in the Russian service he attacks with the same ruthless ardor and blood-thirstiness the Mussulman with whom thirty years ago he used to fight side against side. He does not succeed in surprising him, he dashes upon him and displays prodigious courage. Tcherkess boys are trained from their tenderest years to ride and handle weapons. The Tcherkess horseman will rush at full gallop into a small court-yard, and not turn his horse until he strikes his nose against the wall. In the same way he will gallop toward a precipice, and turn his horse only when his forefeet are over the abyss. All the Tcherkess games and dances are of a warlike nature. One of the most picturesque sights one can imagine is a Tcherkess fete, when these tall, dark-skinned men, handsome and muscular, with their swords and poniards drawn, execute their favorite dance, the "Lesginka," around a fire, which, with its red glare, lights up their strong features and illumines the surrounding woods and rocks. A favorite game is to leap on horseback over the fire when the flame is at its highest. All the natives of the Caucasus carry arms up to the present day, and the Russian government finds it prudent not to interfere with this usage. Still it must appear strange to one who travels for the first time in the Caucasus to find himself surrounded by people who are all armed to the teeth. Doubtless the Caucasus is pacified, but travelling there is not completely safe. The Tatars and Kurds in the southern Caucasus, and the Jangouches in the northern districts, often indulge in brigandage.

In European warfare the Tcherkesses are very useful on outpost duty and as skirmishers. Even in open battle they can make very successful charges. In the last Turkish campaign it happened once that a trench occupied by the Turks was attacked by a battalion of infantry, but the deadly fire preventing them from reaching the intrenchments, order was given to the Jangouche militia to mount to the attack, and they simply dashed upon the enemy like a hurricane, leaped over the defences, and massacred the Turks inside.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Negro Maxims.

Wakkin' on 'nother man's farm at night is er short cut ter jail.

Waitin' fer good times is like tryin' ter scratch matches in de well-buckit.

Red licker mighty quiet in de jug, but mighty noisy in de nigger.

Dese trus' dat's gwine roun' de country don' trus' de po man much.

Some woin' like umbrellers; yo' can' keep 'em at home no how.

Mighty hard ter manage seegyar an' gribbin' hoe at de same time.

No use ter ax how de man is w'en you see his galluses wrapped roun' de muel's hin' laigs.

Preachers' coat-tails gwine be mighty pop'ler on de jedgmtin' day.

Some folks seem ter think de Lord don' want nothin' bigger'n copper cents.

Forks in de road don' bother de will' goose.

Mighty lucky turkey dat ain' got much appetite fo' 'thanksgivin'.

When you gits er chace ter vote fer honis man, take it.

De deafes' nigger kin always hyear de dinner horn.

Crabgrass an' barcer wurrums don' wait fer nobody.

Pullin' suckers in de barcer lot pays better'n ketchin' suckers in de creek.

De bull ca'f wonder w'at de milk-pail's fer.

Silver creampot don' sweeten sour milk.—*William G. Eggleston.*

Can We Change Climate.

It has been maintained that the mild weather of this winter thus far and of the entire period of last winter is owing to a deflection of the gulf stream. If this is so, why could it not be deflected some more and make New England tropical and raise oranges in New Hampshire and pineapples in Maine? We believe that certain audacious engineers have offered to do this, provided capital enough is furnished for the undertaking.

To a limited extent, even now, it is an admitted fact that a man can make his own climate. The meteorological conditions of the West have been greatly modified since it was first settled. Perhaps New Englanders may decide some day that, instead of changing our flannels every winter, it will be cheaper in the long run to change our climate.

Of course it sounds preposterous to advocate the deflection of the gulf stream, but many preposterous things have happened in the nineteenth century, and who shall say that any scheme which is proposed for the twentieth century is chimerical? After we have married the Orient and the Occident by a bridge across Behring's Strait, and are able to go to Europe via Siberia in a Pullman car, we may turn our attention seriously to the gulf stream.

TRICKS OF A TRAPPER.

In Which He Was Very Ably Assisted by His Mule.

There were thirty of us in camp on a spur of the Black Hills mining for gold, says a writer in the *N. Y. Sun*, when one afternoon we looked down upon the level plain and saw four mounted redskins chasing a white man on a mule. He was making for us, but they were rapidly overhauling him, and it was plain enough that we could render no assistance. The foremost Indian fired a shot, and man and mule fell in a heap. The Indians pressed forward, yelling and exulting, but the faint reports of a revolver reached our ears, and we saw redskins and ponies tumbling over at every report. Some of our men slid down the steep mountainside to take a hand in, but it was not needed. When they reached the man he sat on the ground laughing as if he would split.

"To think!" he shouted, "as soon as he could control his voice, 'that these ere Sioux, who are rated sharp as razors, could be fooled by that old trick—ha! ha! ha!' And he laughed until he had to wipe away the tears. On the ground near by were three dead Indians and another about to die, while two of the ponies were dead and the other two badly wounded. It had all been done with an old-fashioned Colt's revolver, loaded with powder and ball and carrying a percussion cap, but the work had been rapid and sure. The Indians had closed in on him, supposing him to be dead or badly wounded, while neither man nor mule had been touched. After a bit the man, who was an old trapper, went over to the wounded warrior and said to him in the Sioux dialect, and chuckling between the words:

"Say, did any of you fellers ever see a white man before?"

"Many of them," gasped the warrior.

"Didn't you ever hear of that old trick before?"

"Isn't the white man wounded?"

"Not by a dozen, Nancy Jane. That bullet didn't come within a rod of me. I gave my old mule the signal to squat, and down we tumbled to draw you on. The other three are dead, and you are about to go. Say, I don't want to hurt a dyin' injun's feelings, but—ha, ha, ha—but it was 'nuff to kill a fellow to see how you four opened your—ha, ha, ha—eyes when I began to pop. Funnist thing I have seen in a year. Durn it, I won't need any qu'neen for a month. I'm just sweating the chills off with laughing."

The Indian gazed at him in a troubled way for a moment, seemed to realize that he had been duped, and he closed his eyes and died without ever raising the lids again.

Chinese Ideas of Hell.

The sixth court of the Chinese hell is situated at the bottom of the great ocean, north of Wuchio Rock, says a writer in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

It is a vast, noisy gahenna, many leagues in extent, around it are sixteen wards or ante-hells. In the first ward the sinful soul is made to kneel for long periods on hot iron shots; in the second they are placed up to their necks in filth; in the third they are pounded till the blood runs out; in the fourth their mouths are opened with red-hot pincers and filled with needles; in the fifth they are inclosed in a net of thorns and nipped by poisonous locusts; in the seventh all the flesh and bones are crushed to a jelly, all except the head; in the eighth the head is denuded of skin, and the flesh beaten on the raw; in the ninth the mouth is filled with fire; in the tenth the pounded flesh of the body is licked and roasted by sulphurous flames; in the eleventh the nostrils are subjected to all loathsome smells known to their tormentors; in the twelfth they are to be butted by rams, oxen, and buffalos, and at last subjected to crushing pressure by being trampled by horses; in the thirteenth the heart will be taken out and skinned; in the fourteenth the skull will be rubbed with sandstone until it has been entirely worn from the jelly-like mass which was once the body; in the fifteenth the body will be separated in the middle and carried, with the bare, bleeding ends sitting on red-hot plates, to the sixteenth ward, where the skin will be removed, dried, and rolled up, after having written on it all the sinful deeds done by the soul while an inhabitant of the fleshy body; after that the body will be consigned to the flames.

The Widow's Mite.

Rev. Theodore Pryor, D. D., furnishes the following: "Fifty years ago John H. Rice, of Richmond, Va., went North to beg aid for Hampden Sidney College. In Philadelphia a poor washerwoman said to him: 'I and my children live from day to day from my labor. After hearing your appeal for the college yesterday I went home and fasted, and now I bring you for the college the amount I saved by the fasting.' Dr. Rice said that it was the greatest contribution of all the great gifts he raised during that trip."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

Scotchmen in America.

The Rev. Malcom MacGregor of New York thinks there never will be what would technically be called a "Scotch vote" in this country. He says: "Scotchmen have so thoroughly identified themselves with the various interests of this country that they have never occasioned the slightest sectional feeling, and have been treated so well in this country that they have never had ground for complaint."

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SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

A fire in the old Topeka Common-wealth building did damage Monday morning to the extent of \$3,000.

The Lawrence Record boasts that it does not favor both the Farmers' Alliance and the railroads. There is no good reason why it should not.

It seems just impossible for Albert Griffin to keep out of the newspaper, he does so like to make himself prominent. He is out with another attack upon Prof. Dickie.

We shall look in eastern papers for long and blood curdling accounts of the Indian war that recently broke out near Lawrence, between the Seneca and Pawnee Indians.

The attack made on Mr. A. C. Stacey, by several G. A. R. posts was a mistake. There is nothing in the article in his paper that is given as the cause of their action that merits any such resolution against him. The burden of his offense seems to be that he favors a dependent pension bill, and this is right. The article in question was not well prepared, was somewhat heavy, and was largely aimed at Ingalls. It was harmless.

Progressive civilization is ever solving new problems. It is ever breaking down old idols. One of these idols that must soon go down is the prevailing idea in regard to competition in many of its aspects. It has become a trite saying that "competition is the life of trade," and the belief is quite general that competition begets low prices. The theory is all wrong. True economy will do away with competition. Competition in business is always accompanied by immense waste. A true policy will always prevent wastes. Take two competing lines of railway, each paying large salaries, employing separate gangs of men, keeping up two tracks and double equipments throughout, and both doing no more business than one would be able to do. It is plain that this one could do the business at greatly reduced cost to the people. To secure such results it is necessary for some power to intervene. It is the duty of government.

Topeka is tugging at the problem whether it shall have one or two lines of street railway along its principal avenue. At present it has an old-fashioned old horse-car system. An electric car company wants a franchise to extend their lines over the same territory. On this an issue is made. The present city council appear unsettled. The business community is divided. An appeal to the people, nominally, will probably be made at the coming city election. Hence this is a good time for the city to institute a reform. One line of railway is sufficient. It can do all the business and do it cheaper than two. It will obstruct the street less. It can do better service. One line then is all that should be allowed. But it should be under restrictions. One line in place of two would save half the expense of two. It could therefore be compelled to reduce rates one-half. A better service would increase travel and reduced rates do the same. One line, and that an efficient one, is what is wanted, because that is all that is necessary. It is not competition that is wanted but compulsory, efficient service at the lowest cost to the public. A fight, therefore, as it now presents itself, is not the proper issue. It is not in the interests of the people. The city council need not hesitate. Improved service is needed. If the existing company is willing to grant it in full it might be allowed to do so. Instead of multiplying these transportation companies in any of our cities, the true policy is to limit them and to require such service and such rates as will secure the very best accommodation to the public, and not allow exorbitant salaries to officials, or extravagant dividends to stockholders. In other words the interests of the people should always have preference. And this principle should be carried into all state and national legislation.

Some parties are trying to prove that Oklahoma is not overrun with colored people. Nevertheless a vast number of negroes are going there and it is not unlikely to become a negro state.

Our newspapers are getting to be mere vehicles of mere personal gossip with little regard for accuracy. It matters little whose private rights are invaded, and whose feelings are outraged. Anything that a gossip, soft, sensational, prurient, uncultivated and unrefined public will read. It has come to that pass that the society columns of Sunday papers often chronicle the doings of the common card party, and the mention of people's names in these columns is no indication of intelligence or merit. But perhaps the correspondent who makes free use of worthy names is the most censured. A few days ago a dispatch was sent to the Capital, saying there was ill feeling between Mrs. Dudley C. Haskell and Superintendent Meserve, of the Indian school, and she was placed under the humiliating necessity of appearing with a denial, or of permitting the unjust reflection go out as the truth. It is a great pity that we have not common sense enough to mind our own business. Senator Blair did not tell as much truth of our newspapers as he might.

Clean up the yards about your houses and prepare for planting trees and shrubs.

The shipment of horses from Iowa and Illinois points have been the farmer's financial salvation, for two or three years.

