

F. G. Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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Lawrence canning factory put up 20,000 cans of strawberries

We are in the midst of the wheat harvest, and the crop has rarely been better.

Pennsylvania has this week had another mine horror, in which over thirty miners were killed.

Marion county delegates have been instructed for Congressman Kelley, Humphrey and Ingalls were induced.

The Barton county alliance has adopted a resolution requesting the judge of the court to continue all cases of foreclosure until after harvest.

The hop tea joints of Parsons are to be changed to original package houses, owing to the authorities demanding \$100 per month each as a kind of license fine.

A story from Wichita is to the effect that the foreman of the Santa Fe shop compels all the employes to take out a life insurance policy in the company he represents in order to retain their situations.

Shawnee county should be the most active in the Emporia convention for Kelley. No Topeka man can be benefited by any other action, and a new district will change things in two years.

Attorney General L B Kellogg has written to each of the Kansas members of Congress urging the passage of the Wilson senate bill giving states the right to protect their citizens against the original package outrage.

The Wichita journal gives as the reason for Eskridge's opposition to Hallowell the fact that the latter balked a \$50,000 steal by the former in the legislature several years ago. Isn't it about time by-gones had become by-gones.

A young man in Miltonvale who was always "puttering around" and for whom the neighbors predicted all sorts of bad luck, has invented a typewriting machine which he sold the other day to a Boston firm for \$22,000.

In the district court the case of John White, alias "Peg Leg," the Oakland joint keeper, was continued fall and the prisoner ordered released on satisfactory bail. The prisoner expects to spend the summer with a surveying party.

Topeka has suffered from another serious fire in which one of the most pitiful results was the burning of twenty-nine horses, whose moaning gave the first alarm of the catastrophe. A large livery stable, lumber yard and shops were destroyed. Mr. A S Long lost \$700 in money which he had drawn the day previous to purchase horses the next morning.

It is certain that many of the census enumerators are utterly incompetent for the work they are doing. In the larger cities this is particularly true. The trouble is that, instead of giving these positions to men because of their fitness, they have been given out, according to our miserable practice, by party politicians as rewards for party work.

The Labette county jail has only six inmates.

Pittsburg has voted \$20,000 in bonds for water works.

It is estimated that Kansas has 7,000,000 acres in corn this year.

Winfield boasts of more stone sidewalk than any town of its size in the state.

The wheat yield about St. Marys is now expected to be the heaviest on record for the acre.

An old woman with a dog is working the sympathetic officials of southern Kansas towns.

W H Caldwell, of the Beloit Courier, has been appointed receiver of the Kirwin land office.

Salina's street car line will be changed to an electric motor and eleven miles of road added.

The fat women of Harper recently held a picnic and women weighing less than 200 were barred.

Silk culture appears to be thriving in Kansas. A silk worm station has been established at Clearwater.

Ottawa's fire department consists of three horses and one paid employe and it has proven very efficient.

A cloud burst along the line of Marion county Monday night is reported to have done much damage, but no one was injured.

Hutchinson News: The number of sensational abduction cases at Wichita will cut down the population much more than the number who will go summering.

The executive committee of the State Temperance union issued a call for a grand delegate convention of those opposed to resubmission to be held at Topeka.

The students of Haskell institute have petitioned the removal of Supt. Mesary, alleging that he does not know how to treat Indians.

Frank Wilkins, aged 18, of Leavenworth, attempted to board a Missouri Pacific freight at the coal shaft when he fell beneath and was instantly killed. His body was horribly mutilated.

The senate has passed a silver bill more liberal than the one that passed the house. Probably the house will concur in the Senate bill. Senator Plumb did good work for the bill.

An appeal will be taken in the liquor cases recently decided by Judge Caldwell. But before any decision can be rendered Congress will probably grant the relief needed. The late experience with the liquor business in Kansas has been just enough to make its hideous feature the more glaring. Law or no law the saloon could not come back to Kansas.

It may be noticed that nearly all the cities are complaining the census will not do them justice. St. Louis, Kansas City and even Topeka complain. Probably the result will show the population of Topeka to be about 30,000. Great care has been used in taking this census, and it will be one noticed for its fairness and correctness.

Drunkenness is becoming common in Topeka, after an experience of nearly ten years of prohibition. All the evils of the infernal system are again returning. Only those who have lived under prohibition succeeded by "respectable" original (sin) package house, can realize the iniquity of the saloon even in this form. If Congress does not put it down the people will.

"A Farmer's Education Free" is an attractive announcement by the Rural Publishing Company, of New York, publishers of the Rural New Yorker and the American Garden. They offer to pay the way through college of young men and women who work for them. Ambitious boys and girls should send for circular at once. A course of study at any other school or college is given, if preferred.

The Labor Question in Europe. The labor question has been so widely discussed that anything concerning it is of interest to all classes, and the opinion of a man so competent to write on that subject as Mr. John Burns, who, it will be remembered, was closely connected with the strike of the dockmen in London, will be read with special appreciation. FRANK LESTER's for June 21 contains an article written by him on "The Labor Question in Europe." This article gives clearly an outline of the present condition of the labor party in the various countries of Europe, and we recommend it to our readers as most interesting.

The second installment of "Round-Robin Talks" appears in the July number of Lippincott's Magazine. Col. Thomas P Ochiltree, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Moses P Handy, Thomas Nelson Page, Julian Hawthorne, Senator Squire, and others contribute to make the meeting interesting and entertaining. Ochiltree and Handy, of course, have numbers of good stories and personal experiences to relate, while the others furnish their quota to make the second one of these attractive symposiums a brilliant success.

"Protection for Plantmen" is the title of a circular sent out by the Rural New Yorker and the American Garden, jointly, proposing a unique plan for protecting originators and discoverers of new varieties of useful and ornamental plants. It covers the ground about as thoroughly as the patent laws do for inventors, and proposes to increase the scope and importance of the State Experiment Stations and the United States Department of Agriculture.

Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University Experiment station, and one of the most practical, successful and popular horticulturists in America has become editor of the American Garden. The business department of the Rural Publishing Company, which includes the Garden and the Rural New Yorker, now requires all the former editor's, Mr. Libby's, time, so fast and securely is the new-old company growing in the estimate and confidence of the rural and suburban public, for whom it is working vigorously on a broad and liberal base.

4TH OF JULY RATES.

For the glorious "4th" the Union Pacific "The Overland Route" will sell tickets from points in Nebraska, Kansas and Wyoming to points 200 miles distant from starting point at one fare for the round trip. This will give patrons living along the line, an opportunity to visit neighboring towns and attend the celebrations, etc. Tickets will be sold July 3rd and 4th, good to return July 5th.

For time of trains, rates, etc., apply to your nearest Union Pacific agent. C. S. MELLETT, E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Traffic Mgr. Gen'l Pass. Agt. Omaha, Neb.

The farmers report that the wheat, tho not so thick upon the ground nor so tall as last year, has a full berry. The fields are nearly all harvested in Mill creek valley.

MAPLE HILL.

Major Sims had a fine young colt die a few days since. The colt was left tied to a tree while the dam was being worked, and when the colt was released it ate heartily, after which it went over the river Styx.

The effects of the original package decision as originally given by Supreme Judge Fuller, and with the "trimmings" of Judge Caldwell, are having visible effects upon the bibulously inclined in and about Maple Hill. The war-whoop of the don't-care-a-dam from the country splits the midnight air, as the clatter of his broncho is heard afar. The black-guardians and savage oaths from the veteran followers of big-girled Bacchus impregnates the air of late.

PERFUMES

—MADE FROM FLOWERS IN THE—
LAND OF FLOWERS!
DOUSSAN'S
Sweet South

In 1 oz. Sprinkler-Top Bottle, EACH 65 CENTS.

ALSO OUR EXTRA FINE SPECIALTIES:
LYS DES INCAS! SPRING MIST!
LUNEA! NEVADA!
IMPERIAL PINK! NEVADA!
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 cobweb." "Lasting as the hills." "If your druggist don't keep them send amount to us and we will forward prepaid." **DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO.,** 46 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

PERRY.

Dr. May of Lawrence, was in Perry Monday and assisted Dr. Flagg perform an operation on Ben Doane's baby for club feet.

Quite a number of Oklahoma boomers came in this week to spend a short time at their old homes. They will return to Oklahoma after harvest.

W A Whitley and J M Grinter in company with G H Pierson of Kansas City, have gone to the Indian Territory to purchase cattle for feeding.

Henry Sutter says he has the best wheat this year he has ever had since he has been farming. He believes farming pays and proves it by the results.

Dr C C Surber of Delphos, called on his parents this week, while taking a trip to Kansas City. He paid the A O W Lodge a visit Wednesday evening.

We were mistaken last week in saying that James Burke had left the alliance store at Thompsonville. We thought our information came reliably, but we were mistaken.

Besides the one sold to the Geopfert, Hoffman has sold McCormick Harvesters to John Welter and C D Bates of Williamstown and Mrs. Kate Sproat of Thompsonville.

There is a new comer at Van Vleck's that will have to wait ten years for the census enumerator.

RE Haynes has been granted a leave of absence for one month to take a rest and do some visiting.

In company with our better half we had the pleasure of visiting Lawrence Rebecca Degree Lodge No. 4, I O O F last Friday evening to witness the conferring of the degree on three ladies and four gentlemen from Leavenworth. We regret that more from Perry were not present.

The Union Pacific Railway company have put a coupon ticket case in their office at this place. This is a great convenience to parties going from here to places on other lines, as they can now get through tickets. The putting in of this coupon case is a compliment to the excellent management of this office by the present agent, R E Haynes.

Joe Goudy, a few days ago, caught a girl trying to get away with a jersey without paying for same. He did not know who she was, but circumstances located a Sweeney girl as the one. Tuesday the Sweeneys brought the girl to town and Goudy recognized her as the one. She denied the charge and her folks took her part, and there was a picnic at the corner store for a while. Goudy would not spare any but stuck to the charge, and finally all quieted down and the Sweeney folks went home.

DON'T DRINK DIRTY WATER.

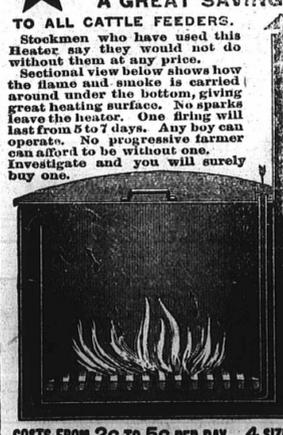
USE SEED'S REVERSIBLE SELF-CLEANING WATER FILTER



NEVER FAILS. Mailed FREE for 50 CENTS. Agents Wanted. **J. H. SEED, 25 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.**

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 25c TO 50c PER DAY. 4 SIZES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES. **O. P. BENJAMIN & BRO.,** LAFAYETTE, IND.

YOUR CRAYON PORTRAIT

NICELY FRAMED IN BRONZE OR GILT. Flush Border. Size, 34 x 28 inches. For \$3.00. As fine as any Artist will show 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.

CANE MILLS

More kinds and sizes of Mills and Evaporators, for Sorghum and Sugar Cane, are made by The Blymyer Iron Works Co., of Cincinnati, O., than by any other works in the world. They are the sole makers of the Victor, Great Western and Nile Mills, the Genuine Cook Evaporator, and the Automatic Cook Evaporator. Send for Catalogue, Prices, and The Sorghum Hand Book for 1890.

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 paper. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them unclaimed, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

LAWYERS are so plenty that many of them have to go to congress, the state legislature, to loan money for capitalists or to act as agents for insurance companies in order to eke out some sort of a living.

SPIRIT is now a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

WHATEVER may be exultingly claimed by the friends or despairingly conceded by the enemies of Mormonism to the contrary, overwhelming testimony goes to show that the rising generation in Utah is generally repudiating polygamy, with all that thereto pertains.

The extent of country from which potatoes are now supplied for market makes an entire failure of crop almost impossible. Conditions last year were worse for potatoes than for several previous seasons, yet in some localities good crops were grown, and these have paid a large profit to their owners.

The agent of an American soap company went to Uruguay and began to extensively advertise his goods, but in less than a week he was called in and advised to leave the country. He was giving away samples, and such a course, he was told, was calculated to make the people wasteful and extravagant.

The capacity of the red man for civilization can no longer be doubted. The Chicago Tribune has heard of one who lost a number of ponies, and instead of going on the war path, put an advertisement in the papers offering a suitable reward. He got his ponies and paid not only the reward, but the bill for advertising, furnishing thereby conclusive evidence of civilization.

