

44 Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XXI.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, APRIL 12, 1890.

NO. 2

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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

The less a man knows the greater his prejudice.

A strong gale Tuesday evening was followed by a chilly wave.

The spring elections through the country show that the people are politically demoralized.

Marshall's band will go to Sedalia in June to help celebrate the completion of the electric railroad.

Orin I. Welch has been elected president of the State Fair Association in place of Wm. Sims, resigned.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wilson died Monday evening of what is said to be rheumatism of the heart.

E. B. Porcell, a wealthy banker of Manhattan, and a leader in many Kansas enterprises, made an as signment on Tuesday.

The Larned State bank, which closed its doors recently, will resume business and the receiver be discharged on application of the depositors.

The state encampment of the Ladies of the G. A. R., convened Wednesday in Lincoln post hall with delegates present from every circle in the state.

The Inter State commerce commission decides that the Rock Island Company is not compelled to stop at stations between Topeka and Kansas City.

Some of the papers have been palming off an old out of Douglass the \$3 shoe man, as a portrait of Gov. Humphrey and his private secretary, McCray, indiscriminately.

Every man who is a man stands at the head of his family procession, not to club and abuse, but to help to educate, even though he be an invalid to some extent.

The doctors of Kansas in medical convention in Topeka this week, were unanimously in favor of prohibition, and agreed also that it is a practical success.

Judge Ryland, of Sedalia, Mo., charges the grand jury that progressive eucher and church raffles are acts of gambling, and charges them to take cognizance of such cases.

The engineer's office of the Topeka, Westmoreland & Marysville railway has put in facilities for sun printing drafts of work. The process leaves a white line upon a black background.

Although he admits that prohibition has about emptied Iowa jails the demagogue Clarkson is opposed to prohibition because he fears it will injure the republican party. The time once was when virtue only added strength to the party.

The regents of the University of Kansas on Friday elected Prof. Frank H. Snow chancellor, by a unanimous vote of the university and director of the museum of natural history, at a salary of \$4,000 a year. A chair of geology was established, and S. W. Willistan, assistant in the same department at Yale, was elected to fill it.

Big Wool Producers.

The state sheep shearing which was abandoned, owing to the fact that many of the leading sheep raisers were unable to attend and take part. In lieu of the public shearing, the State Sheep Raisers' association has sent agents to several places to witness private shearings and register the clip. One agent attended the shearing of Sam Jewett's flock at Lawrence, and makes a remarkable report. The Cotswold Ben Harrison clipped forty-three pounds and twelve ounces which is twelve ounces the heaviest fleece ever clipped west of the Mississippi river, so far as there is any record. Mr. Jewett's herd averaged thirty-one pounds and two and four-tenths ounces for the rams, and twenty-two pounds and twelve and four-tenths ounces for the ewes. That is considered a remarkable record by sheep men, and it will probably excel any other made in the west this year.

TOPEKA.

The fellow charged with stealing I. W. Pack's horse has been bound over for hearing in district court.

Dan Adams has been granted his majority by the district court two or three years in advance of ordinary date.

A fire in a building used in connection with the Finch livery barn, was burned in North Topeka Tuesday evening. Several horses had a close call.

Samuel Reeder, who came to Kansas as early as 1854, had his house destroyed by fire Tuesday night. It was situated about a mile northwest of the Reform school. The wind was blowing a hurricane at the time.

Monday night Officers Wilson and Wellman attempted to arrest a young negro named William Haddock, who resisted and raising a musket threatened to shoot. No sooner had he said this than Wellman fired, the bullet entering the left breast and coming out at the back. Haddock's physicians say he will die.

Captain Higgins, father of Prof. W. E. Higgins of Grant school, died at his home corner of Quincy and Saywell streets, North Topeka, about ten o'clock Friday morning, after a long illness. His disease was heart trouble. During the war he was captain of company H, Second Illinois cavalry. He came to Kansas in December last, going to Wichita, but eventually coming to Topeka. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the M. E. church on Kansas avenue.

A very threatening fire broke out yesterday afternoon in the barn attached to the residence occupied by G. W. Smith, 319 west Gordon street. The wind was blowing a hurricane and in a few moments the flames had crossed the alley and attacked the barn of C. A. Sexton, 1025 Van Buren street. No. 1 nose, chemical and ladders, were promptly on hand and seeing the character of the fire, Officer Kerchival was returned to the engine house to sound a general alarm. The flames reared and leaped toward adjacent buildings, and the air was full of burning embers. By the time the south side department arrived the flames showed a disposition to yield. The chief surrounded the block with the department, and after a stubborn fight of half an hour the flames were subdued. It was found that two yearling colts, a buggy, and other articles had been destroyed with the Sexton barn; that the kitchen of the main house had taken fire but had been put out; and that Smith's barn, where the fire started, was a total loss. Sexton was insured for \$1,500; Smith for \$200.

Soldiers Wives and Friends.

The women of the G. A. R. met in Topeka Wednesday afternoon with the following department officers present: Mrs. M. O. Cartledge, president, Topeka; Mrs. Mary McDonald, junior vice, Parsons; Miss Ella Wade, secretary, Topeka; Mrs. Nellie McGregor, corresponding secretary, Topeka; Mrs. Fannie P. Davis, treasurer, Topeka; Mrs. Mary A. Hall, conductor, Sabetha; Mrs. Fannie Donohue, guard, Chetopa; Mrs. Jennie Bailey, counselor, Parsons; Mrs. Mary S. Frost, librarian, Topeka; Mrs. Adelia E. Wade, inspector, Meriden; Mrs. Leona Nugent, inspecting and installing officer, Horton.

Council of Administration, Mrs. Emma Hartwell, Meriden; Mrs. Josie Pendroy, Perry; Mrs. Irene Snyder, Oskaloosa.

The treasurer's report showed that the society was in good financial condition. Among the many good things in the report of the president, it was recommended that the name of Decoration day be discontinued and it be designated as Memorial day.

Wednesday evening a banquet was given in honor of the visiting delegates, which was presided over by Capt. N. D. McGimley, of Lincoln Post. There was a large attendance and the very interesting programme which was given was enjoyed by all. This organization differs from the Woman's Relief Corps, in that any loyal woman may become a member of the relief, but the Ladies of the G. A. R. admits only members of the families of old soldiers.

At Thursday morning's session the committee on rules and regulations made their report, which was accepted after a short discussion. Mrs. F. M. Wood, national president, was present and gave some valuable instruction to the delegates.

Mrs. Nellie McGregor introduced some resolutions of thanks, prepared in fine pen work, to the president and secretary of the last year, for the valuable work they have done.

Thursday was arbor-day and tree planting was the proper thing to do. It was observed by many of our citizens.

A tree planted in a poor, barren soil will not thrive much by filling the hole with good earth or manure. It wants good soil and good care.

The doctors and the ministers have declared in favor of the Kansas prohibitory law. The quacks and the demagogues are not so positive.

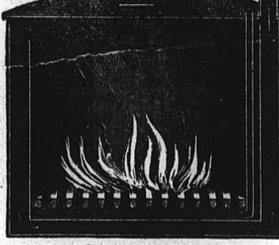
We have the same unlimited confidence in the farmer who raises good crops, and institutes national reforms while sitting on dry goods boxes at the country store and aiming tobacco juice at the neighboring hitting post, that we have in the ward politician who takes his lunch at a ten cent restaurant and then goes to the Copeland to pick his teeth.

The Topeka Presbytery convened at the Second Presbyterian church in North Topeka Tuesday afternoon, with a large attendance of ministers and delegates, Rev. F. M. Buchanan, moderator, in the chair. Dr. Archibald, the pastor, looked after the entertainment of the visitors. The Woman's Presbyterian Missionary society held an all day session at the Kansas Avenue M. E. church and at noon luncheon was served at the church. The most of the ministers in attendance were accompanied by their wives.

In 1860 Henry Goethe, of Beaufort, S. C., wrote Dr. Shallenberger: "I regard your Antidote a specific for chills and fever. It was used on the Charleston & Savannah R. Road last summer and autumn in the most sickly region, and under the most trying circumstances. Out of one gang of negro operative, 17/8 were stricken down with chills and fever, and every one recovered by the timely use of Shallenberger's Antidote. You possess the GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD."

TANK HEATER.

A GREAT SAVING TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS. Stockmen who have used this Heater say they would not do without them at any price. Sectional view below shows how the flame and smoke is carried around under the bottom, giving great heating surface. No sparks leave the heater. One firing will last from 5 to 7 days. Any boy can operate. No progressive farmer can afford to be without one. Investigate and you will surely buy one.



COSTS FROM 20c TO 50c PER DAY. 4 SIZES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES. O. P. BENJAMIN & BRO., LAFAYETTE, IND.

FOR 50 CENTS



EVERY HOUSEKEEPER

NEEDS THE HOUSEHOLD!

Pronounced again and again "The Best," as it is

The Oldest Domestic Journal

IN AMERICA.

Now is your opportunity to

TRY IT FOUR MONTHS FOR

ONLY FIFTEEN CENTS.

Yearly subscription, \$1.10 Sample Copies Free Address: THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt

SILVER LAKE

Silver Lake elected the following city officers on Monday: Mayor, J. M. Clayland; councilmen, J. A. Dunn, I. J. Oliver, T. Johnson, Peter Pelle, Wm. Seltzer; police judge, A. D. Hollister. There were two tickets in the field.

One of the most destructive prairie fires that has visited Shawnee county for years swept over the northern part of Silver Lake township on Tuesday. It started on Cross Creek and swept down and over the prairies and cornfields, destroying fences, hay and machinery. John Hornbeck lost two hay presses and 500 tons of hay; Jerome Morris about 300 tons; Holden ranch 1,000 tons; I. B. McAfee 300 tons, a hay press and a large quantity of baling wire. The wind was blowing at the rate of eighty miles per hour, and all efforts to check the flames were not only futile but dangerous. No loss of life or stock has been reported.

The railway commissioners decide that a daily passenger service each way must be put on the Missouri Pacific road between Fort Scott and Topeka.

PERFUMES

MADE FROM FLOWERS IN THE

LAND OF FLOWERS!

DOUSSAN'S

Sweet South

In 1 oz. Sprinkler-Top Bottles.

EACH 65 CENTS.

ALSO OUR EXTRA FINE SPECIALTIES:

LYS DES INCAS! SPRING MIST!

LUNEA! NEVADA!

IMPERIAL PINK!

ROUSSEL ROSE

EDEN BOUQUET!

LILY OF THE VALLEY!

All 50 cents per bottle. PICCIOLA!

The most delicate and most lasting odors made. Our trade-mark patented on every label. "Delicate as a dove's, Lasting as the hills."

If your druggist don't keep them send amount to us and we will forward prepaid.

DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO., 66 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

YOUR CRAYON PORTRAIT

NICELY FRAMED IN BRONZE OR GILT.

Flush Border. Size, 24 x 28 inches.

For \$3.00

As fine as any Artist will sell for \$10.00.

(ALMOST ANY DEALER CAN SHOW YOU ONE.)

BY SAVING 25 COUPONS OF

PROVOST'S

Cream Washing Powder.

ONLY COSTS 5c PER PACKAGE.

One Coupon in Every Package. Unexcelled in Quality and Quantity.

Ask Your GROCER For It.

If he does not have it, write to us and we will see that you get it.

WARREN PROVOST & CO.,

26-30 Humboldt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DON'T DRINK DIRTY WATER.

USE SEED'S REVERSIBLE SELF-CLEANING WATER FILTER.

NEVER FAILS.

Mailed FREE FOR 50 CENTS.

Agents Wanted. J. H. SEED, 28 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

The stories concerning the crusade against the joints at Kingman are now denied.

Work on a new building to cost \$15,000 for Lane university at Le-compton has begun.

Monday was more oppressive than any summer day. Eighty-six in April is worse than ninety-six in August.

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.

SOME people are so disagreeable that when you begin to tell them of your ailments they will break in and bore you with a rehearsal of theirs.

THE census bureau will use patent counting machines in summing up returns, and thus do an ordinary eleven hours' work in one hour's time.

A RECENT consular report shows that co-operative societies are becoming very numerous in Germany, and that over 4,000 are doing a profitable business in that empire.

RUSSIA'S czar has evidently thrown off the insane fear of death which governed his actions so long. He has consented to listen to a league club composed of Americans studying in the German universities.

THE people are free and the people rule; but their freedom and sovereignty both depend to a much greater extent than most of them are aware of on the freedom, energy and integrity of their newspapers.

A NUMISMATIST suggests that a certain coin—say the fifty-cent piece—issued during any administration be stamped with the head of the president of that date. They will thus serve as an aid to history, as do the coins of ancient days.

THE order now in preparation by the secretary of war, providing that enlisted men shall have the benefit of council when placed on trial before court martial, will commend itself to general approval. The only wonder is that a provision of such simple justice was not made long ago.

WINDMILLS are used for generating electricity to run the light in a lighthouse at Cape de la Hague. The mill is geared automatically, so that it adjusts itself to varying forces of wind, and there are two dynamos, the current from which run into accumulators, from which the light is fed.

THE king of Samoa is a prohibitionist, as witness the following proclamation: "No spirituous, vinous or fermented liquors or intoxicating drinks whatever shall be sold, given or offered to or bought or bartered by any native Samoan or Pacific Islander resident in Samoa to be taken as a beverage."

CARDINAL RICHARD, archbishop of Paris, has just communicated to the clergy of his diocese a decision of the Holy See against cremation. It forbids Catholics to cremate their dead, and orders the priests to refuse ecclesiastical burial to those who have expressed the desire to have their bodies cremated after death.

RECENT observations of the waters of Great Salt Lake prove conclusively that the statements made that no form of animal or plant life exists in the lake are erroneous. No fish or other large form of animal life has been discovered, but the presence of vegetable organisms in the lake may be considered a fact from the abundance of minute animal existences.

PAPER has been made in Austria from the husks of corn. Cloth has also been made from the fiber of the husks, which were reduced by boiling in alkali. If this new industry could be developed in the United States the farmers of the corn belt would be able to realize on material which is now as much like waste as the now valuable cotton seeds once were.

CONSUL GENERAL SUTTON, at New Laredo, Mexico, has reported to the state department that 25,000 tons of American steel rails have been recently imported into Mexico for use in the construction of the Monterey & Mexican Gulf railway. He says the president of the road informed him that the cost was less than it would have been on the same quantity of European rails of the same grade.

