

F. G. Adams

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XXI.

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NO. 13

## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 25c. The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.

Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Brokers and manufacturers' cards, of four lines, or less, [25 words] with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

Holton talks of prospecting for coal. Fourth of July next Friday. The small boy may forget it.

Kansas has contributed four missionaries to the bill of fare in Africa.

The Emporia Convention renominated Harrison Kelly without opposition.

Oakland is just now over run with those who are attending the Chautauqua Assembly.

Great clearing sale of Millinery for one week at Mme. Marmont's, Trade Palace, 631 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

Holton, without fear of Judge Foster or any other fraud, judicial or political, quickly sat down upon the attempt to establish a package house.

The Farmers' Alliance will appeal to the ballot box, the proper thing to do if it can shake off the demagogues, which is not an easy thing to do.

The Russel Record has noticed that the queerest thing about farmers' alliance politics is the large number of preachers that pop up as candidates.

In spite of all Judge Foster's injunctions and habascorpus tom foolery the supreme court saloons are yielding to state law and public indignation.

It might be a good thing if the government would remove Haskell institute to some other point. It is a perpetual source of misery to so many of the people of Lawrence, the politicians in particular.

There is one unsurmountable reason why ex-Gov. Charles Robinson should not be and cannot be, the next governor of the state. He is a strong anti-prohibitionist. Were it not for this he would make, not only an available, but a most estimable, candidate, and quite likely a successful one, if put at the head of the Citizens' ticket. As it is it would be folly—it would be inconsistent in the farmers, to nominate him. It is a matter of sincere regret that a man so advanced in other reform ideas, should be so behind in the temperance reform, the one certainly not less important than any other one movement now before the civilized world.

There are very clear indications in the political skies that old party ties are breaking. Perhaps the absurd McKinley tariff bill is doing as much to show this as any one thing. Already it is appearing that the diversified interests of this country will not permit extreme measures on the tariff question. The republican party must either return to the old ground that it abandoned a few years ago—that of a tariff for revenue only—the ground upon which it started and upon which it grew, or it must fall. Another evidence of party disintegration is shown by the action on the silver bill, while the breaking in upon party lines that has been done through the prohibition and labor movement has been marked. A political party revolution is impending.

Texas fever is said to have broken out among the cattle in the vicinity of Spring Creek, in Chautauqua county.

Harry Mansfield, manager of the Topeka Coal company at Topeka, has skipped out leaving his accounts \$5,000 short.

It is said that Atchison's lady enumerator secured more names than any of her co-laborers.

Osage City, out of a population of over 3,051 white citizens, has only 172 taxpayers.

S. A. Bennington and Simon Rastler, who engaged in a glove fight at Hope last Friday, were arrested and held for trial in the circuit court. C. B. Wilkins, for a time connected with the papers of Leavenworth, obtained \$250 on a forged check of C. M. Salinger, and was arrested and the money recovered.

Osage City now has a pressed brick factory.

The Eastern Kansas District Medical society will hold its next meeting at Leavenworth July 8.

The body of a man about 30 years of age was found in the river at Leavenworth. The cause of death could not be determined, owing to the advanced state of decomposition.

At a meeting of the city council of Wichita a resolution was adopted welcoming the democratic state convention and assuring the delegates that they would receive fair treatment.

For the Biennial Conclave, Supreme Lodge and National Encampment, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias to be held at Milwaukee commencing July 8th, the Union Pacific "The Overland Route" will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip from points in Nebraska and Kansas July 4th to July 7th inclusive, good for return passage until July 21st inclusive. Parties attending the Conclave, should arrive in Milwaukee not later than midnight of July 9th, as tickets will not be honored on trains arriving at Milwaukee after that time.

Union Pacific presents to the Knights of Pythias and their friends, inducements in shape of unsurpassed train service, fast time, Union depots and close connections. Baggage can also be checked through to destination, no re-checking being necessary at the Missouri River. This fact alone saves a vast amount of annoyance and inconvenience. Every attention will be given enroute to those attending, in order the trip may be made as enjoyable as possible.

For any further information relative to rates, tickets, time of trains, etc., apply to the nearest ticket agent.

### TEACHERS.

For the National Educational Association meeting, to be held in St. Paul, Minn., July 8th to 11th, the Union Pacific "Overland Route" invites your attention to the fact that a rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00 membership fee, has been made for this meeting. Tickets will be on sale July 1st to 7th inclusive, good to return on trains leaving St. Paul July 11th to 14th inclusive, with final limit to original starting point, of July 18th.

For those who do not wish to return from St. Paul prior to July 15th, an agency has been established at St. Paul for the extension of tickets, which will be open from July 7th to 15th inclusive. Those so desiring, can have the time extended on their tickets until September 30th, 1890.

The Union Pacific offers inducements to teachers attending this meeting in the shape of fast time, close connections, unsurpassed service. Baggage checked through from starting point to St. Paul.

Attend this meeting and in doing so, see that your tickets read via the Union Pacific.

For further information relative to rates, time of trains, extensions of tickets, etc., call upon your nearest Union Pacific agent, who will fully inform you on the subject.

### LECOMPTON.

The Kansas State Temperance Union has its convention on Wednesday July 16, 1890.

The annual concert given last Friday evening under the direction of Prof. W. H. Mershon, was announced as a complete success by all that were present. Little Rhey responded to an encore.

Prof. Mershon and family, accompanied by Messrs. Pitton and Snyder, will start next Monday to give a series of musical concerts at the surrounding towns. Before the concert Prof. Mershon will give a five minute lecture in behalf of Lane University.

There are in Indiana a great many women who farm extensively and are as skilled in the business as any of the men. These women have made money out of the business, and would not give it up for any other calling.

There are on the rolls of the pension office at Washington the names of twenty-seven widows of Revolutionary soldiers who are regularly paid pensions. Three of them are ninety-seven years of age and two ninety-six.

The exceptionally high temperature of the present winter promises to extend into the coming spring on the Atlantic seaboard. Such warmth should give us an unusually early and abundant supply of Southern fruits and vegetables.

It is said that within a year there will be no more bull-fights in Mexico. For two years a little band of reformers in the Republic have been struggling to have the brutal sport condemned by the Legislature and their efforts now give promise of soon being successful.

The Japanese never sleep with the head to the north. This is because the dead in that country are always buried with their heads towards the north. In sleeping rooms of private houses, and of hotels even, a diagram of the points of the compass is pasted upon the ceiling for the benefit of guests.

A Brooklyn woman, Mollie Fancher, who has been an invalid nearly all her life, is vice-president of a manufacturing company which makes and deals in goods designed for the comfort of sick people. All the meetings of the company are held in her darkened room, which she has not left for twenty-three years.

Great preparations are being made for a reunion of ex-Rebel officers at Atlanta, Ga., on April 28 next. The surviving Generals of the Rebel Army—Johnston, Beauregard and Sherman—are to be invited, with six Lieutenant-Generals, about thirty Major-Generals and a hundred or so Brigadier-Generals.

Advices have been received from Norfolk to the effect that the Virginia coast is literally lined with bluefish. On Thursday one seine fishery caught 600 shad and 30,000 herring at a single haul. Pound net fishing is good. It is said that Albemarle Sound steam fisheries will soon be making their customary 100,000 herring hauls.

Eight miles below Nashville, Arkansas, a few days since, a negro named John Reel, while plowing a field, found a jug containing \$16,000 in gold. It was too heavy to carry, and putting \$400 in his pocket he started for a vehicle. He was so elated with his find that he could not keep his good fortune to himself. As a consequence, when he returned the jug and contents had been stolen.

The Chippewa Indian word "Totem" means a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious awe, under the belief that between him and every member of the class there exists an intimate relation. The "Totem" may be a wolf, a beaver, a buffalo, a salmon, a snake, the wind, a bird, a hawk, the leaves of trees, the sun, or the snow. But whatever it happens to be, the connection between it and its protégé is mutually beneficial. The "Totem" protects the man and the man testifies his esteem for this protection by not killing it should it be an animal, and not eating or eating or burning it should it be a plant.

A man who claimed to distinguish so many distinct odors in a tub of butter drew on his imagination instead of the butter. If they were in it no man living has a nose sharp enough to separate them.

An experienced dairyman declares that good milk always foams, and that the foam may be considered an index of milk. It is an indication of the viscosity or power of the milk to hold the butter particles in suspension, says the Northwestern Agriculturist.

A fifteen-mile journey is an average days work for a horse. How far does the cow travel in a poor pasture, nipping a pennyweight of grass here and there, to get her daily ration? Then she is expected to pay for it through the milk pail, says the Mirror and Farmer.

Do not let the calf suck your fin when teaching it to drink, or you will have to repeat several days before it learns to drink readily, is the advice of the N. Y. Tribune. Better spend half an hour the first time teaching it to drink at once than have trouble with it a week or more.

## Grand Excursion to Yellowstone National Park and Other Western Resorts.

The Union Pacific, "Overland Route" proposes to run, on July 26th, a grand excursion from Omaha to Yellowstone National Park, Great Shoshone Falls, Idaho, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Gardfield Beach, Denver, Clear Creek Canon, the famous Loop and other points of interest. The Union Pacific will furnish six horse-drawn Coaches, which will carry the party from Beaver Canon, Idaho, to and through Yellowstone National Park. These coaches will also be taken to Shoshone Station, and used for the ride to Great Shoshone Falls. At each stopping place, such as Ogden, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne and Denver, the coaches will be unloaded, and tourists conveyed from the depot to the hotels. Afterwards a ride to all points of interests in each city will be taken.

From Beaver Canon to Yellowstone National Park, the trip will occupy three days going, three days returning and eight days will be spent in the Park. Excellent tents and good equipment for camping out will be furnished by the Union Pacific, enroute from Beaver Canon to the Park, and while in the Park the tourists will be quartered at the various hotels.

The very low rate of \$225.00 per passenger has been made from Omaha. This rate includes Railroad, Pullman and Stage fare, Meals and Hotel bills from the time of leaving Omaha until the return of the excursion, in all 30 days.

Only thirty passenger can be accommodated, and as accommodations are limited early applications for same should be made, no one being accepted after July 20th. Unless (20) tickets are sold by July 20th, the excursion will be abandoned, and purchase money refunded immediately.

In ordering tickets send money for same by express, to Harry F. Deuel, City Ticket Agent U. P. Ry., 1302 Farnam St., Omaha, Nebraska.

While children will be allowed on this trip, still it is advisable not to take them. For further information relative to this excursion and itinerary, apply to E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. Agt. OMAHA, NEB.

### PERFUMES

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

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DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO., 46 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

### WANTED 20 YEARS FOR 50 CENTS

In postage stamps and this advertisement we will send this which we expect to see in your hands. You can examine and test it there, only, or if you do not find it, it will be sent to you by mail. It is a small, square, white, paper, and is made of the finest quality of paper. It is a very valuable and useful article, and is sold at a very low price. It is a very good thing to have in your pocket, and is a very good thing to have in your pocket. It is a very good thing to have in your pocket, and is a very good thing to have in your pocket.

Wanted 20 Years for 50 Cents. In postage stamps and this advertisement we will send this which we expect to see in your hands. You can examine and test it there, only, or if you do not find it, it will be sent to you by mail. It is a small, square, white, paper, and is made of the finest quality of paper. It is a very valuable and useful article, and is sold at a very low price. It is a very good thing to have in your pocket, and is a very good thing to have in your pocket.

## DON'T DRINK DIRTY WATER.

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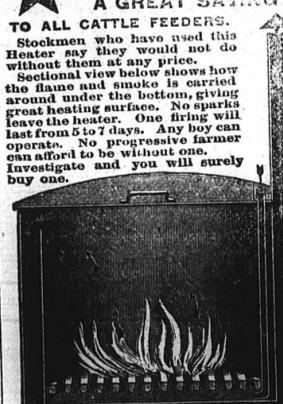
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Avoid ill-health and disease from drinking impure water. Get the best and at a price! Reversible Self-Cleaning Water Filter ever made. NICKEL-PLATED. FIVE LIT. CAPACITY.

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A GREAT SAVING TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS.

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## BIG GAME IN THE TOILS.

One morning in September, while I was engaged in the survey of the Sierra La Sal, I had ridden down to a cattle camp a few miles below us to deliver and get our mail, which was brought there by special messenger. Sitting on my horse in the shade of the cottonwoods, I was talking for a moment with William Little, the "herd boss."

Suddenly interrupting the account which he was giving me of the last Navajo attack, Little exclaimed, "Hallo! thunder in the winter! how did that steer get up there?"

He pointed up the valley, and toward the opposite side, where a solitary animal seemed to be peacefully grazing.

Now the camp had been placed in that particular spot in order to restrain the cattle from wandering up to the head of the valley, and straying into the foot-hills. The sides of the valley were so steep that the animals could not climb out, and the cowboys at each end formed a living fence which kept them within bounds.

A steer seldom strays far away from its fellows, and Little was very much surprised to see this one at least two miles from the nearest "bunch."

"Wonder if 'taint that ole lineback we got in that bunch from the May boys? He's such an unsociable critter, he's alluz a-strayin' off by himself. Take a squint at 'im through your glass an' see what he's like."