WHILE the alligator may some day disappear from American fauna, his loss may be borne with a considerable degree of resignation. Except by the southern winter resorts, where he is now quite an attraction to visitors who like to shoot him, he won't be greatly missed. He is no such animal as the noble and handsome buffalo, whose inevitable extinction may well be regretted.

CHICAGO Inter-Ocean: "Wherever the English sparrow flourishes the American song birds diminish in numbers or disappear. In Australia the sparrows have driven away multitudes of native birds, and the agricultural reports say 'insects are making ravages as never before.' The time is coming, and it cannot come too soon, when the English free traders in the bird line must be banished."

THE most that wealth can do for the young is to furnish the best possible opportunities for securing an education. It need not be great wealth to enable its possessor to do this for his children. The most successful men and women in this country to-day are the sons of comparatively poor men, who, however, fully understood the importance of giving their children the best possible education.

BISMARCK is one of the most talked-of men of the time, yet few people know how his family came by its name. Bismarck is an ancient castle near Stendal, on the road from Cologne to Berlin, in the center of the old Marquisate of Bradenberg. It received its name because it defended the "Marca," or boundary line formed by the river Biese at that point. Biese-Marca has become Bismarck.

WHILE it is hardly to be expected that the office will always seek the man, it ought to be expected that the office shall not belong to the man simply because he has begged, borrowed or stolen it. Office holding has become a sort of brigandage where in the nature of booty an office is to belong to the buccaneer who shall sail out upon the broad sea and capture it, even if he has to blow up the ship of state to do it.

THAT Viennese physician who first affronted a girl of 19 years, next consented to fight a duel with her, swords being the weapons, and was finally placed hors de combat through her superior skill with the weapon, must feel the least little bit "cheap." It is never a dignified thing for a man to fight with a woman, and to be defeated in such a contest—unless it be a contest of wits or of tongue—is absolutely disgraceful.

On the Promenade.



All decked out in sheeny satin, rich brocade, or silk expensive, carrying a neat umbrella with a handle ornamented; on her head a hat that pretty, though its surface be extensive, and her hands with gloves well-fitted—gloves with rarest perfume scented—Any afternoon you'll see her as she gayly goes a-walking. Graceful, queenly, and attractive—conscious that she's very charming. Knowing that all eyes are on her and that men of her are talking. That the hubbub that she causes tends at times to grow alarming! Some her ruby lips are praising, some her eyes so bright and dashing; for her smiles they all are sighing, all through life would like to guide her; so, imagine how I'm envious, how I wrath their teeth they're gnashing. When of all the throng that view her, I alone do walk beside her. But they need not grow so angry, or in scornful speech berate me, (Oh, what would they say, poor mortals, if before their eyes I kissed her?) There's no reason that I know of, none at all, why they should hate me; let me ask: May not a brother walk along side of his sister? —Nathan M. Levy, in Judge.

THE FESTIVE BARBER.

HE HAS FALLEN FROM HIS HIGH ESTATE AND IS SAD.

The Tonsorial Artist Is No Longer the Licensed Surgeon, Though He Occasionally Lets Blood.

The Paris barbers have just concluded a successful 'strike.' The bureaux de placement have drawn in their horns and the grievance is abated. This was the trouble. The bureaux de placement have a list of all the coiffeurs and shavers of Paris. When a good barber wants a place the agencies will not have anything to do with him. The good artist is sure to stay "placed."

This sort of thing went on for years until the good barbers found that all the gilt was rubbed off their gingerbread. They struck, and struck hard, against the bureaux. And they won the fight. Since the Arabian Nights, since Olivier le Daim, since the loquaciously immortal Figaro, barbers and hairdressers have played star parts in history. They are the most dangerous of revolutionists—as Paris found in '89. Not even the dry goods clerks—of whom Mirabeau was one—were as reckless.

But then the barbers were used to drawing blood. This is a sign of the barber's character that he rarely shows. To the ordinary observer he is a depressed man who seems to have pocketed the cue-ball in the grim pool game of life. Even his loquacity is forced, and in fact the nineteenth century barber is anything but the merry fellow of the old French and Italian comedies.

He has fallen from a very high estate and he knows it. He takes one by the nose and persuades the head to the left side while he scrapes the right cheek. This finished, he turns to his chair-mate. "What d'ye mean by 'pen' hair?" "What I mean," is the answer, "is that they cut off a female convict's an' mate anarchists."

The barber continues to shave; when it comes to your upper lip he pulls your nose up until your mouth is half open. Then he leans down and breathes his ruin and decaying hopes in your face. "No bay rum," you say. Thereupon he squirts your eyes, and ears, and mouth full of bay rum. "No powder, please," you implore. Thereupon he smoothes you from hair to collar with poudre de riz. "Nothing on my hair." And thereupon he bathes your hair in soapy, perfumed water.

If you are a man of mettle you get up and pound him on the head with the shaving-mug. If you are an everyday sort of man you reason with him. You say, calmly and sincerely: "You bald-headed, driveling pessimistic idiot! Don't you know that water ruins hair—as surely as women ruin men. You don't? Well it does, you jay-hawk! It dries it up! The hair falls out. One is bald!" "Head very dirty, sir." "Dirty," you say, with rising indignation.

THE CLASSIC BARBER. The barber of to-day is a tall, blonde man, with a lugubrious breath. He throws the apron about you and jams the edges down your collar. Then he jerks the chair back into a reclining position, incidentally dislocating your neck. He runs his fingers through your hair in an absent-minded fashion and remarks to his next-chair neighbor: "Ther sellin' seven ter one—bar Roar-in' Gal." "Are you on?" says the other. "Nope." Then in a leisurely, down-hearted fashion he smears your face with lather.

He brushes over your chin and cheeks; rubs it into your neck; slides his lathery little finger across your upper lip. "Say," remarks his next-chair neighbor. "Yep?" he queries, laying down the brush and cup. "Hair's goin' up," the other goes on. "How d' know?" "Boss." "What'd he say?" "Are y' in on hair?" "Nope," says he, shortly. "What'd y' wanter know?" asks the other. "Don't wanter know," says he, shortly.

By this time the lather on one's face is drier than a champagne of the famous year of 1874. An accidental sneeze sends it off in flakes. The barber looks at the phenomenon, incuriously but sadly. He gets fresh towels and rubs the flaky remainder off. Then he puts on some more lather and sighs in your face.

"Why's hair goin' up?" he asks, turning to his neighbor. "Cos dey stopped protection in France an' put a duty on all de hair taken out o' de kingdom o' Paris."

"G'on!" "Ask de boss." "What d'ye know about hair—ye ain't got enough on yer head ter make a mustache!" "If I don't know hair I don't know nothin'." "That's what I said." "I ain't no common barber," the neighbor goes on, "I used ter be head of the switch room. I never shaved till I come here."

"No more did I," your barber adds, "I was or bank president." Naturally you feel that you ought to have a show somewhere, and you try to break into the conversation: "Didn't you shave notes?" you ask.

The barber sighs his funereal breath in your face, rubs the lather off, and sticks the brush in your mouth. He takes it out and turns to his neighbor who has been talking. The conversation comes to you in this way: "When there's the 'church hair'—that's the best hair we ever handled while we was doin' business. Y' see dat comes from them furrin' countries. Every time a nun goes inter church, I heard, they cuts off her hair."

The writer does not know whether this is true or not. As a matter of fact it is probably nothing more than the irresponsible chatter of a man who was trying to show how much he did not know.

But suppose it were? There is a sermon in the fact. It were strange indeed that the locks that fall upon the steps of the altar when a young girl dedicates herself to God should be tangled up with the tresses of Phryne—in full war-paint.

Then you need ter get the 'pen' hair," he goes on, "an' the 'dead' hair. The dealers they never said as where it come from, but we knowed. An' why? 'Cos they was roots on it an' ye can't get hair with the roots on when ye cuts it off, kin ye?"

"I says not. An' we used ter buy it in headfuls—we did. An' we allus called it dead hair, 'cos it was snaked off'n corpses' heads."

The conversation was interesting, but not exhilarating.



IN THE BARBER'S CLUTCHES.

Your barber in the meantime has been sharpening his razor on the strap. Then he stands in front of you and rubs the blade up and down along the palm of his hand.

If one has nerves—and most of us have—this is decidedly annoying. One is always hoping he will cut himself; one feels gloomily that he never will.

He doesn't. He takes one by the nose and persuades the head to the left side while he scrapes the right cheek. This finished, he turns to his chair-mate.

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"of course it is! It is an imbecile, erroneous, anserous, asinine notion that the skin which holds the hair follicles and rosy, delicate secretory organs of the scalp must be kept as clean as one's hands or face."

A mistake. The hands and face should be kept clean. Who are the people who are bald-headed? The people who wash their heads. Did you ever see a bald-headed dago? Washing removes the glandular secretions—the natural protection of the hair, and the substance that promotes its growth.

Wash and be bald! By this time the barber has got your hair half dry and begins to comb it. You let him follow his own sweet will and hammer your hair down in comic sections and parabolic curves.



THE ESCAPE.

In a cowed sort of way you get out into the street and dodge your friends and acquaintances. You sneak up the back way to your house and look at yourself in the glass. Then you snub your wife and beat the baby, and go upstairs and wash off the stains of soap and powder and dry and comb your hair.

After that you go out and get drunk. That is all there is to getting a shave. A very simple thing. The best way to get shaved is to shave one's self. —Chicago Tribune.

A GREAT MAN.

The Characteristics of Such a Person, According to a French Philosopher.

M. Burnouf, the great French philosopher, in his work "Lotus de la Bonne Loi," gives thirty-two characteristics of a great man, which will be interesting to all students of character. Presumably he does not refer to the town marshal or cross-roads editor, but to some one "truly great," a rara avis seldom met with. The following are twenty-six of the thirty-two distinguished points according to the learned Frenchman:

1. His head is crowned with a protuberance of the skull.
2. His hair is of a brilliant black, shining like the tail of a peacock.
3. He has a broad and regular forehead.
4. Between his eyebrows is a circle of down, brilliant as snow or silver.
5. His eyelids are like those of a young heifer.
6. He has large and brilliant black eyes.
7. He has forty teeth, all smooth and equal, set closely together, and of the most perfect whiteness.
8. His voice is like that of Brahma.
9. He has exquisite sense of taste.
10. His tongue is broad and thin, or else long and thread-like.
11. His jaws are strong like those of a lion.
12. His shoulders and arms are perfectly rounded.
13. The seven parts usually hollow in man (the hollows of the feet, palms of the hands, hollows under the arms and the creck between the shoulder-blades) are full in the "great man," and some cases even have protuberances.
14. The space between the shoulders is covered.
15. His skin has the luster and color of gold.
16. His arms are so long that when he stands upright his hands reach his knees.
17. His front is lion-like.
18. His body is perfectly straight and well rounded.
19. His hairs grow one by one (unruly; standing out from each other).
20. Each hair turns to the right.
21. His thighs are rounded, and his legs trim as a gazelle's.
22. His toes and fingers are long.
23. His instep is high.
24. His feet and hands are soft and delicate.
25. His toes and fingers are marked with deep lines forming a net-work.
26. His feet are of equal size and well placed.

A Rich Hill.

A hill 400 feet high, composed of copper, silver and gold, has been discovered in the Mexican state of Chiapas. A river flowing on one side of the hill has largely uncovered the deposits, and many hundred thousand tons of ore are in sight. The ore assays from 3 to 4 ounces of gold and 40 to 60 ounces of silver per ton, with from 25 to 35 per cent of copper.

Ship Canal to Berlin.

The German Government has decided to connect Berlin with the Baltic by means of a ship canal. The work will be commenced in a few months.

SHE WANTED VIOLETS.

Two Street Walks Whose Need Exceeded Their Experience.

hey looked a long time through the window of the Wabash avenue flower shop before they could agree on a choice. "I choose the white flowers in the corner," said the girl, pointing to the slender stems from whose top a bunch of dainty lilies of the valley were swinging. "I choose the red ones; they're bully," said the boy. "What are them blue flowers?" "I dunno; they're pretty."

"I'll go ask the policeman," and the girl went over to where the big cop was standing swinging his club. "Say, what is them blue flowers?" The policeman looked and answered kindly: "Them's yer-lets, child." The girl took her brother's hand and led the small chap into the shop. The clerk was filling a paper box with bride-



"TELL HIM, JIMMY," SAID THE GIRL. roses for a Prairie avenue girl, and he held his rubber bottle of water in the air while he asked in annoyance: "What do you want to buy?" "Flowers," said the girl. "What kind?" "V'lets."