Will our people take an interest in decorating the public school grounds and the streets with shade trees and evergreens this spring? It is time to think the matter over.

The change of sentiment in Iowa as shown by the recent municipal elections is not owing to objection to prohibition so much as it is a protest against the idea of a protective tariff which some of the politicians have been saddling upon the republican party. It is certain that Kansas itself will show some admirable kicking of the same kind at the next election. The republican party is not going to be led backwards. The world moves towards greater freedom, and the party that does not move with it will be left behind.

An outline of the tariff question may be summed up in this:—Free trade with all the world is as much a natural right as personal liberty in any other direction. It is a theoretical right. This must be acknowledged at the outset by all parties. The power to interfere with this right is a prerogative of government. It becomes then a question of policy how far this interference shall be carried. It is clear to most minds that this can be determined only by circumstances. What is true of one country may not be true of another. Rules that might apply to the same country at one time might not apply at another. It is therefore bad logic to introduce old precedents in arguing the question. There are few unprejudiced minds, and all partisan politicians are prejudiced, who do not realize that the United States has such varied wealth, and such an abundance of resources, that it need not fear competition with the world. It needs little government in this direction.

The biggest sugar manufacturing project ever proposed in Kansas has originated at Newton. The Kansas Central Sugar company has been organized there. It proposes to build four sugar mills in Harvey county, each to cost \$100,000.

An organization has been affected at Kiowa to be known as the Cherokee Information bureau for Kiowa. Its purpose is to disseminate information to prospective settlers of the Cherokee strip. Its future business point will be Kiowa and such other business places in the Indian Territory as may hereafter be designated by the company.

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.
A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

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

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

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Danger of Acquiring the Morphine Habit.

Professor Dujardin-Beaumont, Paris, France, in a recent lecture at the Cochin Hospital, Paris, France, on the treatment of nervous diseases said: "I need not here speak of the advantages and dangers of morphine. I have many times discussed this subject, showing that if morphine is an admirable anæsthetic medication, it is also the most dangerous of all by reason of the fact that the patient becomes accustomed to and dependent on the morphine injections, and ends in becoming a morphomaniac."

It may be affirmed that morphomaniac has become one of the vices of the day, and we may almost lay it down as a rule that any patient who for thirty consecutive days takes morphine injections will ever after be a victim to the habit, even when the symptoms of the primary malady shall have completely disappeared; and it will thenceforth be a matter of no little difficulty to cure the morphine habit, now become a disease more rebellious than the affection for which these injections were first ordered.

The number of morphomaniacs increases every day, and this deplorable vice exists in all classes of society. Unfortunately, our own profession is not exempt from this abuse, and I know quite a number of medical confreres who have been or are still victims of morphine."

The extent of the morphine habit is little understood by the people. There are intelligent, wealthy women of Topeka who are such slaves to this habit that they cannot go out of an afternoon to do two hours' shopping without taking this drug along with them. They administer it themselves by injecting it into the arm or leg at any and all times, on the street, in hallways or wherever they may be, with almost the least privacy, without the passerby suspecting it. There is said to be more than one woman in the city, of high social position, with portions of the body a mass of sores from punctures by the little instrument used.

The Lawrence post office has been enlarged, and it needed it bad enough. Every body has an eye on a new government building.

The Valley Falls bank robber, who was killed the next morning after the robbery at Meriden, proved to be one Shannon Robison of Franklin county. He is said to have always been a respected citizen and a member of the Baptist church. The only explanation of his act is that he had become temporarily deranged.

A man signing himself "An Alliance Republican" writes to the Capital to the effect that the Alliance is going into politics, and is horrified at the thought that our whole financial system may be overthrown. Now it is best not to get excited. There have been a good many bloodless revolutions during the last five hundred years,—a good many idols knocked over. Ruin that must come has been predicted many a time, and still the car of progress has moved steadily onward. We have, really, right with us, a good many systems that need to be overthrown before the light of better liberty can shine abroad.

Government is instituted for the benefit of the people. It is not for the building up or the special protection of classes, corporations or monopolies. Undoubtedly there is a greater degree of liberty in our country than in any other. But where there is greater appreciation and knowledge of true liberty, there more is expected. Freedom is like a spreading tree—always expanding.

It never reaches a certain point in growth and there remains. The greatest liberty, the widest freedom and the highest protection of the people, the whole people, is the only true aim of government. All vested rights, all charters, all concessions to corporate bodies should be solely in the interests of the people and not to build up or foster classes, castles, or factions or parties. Hence all corporations should be held strictly accountable to the people, and never be permitted to encroach upon the popular welfare, nor to grow rich at the people's expense. All income and expense should be under the supervision of government.

The best farmers are not always good business men, but they can learn if they try. True, it takes long years of training to make a good merchant, as it does to make a good farmer, but the man who has his wits about him is learning all the time. He looks in to this and prys into that, he asks questions, notes facts, reads books and papers, notes the markets, sees which crops are paying best, and changes his plans accordingly. The ne'er-do-well was born in a rut, and loves nothing better than to stay in it.—Cushman's Rural World.

INTER-OCEAN MILL FACE, NORTON & CO., —NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.—

Millers and Grain Merchants

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

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

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

Hog Notes.

Corn is cheap now but do not feed too much to the pigs.

Having no luck with pigs is generally the result of neglect.

Guard against allowing the sows and pigs to sleep in a damp bed.

Marketing and butchering smaller hogs will lessen the quantity of lard.

Feed the farrowing sows well. Clean wheat straw makes good bedding.

After clover starts up in the spring stock hogs can be fattened very rapidly.

A first class boar can be made to improve a large number of sows and is of more importance than the sows.

By crowding the pigs they can be made to turn grain into money faster than any other class of stock on the farm.

The ration for brood sows should always contain material to aid in the formation of bone and muscle as well as fat.

Fresh charcoal is one of the best remedies to give young pigs for the scours. Adding a little salt will improve it.

Young farrowing sows should always be watched so as to help, if necessary. Much loss can often be avoided in this way.

Even in the winter it will be found to be quite an item to supply the hogs regularly with all the fresh water they can drink.

Whenever the weather will permit the hogs should be allowed a good range. They will keep in better health than if kept confined.

The extra feed and care required to secure a satisfactory growth with runts and weak or sickly hogs add materially to the cost without a corresponding profit.

If the hogs are only salted occasionally, care must be taken or they will take too much but if they have access to it all the time they will not eat too much.

A patch of rye will be of material aid early in the spring for the brood sows. It will enable them to furnish a more liberal supply of milk just when it is most needed.

Generally hogs that have a full supply of grass will not root to any considerable extent. It is only when the grass or clover gets short that the hogs dig out the roots.

As soon as the pigs have made a sufficient growth to commence to eat, supply them with plenty of milk with bran and ground oats. After warm weather sets in they need very little fattening food.

Close inbreeding is always fraught with danger and especially to the young inexperienced beginners. In order to inbreed and still improve, the laws of breeding should be thoroughly understood and much of this can only be acquired by experience.

A sick hog is usually a difficult animal to doctor. When it can be made to eat the best and easiest plan of giving medicine is to give it in the food and it is always the best plan to wait a reasonable time to see the effect of one remedy before giving another.

The future growth and size of the pig largely depends upon the first two months treatment, it is very important then that such feed and care be given as will induce a healthy, thrifty start to grow while suckling and then this can be maintained by feeding.

Crude carbolic acid is one of the cheapest and best disinfectants that can be used, and can be sprinkled in the tables, pens and sheds as well as in the vaults to destroy any impure odors that may arise. It can be used with soap suds to good advantage in this way.

An eminent scientist has evolved the theory that water as an element to extinguish fires in large and high buildings is a failure. He claims that when combustion evolves a certain intense degree of heat the water thrown upon the flames emits a powerful volume of hydrogen which burns with frightful fury. This scientist sets up the theory that these fires must be treated in a different manner, and expresses the belief that gas will be the successful weapon with which to fight fire at some future day.

J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

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Agent for the Unequaled Mason & Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA.—

Household Hints.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love.—Marchioness de Spandara.

Potatoes For Weak Eyes.—Inflamed eyes are often relieved by cutting a large potato in two, scooping out the inside, and binding over the feverish lids.

Good Cheap Bluing.—Get five cents' worth of indigo-blue, put in a bottle and fill with rain-water. It makes the best bluing, and lasts longer than any you can buy.

A boy should be self-reliant and self-hopeful, even from early childhood; be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest age. All honest work is honorable, and an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

Potato Croquettes.—Boil and mash thoroughly four or five potatoes and add cream, butter and salt. Cream them and add the white of one egg beaten to a froth. Make into oblong rolls with the hand and dip into the yolk of the egg and then cracker crumbs. Put in a wire basket and fry in deep hot lard until a nice brown.

Economical Pudding.—This is nice! One and a half pints of stewed apples, one teacup of cream, quarter of a pound of butter, four eggs, grated lemon-peel, and sugar to taste. Put in the butter while the apples are hot; the remainder when cool. Dried apples will do. Bake in a quick oven in a deep pie-tin lined with crust.

A boy should be true, be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better never learn a letter of the alphabet, and be true in intention and action, rather than being learned in all the sciences and all the languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life.

Breaded Spring Chicken.—Cut a spring chicken to pieces, dip first in beaten egg and grated bread crumbs, season with parsley, pepper and salt, place in a pan, lay a lump of butter on each piece of chicken, add a teacup of boiling water, bake slowly, baste often. When done, take up, add a teacup of cream and three tablespoonfuls of grated bread crumbs to the gravy, stir, and pour over the chicken.

Cream Cookies.—Take 1 egg, 1 teacupful each of sugar and of very thick sour cream, 1 teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful vanilla and flour sufficient to make as soft a dough as can be rolled. Cut and bake in buttered tins. If sweet cream is used, substitute 2 teaspoonful baking powder for the soda.

Chicken Pot Pie.—Cut up a tender chicken, and stew until done. Season with pepper, salt and a small piece of butter, and chicken the gravy with flour. Make light biscuit dough, roll thin, cut in little squares and drop in the bottom. Let boil fifteen minutes, take up the chicken, lay on a dish, and pour the gravy and dumpling over.

To Broil Spring Chicken.—Split a half-grown spring chicken down the back twist the tips of the wings over the second joint, wipe dry; spread out, and break the breast-bone with the rolling-pin. Put on a greased grid-iron over a clean fire, rub with clarified butter. Turn often to prevent scorching. When half done sprinkle with salt and pepper. When thoroughly done put on a hot dish with melted butter and a little mushroom catsup. Garnish with squares of toasted bread.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Three cups of potatoes finely mashed, three tablespoonful of cream, two tablespoonful of butter. Have four eggs already boiled, one raw egg beaten until light. When the potatoes are hot beat up with the cream butter, raw egg, salt and pepper. Put a layer in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Cover with thin slices of the egg, salt and pepper, slightly. Continue alternating eggs and potatoes until all are used up. The top layer must be potato. Sprinkle lightly with cracker meal and bits of butter. Bake until hot through, and brown on top.

Western Farm News.

Some of the manure should go about the trees in the orchard.

The hope of the American farmer is in raising a greater number of products.

There is no way to surely sell feed for so good a profit as in a good draft horse.

How would it do to set the plow deeper and not let it spread out so much this season.

When you make a bargain, finish it. A contract half made or left incomplete is worse than none at all.

Go slow on the Sioux Reservation. Thousands who go there this spring will be in a worse condition in a year than any Oklahoma boomer has ever been.

The man that thinks his business is the poorest in the world is not apt to take enough interest in it to make a living out of it and this is just as true of the farmer as of the mechanic.

"Teach boys sense" says an exchange, but the trouble is the lack of sense to teach boys. The father who has sense teaches it to his boys, but if the father hasn't it, it is hard for the boys.

It is almost always the case that the Western farmer commences by getting all the land he can and then he is compelled to half till it. If he would be content with one half or one quarter of the surface and till better there would be less complaint of hard times. Too much ground is gone over at large expense with too small results.