Unslung my field-glasses I looked at the creature, then I handed them to Little and said: "See if you think that looks like 'Old Line-back.'"

He steadied the glass for a moment and then he suddenly dropped it and called out: "A grizzly, by jing! We'll have some fun now. Bob! Charley! Kid! wake up! here's a grizzly!"

Three cowboys, who were making a late breakfast, jumped up and came rushing out. Catching sight of the bear they hurried to the corral where their horses were tied.

These rough and ready riders, as they came out made a picturesque group of men.

Just following Little, the "boss," came "The Kid," the youngest, and the pet of the whole "outfit." The rest took delight in his boyish jollity, and looked on with pride at his humor-scarum venturesomeness. He was sixteen, Texas born and bred, or, as he says, "born in a saddle and riz in a corral;" he knew nothing but horses and cattle, and, like the ancient Persians, thought that a liberal education consisted in being able "to shoot straight, or ride a horse and tell the truth."

Then came "Broncho Bob," so called from his ability to ride and conquer the worst bucking broncho. Close to him was "Jaybird Charley," who has received his name from his partiality for bright colors, and especially for his showy blue scarfs and neckties.

They were dressed much alike, with broad brimmed white hats decorated with bullion fringe, blue shirts, with a handkerchief loosely knotted around their throats, and pantaloons tucked into their high-topped boots, over which last, when riding, they wore the Mexican calceoneros or overalls made of calf-skin, and buckling loosely around the leg. They all used the heavy bit, the high-peaked roomy saddle, and the long, sharp-rowelled spurs of the Mexican vaquero. They were rough and boisterous, and given to horse-play and rude rallery, save Charley, who seemed to be of quieter ways than the rest, and was a man of some education.

"Where are your guns?" I asked, as they were about to start.

"Guns nothin'" said the Kid; "here's what'll do the b'ar's business for him." He whirled his lasso around his head.

"Indeed!" I answered, somewhat incredulously. "I think you'll find there's a difference between a grizzly and a Texas steer."

"Reckon there is; but, just the same, we'll catch the b'ar with these yer riatas, and fetch him into camp alive!"

"Honestly, do you intend to 'rope' that bear?"

"Right you are!" he shouted, as we dashed away to cut the bear off from the hills, from which he was distant about half a mile.

The big beast appeared not to see us until we were within 200 yards, when, with a grunt of surprise, he left off digging his afternoon lunch of crickets and field-mice and shambled toward the little ravine through which he had come down into the plain.

This move brought him, quarterwise, in front of Little, who yelled to his horse and dashed at him. I, who am not a cowboy, wisely decided that this was none of my business, and drew my horse up to an easy lope, content to watch the fun from a distance.

I was amazed to see with what rapidity the bear got over the ground. Little's pony was a particularly good

one, but he did not gain more than one yard in five on the bear, which lumbered along at a gait that seemed very slow and awkward, and yet would have left the swiftest sprint runner behind.

But Little gained steadily, if slowly, and presently I saw the loop of the lasso circle around his head, gaining speed with every revolution, till it shot out in front, the snaky coils straightening out as it flew, and the loop, round as a barrel-hoop, settling lightly over the bear's head.

Well cast, "Little Billy," well cast! Sixty feet, if an inch, and not five feet left in coil. The trained pony stopped as if turned to stone, made a quarter wheel, and, sinking back upon his haunches, braced himself for the coming shock.

But the lasso was old, and had seen too many years of faithful service; and as the weight of the lunging beast came on it, it quivered a moment, and then snapped close to the loop, and the loose end whizzed back.

Hardly had Little gathered up the slack of his useless lariat when "the Kid" dashed by, yelling like a Comanche Indian, his lasso cutting the air with a hissing sound, as it whizzed around his head. The first cast missed, but the next was more successful, and a second time the bear wore a necklace of rawhide.

But the "Kid" was too light a weight, and rode that day too light a pony; and though the horse met the shock gallantly, the momentum of the immense mass of flesh at the other end was too much for him. After a moment's ineffectual resistance, he was jerked over sideways, and fell prone, but the "Kid" nimbly cleared himself and alighted on his feet.

Like an automaton the bear surged ahead, dragging the pony after him until his late rider, rushing forward, cut the lariat with his knife and freed his horse, which scrambled to its feet, puffing and blowing, with his breath almost jolted out by his rough passage over the ground.

Little and the "Kid" are now out of the fight, but where are the other two? Turning, I saw that Bob's horse had stepped into a badger hole and thrown his rider over his head. But Bob had retained his hold upon the lariat, and a spirited contest had begun, the horse rearing and plunging and backing away, while Bob tried to catch the bit, eager to mount and be "in at the death."

Charley, on the slowest but best winded horse in the camp, is two hundred yards away, and it begins to look as if the bear would gain the gulch and escape.

Excited by the prospect, and forgetting all dictates of prudence, I dashed forward, shouting and swinging my hat, and by a shorter cut to left, succeeded in heading off the bear. This feat might well have cost me dearly, for the creature came upon me so closely that I only avoided a collision with him by abruptly turning and bolting from his line of retreat. But I had delayed his flight, and Charley now bore down upon his heels. My rash impulse, I proudly felt, had mended the hunt; for a moment later the lariat was round the grizzly's neck, and Charley's powerful pony, setting back on his haunches; jerked the bear off his feet, and landed him on his back with a thud that almost shook the ground.

Recovering himself, the grizzly rolled to his feet and plunged mightily to get free. But the pony gave him not an inch of slack, and the lariat, though it stretched and cracked and "sang like a fiddle string," stood the strain nobly.

Changing his tactics, the bear then bolted toward his captor. But a touch of the heel sent the horse off at an angle, and as the lasso tightened again, the grizzly was once more jerked from his feet and landed on his side. Again and again this maneuver was repeated until the bear grew sullen, and squatting on his haunches, seemed to be meditating his next move.

Meantime the others had gathered around, but, at Charley's request, did not interfere. Soon the bear, rising on his hind-legs, seized the lariat with his fore-paws, and began to pull himself toward his captor. Charley's most energetic jerks failed to get it from his grasp. Then spurring hither and thither, he tried to tangle and throw him, but to no purpose. The animal slowly but steadily shortened the distance between them. If Charley had been alone, he would have been forced to cut his lariat to escape; but Little, watching his chance, now dashed in, and, bending from his saddle, snatched up the loose end of the "Kid's" lariat, as it trailed along the ground, knotted it around the pommel of his saddle, and, throwing his horse back upon his haunches, blocked the bear's game.

Then Bob, who had succeeded in remounting, dropped a dexterous loop

so as to catch an upraised hind foot; and now, like Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians, the formidable animal was helpless. If he made a frantic rush for Charley, Little's lariat checked him. If he turned on Little, Charley brought him up with a round turn. If he tried to bolt, Bob checked his horse, and the bear found himself helplessly pawing on tree legs. If he sulked and hung back, Little and Charley dragged him ignominiously along while the "Kid" and I played vaquero in the rear.

But the creature kept up the contest, and horses, riders and bear were thoroughly blown and spent by the time the camp was reached. Then came the question, what shall we do with him?

The beast was full grown and in good condition. The massive muscles of his chest and shoulders stood out like ropes as he tugged at the cords which held him. One sweep of those curving sickle claws would cut a man into ribbons. His little red eyes glowed like dull coals of fire. Foam dripped from his cavernous mouth—he was "mad" from head to foot—and every separate hair on his body quivered with rage. In short, he was an incarnation of immense strength and brutal ferocity.

To keep such a monster alive was impossible. No pen or ropes would hold him for an hour. Sentence of death was passed, therefore, and the "Kid" stepped forward as executioner.

"I will tell you where to shoot," said Little to the boy. "Draw, in your mind, a line from the inner corner of each of the bear's eyes to the base of the opposite ear. Have you got the point where those two lines cross?"

"Yes."

"Then ride close and put a bullet an inch above it."

The heavy cavalry Colt cracked sharply. For a moment we thought that the creature's thick skull had defied the ball, for he neither stirred nor flinched a hair. But suddenly a convulsive shiver ran through the big mass of gray brawn and bone, the glare of the eye died out slowly, as a coal fades in the sunlight and the white ash covers it, and the great brute pitched over upon his nose—dead.—Youth's Companion.

### Which is Your Right Hand?

An anatomist told me the other day that I could not tell him which was my right hand. I immediately held out my right hand, but he objected. He said that he did not say that I could not show or extend my right hand, but that I could not tell him which was my right hand—that is, I could not describe it in words so that one who had never heard the distinction we make between the right and left hands, would be able to find it. I thought that would be easy enough also until I took time to think the matter over, then I gave it up, for on the outside of the human body there is nothing to distinguish the right hand from the left. No one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person (one not knowing the distinctions we make) can find and locate it.—St. Louis Republic.

### St. Anthony's Temptation.

"There many devils that walk this world,  
Devils large and devils small,  
Sly devils that go with their tails upcurled,  
Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled,  
Weak devils and devils that brawl;  
Serious devils and laughing devils,  
Imps for churches and imps for revels,  
Devils so meager and devils so stout,  
Devils with horns and devils without."

### Important to Druggists.

A New York druggist who spent the winter in a Texas town for his health was asked by the genial clerk of the hotel:

"Stranger, what might your business be?"

"I am a pharmacist."

"A what did you say?"

"A pharmacist."

"Oh yes, a pharmacist. Well, you can buy as good farming lands in this neighborhood as you can find in Texas. You have struck the right locality, stranger, if you want to farm. I'll take you out this afternoon in my buggy and show you one I've got to sell."

### Sweet Girl Cricketers.

The latest fad of the athletic young woman is cricket. This is as yet something of a novelty in America, but it is quite a common thing in England for the young women to form elevens among themselves and to conscientiously strive for proficiency in one of the oldest and most popular outdoor games. Nearly all the girls' schools and colleges have their cricket clubs, and these are daily to be seen practicing in the fields; and it is nothing unusual for the girls to send challenges to the elevens of the neighboring boys' schools.

## HE KNOCKED OUT THE VET.

A Tale Which Paralyzed a Careful of Peop's.

Awful Ordeal Through Which a Man Had to Pass in Order to Become a Member of a Famous Old New York Club.

"It occurred, about fifteen years ago," said the old gentleman, after looking about the car to see if everybody was listening attentively, "on the evening that I became a member of the famous old Eastern Boulevard club. I was warned before I entered the club house, which was the old Randall mansion at the foot of One Hundred and Twenty-first street and Harlem River, that the initiation ceremonies were very severe, and was told that it was not too late even then to back out, but my nerve was in very fine order in those days, and I indignantly told my companions to 'go to.'"

"They knocked three times with great solemnity at the big front door, and we were ushered by a sturdy negro attired in fantastic garb, into a hall lighted only by a few candles and lined with portraits of ferocious looking Indian chiefs. I was told to remove my hat, coat, vest and shoes here, and when I had done so, I looked up to find my companions gone and the words 'Enter here' dancing in phosphorescent light upon a curtain to my left. I must own that I began to feel just a bit nervous then, but I exerted all my will power, brushed aside the curtain and found myself in a long, high-ceilinged room, standing before a host of figures garbed in black gowns with skulls and cross bones embroidered upon the breasts in white and wearing black masks and towering white sugar loaf hats. An unearthly 'Ha, ha,' that seemed to echo and ring about the rafters with fiendish persistency, greeted my appearance, and then all grew quiet as the grave again, and not a word was spoken or a motion made by any one for at least five minutes.

"Then the tallest figure in the crowd stepped toward me and, after putting a number of questions to me regarding my desire to join the club and threatening me with several kinds of death if I ever revealed its secrets, he handed me a pine board about three feet long by one foot wide, that was studded from end to end with exquisitely sharp and glittering steel spikes some ten inches in length. I had to carry this board three times around the hall, while the crowd followed me, chanting a most horrible dirge, and then I was led to the middle of the floor and told to put the spiked board at a my feet. I so, and, as I straightened up, a bandage was slipped over my eyes, my hands were strapped behind me, a rope was slipped around my waist, and before I had time to think, I felt myself being rapidly hoisted in the air. My tormentors kindly stopped hoisting as my head touched the ceiling, and as I swung helplessly there, they sang a song that described the style of tomb prepared for me and the variety of flowers that were to be planted above my head.

"All at once the bandage was twitched from my eyes the rope began to slacken and down I came with fearful rapidity fairly and squarely upon the glistening spikes. [Great commotion in the car and one lady audibly says: 'The brutes!'] They say my screams as I fell were heard at Harlem bridge and I have no doubt they were."

Here the old gentleman stopped to wipe a tear from his left eye and several of his auditors moved uncomfortably in their seats.

"But, man alive," said the veteran, "how did you ever recover from your injuries? You must have been half killed."

"Oh, no," said the story teller, as he rose to get out at the Fourteenth street station, "I was not hurt a bit, because, you see, the boys had replaced the steel spiked board while I was blindfolded with a board that looked precisely like it, but in which the spikes were made of rubber. Good morning."

The veteran shook his fist at the old gentleman as he stood on the platform and laughed, and silence brooded over the car during the rest of the journey.