THE new Brazilian marriage law makes civil marriage obligatory. Any marriage not made before civil powers is null and void. The parties have to pay to the judge \$1 and to the clerk 50 cents if the marriage is performed at his office, and double that if in a private house, besides the cost of carriage or traveling expenses. Relatives of the first and second degree, girls under fourteen and boys under sixteen years are prohibited from marrying. Widows may not marry until ten months after the decease of their husbands. Civil marriages may be preceded or followed by religious services.

THE QUEER CUSTOMS OF BRAZIL. Peculiarities of Funerals and Weddings— The Portage Business.

Rio Janeiro Letter in the N. Y. Times: There are many curious customs observed by the Brazilians. Funerals are notable in that for a young unmarried lady coffin, hearse, and the livery of the driver must be bright scarlet, the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet nets, and scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads. No women go to the cemeteries. The mother, the widow, must not exhibit her grief in public.

For the swell funeral of a young girl the coffin, hearse, livery of the driver, and nets and plumes for the horses must be royal purple. For elderly persons black and gold are the adornments of mortuary trappings.

At weddings the bride does not wear orange blossoms, but orange flowers are presented by the groom and his bride to their unmarried friends, and they are supposed to pass them on to their unmarried acquaintances. This custom has a hidden meaning dating back to the twilight of a man's history. The flower is an emblem of fecundity, and the "passing on" of the gift signifies "Go thou and do likewise."

The calling of porters—the business of portage—is a regular one, and is divided into classes. There are porters whose speciality is handling pianos—delivering, transferring them. You never see a piano on a truck or in a furniture van. Four men bear upright pianos on their heads, and square and grand pianos are carried in slings suspended from two poles, resting on the shoulders of four men.

Iron safes are transported by porters, delivered from the warehouses, moved from one place to another and put in position—all by sheer strength.

If you buy anything—furniture, a piano, a safe—the purchaser must bargain with the porters for the delivery. And if you do not make your bargain to carry and put in position the porters will leave the articles at your door, unless you agree to pay additional for placing them in your house or rooms.

In the business streets of the city—in the wholesale and warehouse districts—the carros urbanos—a street-car line with narrow-gauge track—runs up one and down another of the narrow ways on almost every street. In the coffee districts there are regular freight-cars run on these tracks for the transport of coffee in bags to the coffee docks.

The porters who have their habit in these streets use hand trucks made to "track" on the street-car rails. As you walk along the shady sides of these streets the porters, unoccupied, are lounging in the doorways or sleeping on their trucks, which partly obstruct the sidewalks. You have to keep a lookout all the time or you will soil the bottoms of your trousers against the grease-dripping wheels of these trucks.

The streets in the residence portion of the city are infested day and night with peripatetic vendors, peddlers, and retailers of fruits, vegetables, and, in the summer, of ices. Their discordant cries, clapping of sticks, rat-a-tat on tin and iron pans, make both day and night hideous.

The Brazilians are fond of looking out upon the passers-by in the streets. In the mornings and evenings the windows of the houses on the shady sides of the streets are filled with women and children leaning half out. They recognize their acquaintances walking or riding by in the street-cars with waves of their hands. Fine places with grounds in front of the houses have raised platforms, where the members of the family sit in the evening for the double purpose of enjoying the breeze and watching the passers-by.

This is the height of the summer season, and the thermometer in the shade stands for several hours of the daytime at from 85 degrees to 95 degrees. In the business part of the city, with its narrow streets, this heat is at times very oppressive, but, except in extraordinary seasons, there is scarcely a day without a breeze, either from the bay and sea or from the mountains, which ameliorates the heat perceptibly. The mornings and evenings are almost invariably fresh and delightful. The temperature of the houses at night depends greatly upon their location. If they are situated so as to catch the breeze from the water or from the mountains there is no trouble in sleeping.

Burro Too Much for the Wolf.
A combat of most unusual character occurred near Paso Del Norte a short while ago. The participants were a burro, or little Mexican jackass, and a wolf of the large species known as lobo. The burro had broken out of his stable during the night, wandering several miles out into the country, and his owner going to seek him was an eye-witness to his fight with the wolf.

This man, who is an unusually intelligent Mexican, states that the donkey was quietly grazing in a little grassy dell lying between two walls of jutting rock when the wolf came trotting along with his head close to the ground, as if attempting to recover the trail of something, which is characteristic of the lobo. He did not perceive the donkey till he was nearly on him, and it was not till then that the latter, raising his head, saw the wolf, but the moment their eyes fell on each other hostilities began. The wolf, with his jaws snapping and growling ferociously, made at the donkey, which wheeling sharply around let fly at his enemy with both heels, sending him tumbling over and over. The performance was repeated again and again until the wolf began to realize that things were not going

just his way. The last kick from the burro's heels had sent him with a sickening crash against the hard rock that walled in the dell, and actually stunned him for a moment; so on rising he seemed to deem a change of tactics advisable.

Running up to the donkey he waited until those terrible heels were in the air when jumping around with remarkable agility he evaded the kick and made for his enemy's throat, but he found the donkey's other end also armed for battle, and before he could lay hold of any part of that lively animal's anatomy the burror had caught him back of the neck between his powerful teeth and cracked the bone. Though the wolf was, of course, killed instantly, the plucky little jackass refused to relinquish its hold, and occupied itself for some minutes with beating its vanquished foe's body up and down on the ground. When satisfied at last that it was dead it flung the lobo's carcass to one side, quietly resuming its grazing till the owner came and drove it home.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE TIDE AT MINAS BASIN. A Wall of Water Eight Feet High Running Ten Miles an Hour.

The Bay of Fundy forms a cul-de-sac at which the Atlantic Ocean seems to have taken a spite, and at regular intervals pours in its waters viciously and with intent to do all possible harm. Take for instance the harbor of St. John. In most parts of the world a tide of from 6 to 10 feet is quite sufficient to satisfy all reasonable demands. In St. John harbor the tide rises 21 feet on an ordinary day, and occasionally varies the monotony by pushing the mark up three or four feet, as the humor seizes it, and I was never struck so much with anything in my life as with this advance and receding of the waters.

I have described the narrow gorge through which the St. John River is forced into the Bay of Fundy. At low tide, where the water drops into the bay, there is a fall of some ten feet, the channel being very rough and totally impassable for vessels of any description. At high water the fall is the other way, the bay falling into the river. This was the first time that I had seen a river with the water flowing from its mouth toward its source, and this occurs every day in the St. John. One good effect of the tide is this, that when it is half up or half down the river is level with the harbor, and then the immense number of timber barges and other craft, which have gathered in the river while waiting for the rise and fall, are able to run nicely and easily out into the harbor. St. John, be it understood, is a great port for shipping. At any day you can see a dozen of the largest ocean-going vessels loading deals for different parts of the world. This timber mainly comes down the St. John river.

I saw the tide come in around the headland at the Minas Basin, and it is a sight worth going to see. The head of the advancing tide is called "a bore." If you can imagine a straight wall of water eight feet high, curling over at the top, advancing upon you at the rate of ten miles per hour, you will get an idea of what a "bore" is and what a turn of the tide means. At the Minas Basin this wall of water comes tearing around the headland like an express train, and the man who was down on the flat sands of the bay at this time stood a remarkable good chance of never leaving the sands alive. If he got a good start of the "bore" he might escape and if he did not he was drowned. You cannot fool with the tide of Minas Basin. It is a plaything that the native who is acquainted with the animal avoids. The rise of the tide at Minas Basin is forty-five feet.

At the extreme head of the Bay of Fundy the tide rises from sixty-five to seventy-five feet, and runs at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. This is not only the highest tide in the known world, but it is double the height, I am told, of any other known tide.—Portland Advertiser.

A Prudent Courtier.
Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who had a violent temper, was in the habit of playing at dice with one of his adjutants, using a cup and two dice of solid silver.

One day Frederick complained that the game was rather dull when there was no money at stake, and proposed that they throw for a penny a throw.

"Not much," replied the adjutant, who was a plain-spoken man. "I think we had better not risk any money. As it is now without any moneyed inducement, when your majesty loses you throw the cup and dice at me. What will become of me if there should be money upon the game and your majesty should lose?"

Improvements in Rome.
Since 1882 eighty-two miles of streets have been built, paved, and drained in Rome, at a cost of \$30,000,000 and 3,000 houses erected in large, modern blocks, where old quarters formerly stood, and five new bridges thrown across the Tiber. In consequence of these improvements the old city has been so changed that the visitor of twenty years ago would hardly recognize it.

A Terrible Loss.
"They say Mrs. Smith took on terribly at Smith's death."
"Yes; poor thing! she could scarcely be reconciled to his loss."
"Did she get much insurance?"
"No; it was a total loss. All his policies had lapsed."—Judge.

Popular People.

The popular people, that is, the people popular socially, are the adaptable ones. The man who doesn't believe his host is responsible for the weather, or his lack of appetite, or the fact that most of the people are strangers to him, or that his clothes are uncomfortable, is the man who is going to be invited out very often. The woman who doesn't expect her friends to be always at the fever heat of affection, who doesn't expect them to keep a day book of her likes and dislikes, who doesn't want the best seat in the opera box, and who doesn't complain if she has to entertain somebody who isn't as yet a celebrity, is the comfortable one and the one that everybody is glad to meet again. She is certain to make even stupid people bright, or, better still, to make them think themselves bright, and she is equally certain to be a tolerably happy person herself, for there is a great deal of truth in what one of the stum sisters so fondly said: "If you make other people happy you've a 'appiness in your own art that cawn't come in any other way."

If you ask a man how you had better dress to go to the theater, he'll say, "Oh, wear a black frock and a little bonnet." Then, if you tell him you haven't got a black frock that is fit to wear, he'll ask "if you don't own some quiet brown thing?" Very young men and very old men, those nearing second childhood, like to take out women who are conspicuous by their handsome gowning; but the real man, the best type of the man of the world, prefers that, while a woman is well, she should still be quietly dressed. An observant citizen, whose opinions of men in general and women in particular are good, said he'd rather have, when he took out a woman he cared for, a man say to him the next day, "Tommy, my boy, who was that quiet little lady with you last evening?" than to have him rush up to him and say, "Tom, you can't keep that to yourself. You've got to introduce that stunning creature to me. Never saw such a beauty in my life. What a lucky fellow you are!" Men are a hundred times more sensitive on the subject of refinement in women than women believe, and the young woman who is given to cigarette smoking, who "slings slang" like a man, who talks about the fellows, and who never flinched before mouse or cow, is apt in time to be relegated by them to the world in which she belongs. Men are decidedly the best judges of what is desirable in women, and they seldom have a deep-seated admiration for the fast or horsey one.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Man for the Emergency.

We were humping along down toward the Gulf on a trunk line road less than a year ago, when we stopped at a small station thirteen minutes late. We had been reported as late from the last, and expected orders here to change the run. A brief investigation disclosed the fact that the station master, who was also the operator, was drunk. He had felt a chill coming on, and had downed about a pint of red-eye to keep it off. He sat in a heap in his chair, his strength all gone, and his eyes blinking, and all the reply he could make to the conductor was: "Shay, ole feller, whazzer mazzer wiz you?"

The conductor pondered a minute. The side track there was full of freight cars. It was six miles ahead to the next station, but did the north bound express have orders to let us make it? He suddenly grabbed the operator, hauled him out of the office upon the platform, down upon the earth, and then carried him to the water ditch and dumped him in. There were three feet of water, and it was cold as ice. He hauled the operator up and down for two minutes, dragged him out, and stood him on his pins, and then said to him in a voice as menacing as the point of a dagger: "Go in and telegraph for my orders!"

The man walked in all dripping, sat down to his table and sounded his call, and in fifty seconds our train had orders to make Six-mile Siding, and make it like—!" The engineer got the word, and away we went, and five minutes later were at the switch. Just then old north-bound tooted, and our last car was in and the switch thrown over not a second too soon. She came past us at the rate of fifty miles an hour, flinging dust and gravel clear over every car, but we had saved our bacon. Two months later I met the operator in New Orleans and asked him if his cold water bath left any ill effects. "Not the slightest," was his reply. "The only trouble was that the company objected to my way of taking a bath, and fired me out."—N. Y. Sun.

He Was a Gentleman.

Diner—You have waited upon me very acceptably and I have enjoyed my meal thoroughly. You have behaved like a gentleman, and a gentleman you certainly are, notwithstanding your humble occupation.

Waiter—I hope, sir, that I am a gentleman. I always try to be one.

Diner—It is as I suspected. And being a gentleman, I shall not insult you by offering you money. Perhaps at some time I may be able to reciprocate your courtesy. Till then, farewell.—Boston Transcript.

In the statistics of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States there is an increase in the number of Sunday-school scholars for the year 888-89 amounting nearly to 35,000, nearly a quarter of the increase being in the diocese of Pennsylvania.

A STORY OF LEADVILLE. A Handsome Young Horse Thief Who Proved to Be a Girl and Died in Her Boots.

In the first days of Leadville wagons formed the only means of transportation of the immense quantity of merchandise needed there, and for the shipment of the large output of ore and bullion. As a consequence, horses and mules were used in large numbers. Trains of freight wagons lined the roads leading to the great carbonate camp, and it frequently became necessary to turn the stock out after a hard day's journey to graze on the adjoining hillsides. Leadville offered a good market for work stock of all kinds, as animals brought from the East frequently succumbed to the climatic effect of a high altitude and heavy work. Many a freighter reached the top of a hard pull only to see his best work mule lie down and die in the harness. Such inducements and easy sale brought professional horse thieves in abundance. The immunity from punishment that they seemed to enjoy and the high prices paid for their plunder stimulated them to constant activity and made them bold in their profession. Saguaque county, Col., says a writer in the Helena Journal, was a favorite section for the operations of this fraternity, these gentlemen making their trips with almost the regularity of stage coaches.

After an unusually bold raid a party was organized determined to follow the trail and overtake the thieves, and if the depredators were caught to save all county expenses in the way of Sheriff fees and trials. The party started early in the morning, and as the trail was fresh they were able to follow it almost at a gallop. Following along the west side of the San Louis valley and then through a defile of the Sangre De Cristo Mountains, the course of the pursuers and pursued emerged into the Arkansas valley, close to where the Southern Arkansas flows into the main stream. Here it was evident that the two parties could only be a short distance apart. The robbers had taken more stock than they could easily handle, and did not seem to be aware that they were being followed. Two of the stockmen from the ranches on the route joined the vigilantes and furnished fresh horses. About noon on the following day the thieves with the stolen stock were discovered camped on the north of Cottonwood creek. There were but two. One appeared to be a young boy not over 16; the other was a fine looking young man of perhaps 20 or 22 years of age. On being called on to surrender the boy pulled a six-shooter and fired on the vigilantes. At the same time he and his companion jumped down behind the bank of the river, from which place it was found impossible to dislodge them without the loss of at least three or four men.