Armour & Co. use 8,000,000 dollars worth of cotton seed oil annually. That amount of oil will make a big lot of pure leaf lard or high grade dairy butter and Armour & Co. know how to do the work.

No doubt you can buy the fruit you eat each summer for less than it would cost to raise it, but if you ate one quarter what you ought to, it would cost you twice as much as it would to raise all you could eat.

How long could a manufacturer exist if he used the methods of twenty years ago. Yet there are farmers raising no better stock and using no better methods than their fathers did and complaining that they can't make money.

Certainly, sheep will clear up a patch of weeds quicker than they can be cleared in any other way, but if you feed sheep nothing but mullen stalks and give them nothing but a wire fence for a shelter you won't get first-class mutton or a big yield of wool.

Farm Notes.

Loss of appetite does not always indicate sick animals. Try a change of feed before you do medicine.

It pays the farmer to have a garden and a berry patch, if he never sells a cucumber nor a raspberry.

That a more profitable time for stock raising must come is as certain as is the sun to shine after a storm.

Fork in some ashes around the currant bushes, cut out any black wood, and clean out every spear of grass.

Take off the shoes from the teams that are largely depended upon for doing the work of plowing and cultivating.

The way to get early potatoes is to plant early, in good soil, well drained, and hoe often as time and opportunity will permit.

Novelties are good enough in their place, but it is not best to risk too much until their value has been definitely ascertained.

The hog is not usually considered a draft animal, but he is no slouch in that direction when it comes to pulling a farm out from under a mortgage.

Remember that new light shows the folly of planting five to eight kernels of corn in the hill, when three will give greater yield—not a guess, but a certainty.

When kept properly trimmed a hedge makes a good fence, but if this is done it will usually require an annual trimming or it will soon become a perfect nuisance.

The farmer who puts in sixty hours of faithful work every week is quite as likely to be up with his tasks as another who works from sun to sun in the long summer days.

Each year brings stronger proof that the best profit with stock can only be secured by keeping that of a good grade and then feeding so that a healthy vigorous growth can be secured.

The very best way to maintain fertility of lands is to put back of every crop all that can be saved after economic use, together with all weed and other vegetable growth that may be utilized in decay.

If you have the least doubt whatever whether your seed corn is good or not, test it by all means before planting in the field. It is not advisable to plant corn too early, before the soil is warm enough to cause it to germinate.

There is that which sticketh closer than a brother and sticketh forever except as it be bitten off by infinite labor and weary effort, long-maintained; its name is farm mortgage; its history a tale of sadness; its future like its past.

As a green manure is rapidly growing in favor. It has the advantage over clover, inasmuch as it can be sown in the fall and will attain a growth in the spring sufficiently early to be plowed under in time for late spring crops.

Whether a man or a boy will succeed on a farm depends very much on whether he has a real love of the country and farm work. If he has, he will succeed in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. If he has not, chances are even against him.

Horticultural Notes.

Ground bone is a good fertilizer to put around trees in setting them.

A hard wind will dry out the roots of trees very rapidly.

Do not remove the mulch from the trees or plants too early.

Never prune a tree unless there is a good reason why a limb or branch should be taken off.

The best plan is to set a good stake by every tree in setting out and tie firmly to prevent the wind from shaking.

Raspberries make the best growth in loose rich soil. Cut out the weaker canes and keep the stronger cut back.

In setting out small fruits give the plants plenty of room. Many make a mistake and set too close and the canes interfere with the work of cultivation.

Plants growing in the hot bed, or in boxes in the house should be well aired whenever the weather is sufficiently mild to admit, hardy and healthy plants will be secured.

Onions are usually the first thing to be planted out in the garden in the spring. Care should be taken to have the manure applied and the seed on hand so that advantage can be taken of the first opportunity.

With no variety of fruit is it desirable to have the trees grow tall, they are not only more easily shaken by the wind but the fruit is more difficult to gather.

One advantage with the strawberry is that a number of plants can often be grown in a place where there could hardly be room for a tree or where it may be undesirable to have a tree or bush growing.

The principle object in pruning shade trees is to give them symmetry or shape and the better plan is to begin on them while they are young. A finely shaped shade tree adds much to the appearance of the yard.

If trees are purchased in the spring care should be taken in unpacking them and setting them out to keep the roots straight. One advantage in having the plants prepared for them is that one cause for delay is avoided as well as the risk of the roots drying out before they can be put in the ground.

In mulching or manuring trees at any time it should be made to extend for considerable distance around the trees. Mulching is often done by banking manure or mulch close up around the trunk, when the same quantity would have been of a decided benefit if more scattered.

Four economical tools that are not found in the garden as often as they should be there, are a good prong hoe, a shuffle hoe, a seed drill and a good garden cultivator. It is an item to save time in garden work as well as in the field and for this reason they can all be made profitable.

If the strawberries have been properly mulched during the winter it will be found a good plan in the spring as soon as the weather is sufficiently mild to induce the plants to make a start to grow, to go over the patch and remove the mulch from the crown of the plants, so as to give them an opportunity of making a good growth.

In many localities the principal reason that peach trees are so short lived is that no care is given them. They are set out along side the fences where no cultivation is given them and as no pruning is given the wood dies and is not removed and the new wood cannot under those conditions make a healthy growth.

Nearly or quite all kinds of garden seeds that are planted early should be planted shallow. Later on a deeper covering should be given and in a light soil it through cultivation, and by planting a little early all this work can be done with the team, plow, harrow and cultivator.

Some hoeing may be necessary between the plants in the rows in order to keep down all the weeds, but by working the cultivator as close as possible to plants, this can be reduced to a very small amount. With cabbage especially, usually the more thoroughly the ground is stirred the better will be the growth.

Only well rotted manure should be used with the potatoes and tomatoes, and it is the best for all, but if there is not a sufficient amount, fresh manure can be used with the cabbage and corn. Beans and sweet potatoes and tomatoes need less manure than the Irish potato and cabbage.

Save the Timber.

We are glad to see that the American Forestry Association is making a vigorous effort for the preservation of the forests on our Western public lands, and is urging Congress to pass a bill withdrawing these public lands from sale for the present. Millions of dollars' worth of timber have been stolen, both for home and export trade, and radical measures are required in order to secure these forests from destruction by fire and the ax within a comparatively short period. Nor is it simply the loss of the timber that is to be considered. All interior regions without forests are visited by long droughts and destructive storms; for forests have an intimate relation to the rain-fall and water supply. It has long been felt by those who have most knowledge of the subject that vigorous measures ought to be taken by Congress to stop the annual waste of something like ten millions of dollars now going on in the forests of the public domain.—**TAM CONGRESSIONALIST.**

Two car loads of salt are shipped daily from the Sterling salt works.

The report of the finding of a vein of anthracite coal at Alma has for some time been doubted. The state mine inspector has examined it and pronounces it anthracite which it will pay to work. At Leavenworth Patrick Conest was shot by a drunken soldier for refusing to enter into conversation with and knocking the soldier down. He may recover. The soldier has not been captured.

The State.

The Postal Telegraph company has reached Newton.

McPherson will erect a beet sugar manufactory.

The Rock Island round house at Caldwell is to be increased to eight-hundred stalls. Summer county gets \$5,556.90 from the semi-annual dividend of the state school fund.

The Ness Sugar company has contracted for 2,000 acres of cane and 1,000 acres of beets.

There have been ten deaths at the Soldiers' home in Leavenworth in the past two weeks.

The Alliance agent at Hillsboro has gone to join the Canadian colony. He of course took the funds along.

The equal suffrage association of the First Kansas district met at Atchison with fifty delegates in attendance.

A man at Wichita horsewhipped a widow because he devoted too much attention to his 14-year-old sister.

The floor of the Lyons theatre came near giving away the other evening while the house was crowded with people.

The old settlers of Sedgewick county enjoyed a grand rally and round-up Saturday at Wichita ending with a splendid banquet.

The farmers out about Wa-Keeney plow while the snow is on the ground, turning it under, and in this way insuring some moisture.

In the trial of the jointist at Salina, the defendant set up a plea of insanity and was acquitted. He is an ex-minister of the gospel.

The Alliance store of A. W. McKeand & Co. at Grenola failed. The liabilities are said to be near \$10,000. The stock is about the same.

A 5-year-old child at Leroy fell into a well and with genuine Kansas tenacity held on to the iron pump tube for two hours when it was rescued.

Mrs. Jacob Smith, a German woman of McPherson county, gave birth to four babies the other day. This number her family of children twenty-one.

The safe in F. Watson's store in Stafford, Kan., was blown open by burglars Tuesday night and \$350 secured. The building was fired and destroyed.

A C. Kuppert of Medicine Lodge is in Washington protesting vigorously against the confirmation of the recently appointed postmaster at that place.

A petition is being circulated at Holton asking the city council to call a special election for the voting of \$12,000 in bonds to improve Campbell university.

Frank Meyers of Hutchinson received an invitation from George Francis Train to accompany him on his trip around the world against Nellie Bly's time.

An elderly Menonite woman went visiting a neighbor the other day near White Water. On her way home she lost her way and was found dead in a mudhole.

The safe in the postoffice at Dexter, Kan., was blown open Monday night and \$250 in money and stamps secured. The burglars stole a horse and buggy to go to Winfield.

Howard, Elk county, is greatly excited over the confession of a man in that town, alleging that he had poisoned other citizens and that prominent people were implicated.

Paul Hastings, the 17-year-old son of Rev. S. S. Hastings living near Farmington, became tired of farm life and left home last Friday, since which time he has not been heard of.

The Pacific Coast Electric Supply and Construction company of Topeka has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$500,000. Its purpose is to build and maintain electric railways.

Hon. Mills Taylor of Hutchinson, recently appointed special agent of the census office for the collection of statistics in the southern states, has gone to Washington and assumed the duties of his office.

Thomas Garey died in Ft. Scott at the boarding house of A. Majors. The old gentleman lived in a frugal way, eating only two meals a day and doing his own washing. At his death he left his land-lord \$25,000.

The house committee on public buildings and grounds has made a favorable report upon the bill appropriating \$100,000 for a public building at Atchison, also at Salina, reducing the appropriation from \$150,000 to \$75,000.

Kiowa county was the first to ask for space at the world's fair. The Greenburg board of trade, as soon as the vote was taken, telegraphed to the Chicago committee to save space in the central building for Kiowa county.

The dead body of Theodore McGannon, a journeyman cobbler, was found Saturday afternoon in an outhouse at Clearwater. No one knows when he reached town nor where he came from.

Attorney General L. B. Kellogg has gone to Washington, D. C., to argue the Pullman palace car cases in the supreme court. He was accompanied by Hon. W. W. Scott of Emporia, who is associate counsel for the state.

Ex-Gov. James M. Harvey, who has been residing in Virginia for several years, has returned to Kansas to make his home for the remainder of his life. Gov. Harvey is the only farmer who was ever elected to the executive chair, in the state.

It is related of Congressman Turner that he lives in greater style than any other Kansas man in Washington. He pays \$2,000 a year rent. The rest of his salary, \$3,000, does not go very far in the Washington swim, but Turner turns it loose for all its worth, and in Kansas he is heard of less than any other member of the delegation in Washington.

The main building of the Pratt sugar refinery will be 70x136 feet, five stories high. The building will also have two wings on each side 50x80 feet respectively, two stories high. In addition to this there will be a half dozen other buildings, such as boiler house, ware rooms, char house, etc. The glucose factory or starch house will be a building similar in dimensions to the refinery described above.

Sowing Seed of Nut Trees.