### With You in the Hour of Death.

In every neighborhood there is a woman whose duty it seems to be to lay out the dead. It is a self-imposed duty. She is usually a woman who has had sorrow in her life. She has many dead of her own; she knows the dead and does not fear them. It is a disagreeable task that she has, but in a solemn sort of a way she seems to enjoy it. It makes no difference whether you liked or disliked her in life, she will be the first to come to your house when you are dead. She will not try to comfort the living, unless it is to tell them that you are

looking natural in your last sleep, and that the expression on your face is peaceful.

Your first hours of death are spent in her presence. You have all wondered what the undertaker does with a dead body; that woman knows, and she knows what is put on the cloth that is laid over the eyes, and she is the one who changes it every little while. She will take a solemn satisfaction in combing your hair; in arranging you for your last appearance on earth. She will appoint herself as guardian over your remains. No one sees you without her permission. She has her reward. The first night after the funeral, when all is over and she has gone home to her family, she will enjoy telling over her cup of tea how you looked and what were your last words.

She will tell of all your physical defects in a mournful sort of way. She will speculate on who will take your place, now that you are gone. There will be a number of wide-eyed children standing around when she tells her story, and when they are lying in their beds they will remember that she said you looked thin and tall lying in your coffin, and that the restlessness that had controlled you through life had left its mark on your face when dead.—Ed. Howe.

### Reviving a Dead Spring.

Mr. Humphrey, proprietor of the Steamboat Springs, on May 14 made an experiment that gave birth to a first class geyser, says the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise. Some distance to the northward of the bath house was the dry basin of an old hot spring in which there had been no water for fifteen years. This basin was about twelve feet deep and nearly a rod square. Mr. Murphy caused a hole to be drilled in the bottom of it to the depth of some twelve feet. He then inserted a pipe into the hole, in the bottom of which were placed sticks of gun powder. When the charge was fired it shook the whole country, and in an instant a column of water a foot in diameter was shot upward to a height of about sixty feet.

For several minutes there was seen a magnificent geyser, from the top of which, umbrella-like, fell a hundred sprays of steaming water. The column of water was shot up with a great roaring, and immense volumes of steam were given off from it. Soon, however, the falling water filled up the old basin, and as the depth in it increased the spouting column decreased in height. Even with a depth of twelve feet of water to contend against, the column of water rose to a height of eight or nine feet.

### Old and New Schools.

That the manners of our fathers are not ours, says the New York Evening Sun, is well enough understood, and the phrase "of the old school" has come to be used rather as a reproach to the degenerate present generation. An old lady who belonged to the times when courtesy was perhaps more general, as it certainly was more elaborate, than it is now administered rather neatly a rebuke to a lad who did not come up to her ideas.

She had known the boy's father when he was in Harvard, as now was the son, and as the latter could hardly remember his parents, who died in his infancy, he was always eager to learn all he could about them.

The youth was invited to call upon the old lady, who is now beyond the term set by the palmist for man's life, at a country place one day last summer, and had an interview with her upon the wide veranda, where she was sitting when he arrived. He lifted his hat, and then, replacing it upon his head, went on talking with the old dame, who regarded him with looks of disapproval.

"Do I look like my father?" the young man asked at length.

"I can not tell," the old lady replied, dryly. "I never saw him with his hat on when he talked with a lady."

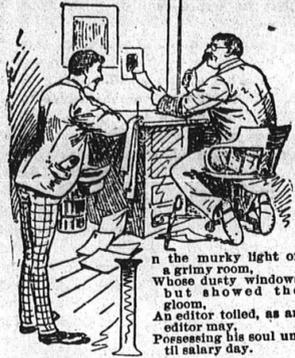
### What is Vanilla?

Vanilla is produced from a species of orchid that attaches itself to walls, trees and other suitable objects. The plant has a long, fleshy stem, and the leaves are alternate, oval and lanceolate. The flower is of a greenish-white color and forms axillary spikes. The fruit is a pod, measuring, when full grown, some ten or twelve inches in length and about half an inch in diameter. The quality of the pod can be determined by the presence or non-presence of a crystalline efflorescence called *givre*, and by its dark chocolate-brown color.

### Nothing Fast About It.

"By Jove, the mail service is rank!" said Smithers. "The trains are slow, the deliveries are slow, and I'm jiggered if even the stamps will stick fast."—Flick.

**THE EDITOR AND THE POET.**



For though he had labored for weary years  
Nought else could he claim in this vale of  
tears.  
And he murmured at fortune's fiers and  
flings  
And dreamed of the pleasures that money  
brings.  
He sighed as he thought of a future blest,  
When the weary toiler could sometimes rest.  
Then entered a youth with a jaunty tread,  
And these were the words that he blithely  
said:  
"I would like to read, if your time is free,  
A poem of mine that is GREAT," said he,  
And the editor scarce for a breath had time  
Before he unbosomed the following rhyme:

"I know a bay whose waters blue  
Mirror the warm skies' tender hue,  
And far on the dim horizon's verge,  
Where the dimpling seas with the skies  
unite  
Languid and wan in the lazy light,  
The distant islands faintly merge.

"Fragrantly wafted over the sea  
The scent of the seaweed comes to me,  
Or hint of spice from some tropic isle,  
While floating fair on the languid tide  
Stately vessels at anchor ride  
Whose crews with songs the hours be-  
gule.

"The air is filled with a slumberous heat,  
And the sound of the surf is low and sweet  
As it breaks on the harbor's outer bar,  
While only the tide with its ceaseless flow,  
Swift on its flood, on its ebbing slow,  
Knows or rooks of the world afar.

"I know a maid with roguish eyes,  
Where Cupid ever in ambush lies  
To trap some merry, careless heart.  
The gown that adorns her figure trim  
Hides and reveals in an ankle slim  
In an artless manner, outdoing art,  
"Soft is the touch of her dimpled hand  
Soft



"HURLED TO THE STONY PAVE."  
Low lies the bard of the sweet refrain,  
And the daisies grow on his grave again;  
For, from the casement's dizzy height,  
He was hurled to the stony pave below  
By an outraged soul who would have him  
know  
There were certain topics 'twere best to  
slight.  
—Ray Brown in Chicago Post.

**IT WAS A NEW THING.**

**HOW BILL TALBOT, FILLED UP ON HIS FIRST FREE LUNCH.**

Had He but Known When to Stop Much  
of the Subsequent Trouble Would Have  
Been Averted.

Old Bill Talbot of east Tennessee was summoned to Nashville to appear as a witness before the United States court. The old fellow had never before seen a town; but he was by no means dazed. He looked with indifference at the state capitol, he blinked with unconcern at the electric lights, and regarded a railroad engine, the first he had ever seen, with a sort of mild contempt; but along in the afternoon he encountered something that made him gasp with astonishment. In company with a bailiff he went into a saloon and there on a table he saw an elaborate lunch of the free species. There was a roast as large as a horse-block, a half bushel of slaw, an enormous baked fish, and a number of other appetizing features.



"HANGED IF THEY DON'T B'LEVE IN EATIN' HERE."  
"Hanged if they don't b'leve in eatin' in here, anyhow," said Bill, as he gazed longingly at the spread. "Ef I jest had a little money I'd step up thar an' show

'em how a white man kin eat when he's got his pegs set right."

"Money!" said the bailiff, "why, it won't cost you anything. It's free. It was then that old Bill lost his breath. "What!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that I mout pitch in thar an' he's myse'f?"

"That's what you can do."  
"Look here, don't tamper with me this way. You may joke my clothes and you may call me an old fool, but I don't low no man to profig with my appetite."  
"I'm not joking. What I tell you is true. Just go up there now and help yourself."

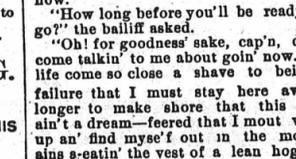
The old fellow threw aside his brown jeans coat and squared himself at the table. Old ronders had never seen a man eat with such determination. Every once in a while he would look up and say: "Beats anything I ever seed. Ef a man had told me that thar was sich a thing in the world I wouldn't 'a' believed him. Jest come in an' eat all you want to without payin' a cent. Sholy the world must be gettin' putty close to the end. How I do wush mur an' the gals wuz here. I jes' know that when I go home an' tell 'em about it they won't b'leve me. They'll say that thar couldn't be sich a thing. May I have another hunk of that beef?"



"WHAT WOULD THEY SAY AT HOME?"  
"Help yourself," said the bartender. "Wall, wall," he remarked as he cut off another piece of meat, "I never seed the like. No wonder Jim Pettigru al-lus wants to be lected to the legislature. Ef the fellows at home know'd what I'm doing now wouldn't thar mouths be waterin'?" Oh, it's all mighty well fur you men that live here to stan' thar an' not eat, but you live as I've been doin' fur the last forty year and eat co'n bread an' acorn-fed hog, an' then not git enough of that except when the preacher comes, and you better b'leve you'd dive at this feast too. Wall, wall jest to think that ef I had a died yistidy my life would 'a' been a failure—yes, gentlemen, a plum flat-footed failure.

"It was a mighty narrer escape, fur I mout never have seed this place. I have been a fightin' agin towns all my life, but I am thar friend from this time on. Oh, ef mur an' the gals could jest see me a slatherin' 'round here now, what would they say? I an't got no boys; jest got ten gals, and I have been might'y disappoint, an' thought that my life was a failure, but it's all right now."

"How long before you'll be ready to go?" the bailiff asked.  
"Oh! for goodness' sake, cap'n, don't come talkin' to me about goin' now. My life come so close a shave to bein' a failure that I must stay here awhile longer to make shore that this here ain't a dream—feered that I mout wake up an' find myse'f out in the mount-ains a-eatin' the vest of a lean hog an'



"I'M DINNIN'."  
lookin' at mur and the ten gals. You jest go on an' drap in here sometime this evenin' an' mobby by that time I mout be ready to go with you."

The bailiff returned about two hours later. The old fellow had suddenly disappeared, the bartender said. Didn't know which way he had gone. The bailiff went out and while going through an alley heard some one groaning.  
"Why, helloo," said the bailiff, coming upon a man who lay near an ash barrel. "What is the matter with you?"  
"I'm dyin'," answered the east Tennesseean.  
"Oh! I think not."  
"But I know, you see. Hafter hour from now an' I'll be as dead as a rat."  
"Let me help you to a room and get a doctor."  
"No, sir jes' go on an' let me alone. A man that an't got no mo' sense than I have ought to die, an' the quicker the better fur the community. Went in thar an' eat like a blame fool jest because it didn't cost nothin' an' now I am dyin' an' I'm glad of it."  
"My friend, it won't do to let you lie here this way."  
"Yes, it will—it's got to do. I allus thought I was a blasted fool, an' now I know it. But findin' it out cost me my life. Wush you would right a letter to mur an' the gals. Say suthin' like this: "Pap died about 6 o'clock this evenin'." He would 'a' lived a few years longer, but he didn't have sense enough. He found a place whar he could eat without havin' to pay fur it, an' died right thar, with a hunk of beef in one hand an' a

fish bone stickin' through his teeth. He done his duty as he understood it, fur he made a whole beef look no bigger than a cat, but the trouble was he didn't have sense enough to understand what his real duty was, an' laid down his life in consequence. Put the lovin' ground in wheat next year, wife, and marry off as many of the gals as you conveniently can. Give Sal to Zeb Spencer, fur I al-lus did have a spite agin him. Let Sur hustle around fur herse'f, an' I would be might'y pleased if you would marry the preacher. He never did treat me right, nohow."

"Shall I write it just as you have given it?" the bailiff asked.  
"Yes; jest exactly."  
"But some of it seems to come from another man and the other part comes directly from you."

"That makes no diffence; send it along."  
"Is there anything else you wish to say?"  
"Yes, tell mur that I left the cross-cut saw out in the woods an' that she better have it brought in. Now leave me an' let ma die."

"Hanged if I don't believe you will die."  
"Tibby sho. Oh, I'm gone an' thar an't no mistake about it. Jest stood right up thar an' eat my fool eef to death, when I had so much on hand, too. Wound an' had a hafer notion of tradin' the gray mar' off, but it is all too late now."

"Say, I'm not going to let you lie here any longer. Come, see if you can't get up," added the bailiff, attempting to raise him.  
"Oh, I tell you it an't no use, fur I'm a goner, an' it serves me plum right."

"I've got some excellent whisky in my room," said the bailiff; "and if I had it here I know that it would help you."  
"You'd better send fur it, I reckon. Don't you think so, cap'n?"  
"I've got nobody to send."

"Wall, kan't you run over thar and git it?"  
"I'm afraid to leave you."  
"Wall," said the old fellow, scuffling to his feet, "I reckon I better go with you. It allus distresses me to hear of a spillin' somewhar. Come ahead."  
"Hold on! But what about dyin'?"  
"Wall, we kin fix that some other time. Got suthin' mo' important on hand jest now."—Opie P. Read in N. Y. World.