After a hurried council of war, it was decided for two men to go down the river, cross over and come up on the other side to a point where the fugitives could be easily covered, and the balance to prevent their escape from the position they were in. This was done, and when the thieves were again summoned to surrender, they simply turned and commenced firing at their pursuers on the opposite side of the river. The fire was returned, and resulted in the boy dropping dead with a broken neck and his companion falling with a bullet through the lungs. When the vigilantes went to where they lay the elder was still alive, and the boy was, of course, dead, and proved to be a lovely young girl, with delicate and refined features. The one who could still talk refused to tell who they were or from whence they came, only that their people were respectable, and that he desired them to remove his boots, as he did not wish to die with his boots on. He was evidently a man of good education, but positively refused to give any information. In a few hours he, also, was dead, and the two were buried beneath the cottonwoods near the river bank. Their identity was never discovered.

The Deadly Cold Bed.

If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become permanently diseased from sleeping in damp or cold beds would probably be astonishing and appalling, says Good Housekeeping. It is a peril that constantly besets traveling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. But the peril resides in the house and the cold "spare room" has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest but the family suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all of their bodily heat by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the element of murder and suicide.

A Modern King Lear.

An old man named Daniel Murray has been committed to the almshouse of Northampton county, Pennsylvania, at his own request, because he can not get the use of \$9,000, his own personal property, which he assigned to his relatives.

The British boat Brisk has given the most conclusive proof that a torpedo would be effective. She fired one of her at a buoy which had been towed out as a target by her steam cutter, and, missing the buoy, hit the cutter and sank her.

RUSSIA'S RAILWAY ACROSS SIBERIA.

An Enterprise Which, It Is Claimed, Will Greatly Advance Siberia's Development.

The Russian Government will soon begin to build its great railroad across Siberia, and dispatches from St. Petersburg announce that the work will start simultaneously at Vladivostok, on the Pacific, and at the present eastern terminus of the Russian railroad system. Gen. Annenkoff, to whose capacity as a builder of railroads the transcasian line across the deserts of Turkestan is a monument, has been the steadfast promoter of this greater project. His plan for the road was approved last winter by a commission of forty-five engineers, and there is little doubt that if he had not inspired the experts and authorities with his own faith that the scheme was not only practicable but also economical the formidable undertaking would have been deferred for years to come.

The enterprise has met with much opposition in Russia from a part of the newspaper press and nobility. Prince Mestchersky in his own newspaper awhile ago said he could see no use for the road except to reduce the price of oranges in Siberia from a ruble to ten coppers each. The opponents of the scheme have charged that the road would bring Russia to the verge of bankruptcy, and that its only enthusiastic supporters are thousands of contractors who expect to make money out of it. On the other hand, the friends of the project assert that both in its military and its commercial aspects the road will be a great success; that it is necessary for the protection of the Pacific possessions, which are now almost completely isolated from the mother country, and that it will give a great impetus to the development of Siberia's resources.

Since the world began to realize how immense are the agricultural possibilities of the rich black soil of Southwestern Siberia, and that there is plenty of treasure stowed away among the mountains of the southeastern regions, there has never been any question that this railroad, 4,500 miles long, would be built in time. The engineering problems are nowhere formidable, though some large bridges will be required, and some mountain ranges must be traversed to reach the Pacific. For many hundreds of miles Gen. Annenkoff proposes that the road shall follow almost a straight line, some distance south of the fifty-fifth parallel. Not an unnecessary ruble is to be expended in ornamental buildings or things that are costly and not essential. Everything is to be sacrificed to the line itself, and it is intended to make this as straight, level, and strong as possible so that one locomotive may draw a long train. After the ground was surveyed and the plans prepared, Gen. Annenkoff said he would engage to build the road for about one-half the first estimates of the Ministry of Public Works; and even his figures make the cost of the railroad and its equipment over \$220,000,000.

It may be many years before Russia disbursts the entire cost of the road; and perhaps the Czar's idea that it should be advanced gradually and in sections will be followed. Gen. Annenkoff says, however, that he can complete it in three years and a half. The Government professes to believe the road will ere long pay a fair interest on the investment. It is a remarkable fact that the transcasian road in the first year after its completion to Samarcand paid all its running expenses and wear and tear, and then had over \$100,000 left in its treasury.

But the great interest of the Siberian railroad for the world at large will be the fact that it will vastly shorten the time between the Asiatic shores of the Pacific and the Western nations. It now requires forty days or a little more to travel from London to Peking by way of Brindisi and Suez. When this great Siberian line is completed me may, if Gen. Annenkoff's timetable is accurate, reach Peking from New York in twenty-five days—seven days to London, fifteen to Vladivostok, and three thence to Peking.

Perhaps, however, the next few years will witness even a greater feat of railroad building—a line from the Mexican roads cutting through Central America and skirting the Cordilleras until it joins the lines from Buenos Ayres, which are pushing north. This project was once laughed at, but now it is attracting the serious attention of sensible men.—N. Y. Sun.

Two Senators and a Dog.

Senator Voorhees and Senator Vest are good friends, and they have often been on fishing and pleasure trips together. Once they went down to Hot Springs, in Arkansas, and while there concluded to "rough it" a little. They got two horses and rode many miles away from the Springs to take a fish in one of the streams out in the wilds. They lost their way when starting back to the Springs. They wandered about until night overtook them.

"Look here, Dan," said the Missouriian, "we are a long way from our boarding-place. Suppose we go over to that cabin and see if we can get supper, lodging and breakfast. Most of these fellows who live down here are hospitable even if their accommodations are not great."

The Hoosier Senator consented, and in a few moments the two statesmen were at the threshold of the Arkansas cabin. The head of the family took them in, but did not seem either surprised or pleased when told who they were. He merely said that such fare as he possessed they were welcome and that he could offer pipes after a

per, and that a spare bed in one corner of the room was at their disposal. About 9 o'clock the light was blown out, and the Senators began to disrobe, and soon were stretched out on the bed. The family occupied a couple of beds in the other end of the room. The Senators chatted a half hour or so and then agreed to cease conversation and go to sleep. Just as they were about to drop to sleep a big dog that had crept under the couch occupied by the Senators began to scratch himself vigorously, making that peculiar knocking sound on the floor with a leg joint when flies pester a canine and it wants to rout them. Senator Vest touched the Hoosier statesman and said:

"Confound that dog! You are on the outside of the bed, Dan; reach over, get a shoe and drive the beast out of here. We can not sleep if the dog keeps up so much fuss, and we will be full of fleas before we know it."

Mr. Voorhees was just about to carry out the suggestion when the owner of the cabin jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, you may or may not be United States Senators, but whoever you are, you are welcome to stay here if you behave yourselves; but you can't teach a hair on that dog. That dog is named after Gus Garland, the greatest man in my opinion in Arkansas, and I think as much of the dog almost as I do of any of my children."

The Senators assured their host that Gus Garland could scratch to his heart's content, as they would not molest him. N. Y. Tribune.

He Had The Documents.

We were waiting at Trenton for the cross train to Long Branch, when a lame and sorrowful-looking man began to circulate among the people and solicit alms on the ground that he had just buried his wife after a long illness, which had, coupled with ill-health, reduced him to poverty.

"Look here, sir!" said the third man he came to, "you are a liar and an impostor!"

"But I am not," quietly replied the man.

"But you are! You told me this very same story in Buffalo a year ago!"

"And he told it to me in Pittsburgh about two years ago!" added a second.

"And he related it to me and got money in Patterson three months ago!" exclaimed a third.

"Gentlemen, I am a truthful man!" protested the beggar.

"But you are telling a mighty old story."

"No, I ain't. My last wife died four months ago."

"Your last? How many have you had?"

"Three. I told this story in Buffalo because I lost my second, one there. Please read this document."

It was a doctor's certificate of the cause of death, with a newspaper notice pasted thereon.

"But you told it to me a year previous in Pittsburgh," said the Pennsylvanian.

"No doubt of it, sir. Please read this. It relates to the death of my first wife."

It was some such document as the other, and its genuineness could not be doubted.

"And the story you told me at Paterson relates to the death of the third, I suppose?" queried the third accuser.

"It does. Here is the document."

That paper was also straight, and the first accuser scratched his head, looked puzzled, and finally said:

"Well, I take it all back. You are not an impostor, but excuse me and accept this half-dollar, when I rise to remark that you are stopping in a house next door to a fool."

And the thrice bereaved was sent limping away with a purse of about \$5. —N. Y. Sun.

How French Boys Fight.

It would be a strange sight for an American schoolboy to see a couple of French boys fighting says a correspondent of the Washington Star. They do not seem to know how to use their hands, but kick like mules. I saw two little fellows along the quay the other morning quarrelling.

They were egged on by their companions, as is the custom with the boys all over the world, and each dared the other. Their voices rose higher and higher, until finally each dashed his hat on the ground, and both simultaneously threw an arm over the quay railing and began kicking and occasionally slapping. They did not use their fists at all, and their slaps even were more like pushes, to give a better opportunity to kick.

They kicked, too, by raising the foot and lunging forward, not with a good swing from the hip. The boys kept up their warfare until a passing visitor clapped a kodak on them, when the laughter of the bystanders put an end to hostilities.

Grown men often indulge in kicking when in a row and became very expert in this method of fighting. An American who has lived in France many years told me that he saw two men stand facing each other about to fight. One said to the other:

"Look out or I will kick you right between the eyes."

Hardly were the words spoken when he wheeled like a flash, his foot shot out backward, and his heel was planted squarely on the forehead of his opponent, who fell like a log.

Congressman Joe Wheeler weighs ninety-five pounds, while Congressman Barnes carries the palm for adipose tissue by tipping the beam at 400 pounds, and says he wouldn't take \$1,000 for a single pound of flesh.

THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

A Witty Journalist's Definition of the Three Stages of Development.

At the annual dinner of the Pittsburgh Press Club, George S. Welshons (St. Geo.), one of the best-known and wittiest newspaper men of the State, got off the following in response to the toast "The Reporter":

"There are three grand divisions," Mr. Welshons said, "in newspaper work—journalists, reporters and editors. Speaking more accurately, there are three stages of development. A journalist is a calf reporter. He is a reporter in the miniature tadpole stage, when his head is so big that it takes all the rest of his person to shove it around. If he is lucky, by and by he becomes a reporter. After a reporter's legs wear out they make an editor of him. The final stage of a frog, you know—the extreme removal from the tadpole—is the bullfrog, too stiff to jump, too old and tough to eat, who just sits on the bank and bellows. This is an editor."

"In the old days the editor called a man a chicken thief, nowadays the reporter finds the feathers in his backyard. The weapon of the old-time editor was the epithet; that of the modern reporter is the evidence. What the editor used to assert the reporter now proves."

"If the people who complain of what the reporter writes about them would only consider what he does not write about them, they would shrine him in the friendliest corner of their hearts. The waste baskets in a daily newspaper of any town do more to keep its citizens in good repute than any other agency, excepting the fear of the law and the hereafter. Not all that the reporter writes is truth. He is not infallible himself, and those who are the source of his information are much less so. There are very many men who can not tell a straight story. There are others who do not try to. The man who tells the story to the reporter is usually an interested party. He has a purpose to serve in metamorphosing this or suppressing that. The reporter has no desire except to get the truth accurately and completely, and to write it quickly and entertainingly."

"All men do not love the reporter, and I am glad of it. The fear and hatred of bad men is a chaplet above his brows. It is the assurance of his honesty to his badge of honor as a servant of truth. If a time ever comes when all men love the reporter, it will be time to bury him. He will have forgotten his mission, betrayed his trust and shamed the noble fellowship of men who have made the white cross of the Pittsburgh reporter the decoration of a legion of honor."

A Four-Footed Railroad "Hand."

A valuable railroad "hand," who, in spite of his services, probably receives no salary, is thus described in the *Scientific American*. He resides at Salida, Col., and belongs to an engineer of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

Napoleon has been engaged for the past two and a half years in helping his master run locomotive No. 86. His apprenticeship began at the age of six years, and he can now go into the roundhouse where twenty-eight engines are kept, single out and mount his own machine, and, in the absence of his master and the fireman, defend it against all intruders. He rides on the fireman's side of the cab, with both his front paws and his head hanging out of the window, intently watching the track.

He often scents cattle at long distance. When they appear in sight, he becomes greatly excited, and looks first at them and then at his master, as though trying to make the latter understand the gravity of the situation.

On a nearer approach to them, he gives a cry similar to that of a human being. If it is found necessary to come to a full stop, he bounds out of the cab, runs ahead, and drives the trespassers out of harm's way.

When it is desirable to communicate with the pumping-stations, frequently at long distances from the tracks, a note is written and given to the dog, who delivers it, and speedily returns with a reply.

He readily interprets signals to start from his own engine, but pays no more attention to the whistles and bells of other locomotives than to the cattle which are safely grazing by the roadside. If accidentally left at any of the stations, he returns to Salida by the next train.

With Head to the North.

The superstitious belief that human beings should sleep with their heads towards the north is now believed to be based upon a scientific principle. The French Academy of Sciences has made experiments upon the body of a guinea-pig man which go to prove that each human body is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head and the other by the feet. The body of the subject upon which experiments were made was taken immediately after death and placed upon a pivot free to move in any direction. After some vacillation the head portion turned towards the north, the pivot-board remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it half way around, but it soon regained a position with the head-piece to the north, and the same results were repeatedly obtained until organic movement ceased.

There are seven monuments to Count Cavour in various cities of Italy, but not one in Rome.

What A Pampero Is.

A strange natural phenomenon is the pampero, a South American storm wind, says the *Cleveland Herald*. It is thus described: A light breeze had been blowing from the north-east, but had steadily increased in force and brought with it the heated air of the tropics, which, passing over a treeless pampa country exposed to the burning sun rays of a clear sky, so warms up the atmosphere on the shores of the Rio de la Plata that its effect upon human beings is exceedingly bad. This state of things generally lasts for a week or longer, until the stifling heat becomes unbearable, and the inhabitants are seen resting in grass hammocks or lying on bare floors, incapable of exertion. However, relief is close at hand. A little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" is first seen to rise above the water, then the heavens grow black with clouds, and the battle of opposing winds begins. The pampero advances with its artillery well in front; forked flashes of vivid lightning, followed by peals of thunder, bear down upon the foe, who, quite up to the moment of attack, is fiercely discharging its fiery breath on the surrounding regions. The inhabitants now climb on the azoteas, or flat roofs, to watch the struggle and to be the first to participate in the delicious relief brought by the pampero to their fevered bodies. Far out on the river a curious sight may be seen. The opposing waves, raised by the rival winds, meet like a rush of cavalry in wild career; their white horses with foaming crests dash themselves against each other and send clouds of dazzling spray high in the air; this, being backed by an inky sky, renders the scene most imposing. Gradually the northeast gives way, followed closely by its enemy, the pampero, which throws out skirmishing currents of ice-cold wind in advance of its final onslaught. Then comes the roar of the elements and a deluge such as no one would willingly encounter, and cooler weather is established for the time being.