The advice to sow acorns, hickories, walnuts, and such hard-shelled seeds, in the fall, is often given, says Joseph Meehan in the *Practical Farmer*. Likewise, it is prevented from sowing in the fall, to preserve in boxes of sand through the winter and sow in the spring. If those who write of such things were to try for themselves they would find that, as a rule, spring is better than fall for sowing. They would also find that these seeds do not require sand to keep them in good condition. There is nothing more required than to set the seeds away in a cool cellar free from much air, in barrels, boxes or bags, and let them remain there until the time to sow comes in spring. No sand or earth is required. This is no guess work or secondhand statement, but the experience of many years. In regard to fall sowing, while not an injury to some nuts, it is to others. The English walnut, for instance, while never failing in spring, will come up but sparingly from fall sown nuts. Then there are vermin, the protecting from frost, and other things to think about in the case of fall sown nuts. In regard to sand or earth, while not an injury, it is labor lost, as they will grow just as well without it. It has been proved by those who sow these things by the bushel, that all that is required is to keep the seeds from shriveling, and this the cool, close cellar does. Tr. ated in this way almost every nut will grow. It should be said that hickory nuts are so late in sprouting that inexperienced persons are very liable to get the impression that they are not going to grow. Very often it is toward the end of June before pecans and shellbarks will grow themselves above ground, but come they do, sooner or later. It is quite a mistake that earth, sand, or the action of frost is essential to have these nuts to grow.

A Truck Patch.

Melons, squashes and cucumbers can be added in many cases with profit, as well as two or three rows of sunflower seed for the poultry.

While it is very important with all crops to prepare the soil in a good till before planting the seed, it is especially so in the garden and truck patch.

Two or three and a half feet apart is about the right distance for the rows for everything but the tomatoes. There should be four feet in order to give plenty of room to cultivate between the rows.

The patch should be well drained as an excess of moisture is undesirable. It should be plowed deep and thorough, and then worked into a good till.

With the potatoes and corn the harrow is the best implement to commence the cultivation, and can generally be used twice with benefit. In using the cultivator care should be taken to work as close to the plants as possible, especially the first and second times. If the best results are secured clean thorough cultivation must be given.

Plant in drills potatoes 18 inches; cabbage, 2 1/2 feet; for large late sweet potatoes, 15 or 18 inches; beans, 12 inches, and tomatoes three feet. A supply of good stout stakes should be secured, one for each vine to which it can be tied or if preferred a trellis can be made to support them, as it is quite an item to have them up from the ground. Usually the Irish potatoes will be planted first and then the corn. The plants of the sweet potatoes can be grown in a hot bed and the tomatoes and cabbage in the seed beds, and after they have made a good start to grow they can be transplanted. Beans should not be planted until all danger of frost is past.

In addition to the garden, which should always be near the garden for convenience, many will find it an advantage to have a truck patch where the sweet and Irish potatoes, the sweet corn, cabbage, tomatoes and beans can be grown. These are all desirable crops, and need a good, rich well prepared soil, and must be given will aid to secure better germinations of the seeds if the soil is firm, well after the seed is sown. But in a clay or hard pan soil or when wet and cold firming should not be done.

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The Fatal Autograph.

"Will you write in my autograph-book?" said she.
And he dared not answer nay,
Though his heart beat quick, and his breath
Came thick,
And he trembled in dismay;
For he loved the maid and was sore afraid—
And he dared not answer nay.
So he took the book and prayed for a thought,
And long for a thought did pray,
And long did he look in the dictionary book,
And the cy-clo-pe-dia.
"I will write a verse," said he, "that is terse,
And bang-up, and O. K."
And he searched thro' the "Library of Song,"
And he searched many a day,
"I will show the maid that the poetry trade,"
Said he, "is just my lay;
I will find a verse that is sweet and terse,
If I hunt forever and aye!"
And he search-ed long, and he found a verse
At the end of the fortieth day.
"She will think every line," he chuckled, "is
mine;
And he laughed full loud and gay.
"I'm a gen-ius, and I make no fuss
To write a good verse. Ho-roy!"
Then he turned the page, and his rival's name
Was writ with much display
Neath the very same verse, and it made him
curse,
And his raven locks turned gray,
And he fell on his side and quickly died
Of hy-po-chou-dri-a.

S. W. Foss in Puck.

CHRYSANTHEMA.

She had come to life just as the chrysanthemums do, with the falling leaves, and like them, too, she had bloomed as best she might without the glow, the summer splendor or the summer showers that other lives and other lovers share.

She lived in a brown farm house among the Massachusetts hills with her old father. Had she bloomed so late in his life to give some color and poetry to the autumn of his days, as chrysanthemum blows only to light the fall of the dying leaves? It must have been so, for he was well into the sixties, while she was barely sixteen.

Years ago her mother had died, a frail lovely creature, who would have given that other young life the joy and love it needed so; but the child grew without it, a hardy, cheerful little thing, though not without a certain wishfulness at times in her great deep blue eyes so like a purple flower. Old Rachel, her father's housekeeper and her own faithful nurse, used to look at her with wet eyes and shake her head.

"It ain't natural. She goes on singing and laughing as happy as a lark all day; but what's to make her happy, say I? It ain't her father, nor yet me, tho' I do love her, dear, and she ain't got no mother, no sister, no brother, nor yet no lover, so what's to make her happy? It ain't natural," she insisted, as a blithe voice rose above the clatter of the dishes as Rachel bustled about the kitchen.

"What makes you so happy, lamb?" cried the old woman out through the open window.

"Oh, Rachel, I've got such a lovely lot of chrysanthemums; come out and see; oh, look, look!"

"It's them flowers that makes her happy," muttered the old servant, as she made her way through the kitchen garden.

"Well, to be sure, Chriss, dear, them do beat all. Oh, them is handsome!"

"Aren't they just lovely? See the great gold ones and the purple; those are my favorites, and this cherry and white, and these pure white, too, those are for mother," she said, lowering her voice a little; "they are the only ones I shall pick. Rachel! aren't they lovely?"

But Rachel only shook her head and went into the house.

"To think she loves them flowers so; it ain't natural, it ain't; if it was a kitten now or a dog I wouldn't wonder so, but a lot of clinging asters, it ain't natural."

Natural or not, Chriss was very happy. She hung over her newly blooming pets nearly all the morning, then a sudden cloud came over her face. She looked up with a long sigh and turned to the back of the house, where two deep windows marked her father's study.

"I wonder now if I dare tell him about them, he does hate so to be disturbed; but oh! I want him to see those purple ones so much."

With one fond look at her glowing bed she went in at the door. With hesitating step she passed along the broad, old-fashioned hall and rapped timidly at the oaken door. Not expecting any response she went in and sighed as she saw the gray, bent head poring over an old book. A wood fire smoldered on the hearth. She knelt down and blew the embers, looking up now and then with a smile.

"There, there, let it alone, child; it is burning very well."

"Oh, father, father—"

"Well, what now?"

"Father, it's just lovely out to-day—so warm and sunny; and, father, my flowers are in bloom."

"Your flowers—oh, the chrysanthemum bed, hey? Well, that's good."

"Father, won't you come and look at them? Do!" very wistfully.

"Come out? Not I. I've got something better to do than to look at a lot of posies. There, run along, child; now do."

She went very slowly and softly out of the room, closing the door gently behind her, but her heart was full. Her song was silent now, and as she passed the kitchen window she did not look up and nod as usual.

She went quietly out to the hot house and, selecting a small trowel, knelt down beside the white chrysanthemums and began loosening the roots with tender, patient hands.

"She would have come to look," she murmured, as she glanced off to where the white shaft of her mother's tomb arose.

"She would have understood; per-

haps she will understand now if I say a little prayer."

Two hot tears fell on the pure blossoms as she gathered them up in her apron; but they were not bitter tears, she was too young for that. She walked quickly across the fields that separated the burying ground from the house, and was soon by her mother's grave. The field lark was chirping, the goldenrod had brushed her cheeks as she passed, her heart was lighter, and she sang under her breath a sweet, old-fashioned hymn.

At last the flowers were planted and she turned to go.

A young man with a sketch book under his arm stood aside to let her pass. She looked up in time to see him remove his hat, and encountered a pair of dark brown eyes. She colored, and went on with quickened steps, conscious of her soiled apron and earth-begrimed fingers.

He stood looking after her, still with his head bared. He was an artist; the sight of the young girl kneeling by the grave had appealed to his senses.

He had seen the monument from a distance and had come to inspect it, without an idea of intruding; there he had seen her, had sent one look into those sweet, flower-like eyes, and had let her go without one word of apology. He saw her enter the farm house and then retraced his steps, reading first the inscription on the monument:

Sacred to the memory of
Elizabeth
Wife of Caleb Field,
Who died Jan. 18—
Aged 19 years.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

On the mound were the freshly planted buds. He stooped down a little to see if they were wilted, and he thought he saw a tear-drop in the heart of one of them.

"Poor little girl! I was a brute to come up like that; I must tell mother."

Frank Wainwright had a very good and lovely mother, a mother who, though devoted to her only child, had been wise enough to train him nobly. Their place was some two miles off, among the most picturesque of the Berkshire hills.

He almost ran to the drive, and came upon his mother just as she was descending from her carriage.

"Why, dear, what is it?" seeing him so flushed and hurried.

"Come into the house and I will tell you."

In a few words he told eagerly what he had seen, and a soft look came over Mrs. Wainwright's gentle face. Fifteen years before, about this time (and she remembered the chrysanthemums then in bloom), she had laid down among them her little fair, dead daughter. Her heart bled as she spoke of the flowers; he saw the anguish in her face and stopped.

"Oh, mother, forgive me, I never thought of my sister," he said brokenly. She bowed her head and they sat silent, hand in hand, for a moment. Then Mrs. W. spoke in a low, sweet voice:

"I should like to see this young girl; and, my son, no apology is needed for what was unintended; a simple explanation should suffice. Poor child! I wonder if it was her mother's grave."

Rachel was astounded the next day by seeing the Wainwright turnout at their door.

She clapped on a clean white apron and showed Mrs. W., very civilly into the parlor, and took the card into the master.

"Humph!" he said. "I don't want to see her. Where's Chriss?"

"Here, father," she answered. She had never noticed her.

"It's Mrs. W., sir; she that bought the Morris place. She's a real lady, sir."

"Oh, Rachel, what shall I say to her?" exclaimed Chriss.

"You don't need to say anything. Just go and smile at her, my lamb, and she'll be satisfied, I know."

When Chriss saw the tall lady in mourning her heart misgave her for a moment until she heard her voice.

"My child," it said, "you must wonder at my visit. It was my son Frank who intruded upon you yesterday, and who could not rest until I came to say how entirely a mistake it was."

Chriss took courage to look up under her long eyelashes and was reassured.

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. W.; he was very kind—and polite, I am sure, and I thank you for coming."

"Thank you, dear, and now I will go. You have a pleasant home here, Miss Field," she said, as Chriss walked off with her to the carriage.

"Oh! do you think so? Yes, it is pleasant. Wait just one minute, Mrs. W., please."

She ran swiftly out of sight, and returned with an exquisite bunch of white chrysanthemums.

The tears sprang to Mrs. W.'s eyes. She took the bunch and the small hand with it into her own and laid a kiss upon the pure young brow.

"They're mother's flowers; she's dead, you know," said Chriss, simply.

"I know, my dear, and I shall cherish them; good-by."

"Oh! Rachel! that's the loveliest lady I ever saw!" cried Chriss, rushing into the kitchen.

"I suppose you won't look at any of us now," retorted the old woman, and was huffed and offended for two whole days. A week after that there came an invitation to take tea with Mrs. W., and great were the preparations for the event, and Rachel was very proud of her darling as she drove off arrayed in a pretty, quaint gown of lilac, with a ruffle of red lace at her neck and wrists.

"She's pretty as a peach," declared her old nurse, "with them sweet blue eyes and them little pink cheeks, so she is."

Mrs. W. met her, and a wave of emotion went over her, and she thought of her own lost darling.

"Now, dear, we are friends, you know," said Mrs. W., as they sat down together in the beautiful library, "and I don't even know your name."

"Mother named me Chrysanthea, and they call me Chriss. You see I was born in October, the same as the flowers, and I suppose that made her think of the name. I was only two years old when she died."

"Two years old!" the words sent a pang through the mother's heart. She sighed heavily, then crossed the room and took a portrait from the table and gave it into Chriss' hand. It was that of a dear little dimpled girl, with an upturned, laughing face.