**A MARVELOUS MACHINE.**  
Runs on a Track It Lays for Itself, Plows Harrows and Hauls.

A very curious looking machine running up and down Clinton street in front of the Hercules Iron Works yesterday afternoon attracted the attention of passers-by and evoked thousands of questions as to its use and intent. It is very large, being not less than fifty feet in length and weighing nearly fifteen tons. Its inventor and owner, John A. Gardner, a wealthy real estate agent, claims for it an absolute revolution in traction power, and, certainly, nothing like it was ever seen before. The motor movement is a combination of plane and wheel. The machine literally lays its own track and picks it up again, the latter being a belt of steel plates or laths four and one-half feet long, and inclosing four large cog wheels which play into the sockets of the plates and urge it forward. This steel belt is oval in shape as the double wheels inside it would indicate, and the machine is so constructed that the entire weight rests upon it.

There is at present attached to this machine a gang of twelve plows and as many harrows with seeding attachments. Mr. Gardner claims that he can plow 100 acres in a day at an expense of less than \$12. But he is not content with making plowing easy; he expects to have it applied to thrashing, litching, hauling, railroad construction, derrick work in bridge building, and many other things. The belt-plane-wheel constantly presenting a surface of twenty square feet to the earth, it is claimed for it that it will plow in ground too soft for a horse to walk. It will, besides, run up, down, or alongside a hill, over ridgy or unequal ground of any kind and may be made even to do the hauling for the farmer as well as all his other work. Let it do one-half of what is claimed for it and the machine would be a labor-saver beyond anything heard of or conceived in connection with farming. Mr. Gardner has been engaged for fourteen years upon his invention, and now conceives that he has it so perfected as to be ready to place it on the big western farms. He will leave with it next week for Kansas. He claims that it is the only machine in the world which will plow successfully in soft and uneven ground, and he speaks confidently of its being used in the construction of Chicago's great drainage district.—Chicago Herald.

**A Marvelous East Indian Cannon.**

To the cannon at Kuberporo-Najeal, India, is attributed miraculous and supernatural powers. It is 17 1/2 feet long, 5 feet 6 inches across the muzzle, with a caliber 18 inches across. By the natives it is called Jaun Kushall. The date of its discovery is not recorded, but the legends which the superstitious people attribute to the gods. Persian inscriptions on this great death-dealer prove that it has been captured in some war with that country, but the letters and characters are so nearly obliterated the date can not be ascertained. The cannon has rested for ages between two mammoth trees of the peepul species, which have grown so firmly around it that it could not be removed without felling one or both of them. Tradition says that the cannon has been fired once and that the ball was impelled twenty-four miles.

**A Bull Befriends A Dog.**

A close friendship sprang up between a blooded Durham bull belonging to the Martin Smith farm in this town and a big yellow dog that by right belongs to a neighboring farmer, but which right the bull persists in preventing the farmer from enjoying. The dog is an old dog, and his usefulness to his owner consisted in his ability to run with patience and force a churning machine. Three weeks ago his owner found the dog beyond the limits usually prescribed for him, and he gave the unfortunate cur a severe beating. The place of this chastisement happened to be in a field on Farmer Smith's premises where the farmer's Durham bull was for the time enjoying some little freedom. The bull was lazily cropping grass only a few yards from where the assault on the dog took place. At first the dog's yelps merely caused him to raise his head and cast a disinterested eye at the proceedings; but, as the blows fell sharper and sharper on the ill-starred canine, and the dog's cries of pain increased in volume, the bull began to view the af-



fair in a different light. His sympathies for the dog were aroused, and he walked toward the scene of the punishment, bellowing in a threatening manner and shaking his head at the owner of the dog in deprecation of his conduct.

The farmer continued to belabor his dog, but the bull started toward him in such a decided manner that he backed away, at first slowly but with steadily increasing speed as he noticed the ugly glare in the bull's eyes, until at last he turned and flew at the top of his speed for the fence, which he reached and climbed in time to save himself from being helped over.

The dog had been so badly beaten that he lay on the ground and continued howling. The bull returned to him, and after a few hesitating and suspicious sniffs at the dog began to lick the poor animal's wounded parts. The dog at first crouched close to the ground, as if uncertain what the result would be, but soon became satisfied that the bull's intentions were kindly, and submitted to them with evident satisfaction. When the bull had licked the dog for a few minutes he walked away. The dog followed him closely, and the two have been inseparable companions ever since. Every time the owner of the dog has come around to recover his property the bull has manifested such a decidedly bellicose sentiment toward him that he has wisely given up the attempt. The dog will not leave the bull at any one's call, and no one has cared as yet to separate the two by force. Smith is willing to buy the dog that his bull has so strangely adopted, but the dog's owner does not want to sell, and the situation is a trifling odd. The strange part of the matter is that the bull heretofore hated the sight of a dog, and would not let one come anywhere near him.—Wallpack, N. J. Cor. N. Y. Sun.

**A POT WORTH \$36,000.**  
One of the Precious Vessels Used by the Bu'dhist Priests in Ceylon.



There is no temple in the world containing greater treasures than the edifice in Ceylon where Buddha's tooth is preserved for the awe and encouragement of the faithful. One of the most curious of the utensils used by the priests is the great golden watering-pot, which plays an important part in the sacred rites. This great vessel is known to be over four centuries old, and it is one of the most valuable jars in the world, being worth much more in the open market than even the celebrated peach-blow vase, of which so much was said a few years ago.

**The Nicaragua Canal.**

The cost of the proposed Nicaragua Canal is now placed at \$65,000,000. The distance between the oceans is 169 miles, but only twenty-nine miles of canal will have to be dug. The San Juan River must be deepened and some artificial basins constructed in the valleys of other streams. Lake Nicaragua affords fifty-six miles of free sailing. The Suez Canal, which was cut out of the sod and sand for 100 miles, cost \$81,000,000.

**The Japanese Capital.**

The population of Tokio, Japan, including the suburbs, is 1,629,820, of whom all but 331,159 live in the city.

**ON THE CONGO WITH STANLEY.**

His Methods and Achievements in the Wilds of the African Jungle.

In the evenings when we put in shore for the night to cut wood, my chief, Stanley, would often narrate some of the stirring events which occurred during his memorable expedition to relieve Dr. Livingstone, or his still more thrilling voyage through the Dark Continent. I remember one particular occasion—when the rising moon threw long, silver ripples across the purple waters of the Congo, and the soft evening airs fanned the smoldering patches of grass on the surrounding hills into flame, which cast in fantastic relief the weird shapes of the rocky unlands and the wondrous variety of the tropical vegetation.

Stanley, dressed in his campaigning costume of brown jacket and knickerbockers, with his broad-crowned peak cap pushed off his forehead, seated on a log, smoking his briar pipe by the camp-fire, whose ruddy glow fell on his sunburnt features and lighted up the characteristic lines of that manly face, his eyes fired with reminiscences of the glorious past, held me spell-bound as I listened to his thrilling narrative of the attack in '77 on his encamped but ever ready little band, by those barbarous cannibals, the Bangala. How this veritable armada of war-canoes bore down upon his small craft; how he ran the gauntlet of these intrepid warriors to the safe ranches beyond, through an atmosphere darkened by the flight of arrows and quivering spears,—thinning their ranks as he passed with a deadly hail from his rifles. Mr. Stanley was always busy whether ashore or afloat. The top of his little cabin in the after-part of the En Avant formed his table, and I have no doubt a great deal of the interesting material which he embodied in his book, "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," was penned on the cabin of the En Avant. Occasionally, he would leave off writing, put down his pencil, and take a careful survey of the surroundings; sometimes an old crocodile, disturbed by the paddle-wheels in his slumbers on a sand-bank, would waddle down to the water's edge and perhaps swimming toward us, as if to get a close view of the intruders, would offer an inviting shot of which Mr. Stanley generally took advantage.

We passed on, creeping slowly upstream, landing here and there to cut dry wood for fuel or obtain provisions from the native villages which we sighted on the river-banks. Our reception by the natives was generally friendly; but the large, thickly populated villages of Bolobo evinced a keen desire for war, and demonstrated their aggressiveness by firing their old flint-lock guns at our little fleet as it passed. Stanley had previously made a station here, and a white officer was at present in charge of it. The history of this post had been an unhappy one. Only recently all the station-houses had been burned to the ground, and a great quantity of stores intended for the new up-river stations, and other valuable property destroyed. The relation between the villages and station became very strained, and it was only after two weeks that Stanley's characteristic tact triumphed over the suspicions of these natives, and convinced them of our friendly intentions and also succeeded in making them pay an indemnity for their unprovoked attack. Stanley having called Ibeka and the other Bolobo chiefs to a friendly council, presents were exchanged, and the natives promised in future to maintain peace with the white men.

Our little flotilla again started upstream. We were, however, delayed a little on the way, in order that our engineer might repair the damage caused to the A. I. A. by an old hippopotamus who had imagined this little steamer to be an enemy of his, and had made four large holes through the iron plates of her hull with his tusks before his pugnacity was appeased. Fortunately, the boat was close in shore at the time, so they were able to get her to the banks before she filled with water.

Early in September, '83, the blue smoke curling up over the tall tree-tops, announced to us that we were approaching a native settlement. This was Lukolela, and in the neighborhood of our landing-place the new station was to be built. A crowd of natives was gathered on the beach awaiting our arrival, and as soon as Stanley landed a slave was sent through the village to beat the old chief's iron gong and summon all the head men to a palaver.—E. J. Glave, in St. Nicholas.

**Not on the Map.**

Up in Oregon once, a great many years ago, a soldier was tried for shooting another. The shooting took place near the cook house, between the sounding of the tattoo and the sounding of the retreat. He hired a lawyer to defend him, and a witness was put on the stand to swear to the shooting. "The shooting was done opposite the cook house between tattoo and retreat," was part of his evidence. The lawyer had a plan of the place prepared. He pulled it out. "Here is a plan of the ground," he said to the witness. "Now, sir, will you point out to the jury the exact place between tattoo and retreat on this map where the shooting was done?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

The record of salmon catching in British waters the last season shows a falling off in size and number from previous years. There were many catches, however, of fish weighing from forty to sixty pounds.

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### Is It Wise to Oppose Ingalls Now?

The opposition to Senator Ingalls by the Farmers' alliance is possibly premature. We think it is. This is an important era. It is an era of transition, if not of revolution. Events follow each other with wonderful rapidity. Scientific and political growth are alike changing their relative positions with almost every turn of the earth upon its axis. Great foundation principles alone remain apparently at rest. Even the moral world is progressing and widening its area. Truth, as seen by the finite understanding is no longer the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. With every morning sunlight new truths are lighted up and brought out. Never has the world known such an era of rapid intellectual growth as it is witnessed in these closing days of the nineteenth century.

One cannot now judge men and measures by the old rules. Methods of thought have changed. In the kaleidoscopic change of events one sees clearly to-day what he did not perceive yesterday. When, at the going down of the sun one groped blindly for truth, the next morning's sun shows it in all its fullness. Statesmanship is progressive. Human liberty has always kept pace with moral, commercial and intellectual freedom. In the slow moving ages it grew slowly. From the imperfect MAGNA CHARTA of King John to the Bill of Rights, was a lapse of four centuries. From the invention of printing to the establishment of the free press in England, a lapse of nearly three centuries. From the death of Elizabeth to the crowning of William and Mary, there was almost a century of war and revolution over matters about which there would now appear to be no ground for difference.

It does not now require centuries for these great changes. The reasons are founded in science, in philosophy and in ethics. Politics then had little to do with morality. The science of government was not formerly a question of moral principle. It was purely a question of cold policy. The people fought inch by inch for every step they gained. Every granted right was a concession not because it was a right, but by the grace of the king. In our time and in our land all rights inhere in the people. Only such are restricted as the public good may require. The ruling idea is not what is politic, but what is right. Policy has given away to principle, and men are able to discern what is right at a glance, as it were.

Under such circumstances it is not so much what men were as what they are. To illustrate: At the breaking out of the late rebellion John A. Logan sympathized with the south. His change was sudden but no less reliable. We are not to charge him with inconsistency, hypocrisy or dishonesty either before or after 1860. To come to our immediate time and locality: Judge Peffer, of the Kansas Farmer, has been a teacher of the protective tariff doctrine. Even now his name stands as a member of American protective league. It has not been many months since he wrote a treatise in favor of high tariff. His position now is quite changed, but it is not to be charged that he has not been honest all along.

It is fair to presume that Senator Ingalls sympathizes with the people. One strong evidence is that he is not a millionaire. We have never been his admirer politically. But should he be led to see more clearly the popular revolution now in progress, he is one of those who will inevitably be with the more liberal party. In such an event there is no man in Kansas, if indeed in the nation, who can do, or who would do, as much for what we believe to be the coming reform, as he. Instead of attacking him as some of the alliance papers have done and are now doing, it would be far wiser to forbear; to push on the work of reform with strength, vigor and wisdom. Then in due time he may become just the power needed. If it shall appear otherwise there will be ample time for his defeat.

Missouri can no more force the liquor traffic upon Kansas than they could force slavery upon the state. The present original package outrage will be tolerated for a season, but when patience ceases to be a virtue the Missouri bushwhackers will be driven out with broom sticks and mop handles, if no other relief is found. There is no law so powerful as that of self-preservation.

A couple of original package scoundrels in Topeka have shown an unusual amount of gall by asking of United States District Judge Foster, an injunction to restrain officers of the state of Kansas from interfering with their business. If congress does not come to the relief of our people against this infamy, they will be compelled to rise in their might.