"Jake Cump."

Speaking of Gen. Sherman reminds one, says the *N. Y. Evening Sun*, of a story told by a member of the family concerning the way in which the hero, when a youngster, came to be a member of the family of Thomas Ewing.

There was a distant relationship between the two families, and so, when ex-Gov. Ewing heard, at his home in Lancaster, of the death of the father of the Sherman family, he at once had his carriage brought up, and drove across the country to where the Shermans lived. There was a big family of children, and they were very poor, so, after consultation with the widow and the eldest daughter, it was agreed that Mr. Ewing should take one of the boys—all little fellows—home with him for the present until the family fortunes seemed more certain. So the three elders walked out into the yard where half a dozen of these "unbreached morsels of humanity," as Stevenson would call them, were tumbling and playing about in the grass.

"Well, which one of 'em shall I take?" asked the ex-governor; "they all look alike to me." The tearful mother was unable to respond, but the daughter, with practical foresight, said, snatching one of the gingham-skirted youngsters up in her arms and holding him out: "Well, Mr. Ewing, if you must take one take 'Cump,' 'cause he's the smartest."

"All right, then, 'Cump' it is," said the governor, taking the child in his arms and placing him in the carriage.

"Cump" went home with Mr. Ewing, was placed with his own boys, educated with them, and finally married one of the daughters.

And Gov. Ewing never ceased to congratulate himself on the chance that led him to "take Cump," 'cause he was the smartest."

Just How to Cut a Justice's Gown.

The Supreme court is a place of traditions and precedents, and even the cut and make of the gowns of the justices are so well defined by custom that there is but little scope left for the individual taste of the owner.

An authority on this subject says that the gown is made of wide straight widths. At the bottom it is three yards and a quarter wide, and it comes down to the ankles. The gown has a narrow hem around the bottom and a broad one straight down the front. At the top it is gauged to a yoke, which is short on the shoulders and forms a deep scallop at the back. This yoke has a silk lining between the outside and the inner one of silk. The sleeves are a yard and a quarter wide and reach to the hands. The lining of the sleeves is formed by doubling the material at the bottom, turning it up on the inside, and placing it about a quarter of a yard above the bottom to a narrower silk lining, which nicely fits the justice's arm. The arrangement makes the lower part of each sleeve appear to be a wide, loose puff. The sleeves are gauged to a yoke on the shoulders with many rows of gauging, but not so many at the back of the gown, where it is a quarter of a yard deep.

One woman has made the gowns for the last forty years, and she gets \$100 for ever one of them. They are made alike, the only difference being in the material, the chief justice wearing black Chinese satin, while his associates are robed in black silk. The chief justice always wears a new gown when he swears in a president. The new gown is always subject to a good deal of criticism by the older justices, and its fit is closely scanned.—*Boston Herald*.

CHINESE WIT AND HUMOR.

The Celestials Can Appreciate Fun, as May Be Seen in a Few Selected Jokes.

The Chinese have a large volume called the Book of Laughter, which contains a full selection of anecdotes and jests current in the Middle Kingdom. General Cheng-Ki-Tong, *charge d'affaires* of China at Paris, has recently published a translation of some of these Chinese jests. Many of them are very comical, possessing even in translation, a peculiarly dry humor, and some of them prove that jokes and anecdotes well known in the West are also classic in China.

There is, for instance, the very familiar story of the nervous man who lived between two blacksmiths—only in this Chinese version one of them is a coppersmith! The nervous man tries to induce the two noisy artisans to move, and one day they announce that they have made arrangements to do so. Overjoyed, the man treats them to a magnificent dinner, and after they have partaken of it the blacksmith informs him that he is going to move into the coppersmith's shop, and the coppersmith into his.

Less familiar is the story of a worthy old man who was unmercifully beaten, at regular intervals, by his undutiful son. This cruel treatment did not prevent the man from lavishing caresses on his little grandson, bringing him many presents and indulging all his caprices.

One day the old man was asked why he was so very good to the child of the undutiful son who beat him so cruelly.

"Sh!" said the old man; "I'm spoiling him, so that he'll beat his father when he grows up!"

According to another story, a miser had three sons-in-law; one was a tailor, another a jeweler, and the third a spend-thrift, who did nothing at all. One day the miser called the third son-in-law and said to him:

"See here! Your two brothers-in-law are thrifty men, and are gradually adding to the family fortune; the tailor by cabbaging a little of his customer's cloth now and then, you know—bless you, they don't know it!—and the jeweler—well, by debasing the jewelry just a little, don't you see? But you!" exclaimed the miser, "what do you do?"

"Father-in-law," said the never-dowell, "you say well. Give me a crowbar; I will go out, and, watching my chance, I will break in merchants' doors, open their tills, and bring you back thousands of pieces of silver where my brothers-in-law bring you only paltry gains."

"What! How?" exclaimed the miser, in terrible anger; "can it be possible that you would actually be a thief?"

Here is a story of a man and wife which is of the same type as a good many that have been told in Western countries:

A man urges his neighbor, who had been visiting him of an afternoon, to stay to supper.

"I should like to do so," said the other, "but I have an important duty at home at this hour which I must attend to."

"What is it?"

"Why, you see, my wife expects me to empty her foot-tub for her."

"What!" exclaims the host; "you a man, and allow yourself to be commanded in such a service by a woman? Who ever heard of such a thing? I'll tell you what I should do in such a case: I should—"

"Well, what would you do?" said his wife, calmly, who had entered the room unobserved.

"Why, I should run right off and empty her foot-tub. Oh, yes, yes—I should start right off!"—*Youth's Companion*.

The Care of Girls.

Where there are several growing girls in a family it is well to give each a separate room, if it is possible. But where there is a large family and a small house this cannot be done. If two or three girls are to share one room, let them have the largest room available. It is most desirable to have a neat, iron, single bed for each. If the girls are ambitious and wish their room to be dainty and pretty, the bedsteads may have a coat of white enamel paint, with a touch of gold here and there. A capacious screen in front of the washstand will give privacy for dressing. Each girl will feel the necessity of doing her part in keeping the room tidy. With the separate beds there can be no question as to whose turn it is to attend to the making. Of course, girls need plenty of closet room. In many of the new-fashioned houses this is lacking. A good substitute for a wardrobe may be made as follows: If you have a spare corner fit in it a triangular shelf, six feet from the floor. Have a row of stout hooks just below the shelf on which to hang dresses, wraps, etc. Let two long-curtains hang from the top of the shelf to the floor. Pretty cretonne makes nice curtains for the purpose. You may fasten the cretonne in plaits, securing them with little brass-head nails. If you have no corner, fasten a straight shelf on any spare wall. Fit up in a like manner.

Napoleon's Army.

Napoleon's grand army has dwindled down to a small company. It has been ascertained that there are now only 112 men who wear the medal of St. Helena and whose name appear on the pension list of the Legion of Honor for 1890. In 1883 there were 1,428 of these veterans still living. The next year there were 500 less, and in 1887 there were only 224.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 12.

There is a small bolt in the Farmers' Alliance against the resolution to haul Ingalls down from his position.

A growing interest in Easter services, as in Christmas observance, becomes yearly more marked. Nothing could be more appropriate.

The Iowa legislation refuses to repeal its prohibition liquor law. This wise action ought to, and probably will, have great influence on the coming campaign in Nebraska.

Senator Ingalls is trying to save his reputation among the farmers by a measure to stop gambling in futures and dealing in grain options. If he can put through something of the kind he may be redeemed in public opinion, but it must be no make-believe effort.

The Farmers' Alliance of the state seem to be knocking out the political pins from under Senator Ingalls, and it now looks very much as if he would be asked to retire. He has always been more ornate than useful.

As our people get out of debt they may accomplish much for the future if they will firmly resolve to keep out of debt. Let them keep clear of all the fellows who loan money at low rates and take mortgages as security.

Chas. Sterne left Topeka a week or two ago for San Diego. The next Tuesday he obtained work at the Coronado Machine shops, and the following Friday was made foreman with a hundred men under him. It pays to learn one's business well.

While the people of Illinois are laboring through the mud, and have been practically mud bound for three months, Kansas is enjoying, as it has all winter, good hard roads. Good country roads have always been considered a national blessing.

It is none too early to resolve that the next legislature must be one that will enact a mortgage redemption act, and some others that money loaners and curbstone brokers would not like. If the people succeed in shaking some of the politicians they will do much for their own good.

The opposition to Prof. J. H. Canfield for Chancellor of the university, made by some of the papers, notably, the Leavenworth Times, is simply boorish and unreasonable. Prof. Canfield is probably the very best man who has been mentioned for the place, and nothing but mere prejudice has stood in his way.

Judge Peffer has revived the old greenback idea of the government loaning money at a low rate of interest, and is putting it forward as "The Way Out" of present trouble. Judge Peffer is, or has been the high protective tariff editor of the Capital and the low tariff editor of the Kansas Farmer. He is one of the two members from Kansas of the National Protective Tariff League, one J. G. Wood being the other.

It is said A. B. Campbell is a candidate for Congress in the Fourth District, against Kelley elected to fill the vacancy left by Ryan's promotion. These are some men who are always begging for office. Campbell is one of them. A. W. Smith, now fishing through the Farmers' Alliance, is another. Comrade Henry Booth is another. It will be one blessed good thing if the Farmers' movement puts an end to this disgusting business, even if it does open the way to some other evils. This perpetual office seeking is so stale that its odor is foul. For decency's sake, let this everlasting, egotistic, brazen impudence be buried in the political potter's field.

The Topeka Garden Tool company has decided to close up business.

In the Topeka police court for March \$937 in fines were assessed and \$477 paid in cash.

The stock of some of the broken Topeka business houses will be moved to Salt Lake City.

Theo. Poehler who was recently elected to the Lawrence city council, will not serve, as he will move onto his farm the first of May.

The Western Farm Mortgage company, of Lawrence, will soon move to Denver and late Senator Geo. J. Barker will go with it.

It is quite possible that the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, while not asking any thing more than justice, will secure less than if they had been more moderate.

The Lawrence Record did not want sewers, but it wants a coal hole. Now in Topeka the sewers have been more of a success than the coal hole.

The Lawrence Record seems to think the Daily Journal ought to have continued its morning edition at a losing business. The evening Journal is now a first-rate paper.

The Santa Fe clerks and the trades unions have agreed to boycott the Topeka business houses that will not close at 6:30. They say there is more than one way to skin a dog.

It seems to be now a settled conviction that no general service pension law will be passed for some time to come. At some future day there will be a general demand for some such law.

Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson has come out in his true colors, as a self-constituted leader of the anti-prohibition republicans of Iowa. It is this class of fellows that will break up the republican party.

The Western Foundry and Machine shops, owned by Topeka's most estimable mayor, Mr. R. L. Coffran, has recently come in for very favorable mention by the Topeka press. Mr. Coffran has recently enlarged his works and added some fine and unusual machinery for repairing the chilled iron rolls now used in the manufacture of new process flour. The editor of this paper recently visited these model shops in company with a relative, who for twelve years has been at the head of the shops in connection with the Illinois Industrial University at Champaign, with fifty students under his charge. As soon as we entered its doors he declared it to be a model in every respect, and this opinion was confirmed after being politely shown through the establishment. Mr. Coffran's advertisement is in our columns.

Captain Couch, of the Oklahoma boomer, got into some difficulty over a claim last Friday and was shot in the leg, breaking both bones just below the knee.

If any of our lady readers are not acquainted with that pioneer of domestic journals, The Household, they would do well to try it for four months for only fifteen cents, as offered in another column.

Proposals for the Location of the Kansas Industrial Institute.

At the last session, April 2, 1890, of the Board of Managers of the Kansas Industrial Institute, a committee was appointed authorized to locate said Institute.

We therefore invite proposals for the location of the Kansas Industrial Institute from any accessible place within the state of Kansas, and will carefully consider each and every proposal without favor or partiality, on the following conditions:

The proposals must contain a guarantee that not less than 640 acres of good farm land, well watered, and situated not more than five miles from town or city making proposal, will be deeded to the Trustees of said Kansas Industrial Institute for the use and benefit of said Institute.

All other inducements that can be offered should be included in proposals. All proposals to be sent, not later than May 15, 1890, to

REV. S. E. BUSSER,
North Topeka, Kan.

Killing of Unripened Wood.

Mr. Theodore Smith, of Washington, speaks of discolored wood of fruit trees in that section, writes J. L. Budd of Ames, Io. in the Prairie Farmer and asks if I can give my reason why one variety should be injured in this way more than another.

The word "hardy," as used, is a relative term. If the conditions are favorable in the fall to perfect ripening of the wood most of the temperate zone fruits will endure very low winter weather. To illustrate: In the winter of 1888 Dr. Byron D. Haistead gave much time to the work of trying to discover some difference in the cell structure of varieties we have called tender and those we call iron-clad. But the fall had been remarkably favorable for the perfect ripening of apple wood, and he failed to find any well-marked points of difference between the wood of Ben Davis and Duchess. Yet, after giving the winter to patient investigation he decided that Whitney, Tetofsky, Duchess and the hardy Russians never failed to deposit a "thimble" of hardened crystalline starch at the point of growth on every twig.

This means that irrespective of the seasons, the truly hardy trees for the West are those that hold perfect foliage during the summer and ripen their wood in the fall like the hickory or the currant bush. It also means more, as this class of trees, as a rule, hibernate as perfectly as the polar bear or our currant bush and old-fashioned purple lilac. Beyond shadow of doubt if the Rambo, or Rhode Island greening would ripen their wood every fall as perfectly as does the Duchess in our climate, they would endure perfectly our most trying winter, providing also that they were as perfect as sleepers during our winter changes.

Mr. Smith reports truly that some of his black-hearted trees have formed new wood over the diseased structure and promised yet to become valuable. In Iowa we have had these damaged trees by the hundred thousand. But they appear to be sap-possessed and we rarely get smooth, perfect fruit from them that will keep as it did when the trees were sound.

Gardening Notes.

No matter how large a grapevine is, if desired it may be cut down almost to the ground. There are always dormant buds to push out and form new canes.