"My daughter," Mrs. W. said.

"Oh, have you a daughter? What a pretty child!" Then seeing the sad, troubled look in her friend's face she threw herself on her knees and buried her head in Mrs. W.'s lap. After that they were more than friends. A sweet sense of peace flooded Mrs. W.'s motherly heart as she held that girlish form in her arms and passed her fingers through the dark, clinging curls, and she learned all the cruel loss that young head had suffered, unconscious of how it revealed the very depths of an unsullied nature of the tenderest kind.

What wonder if Mrs. W. thought: "Oh, heart of gold! If she could only be my daughter indeed!" And so it came to pass that the very next year, when the chrysanthemums were in full bloom, Frank Wainwright led his bride to the little village church.

Old Rachel brings their children often now to the spot where their mother used to watch her flowers in her desolate childhood, and as she smiles at the pretty, chubby faces the old woman murmurs to herself:

"She's happy now, and it's natural she should be. She's got something better than flowers to care for now. God bless her!"—N. Y. Journal.

With a Moistened Thread.

"I very much wish the habit of chewing gum would become obsolete," said a down-town dealer in literary junk, "for no book-dealer can look in peace at a customer who chews gum. The reason of this is that he cannot help fearing that the customer is a thief."

The favorite trick of the picture-thief—and some people who are otherwise of good repute steal pictures—is to carry a thread of the length of an octavo page under his tongue. Then, while the bookseller's back is turned, he lays that wet string along the bound edge of some engraving in the book in hand that pleases him, and straightway opens the book fifty leaves away. In a minute or so he can turn back to the engraving and it will tear out noiselessly and with little effort.

"The dealers in old books lose hundreds of dollars in that way every year in this city!"—N. Y. Sun.

Always Happy.

First Cave-Dweller—Mornin', Mr. Vanderbilik!

Second Cave-Dweller—Ah! good mornin', Mr. Asture. Didn't see you at th' finance meetin' yesterday.

First Cave-Dweller—No. Yer see, me and Jay had t' go down an' boom up them Missouri Pacifics or we'd lost a pile.—Judge.

Speed and Power of Birds.

The vulture is said to fly, at times, at the rate of about 100 miles an hour; the wild goose and the swallow, in their migrations, make 90 miles an hour, and the carrier pigeon has certainly flown long distances at rates of speed ranging from 60 to 80 miles an hour, and for many hours together. The common crow ordinarily lounges across country at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, the speed of a railway train. Professor Langley finds that the power exerted by the eagle in full flight is but a fraction of one horse-power. Mr. Chanute computes the power exerted by a pigeon flying 2,200 feet per minute, twenty-five miles per hour nearly, at 1-200 of a horse-power per pound, or nine and one-third horse-power for a flying-machine of equally good form, weighing one ton, at twenty-five miles an hour, or about fifty horse-power per ton weight at fifty miles. Mr. Wenham, a member of the British Aeronautical Society, finds, in the pelican, an expenditure of one-eleventh horse-power by twenty-one pounds of bird, and this is one horse-power to 231 pounds, or about a horse-power for the weight of a man, allowing ample margin for surplus power. The birds are found to have a surplus lifting power of about one-half. Professor Langley has purchased recently for the Smithsonian Institution the prize steam engine of the Aeronautical Society of 1868, which, with car and screws, weighs only sixteen pounds, and but thirteen without these essentials. To the engineer these acts certainly look encouraging.—Forum.

She—"You are very kind to invite me to go sleighing, but—did your horse ever run away?" He—"Ofen. You see, I am careless about horses, and often let the reins fall to the bottom of the sleigh and drive with my feet." She—"I'll go."—N. Y. Weekly.

CHINESE PRESENCE OF MIND.

A Philosopher Relates an Instance of Their Wonderful Self-Control.

"It is not along the broader lines of social life alone that we can trace race characteristics and distinctions," said a seedy-looking individual yesterday evening as he stood in front of a Chestnut street hotel, buttoning up a well-worn fall overcoat closely to his throat so as to conceal the still more worn summer coat beneath, and drawing on, with careless fastidiousness, a pair of kid gloves that were badly in need of repair. His general appearance, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, was that of a broken-down sporting man or a ward politician who had been subsisting for many months on the expectations of an appointment when the civil-service law is repealed; his air was that of a millionaire just sauntering out after having enjoyed a sumptuous dinner, but, according to his own statement, he was neither.

"I am a student of social science," he said, "and nothing delights me more than to study national peculiarities and characteristics as they are revealed in the trivial occurrences of every-day life."

"To illustrate, I went into a Ninth street Chinese laundry the other evening. The heathen had neglected to send my linen home. That, however, did not strike me as a race peculiarity; it is rather a class characteristic common to all laundrymen, no matter what their nationality. But something occurred while I waited that did strike me."

"It was just about dusk. The streets were crowded with people going home from work, and in the room half a dozen Chinamen were busy ironing at different tables. A coal-oil lamp that hung in the bulk window had just been lighted. A good deal of oil had been spilled on the outside of the bowl in filling it, and suddenly this caught fire and blazed up, not only endangering the red curtains draped about the window, but threatening to cause an explosion of the lamp."

"A Chinaman on the far side of the room saw the flames and uttered a single exclamation to call the attention of the others. That was the only sound made by any of the celestials, and none of them left their work except one nimble little fellow, who jumped lightly and quickly into the window."

"But the flames had been seen from the street, and instantly the room was filled with the passers-by, who rushed madly in, each one shouting directions at the top of his voice."

"Throw the lamp into the street!" "Dash water upon it!" Run for a policeman!" "Strike the fire-alarm!" yelled, and one excited individual yelled: "Take a club and smash it to pieces!"

"Meanwhile the little Chinaman in the window had quickly seized a large, damp cloth from his table, and while his fel w-countrymen looked calmly on amid all the confusion and hubbub he wrapped it around the burning lamp and held it there till the flames were completely smothered. Then he quietly returned to his work without stopping for a moment to discuss the occurrence, but it was several minutes before the excitement died out among the Caucasians who had crowded in and they were ready to depart."

"Now, this difference of behavior in the face of danger and amid exciting circumstances does certainly indicate a fundamental and characteristic difference between the oriental and the occidental races. You may say that the conduct of the Chinamen resulted merely from oriental apathy, or you may attribute it to the fatalistic habits of thought engendered by eastern religions, or you may say that the occurrence furnished a confirmation of Herbert Spencer's theory that hurry and overwork have resulted in a condition of nervous instability among all the races of the west. But whatever you attribute it to, I tell you the Chinaman's method of action is the best when you have to deal with a coal-oil lamp that is about exploding."

The Mexico Cathedral.

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.

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 twenty-six 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 formerly 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, cruets, and pyxes of gold incrustured with precious metal, studded with emerald, amethysts, rubies, and supplies.

The statue of the Assumption (now missing) was of gold, ornamented with diamonds, and is said to have cost \$1,000,000. There was a golden lamp, valued at \$70,000, which it 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.

The largest and best paying graphite mine in the country is in Warren county, N. Y. In the same region are also extensive garnet mines, the ore from which is worth \$40 a ton.

WINGED MISSILES.

Five hundred dollars per ton was what a resident of Wayne county, N. Y., got for three tons of dried raspberries, raised on nine acres of land.

A government bill has been introduced in the German reichsrath to extend the boundaries of Vienna. The measure will double the population of the city.

The crematory has now taken the place of the Potter's field in Paris. All unclaimed bodies are cremated in the new establishment in Pere la Chaise.

The site of Andersonville prison is now part of a large farm belonging to a negro, and the plantation of Jefferson Davis is now owned by one of his former slaves.

St. Valentine's Day is rapidly vanishing from the popular regard. In New York City the mails showed no increase on that account this year, and the valentine dealers admit that their business is gone.

Riots have occurred in Switzerland, growing out of the prohibition by the government of Salvation army meetings. Many people have been injured and a number of the disorderly Salvationists have been arrested.

A sharp little boy in Georgia who was kicked by a mule, instead of saying naughty words or going home crying to his mother, tied the mule within five feet of a beehive, backed him round to it and let him kick.

A mountain slide at Dixon's Bar, fifty miles from Waverly, Cal., completely dammed the Trinity River. Near San Jose the water rose to the door of a house 300 feet above the river. The river is gradually cutting a new channel.

Stegniak, the exiled Russian nihilist, lives quietly in London with his gifted wife, and the two spend much time in the British Museum, ransacking books and is rarely seen at the clubs or in society, although he has a host of friends.

Sam Wah Kee, the wealthiest and most influential Chinese resident of Boston, has obtained leave from the government to visit his native land and return to this country. The Chinese restriction law seems to be elastic enough to admit a celestial "merchant" who is not a "laborer."

The Viscountess Kingsland, who recently died in London at an advanced age, led a very sad life. She was the widow of the last Viscount Kingsland, who died more than fifty years ago. Through the dishonesty of a trustee the viscount was reduced to extreme poverty, and was forced to earn her living by her needle.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist and poet, has been happily married for over thirty years, but has only one child, a son, who was formerly connected with the Swedish legation at Washington. Mrs. Ibsen is the stepdaughter of Magdalena Thoreson, the Norwegian poetess. The poet left his native land in 1861, and has since lived in Rome and other Italian cities.

The eruption of Krakatoa in 1883 destroyed all animal and vegetable life in the sea around it, and covered the coral reef of the shore under a bed of ashes and pumice stones over sixty feet thick. Nevertheless, according to the observations of Dr. Sluiter, a Dutch naturalist, a young shore reef is now forming on this volcanic layer, and has already attained the breadth of a meter.

Browning's grave was made about four feet deep, like the others in Westminster Abbey. The soil is a dry, red sand, the coffins are placed in the earth, and a quantity of charcoal is added as a sanitary precaution. One of the traditions of the abbey is that nothing but a handful of bones remain after seventy or a hundred years. The actual decomposition is accomplished in fifty years.

A new crime has developed at Manchester. It is called "scuttling," and consists in a party of young men and girls lying in wait for obnoxious fellow-workmen or for "scabs," and hustling, beating and kicking them upon the public streets. It has got so common that the magistrates have inflicted severe sentences upon several girls and young men for the purpose of breaking it up.

The Panama Canal is reported completely finished and navigable between the Atlantic and Bohio-Soldado, distance of twenty-eight French kilometers. The average depth is twenty-seven feet. On the 22nd inst. the French commission appointed by the liquidator to examine the work will sail from New York for Paris, and they are fully resolved, it is said, to recommend the prosecution of the work to completion.

In the wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville, Bremen, there are twelve cases of holy wine, each case inscribed with the name of one of the Apostles. It was deposited in its present resting place 263 years ago. One case of this wine consisting of five oxhofts of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix dollars in 1624. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay and upon interest, one of those oxhofts would to-day cost 555,637,649 rix dollars, or about \$2,000,000 a bottle.

The Bay of Fundy forms a cul-de-sac at which the Atlantic Ocean seems to have taken a spite, and at regular intervals pour in its waters viciously and with intent to do all possible harm. Taks, for instance, the harbor of St. John. In most parts of the world a tide of from six to ten feet is quite sufficient to satisfy all reasonable demands. In St. John harbor the tides rise twenty-one feet on an ordinary day, and occasionally varies the monotony by pushing the mark up three or four feet, as the humor seizes it.

A special dispatch from Cansajharie, N. Y., says: While at Stone Arabia a few days ago a citizen of Palestine Bridge found a begrimed and badly battered metallic box. It was opened with much difficulty, and its contents consisted of a lock of a bundle of parchment letters and a piece of faded blue ribbon. The lock is of gold and of fine workmanship. On one side in monogram are the letters "A. H. D.," and on the other a curiously wrought hunting scene. The letters were all written in 1778-80 by a lady of evident royalty residing in London. They were to her betrothed, and couched in the most tender language.

FOR THE LADIES.

WHY WOMEN LIKE RINGS—A BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE.

Beauties and Oddities and Changes of Fashion—But the Dear Women are Always the Same.