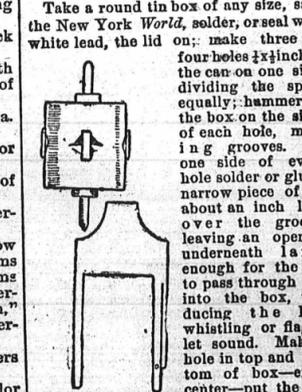
"And how much money have you got?" The girl tiptoed and dropped five pennies on the counter. "Ho, ho, ho," laughed the clerk. "Why, little one, those violets are 75 cents a bunch."

The grimy faces fell, and the clerk laid down the paper box and the water-bottle, and asked: "What do you want them for?" "Maw," said the girl. "Why does your maw want them?" "Tell him, Jimmy," said the girl, nudging her companion. "No, you tell him," said the boy. "She's dead," said the girl. —Chicago Tribune.

A WHISTLING TOP.

How Anybody Can Provide Himself With a New Musical Machine.

Take a round tin box of any size, says the New York World, solder, or seal with white lead, the lid on; make three or four holes in the can on one side, dividing the space equally; hammer in the box on the sides of each hole, making grooves. On one side of every hole solder or glue a narrow piece of tin about an inch long over the groove, leaving an opening underneath large enough for the air to pass through and into the box, producing the loud whistling or flageolet sound. Make a hole in top and bottom of box—exact center—put the rod in position and fit small circular blocks on the rod, top and bottom of box, and glue well. Use upper block for the cord. For spinning the top take a small board, wider than the box is long, saw out a piece in the end wide enough to admit the box; notch the prongs near the end for holding the peg of top, and make a hole in upper one for the string.



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Cowboy Medicine.



Coyote Pete—What yer practicin' fer, Ike? Got a grudge ag'in' some one? Deadly Ike—Naw; but me pard in-thar's got a touch of rheumatism, an' I'm makin' a porous-plaster fer him.—Puck.

The First Russian Newspaper.

For a time the first Russian newspaper was edited and managed by Potemkin the Great.

THE LIEUTENANT.

"Yes," said the captain reflectively; "It took a lot of saving. It's given me faith for these fellows."

He waved his hand toward the row of sleeping men; and the lieutenant followed his glance. They were standing in the "dossing-room" of one of the Salvation Army shelters, where supper, bed, and breakfast could be obtained at the reasonable charge of 4d, and it was not so much the faces before him, haggard and unkempt often, but clean, and softened by sleep, that impressed on the captain the need of salvation for "these fellows," as his recollection of them two hours before hungry, clamorous, and unwashed. Slumbering in the long, narrow, cushioned boxes, with the uniform brown hides thrown over them, they looked picturesque, and even oddly peaceful, now.

"I daresay there's not one of them," said the captain, always in an undertone, "that the Lord would have as much difficulty with as he had with me. Why, when I was a tiny lad and my brother and I had apples given us I used always to take the little apple purely for the sake of making them think I was unselfish. They pointed me out as an example, and there I was swelling with pride. Always pondering on how to cut a good moral figure I was. Just give me a character for self-sacrifice and wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. That's the worst kind of a fellow to save, and he was twelve years about it; and sometimes I doubt if it is finished yet. I've hung on to acts of self-denial till I've compelled others to act selfishly. 'Tis a terrible temptation that. Why, it's better to do wrong and have done with it than be always hankering after your own salvation. Brother Judd was in the right—you remember Brother Judd—when he said in camp-meeting, 'If I've lost my soul I'll go and save some other fellow's.' And maybe some of these chaps are capable of a fine act, without so much as thinking about it; that I would go and do with any of them; but then, all the way there and back I'd have a voice on one side of me saying, 'Now, Broke, give God all the glory,' and another voice the other, 'Yes, yes, Broke, but save yourself a little bit out.' The complexity of my motives is a great stumbling-block to me at times. I've had to give up and say, 'Lord, here's the act, and why I've done it I don't know; but thou knowest, and whatever becomes of my motives, I'd like thee to use it for thy service.' That's the only source of peace, brother."

"Aye," said the lieutenant, nodding soberly. He was a man of fewer and slower words than the captain, but with a peculiarly gentle and kind face. "I don't believe you were ever tempted in that way, brother," said the captain, looking at him admiringly. You live—

"Too near the Lord," he was going to say; but something in the other's unconscious face arrested him.

"Why, yes," said the lieutenant, slowly. "I've been tempted to take the glory—frequently. But I'd sooner the Lord had it, arter all, for the world knoweth him not."

"There's some of these," he continued after a pause, "as I believe literally know their bibles by art, and yet they'll come in reeling drunk and have to be put out again. The inward witness, that's what's lacking. You saw the man who came in last?"

The captain nodded.

"He's a barrister," said the lieutenant, very low. "Said he was making his fortune at the bar, when the temptation to drink overcame him. Said it was too late to begin afresh. I said it was never too late to begin afresh in the strength of God; but I think maybe he's a bit of the pride of intellect. The plan of salvation, that's too simple."

"So 'twas for me," said the captain crisply. "It took me twelve years. I sympathize with that fellow."

A sudden laugh in the room, that was stifled quickly, started them both. "Could it have come from the barrister? They glanced at him sharply; but to all appearance the barrister, with his ancient, rumpled hair falling about his forehead, was as fast asleep as the rest. Nevertheless they had their suspicions.

"It's time to turn in," said the captain gravely. "Good night, lieutenant."

The next morning, while the barrister was eating his bread and drinking his coffee with a leisurely air, the lieutenant observed him, and came to the conclusion that most likely they were right in their conjecture. The barrister would have been handsome, with his curly fair hair and good-matured gray eyes, if he had not looked so dissipated. Certainly he had the manners of a gentleman, and, ragged and unkempt, he left the shelter that morning with a nod and careless greeting to the lieutenant that seemed appropriate to some fashionable hotel. The lieutenant looked after him, laying mental snares for the saving of his soul.

"Looks a regular West end swell, don't he?" he said, turning to the captain with his gentle laugh. The captain was not in charge of the shelter, but his room was close by, and, as of late his brother officers had been somewhat anxious about the lieutenant's physical as distinct from his spiritual welfare, the captain found time to run in and look after him morning, noon, and night, in the midst of his own crowded days.

"There's many," said the captain, "in silks and satins who are in far worse case. This poor chap's sin has taken the only form they understand—that of losing his money; and they all turn their backs upon him. That's the

way of the world, but not the way of the army, praise the Lord! Have you spoken to him about his soul again, brother?"

"Well, no," said the lieutenant apologetically. "It struck me he was one of those we must catch with guile. Maybe you'll have a word with him tonight if he comes again."

"I will," said the captain.

But it was many nights before Alymer—it was the barrister's true name—came again; and when he came he was distinctly more ragged and disreputable. But he came early, and captain and lieutenant had the opportunity they wished for.

"Brother," said the captain mildly, but firmly; "you don't look as if your present plan of life suited you. Hadn't you better try the Lord's plan?"

"Really," said Alymer courteously, sitting down on one of the boxes not yet turned into a bed, "I haven't the remotest idea."

"Will you hear it?" said the captain, taking out his little bible.

"If you'll excuse me," said Alymer hastily, "I would much rather not."

"Brother," said the captain, "you've sought happiness in worldly pleasures and not found it, and you think the search is hopeless. I'm not going to preach to you against your will, but you may find true happiness yet; for I've found it, and it took me twelve years."

"Thanks," said Alymer. "But I daresay it isn't of much consequence," he added lightly, "whether I find it or not."

"There's a great hereafter, brother," returned the captain decidedly and promptly; and the lieutenant's slow, gentle voice echoed:

"Brother, there's a great hereafter."

Alymer looked at them both and suddenly broke into a laugh.

"I hope there is," he said. "The present doesn't amount to much."

"Are you prepared to meet it, brother?" persisted the captain.

"Yes," returned Alymer, with sudden sharpness. "I'm prepared to meet anything but life. Now are you satisfied?"

"No," said the captain. "Far from it. But I've said my say, brother, and I'll leave you in peace, if peace you call it."

He turned to a new-comer, but the lieutenant lingered.

"Maybe," he said, deprecatingly, "you'd like a smoke. We're smoking in a downstairs room I'll show you. And I'm no smoker myself, but I've got a bit of bacca handy, if you'll make free with it."

"You keep tobacco for the benefit of the dossers," said Alymer, curiously. "That is very good-natured of you."

The lieutenant looked half-embarrassed, and Alymer felt that he had used a wrong adjective.

"It isn't in the fourpence," he said, smiling.

"Why, no," said the lieutenant, with an answering smile, "maybe not."

"Then I'll have a smoke gladly," said Alymer, "and many thanks. You look as if you knew what it is to be hard up."

"Bless you?" said the lieutenant. "I've been 'ard up all my life. Comes more natural to me than it does to you, sir."

"You don't deserve it, however," said Alymer involuntarily, "as I do."

"I think, maybe, replied the lieutenant mildly, "there's not much difference between men's deservings if it isn't for the grace of God. But that's the forbidden subject, isn't it? And now if you'll allow me I'll show you the smoking-room."

What was it in Alymer that won on the lieutenant, till he said in a puzzled way, and disregarding all circumstantial evidence, that Alymer was not far from the kingdom? He did not know, any more than Alymer knew, why the lieutenant won on him; yet in their sentences the same thought passed through the mind of each:

"He's such a gentleman."

"Does it matter," said Alymer the next morning, "if I come again tonight?"

"You'll be very welcome," said the lieutenant, with quite sincerity. "Good morning, brother. God bless you!"

With which unusual benediction ringing in his ears Alymer went into the city, a very briefless barrister. But at night, having somehow amassed fourpence and no more, he returned, and was received by the lieutenant with a cordial grasp of the hand and look of welcome, and wondered how long since it was any one had shaken hands with him like that. For several nights more he came, always reading his own especial greeting in the lieutenant's face. Then again there was a break, and the lieutenant looked for him vainly, and somehow missed him. He was different from the rest.

At last one night, later than usual, the well-known figure entered. Alymer had ascended the stairs quietly and steadily; nevertheless the lieutenant, who was accustomed to this maneuver on the part of drunken men, gave him a doubtful glance before his cordial "Good-night, brother."

"I'm not your brother!" said Alymer, thickly, and with a savage oath.

A tumult arose among the dossers, who many of them had known the lieutenant long, and in their wild way loved him.

"He's half-seas over. Turn him out, lieutenant; we'll give you a hand." Half a dozen strong fellows rose at once, but the lieutenant waved them back.

"You're not yourself to-night," he said to Alymer, soothingly. "Sit down a bit."

What Alymer's disordered brain made of the kindly invitation there is no knowing; but what he did was this: Without a second's warning he knocked

the lieutenant down. Then, partially sobered already he turned on his heel. He had the advantage of the other dossers in being close to the door, and he passed through swiftly. But a savage howl rose, and a dozen of them were after him. There was only one voice that could possibly stop them, and that voice they heard. The lieutenant was staggering to his feet and stood between them and the door.

"Wait a bit, boys," he said, in his gentle, deprecating voice. "You've some of you been the worse for drink, as he was. 'Tis my quarrel."

"Take my place, brother," he added anxiously to a sub-officer who entered just then, bewildered at Alymer's sudden exit, and he was gone. Quite oblivious to the fact that his face was cut and bleeding, he ran down the dusky stairs and into the street. There, just turning a corner, was Alymer's retreating figure. What direction was he going in with such quick and steady steps? The lieutenant breathed a prayer and hurried after him. Partially sobered by seeing the lieutenant, one of the best fellows he had ever known, lying at his feet, the cool night air did the rest for Alymer, who, in one of the moments of vivid awakening men have, suddenly knew or thought he knew, what he really wanted. A sense of freedom, almost joy, woke in him at the thought that he could fling away a life so utterly worthless, as he would have flung away some baneful thing. It seemed no wrong he was about to do; he thought that it was cowardly to die as obliterated for him by the thought that it was cowardly to live—like this. Words were surging in his mind over and over:

"And in the great flood wash away my sin."

He was aware that he meant to do something that would change all, and only feared the failure of his courage.

"O God! let me go through with it," he prayed. And so he came to the bridge moderating his pace for fear of attracting suspicion, and, entering one of the lonely recesses, paused an instant, looking over, and heard the water plashing underneath. But he dared not stay to listen. He sprang upon the stone bench, was springing on it—was over—no, some one caught him back. Two arms had grasped him, and presently he was standing on the ground again confronting his deliverer, and hearing the tide, to which all this mattered nothing, plashing quietly on.

A spectral-looking figure it was that stood before him, with streaks of blood on its face, which otherwise was a queer ashy-white to the very lips. Then Alymer realized that it was the lieutenant come to look after him. And he also realized, as perhaps no one hitherto had done sufficiently, that it was time for some one to look after the lieutenant. He sprang up.