There is no evergreen with such blue foliage as the Picea dugueus, the Colorado blue spruce. It is entirely hardy. A prettier tree does not exist.

Tuberose which flowered last year will not bloom again, but the offsets should be planted out to form flowering bulbs after a year or two's growth.

While many persons say that they think the common red Dutch currant produces more fruit than the Versailles, the latter sort finds many to value it the most for market, because of its fine appearance.

Among hardy perennials, Coreopsis lanceolata has received much notice of late, because it is a free flowering plant. It bears its chief crop of large yellow flowers in July, and if the season and situation be favorable, it will blossom occasionally until frost, if decayed flowers are cut off.

The sooner chrysanthemums are divided and set out in spring the better for them. Large clumps can be made into several. If two or three shoots be left to each it is enough. Plant in rich soil.

The cypress vine is a popular one, and so it ought to be. Its pretty, fern-like foliage, and the scarlet flowers of the one usually planted, form a pretty picture. To many it is known as the quamoelit.

Double daisies, polyanthus and English primroses that have been out all winter without protection are flowering now, so are pansies. It leads to the suggestion that even in severe winters a handful of leaves over the plants is sufficient protection.

This is the season of the year to re-lay box bush. Where used for edging and it has become too tall, it should be dug up, pulled apart, and the branches reset, with a few inches only of the tops exposed. It will root and grow.

Currant and gooseberry pruning should be completed now. Where additional plants are desired, the cuttings should be planted. Use lengths of about 1 foot, setting say 9 inches under ground, pressing the earth firmly about them.

The apricot is a native of America. The Chinese eat the larvae of the hawk moth.

White ants are much prized as food in Africa.

Peas were first brought from the south of Europe.

Leucoserin is mixed with coffee to improve the flavor.

Great Britain is the birthplace of the prickly gooseberry.

Cherries were known in Asia in the Seventeenth century.

Do not eat of a dish until you have had time to enjoy its aroma.

Parley comes from Egypt and dates back to the days of mythology.

CENTRAL MILL.

J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.

FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, GRAIN, GRAHAM AND HOMINY,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR AND COAL.

SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

Terms Cash. Telephone 318.
COR. KANSAS AVE. & A ST. NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

D. N. BURGEN, THE JEWELER.

Is now located in McClintock's book store,
838 KANSAS AVE., NORTH TOPEKA.

And is ready to do all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry
Repairing. Special attention paid to repairing of fine watches

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Call and See me. NORTH TOPEKA. D. N. BURGEN.

INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

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. COFFRAN, Prop'r.

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

Topeka Seed House.

Pure Fresh Garden and Flower Seeds of all kinds
true to name. All kinds of Flowering Bulbs; also
grass and clover seed and field seeds, seed corn
and seed potatoes. Address

Topeka Seed House,
304 Kan. Ave. Topeka, Kan. S. H. DOWNS, Mgr.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.

S. S. HUGHES, PROP.
118 West Sixth Street,
TOPEKA.

The best \$1.50 a day house in the city. First
Class in every respect.

The Iowa politicians are managing to utterly defeat the republican party, to say nothing of the influence of the Farmers' Alliance. The demagogue Clarkson has declared openly for the anti-prohibition faction, and Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster has succeeded from the regular Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and established a separate union to work in harmony with the prohibition republicans. So what one builds up the other will tear down. Of course the only result will be the ruin of the party. It is time to kick the man Clarkson out. He always was a fraud.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WAST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Marked Interest
is now shown by eastern people in the settlement of Oregon and Washington, particularly that region adjacent to Puget Sound. The reason for this is the almost unlimited resources that have lately been opened up, and the surprising growth of Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and other cities and towns along Puget Sound.

The Union Pacific on account of its Fast Time, Short Line, Through Pullman Palace Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Elegant Dining Cars, and Free Pullman Colonist Sleepers, from the Missouri river, is the favorite route to this region, and tickets via this line should always be asked for.

For complete information relative to this remarkable section, time of trains, rates, pamphlets, etc. call on your nearest ticket agent or address the undersigned.

R. E. HAYNES,
Perryville, Kan.
H. B. HARRINGTON, Topeka, Kansas.
Or E. L. LOMAX,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
Omaha, Neb.

Millinery, Dry Goods,

And the Latest Novelties direct from the
Importers and Manufacturers in
New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Our Terms CASH.

Our Prices Way Down.

Our Goods Just as Represented.

\$1500 worth of Ribbons to Select
from.

Our Hats and Flowers of Latest
Style.

LACE CURTAINS, White Goods,
Corsets, Gloves, Laces, Buttons
Ruching, Hose, Saxony, Zephyrs,
Embroideries and Embozery Silk,
Stamped Linen Goods, Etc.

HOLMAN & CO.,

837 Kan. Ave. North Topeka.

Established in 1873.

J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

PIANOS & ORGANS.

803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason &
Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey
Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA.—

THE ODELL

Type Writer.

\$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER
and CRUK PERFORATOR, with
78 Characters, and \$15 for the SINGLE CASE
ODELL, warranted to do better work than any
machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY,
SPED, EASY OPERATION, wears longer without
cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no
ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT,
SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted
to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing
press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manu-
scripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one
writing. Any intelligent person can become a
good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to
any operator who can equal the work of the
DOUBLE CASE ODELL.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special
inducements to dealers.
For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, etc. address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
Rookery Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE NECKLACE.

"Now, madame, what do you think of that?" asked Mme. Valois, drawing from a little mauve-colored velvet case a necklace of curious beads of a substance resembling amber, but having in the heart of each a light like that of the finest opal, and being generally of the color of which we speak as crushed strawberry. "What are those stones?"

"I think the necklace beautiful," I replied. "But you must tell me what the stones are, for I can not even guess; I have never seen anything like them, nor do they tally with any descriptions that I remember."

Mme. Valois looked pleased.

"Ah, madame, I can not tell you," she said, spreading her hands abroad; "nor can any one, I believe. They have been examined by many people learned in such things without having a name given to them. They are pretty now, but when the warmth of the wearer's neck acts upon them they glow like rubies. The little clasp also become transparent, and you see that a toad is carved upon it. It has been in our family a century and a half, and many celebrated jewelers and lapidaries have seen it. I never dreamed that I should be the first to get a clew to the mystery, but I think I have done so. It was by reading your Shakespeare, madame. You look astonished, but it is true. I am much indebted to your Shakespeare," said Mme. Valois. "What a wonderful man he was! It was while reading his plays that I solved a problem that was puzzled many generations of our family. You remember what he said: 'Like a toad, ugly and venomous, still hides a precious jewel in his head.'"

"My necklace, I am assured, made of those jewels that are mentioned by your Shakespeare. I will tell you my reasons for thinking so."

"You must know that I have in Avignon a very old, yet still very pretty, chateau, which I now lease to an American."

"A hundred and fifty years ago our family resided there, and one day a Valois brought home to the chateau a very gay and pretty Parisian wife, Mme. Valois, coming a young bride to her husband's chateau in Avignon, thought it gray and gloomy, and felt that after Paris it was very stupid. To be sure there was a great garden, but it was so infested with toads that at first her walks among the borders always ended in her flying homeward in an agony of terror, crying out that the little wretches were too disgusting to endure."

"One day, however, as she sat upon a bench beside an old stone fountain, she heard close to her a little singing noise, and saw squatting close beside her on the bench a little toad. It sat quite still and made this little plaintive musical sound continually. Its eyes were fixed upon her, and she noticed that they were very bright."

"Poor little thing," she said to herself. "Really, it looks hungry." And, having a little cake in her pocket, she crumbled it upon the bench.

"The toad looked at her as she did so, and when she said kindly, 'There, toady, is your breakfast,' it hopped forward and ate every crumb. Then it did a strange thing. It sat upon its haunches and touched its forefeet to its forehead, as an oriental does to make an obeisance, and hopped away."

"The next day Mme. Valois awoke thinking of the toad, and whenever she ate anything she liked very much she saved some bits, saying Toady would like that; and at sunset she went to the fountain, carrying a basket, and sat down upon the old bench."

"Not five minutes had she been seated there when she heard the soft, singing sound, and there sprung to the bench beside her the toad she had fed the day before and four of the most charming little toads any one ever saw evidently Mme. Toad's family."

"She sat in the middle, with two on each side of her, and they ate the crumbs Mme. Valois gave them, and when all were gone Mme. Toad made a salutation as on the first occasion and hopped away backward, as people are expected to retire from the royal presence, and Mme. Valois went home and wrote in her journal—which is preserved to this day—all the particulars I have recounted to you."

"She was now quite in love with Mme. Toad, and every day she went at the same hour to feed the little creatures. She was very young and very much afraid of her husband, who was a very grave, elderly man, and did not like nonsense, so she did not tell him anything about all this, but kept the secret for her diary until winter came. Then indeed she was obliged to confide the matter to her maid, for the death of insects caused a famine among the toads, or so she supposed, for when she went to the fountain hundreds of them came and squatted about her with pleading looks in their little bottle-shaped eyes, and all their little hands clasped imploringly."

"When she saw them thus assembled for the first time, Mme. Valois made them this speech:

"My pretty little toads, I love you all. You are my tenants, being born on my ground. I assure you you shall not starve. Every morning and every evening you shall be fed."

"After this the maid always carried a basket of food to the bench and Madame distributed it. The army of toads swallowed the last crumb. Mme. Toad thanked her as at first, and away they hopped. All this and much more she has written in her diary."

"Time passed on and one day there came a baby to the chateau—a beautiful little girl. Madame was very happy, but she did not forget her toads. Every day the maid fed them and reported to her. As she lay in bed she

often said to her baby, 'Ah, petite, when you are able to take notice you shall see my toads.' But while she was still an invalid a very curious thing happened."

"The winter was passing; the air was mild; the window of her chamber was left open, and one evening, when the nurse was absent for a time, Mme. Valois suddenly saw a dark object appear on the window-sill—another and another."

"The toads," she said to herself, and, watching, saw the great throngs that she had fed drop from the sill into the room and approach the bed."

"How I would have screamed once!" she writes in her diary. "But now I loved them, and I knew well that they loved me. 'Good evening, my little toadies,' I said. 'Do you want to see my baby?' Then the room was full of the faint little toad music, and I lifted my Celestine and held her up, and one by one the toads hopped to the bed, looked at her, hopped down the other side and out of the window."

"Mme. Toad was the last of all, and made obeisance as in the garden. Her four toadlets remained upon the floor and looked up at us."

"Before the nurse returned the room was empty again, but lying at my elbow I found a string of exquisite, jewel-like beads—a chain or necklace such as I had never seen before. The toads had brought it to me, and I wore it at my Celestine's christening, where it was remarked what numbers of toads hopped across the church floor and seemed to stop to listen to the music. But no one can tell me what the jewels are."

"No one has ever been able to tell that madame," continued the speaker.

"But my ancestress now felt that she must tell her husband all, and so she did, and after that the toads were fed every winter as long as this Mme. Valois, of whom I have told you, lived. Also Mme. Toad maintained terms of the most intimate friendship with the family, as far as a toad might. Even yet the toads are always fed in the winter at the Chateau Valois, and the necklace is given to the eldest daughter. So it came to me, and it is I who, having read the account of the jewels in the heads of toads given by your Shakespeare, know of what the necklace of my ancestress is made."—*Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.*

A MARTYR TO FAITH.

It was Only a Dog, but He was a Better Man Than His Master.

"I have never let any of my dogs retrieve birds since an experience I had with a cruel sportsman over on the Delaware river one day last fall," said a Scranton bird shooter the other day.

"The man owned a splendid pointer that knew a good deal more about some things than his master did, and we were both shooting quails over him along the banks of the river. He was harsh with the dog, and the poor creature was often compelled to do what he knew to be senseless things, just because he felt certain that he would be licked like the mischief if he didn't obey. Each side of the river was frozen over out to the main channel, where there was a strip about a foot wide that wasn't covered with ice. One of the quail that I shot started to fly across the river, and dropped dead on the thin ice within a few inches of the open channel. My companion ordered the pointer to go and get it, and the obedient dog dashed out upon the ice until it got within a couple of yards or so of the dead bird, when he halted, for the ice had begun to crack under him. Then he looked back at his master and wagged his tail, and his actions told us as plain as words that he knew it would be dangerous for him to proceed any further. I begged the man to call the dog back and let the minks have the quail, but he wouldn't listen to me. Again he ordered the dog to fetch the quail, and again, the dog made an effort to reach it, but the ice cracked and he turned about, whined piteously, and in every way that he knew how begged his master to call him back. But the heartless man was determined to make the dog do as he said, and he yelled savagely at the pointer to get the dead bird. Then the dog sprang forward and seized the quail. The ice gave way under him, the current was swift, and out of sight the poor thing went, with the bird in his mouth. That was the last the cruel man ever saw of his obedient dog. He hunted down the river for a long distance, but it was useless, for the dog had perished under the ice while faithfully performing his duty. The man was sorry then, of course, and indeed the poor dog's death taught him a lesson he never forgot."

One Word Told the Story.

Here is one of the stories that A. M. Palmer brought back from his summer's trip to Europe. He overheard an animated discussion in the Victoria Hotel, London, between an Englishman and a "Yankee," as all citizens of the United States are called on the other side. The dispute, of course, was relative to the merits of the disputants' respective countries. It happened that the American was a bit of a reader with his tongue, and maintained his ground so stubbornly that the Briton at last gave it up with the remark:

"Well, you Yankees are getting so bumptious that we shall have to send over an army pretty soon to take some of the conceit out of you."

The American's reply was one word: "Again?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

As Peter Baur, of Pottsville, was opening a large oyster a strange fish flipped out. It had eaten part of the oyster. It had the head of a catfish.

THE BERLIN SHOP GIRL.

Half Her Heart is for the Gay Student and Half for Plain Fritz.

The Berlin shop girl is not so attractive in appearance as the New York shop girl. She has a round face, short neck, square shoulders, thick waist, and big feet. Her voice is rather harsh, her forehead low, and her hair not over abundant. She knows nothing about tailor-made suits, patent leather shoes, Easter bonnets, silk stockings, or embroidered under-clothes. She is rarely stylish and never chic.

On the other hand, she has many agreeable qualities which are not generally attributed to the New York shop girl. She is unobtrusive, unselfish, and contented. She is phenomenally affectionate and faithful. She has good health, good nature, and a head crammed full of ideals. She writes and speaks her own language pretty correctly, knows a good bit of Germanized French, and can say "Yes," "Please," and "Time is money" in English. Moreover, she has a great big heart.