## Western Foundry —AND— MACHINE WORKS.

R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.

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

Congress has voted a pension to the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Victoria was crowned Queen of England fifty-two years ago to-day, June 28.

The good time is still a coming. Whatever is to be, but never is, serves to keep hope alive.

Ottawa has had a most successful Chautauqua assembly, and that in Topeka is now in session.

Congressman Kelley stayed in Washington and allowed the Emporia convention to run him all that it wanted.

Lippincott's Magazine for July contains a lively sketch of Senator Ingalls, being one of the most readable that has appeared.

The dam at Lawrence has done more for the business of the city than all the manufactories of Topeka have done for the capital city.

Senator Ingalls has introduced a bill to reimburse citizens of Kansas for losses sustained by the confederate raid during the war.

So far the mercury has gone to only about 100. But it is in no sense dispirited and evinces a healthy disposition to still bull the weather market.

Yes the Kansas mortgage does seem to be losing its grip—at the hands of the sheriff, if we are to judge by the sales announced in the country papers.

It begins to look as if Mr. Blaine is going back on the high tariff policy. Blaine is seaman enough to tack shrewdly and farmer enough to excel at hedging.

A burglar attempted to enter the sleeping room of S. B. Pettee of Osage City. He is handy with a revolver and the burglar was found two blocks away, fatally wounded.

Every one who rents a room, a bit of ground, or in any way recognizes a supreme court whiskey seller, should be a marked man, and be regarded no better than an outlaw.

The good corn weather has come, and the corn is coming good. We saw a field near Grantville this week so tall as to almost completely hide the man and horses at work in it.

It is said that Secretary Blaine now opposes the McKinley tariff bill, and that he has scolded Mr. McKinley and lectured Senator Allison. It will be well for Mr. James G. Blaine to bear in mind that his shoddy dictatorship will not endure forever. Blaine is our great bogus statesman.

The McPherson Republican comes to us with over six solid columns of sheriff sales. McPherson is in one of the most favored parts of Kansas, but the county seems likely to be sold out by the sheriff, and, as our laws now stand, with no chance for redemption. It is not strange, under such a condition of things, that the farm owners are rising up indignantly and demanding protection from the land-grabbers and money sharks who are grinding the people to the death.

Among other improvements that Topeka should make, if the purpose is to secure great assemblies of people, without causing disgust, no one is more important than the providing of conveniences in some central location accessible by all lines of street cars. If the purpose is to accommodate the people, nothing can be more absurd than the locating of such bodies as the present Chautauqua assembly at such places as Oakland or at Garfield park, points which few can reach without the aid of street cars, and then by only one line. The city park might easily be made a most desirable place for such meetings. It is central and easily reached by thousands without cost. It is near two railroad depots, and not far from the others. It is reached by all the street railway lines. Unlike the other parks which are too distant for any but special occasions, the city park might be made an every day attraction for the use and benefit of the people. Located on the bank of the river, convenient of access to both citizens and strangers from abroad, it has every advantage of location and rural scenery. At present it is simply an unshaded spot, instead of the thing of beauty and the charming resort that it should be.

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### Books and Magazines.

An article on the "Training-School for Recruits at Davids Island," by Henry L. Nelson, with numerous illustrations by E. W. Kemble, will be one of the leading features in the forthcoming number of Harper's Weekly.

The July Pansy is filled with delightful reading and attractive pictures. No purer or better reading can be put into the children's hands. The Pansy is intended for Sunday as well as week-day reading. \$1.00 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

"How an Ocean Steamer is Managed" is the subject of an article by W. J. Henderson in Harper's Young People for June 24th. To most persons contemplating an ocean voyage, as well as to all young readers, this article will convey valuable information upon a subject not generally well understood.

Among the noteworthy articles in Harper's Bazar for June 27th is a sketch by Helen Backus, President of the Vassar Alumnae, entitled, "Vassar at Twenty-five." Emma Moffatt Tyng will contribute to the series of papers on Exercise for Women, an article on "Walking" to appear in the same number.

Babylonia is always charming. The July number is now issued and will be joyfully welcomed by the host of baby land subscribers. Every child from six months to six years old will be the better and happier for having this delightful monthly. It costs but 50 cents a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

The July number of OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN reaches our table promptly. The little stories and verses are attractive and charmingly illustrated. The child who is so fortunate as to have this magazine is filled with new delight as each number comes from the post-office, and its happiness for the time is complete. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

The July number of the National Magazine of Chicago opens with an article entitled "Harvard University and Reform," by Chancellor Harkins of the National University of Chicago, in which the wisdom of President Eliot's radical recommendations is forcibly maintained. Other timely articles are: "Plan Proposed for a Polytechnic Institute," "College Courses for Non-Residents," "Union College Examinations" and "Honorary Degrees." Particulars of the recent gift of twenty-five acres of land to the National University and of its proposed new building thereon are given in this number. 147 Throop st. Chicago. Sample copy, 10c.

### The Great Divide's Mid-Summer Art Issue.

Stanley Wood's great Divide for July will be the handsomest number of this standard journal ever issued, it being the mid-summer art number. It will contain seventy illustrations, especially prepared for it, to make room for which the size of the paper has been increased to twenty pages. In addition to this there will be an art supplement, in nine colors, of a Zuni Indian water carrier. This characteristic and striking picture is worth more than the price of the journal and is well worthy of framing. To those wishing to subscribe, the July number will be sent, as a sample copy, on receipt of ten cents. Address The Great Divide, Denver, Colo.

The July number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine devotes itself largely to fiction, travel and sports. A new southern writer, Robert Yale Toombs, of Georgia, comes to the front with one of the most spirited sketches of southern life yet published. Julian Hawthorne presents a curious study of the Boston girl, asking of her in his title page "Was It Typical?" Eleanor Sherman Thackeray, a daughter of Gen. W. T. Sherman, appears for the first time in the literary world in a discussion of Three Great Philadelphia Training Schools; and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor considers the constitution of American Society in an interesting way. "Trout Fishing in Lake Edward," and "Trapping a Grizzly" will interest the hunter who proposes to roam the mountain-ridges during the summer. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, author of "Passe Rose" which received last year such favorable criticism in all English speaking countries, will start this month for Japan with the intention of preparing for the Cosmopolitan, some articles on the military forces of that country, to be completely illustrated by photographs and sketches.

The third party prohibitionists will hold their state convention at McPherson next week. They have the best of reasons for not being satisfied with the action of Congress on the supreme court decision. The dominant party gives no evidence of any sympathy with prohibition, but yields to the saloon power.

There is danger of Webb McCall being taken for the farmer's candidate out in the Sixth district. He is daily addressing alliance picnics.

## CENTRAL MILL.

J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.

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

### SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

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COR. KANSAS AVE. & A ST. NORTH TOPEKA, KAN

## INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

PACE, NORTON & CO,  
—NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.

## Millers and Grain Merchants

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

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 reached only via the Union Pacific "The Overland 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 buoyant that a person is sustained on its surface 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 floating 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.

Wichita seems to be the Kansas paradise for quack doctors.

The battle of the Boyne was fought 200 years ago next Tuesday.

Waterville's brass band consists of five ladies and five men.

Little River jail has not had an occupant for nearly two years.

The Bourbon county teachers' institute is in session with an attendance of 225.

Bent Murdock, of the Eldorado Republican, declares himself for Plumb for President in 1892.

The mayor and city council of McPherson are at outs and the intervention of the courts may be necessary.

Down in the Seventh district they are agitating an editorial convention to be held at Hutchinson July 15.

Ottawa citizens have threatened to tar and feather any individual who opens an original package house in that city.

A man having all the symptoms of hydrophobia was taken from a car at Parsons Saturday. He was on his way from Texas to Omaha. His name is unknown.

While crossing the 'Frisco tracks at Wichita the carriage containing Ira Walsen and James Falton was struck by a passenger train. Walsen was killed instantly and Falton was badly injured.

Wichita Journal: I. W. Pack, an editor of Topeka, asserts that without doubt Topeka is opposed to prohibition and that resubmission is popular there. Well, now, what will the Journal and Capital have to say about this.

It is now in order for Mr. Pack to explain.

The liquor lobby seems to have gotten in its work in the house. The senate was very prompt in passing the Wilson bill after the supreme court's decision on the original package case. The house seemed to be in no hurry and when the case came before the judiciary committee, it was charged to meet the taste of whiskey guzzlers. Instead of turning the whole matter over to the states, provision was made allowing individuals to bring in all they may want for themselves. The entire consideration of the case by the house shows that it has not been influenced by any principle, but simply by a wish to cater to the whiskey interests. As the license states are effected equally with prohibition states, they demand some action by congress. These states are controlling congress. The benefit that prohibition states will receive is to be made incidental, and as small as possible. The third party prohibitionists will profit by it.

## DENTISTRY

Teeth Saved—Not Pulled. Clean and Strong on Broken Teeth.

S. S. White's Teeth on Celluloid Plates. Best and Strongest Made. Whole and Partial Sets.

—EASTERN PRICES.—

J. K. WHITESIDE,  
(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental School.)

Over Fish's Tea Store,  
East Sixth st, TOPEKA, KAS.

Established in 1879.

J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

## PIANOS & ORGANS.

803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason & Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVISEWING MACHINES,

—TOPEKA.—

THE ODELL

## Type Writer.

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

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASY OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect work and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the DOUBLE CASE ODELL.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to dealers. For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, etc., address ODELL TYPE WRITER CO., Rookery Building, CHICAGO ILL.

## Peerless Steam Laundry

E. WHITMASH, Manager.

South side Works, 112 Eighth st. North Side, at Warner's Barber shop.

Office at GEO. H. McMILLAN'S  
Tel. 332. 509 Kans. Ave.

Agents wanted in every town



## PRINCIPAL POINTS

EAST, WEST,

NORTH and SOUTH

—AT—

Topeka - Kansas,  
H. B. HARRINGTON,

City Ticket Agent,

525 Kansas Avenue.  
J. F. GWIN, Depot Agent.

R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas

Thomas Billman of Wichita was thrown from his wagon in a runaway and received probably fatal injuries.

There are one thousand, three women printers in Paris.

The total increase in the Socialist vote in Germany is now estimated at 180,000.

Over 800,000 gallons of whiskey were sent from this country to Africa last year.

A Western branch of the American Copyright League has been organized in Chicago.

The late John P. Mott of Halifax, left to Dalhousie College and various other public institutions more than \$250,000.

The missing steamer Glad Tidings reported to have been wrecked and a total loss arrived safely at Victoria, B. C. last week.

The state railways in Italy, according to official estimation, increased \$84,000,000 in their value during the last two years.

Many of the horses found dead in Eastern Nevada are seen to have the hoofs of their forerunners completely worn in pawing for food.

There were deposited at the mint in Rio de Janeiro recently nearly five wagon loads of silver plate that had belonged to the Emperor.

The total production of coffee in all countries for the year 1888-89 amounted to 11,500,000 bags, and the total consumption to 11,000,000.

The external debt of Brazil is reckoned at about \$142,500,000, but there is also an internal debt of nearly \$250,000,000 for which Rio de Janeiro is mainly responsible.

Wm. H. Smith a colored man about to be hung at Pittsburg having become a Baptist was immersed in a big bath tub which was taken to his cell for the purpose a few days since.

That personification of psychic force, George Francis Train has started for a trip around the world. He goes to his pet town Tacoma first and thence across the Pacific ocean to China.

Miss Maria Chetard, of Natchez, Miss. is doing a good business by manufacturing a new candy from the flowers of the sweet olive tree, and also a clear syrup for table use from the same plant.

After a somewhat fast life, at least so far as race horses are concerned, the prince of Wales, it is said, intends giving them up. Money losses are believed to be the cause, of course. Turf luck.

S. B. Pratt, of Forest Hills, near Boston, Mass., has the largest private collection of bibles in the country. He owns more than three hundred bound volumes of bibles and many biblical manuscripts.

A committee has been formed in London, with branches at Newcastle and other places, for the purpose of endeavoring to secure a mitigation of the severe treatment accorded to political prisoners in Siberia.

What is said to be the largest locomotive ever turned out of a Paterson shop was despatched from the Cook Locomotive Works for the Union Pacific Railroad the other day. Its weight was eighty-seven tons.

An English traveling harpist has been discovered cheating the railroads by carrying his little girl done up in the green bag with his harp. He had traveled so all about England, and has paid no fare for the child.

An anecdote of Stephen Girard.

Girard had a drayman who was decidedly a poor man. One day the drayman, who was an industrious, bright fellow, with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard to remark that he wished he was rich.

"What's that?" sharply said Girard, who heard the grumble.

"Oh," said the man, "I was only wishing I was rich."

"Well, why don't you get rich?" said the millionaire harshly.

"I don't know how without money."

"You don't need money," said Girard.

"Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money I won't let the grass grow before I try it," said the other.

"There is going to be a ship-load of confiscated tea sold at auction to-morrow at the wharf, go down there and buy it, in, and then come back to me."

The man laughed.

"I have no money to buy a ship-load of tea with," he said.

"You don't need any money, I tell you," the old man snapped.