One apprehensive hand the lieutenant held out, but Alymer stopped him. "I'm not going to do it again," he said decidedly. "you're ill; take my arm. I'll get you—oh, hang it! you won't take brandy."

"I've been like it before," grasped the lieutenant feebly, but Alymer led him, by very slow steps, into the nearest shop, whose owner, fortunately, was a good, buxom woman, who, like every one else, knew the lieutenant.

"Bless us," she said, "he do look ill!"

"Tell me where the nearest doctor is," said Alymer, impatiently.

"Just a street off—why Polly! Polly! show him, child—Dr. Morris; never mind your hat."

They were back in ten minutes—Polly, Alymer, and the doctor, a man with a shrewd, pleasant face, who stepped up quietly to the lieutenant's sofa, as if, without seeing him, he knew all about it. The lieutenant looked up and, seeing Alymer, smiled faintly.

"Well, my man," said the doctor, scribbling something on a piece of paper as he spoke. "You army fellows overdo it you know. Here, my girl—"

He handed the paper to Polly.

"Take it to the nearest chemist," he said, "and come straight back with what he gives you."

"You overdo it," he repeated, turning to the lieutenant again. "How do you feel now?"

"I'm at peace," said the lieutenant. "Bless his name!"

"At peace? Oh!" said the doctor. "Well, I dare say you are—but physically, you know—that's my matter. You haven't felt quite strong, have you, for some time?"

"I've thought—"

NOT A BAIT FOR ROBBERS.

An Old Railroad Map Tells Why Pay-Trains Are Never Held Up.

"Why is it that train-robbers never plunder a pay-train?"

"Because they know their reward would be too insignificant."

"That is the way an ex-railroad man put it last night to a Savannah News reporter."

"Less money," he added, "is carried on a pay-train than any other kind of a train. Some folk imagine that the pay of the employees of the two great systems terminating here, aggregating hundreds of thousands, monthly, is piled away in the cars and is hauled over the road."

"Isn't that the case?"

"Great Scott! no. Trains would be robbed before they got well out of Savannah. Besides, who would be able to keep up with a carload of money? It is largely silver and the ten-cent pieces and the nickels and the coppers would run away with things."

"How is the business conducted, then?"

"Easily enough. In fact, there is but one way to properly carry it on. That way is to draw on the banks at each city for enough to pay off until the next city is reached. For instance, in leaving Savannah over either the Savannah, Florida & Western railroad or the Central railroad just enough money is taken to pay off employees, including agents, track-hands, operators, and others, at each of the stations. This amount is not very large. The largest amounts are paid out in the cities. For instance, in Macon the engineers, firemen, conductors, and yard-hands and others of the Savannah & Western railroad are paid off; in Augusta the employees of the South Carolina division of the Central are paid off; the same is true with the Savannah, Florida & Western railway. By this means the largest sums paid out amount to little more than a transfer of money procured from the banks through the paymaster of the railroads to the employees. The sums paid out on the line between the headquarters of each division are small compared to the amounts paid out in the cities. None of the engineers or firemen or conductors or brakemen are paid off at points along the line. They are the employees that get the largest pay."

The railroad man related an incident which took place several years ago, which he said put matters in a bad light and made the pay-train tempting to train-robbers. A newspaper reporter on one of the dailies of a western town wrote a long article stating how much money it required to pay off the employees of the road, and concluded by saying it was singular that the robbers seldom held up pay-trains. The figures the newspaper man gave were correct, and the article attracted widespread attention. Several officials of the road went to the general manager about the matter and began to suggest a remedy for what they considered a very bad practice.

The general manager explained to them that the amount of money carried on pay-trains was small compared to what is carried on a regular mail and express train, but the matter was not settled until the newspaper man published an interview with the general manager, giving the facts and stating the manner in which business was conducted on pay-trains. The railroader said, however, that the danger of pay-train robbery is very slight. The robbers have posted themselves about these matters.

Possibilities of the Future.

Beside the art of trimming lamps those of carving a turkey and making a decaying fire leap to light are nowhere. People who don't care about having their ceilings blackened and their heads made to ache by the fumes of gas in the shutter rooms, which are needful of an evening in an English autumn, winter, and spring, use lamps; but they do not, as a rule, get from them more than half the light they are capable of giving. There was a young lady of New York who once trod upon millionaires. Those days passed and the young lady had to work like a common American. Her lamps had always been famous for giving a beautiful light, so she hired herself out to trim the lamps of the rich and the haughty, and is said to be making an exceedingly good thing of it. We should like to see her imported, or at least she might train up a pupil for the London market. We have need of the one or the other. There was a great poet whose last words were, "Light, more light." If he had lived in a London drawing-room, they would have been his first. Soon we shall be entirely under the thumb of the peripatetic specialist. Already we have the gentleman who drives up in his brougham to test the soup, the young lady who comes in a cab to arrange the flowers on the dinner-table; and then there will be "the young person to see to the lamps." The day may yet be when we shall hear: "If you please, sir, the gentleman has come to put you to bed."

—Fall Mail Gazette.

A Strike.

Paterfamilias was giving Johnny Freshleigh, '93, some wholesome advice on the many opportunities that were to be had at college, and that he ought to make the most of them, quoting as a final word, the maxim of Cromwell: "Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking."

And then Johnny struck his father for a cool hundred, not only making the metal hot, but his father too.

His honor at steak.—The squire at breakfast.

DOMINIE WAS FORGETFUL.

Ludicrous Scene at a Marriage Ceremony Where the Ring Was Lost.

A South Boston pastor narrated the following incident which came under his observation in St. John, N. B., to a reporter of the Boston Herald. Two people in middle life sought out an aged and well-known clergyman to tie the connubial knot. His advanced years had brought him a teacherous memory, and, with this uncertain quantity to deal with, he began the ceremony. There were luckily no witnesses to the amusing scene but the clergyman's daughter-in-law and grandson.

The preliminaries over, the ring was asked for. The groom was exceedingly nervous and could not find it. He searched in all his pockets, shook his sleeve, ran his hand down the side of his right leg in fear of a hole in his pantaloons pocket, felt of his sock, and repeated the process, increasing in nervousness as he certainly did in blushes and awkwardness. Finally, the old gentleman sat down, while both witnesses assisted the partially married couple to find the missing symbol of their union. Down on their knees they got, and turned up the corner of the rug, and peered under the sofa, and altogether made a most ludicrous sight.

Meantime the clergyman's mnemonic faculty failed him. He forgot where he was, and could not be made to understand the mission of the strange lady and gentleman. It ought to be added that he was also very deaf. Fearing complications, his daughter-in-law sent the grandson for the regular minister of the parish. At last the ring was found in an obscure corner, whether it had rolled, and the parties to the suspended contract tried to look resigned under the aggravating circumstances. The ministerial gentleman waked out of his reverie and said to the lady of the house:

"Who is this couple?"

The answer was almost a shout, after which he, subsided a moment and then continued:

"How long have you been married?"

"They really didn't know how much they were married, but stammered out a reply that was completely lost on him, for in a minute or so more he capped the conversation by saying:

"How many children have you got?"

That was too much, and would have convulsed the suffering victims had not the regular minister arrived and completed the service.

Owls Are Better than Cats.

The barn owl, when she has young, brings to her nest a mouse about every twelve minutes, and, as she is actively employed both at evening and at dawn, and as male and female hunt, forty mice a day is the lowest computation we can make. How soft is the plumage of the owl, and how noiseless her flight! Watch her as she floats past the ivy tod, down by the rocks, and silently over the old wood; then away over the meadows, through the open door, and out of the loophole of the barn, round the lichened tower, and along the course of the brook. Presently she returns to her four downy young with a mouse in one claw and a vole in the other, soon to be ripped up, torn, and eaten by the greedy, snapping imps. The young and eggs are found in the same nest. If you would see the midday siesta of these birds, climb up some haymow. There in an angle of the beam you will see their swishings snoring and blinking wide their great round eyes, there duet is the most unearthly, ridiculous, grave noise conceivable, like nothing else you ever heard. Here they will stay all day, digesting the mice with which they have gorged themselves, until twilight, when they again issue forth upon their madcap revels. This clever mouser, then, has a strong claim to our protection; so let not idle superstition further its destruction.—Macmillan's Magazine.

English rose-growers are using blood manure for their vines with much success, it is said. They take sixteen pounds of blood and as soon as it begins to putrify pour into it four ounces of muriatic acid and four ounces of proto-sulphate of iron, previously mixed, which turns the blood into a dark, dry powder that will keep for any length of time. A half pound of this is mixed with the soil over the roots of each rose-bush.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 24,

No Kansas politician will be wise
 who this year counts his chickens be-
 fore they are hatched.

One of the papers reporting cur-
 rent commencement exercises, speaks
 of the "under-ground graduates."

The house judiciary committee fav-
 or the passage of the senate bill re-
 cognizing the right of states to sup-
 press the sale of liquors.

So far all the power realized from
 the Topeka dam is wind power and
 that is all there will be until they get
 down to work. Talk is cheap.

Judge Caldwell, in the case against
 the Capital, practically decided that
 Judge Foster is no great shakes of a
 lawyer, who cannot draw correctly a
 simple indictment.

A copy of the Twentieth Century
 has been sent to all the leading papers
 hereabouts. It contains reflections
 upon the late Harmon case and fur-
 nishes considerable material for the
 Topeka dailies to work over into edi-
 torial paragraphs.

The Topeka Capital is still indig-
 nant because Senator Blair thinks the
 press is venal. The number of Neb-
 raska papers that appear to be willing
 to sell their space to the liquor league
 to defeat prohibition in Nebraska, is
 sufficient evidence of the venality of
 the Nebraska press at all events.

The farmers, may, or may not, go
 into politics, but their whole reform
 movement depends upon the way the
 people vote. If the politicians are still
 permitted to dictate how they shall
 vote, and the people obey as they have
 always done, there will not be much
 reform. If, on the other hand, the
 people do really shake off the shackles
 and vote independently, it will look
 very much like taking political action.

It is hoped that legislatures and
 courts will protect the people against
 the whiskey evil. If not it is morally
 sure that they will protect them-
 selves. The whiskey dragon will
 certainly go down, if it goes in blood
 and revolution. If war and carnage
 were ever justifiable, they would be
 so in a contest with the rum traffic.
 It is to-day, has been for years, and
 will be to the end more fatal to the
 human kind than war, and more cost-
 ly in money than war. If the evil
 cannot be ended in peace it will be
 suppressed in revolution. It is time
 for this fact to be recognized.

Cheap dictionaries and encyclope-
 dias are now thrust upon the market,
 mostly as premiums with newspapers.
 They are produced very cheaply by
 the photo-engraving process, reduced
 in size it may be, an exact imitation
 without typesetting, of the original
 page, with no chance for correcting
 errors. A forty years old edition of
 Webster has been thus produced, the
 copyright having expired. An old
 English encyclopedia has been so
 made. Forty years of time has left
 such books of reference provokingly
 worthless. Look in one of them for
 information on any of the wonderful
 modern discoveries. You are not able
 to find a line of what you want. Look
 in such a Webster for any of the
 many new words of the last forty
 years of progress in science and liter-
 ature, the very words one wants, and
 they are not there. These works are
 sold at a low price, but are compar-
 atively worthless and cannot fail to be
 disappointing to those who are not fully
 informed as to what they are buy-
 ing. So we must say, in buying a
 dictionary, Get the Best; Get a mod-
 ern Webster.

The state Prohibition party conven-
 tion has been called to meet in Mc
 Pherson July 3^d. The time was not
 well chosen, but circumstances are
 favorable. For three years past the
 party has been mismanaged. During
 the same time the conditions have
 been against it. Of course this ren-
 dered wise management more diffi-
 cult. The recent supreme court deci-
 sion supplemented by that of the
 district court last week, cannot fail to
 give impetus to the third party move-
 ment. If the bill that has passed the
 senate does not speedily become a
 law, there cannot fail to be a reaction
 in favor of the prohibition party.
 This result will follow in other states
 in any event. The supreme court deci-
 sion has given the cause of prohibi-
 tion greater prominence. It is now
 seen to be a national question. The
 temporizing that republicans have
 done have lost that party much of
 the confidence that many reposed in
 it. Its open opposition in other cases,
 as in Rhode Island, has disgusted
 others. The prohibition party is on-
 ly one element of opposition in this
 state. All opposing factions appear
 to be active and growing.

Salina claims a population of 12000
 Sumner county farmers are cutting
 wheat.