Why Women Like Rings.

You can wear your own discretion about wearing bells on your pretty little toes, but if you want to be counted, as the pretty Faust of the Gayety Company sings, "up to date," you must wear rings on your fingers. Women like rings, first of all because they make the hands look prettier, and next, because they are the only ornaments at which they can gaze themselves. To have the hand look white because of a great red ruby glowing upon it, or a rich sapphire convincing you just how deep blue may be, or an Alexandrite looking green in the day-time and pink at night, is the ambition of the smart girl. Fortunately, fashion dedicates certain fingers as the correct ones for circling with gems, and these are the third and little finger of each hand. Some extremists who have put all their money in two or three specially handsome rings, only allow that the left hand should be ornamented, but Dame Fashion herself is more generous.

A young woman who has a fad for emeralds, because they are said to bring good health, wears a huge one on the third finger, the guard for which is a band of green emerald with tiny diamond stars set in it; this ring, by the way, is of Russian workmanship, and a specimen of enameling that is not known at all. Women who love gems rise superior to the superstitions regarding the opal, and to get one that has all the wonderful tones blended in one perfect fiery mass of color is the desire of the very fashionable maiden. She longs for it as an engagement ring, and has no hesitancy about reminding Charley that in years gone by it was always called the gem of Cupid, and that Love was supposed to be held in bondage by it. Rings on the thumbs are neither pretty nor fashionable; they have been advertising dodges of a few variety actors, but that does not make them either in good taste or becoming. Somebody wrote that after three months it was fashionable to remove the wedding-ring, a statement that is absolutely untrue; it is fashionable to do that which is proper and correct, and the wedding-ring once assumed, it is to be worn even if death or the divorce-court interferes. The woman who has Mrs. on her visiting-cards is supposed to have a gold band on the third finger of her left hand, and she who leaves it off for caprice, is simply announcing to the world at large that there is a vacuum in her brain that, unless something else can be found, had better be filled up with sugar plums.

The Jaunty Tarpaulin.

The London sailor hat, made of tarpaulin or varnished waterproof cashmere, was introduced to the Newport set of New York society by Mrs. Capt. Paget, the daughter of Mrs. Paron Stevens. When Mrs. Paget came to town in her trim little reef-jacket and smart tarpaulin Murray Hill went wild. The hat was borrowed and tried on and orders rung out for telephones to be filled at once.

MRS. CAPT. PAGET. But they were not filled with any such speed and a full month elapsed before the hatter to the "four hundred" could get the proper block. It had to come from the London designer, and the tarred canvas was brought from the other side as well. It cost about \$2 to import them and they sold on Fifth avenue for \$5, and it is impossible even now to meet the demand. On the East Side and down among the shops of Fourteenth street a waterproof sailor may be bought for half the money, but it is not the jaunty tarpaulin with the jet-like polish that crowns the heads of the heiresses of swiftness. The shape doesn't begin to have the London set about it; it isn't smart, so to speak, and there is no fluting of the velvet and no silk head-band to keep the stiff edge from ridging the fair brow of youth and beauty. Then, too, there is a difference in the blocks, and if a lady is determined to have a tarpaulin who hasn't the face for it the brim is narrowed or the crown changed to suit her peculiar style of beauty. Children, girls, debutantes, belles, young married ladies and mothers with marriageable daughters alike affect the tarpaulin. No trimming is used but the lustreless band of corded silk. To hold the hair in place and soften the roses that bloom for art in place of beauty small veils of dotted net or gray silk tissue are worn.

A Beautiful Magazine.

The frontispiece of The Magazine of Art for February is a beautiful etching by James Dobie, from the famous painting by E. J. Poynter, R. A., called "A Roman Boat Race." The piece de resistance of the number, from a literary standpoint, is Mr. Swinburn's poem, "Loch Torridon," which, with its illustrations, covers four pages of the magazine. Mr. Swinburn's admirers will find in this poem all the virility, all the picturesqueness, and all the alliteration of which he and they are so fond. Following the poem is a paper on "The Art of Dry Point," by Mortimer Menpes, illustrated by the author. All readers of the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" will be interested in the paper of "Personal Reminiscences of Jules Bastien-Lepage," by the Prince Bojidar Karageorgewitch; first, because Bastien-Lepage is so intimately associated with the last days of the young artist, and second, because Prince Bojidar figures

so frequently in the pages of her journal. There are two portraits of Bastien-Lepage by himself, and one from Rodin's statue accompanying this very interesting article. There is a full-page reproduction of Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of the Countess Gower and her daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, an illustrated paper on the Corporation Gallery of Glasgow, an article on Artists in the New National Portrait Gallery, a paper on "Old Blue and White Nankeen China," with illustrations printed in blue ink, and an unusually full batch of foreign and American notes, giving the reader an admirable idea of what is going on in the world of art.—[Cassell & Co. (limited), New York.]

A Change in Fashion.

No one can fail to notice the great change that is going on in fashion of furniture and dress. The aesthetic craze for dying colors and faded draperies is passing away, and in their place we see rich tapestries, heavy silk stuffs woven with gold and silver threads, rococo furniture, exquisite enamels, soft and luxurious sofas and chairs upholstered in rose, gold and blue lampas, gilded wood carvings, and all the graceful accessories which marked the Louis Quinze period, a period famous for the lavish ornamentation known as Rococo. In woman's dress fashion reaches its highest note of splendor. Embroidered satins, superb brocades, shot velvets, jeweled aigrettes, gems on the arms and around the throat,—all go to make a woman's toilette an ensemble of color and richness which is full of charm. Even in the simplest ball gowns worn by young girls, the soft draperies of mousseline de soie or tulle are in bright shades of rose, blue, carnation, amethyst or yellow, often with embroidery in gold and silver. Art Interchange.

A New Lamp Screen.

In the dainty little table screens for lamp or candle are found objects not only very decorative but quite useful at times, as well. One of the prettiest and most convenient forms of these is the three fold shade represented in the cut.



THREE FOLD LAMP OR CANDLE SCREEN. The three panels are bordered with plush, and filled in with tightly stretched silk canvas, either pink or cream. The decoration in the center of each fold is embroidered. The bow is of handsome satin ribbon.

Types of Tiresome People.

Do you keep a list—a list of the people who are tiresome to you? We used to call them bores, but as this is always suggestive of getting there eventually, the name has been dropped, though the people exist.

The wise woman is the one who has a book on the cover of which is written in large letters and red ink, "Beware of Me."

The educated young woman who concludes that the alphabet has been invented since her birth.

The frivolous creature who thinks you are "just dying" to know how her underwear is made.

The lovely young man who wears three diamond rings and thinks you are "just too sweet for anything."

The horrible old hypocrite who talks about position in society and the use she is to the world at large, when she would best serve it by decorating the inside of a tomb.

The old man who kisses you because he remembers your mother when she was a girl.

The young man who is loud and underbred, but who speaks to you and mortifies you because he once lived near you.

The maid servant who wants to talk about the last house in which she lived.

The man, woman, or nondescript, who never tires of telling you that they have seen better days, and who counts on that announcement covering everything in the future, and never making an effort to think how really good this time is after all.

The man with a low-cut shirt, the woman with dyed hair, the boy who hasn't been taught good manners, and the girl who has been educated to believe that impudence and intelligence are synonymous.

The people who flatter, who find fault, and who never know what it is to say a good word for their neighbors.

He Tired Her Out.

"I was settling down to work," said a book-agent-pestered man yesterday, "when a pretty woman entered my office. No one would suspect that she was a book agent. She placed a volume in front of me and began to talk. I told her I would not buy the book if I really wanted it. 'Never mind,' said she gayly. 'It won't cost you anything to look at it.'"

"As she desired, I did look at it. I read the introduction and then chapter I. It was about 10 o'clock when I opened the book. At 11 o'clock the pretty book agent had become uneasy. I never raised my eyes. Another hour and she was pacing up and down the floor. At 1 o'clock, when she had nearly worn herself out, I laid the book down, and putting on my hat and coat said to the exasperated woman: 'That's a clever book. I regret that I cannot read more of it, but I must away to dinner.'"

"She was mad, but she didn't say a word. Grabbing the book she shoved it into her satchel and made for the street."

IN PURSUIT OF SNAKES.

A Collector's Hunt After a Rather Ugly-Looking Reptile.

There is a popular prejudice against even the most harmless snakes, and few people would carry the collector's rage so far as to attempt the capture of an ugly-looking reptile with the bare hands. But the born naturalist, like the born sportsman, does not mind any slight risk when his blood is up. In Sherman F. Denton's "Incidents of a Collector's Rambles" is the following account of an incident belonging to his stay in Australia:

Snakes were rather numerous, and one day, while walking in the thick scrub, I came across a large, light brown one, coiled upon the ground. He was by far the largest specimen I had ever seen at large, and was probably ten or twelve feet long, and as thick as a man's leg at the knee. I thought at first I would shoot him in the head with a light charge of shot, and carry home his skin. Then I considered that, if taken alive, he would be worth five times as much.

Feeling about in my pocket and game bag, I at last found a leather strap with a buckle. I drew the strap through the buckle, making a noose, and thus armed, started cautiously toward his snakeship, intending to put the noose over his head.

As soon as I came near, he partly uncoiled, opened his mouth very wide, thereby disclosing his sharp teeth, and, hissing spitefully, struck at me. I dodged behind a small tree, and, leaning out as far as I dared, tried several times to noose him. He was very savage, and looked powerful enough to crush me in his folds. At this juncture my courage was at rather a low ebb.

After I had teased him for some time, he suddenly decided to leave my company, and started off at full speed. I caught up my gun and went after him, and, by hard running through the scrub, managed to head him off. He stopped, coiled up again, and again I tried the noose. He was equal to the occasion, putting his head under his coils in a very sulky manner; but as soon as I reached out, and caught him by the tail he pulled away with great force and started off once more.

This time he took refuge under a fallen tree; and before I could head him off, he was gliding down the hole of some wild beast, which was partly concealed by the dead branches. I reached the spot just as the last two or three feet were going down, and seizing his tail with both hands, I hung on desperately.

With my feet braced against a limb of a tree, I pulled till the tail cracked and snapped, as if it would break asunder. Sometimes he pulled me within a few inches of the hole, and then I would brace up on the limb, and drag him half way out.

At last I grew so tired that I had to let go my hold, and, with many regrets, I saw the last few inches of the tail disappear beneath the ground.

How to Sharpen a Pencil.

"It really makes me tired to see the average man sharpen a pencil," said an old newspaper man in a stationary store to a Washington Star reporter. "He will cut his fingers, cover them with dirt and blacken them with lead dust, and still will not sharpen the pencil."

"There is but one way to sharpen a lead pencil and that is to grasp it firmly with the point from and not toward you. Take your knife in the other hand and whittle away as though you had lots of pencils to waste. By following these directions and turning the pencil over you will soon have it neatly and regularly sharpened, and your fingers will be unsoiled and you will not need any court plaster to put on the wounds because you cannot cut your fingers when whittling from them."

"This method is the best, whether the knife is dull or sharp. If the pencil is a soft one there is no sense in sharpening the lead. Simply cut away the wood, and in writing turn the pencil over, thus writing with the sides of the lead."

"Another disgusting and senseless habit is in placing the pencil in the mouth when writing. This is a relic of the days when pencils were as hard as flint and before the manufacturers were able to produce the smooth, soft pencils that are used to-day. The continual dampening of the lead will harden even a good graphite pencil and make it hard and gritty. It is simply a habit, any way, and most habits are bad ones."

Substitute for Coffee.

A new substitute for coffee may turn up in a berry known as "gaertnera." The British consul at Reunion says that at one time he has received many letters from merchants in England asking for information respecting a shrub then called "mussaenda," the discovery of which, it has been said in some commercial journals, would deal a severe blow to the coffee and chicory trade. About two years ago a rumor was spread that the berry of this shrub could be advantageously employed as a substitute for coffee and chicory. It grows to about ten feet high, has very few leaves, and its branches are wide apart. The berries do not grow all along the branches, as is the case with coffee, but in bunches at their extremities. At present it is only met with in the mountains, where it grows wild. It might be produced on an extensive scale; but with its inferiority in fragrance and color it could hardly compete with coffee.