As in the case of most German women the key to the whole life of the Berlin shop girl is to be found in the heart and not in the head. Her heart is divided in two quite unsympathetic halves. One half belongs entirely to her gay student. The other half belongs entirely to her plain Fritz. Her gay student is usually a well-to-do young scapegrace who is trying to learn all there is to know about the *mensch* and life in a big city, while making his parents away off in the provinces believe that he has an eye single to the dignity of becoming a Herr Doctor. He may be a plain Schulze or Schmidt. Often enough he is a baron or a count. Now and then he is even a petty princeling or a rich American. Whatever his rank or nationality may be, the shop girl loves him with astounding ardor after the first ten days of her acquaintance with him. For her the mutations of his fickle finances are entirely insignificant. He is her student and she loves him just the same whether he dines her in the students' quarter or Under the Linden, whether he takes her to the American Theatre or to the big Imperial Opera House, near the palace. She begins to quote Schiller's poetry to him two or three evenings after she first spoke to him across the shop counter. A week later she is writing it to him. In a month she is passing all her spare time while away from him in composing original German love doggerel. This she sends to him in regular daily installments, despite the expense for postage, which she can ill spare out of her \$3 a week salary. When out with him she never lets go of him. In the concert halls, in the Philharmonic, at the theatre, or in the cafe, all alone with him or in the presence of hundreds, she must pat him, or pinch him, or squeeze his hand, or pick threads from his coat. This superabundance of love and poetry and demonstration of affection, of course, cloy the palate even of a romantic German student. After a few months of it, the frequency of the concert hall and theatre parties, the late wine suppers and the like begins to abate. Despite redoubled doses of love doggerel and abject worship the student falls off more and more, and eventually terminates the shop girl's little romance by going away to another university.

While the aristocratic half of her heart has been whirling the shop girl through all these sentimental and poetic high jinks with the gay student, the humbler half has been leading her through a much more commonplace love affair. The hero of the prosaic half of her dual life is plain Fritz. He is generally a shoe-maker's or a baker's apprentice earning a dollar or so a week, and altogether a pretty poor apology for a hero. Nevertheless, the shop girl loves him with the whole half of her heart. She drinks his two-cent glass of beer as contentedly as she drinks the student's five-cent glass of wine, is just as grateful for the ten-cent seat he buys her in the theatre gallery as for the student's orchestra chair, and loves him almost as hard on the way home in a horse car after the performance as she is wont to love the student in a first-class cab. She is faithful to him as he is faithful to her, and despite her student and ideals and Schiller and doggerel eventually settles down as solid Frau Fritz to rearing his bow-legged little Fritzes after the approved German fashion.

In the routine of every-day life the Berlin shop girl is a unique and quite exemplary young woman. She doesn't flir in the street, won't take a man's seat in a crowded horse car, never orders fancy dishes in a restaurant, and is always very grateful for small favors. She can walk miles, and does it almost every evening to save five cents car fare. She can board a street car in motion as well as a man, and carries the change for the conductor in her glove. She can eat sauerkraut with a two-knifed fork, and salad with a steel knife without gashing her lips. She can cook and clean house and make her own gowns. In short she is just calculated to make Fritz an industrious, economical, submissive wife, and no one in Berlin would think of or expect more of her.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A SELF-SUPPORTING WOMAN.

She Makes a Good Living Out of Her Knowledge as to Dinner Parties.

L. P. Rodgers of New York was talking in the Colonnade last evening about self-supporting women, says the *Philadelphia Press*. He remarked: "Among the many occupations invented by impecunious women, perhaps the most original is that of a woman of 30 who had been for several years at the head of her father's luxur-

ious establishment. She learned thoroughly the art of entertaining, and one day, when suddenly left a penniless orphan, she determined to make this knowledge of some practical use. She was not much of a musician, and she didn't have either the knack or desire to teach what language she knew. She couldn't write or paint, and in fact found it difficult to find within herself any knowledge sufficiently great to be worth money enough to support her. 'If I only knew one thing thoroughly!' she cried, 'but the only thing I know how to do is to give dinner parties. I know that exactly and completely; but the question is not how to give dinners, but how to get them to give.' Thinking the matter over in every light, a sudden inspiration came to her. There were numbers of people who had the means but not the knowledge for giving dinners; why couldn't she teach them?"

"She told her idea to friends and they encouraged her by employing her on such occasions, thus relieving themselves of infinite care and worry. Her method was this: She went to the intending dinner-giver the day the invitations were issued and discussed ways and means. On the day of the dinner she ordered the flowers, favors, and dinner-cards, arranging them herself; got the dinner-table into proper condition, saw that all changes of plates and silver were ready, and like a major-general stood and gave her orders until dessert was served, upon which she drew a sigh of relief, put on her gloves, and slipped away. Her patronage increased when her friends found what clever and original ideas she had and realized how completely she lifted all the care and responsibility from their shoulders. She made a business of getting all the latest ideas from florists, caterers, and shopkeepers, and applied them at once, while they were new. After she became interested in the work she began to develop all sorts of original inspirations, which were popular and effective. She also made a point of hunting up clever little verses and quotations for dinner cards, and wrote them out herself upon cards that she procured from various artist friends, who had dined sumptuously at her own table in by-gone days, and who were willing to be obliging now. At present she has secured a clientele who keeps her occupied all through the season, and she manages to live very comfortably on the proceeds of her work. Naturally, commissions on all the things she recommends come into her hands, and these, added to her other earnings, make a sum sufficient for her needs."

The Missionary Spirit.

The missionary spirit in its best phases is undoubtedly noble, even if it should sometimes chance to be mistaken in its application says the *Boston Courier*, and one should have patience with those who find themselves inclined to forget the poor at their gate in brooding over the condition of those afar. One of these people was recently visited by a friend, who said to her: "I have come to you for a dress for a poor girl who has been sick, and must be decently clothed so that she can find work. We have recently exhausted our resources at home, there has been so much sickness this winter and so many calls, and, though they said that you do so much for the missionaries that it is of no use to ask you to do anything for the poor at home, I thought that this once you might break over your usual custom and let the heathen wait a little for the sake of those at home."

The other looked at her caller with a solemn air and kept silence a moment. "That is precisely what I said to myself, my dear," she answered. "I considered the whole question very carefully, and at one time I did think that for this winter I would give all that I had to give at home. I thought that the heathen were used to doing without clothes, so that it really could not make much difference to them, and besides it is so much warmer in their countries that the poor things do not suffer; but when I remember that they are not only indecently clad, but that they don't in the least know it, I assure you, my dear, it gave me a shock that I couldn't get over and I hadn't the heart to spare a single cent for home missions. At any rate, no matter how badly off girls are here they do know enough to know that they shouldn't go about half-naked."

It is to be wondered at that the caller felt that it would be worse than useless to try argument against a state of mind like this, but gave up her errand on the spot?

Proffered Assistance.

Years ago Jeremiah Hacker was a successful school teacher. Though a quaker and strongly opposed to fighting, he had no religious or conscientious scruples against thrashing disorderly pupils severely. An Irishman, half intoxicated, was one day digging a well near Hacker's school. Hearing a fearful howling he made for the school-house, pickax in hand, and knocked loudly at the door. When asked his errand he replied: "I mane no harrum, Misher Schoolmaster. I thought ye were tryin' to kill the lad, an' I come over to see if ye were wantin' help." The proffered assistance was declined with thanks.—*Leviston Journal.*

A Sharp Neighbor.

Rice Boyd of Uniontown, Pa., has been pasturing his cattle on a \$90,000 coal field, never suspecting its value. He sold it to a sharp neighbor a few days ago for \$600, and the purchaser disposed of it at once for \$90,000.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

And must De Soto go, too! In his lecture at St. Louis, Prof. John Fiske ascribes the discovery of the Mississippi river to De Pineda, in 1519.

Mrs. Burnet's new infantile drama is to be named "Nixie." This will afford a dreadful temptation to those who are asked if they are going to see it.

Miss Veazey, daughter of the inter-state commerce commissioner, is named Anna Gettysburg. She was born on one of the days of the Gettysburg battle.

At Salamis, on Cyprus, a big capital of a marble column has been unearthed bearing a winged bull emerging as far as neck and wings. The latter form part of the architectural motive of the capital.

Admiral Albini of the Italian navy says that the man-of-war of the future will have double screws and a helm at each end, so that it can turn around without losing any time. Its sides, he says, will be unarmored.

A huge squash that has been exhibited in an Auburn, Me., store window for several months, being cut open, it was found that the seeds had commenced to sprout, and there were a number of well formed leaves.

Although Connecticut is but ninety miles long and seventy broad, it is so well supplied with railroads that you can travel in its cars close upon one thousand miles it is said, without crossing its borders and without "repeating."

It came out in an English court a few days ago that 100 wornout horses had just been shipped from that country to Germany and Belgium to be used in the manufacture of sausage, and that such shipments were a regular thing.

A citizen of Addison, Me., has the remains of an ancient walrus that was washed out of a clay bank near his home. The bones were at least fifteen feet underground, showing that the animal must have died many years ago and that the walrus once inhabited the Maine coast.

A man of Morgan county, Ohio, has a cat which is known by the neighbors as the "solar spectrum." From the tip of its tail to the end of its nose there are distributed all the colors of the rainbow. Its nose shines like a carbuncle, and there are several shades of violet on the fore legs.

Wilkie Collins' strange creation in his novels some years ago is paralleled by William T. Smith of Dublin, Laurens county, Ga., who has turned ultra-marine blue, with a greenish reflection, all over, because of the immoderate doses of nitrate of silver given him by physicians during childhood to remedy epileptic affections.

The corsets worn by Mrs. Langtry are of plain satin, in pink, mauve or white. They are extremely long, and have two very broad bones down the front that are under- faced with plush, so that they may not hurt her. The only opening is in the back, where the corsets lace, and this has to be done every day exactly as our grandmothers did it many years ago.

Advices from Johannesburg, in the Transvaal state, are that persons arrested there for taking part in the demonstration against the government, during which the flag of the republic was hauled down by the mob, have been taken to Pretoria. They are charged with treason. There is intense excitement throughout the republic. A reform association has been formed.

M. Fouque, the mineralogist, claims to have discovered in a mixture of silicate of copper and lime the beautiful color "azurino," the composition of which has long puzzled artists. His tint, he says, is perfectly unchangeable, and is identical with the Alexandrian blue which was known to the Ptolemies and imported into Italy in the first century of the Christian era.

The personnel of the President's cabinet is as follows: James G. Blaine, secretary of state; William Windom, secretary of the treasury; Redfield Proctor, secretary of war; W. H. Miller, attorney general; John Wanamaker, postmaster general; Benjamin F. Tracy, secretary of the navy; John W. Noble, secretary of the interior; Jere M. Rush, secretary of agriculture.

Perhaps the most famous of all matadors, the espada primero of the world, is Francisco Sanchez (alias Lagartijo). He is probably the most daring, skillful bull-fighter that ever lived. His handling of the wild and savage bulls of Jarama is something marvelous. He now seldom appears, \$10,000 being the price demanded and secured in advance for each performance.

One million young whitefish were let loose recently by the United States fish commission in Lake Ontario. It is not many years since this lake abounded in this valuable fish. Of late it has been greatly thinned out, but with state and federal fish commissions co-operating to restock the lake, it will not be long before as good catches as were formerly common can again be made.

An electrical instrument has been invented which is designed to remove the pain incidental to the extraction of teeth. It consists of adjustable prongs carrying buttons and connected with an electric battery. The buttons are placed on the face over the nerves leading from the teeth to the brain, and a circuit is established the moment the extracting instrument touches the tooth to be removed.

The directors of the De Beers Company in the Kimberly, South Africa, mines gave a Christmas picnic to their 3,000 employes, at which were eaten 1,200 fowls, 400 turkeys, 150 geese, 100 hams, 1,000 pounds spiced, roast and bottled beef, and 1,500 pigeon, veal and ham, and chicken and ham pies, washed down with 5,000 bottles of English and German beer, 100 cases of champagne, 200 cases of claret, and 100 cases of Burgundy, besides brandy and whiskey.

A young man of Warsaw ordered a dress suit from a tailor who agreed to deliver it on a certain day. The latter failed and hence a curious lawsuit. The plaintiff alleged that he had arranged to go to an evening party at which he had resolved to offer his hand to the daughter of the house. Because of his dress coat he could not go, but his rival went, proposed and was accepted and the plaintiff considered himself damaged to the value of the lost bride.

FOR THE LADIES.

DRESS REFORM—TALKING AT TABLE—SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

Items of Interest Concerning Women, Who Are Always Interesting, Whatever They Say or Do.

Dress Reform.

Watch almost any well-dressed, well-favored woman of to-day as she rises from her seat and starts to walk off and you will see the latest reform. Literally that, for lovely woman has undertaken, with the guidance of Mrs. Jenness Miller and the rest, to reform herself. If the average woman knows little about walking well she knows still less how to stand as she should. She stands as she loves best to sit, all in a heap, as it were. From the back of her neck to her waist, a beautiful rounded curve develops itself where there should be a nearly straight line. Her shoulder blades assert their right to stick up for themselves, her shoulders are drawn forward and she doubles herself over at the waist like a hotel pillow when one tries to make it stand up straight.

All this has been, but is no longer. Notice and you will see the effects of the new dispensation. When a woman rises she now gives herself a peculiar little shrug that seems to settle her into her bodice half an inch lower than before. Her chest rises, her shoulder-blades disappear, her shoulders fall back and a charming line extends from neck to waist in the back. Correspondingly, her waist lengthens, she looks half an inch taller and two inches slimmer, and in some wonderful way the angles have all fallen out of her figure. She stands perfectly erect, but without the least suggestion of stiffness. When she walks off you miss the wabbling, trussed movement that you have known so long. She has taken on the new dress reform and is learning to stand as an all-wise Creator intended she should.

Pity her a little just now if you like. She is having rather a hard time of it. It is by no means an easy task to keep herself pulled up in this severe and unaccustomed way. Every muscle in the upper part of her body is on a tremendous strain and aches as if she were carrying a ton or two of iron on her chest. She is ready sometimes to give it up out of sheer physical weakness. But she won't. The regret of her life is that she has been so many years without knowing the little trick that so adds to the shapeliness and symmetry of her figure. By and by she will become accustomed to the new order of things and at 70 (for the reformed woman is certain to live out her three-score years and ten) she will be the trimmest, shapeliest, sprightliest old gentlewoman that ever told her grandchildren about the days when she was young.

Demai-Saison Hat.



Bronze velvet, covered with bead-work and encircled with a brim composed of a band of feathers, finished off at the back with a fan-shaped clasp Tuft of bronze ostrich tips in front.

Talking at Table.