There is war in the ranks of the
 Salvation army at Wichita.
 The state swine breeders' associa-
 tion will meet at Abilene July 29 and
 30.

Bernard Kelley is traveling over
 the state roasting Wichita.
 It is said Dr. Neely of Leavenworth
 is a congressional aspirant.

The state board of health says there
 has been but one case of smallpox in
 the state during the past year.

Leavenworth is losing its grip on
 the Mettman murder as an advertise-
 ment.

A man named Hughes, living near
 Wellington, has twenty-three chil-
 dren.

Parsons' fair ground will be
 turned into a stock farm for breeding
 horses.

Prof. M E Phillips of Indianola, Ia
 has been chosen president of the Win-
 field college.

Arkansas City Traveler: Winfield
 has lost 986 in population since last
 year's census.

Oscar Hanson, aged 21, was drown-
 ed while bathing in the Republican
 river near Concordia.

Conway Springs has issued an im-
 migration pamphlet and distributed
 2,000 copies throughout the east.

There are some people in Leaven-
 worth who are mossbacked enough to
 oppose the paving of Broadway.

A Wichita woman recently made
 herself ridiculous by driving rapidly
 through the town clad in a flowing
 Mother Hubbard.

State Senator Henry Elliston of
 Atchison is announced as the latest
 republican candidate for congress in
 the First district.

Hutchinson is seriously considering
 the proposition of starting a beet
 sugar factory, the capacity to be 300
 tons of beets per day.

It is now announced that Charley
 Finch has been offered the editorship
 of the Atchison Champion and that
 he will probably accept.

It is said Jim Legate receives \$300
 per week from the promoters of the
 deep water scheme for his services as
 lobbyist at Washington.

Two Kansas girls, Misses Anna
 Lindsley and Mary Garvin, have leas-
 ed the Stafford Herald and will run
 that paper as a Farmers' alliance or-
 gan.

Miss Martha P Spencer, professor
 of elocution in the state normal school
 at Emporia, has been chosen superin-
 tendent of the industrial school for
 girls at Beloit.

In the trial at Emporia of Roland
 Larkin, ex-county clerk, charged
 with forgery in altering the census
 returns, the jury returned a verdict of
 not guilty.

The body of E C Adams of Atch-
 ison, who recently perished in an ele-
 vator fire at Memphis, was found in
 the river below that city and was
 brought home for interment.

The body of an unknown young
 man was found horribly mangled
 Thursday morning besides the M K
 & T track in Hiattville. It is not
 known how the accident happened.

F F Hopkins of Kansas was award-
 ed \$2,500 in the United States court
 against the St Louis & San Francisco
 railway for injuries received at
 Lebanon, Mo., while riding in a ca-
 boose on a pass.

Secretary Windom sent a commu-
 nication to the house recommending
 an appropriation of \$8,000 for the
 heating apparatus and elevator for the
 completion of the public building at
 Wichita.

The Concordia gun club will
 have a big tournament June 24, 25
 and 26.

The western part of the state is
 complaining of an oversupply of
 the locoweed.

The Sun has become disgusted
 with the lack of enterprise on the
 part of Leavenworth citizens.

The democratic convention of the
 First congressional district will be
 held in Horton September 16.

A Citizens' alliance was formed at
 Olathe within the lines laid out by
 the Farmers' alliance, with which it
 intends to cooperate.

The Sedgwick county alliance put
 in nomination a complete list of
 county officers to be known as the
 "People's Ticket."

Since the original package deci-
 sion it is claimed that the pontoon
 bridge company at Leavenworth is
 in danger of going into bankruptcy.

Books and Magazines.

Every story, article and poem in The
 Ladies' Home Journal for July has an
 out-door flavor, and a better magazine
 for summer reading has never been pre-
 pared for women. Mrs. Mallon has five
 pages of practical styles in woman's
 dress, and then follow a dozen pages re-
 plete with something entertaining, use-
 ful or helpful for women. The Ladies'
 Home Journal One Dollar a year, Phila-
 delphia, Pa.

Frank Leslie for June 14th contains
 the "Song of the Steeple," written ex-
 pressly for its pages by Monroe H. Rosen-
 field, author of "With all her faults, I love
 her still." This song is one of the most
 spirited and delightful which this popu-
 lar author has produced. The music is
 not difficult, but full of inspiration. The
 song is illustrated, and can only be ob-
 tained as now published in FRANK LES-
 LIE'S NEWSPAPER.

"Peterson" for July begins a new vol-
 ume, and is an unusually good number.
 The steel engraving "Celebrating the
 Day" is exquisite, and the story, "Hilda's
 Fourth of July," which it illustrates, is
 worthy of the picture. The many fashion
 illustrations and needlework designs give
 the newest things in costumes and pat-
 terns. An illustrated article on "Turkish
 Women of To-day," is full of interest and
 useful information. There are various
 other stories and sketches by favorite
 authors. "Baby's First Outfit," will in-
 terest every mother. One dollar for six
 months, sample copy 5 cents. Peterson's
 Magazine, Phila.

Whittier, Holmes and Tennyson, the
 three illustrious "Octogenarian Poets,"
 are discussed by George Makepeace Tow-
 ne in a charming literary paper which leads
 off Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for
 July. Some admirable portraits and
 views illustrate it. Mrs. Isabella Hinton's
 article on "Clara Barton and the Red
 Cross Association in the United States"
 is made timely by the account given of
 the Association's work at Johnstown, the
 first anniversary of the memorable dis-
 aster at that place having just passed.
 Quebec, one of the most picturesque fort-
 resses-cities in the world, is described with
 copious illustrations. The sketches of
 romance, travel and adventure, short
 stories by R H Jayne, Lucy Hooper, Ella
 Wheeler Wilcox, Susan A T Wells and
 others. The customary departments are
 unusually full and varied.

Salina is now occupied with a tab-
 ernacle meeting.
 A deaf mute picnic will be held at
 Wichita July 4.

About Sweet Odors.

"Sweet odors," said a reliable per-
 fumer recently, "are of three kinds—the
 floral, the aromal and the balsamic. The
 first group includes all those derived
 from sweet-smelling flowers; the second
 those derived from spices, herbs and
 roots, and the third those derived from
 resins, musks and similar substances.
 The otto, or essence of perfume, is ob-
 tained by distillation, maceration or en-
 flourage.

"Art," the perfumer continued, "im-
 proves on nature and gives bouquets of
 most delicate odor, such as Jockey Club,
 West End, Mousellaine, Millefleur, and
 a host of others which have no counter-
 part in garden or grove. The delicate
 heliotrope, for instance, is scarce and
 unprofitable to the perfumer. He de-
 tects in its odor, however, the aroma of
 vanilla combined with the sharper scent
 of bitter almonds. Therefore he adds to
 a tincture of vanilla a small quantity of the
 otto of bitter almonds and rose and orange
 flower essence, and thus easily makes
 'extract of hell trope'.

"The magnolia is too large to macer-
 ate," he continued; "but its odor is de-
 sirable. It is furnished by a mixture of
 orange flower, rose, tuberose and violet
 essences, which makes a fine 'extract of
 magnolia.' Indian lemon-green like-
 wise gives 'extract of verbena.' With
 the rose as a foundation and a dash of
 verbena the perfume of the delicate and
 fleeting 'sweet briar' is obtained.

"Of the animal substances, ambergris,
 the secretion of a spermoceti whale,
 gives mellowness and permanency to
 mixtures. Civet, a secretion of the Af-
 rican and Indian cat, has an odor har-
 monizing with floral compounds. Musk
 is found in the small pocket or pouch of
 the musk deer of China, Tongquin and
 Tibet. It is so powerful, aromatic and
 persistent that one part of musk will
 scent more than three thousand parts of
 inodoriferous powder.

"Of the spice series cloves are largely
 used. They are the unexpended flower
 buds of the clove trees. Cinnamon or
 cassia is largely used. Cassia is not
 cassia. Cinnamon or cassia is the bark
 of a tree. Cassia comes from China, the
 true cinnamon from Ceylon, and the two
 odorous grasses are natives of India; one
 is known as the 'lemon grass,' from
 which all our 'extracts of verbena' and
 'verbena water' are made, a little addi-
 tion of lemon essence making the coun-
 terfeit complete.

"Let me now give a bit of advice to
 your readers. Above all things, avoid
 coarse, strong perfumes. A heavily
 laden odor easily degenerates into a bad
 smell. Good taste and breeding in a
 woman may easily be told from the per-
 fumes she uses. While a lady charms
 us with the delicate ethereal fragrance
 she spreads about her, aspiring vulgarity
 will surely betray itself by a mouth-
 redolent of common perfume."

CENTRAL MILL.
J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.

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

SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.
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MACHINE WORKS.
R. L COFRAN, Prop'r;

Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
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 Gearing and Fittings, Etc.
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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.



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Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake,
 Utah.
 The famous health and pleasure resort,
 Garfield Beach, on Great Salt Lake, Utah,
 18 miles from Salt Lake City, and reach-
 ed only via the Union Pacific "The Over-
 land Route" is now open for the season.
 This is the only real sand beach on
 Great Salt Lake, and is one of the finest
 bathing and pleasure resorts in the West.
 Great Salt Lake is not a sullen, listless,
 sheet of water, beating idly on the shore,
 but on the contrary is as beautiful a
 sheet of water as can be found anywhere.
 It is 21 per cent salt, while the ocean is
 only 3 per cent, and the water is so buoy-
 ant that a person is sustained on its sur-
 face indefinitely without the least effort
 on his part. Experience has proven its
 great hygienic effects. Owing to the
 stimulating effect of the brine on the
 skin, or the saline air upon the lungs the
 appetite is stimulated, and after a bath,
 the bathers are ready for a hearty meal,
 and feel greatly invigorated.

Fine bath-houses, accommodating 400
 people, have been erected at Garfield
 Beach, in connection with which there is
 a first-class restaurant and a large dan-
 cing pavilion built out over the lake, all
 of these are run by the Union Pacific,
 who guarantee a first-class resort in every
 respect.

The Union Pacific has made low rates
 of fare for those desiring to visit Salt
 Lake City and Garfield Beach.
 For complete description of Garfield
 Beach and Great Salt Lake, send to E L
 Lomax, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Omaha, for
 copies of "Sights and Scenes in Utah," or
 "A Glimpse of Great Salt Lake," or call on
 nearest agent.

Herrington is to have Sunday band
 concerts in the park adjoining town.

A Girl Worth Having.

A few weeks ago I read in your paper
 Mr. Moorehead's experience in the Plat-
 ing Business, in which he cleared \$167.85
 in a month; but I beat that if I am a girl.
 I went as he directed and got a Plater,
 and cleared \$208.17 in one month. Can
 any of your readers beat this? You can
 get spoons, forks or jewelry to plate at
 every house. Send \$3 to W. H. Griffith
 & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, and they will
 send you a Plater, and you can make
 money enough in three hours to pay for
 it, or address them for circulars. There
 is plenty of work to do in both city and
 country; then why should any person be
 poor, or out of employment with such an
 opportunity at hand. I hope my ex-
 perience will help others as much as Mr.
 Moorehead's did me. LAURA B.

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, Cor-
 sets, Gloves, Laces, Ruttons, Ruch-
 ing, Hose, Saxony, Zephyrs, Embroid-
 eries and Embroidery Silk, Stamped
 Linen Goods, Etc.

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J. K. WHITESIDE,
 Over Fish's Tea Store,
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Type Writer.
\$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER
 with 75 Characters, and \$15 for the SINGLE CASE
 ODELL, warranted to do better work than any
 machine made.
 It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY,
 SPEED, EASY OF OPERATION, wears longer without
 need of repairs than any other machine. Has no
 ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAR
 SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted
 to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing
 press, it produces sharp, clean, legible man-
 uscripts. 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, &c., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
 Bookery Building, CHICAGO ILL.

Peggy Cassidy.

O, widow mavoureen, I'm here at your gate,
The road from the boat was so long that I'm late,
I'm wet, cowed, and tired; disappointed I'm sore,
Wild my welcome, that's somethin' resimblin' a snore,
Much more like a ghost by the roadside I stand
Than a gentleman askin' a lady's fair hand.
While I'm cowed, you are rowled
In your blankets above, Mrs. Cassidy.

Chorus—So stick out your head if you please,
An' don't taze,
Nor go on with your botherin' ways,
I'm near death!
And, ochone, my last breath!
If you don't spake at wast will, upon my veracity,
Burst my poor bosom's extended capacity,
Sighin' whin dyin' for you, Peggy Cassidy,

Could you see my big tears as they copiously
sigh, Ye'd awaken, no matter how pleasant your
drame,
And you'd say: "Faith as lovin' as was my
poor Pat,
He never cried finer or freer than that."
An' besides you might add, he ne'er thravelled
as far,
For your sake when alive, ma'am, as fine as
you are,
As did I for one sigh
From your beautiful lips, Peggy Cassidy!