"Use all the words necessary to bid in the whole cargo. Then come to me."

The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A great many retailers were present, and the auctioneer said that those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole ship-load, and that the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale.

A retail grocer started the bidding, and the drayman raised him. On seeing this the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. When the case was knocked down to the drayman, the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer only desired to bid in one case.

"I'll take the whole shipload," coolly returned the successful bidder.

The auctioneer was astonished, but on some one whispering to him that it was Girard's man who was the buyer, his manner changed, and he said it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the next day the price rose several cents.

"Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the man the next day.

The drayman was shrewd, and he went and made contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth fifty thousand dollars.

The latest is that J. N. Howe of La Grange, Mo., will be editor of the Atchison Champion.

The Arlington Enterprise suggests that congress make an appropriation for a national home for disabled census enumerators.

Wichita has a gang of youths who promise to become dangerous citizens. Many small burglaries and a recent attempt at safe blowing are attributed to them.

### Three Times a Day.

Old Judge McCorkle of Arizona, when he left that land of legends, pueblos, 'Gila monsters' and gold, took with him a large quantity of the latter. He sold a mine for something over two hundred thousand dollars. With this fortune the "judge" repaired to "the Bay," as San Francisco is called throughout the coast, to live out his remaining days. Having a wholesome distrust in banks, acquired from his experience of them in Arizona, the judge placed his coin in the Safe Deposit vaults and has ever since lived on his principal, drawing on the original stock of twenty-dollar pieces there whenever his purse runs low.

When the judge first came to San Francisco he was somewhat dazed by the rush and whirl of even that not too densely populated city. But, with true provincial pride, he determined to conceal his feelings. It was his frontier hauteur which actuated his retort in the following dialogue.

The judge entered the breakfast room in one of the large hotels the morning after his arrival in San Francisco. The waiter presented to him that long and involved document from which Americans chart out the morning meal. The judge regarded it apprehensively, and said,—

"Young man, gimme some frijoles?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"You don't speak no Spanish, hay? Well, gimme some beans."

"Very sorry, sir, but we do not serve beans at breakfast, sir."

"You don't, hay?" remarked the judge, sarcastically, "you don't give no beans for breakfast? Young man, and the judge lowered his rich, alcoholic bass to an impressive murmur, "young man, I come from Arizonay, the poorest kentry on this here yearth; but even in Arizonay we git beans three times a day!"

A Noble Revenge.

De Quincy gives a beautiful anecdote, illustrative of the nobility of a generous heart.

An officer in the army one day struck a common soldier. He was young and hot tempered; and he forgot the respect due to himself, and the duty he owed his neighbor.

The soldier whom he struck was a young man too, and noted for his courage; he felt the insult deeply. Military discipline forbade that he should retaliate the blow; he could only use words. Perhaps he was hot tempered, also, for he said to the officer,—

"I will make you repent it!"

So they were ill friends.

One day in the heat of a furious engagement, the young soldier saw an officer who was wounded and separated from his company gallantly striving to force his way through the enemies who surrounded him. He recognized his insulted and without a second thought rushed to his assistance. Supporting the wounded man with his arm, together they fought their way through their own lines.

Trembling with emotion, the officer grasped the hand of the soldier, and stammered out his gratitude.

"Noble man! What a return for an insult so wantonly given!"

The young man pressed his hand in turn, and with a smile said gently,—

"I told you I would make you repent it."

From that time they were as brothers.

Girls as Pickpockets.

An incident in the experience of a shopper in Indianapolis indicates the presence of some one proficient in the training of "Artful Dodgers." A lady was going up a street and was addressed by two little girls, who ran out from a doorway and trotted along by her side.

"Lady," lady, said one, in a piping voice, "will you please untie this string? I can't do it myself."

The child had on a cape fastened with strings, tied in a series of hard knots.

"I stooped," said the lady, "to untasten them, and worked industriously at the task for a minute or two without success. The other girl pressed close to my side, but I thought nothing of it, even when I saw the flash of a handkerchief in her hand. At that instant the little one I was trying to assist said,—

"Never mind any longer, lady; I will get somebody else to untie the knots for me."

"With that they both ran away as rapidly as they could fly. A moment later I missed my handkerchief, which I had slipped into my coat pocket when I stooped to reach the knots. The unaccompanied girl had taken it, and the tightly fastened cape was merely a ruse to withdraw my attention."

A Western doctor says he can take a man with a piping voice and give him the tones of a Booth. It is done by cutting his throat just above the Adam's apple and sewing it up again.

Taverns may be traced to the thirteenth century. According to Spellman, in the reign of King Edward III only three taverns were allowed in London. Taverns were licensed in England in 1702.

Two hundred inhabitants of the Hela peninsula that juts out into the Baltic about nineteen miles from Dantzic are on trial together for robbing an American schooner stranded on their coast.

Mrs. Arminda Greeley, eldest sister of Horace Greeley, who died from paralysis at Spring Creek Station, Warren County, Penn., a short time since, was born at Amhurst, N. H., on January 30, 1813.

The Colombian authorities have promised the secretary of state an "agreeable solution" of the case of the American schooner Julian, recently seized for alleged violations of the laws of Colombia.

The railroad company that uses stoves in its passenger cars in N. Y. State now is guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a fine of \$1000 for each offense and \$100 a day during the continuance of each offense.

One night recently citizens of Troy were in the act of tying a wife beater to a telegraph pole for the purpose of whipping him with switches, when the marshal appeared and rescued the prisoner.

The Jersey, Alderney and Guernsey are highly prized by those who have tried them.

### Advertising.

Strange as it may seem, there exists a class of people who regularly read the advertising columns of the daily paper, and the man who wants to attract them has to tax his brains to do it. The day of standing advertisements in the paper. "Go to So-and-So's for clothing," or "Go to This-and-That's for shoes" has passed, just as the day for painting signs on rocks and fences or on the sails of boats has passed. He must have something interesting and fresh every day in the advertisement, or it will not be read. A notice, pleasantly worded, of a specialty, attracts thousands of people to the advertiser's store. Woe to him if he has beguiled them there on false pretences! To be permanently successful advertising must be truthful. There has been a noticeable improvement in this respect lately; men are rapidly learning that honesty is the best policy in business as well as outside of it. A curious difference is apparent in the methods of advertising for women and men. For a man an advertisement must be short and to the point. It ought to treat of but one subject and to be written as tersely as possible. Men read such matter rapidly; they never deliberately sit down to go through the advertisements in a paper. For the women, on the contrary, one can put in as much detail as one pleases, once a woman is attracted to an advertisement she will read it all through, no matter how long it is or how fine the type is. Then there is no use putting an advertisement for a man in a Sunday paper. If it is large enough to be seen in one of those enormous sheets it will be too long to be read by a man. An ordinary advertisement, such as would be found in a week day paper, is buried in the great Sunday editions. But you can take a page on Sunday and be certain that the women will look for it and read it all through carefully. Thousands of them buy the papers, and especially the Sunday papers, for no other thing than to read the advertisements, and inform themselves in regard to Monday's "special bargains." The large dry goods houses know this, and that is why they all use the Sunday papers so freely.

The Irish Widow.

"D'ye know fwat day id is, Mrs. McGlaggertry?"

"Sathurday, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Ay coorse id's Sathurday," but that's not fwat O' mane, Mrs. McGlaggertry. Id's not th' Foorth av July, is id?"

"Throth'n id's not—id's far from id, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Well, thin, that's fwat O' mane," said the widow; "this is Washin'ton's berthday, an' nobody id know it only they pit out a few flags an' a goosoon or two blows his eyes out wid gun powder. Sure 'n O' had no ooidaya fwat day id was until the blond man on th' enverid' the grave an' the other ill party party day George Washin'ton doid for his country, God be gud to his min'r'y. Id's a shame, so id is, Mrs. McGlaggertry, that iz Amerikin pay so little attention to our holidays. Th' Foort av July is goin' to th' dogs—id's not th' same that id ushed to be twinty year ago fwthin O' was a young gerril in short dresses—nather is Thanksgivin' Day nor Christmase, an' begorry O' guess th' turkeys is glad av id. Noo Year's has been put in the grave an' the other ill party party soon. In a short fwahle there'll be nawshin' left to remind iz av how great a country we have or fwat a foine payble we ar'. Bear in mind fwat O' tell ye, Mrs. McGlaggertry, af things keep goin' an as they have been fur some toime there'll be no national holiday at all. Af ever there was any man who deservess to have a berthday an' to have id celebrated, that man's George Washin'ton—for he knocked the stufin' out av th' English, had dang thin for a murthin' tyrannical set that they ar'. O'm sorry, Mrs. McGlaggertry, to see George left out in the cold, an' fwahpser, af he ever foinds id lowson, an' he sometin'es musht, O'm goin' to propose to th' Congress av the Noo Notled States that Mr. Washin'ton be rekusted to accept the hospitalities av th' Orlish and fine hands wid St. Patrick an' take his share av the glory av the Patrick's Day parade. Fwath do ye think av that, now, Mrs. McGlaggertry?"

The Bible has been translated into sixty-six of the languages and dialects of Africa.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's income, it is said, reaches the enormous sum of \$1,000 an hour.

Denman Thompson will shortly produce his play, "The Old Homestead" in McVickar's Theatre, Chicago.

Mrs. Margaret Lucas, sister of the late John Bright is dead. She was perhaps the best woman orator in England.

Five years ago there were five girls' schools in Yokohama and Tokio. To-day there are more than thirty, and all well patronized.

The American Eagle is said to be dying off fast. A late estimate places the entire visible supply in the United States at three hundred.

John E. Burton the deposed Milwaukee mayor, has been released from his creditors. His indebtedness was estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Abyssinians make a composition of butter and pounded coffee berry, which in travelling, they find more sustaining than either bread or meat.

Eight different brewers in Cork have amassed fortunes exceeding \$6,000,000 each, and most of the money has come from those who buy by the glass or pint.

An engine on the East Tennessee and Virginia road is regarded with superstitious dread by the railroad men. It has killed twenty-seven people during its career.

The largest shaft in Africa has just been opened in the Kimberley diamond fields. It measures twenty-three feet three inches by seven feet nine inches and is to be 1,000 feet deep.

A sculling match has been arranged, at Sydney, N. S. W., between Nell Mather-son and Peter Kemp for the championship of the world. The race will take place on April 25.

A London confectionery store gives to every purchaser of a shilling's worth a ticket entitling the purchaser to have one photograph of herself, taken at an establishment up stairs.

I asked you for my mittin.

For with love I was smitten; Instead of the hand

She gave me the mittin,

Many an old flame has caused a runaway match.

Strange to say, no man ever gets tight unless he is loose in his habits.

A man is happiest when he can forget all the mean things he knows about himself.

The Oatmeal Trust is determined to advance prices at an early day. This is cruel.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that a windstorm is likely to come from a blow sky.

A woman awoke her husband during a thunder storm one night and said, "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

Johnny Cumso—Why do they call 'em "Steamers?"

Freddy Fangle—Guess yer never heard their whistles blow!

McCorkle—"I ain't Briggs naturally a lassy fellow?"

McCraokle—"Not exactly lassy; but he seems to think it is unhealthy to work between meals."

Young Married Man—"Do you mind the baby when it cries?"

Old Married Man—"No, I don't mind it when it cries. I'm used to it."

Dives—"Education is necessary, Jack, if you ever expect to shine in the world."

Dives, Jr. (stolidly)—"I don't want to shine, father. I'd rather sell papers."

Tommy—"Paw, the paper says that 'Gray's Elegy' is a classic. What is a classic?"

Mr. Figg—"A classic? Why a classic is a sort of highly respectable chestnut."

Husband—"Where is my wife, Anna?"

Maid—"She's just gone up stairs, sir."

"Well, just give her this kiss, dear—I have to catch a train in five minutes and can't wait."

Mrs. Bloodgood—"What! not an open fireplace nor a stove in the house? How does your father warm his slippers, Willie?"

Willie (ruefully)—"Warm's 'em on me, ma'am."

A young woman began a song, "Ten Thousand Leaves are Falling." She pitched it too high, screeched and stopped.

"Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer.

Judge (to policeman)—How could anyone throw a stone and break a window around the corner?

Policeman—But, your honor, please remember that the prisoner is a woman.

Ghost (at a seance)—"Do you recognize me?"

Mrs. Topper (Confidentially)—"Yes, you are my late husband, John Topper."

Ghost (surprised)—"How do you know me?"

Mrs. Topper (firmly)—"I smelt your breath, John."

Miss Shelby—"Papa, what are 'strained relations'?"

Mr. Shelby—"About the only illustration I can think of just now, my dear, is the time Ponsomby's sister-in-law and her uncle came to visit him and had to lug their own trunks upstairs."

Mr. Byer—"Those shoes that I got for my little boy a week ago to-night are all worn out." "Well?" asks a shoeman.

"I want another pair just like 'em. Never knew boys' shoes to wear so long in my life!"

Station Master—"Come, Come, my good man! You must not walk on the track!"

"The conductor says I can't ride and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway?" asked the tramp, discontentedly.

Daughter—, Mr. Slim and I were discussing which was the preferable, 'He will go,' or 'he shall go.' What do you say?"