To the small boy who has to wear his father's made-over apparel, life seems one dreary expanse.

A GERMAN MARKET-FAIR.

The Ancient Teutonic Custom as It Still Flourishes at Hanover.

This week there has been an opportunity to see a market-fair in Hanover, which occurs only twice a year, and lasts but two or three days, says a correspondent of the Hartford Courant. In fact, I am just returned from wandering about town in a drizzling rain, bumping umbrellas in the crowd of chattering Hanoverians, and receiving an occasional curse from some booth-owner because of the unintentional water which my umbrella-tip plumped down upon her wares or candy. The stalls and booths for the display of the wares were to be found in various parts of the town, according to the nature of the sales; thus live stock was to be had in one section, books in another, "notions" in the third, and so on. To-day I spent my time in the old portion of the city, and here the center of bustle and interest was the ancient Market chuefen. From the square upon which this church stands the lines of booths stretched up the streets, radiating right and left from the Market square. These booths were hastily rigged affairs, built of boards, with their tops covered with canvas against the rain, so that they looked like a row of Indian wigwams. Every conceivable article, and some inconceivable, were to be purchased along these rows, behind which stood men and women crying up their wares or doling out small portions to the peasant buyer.

Before 4 o'clock of this rainy afternoon the oil lamps were lighted and flared picturesquely in the wind. Through the middle of the streets surged the crowd of buyers, many of them country folk, who had come in solely for the fair. They clattered over the cobble-stones in their sabots and beat down prices with high heart and volubility. Above rose the gray old houses and high over all the venerable and massive church, under whose walls for five centuries humanity was bought and sold, lived and died. It was a scene for a Dickens, and I sighed for his insight and his graphic power of description.

At some of the booths a foreigner was especially tempted to rid himself of a few pennies or marks. For example, here hung by the score those long, porcelain-bowled pipes which are so typical of this country, and hard by were all manner of blue earthenware drinking jugs, mugs, and tankards, with bibulous mottoes in German script and metal covers that were a joy to see. In some cases some magic sign like "Aus Italien" was hung in front of the booth, and there you are sure to find cheap jewelry, tawdry paintings, or bizarre house ornaments, those behind the improvised counter being dark, sallow, and melancholy eyed, and wearing large rings in their ears after the manner of their race.

There seemed to be no congruity here in the arrangement of the successive stands; beside one exclusively devoted to wursteds would be another where the succulent sausage and the malodorous but beloved limburger reigned supreme, and a little farther on the toys of childhood hobbled with a murderous array of knives, big and little, ranging from the tiny nail-trimmer to the long, keen blade of the hog-killer. The motley sales and sights only made the scene richer and a characteristic picture of foreign street life. I am told that the articles to be bought at these fairs, though cheap, are shoddy and unreliable, and are avoided by the wily citizens, the chief profit accruing from the open-mouthed country bumpkins who judge by outside show and the oily assurances of the proprietors.

A Brain-Racking Situation.

Did you ever have three clocks in your house, all running on different time? If you want to have a block of five and a fifteen-puzzle on your hands day and night, week in and week out, try the three clocks.

"I'm sorry, mum," said the servant girl of a lady who had three clocks, no two of them keeping the same time.

"I'm sorry, mum, but I will have to give you a week's warning."

"What's the matter, Mary? Isn't the work light and don't you get good pay?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, mum," sobbed the girl, "but those three clocks of yours give me the headache. I'm always ahead and always behind at the same time. I get up too early in the morning and stay in bed too long at the same time. It's dreadful. I discovered last night that the three clocks were chasing me all around the house, trying to kill me. I'm sorry, mum, but I'll have to go."

The trouble was only compromised by the lady running the three clocks on the same time and presenting the girl a gold watch to run on whatever time suited her best.

How He Remembered It.

An enthusiastic young horse owner in Maine has several crack colts, also a fine family of boys, of whom he is justly proud, but like many other fathers he is bothered to remember their ages. The other day he surprised his wife by giving the exact age of one of the babies to a day. "Why, how came you to remember that?" she asked. "Don't you remember?" replied the fond father, "he was born on the same day as our two-year-old colt."

No Distinct Remembrance.

They had a big banquet at Spokane Falls the other night. The reporter who attended it concluded with the candid admission that "it is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Where hot retorts are plentiful—In a gas-house.—Boston Herald.

Eternal vigilance is the price of an oyster at a church social.—Texas Siftings.

Silence is golden; when the gold is coined, however, money talks.—Texas Siftings.

The game cock is always pretty well heeled when he goes out on a business trip.—Jamestown News.

A woman can find her pocket quick enough when there is money in it to pay for a new hat.—Epoch.

The formation of trusts cannot be considered a healthy business syndication.—Terre Haute Express.

A man drinks to drown his sorrow, but the sorrow always comes out on top.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She (shyly)—"I do love champagne." He—"Why?" She—"Because the cork pops so."—Burlington Free Press.

Respectability is contagious, but, like other contagions, you can't always catch it when you want it.—Puck.

"How distinguished looking she is! Is she a lady of note?" "Yaw; she vos a musician."—Drake's Magazine.

Unlike the majority of things in this queer world fogs are always mist until they are gone.—Baltimore American.

The cooper's business is not always lively, though he is generally a hooping things up.—Binghamton Republican.

"Misfortunes come in pairs," especially when the pears are green; then they come in doubles.—Philadelphia Press.

Blivens—"What role does your star actor take the most interest in?" Manager (energetically)—"The pay roll."—Time.

Up to date there have been no flies on this winter, at least no one in this vicinity has seen the snow fly.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss X.—"That Italian Count seems to lead a rather monotonous life." Mrs. Y.—"Yes; I notice he never has any change."—Life.

There is no scorn like that which is uttered in silence. The shears give the most effective cut when they shut up.—Binghamton Leader.

Miss Walnut—"I don't feel at all like myself today. Miss Chestnut—"Allow me to congratulate you, dear."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If everybody believed everything that he heard about everybody else how much better every man would think himself than every one of his neighbors!—Puck.

If we could know all the bad things that our neighbors say about us we should probably talk about them even worse than we do now.—Somerville Journal.

"They tell me, doctor, that your consumptive patient thought a great deal of you—that he was grateful to the last." "Yes. He declined with thanks."—Puck.

"Mrs. Robbins has no piano?" "No. She's a little sensitive about anything of that kind. You know she was Mr. Robbins' type-writer before they were married."—N. Y. Sun.

When a woman fancies to herself the husband she would like to have, he is generally different in important respects from the husband that she has already.—Somerville Journal.

Miss Pert—"What a splendid book! How long has it been in the family?" Miss Antique—"The family Bible? Why it was purchased at my birth."

"Indeed? How well preserved it is for such an old book!"—N. Y. Sun.

"No use," exclaimed an impecunious debtor to an importunate creditor, "you can't get blood out of a turnip."

"I know that," responded the creditor, "but unless I get that money I'll have gone from a beat."—Philadelphia Press.

First Tramp—"This is getting beyond me, Jack. Do you know the lay of the land hereabouts?" Second Tramp (broken-down tenor)—"It's the Star Spangled Banner, pard, but I can't sing it like I used to once."—Boston Herald.

Pater—"You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat." Tommy—"Say, pa, you're having a much better time of it, now you are living with us, ain't you?"—Grip.

"And what's all this I hear, Barbara, about your wanting to find some occupation?" "Well, you see, it's so dull at home, uncle. I've no brothers or sisters—and papa's paralyzed—and mamma's going blind—so I want to be a hospital nurse."—Punch.

Teacher (at the mission Sunday-school)—"Yes, children, Daniel was cast into a den of lions, but not one of them dared touch him. How strange!" Pupil (scornfully)—"Aw, dat's nuthin'; I seen a duck do that act in the cirks last year."—Boston Beacon.

Mr. Uncertain—"You keep a private yacht, don't you, Dubious?" Mr. Dubious—"O, yes." Mr. Uncertain—"Well, next to money, what is the most important adjunct necessary to the maintenance of a craft of that kind?" Mr. Dubious—"Credit."—Epoch.

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—"I am so much obliged to you, Maude, for the cane you sent me on my birthday. It was very thoughtful of you." Pretty Cousin—"I am glad you liked it, Charley. I hope you didn't find the head too large."—Epoch.

Farmer's Istitat.
The farmers of Douglas County held their March meeting the first Saturday in the month.

President Cowles stated that Secretary Mohler of the state Board of Agriculture has recommended to farmers that they hold their crops for better prices. Dr. Leary was in sympathy with any plan that would help the farmer obtain better prices. Gov. Robinson replied that the question of holding our products and fixing the minimum price at which they should be sold had already been decided on by the St. Louis meeting. He thought, however, that the farmers were not sufficiently well organized, as yet, to carry out such a measure successfully.

A paper was read by J. M. Shepherd, on raising and feeding cattle. When fat cattle brought from six to seven dollars a hundred it was a profitable business. The opening of large cattle ranges, and the feeding of large herds, both winter and summer, on the native grasses, with comparative little outlay, overstocked the markets, and reduced the price to a point below the cost of production to the Kansas farmer, who has taxes to pay on his land, and grain and hay to grow for winter feed. Mr. Shepherd demonstrated, by figures based upon market reports, cost of feeding, transportation and other expenses, that the farmer in raising and marketing fat cattle could not realize more than \$1.75 an acre for the product of his farm. At this rate, with taxes to pay there was little chance for farmers to live and pay off any considerable amount of indebtedness.

According to Mr. Shepherd's calculations, corn brings the cattle producer just 17 1/2 cents per bushel. He admits, however, that with better cattle and a better system of feeding, a better showing may be had. This would require for feed, blue grass pastures and clover hay and grain for winter feed. He thinks the coming breed for beef will be the Red Hornless. No one breed is best for all purposes. For butter the Jersey, and for milk and cheese the Holstein take the lead.

As one of the evident causes of the present low price of cattle Mr. Shepherd stated, that during the time the population of the United States had increased 20 per cent. in the last few years the number of cattle in the same time had increased 40 per cent. At this rate of increase the only relief lies in more foreign markets. The exports of beef and cattle to England the last year amounted to twenty-eight million dollars, as against fourteen millions the preceding year. This increase afforded some relief, to the overstocked markets of the west. England is the only European country whose market is thrown open to us without restriction, and Mr. S. thinks we should reciprocate by admitting her products on the same terms; and if restrictions were removed from the imports of other European nations, no doubt they would reciprocate also. To obtain relief for our farmers we must extend and increase our markets. Gov. Robinson stated that he had taken pains to figure out, according to present market prices of cattle, cost of transportation etc., the price that the farmer realized for his corn, and he found it to be 17 cents and eight-tenths, or three-tenths of a cent more than Mr. Shepherd's calculations, which proved that the figuring must have been quite accurate, or else a remarkable coincidence occurred.

If the Jerseys were used only for butter, Mr. Cowles inquired, what was to be done with the male calves. Mr. Shepherd replied, make veal of them. Then the question arose, will it pay to feed the calf the cow's milk for four to eight weeks as much as to turn the milk into butter. A fresh cow ought to make a pound of butter a day. In 6 1/2 weeks the amount would be forty-five pounds, and at 20 cents a pound would come to \$9, while the calf at that age would bring about \$6. Wm. Brown, who has had much experience in raising calves, said he would have both the butter and the calf, by feeding skim milk and enriching it with oil cake meal. Properly fed in this way, calves would fatten as well as on new milk.

It was stated that steers make the greatest gain from one to two years old, and that after that age every pound of meat that is put on the animal costs more than it comes to. It follows, therefore, if they could be made marketable at two years old, that the profits would be more than if kept to the age of three or four years, as the practice is at present. Gov. Robinson replied that he believed this could be done, and two year old steers made to weigh 1,000 pounds, or more, by raising

the very best strains of cattle and feeding well from the start. They must have the best of care, and the best of feed. He thought this was the only way to make it pay. Wm. Brown said much depended upon feeding regularly. He instanced some cases where he raised good sized, fat steers at less than two years old that brought him near \$50 apiece.