Do you think I'd have quitted the State of
New York,
To come back to this mane little corner of
Cork,
If I thought that you'd welcome your lover of
old,
By lavin him shiverin' out in the cowl,
Too afraid of his calves to your window to
creep,
For your dog's wide awake, ma'am, tho' you're
fast asleep,
And a bite, in my plight,
Wouldn't make matters right, Peggy Cassidy!

If I had the good luck for to stop where I was,
I might be a senator makin' new laws,
And could marry a handsome Fifth avenue
bell,
Whose father struck oil in a kerosene well,
And who'll now likely shoot both himself and
mamma,
When it's found I have left her for you, Peg
agrab,
Philiao! It is you
Are the cause of their deaths, Peggy Cassidy!
Thomas S. Cleary.

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT.

As I traveled across an African plain
The sun shone down hotly. Then I
drew my horse up under a mimosa-
tree, and I took the saddle from him
and left him to feed among the parched
bushes. And all to right and left
stretched the brown earth. And I sat
down under the tree because the heat
beat fiercely, and all along the horizon
the air throbbed. And after a while a
heavy drowsiness came over me, and
I laid my head down against my saddle,
and I fell asleep there. And in
my sleep I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a
great desert, and the sand blew about
everywhere. And I thought I saw
two great figures like beasts of burden
of the desert, and one lay upon the
sand with its neck stretched out, and
one stood by it. And I looked curi-
ously at the one that lay upon the
ground, for it had a great burden on
its back, and the sand was thick about
it, so that it seemed to have pined
over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it.
And there stood one beside me watch-
ing. And I said to him, "What is this
huge creature who lies on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she
that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here
motionless with the sand piled around
her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell
you! Ages and ages long she has lain
here, and the wind has blown over her.
The oldest, oldest man living has never
seen her move; the oldest, oldest book
records that she lay here then, as she
lies here now, with the sand about her.
But listen! Older than the oldest
book, older than the oldest recorded
memory of man, on the rocks of Lan-
guage, on the hard-baked clay of
Ancient Custom, now crumbling to
decay, are found the marks of her foot-
steps! Side by side with the who stands
beside her you may trace them; and
you know that she who now lies there
once wandered free over the rocks with
him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there
now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the
Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force
found her, and when she stooped low
to give suck to her young, and her
back was broad, he put his burden of
subjection on to it, and tied it on with
the broad band of Inevitable Necessity.
Then she looked at the earth and the
sky, and knew there was no hope for
her; and she lay down on the sand
with the burden she could not loosen.
Ever since she has lain here. And the
ages have come and the ages have
gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity
has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes
the terrible patience of the centuries;
the ground was wet with her tears, and
her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to
move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has
quivered. But she is wise; she knows
she cannot rise with the burden on
her."

And I said, "Why does not he who
stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look

And I saw a broad band passing
along the ground from one to the other,
and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there he
must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he
cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something
crackling, and I looked and I saw the
band that bound the burden on to her
back broken asunder; and the burden
rolled on the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

—And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-
force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-

force has killed him with the knife he
held in his hand; and silently and in-
visibly he has crept up to the woman,
and with that knife of Mechanical In-
vention he has cut the band that bound
the burden to her back. The Inevita-
ble Necessity is broken. She might
rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motion-
less on the sand, with her eyes open
and her neck stretched out. And she
seemed to look for something on the
far-off border of the desert that never
came. And I wondered if she were
awake or asleep. And as I looked her
body quivered, and a light came into
her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks
into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought
has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her
head from the sand, and I saw the dent
where her neck had lain so long.

And she looked at the earth, and she
looked at the sky, and she looked at
him who stood by her; but he looked
out across the desert.

And I saw the body quiver; and she
pressed her front knees to the earth,
and her veins stood out; and I cried,
"She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she
lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did
not lay it down again. And he beside
me said, "She is very weak. See her
legs have been crushed under her so
long."

And I saw the creature struggle;
and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands
beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He
cannot help her; she must help her-
self. Let her struggle till she is
strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not
hinder her! See, he moves farther
from her, and tightens the cord be-
tween them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not un-
derstand. When she moves she draws
the band that binds them and hurts
him, and he moves farther from her.
The day will come when he will un-
derstand, and will know what she is
doing. Let her once stagger on to her
knees. In that day he will stand close
to her and look into her eyes with
sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the
drops fell from her. And the creature
rose an inch from the earth and sank
back.

And I cried, "O, she is too weak!
she cannot walk! The long years have
taken all her strength from her. Can
she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light
in her eyes?"

And slowly the creature staggered
on to its knees.

And I awoke; and all to the east and
to the west stretched the barren earth
with the dry bushes on it. The ants
ran up and down in the red sand, and
the heat beat fiercely. I looked up
through the thin branches of the trees
at the blue sky overhead. I stretched
myself, and I mused over the dream I
had had. And I fell asleep again with
my head on my saddle. And in the
fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman
coming out of it. And she came to the
bank of a dark river; and the bank
was steep and high. And on it an old
Egyptian of an African race are some-
times a hundred feet high, and consists
of deep shifting sands, through which in
the course of ages the river has worn its
gigantic bed.

man met her, who had a long, white
beard; and a stick in his hand, and on
it was written Reason. And he asked
her what she wanted, and she said, "I
am a woman, and I am seeking for the
Land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before
me but a dark, flowing river and a
bank steep and high, and cuttings here
and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but some-
times, when I shade my eyes with my
hand, I think I see on the further bank
trees and hills, and the sun shining on
them!"

He said, "That is the Land of Free-
dom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one
only. Down the banks of Labor,
through, the water of suffering. There
is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip
at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed al-
ready?"

He said, "None have tried!"

She said, "Is there a track to show
where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hand,
and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the
clothes you wore in the desert; they
are dragged down by them who go in-
to the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the
mantle of Ancient-received-opinions
she wore, for it was worn full of holes.
And she took the girdle from her waist
that she had treasured so long, and the
moths flew out of it in a cloud. And
he said, "Take the shoes of dependence
off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for
one white garment that clung close to
her.

And he said, "that you may keep.
So they wear clothes in the Land of
Freedom, by the water it buoys; it
always swings."

And I saw in its breast was written
Truth; and it was white; the sun had

not often shone on it; the other clothes
had covered it up. And he said, "Take
this stick; hold it fast. In that day
when it slips from your hand you are
lost. Put it down before you; feel
your way; where it cannot find a bot-
tom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me
go."

And he said, "No—but stay; what is
that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her
breast was a tiny thing, who drank
from it, and the yellow curls above his
forehead pressed against it; and his
knees were drawn up to her, and he
held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and
what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and
he is drinking! I will carry him to the
Land of Freedom. He has been a
child so long, so long I have carried
him. We will walk together there,
and his great white wings will over-
shadow me. He has lispd one word
only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I
have dreamed he might learn to say
'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—
with one arm, and with the other I will
fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the
ground. When you are in the water
you will forget to fight. You will
think only of him. Lay him down."

He said, "He will not die. When he
finds you have left him alone he will
open his wings and fly. He will be in
the Land of Freedom before you. Those
who reach the Land of Freedom, the
first hand they see stretched down the
bank to help them shall be Love's. He
will be a man then, not a child. In
your breast he cannot thrive; put him
down, that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his
mouth, and he bit her, so that the
blood ran down on to the ground.

And she laid him down on the earth;
and she covered her wound. And she
bent and stroked his wings. And I
saw the hair on her forehead turned
white as snow, and she had changed
from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of
the river. And she said, "For what
do I go to this far land which no one
has ever reached? O, I am alone! I
am utterly alone!"

And Reason, that old man, said to
her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she
said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thous-
and times ten thousand and thousands
of thousands and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those
that shall follow you. Lead only make
a track to the water's edge! Where
you stand now the ground will be beat-
en flat by ten thousand times ten thou-
sand feet." And he said, "Have you
seen the locusts how they cross a
stream? First one comes down to the
water-edge, and it is swept away, and
then another comes, and then another,
and then another, and at last with
their bodies piled up a bridge is built,
and the rest pass over."

She said, "And of those that come
first some are swept away and are
heard of no more; their bodies do not
even build the bridge?"

And he answered, "And are heard
of no more—and what of that?" he
said.

And what of that— she said.

"They make a track to the water's
edge."

"They make a track to the water's
edge—"

And she said, "Over that
bridge which shall be built with bodies,
who will pass?"

He said, "The entire human race."

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark
path to the river.

And I awoke; and all about me was
the yellow afternoon light; the sink-
ing sun lit up the fingers of the milk
bushes; and my horse stood by me
quietly feeding. And I turned on my
side, and I watched the ants run by
thousands in the red sand. I thought
I would go on my way now—the after-
noon was cooler. Then a drowsiness
crept over me again, and I laid back
my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the
hills walked brave women and brave
men, hand in hand. And they looked
into each other's eyes, and they were
not afraid.

And I saw the woman also hold each
other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What
place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things
be?"

And he answered, "In the future."

And I awoke, and all about me was
the sunlight; and on the low hills the
sun lay, and a delicious coolness had
crept over everything; and the ants
were going slowly home. And I walk-
ed toward my horse, who stood quietly
feeding. Then the sun passed down
behind the hills; but I knew that the
next day he would rise again.—*Oliver
Schreiner in the Fortnightly Review.*

A Chinese Altar.

The chief joss in the Mott street wor-
ship house of the Chinaman in
New York has a new altar and canopy
specially imported for him at a cost of
\$5,000. It is made of wood almost as
heavy as metal, and intricately carved.
The figures are in heavy gold leaf and
crystal.

HYPNOTISM IN PARIS.

Revolving Glasses Now an Adjunct of
Scientific Medicine.

A New Anesthetic—Dr. Luys' "Lark's Mir-
ror" and Its Beneficial Effect in Cases
Demanding Operations—Wonderful Ex-
periments With the New Science.

Hypnotism is one of the forms of
mesmerism; after being received for
many years with skepticism, and after
bringing discredit upon most of its pro-
fessors and disciples, it is now begin-
ning to take its place as a recognized
science. It is only fitting that the
centre of the revival should be in
Paris, where there has always been a
faithful following of believers in its
mysteries and principles. Its foremost
professor now is Dr. Luys, director of
the Revue de Hypnologie, the organ of
the science. Dr. Luys is the inventor
of a new method of fascination.

This is what Dr. Luys does with his
system, and the chief indignity of it
is that the process was suggested to
him by one that is used by bird-catch-
ers to snare the weakest and most
helpless of animals. As a human
being one hardly likes to think that
the same lure as that which dazzles
the lark can fascinate a human being
—that logic, reason, soul, will can all
be subjugated, nay, temporarily anni-
hilated, by the revolutions of a glitter-
ing mirror. Yet it is the revolving
mirror that Dr. Luys employs—the
same as is used in the field for snarling
larks and the effect produced is an
identical one. "The advantage of my
system," he says, "is that by means of
it one single operator can fascinate at
one and the same time an unlimited
number of patients without trouble to
himself and with no loss of force. It
has also the advantage of absolute in-
fallibility. I have never known it to
fail. Certainly some patients are less
susceptible to its effects than others,
but none have ever resisted five or six
operations. On the other hand, most
succumb the very first time, after a
lapse of from five to thirty minutes."

The system is as simple as it can be.
In the middle of a group of "patients,"
which may be as large or as small as
the operator may determine, is set up
on a stand and on a level with the
eyes, a revolving apparatus of bits of
colored glass such as is used for snar-
ling larks. The patients are instructed
to fix their eyes upon it. "The effect
of the revolving glasses," says Dr.
Luys, "is exactly the same on men as
it is on the birds. On men the rota-
tion of brilliant surfaces produces in
predisposed subjects a particular state
of the retina and subsequently of the
whole nervous system, accompanied
with anesthesia, immobility of the
muscles, 'suggestionability,' in short,
the ensemble of phenomena constitut-
ing 'fascination.'" It usually takes the
full period of half an hour to master
an average crowd. Some succumb
earlier; some later, but the average
are mastered in that time. But in the
meanwhile what pitiful struggles here
and there. This one laughs; he is not
going to resign his will to that glitter-
ing toy. That one blinks and blinks,
and would have the rest believe that
it is natural sleep that harnesses him.
But little by little silence comes on
the agitated crowd. One by one they
drop off into immobility.