There is no end to the modes of conducting table talk as a means of child education; and there is no end to the influence of table talk in this direction, however conducted. Indeed, it may be said with truth, that table talk is quite as likely to be influential as a means of child training when the parents have no thought of using it to this end, as when they seek to use it accordingly. At every family table there is sure to be talking; and the talk that is heard at the family table is sure to have its part in a child's training, whether the parents wish it to be so or not.

There are fathers whose table talk is chiefly in complaint of the family cooking, or criticism of the mother's method in managing the household. There are mothers who are more given to asking where on earth their children learned to talk and act as they do, than to inquiring in what part of the earth the most important archaeological discoveries are just now in progress. And there are still more fathers and mothers whose table talk is wholly between themselves, except as they turn aside, occasionally, to say sharply to their little ones: "Why don't you keep still, children, while your father and mother are talking?" All this table talk has its influence on the children. It leads them to have less respect for their parents, and less interest in the home table except as a place of satisfying their natural hunger. It is potent, even though it be not profitable.

Table talk ought to be such, in every family, as to make the hour of home meal time one of the most attractive as well as one of the most beneficial hours of the day to all the children. But in order to make table talk valuable parents must have something to talk about at the table, must be willing to talk about it there and must have the children lovingly in mind as they do their table talking.

A Hint for Young Ladies.

When your sweetheart comes to see you don't be foolish enough to confine your sweetness to him alone. Have him in where all the rest of the household are. Let the talk and the chatter and the music and the playing of games be in the home circle. Then the few minutes that he gets with you by yourself will seem all the more delightful, and he will think you the most loving little creature in the world. Men are much more observant than they are credited with being, and the man worth having as a husband is the one who will appreciate your love for those of your own people and will see that as you make a small part in one home, you are becoming adapted for the central figure in another.

Never say that you don't expect a man to marry your whole family. It's vulgar. You do. That is, if you are a good daughter and a loving sister. You want him to be one with you in sympathy and in affection, and as you take his name, so you assume responsibilities as far as his people are concerned. You, two, are the most to each other—your love for each should be the greatest, but you cannot isolate yourselves and insist that you have no duties outside your own home. If you do this you become narrow and selfish, and you are quite too nice a girl for that. So remember when he comes, this bridegroom of yours, that his heart is bound the tighter to you if the ribbon used to hold it has written upon it in golden letters "Love and consideration for those at home."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

A Famous Story Writer.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson has had more biographical sketches printed about her during the last year than ever before in her whole life. Mr. Arthur Steadman, her latest biographer and admirer, is perhaps the most enthusiastic, but the most earnest friends that Miss Woolson has are the magazine editors, so many of whom woo her literary productions so successfully. As a "serial" novelist the author of "Annie" is regarded as a most valuable card, but she can be induced to do very little work now. Miss Woolson lives almost continuously in Italy, which she finds most desirable as a place of residence. She has never been very strong, and before going abroad to live spent most of her time in Florida with her mother, who finally died there. Having a comfortable income she is able to live anywhere and in any way she chooses, but her life is not one altogether of her own choosing—a home has been denied to her for many years, but if she has troubles and regrets no one ever hears of them. She is a dainty little woman, perhaps even more particular than the rest of her sex upon matters of dress.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Justly Rebuked.

It is the fashion of some women to keep visitors waiting an unconscionable time for absolutely no reason at all but to gratify a caprice or fad of theirs. Heaven knows where they get the idea, but some of the dear creatures imagine that it is a canon of high-bred etiquette to let a caller cool his or her heels in the parlor for half an hour or so after the servant brings up the card. This impertinence is most often offered by women to women.

A superb young woman who had high birth and abundance of money saucily told a girl in her set recently that she always kept callers waiting twenty minutes before she appeared. The girl who received this valuable piece of news called upon the golden calf a few days afterward. She sent up her card and the footman returned with the message that Miss—would be down in a few minutes. The caller took out her watch, and when seven minutes had expired wrote upon one of her cards: "I have been gone just thirteen minutes."

Leaving this card on the table, the young lady took her departure.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

The Medieval Housewife.

The housewife of the middle ages cooked over an open fire on a stone hearth in the middle of the room, a hole in the roof letting the smoke escape. Over this fire the people shivered in cold weather; but at a later time some of the queens had braziers, or small iron furnaces, in their rooms. There were no carpets in those days, and rushes and sweet herbs were spread on the floor instead, especially when company was expected. There were tapestries on the walls of the finer houses. At dinner people sat on wooden benches and stools at a heavy table of boards set on trestles, and this was covered with cloth. The bill of fare changed with the centuries in those days, and not much from day to day. The food was barley and oatmeal bread, bacon, fish, capons and eggs.—*Good Housekeeping*.

A woman correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean makes a spirited protest against the advice that all girls and women should engage in housework. She says: "Girls' tastes differ quite as much as boys', and to expect all girls to be cooks and seamstresses is as foolish as to want all boys to be carpenters and machinists. A knowledge of the rudiments of cooking and sewing is very desirable, as many an old bachelor and husband with a sick wife and no servant can testify, and should be acquired by all young people without regard to sex or color; but it is no more necessary for a girl to do all her own cooking and dressmaking than for a young man to make all his own clothes and dig all the coal he burns. Let us respect a girl who says she would rather teach music in the parlor than work in the kitchen quite as much as we respect a young man who says he would rather practice law in a courtroom than work in a rolling-mill. Let us allow our girls to choose their occupations as freely as we allow our boys to do so."

BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE.

It Is Still to Be Seen, and the Monster Actually Existed.

On a bright morning in May, 1887, I left Angiers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany, writes Louis Frechette in the *Arena*. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said with a parting handshake:

"By-the-by, before you get to Ancenis there is a station called Champtoce. As the cars pull up look to the right and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well—they are the remains of Bluebeard's castle."

"Bluebeard's castle? What Bluebeard do you mean?"

"Surely there is only one—Perreaults Bluebeard, Offenbach's Bluebeard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly, in flesh and bone, as you and I, with this difference—that he was a hard case to begin with, and a marshal of France into the bargain."

"Really what was his name?"

"Gilles de Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families in Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvelous story of the maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between it and the bloodthirsty hero of Perreault's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me at full speed over the waving hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gaping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of horror, and drop fainting at the sight of the bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to his castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword, with the infuriated cries of "Prepare to die, madam!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister perched up on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, seest thou no one come?" And the lamentable reply, "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief of yore, as I fancied I could hear from afar off the sounding approach of the galloping rescuers.

The vision haunted me till we reached Champtoce, where, sure enough, I saw on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty medieval tower which rose about a heap of ruins and a clump of stunted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and somber outline. This was Gilles de Retz's castle, Bluebeard's home. Or rather it was one of his castles, for he had many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (Pays de Retz) having once been his.

Beginning to Enjoy Life.

Americans are just beginning to enjoy life. We are not quite the sober and sad-cheeked race that we once were. The struggle for existence finds the people better off than they were one and two hundred years ago. There is more abundance and comfort, less cold, hunger and exposure, better food, shelter and clothing. Things can be enjoyed now which could not even exist previously, for both the comforts and luxuries themselves on one hand and the margin for expenditure on the other have increased and come into being. These have given color and interest to life.

The religious belief, too, is more cheerful. The awful deity of Puritanism has been supplanted by a loving one. Religion now busies itself more with good deeds and human sympathies and less with gloomy introspection. It has gathered a larger faith in the absolute benevolence as well as justice of God, and of the substantial victory of good over evil which this implies.

Contact with Germans and Jews, who have migrated to this country and become a part of our environment, is having its influence. Go to Saratoga and who among the visitors are having the most enjoyment? The Hebrews. Among the work people who are out for a holiday in the park, or the country, or on the water, the Germans show the most hearty devotion to the occasion; and neither are the Irish and other Europeans wanting in this respect.

All these influences of better feeding, more leisure, a better religion, a growing aestheticism, larger incomes and possibilities of better living generally, to say nothing of the contagious example of the Germans, the Hebrews and other peoples who know how to enjoy living, are bringing the people of this country into a better enjoyment of life.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Requisites for a Theater Party.

He—"Let's go to the theater tonight, and ask the Bragdon-Ivers to go with us. Do you think I'd better get a box?"

The Bride—"O, no, don't get a box. What's the use of it? The Bragdon-Ivers are not very talkative, you know, and I am so hoarse I can't talk above a whisper myself."—*Life*.

Roumania has 200,000 gypsies, and Hungary 80,000.

Ready to Begin.

Every fall a new army of boys enter the business world. Each boy will feel sure that he is going to make a grand success, and if he does not feel that way he is not a boy. A great many boys fail, not because they have not ability, but because they want to begin at the top; they are not willing to shovel, but want to make their way in cushioned chairs. The men who fill cushioned chairs with the greatest dignity are those who never hesitated to shovel if shoveling helped to make a path upward. The boy who is willing to be a boy and do a boy's part in the world, keeping eyes and ears open for opportunities to learn every detail of the business in which he is engaged, will find his chance to step higher every year. Do not fear to ask questions. If you do not understand a thing, study until you find out all there is to know about it. Do not fear to get to your business a little early or stay a little late. Keep your mind on your share of the work; do not try to manage for the whole firm. I remember a man who used to amuse me very much. He never earned more than fifteen dollars a week until he had passed fifty years of age, and during his married life his wife had earned more than he had. Yet he would grow intensely excited because a large and exceedingly prosperous corporation would not adopt his plans, though his connection with it was paying his fare as passenger on its cars. The firm employing him would, if managed by him, grow wealthy in a year, he insisted. Still the firm dispensed with his valuable services and were able to conduct business. That man had been so busy all his business life planning affairs with which he had no connection that he really had no time to think of his personal work. He was not lazy, but he did not know enough to mind his own business.

Some boys feel that they must wait until they find the particular kind of work they want to do. I remember a young German who was a very popular and successful teacher. He came to this country and was cheated out of his money as soon as he arrived here. He hired out to dig a ditch on a gentleman's place in the country, and went to work as a laborer. One day the gentleman's wife wished a box to go by express. The box was in the barn, and when she went there the young German was looking for a pick. The coachman and gardener had gone away to another part of the grounds. The German laborer asked if he could assist the lady, and she answered, "No; I wanted that box marked." The young man offered to do it, picking up the paint brush. The lady was too polite to hurt his feelings, and gave him the direction. He marked the box so quickly and correctly that the lady knew at once that he must be an educated man, and found out his story. Within a week he had five pupils studying German and to-day is a German tutor in a large school, respected and loved, though all his pupils knew he entered the town a day laborer. The boy whose feelings are so big that he must always have the highest wages for the least work never has anything but his feelings to take care of.

Honor Among Thieves.

Mr. Peters is noted for his presence of mind and his influence over his fellowmen, as well as for his sense of fun, which he sometimes uses to good effect. The business of the firm which employs him, took him not long ago, to a little out-of-the-way country place, where he could find lodging only in a very uncomfortable-looking inn, kept by a single man.

He was awakened in the middle of the night by a light shining on his face. Sitting up in bed, he found his host standing beside him with a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other.

"A lantern, too," said Mr. Peters. "Do you know, it reminds me of a corn-husking frolic I went to once? We all took our own lanterns, and hung them up to the rafters of the barn."

"Where's your money?" Where's your watch?" asked the man, gruffly, though he could not conceal his surprise at Mr. Peters' coolness.

"If I tell you," said the traveller, smiling, "will you promise to go off to bed and let me finish my nap?"

"Well, then, yes! You are the coolest customer I ever see."

"Very good. I know you'll keep your promise and go as soon as I tell you where they are. My watch is at a city jeweler's for a new main-spring, and all the money I have with me—\$17—is in my sample-case down in your office, where I left it for you to take care of. I hope, if you bother to get it, you'll leave enough for me to pay you for my bed and breakfast."

The man turned abruptly and walked out of the room. Mr. Peters declares that he was laughing. No reference to this midnight visit was made next morning, and the sample-case was found untouched; but just as Mr. Peters was leaving, after paying his bill, his grim host said, with a grim smile:

"Good luck to you on your trip, and be sure you put that sample-case of yours in safe keeping nights."—*Youth's Companion*.

Old Calico.

Calico over 100 years old was recently used by Mrs. Spengler, of Catasauqua, Pa., to make a bed quilt. The material had formerly done duty as a bed curtain.

Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone inventor, is devoting himself exclusively to scientific research in deaf and dumb phenomena.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Best place for a boil—In the tea kettle.—*Boston Bulletin*.

The "old soldier's" home—The cuspidore.—*Boston Bulletin*.

Irish nationality wouldn't stand—founded on a sham-rock.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

"Do you think I'll get justice?" "O, no. You're all right. They'll acquit you."—*N. Y. Sun*.

A farmer who doesn't know how to run a newspaper has been discovered in Nebraska.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

We live so fast nowadays that it keeps the recording angel busy putting down "breaks."—*Brooklyn Magazine*.

"Let us learn French Goshin. What do you say?" "Caw'n't do it, Dolley; 'tisn't English, you know."—*Harper's Bazar*.

There is hardly any man so friendless in this world that he hasn't at least one friend ready to tell him his faults.—*Texas Siftings*.

Teacher—"Now, children, by what is the earth divided?" Tommy (whose father is a kicker)—"By the politicians."—*Epoch*.

Clouds are a good deal like men—they are harmless when alone, but they make trouble when they get together.—*Norristown Times*.

An exchange exclaims: "In these days of roguery a man must have lost his wits to indorse a note." At any rate he is apt to lose his balance.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Minister (to choir leader)—"I see you have dispensed with Mr. Deepstone's services." Choir leader—"Yes, sir; I thought a change of bass desirable."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Minnie—"So he kissed you, did he?" Mamie—"Once." Minnie—"You don't say! Well, the smartest man on earth is liable to make a fool of himself once."—*Terre Haute Express*.

Quills (meeting an old classmate)—"Well, old fellow, how goes it? Lots of patients, I suppose?" Quills (ruefully)—"Y-yes; lots of patience!"—*Lawrence American*.

"Is there any question more disagreeable to you than, 'Where did you get that hat?'" "Well, I should hate like thunder to be asked where I got this umbrella."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Wickwire—You say you are acquainted with Brown? Yabsley—He is a particular friend of mine. Wickwire—If he is a friend of yours he surely can't be so very particular.—*Terre Haute Express*.

Visitor to Editor—"Could you use an entirely original poem on 'The Narcotic Weed?'" Editor—"I could, of course, but as long as matches are so cheap I don't see the use."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Kansas Farmer—"Got any—any molasses jugs?" Storekeeper (briskly)—"Yes, sir—new kind just out; tin top to the neck; hold about four fingers; rubber cork, so the smell won't get out."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Bluster—"Yes, ahem! My correspondence is, ahem! remarkably large. I receive, ahem! on an average 300 letters a day." Coolley—"Why in thunder don't you pay up, then?"—*Lawrence American*.