NUTRITIVE FOODS.

Dr. Newman read a paper on nutritive foods. It was scientific in character, but made very comprehensible to all, by the doctor's explanations. The facts presented, were of practical value, not only in the choice and use of human foods, but also, in the principles employed in feeding and fattening meat animals.

A synopsis of this paper will not be attempted as, on motion, the secretary was instructed to have it published in the local papers, also in the *Kansas Farmer*.

In discussing the paper Gov. Robinson inquired about the composition of commercial lard as manufactured in the large packing establishments. He knew of cases where food prepared with this lard seemed quite indigestible distressing the stomachs of those using it. Among others he experienced the same distress, which never occurred when common hog lard was used. He inquired if cotton seed oil, used so extensively in this lard, was not deleterious. The Dr. replied that all the fats butter was the most digestible, and that hog lard came next. He had not tested the character of cotton seed oil. Mrs. Diggs thought that there must be other ingredients of a harmful nature used in the composition of this commercial lard. She knew many families who used cotton seed oil in lieu of lard, and considered it healthy. It was stated, also, that raw cabbage chopped fine and eaten with cider vinegar was much more digestible than cooked cabbage. It would not distress the most delicate stomach, while the cooked article is to many stomachs one of the most indigestible of the whole class of garden vegetables. The vinegar used must not be that vile stuff made from sulphuric acid and the washings of whiskey barrels and the refuse of the whiskey saloon, which is sold so extensively as a pure article, to almost the exclusion of the pure cider vinegar.

As all foods must contain nitrogen, albumen and fat, in order to support life, we cannot subsist on any article lacking any one of these properties. Wheat contains no fat, hence the necessity of eating butter with our bread; potatoes no nitrogen, and hence the desire for an accompanying slice of meat. The question was asked how can the Esquimaux subsist on an exclusive flesh diet? The answer was that in addition to the fat which they lived on there was always some lean fibre which contained nitrogenous matter which supplied and renewed the muscular tissue.

Stock Items.

The goat breeder is happy. Mohair has advanced 40 per cent during the last four months.

The most profitable way to market oats is in the shape of a good grade draft horse.

1,396 Alberdeen-Angus cattle were registered by the American Association last year.

In preparing wool for the market, never put in anything but the good wool. It pays to be honest.

The heaviest sheep at the Chicago show came from Canada. It was a Leicester and weighed 367 pounds.

It is no trouble to winter sheep; it is springing them that is the difficult part of the year's entertainment.

Scab is bred by scab, whether on sheep, rail, tree, fence or range. Watch for it and kill it with poison. It is caused by the mite *acarus*.

What kind of a horse are you raising? One that will be worth \$100 or \$200? It don't cost any more to feed a \$200 horse than it does a \$100.

Good cows are good eaters and if they are to give all the milk possible it will be necessary to supply them with all the food they will consume.

The National Stockman and Farmer says that a yoke of three-year-old steers weighing 4000 pounds was sold in Pittsburgh for Christmas beef.

It is quite an item to supply the stock with as good a variety as possible. To compel stock to live on one kind of feed is to fail to secure the best growth.

Many farmers strive to keep the "black leg" out of their herd of calves. The Hampshire breeder most desires the black leg in his flock. The blacker the leg the better he likes it.

Books and Magazines.

Russell Sturgis will contribute to an early number of Harper's Magazine an article on "Painted Greek Sculpture," illustrated with drawings from statuary which has been recently discovered at Athens.

Mary E. Wilkins contributed a short story entitled "Amanda in Love," to the number of Harper's Bazar published March 7th. The same number contained an article on "The Possibilities of old Furniture" by Mary Gay Humphreys.

Harper's Young People has always been famous for its fairy stories. It is now publishing a new series illustrated by the old favorite Howard Pyle, and has lately introduced to its readers another author who seems destined to be his companion in popularity among lovers of fairy lore. The latter, Mr. Frank M. Bicknell, recently contributed "The City of Stories," and has followed that with "The Youth who arose a Pauper and went to bed a King," which appeared with an illustration in the number published March 4th.

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S illustrations of March more than fulfill the promise of its past both in its illustrations, which are of the same high degree of excellence as usual, and in its reading matter, which is this month exceptionally attractive from the topics of living and general interest with which much of it deals. Indeed this magazine seems to have the gift of combining the specially and generally interesting in such a way as to make it equally satisfactory to the amateur and the general reader. While it is invaluable to the student of wood-carving, brass hammering, book or magazine illustrating, china-painting, and painting in oils and water-colors, and to every woman who wishes to make her home attractive, it contains much that will afford entertainment and instruction to the other members of the family. When we add that a beautiful picture of Notre Dame, by moonlight, which, framed and hung up, would be an ornament to any room, and a graceful design of Orebis, for china decoration, accompany, and are included in the price of the magazine, we may well consider it the cheapest and most interesting periodical published. Price, \$4.00 a year. Single copies, 35 cents. Montague Marks, Publishers 53 Union Square.

The March issue of the ECLECTIC has its supply of suggestive and striking papers, a large proportion of them on topics of vital interest. The opening paper, "The State and the Sermon on the Mount," by the Bishop of Peterborough, is a remarkable article which has excited keenest interest in England. Dr. Bamberger (of the German Reichstag) contributes an admirable study of the German Press. The Symposium by Benant, Hardy, and Mrs. Lynn Linton on English fiction is sure to attract wide-spread attention. There are two papers on Africa, one by Lovett Cameron on Portuguese claims, the other by J. Scott Keltie on Stanley's contribution to African geography. Both are timely, and the latter is a masterly sketch accompanied by maps. Professor Freeman on "The Origin of English," and Professor Nicholson on "Profit-Sharing," contribute masterly essays in different lines. Herbert Spencer's article on "Absolute Political Ethics" will attract the attention of all thinkers. A most interesting subject, "The Future of English Monarchy," is ably treated by Frank B. Hill. There are four very striking poems by Swinburne, Cosmo Monkhouse, Peter Bayne, and Yussuf, and a capital short story, "The Ring of Truth." Several timely and interesting minor articles will also reward the attention of the reader.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single number, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. ECLECTIC and any \$1 magazine, \$8.

The Forum For March

In the Forum for March Senator Henry L. Daves writes a review of the first year of President Harrison's administration to show that the Republican party is keeping its promises to the people, and that the present administration is in every way worthy of the past history of the party. He enters into detail to show what the policy laid down by President Harrison is, and he pays his respects to the criticisms of the Democratic press. Prof. A. B. Hart, of Harvard, from a non-partisan point of view, considers the progress thus far made by civil-service reform and the hindrances that lie in the way of reformers. He measures the real progress by the approval of the people, and points out why it is that there has been no popular demand for it. Judge A. W. Tourgee reviews the post-bellum amendments to the Constitution as they bear upon the right of suffrage, to determine whether or not the Southern States could, under the law as it now stands, disfranchise the Negro population if they chose. Gen. Henry L. Abbot, of the United States Army, points out the changes that have been made in the manufacture of firearms, to show the development of new conditions of warfare since our Civil War; and he shows that both the arms and the methods employed by our armies are now already antiquated. He describes the revolutions in the several branches of war that have recently been made which will change the work of officers and soldiers as completely as the discovery of gunpowder changed them. Prof. James Willis Gleed, of the University of Kansas, who has, perhaps, had as large an experience as any man in the handling of Western mortgages, writes an explanation of their nature, and of what they have accomplished for borrowers and lenders in the development of the West, not forgetting to point out certain dangers of the system. This article is a full review of the subject of lending and borrowing money on Western real estate, and of the rise and operations of investment companies. Mr. A. K. Fiske, with all the reverence of an orthodox believer, writes a protest against dogmas in the Protestant Churches, and an appeal for church organization based not on creed but on conduct. Another religious essay is by Archdeacon Farrar, who writes of the good and of the evil done by monasticism—an essay apropos of the discussion of establishing brotherhoods in the Episcopal Church. Frederick Harrison, the distinguished English critic, who writes now, we believe, for the first time in an American periodical, makes a comparison between the condition of the French peasantry of to-day and of one hundred years ago; from which he draws the conclusion that the ability to possess land has changed the French peasant from the most miserable to one of the happiest and most substantial types of man in modern Europe. The concluding article in this number is an essay against vivisection, by Mrs.

Caroline Earle White, of Philadelphia, the organizer of the anti-vivisection society in Philadelphia.

This number of The Forum begins Volume IX.

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The Art Amateur for March more than fulfills the promise of its past both in its illustrations, which are of the same high degree of excellence as usual, and in its reading matter, which is this month exceptionally attractive from the topics of living and general interest with which much of it deals. Indeed this magazine seems to have the gift of combining the specially and generally interesting in such a way as to make it equally satisfactory to the amateur and the general reader. While it is invaluable to the student of wood-carving, brass hammering, book or magazine illustrating, china-painting, and painting in oils and water-colors, and to every woman who wishes to make her home attractive, it contains much that will afford entertainment and instruction to the other members of the family. When we add that a beautiful picture of Notre Dame, by moonlight, which, framed and hung up, would be an ornament to any room, and a graceful design of Orebis, for china decoration, accompany, and are included in the price of the magazine, we may well consider it the cheapest and most interesting periodical published. Price, \$4.00 a year. Single copies, 35 cents. Montague Marks, Publishers 53 Union Square.

The March Magazine of American History is a sparkling number. It touches a broad field of information, and its budget of varied and delightful reading is a particularly valuable addition to both current and historic literature. We are favored with a chapter "Celebrating the Birth of William Bradford," by Thomas Bradford Drew, of Plymouth, taking us backward to the first settlement in New England; then we find some charming personal memories from the pen of Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, writing from Italy on "Sir John Bowring and American Slavery." We have a scholarly account by W. R. Garrett, A. M. of the extraordinary controversy concerning "The Northern Boundary of Tennessee" which stretched over sixty-eight years, and is intensely interesting just now in view of the boundary suit recently instituted by Virginia against Tennessee in the Supreme Court of the United States; and rare entertainment is given in "Hawthorne's First Printed Article," a clever sketch by Kate Tannett Woods. "The Story of the greatest Auditing office in the World," by Milton T. Adkins, is statistical but pleasant reading and desirable to possess and preserve; and the "Neglected Graves of Seth Pomeroy" by Frank Sutton, will doubtless awaken fair-weather sympathy. The leading illustrated paper of the number is a wonderfully vivid picture of "Life in New York Fifty Years Ago" by the editor, whose genius in word-painting combined with exact knowledge of the theme produces brilliant results. The period reproduced opens with the completion of the Erie Canal, and glimpses are given, through the diary of an old New Yorker for twenty-five years, of characters and affairs, of inventions, politics and panics, of clubs, dinners, fancy-balls, and foreign visitors. Dickens was here, and being then regarded as the greatest living novelist, was feted and complimented beyond any other writer of his generation. The departments of the month are unusually full and valuable. The twenty-third volume of this unique periodical, now half issued, promises to eclipse in practical interest the whole series thus far. Price, \$5 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

It is a great waste of feed to winter stock of any kind without shelter and especially young colts and calves.

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Maintenance rations for calves in their first winter means loss—certain loss—inasmuch as opportunity is wasted and can never be recovered; the calf stunted, the feed wasted.

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Since 1883 the number of sheep in the United States has fallen off 7,000,000 head, and the importation of wool has increased from 78,350,631 pounds in 1884 to 156,487,729 pounds last year.

It should not be forgotten, that in all breeds there will be some inferior animals, so that if a permanent improvement is secured continued care is necessary in the selection of the breeding animals.

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Tobacco is really good to kill lice on cattle, but it farmers will give their cattle good care so that they will not be troubled by lice, and tobacco he not required as an insecticide, nothing but a bad habit can be pleaded as justification for raising it.