The sleep is different in cases.
Some appear as if actually asleep,
others have the wide-open staring
eyes of somnambulists; but in either
case the fascination of the subject is
complete. He is no longer a human
being, but merely a muscled machine,
the complete serf of the master.
Here the lark's mirror and the mag-
netic pass join hands; the effect pro-
duced by one is the same as that of the
other. It is right to say that never on
any occasion has Dr. Luys used his
power for any but the most benevo-
lent purposes. None of his patients
have ever under fascination been re-
quired to perform antics of buffoonery
for the delectation of visitors. On the
other hand, already has this anesthe-
sia been turned to advantage for pain-
less operations. There has been pub-
lished in the Revue de Hypnologie a
long list of cases of successful opera-
tions performed on patients under the
fascination of the lark mirror.

The influence upon the subject un-
der these circumstances may be
carried on to an almost boundless con-
clusion, but this is only one of the
forms of hypnotism, and did the pro-
cedure stop at this point hypnosis
might be easily boiled down to mes-
merism or animal magnetism, but the
next stage of hypnotic trance, and that
upon which the physical students are
now engaged in discussion and study,
is that peculiar mental condition dur-
ing the trance that will admit of the
receptions of influences or commands
that are to be obeyed after the hypo-
tic trance has passed away—sometimes
a day after, or may be a year after, as
the operator may choose. Past hypo-

tic suggestion, as it is called, is the
strongest of these very strange super-
normal or subnormal phenomena.
A case is recorded and apparently
well authenticated, of a young woman,
who, while in the hypnotic trance, was
told at the same hour of the day, just
one week from that time, it would be
necessary to perform a certain severe
and ordinarily painful surgical opera-
tion upon her, but she would not feel
it. The report of the case goes on to
say that at just the appointed time the
operation of opening a fearful abscess
was performed without the use of an
anesthetic, the patient all the while
chatting pleasantly as though she rather
liked the sensation.

The theory that the hypnotists
bring to the explanation of its remark-
able feature is that, at the time pro-
posed, the patient goes into a sub-
hypnotic trance—all sensations being
subjected before the intense mental
impression that had been "latent"
since the real trance of some time
back.

One of the really great benefits to
humanity to be developed from hypo-
notism, according to its devotees, is in a
medico-legal direction. It is said that
a criminal may be hypnotized, and
that his hypnotic self will be so im-
measurably above his natural self that
his hypnotic self may be induced to
"peach" upon his criminal self and to
deliver a severe lecture upon the sin
and folly of such conduct. It may be
said that up to date no such utopian
example of mental superiority over
physical weakness has been recorded.

The Kickers.

Had this old world been made to suit the
kickers everywhere
'T would be a freaky, bulging, crooked, sad-
ly mixed affair.
We'd have our winters in July if we but
had our way
And in December's place we'd put the
tender month of May.
We'd transpire nearly everything and
change it all about,
And turn it upside down, and very likely
inside out.
And when we'd regulate things the best
that we know how,
'Tis certain we'd have cause to kick lots
worse than we do now.

Fun With a Cork Leg.

It would not be supposed that any
one could get much fun out of a cork
leg. But I know a man, says a cor-
respondent, who had the misfortune to
lose his leg, who got a good deal of
amusement out of its cork substitute.

Once he nearly scared an old gentle-
man out of his wits. It was in this
way: The said cork leg was a very
well made one, and when its owner
was seated you could not tell the dif-
ference between the real and the false
article. One day my friend was in a
railway car and opposite him was an
old gentleman. My friend took out
his penknife and began paring his
nails.

When he had finished, instead of put-
ting his knife back in his pocket, like
an ordinary mortal, he gave it a jerk
and it stuck in his cork leg, and it
vibrated to and fro in a sufficiently
horrible manner.

The old gentleman's feelings can
"better be imagined than described,"
as they say in the novels. He turned
a beautiful green color and at the next
stoppage skipped from the car in a
most active manner. He evidently
thought he had got in with a madman
and probably imagined his leg would
be the next to be experimented on.

Evils of Boarding Schools.

M. Jules Simon contributes a very
interesting article on "Internats" in
his excellent *Revue de Famille*, in
which he warns parents against put-
ting their children, and above all their
daughters, into boarding schools.
Personally, says M. Simon, I have no
affection for boarding schools for boys
or girls. I find them inhuman. I
have had some experience of them and
they have left the saddest recollec-
tions.

After relating some of his own ex-
periences of the French boarding
school for boys, such as it was sixty
years ago, M. Simon goes on to say
that children subjected to the strict
rules of the boarding school, and kept
prisoners, as it were, within its walls,
are apt to develop the tricks and vices
of prisoners. The discipline of the
boarding school is strict, but its
morals are questionable.

How to Raise Fansies.

The French call it pansee, which is
probably the origin of the usual name
pansy. It is one of the most campan-
ionable and enjoyable of flowers; popu-
lar everywhere; blooms abundantly in
all the colors of the rainbow nearly; is
among the first to bloom in the spring;
can be made to bloom until frost by
planting in succession; wants plenty
of water and shade; sow in hot bed or
in open ground in early spring. Grow
in groups. Excellent for large lawn
vases, and in some cases makes a very
attractive border.—*American Farm
News.*

FARMER AND STOCKMAN.

Matters of Current Interest in the Busy Rural World.

Important Points to be Remembered by Butter Makers—Agriculture in the South—Hints for Stock Raisers—Salt is Good for Land—Household Notes.

Setting Milk for Cream.

Cream rises in the milk by force of its higher specific gravity, just as a cork rises in water. This tendency to rise is counteracted by the viscosity or adhesiveness of the milk, due to the casein dissolved in it, as well as a considerable quantity of serum or mucus, the presence of which in milk is discovered by the separation of them by the centrifugal separator, and can hardly be realized until this ocular demonstration has been given. If we put a handful of corks at the bottom of a pail of molasses they will rise very slowly. The difference in the specific gravities is overcome with difficulty because of the adhesiveness of the fluid. If we can overcome this adhesiveness in any way, or change the specific gravities, the tendency of the lighter matters to rise to the surface of the fluid will be increased. And this we can do with milk in more than one way.

One way is by cooling the milk and thus adding to its density or practically its weight. The milk being made heavier, and the butter globules not increased in weight, they become relatively lighter and rise to the surface more quickly. Thus by setting milk in ice water at 45 degrees, the cream rises in twelve hours, and at the end of twenty-four hours becomes quite thick from the more complete separation of the fat globules. But ice is not always to be had, and the coming summer will be scarce and dear. Hence a cheaper method will be very desirable. This is to reduce the viscosity of milk by the addition of water, so as to free the fat globules and permit them to rise more easily through the fluid. This may be done by adding one-third the quantity of hot water to the milk as soon as it is taken from the cows and brought into the house. The water should be heated to 130 or 135 degrees and the heat should be tested by the thermometer so as to have the temperature precisely. The hot water is simply poured into the milk after it is strained into the deep pails and the pails are then set in water at a temperature of 60 to 56 degrees. The milk is raised by the hot water to 100 degrees and the cooling of 40 degrees effects the separation of the cream in twenty-four hours, as in the colder setting at 45 degrees in ice water. The separation of the cream is effected by the sudden reduction of temperature of 40 degrees. This increases the density and weight of the milk, which renders the fat relatively lighter, and the separation is thus made easier as well as by the thinning of the milk.

Southern Agriculture.

Successful farming, north or south, is dependent upon these two points, viz: First, that the soil shall annually become richer, so that its commercial value shall constantly increase, for as the land represents the farmer's capital, according to sound business principles, it must increase in value or, else the farmer grows poorer instead of richer. And, secondly, the farmer in order to succeed, must spend less than he makes. On the right application of these two rules, hinge success. Improve the soil and spend less than you make! These are the magic words that turn the key in the door to hidden banks of wealth. Let the farmer keep these two facts constantly in mind, and act upon them, and success is as certain in farming as in any thing else. But it is to the first of these facts that I shall devote this article, and while what I shall say, is from a southern point of view, yet on general principles, it will apply as much to the north as to the south. How to restore and perpetuate the fertility of the soil, is an important question with every thoughtful farmer.

Hints For Stock Raisers.

Here are some valuable hints to stock raisers. They are offered by the Live Stock Record.

Following are the six leading laws of heredity, according to an eminent authority:

1. That from the male parent is mainly derived the external structure, configuration and outward characteristics; also the locomotive system of development.
2. From the female parent is derived the internal structure, the vital organs, and in a much greater proportion than from the male, the constitution, temper and habits, in which endurance and bottom are included.
3. That the purer the race of the parent, the more certainty there is of its transmitting its qualities to the offspring; say if two animals are mated, if one is of purer descent than the other, he or she will exercise the influence in stamping the character of the progeny, particularly if the greater purity is on the side of the male.
4. That apart from certain disturbing influences or cause, the male, if of pure race and descended from a stock of uniform color, stamps the color of the offspring.
5. That the influence of the male is not infrequently protracted beyond the

birth of the offspring of which he is the parent and his mark left upon subsequent progeny.

6. That the transmission of diseases of the vital organs is more certain if on the side of the female, and diseases of the joints if on the side of the male parent.

Salt for Land.

"Salt is good." This is averred by the very highest authority. It is good for land. It is really a fertilizer as it supplies soda and chlorine which is found in every plant. It is good for all crops. It discourages fungi which infest the most valuable crops; as rust, smuts, etc., and it discourages insects which damage the roots of plants. It has a remarkable effect upon grass and clover, at times doubling the yield. One of the best and most prosperous farmers in New Jersey applies 1000 pounds of it every year to his pastures and meadows, and although he sells at times more than \$500 per acre of market crops from a part of his farm he avers that his grass pays him more profit to the acre than his melons, cabbage or tomatoes. Any farmer who is troubled with scab on his potatoes should try a liberal sprinkling of salt along the rows before dropping the seed.

Stop the Losses.

John Jacob Astor when questioned as to the means whereby he made his large fortune said, "I stopped all my losses and let my profits run on." This is the true principle, which lies at the bottom of the business of keeping all kinds of farm stock. Learn to distinguish the dead-heads, and take off their heads—somehow. Find out the profitable animals and make them more profitable.

Many Grasses.

It is said that there are more than 3,000 species of grasses in the world. Corn, wheat and oats all belong to the grass family. Of the vast variety only a very few are classed with the domestic or tame grasses. Did it ever occur to the reader that if for one season all grasses should refuse to grow almost universal want and famine would follow and if for two seasons in succession, all animal life would entirely disappear from the world.

Improve Your Live Stock.

That farmer who fails to cultivate live stock and who does not labor constantly improve it, should at once sell his farm and go into some other kind of business. To be satisfied with scrub cattle is to be satisfied with two or one per cent interest when it is possible to get twenty or thirty. Not long ago a writer for Orange Judd's paper said: "Three years ago, two adjoining farmers, whom we will, for short, call Smith and Brown, each had twenty breeding cows about equal in quality. Smith engaged of a neighbor a pretty good native sire and paid \$1 per cow. Brown hired the use of a tip-top Short-horn that cost the owner \$500, and he paid \$5. This spring Brown's calves are pretty well matured and sell quickly. But Smith's calves need one year more of keep and care (costing \$15 or \$20 each, including interest on amount already spent on them) to get his cattle up to the present weight and condition of Brown's animals, and they will sell for \$1 to \$2 per cwt. less than Brown's."

Potash for Grape Vines.

The fertilizer chiefly needed for grape vines is potash. Other manures may make a stronger growth of leaf and wood, but potash is needed in perfecting the fruit. French and other European vine growers fertilize their vineyards by plowing under the prunings. This if the soil is heavy helps to keep the land light and porous, while the green wood speedily decays and returns to the soil whatever potash it had abstracted. But if the land be sandy this return is not enough. More potash must be applied or the fruit will suffer, and the vine itself will have its vitality weakened.

The Household.

Put camphor gum in the box with silver to prevent its tarnishing.

An elderly chicken is better than a young one for making croquettes, or for a fricassee.

When boiling corned beef remove the fat that accumulates on the surface of the water before putting in the vegetables.

Thickly cover the ends of the slats of all bedsteads that are to be left in the house over the summer with a strong solution of concentrated lye in water; it is absolutely safe as a precaution.

Egg salad.—Cut the yolks of hard boiled eggs in dice and mix lightly with chopped chicken or lobster, fill the white cavities with the mixture, pour over them a little mayonnaise dressing; serve on lettuce or cresses; garnish with slices of lemon.

DELICATE CUP CAKE.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of powdered sugar, three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of bitter almonds, whites of five eggs; mix together and bake in small pans.