Clerk of Bookstore to Proprietor—"What's the price of this book?" Proprietor—"That Bible? Forty cents." Clerk—"It is not a Bible; it is an infidel work." Proprietor—"O, I see. Four dollars."—*Washington Post*.

Quevedo—"There is a man who doesn't care any more for his life than a small boy does for his clothes." Curtis—"Disappointed in love?" "Love? Bosh! No; he's a writer of funny paragraphs."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Ted—"I hear Mrs. Bellair is married again. Isn't it rather soon after her first husband's death?" Ned—"Yes, but there were extenuating circumstances. Her second husband was the undertaker who buried her first."—*Epoch*.

Undertaker (to new assistant)—Go down town and get a bier. Tell them to charge it to me. New Assistant (to himself)—Jewhillskens! That's the kind of a man I like to work for. I'll make it two, for luck.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Miss Plympton—"After all, Mr. Broughton, what is the advantage of having ancestors in the seventeenth century?" Mr. Broughton—"O, a great deal. They can't hang around and mar your social aspirations today."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Little Edith—"Mamma, did you say that we should all know each other in Heaven?" Mamma—"Yes, my child." Little Edith—"You can play that you're out, though, can't you, mamma, when people call that you don't want to see?"—*N. Y. Ledger*.

Mr. Fangle (looking over the house he has just moved into)—"I wonder who lived here last?" Mrs. Fangle—"I don't know; but the lady was a Christian." "How can you tell?" "She left no rubbish in the cellar."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Benedict (after a conjugal tiff)—"It's too bad a man can't have a wife made to order." Mrs. B.—"Well, I think you ought to be satisfied, that's all I seem to be good for, to you." Ben—(densely)—"What?" Mrs. B.—"To order."—*Philadelphia Press*.

What a beautiful tribute was that paid to a departed citizen of a Western town! The editor of a local paper wrote that "J— was an honest man; he was a truthful man; he was one of the best trout fishermen in this section."—*Kearney Enterprise*.

Books and Magazines.

Sophie Sweet, the author of "Captain Polly," contributes a short story to Harper's Young People. In the same number W. Hamilton Gibson will continue his series of illustrated natural history articles with a talk on "Quickening Seeds."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper this week presents six pages illustrative of the disaster at Louisville, Ky. The pictures are full of interest. Another striking feature of the paper is an editorial contribution from ex-Senator T. C. Platt on the recent Tammany exposures, and embodying a statement as to why he opposed the control of the World's Fair by politicians in that body. Another contribution, on the Eastern Question, is from the pen of Lieutenant C. A. L. Totten, Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Yale University. There is the usual number of other fine illustrations.

The April St. NICHOLAS contains the first of several important papers by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers on the Congo. It is called "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," and is so told as to vividly present the lights and shadows of the explorer's life. In this number, also begins a serial by Mrs. C. V. Jamieson, "Lady Jane," dealing with Southern life and character. Another continued story of a different style is "Marjorie and Her Papa," by Lieutenant Fletcher, U. S. A. It is a very funny little study of children's ways. A novel and attractive paper is Miss Seidmore's "How to Use a Pair of Chopsticks." We shall expect to see many a youngster practicing the art furtively upon the family stock of eggs. It is a very delightful number.

THE HOME MAGAZINE, conducted by Mrs. John A. Logan, for April, contains the brightest sketch of an April poem that the spring sun will smile upon.

Picture of the World's Fair Committee, Empress Augusta—by Mrs. Logan. A trip to Hebron—by Mrs. Lane. "Janet: A Story"—by Mrs. Oliphant. King's Daughters—by Mary Lowe Dickinson.

The illustrated article with finest views ever taken of interior of Vice President Morton's Home.

The Women's College at Baltimore, illustrated.

Bright Bits from Bright Books: All about Maris Bashkirtseff: extracts. The little folks are remembered, and a story Abraham Lincoln, the White House and his boy "Tad."

Picture of the woman "who went up to the moon" to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky.

"Dining Room," with a seasonable bill of fare.

"The Painting of the Old Homestead"—by Amber.

Society Notes, A Short Story, and a host of other good things.

Don't fail to get the April number.

The Magazine is sent THREE months for TEN cents—silver or stamps. Try it.

Address THE BROADWAY PUB. CO., Washington, D. C.

THE CENTURY for April is remarkable for the variety of its contents. Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography reaches the Rip Van Winkle stage of his career, and tells the reader exactly what he wishes to know—how Mr. Jefferson came to play the character. Three striking engravings of Jefferson, as "Bip" accompany the paper, which also contains a disquisition on geysering by actors, with humorous incidents. Three timely articles are "The Latest Siberian Tragedy," by George Kennan in which is given a new account of the outrage at Yakutsk; "Suggestions for the Next World's Fair," a practical and helpful paper, by Georges Berger, Director of the French Exposition; and "The Slave-Trade in the Congo Basin," by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers, with text and pictures from life during Mr. Glave's residence of twenty months among the natives.

The central West comes in for attention in "The Non-Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region," by Major Powell, and "The Shoshone Falls," by Captain John Codman, with two beautiful illustrations. There is a short literary essay by Col. Higginson and a curious special account from Captain Charles Bryant of his experience "In the Fur-Sea Islands," Alaska, Captain Bryant having instituted the present method of catching these seals. Other articles of public discussion in Topics of the Time are entitled "Longer Terms and Less Rotation," "The People," and "Loyalty in Employment." Open letters are contributed on "Judge Holt and the Lincoln Conspirators," "The White League of New Orleans," and other topics.

The Art Amateur for April gives evidence, in abundance, of the liberal policy which characterizes its management. The proprietor evidently is determined to maintain its position as the first authority in this country in art matters and spare no expense to attain that end. Its beautiful typography, the number and excellence of its illustrations and the practical articles it contains each month make it a delight to every person of taste and invaluable to the amateur worker in art. Water-color, oil and china painting, brass-hammering, wood-carving, pen-drawing for book-illustrating, crayon and charcoal drawing, and art needle-work are taught in it in the most lucid manner, illustrated with designs both in color and black-and-white. Certainly no woman who wants to make her house beautiful by artistic decoration and arrangement can afford to do without it. Indeed all interested in art, whether as learners or connoisseurs, will find something in "The Art Amateur" suited to their needs. In the present number a new series of illustrated articles entitled "Art at Home" by the Rev. L. J. Loftis, is begun and will run through the year. The two color plates which accompany every number, and are worth more than the price of the magazine, are, for April, "A Cottage Garden"—a charming little landscape and a stack of "Easter Lilies" of exquisite delicacy. Price 35 cents; \$4 a year. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square New York.

Anna Fuller will contribute to the number of Harper's Bazar to be published April 11th a short story entitled "Old Lady Pratt." It is a sequel to "Aunt Betsy's Photograph," which, upon its appearance in a recent number of the Bazar, was hailed as a proof that American literature was about to be enriched by the works of another strong genre artist of the school of Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary E. Wilkins, Sophie Sweet, and others.

To the Ladies.

Every woman should take a Journal of her own. VILLA-RANGE, The Ladies' Home Journal, of Topeka, Kansas is just what you want. It is printed on book paper and contains 16 pages of choice and select reading matter from the pens of the best American authors.

In order that our readers may become better acquainted with this Journal its editor has kindly agreed to send it on trial four months for 15 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address

VILLA-RANGE,
Topeka, Kansas

Big and showy pears are most commonly borne on young and thrifty trees, not on old ones.

The nurseryman's recommendations as to varieties of fruit are not always one hundred cents on the dollar.

The fruit orchard wants no fresh and fermenting manures. Give it manure that is well decomposed.

Grafting is an old art not sufficiently appreciated. By it any old fruit tree that is healthy but unproductive can be soon changed in its character. Thousands of farmers do not know how to graft, though it is easily learned.

A fruit tree should never be propped up to keep the limbs from breaking down with their loads. Instead, pick off the poorest specimens, and don't show greed by allowing the tree to overbear. Thousands of trees are ruined in this way.

The population of the state penitentiary March 31, was 892, an increase over February of about forty, in consequence of the spring term of court. The expenses of the penitentiary for the month were \$10,257.15 and the receipts \$9,867.37.

To stew potatoes, cut six large cold boiled ones into dice, season with flour. Melt a large spoonful of butter in a frying pan and put in the potatoes. Pour over them a cup of cream and let it boil up once. Add finely cut parsley just before serving.

The Palouse Country, Washington.

This section of the Northwest is daily attracting the attention of eastern people, especially is this true since the completion of the UNION PACIFIC through this new empire, thus opening up a direct line from the Missouri river to Spokane Falls, just north of the Palouse Country.

Many desirable farms may yet be had in this remarkable productive region on reasonable terms, as the settling of this vast section is yet in its infancy.

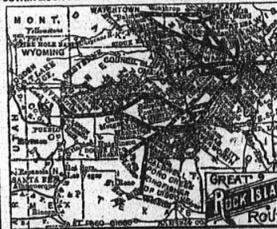
The Union Pacific is now the most direct line, and with its Fast Time, Elegant equipment and Low Rates of Fare, is the favorite route to this region from all points east.

For rates, pamphlets or other matter relative to the Palouse Country call on or address,

R. E. HAYNES, Perryville, Kan.
H. B. HARRINGTON, Topeka, Kansas.
Or E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Omaha, Neb.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM THIS MAP OF THE



Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

Including Lines East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND, DAVENPORT, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, WATERLOO, SIOUX FALLS, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, ST. JOSEPH, ARCHERON, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS CITY, TOPEKA, DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO. Free Reclining Chair Cars to and from CHICAGO, GARDEN CITY, HUTCHINSON and DODGE CITY, and Palace Sleeping Cars between CHICAGO, WICHITA and HUTCHINSON.

SOLID VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS

Of Through Coaches, Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and (East of Mo. River) Dining Cars daily between CHICAGO, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, with FREE Reclining Chair Car to NORTH PLATTE (Neb.), and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels west of St. Joseph and Kansas City. Excursions daily, with Choice of Routes to and from Salt Lake, Portland, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Many Tour, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitarians, and Scenic Grandeur of Colorado.

Via The Albert Lea Route.

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake and Sioux Falls via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Watertown, Sioux Falls, the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

The Short Line via Seneca and Kanabos offers facilities to travel to and from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and other Southern points.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply at any Coupon Ticket Office, or address

E. ST. JOHN, JOHN SEABASTIAN, Gen'l Manager, CHICAGO, ILL.

HUNTER'S PARADISE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Young Woman With Gail.

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

"THE LEADER."

BOOTS AND SHOES.

NEW STORE, NEW STOCK.

"THE LEADER" HAS OPENED ITS DOORS IN NORTH TOPEKA, AND HAS COME TO STAY.

"THE LEADER" WILL LEAD IN LOW PRICES FOR GOOD GOODS.

"The LEADER" does not agree to furnish you at all times, with a shoe for the least money, but can and will give you better value for your money than any house in the city. Good goods, small profits, quick sales and satisfaction guaranteed is what "The LEADER" promises.

We ask you to call and see our goods and learn our prices when you are Shopping.

Give us your patronage when you are buying and we will guarantee to win your confidence.

"THE LEADER."

813 Kan. Ave., North Topeka, Kan.

P. S.—Repairing neatly done and satisfaction guaranteed.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits quick sales. Sum- \$25 Broadway, N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD PAINS FROM EAR'S INVISIBLE TUBES FOR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard by the Deaf. Resolves all cases. Sold by F. HENRY, 200 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proofs FREE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling out, and \$1.00 at Drugists.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Laxative, never brought for the Deaf. Resolves all cases. Sold by F. HENRY, 200 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proofs FREE.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER. EPPS'S GRAPEFUL-COMFORTING. COCOA MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Pianos-Organs.

The improved method of fastening strings of Pianos, invented by us, is one of the most important improvements ever made, making the instrument more richly musical in tone, more durable, and less liable to get out of tune.

Both the Mason & Hamlin Organs and Pianos excel chiefly in that which is the chief excellence in any musical instrument, quality of tone. Other things, though important, are much less so than this. An instrument with unmusical tones cannot be good. Illustrated catalogues of new styles, in introduced this season, sent free.

MASON & HAMLIN Organ and Piano Co., BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO.

THE GLORY OF MAN STRENGTH VIA LIFE. How Lost! How Regained.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY AND THE UNTOLD MISERY. Resulting from Prolly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and undating the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relations. Avoid unskillful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 800 pages, royal 8vo. Beautifully binding, embossed, full gilt. Price only \$1.00 by mail, postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association for this PRIZE ESSAY ON NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a copy of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.

The peach buds are all safe. Peach buds are all killed. Take your choice.

HANLEY BROS., Dealers in Groceries, Flour & Feed. Corner Gordon st. and Topeka Avenue. Leave orders for coal. Good promptly delivered NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

CITY MEAT MARKET, Established 1871. ED. BUECHNER, Prop. Carries on a

Strictly First Class Business with all its different branches. Buys all his Stock alive.

and has it butchered in his own slaughter house. 810 Kan Ave. Telephone 37 North Topeka Kan.

UNION PACIFIC TICKETS ON SALE TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS EAST, WEST, NORTH and SOUTH

AT Topeka - Kansas, H. B. HARRINGTON, City Ticket Agent, 525 Kansas Avenue.

J. F. GWIN, Depot Agent, R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas.

\$5 PER DAY easily made by our popular book "Stanley's Wonderful Adventures in Africa." Thrilling accounts of his hard fought battles and miraculous escapes. Over 200 illustrations, 800 pages. Bonanza for agents. Big commissions. Send 50c for outfit. SMITH & WINGART, 151 Washington St., Chicago.

SEEDS. GARDEN, FLOWER AND FIELD. Potatoes, Fruit Trees, Plants and Vines all the best varieties. The New Current "Ornamental" a fruit specialty. Send at once for our free catalogue. It is a novelty in these days of bombast and exaggeration that all want, as it gives Accurate Description and Fair Prices for the best goods. Send address now to FRANK FORD & SON, Ravenna, Ohio.

FREE. OUR NEW FREE. Resulting from Prolly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and undating the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relations. Avoid unskillful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 800 pages, royal 8vo. Beautifully binding, embossed, full gilt. Price only \$1.00 by mail, postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association for this PRIZE ESSAY ON NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a copy of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.

A tree planted in a poor, barren soil will not thrive much by filling the hole with good earth or manure. It wants good soil and good care.