Pa (looking at his watch)—"As it is 11:30 o'clock I should say 'He must go' was the correct expression."

Bagge—"What is the difference between a male and female poet?"

Cagge—"The difference! Well, one is a man and the other a woman."

B—"That's not the answer. The male poet is born, not made; whereas the female poet is both born and maid."

"Wanted—reliable men," read Mrs. Bascom from the advertising columns of the paper. Then she raised her glasses upon her forehead, looked severely at her husband and remarked: "And the world'll wait a considerable number of centuries yet before it gets 'em."

Fred—Why, Charlie, I thought you were getting on so well with rich Miss De Hoofe! She's out you dead.

Charlie—Yaas; she told me at Christmas I might send her enough candy to fill her slipper. I sent her four pounds, and she's never spoken to me since!

"Salem! Salem!" called out the conductor, as a train rolled into the station the other day.

"What!" said an old lady, turning to the Judge, "is this the place where they hung witches?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Judge, with a twinkle in his eye, "but be calm, madam, they don't do it now."

"Do you think Fred is in earnest, about our daughter?" asks father. "Sure of it," says mother, "with conviction."

"Well, I'm not so sure." "You silly old goose, look what the boy has given her—a music stool, a set of silver backed hair-brushes, a cookery book, and I don't know what else; he's doing a little preliminary furnishing in earnest. Oh, you men, what dull heads you are!"

Miss Twenty-eight (cooly)—"I had a strange dream the other night, Mr. Dr. Peyster. I dreamed—only think!—that you and I were married and on our wedding tour. You don't know how real it seemed. Did you dream the same thing, too?"

He (firmly)—"No, Miss Twenty-eight, I did not. In fact I haven't had the nightmare now for a good many years."

Mrs. Hayseed, (at big city hotel)—"They is awfully attentive at this tavern, ain't they?"

Mr. Hayseed—"Yes, sires; they're bound to give us the worth of our money, I guess. Them errand boys has been in a dozen times in the last half hour to see if I wanted anything. What are you working at there, Marier?"

"I've been tryin' for the last half hour ter see what this ere button in the wall is for."

The Saline county jail is empty.

Ness City is to have a new flouring mill.

The Atchison county association has decided to hold a fair September 8-13.

There is complaint that Parsons is overrun with canvassers and agents for almost everything under the sun.

The Law and Order league of Leavenworth has been moving against the jointists of that city with four imported detectives.

Representatives of Wichita and Dodge City have drawn up a letter to President Mányel asking that the Wichita and Western road be extended to Dodge City at once.

The Kansas railroad board has ordered a daily passenger train each way on the Leavenworth, Topeka and Santa Fe road on the ground that the people who voted bonds were entitled to good service.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been permanently cured of this dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, [translating the directions for preparing and using the same which will find a cure for Consumption, Coughs, Catarrhs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.] Parties wishing the Prescription will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

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A so-called "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" is being offered to the public at a very low price. The body of the book, from A to Z, is a cheap reprint, page for page, of the edition of 1847, which was its day, a valuable book, but in the progress of language for over FORTY YEARS, has been completely superseded. It is now reproduced, broken type, errors and all, by photo-lithograph process, is printed on cheap paper and flimsily bound. A brief comparison, page by page, between the reprint and the latest and enlarged edition, will show the great superiority of the latter. These reprints are an out of date as a last year's almanac. No honorable dealer will allow the buyer of such to suppose that he is getting the Webster which to-day is accepted as the Standard and THE BEST, every copy of which bears our imprint as given below.

If persons who have been induced to purchase the "Ancient Edition" by any misrepresentations will address us in the facts, we will undertake to see that the seller is punished as he deserves.

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One of the most wonderful cures in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send you a FREE TRIAL COPY of our medicine. Only those who write to us can make sure of this. Always have a trial copy to show our goods to those who are in doubt. The beginning of this cure is the beginning of the end of the disease. The following cut gives the appearance of the cure.

about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double-sterilized, as a letter to us. We will show you how you can make from \$25 to \$100 a day at least, from the start, with our experience. Write to us at once. We are at 206, FOSTER ST., MAINE.

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

It is the peculiarity of every individual that he wishes to be thought distinguished for something other than that upon which he has made his reputation.

The men who make the most money from farming are not the ones who work the hardest or the most hours, but those who manage with the greatest wisdom.

MULTITUDES in the west regard the people of the east as effete and weak—excrescences upon the body politic, or leeches in the form of gold bugs and coupon cutters.

It is not sacrilege to say that the two events to which civilization to-day owes its advanced position are the introduction of Christianity and the discovery of America.

MULTITUDES in the east believe the west given up wholly to the pursuit of money, and deficient in the culture and refinement of long organized and intelligent communities.

Nothing prejudices a homeseeker against a locality so much as bad roads. No community can afford to neglect its highways. The trade of a town is benefited by every dollar's worth of labor intelligently given to the roads leading to it.

SINCE the census has evened things up and brought the boasted populations of the big towns down to hardpan the real estate men are taking a breathing spell preparatory to starting in with their second wind on another ten year campaign.

THE Dutch paid the Indians \$24 for Manhattan Island. That the Dutch played pitch-penny with poor Lo upon the battery and won back the money, does not impair the commercial integrity of the transaction. It was only an object lesson to the savage upon the evils of gambling.

"GIVE the devil his due," is an old and much worn phrase which is universally endorsed; but somehow there are thousands of things which seem to keep out of the clutches of his satanic majesty which can hardly be accounted for if everybody who uses the expression mean what they say. Trusts and combines still flourish unsmothered by brimstone fumes.

THE Pennsylvania Experimental Station has been testing seeds, with the somewhat unexpected result to the experimenters that those bought from reputable growers were better than those procured on their own grounds. We are not surprised at this. The growing of the best seeds is an art which requires experience and skill, which professional seedsmen gain while others cannot.

HARVARD has adopted a strange course in relation to the time required for preparation to enter the college and that which has to be spent there in order to receive a degree. It has raised the standard of admission so that it requires from four to five years for a young man to complete the studies necessary to pass the examinations. Formerly a young man could fit himself to enter Harvard in three years after he had left the common schools.

THE merchant who advertises in his local paper not only increases his own business by attracting a custom, but he helps his town by showing to non-resident readers of the paper that there is such a thing as enterprise in the place. The first thing an inquiring reader of a county paper looks for in its columns is its local advertising. If he finds the various branches of business belonging to a place of its size represented there he knows it is a live and prosperous place; otherwise he knows it is not the town he wants to locate in.

At a recent meeting of a scientific society in London a new barometer was exhibited, which, says the London Times, will on a slip of paper note the beginning, variation in intensity and termination of rain and hail, the instant of each lightning flash and the beginning and duration of a thunder clap. The instrument can be read for periods of time down to a fifteenth part of a second. An arrangement was also exhibited to show, either by projection or by photography, the oscillatory nature of an electric spark. The barometer may some time be brought to such perfection that with it one may even measure the rapidity of the protean changes of the Chicago weather.

### The Society Kiss.

O, every one knows what bliss in a kiss is. That's given and taken with plenty of love; It's one thing at least that never amiss is That no one's below, and no one's above.

But save us, good Jupiter, save us from kisses Society ladies exchange when they meet; For damniest, coldest of courtesies this is— Sans sympathy, sugar, and served without heat.

Motion one—Purse the lips just ever so little; Motion two—Stick your head out, your model a snake— Then dab your opponent—as if lips were brittle, And using them roughly would cause them to break.

Retire in good order, composing your features To look like a statue or death mask of wax— There! you have all the rules by which the dear creatures Reduce to a science their kissing attacks.

### THE TWO KATES.

"I am sure we shall get along very nicely. Mrs. Williams says the salary will be liberal, and that the little girl's very lovely, though she is so afflicted. Don't look so doubtful, mother," and Kate Everett wound her arms round her mother's waist, sinking down beside her at the moment with a pretty, graceful attitude all her own.

"You do not appreciate all the difficulty, Katie. And—and then to think that you must teach for our daily food while I sit idly here, tied down by my ill-health. Oh! Kate, it is very hard to bear!"

"It is right that it should be so, mother. If it had not been for your love, your kind teaching, I should not now be fit for the life before me. You first taught me, and from my alphabet to the last sonata I practiced I owe all I know to you. Is it not just that I should now repay you, my dear, patient mother?"

Mrs. Everett's hands passed caressingly over the bright curls that shaded her child's beautiful face, but she did not answer. Only in the tender touch of her small white hand did she give any token of how her heart was affected. She had been a widow for fifteen years, and since Katie was a wee baby had let her affections center in her child's life. Her marriage had not been a happy one. It had been made by her parents, and she a shy, timid girl, had let herself be influenced by their stronger will. Years before, when she was a school-girl, her life had been gilded for the time by the dream of love that opens every woman's life to higher thoughts; but her suitor was poor and obscure, the son of an ambitious carpenter, who was spending his all to educate the boy, and her father had frowned down the presumptuous youth at his first call. He was modest, dreamy, and poor; she, shy, timid, and obedient; so they separated with only a longing sigh over their castle-building so rudely and coldly ended. And when, as she reached womanhood, Kate Seymour heard of the proposal of the rich Leigh Everett, she wondered a little how he learned to love her in their short acquaintance in social circles, but quietly submitted to her mother's wish, her father's command, and became his wife. Four years later he died, and in his grave his widow tried to bury the memory of bitter sorrow, neglect, harshness, cutting sarcasm, and the unkindly used wit that had made her married life a martyrdom. He left her wealthy, and she spared no expense in the education of her only child, the Kate of this story. Every lesson was given in her own presence, her patient care directed every hour of study and practice, while the recreations were judiciously planned to give health to the child's graceful form and animation to her movements. Riding, dancing, and walking were daily insisted upon, and now, at 19, Kate Everett's sunny face, perfect health, and graceful manners spoke as eloquently of her mother's care as her fluent conversation in French and German, her brilliant fingering of the pianoforte keys, or her cultivated tastes and pursuits. And just as the fond mother's health, never strong, began to grow more feeble, a crash came in business affairs that swept away her large income, leaving her a mere pittance in place of her former wealth. She had never saved, for both from her parents and husband she had inherited money, and she lived fully up to her income, dispensing large sums in charity and living in luxury. The blow fell heavily upon her. She was ill-fitted to cope with poverty, and she shrank with a sick shuddering from the idea of seeing Kate working for her living. Always timid and reserved, she gave up utterly for a time; while Kate, in every moment of leisure nursing left her, sought for some means of earning her bread. One of their friends, anxious to aid her, told of a child whose father was seeking a governess, and Kate applied by letter for the situation. She had already sought and found a small house, which she furnished from their own large mansion, and there on the day our story opens we find the two Kates.

"The little girl," said Kate, breaking a long silence, "has some disease of the spine that makes her incurably lame, and her father wishes her to have a governess who will teach her orally, and be careful that she does not undertake too much mental exertion. I shall be there only five hours every day, so we will still have our afternoons and evenings together."

"And the name?" asked the mother, interested at once.

"Grace Myers."

"Myers! Ah, Katie, long ago, when I went to boarding-school, I had a lover named Myers—Horace Myers."

"Tell me about it," said Kate, with a girl's eager interest in a love story.

"There is very little to tell, dear. The college where he studied was in the same village where I went to school.

One day, in a high wind, I lost my veil, and he caught it. This led to a speaking acquaintance, and we met very frequently at little parties given in the village. One summer we both remained at school during the holidays, and then we met every day, for there was but little restraint in either school. He was very handsome, with gentle, winning manners. We were both reserved and shy among our companions, and, having no associates in school, perhaps made us happier together out of it. Well, dear, we fancied then that life would be very worthless if we could not pass it together; but, after I left school, my father was very angry because Horace was poor and the son of a carpenter, and so, dear, he would not allow him to visit me, and I heard that he went to California when the gold fever broke out. I don't know, because he went from here years before, and it was only hearing a friend speak of a Mr. Myers whom she met in San Francisco, a merchant, very wealthy and very intellectual, highly respected there, whose name was Horace. He was married, she said, with four or five children—perhaps, after all, it was some one else," and the little pale invalid smiled as she saw Kate's interest.

They were very unlike in looks, this loving mother and child. Mrs. Everett was a delicate blond, with a slender, fragile figure, blue eyes, and fair curls; while her daughter was tall, with a full-developed figure, large hazel eyes, and dark chestnut hair. She had inherited from her father well-cut features, and a firm, though beautiful mouth, and with her fair, noble brow, stately manners, and dignified carriage, she was very unlike her gentle, timid mother. Yet her respect and love for the pale invalid was true and earnest, their two lives bound up together by lasting tender ties.

Six months later look again at Kate Everett's life. She is seated in a luxuriously furnished parlor, and in her arms rests a pale, golden-haired child, whose stunted figure, crooked by disease, is crowned by an angel's face.

"That is the last lesson for to-day," said the child, as, leaving the piano-stool, she climbed into Kate's lap. "Now tell me a story."

"Not now. Go to Mary and be dressed for a ride. I want a word with Miss Everett."