MUSTY FLOORS.—Make a strong, hot solution of chloride of lime and scrub it into the floor with a broom, after having made the floor as clean as soap-suds and the scrubbing-brush will make it. If the first application does not suffice make another. Perseverance will insure final success.

A TELEGRAPHER'S YARN.

Iowa Farmers Listen with Wonder to Music in Plymouth Church.

"The trouble that is being experienced in several cities with electric-light wires and the number of men who have been killed repairing them," said a Western Union operator the other morning about 2 o'clock as he stood in company with several other "lightning-slingers" on the corner of Main street and Public Landing, while the water rose over their shoe-tops, "reminds me of a lot of smart people who, when electric lighting was first talked about, thought they knew more about it than Edison. They wouldn't let me say a word about electricity, and indeed I didn't know much about it, but certainly more than any of those hay-seeds, and I had to play a joke on them which, although it didn't kill any of the greens, came near killing me with laughing. It was in a little Iowa town and I was manager of the little Western Union telegraph office. Every night the people would get together in small crowds in the various stores and loading places, and the amount of knowledge they showed in regard to electric lighting would have made Tom Edison go sit down in the woods and wonder whether he knew what he was doing or not. Oh, they were awfully intelligent on the subject, and if I ventured to make any correction of their foolish notions I was told in plain words that I had better keep quiet in the presence of such learned company. Well, I thought they needed taking down a peg or two, and after a little thought as to how it should be accomplished, I took a newspaper reporter into my confidence, and in the next issue of the paper appeared the following startling bit of news:

"On next Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock the citizens of R— will have an opportunity to witness one of the most wonderful exhibitions of Edison's genius as an electrician that has ever been seen. At that time a telegraph wire will be connected with the Omaha Bee office and Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, and several tunes will be played on the organ of the church which can be heard at all points through which the wire will pass. The local manager of the Western Union has been notified that one of his wires will be used, so that all who are at the office at the time above mentioned will hear this marvelous performance of Edison's latest invention, which is called trelaphone."

"Well, you would have thought there was a county fair in progress in that town the next Saturday. As early as 9 a. m. the farmers began to come in, and by 8 o'clock the office and the pavement in front of it were crowded with those smart electricians who would hear the music and then tell each other how easy it was done. Yes, they heard it and told how it was done, but their explanation of it was on a par with their sense on electric lighting."

"But where did the music come from?" asked one of the boys whose shoes were fast filling with muddy Ohio river water.

"Well, I'll tell you. A girl at the house where I boarded had a little music box that played three tunes. Two of them I had never heard before nor since I saw that box, and the third one was 'The Last Rose of Summer.' I took that box and put it in the bottom drawer on one side of my desk and put a match under the wheel, so the thing wouldn't go off, and on the end of the match I tied a long piece of thread, which I run up behind the desk to the top drawer on the other side, and fastened it so that if I pulled that drawer out the thread would pull the match out of the wheel and let the 'organ' play."

"Promptly at 4 o'clock I remarked that I would smoke a cigar and opened the drawer to get a match, and away went the 'organ in Beecher's church.' You could have heard a pin drop while the music-box played its three little tunes, and as the box was smothered up with papers and other things that will accumulate in a desk, the deception was very plausible. But when she began to play 'The Last Rose of Summer' I had to blow my nose constantly to keep from laughing. When it was all over the crowd went away, satisfied that what they had heard was a genuine exhibition of one of the great Edison's wonderful inventions, and, as far as I know, they never learned any different, as I left there shortly afterward to find a place where people didn't know so much."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Feminine Dress in Japan.

Having been soaped and dried the Japanese girl takes a long strip of cotton or silk, according to her taste or condition, the strip being about eighteen inches wide and three yards long. Holding the upper corner of one end of the cloth just over the left hip she winds the strip tightly around the loins and hips, fastening it by tucking the end corner in the belt so made, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. This might be called the Japanese corset, except that, instead of compressing the waist, it squeezes the lower abdominal portions and upper hip. When properly put on it makes an almost rigid bandage, and it is this which gives that peculiar little shuffle and swing to the original Yum-Yum's walk, the legs being really only movable from the knees down. Most writers have ascribed this waddle to the wearing of high wooden clogs, but this is a mistake. The men wear clogs, but they walk as freely as an Indian.

The kilt, so to speak, having been adjusted, the Japanese girl then slips on a little, loose, sleeveless jacket—again either of cotton or silk—which

comes down to the loin cloth, and over that a blouse or short kimono; then another a little longer, two or three of these, then the kimono, and then the obi or bow. All these undergarments and the kimono itself are crossed in front and are open at the neck. Each is decorated at the neck with a strip of colored crape, and the whole is so arranged that these strips show one beneath the other. Sometimes a belle show a half dozen or more of these different colored strips, the effect being quite rainbowish. If the weather is warm the inner garments are dispensed with, and the parti-colored silks are sewed to the inner side of the kimono in a number of plaits.

Stockings the Japanese woman does not wear, except those who have adopted the European fashions, while the shoe is either a sandal or a clog. No matter what the form of the sandal or clog, the method of attachment is always the same—a soft loop into which the foot is thrust, and the others. The sandal (zari) is nearly always made with a straw sole and quilted top, and is used for indoor wear, while the clog (gita) is of wood. Their height is regulated by the "tony" aspirations of the wearer, just as French heels of excessive height is worn by our own fashionable sisters.

It is in her obi, or sash, however, that the Japanese belle takes her greatest pride. Ordinarily it is tied behind in a bow about a foot square at the back, resembling a cartridge-box in shape. But there are times when this modest little bow will not suffice, and there are ladies who go to excesses in the size of the obi. It is made out of black silk, folded to be fully a yard wide, and it is tied in a bow whose ends extend fully three across. Moreover, it is worn in front and a little to the side, and altogether is a very stunning affair.

What a Fool You Would Be!

When you meet with a girl who is pretty and neat,

Who captures your heart by her beauty,
Who has bright winning ways and a manner so sweet

That to love her you feel it a duty;
If you're handsome at all, and you whisper in tones

Betraying the height of Love's fever,
If she tells you she wishes you'd let her alone

What a fool you would be to believe her!

When you're tenderly twining your arms round her waist,

To draw the beloved one nearer;
When you ask of the sweet ruby lips just a taste

And swear that no maiden is dearer,
When you pour forth your love in a passionate strain

And vow to die sooner than grieve her
If she bids you not mention the subject again—

What a fool you would be to believe her,

When out in the gloaming you tal her to walk,

And under the shadows you tarry,
When, impulsive, of love and the future you talk

And pleadingly ask her to marry,
If she blushes and simpers while shaking her head

At the story you fancy you weave her,
And declares it is not her intention to wed—

What a fool you would be to believe her.

Habits of Ostriches.

There are certain old traditions about the ostrich which I am told by the owner of the California ranch, are fallacious, says the *St. Nicholas*. He says that the ostrich does not bury his head in the sand and imagine that he is unobserved by his enemies. On the contrary, he is a very pugnacious bird and always ready for a fight. Nor does the female ostrich lay her eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch them.

To do them justice they are quite domestic, and deserve a better reputation. Nor is the ostrich ever used to riding, as he has an exceptionally weak back; any person might break it with a blow from an ordinary cane. His strength lies in his great breast and his feet. He has one great claw and a very small one, and with a terrible precision he can bring down the large paw with a cruel force that will tear open anything not made of sheet-iron.

Savage birds at best, they are dangerously so during breeding times. The twenty-two birds brought to our California ranch trusted to their instinct and laid their eggs during the California winter, which corresponded to their summer south of the equator. It being the rainy season their nests were filled with water and the eggs were chilled; so the first season of their American sojourn was a failure.

The ostrich makes its nest by rolling in the sand and scooping out a hole some six feet in diameter, and, excepting an incubator-house, the California ranch requires no building for the use of the birds, though the land is divided off into pens, fenced in, each about an acre in extent, for the use of the breeding birds, every pair occupying one such inclosure. The ostriches live upon alfalfa and corn. Alfalfa is a grass cultivated all over the ranch. It resembles our clover and grows to a crop some six times a year.

Marriage Brokerage in Russia.

A marriage broker is doing an excellent business in Bachmut, Russia. Anybody coming to Bachmut is sure to be met by this man at his hotel with the inquiry: "Sir, do you want to marry?" The marriage broker carries an album full of photographs of people of both sexes who would not mind getting married. On each photograph may be found details concerning the social and financial standing of the person pictured. On his arrival at Bachmut the broker visited every house of interest to him in his special line, and was kindly received everywhere. There are already many happy brides and grooms in the city to whom he points with pride as his customers. Bachmut is especially favorable for operations of this nature, it is said, as it contains many girls of good looks and fair fortune.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Gossips serve Satan without the intervention of a formal contract.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

The weight of an argument doesn't depend upon the size of the man.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Very few women understand the art of getting off a joke or a street-car.—*Terre Haute Express.*

He that is slow to anger regretteth not the idioocy incident to a swollen head.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

We often repent of what we have said, but never of that which we have not said.—*Denver Road.*

The queen of all bees is the husking bee. You can distinguish her by her red car.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The difference between a liar and a hypocrite is that the liar is not always incurable.—*Washington Star.*

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputations would mean mighty good luck.—*Washington Post.*

Sometimes the lover who is fired with passion for the daughter is put out by the father.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The easiest money to spend and the hardest money to save is that which we have not yet earned.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Bessie—"Did you miss your first husband very much?" Lulu—"Not until after I married my second."—*The Epoch.*

You may not have noticed it, but you will find that the man who shakes hands the hardest is the hardest to shake.—*Richmond Recorder.*

Briggs—"I did not see you at church last Sunday." Braggs—"No; I didn't get in until you had gone to sleep."—*Terre Haute Express.*

It is a settled fact that few people can practice what they preach—and most men don't dare preach what they practice.—*Ashtland Press.*

Odd, isn't it, that among the German and colored barbers there are no Clann-Gael men, though they are all head scencers?—*Merchant Traveler.*

The mouse that gets caught in a trap can never be so young that its friends will not say it was old enough to have known better.—*Atchison Globe.*

A Bare Supposition: Mrs. Figg—"What State is the Cherokee Strip in, dear?" Mr. Figg—"A state of nature, I suppose."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Reversing the Process: Widow with six children (to suitor)—"You love me, George, and ask me to be your wife? Well, then, ask my children."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The good are said to be happy; but it is probably not because they spend their time thinking how much better they are than the rest of humanity.—*Boston Transcript.*

"And you say you would die for me?" "Darling, I would with delight," "Then give me that test of your affection and I will never wed another."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

"Papa," said the little one, "will there be newspapers in Heaven?" "Perhaps, my child, but there will be a new set of editors and reporters."—*Dixon Telegraph.*

"These cigars only cost 75 cents," said Wifey. "So! Why there are least a hundred different scents to each cigar," returned Hubby, and Wifey wept.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A Miss Tardy of Boston has sued a Dr. Early of the same city for breach of promise of marriage. A Tardy miss can never expect to catch the Early worm.—*Pooria Transcript.*

"Yes, we two boys were thrown together a good deal when we went to school in the country." "In the same class, eh?" "No; we rode the same mule."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Minnie—"How did you enjoy the play?" Mamie—"Not a bit. It turned out to be a pantomime, and all the talking we could do didn't annoy anybody a bit."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"I seem very popular with your father's dog," said Herbert to Mabel. "Indeed?" "Yes; the last time I tried to take my leave he did his best to detain me."—*Washington Post.*

McFingle—"I am going to fit up a card-room. What sort of tables would you advise me to get?" McFangle—"What's the matter with plain, square, deal ones."—*Lawrence American.*

Benevolent Lady—"I have been trying to find the Old Ladies Home. This is it, isn't it?" Doortender—"No, madam. This is the stage door of the Spectacular Theater."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Erratic Genius—"I never use a notebook to jot down my ideas. I find it handier to make notes on my cuffs." His Friend (after a glance at the cuffs)—"What with? Chalk?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

"I love this old horse," said the Colonel. "I feel that he saved my life at Gettysburg." "How?" "He kicked me in the stomach before the battle so that I couldn't go on the field, and my substitute got shot in the neck."—*Chatter.*

Pessimistic Auditor (at a concert)—"Stems to me that is a mighty short program, considering the price they charge." Optimistic Auditor—"O, we can easily get the worth of our money. Just encore everything."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Johnny—"My book, pa, says that honesty is the best policy. Is that true, pa?" Munnibaggs—"Yes, my son; if there hadn't been honest people in the world how do you suppose I should ever have been able to get ahead as I have? Yes, my son, honesty is a great help to a man, a great help."—*Boston Transcript.*