It was the voice Grace loved to obey, her father's, so she went quietly, leaving Kate alone with her employer. Supposing he wished some alteration made in the course of study, or some change of exercise for Grace, she waited for him to cross the room, take a chair beside her, and speak. But after seating himself the silence was so long that she looked up inquiringly to meet a pair of soft, dark eyes resting on her face with loving interest.

"Kate Everett, will you be my wife?" If he had drawn a pistol and fired it in her face she could scarcely have been more astonished. His wife! This cold, grave man, who had remained the silent spectator of Grace's every day studies, rarely speaking or smiling. His wife!

"You are surprised," he said gently, "and I will woo you not for myself, but Grace. I have lost four children, Miss Everett, and this is the only treasure I have left. She is so lonely when you are gone, she loves you so tenderly, and I—I will be the kindest, truest husband if you will come to me for my little girl's sake. You have a mother, too, who is ill, and I hear, poor. I will be a true son to her, trust me. I wait your answer, Kate."

"Mr. Myers, I am so surprised, confused—I let me think a moment. You have been very kind—but—"

"But I am an old man for such a fresh, young heart as yours to love. Yet I will try to make you happy. You love no one else, Katie?"

"No. I respect and esteem you, Mr. Myers, perhaps I may learn to love you. Give me time."

"May I come to-night to see your mother?"

Suddenly, like a flash, Kate's face lighted. He had been opening and shutting a book that lay on the table beside him, and she had looked for the first time at the name inside of it. He had been to her before the grave Mr. Myers, in the care of whose child her whole attention had been absorbed; now he stood before her in a new light.

"Yes, come; come to-night!" she said, rising.

"I will not fail. In the meantime speak to your mother."

Speak to her mother! Kate flew over her well-known road with quick, light steps, and her face full of bright light. Some happiness too great for speech filled her mind, for her greeting to her mother was only a fervent, warm kiss.

"You must be dressed for company to-night, mother," she said, as late in the afternoon she laid aside her sewing. "Mr. Myers is coming to call upon you. I shall fish up the blue silk I used to like so much from its cozy bed in your trunk, and curl your hair as I used to do when we went out together."

"And you? What will you wear?" "Oh, he won't look at me when you are by. He sees me every day, and he is used to this merino."

Even in her youth Kate Everett, senior, had never looked lovelier than she did when her daughter's skillful fingers had arranged her dress. The long curls were looped in front to fall over her comb, in a golden mass down on her neck. The dark blue silk made her fair complexion radiant, and the color given by this little excitement in her quiet life was rich and becoming. No wonder Horace Myers stood bewildered. One long, earnest look, and he was beside her.

"Kate Seymour! My Kate! My wee bonnie Kate!"

as ice before the sun, and radiant happiness making it beautiful.

The long, long years of separation and sorrow were gone like a dream, and he took a low seat beside her to feel her fingers caressing his face and hair, to hear her sweet, low voice making music of his name. And our Kate glided away to sob out her content in tears such as only happiness makes flow.

Two long hours to her passed like minutes in the parlor, and she went down to find them where she had left them.

"My daughter!" was the greeting he gave her, as he kissed her blushing cheek.—*National Magazine.*

### SHORT ON GEESSE.

**Development of an Incident that Occurred Four Thousand Years Ago.**

The momentous fact now bursts upon the world, says the *Levant Herald*, that in the fourteenth year of the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus one of the royal gooseherds wrote a letter stating that he could not supply twelve geese wanted for the king's festival. Of this simple fact the world has been in ignorance for over 4,000 years, yet we are now assured of it on an irrefragable historical evidence as that which tells us that the Pharaoh of Joseph's time imprisoned his chief butler and chief baker for probably as small an offense. It comes about in this way: The state paper concerning the royal geese was duly pigeon-holed, and, after the lapse of years perhaps, was sold as waste papyrus. It fell into the hands of the undertakers, who used it all along, with a lot of similar material, in making the cartonnage head-case for a mummy.

This mummy was entombed in the necropolis of a little town (the site is called Tell Gurob at this day) which began to fall into decay about the time of Menepthas, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus. It has been disinterred by Mr. Petrie in the course of his last season's excavation in the Fayoum. The head-case, with a thin covering over all, was soaked in water, and the papyri of which it was composed became separated without injury to the original writing. Thus we came to know about a great many other far more interesting facts in connection with every-day life affairs of the Egyptians of that epoch, for there are lots of mummies and quite a crop of Ptolemaic documents, and many of them will soon be in the actual custody of the British authorities. Considering the progress that has been made in Egyptology during the present century, and the abundance of fresh material that has been brought to light of recent years, the next generation may be able to learn as much about Egyptian antiquities as the present one can about Grecian or Roman.

From records previously recovered it appears to be established that Aegean Greeks visited Egypt quite 4,800 years ago. During his last season's explorations Mr. Petrie exhumed at Illabun some pottery of that period stamped with alphabetical characters which are neither hieroglyphic nor hieratic. There is nothing to show that these two facts are in any way connected. But he exhumed at Tell Gurob a quantity of pottery of undoubted Cypriot and Mycenaean types, and which belongs to a period somewhat anterior to the Exodus. These, curiously enough, are incised with characters of a very similar description. The obvious inference is that these alphabetic characters are very early Greek or Phoenician. Should the conjecture prove to be well founded it would lead to some very startling conclusions. It has generally been accepted that the Homeric epics were preserved by oral tradition and edited, if not added to, at a later period. But these discoveries of Mr. Petrie suggest the astounding possibility that the "Iliad" may have been reduced to writing at blind Homer's own dictation.

### Alton's Salute to Daniel Webster.

"Whenever I hear a cannon-firing a salute on some holiday or occasion of rejoicing," said Judge Krum, "I am reminded of the story my father was wont to tell of how Daniel Webster was welcomed to the city of Alton, in 1837. The great orator came to St. Louis, and was received with much pomp and ceremony. The citizens had an old brass six-pounder, with which they fired a salute on the levee when the steamer bearing Webster arrived. My father John M. Krum, was then Mayor of Alton, and he came to St. Louis with a committee of citizens to invite the statesman to favor Alton with a visit. He consented, and arrangements were made to give him a fitting welcome.

"Alton did not possess a cannon, but to meet this emergency my father had, with much prudent care and forethought, had a large hole drilled in the bluff on the bank of the Mississippi, into which four kegs of powder were poured and well tamped. When the steamboat with the great orator and a distinguished party on board arrived at the Alton wharf a man stationed on the bluff fired the fuse and a tremendous explosion followed, making a noise that could be heard many miles and dislodging many tons of rock and earth. This was the heaviest and biggest gun fired off in honor of Daniel Webster on his whole Western tour."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

### A Feline Solar Spectrum

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

### AROUND THE WORLD.

In Chicago carpets are being sewed by electric power.

Ex-President Hayes is said to be worth nearly \$1,300,000.

It costs the nation  $\frac{1}{4}$  million dollars a year to print the congressional record.

Two ladies of Lewiston, Me., take six-mile walks before breakfast for their health.

The flesh of the sturgeon makes up the bulk of "the smoked halibut" in the market.

Florence nightingale is 70 years old. She is less powerful but more popular than the queen.

A Howell, Miss., boy, fourteen years of age, has been sentenced to prison for horse stealing.

The hens of Kansas are an industrious set. Car loads of Kansas eggs have been shipped to California.

It is 4,000 miles across Russia. A Cossack, Captain D. Peshkoff, is making the distance on horseback.

A Pennsylvanian has just eloped with his mother-in-law. There is no accounting for taste in matrimony.

A Spartansburg, Pa., man eats his meals in Erie county and sleeps in Crawford county, all in the same house.

A Gainesville boy, seventeen years old, ate forty-eight bananas in an hour on a wager and then wanted more.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is preparing for publication a memorial volume of the letters of her husband and son.

The Indianapolis News has inscribed on its banner: "All public machines should be made to yield a public revenue."

A method for soldering tin cans by electricity has recently been devised and it bids fair to be quite generally used.

The Milwaukee Journal has noticed that the weaknesses of youth become the faults of middle life and the blight of old age.

Be careful how you call for soup. A New York paper says: "In a great many hotels the printed name for hot water is 'cousomme.'"

This is the centennial year of cotton spinning in the United States. The South proposes to commemorate the event in some suitable manner.

Color is not always a bar to public business. At Nashua, N. H., a mulatto girl has charge of the telegraph office; and she is efficient.

Information gathered in London is said to show that cats catch diphtheria from human patients and carry the disease to healthy persons.

Wanamaker's youngest child is a daughter of fourteen, a bright and clever school-girl, who is a good musician and an accomplished horsewoman.

The Episcopal convention of Ohio has decided to remove all restrictions upon women voting at parish meetings and holding office in the church.

It is said that Mr. Howells' minute vivisections of women have not made him a favorite with the other sex. They object to his photographic realism.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is quoted as saying that he considers Dr. Phillips Brooks by far the foremost preacher in America. That is generally admitted.

Stanley may have improved his fortunes while he was away from civilization, but he seems to have ruined his temper. His store of patience is very low.

The Milwaukee Journal says "weak men often succeed when stronger ones fail by courting aggressive opposites." The sick citizen is generally a man of policy.

Some one is translating all of Hawthorne's works into Italian. He can go unabashed into any language. He has in literature the saving grace of good style.

## NICE RIPE BANANAS!

Some Idea of This Trade in the Northern States.

How the Fruit Is Picked and Shipped to This Country—Every Northern City Has Become a Large Market for This Business.

Few people have any idea of the extent of the banana trade in the northern states. On the other hand few people have the inclination or the time to investigate, or even inquire briefly, as to the growth that has taken place during the past ten years in that trade.

Ten years ago a banana was something more than a luxury in the cities of the north, it was almost a novelty. To-day, in the light of the banana season in the north, the fruit is for sale at retail on nearly every corner in the business center of the city at from eight to twenty-five cents a dozen, according to quality.

There are six or eight commission merchants in Detroit who are known as importers of bananas, but there are only about half of that number whose importations are sufficient in quantity to entitle the shippers to the distinction of making a specialty of bananas.

It is of course well known that most bananas coming to the eastern market; come from the West Indies, but it is not generally understood that quite a quantity of the fruit is Isthmus grown, coming from the Central American plantations. Those coming from the Isthmus are, generally speaking, transferred from vessels to cars at New Orleans while the West Indies fruit comes by sea to New York.

A ship when loaded at Jamaica or any of the neighboring islands, receives only the very green fruit, and one of the most remarkable features to be seen in this green fruit is its "fatness." That is, the plump, full character of each banana in spite of the fact that it is not within a month of ripeness. This development of growth in advance of the change of color is due chiefly to the variety of the tree, and the varieties are, of course, due to cultivation, the well-bred fruit being far superior—in its shipping qualities—to the natural plant.

Whenever a ship loaded with bananas reaches New York one of the most interesting sights to be seen along the fifteen or twenty miles of Manhattan Island wharves is the unloading. No matter what the hour in the morning the wharf will be crowded with fruit stand merchants, dagos with their carts, speculators, peddlers and roustabouts ready for a bargain, each according to his field of operations. However careful the fruit may have been picked, no matter how skillfully the load has been placed in the hold, however free from changes of temperature the cargo may have been and however carefully it is taken out of the ship, there are different qualities to be disposed of as the bananas reach the wharf. Some of them are too ripe to sell and so are thrown out for the scum among wharf-rats and roustabouts. Others are so ripe that they must find immediate sale and these go to the peddlers at a nominal figure, to be sold before noon at two for a cent or thereabouts. The next grade is the banana which ought to be eaten within half a day but which by a little manipulation may be made to look well at a street stand twenty-four hours later.

Of course, a very great majority of the bananas are far from ripe. That is to say, they are within two weeks to one month away from ripeness. Just here it may be explained that the fact that very few bananas were used fifteen years ago in the northern and northwestern states was not because people did not like them, and that the reason millions of bananas are now used each season in those states, is that refrigerator cars and quick freight service makes it possible to indulge in the luxury.

While a few years ago a car load of bananas would have glutted a city market for a month, to-day it is no uncommon thing to see eight or ten car loads delivered in a day, and to see the same thing repeated within the week. Of course all bananas sent to any large inland city are green, very green, when shipped from New York or New Orleans, likewise when they are received here. In fact, if the merchants were content to leave the matter to nature, they would let the car load of green bananas lie in their warehouses from two to four weeks before trying to sell them. That would be letting capital lie idle too long. Accordingly the heavier shippers have extensive ripening rooms fitted up in their warehouses.

### A Lightning Change Artist.

Tom Kelly, the ticket seller of Barnum's circus, is as much a specialist in his peculiar line as any, strictly speaking, professional man. The whole process of receiving the money, giving the ticket and making change

is done in three movements with the regularity of clockwork. The ticket window is about four feet above the bottom of the wagon. Mr. Kelly sits upon a high stool, with a large sum of money in dollars, halves and quarters piled upon the shelf on his right. A corresponding shelf on the left is covered with tickets and half tickets. All this is arranged before the window is opened. A line of several hundred impatiently clamoring people wait outside. Mr. Kelly climbs upon his stool, takes a long, deep breath and opens the window. Money is received in his right hand and dropped upon the floor. The thumb of the left hand has in the meantime pushed a ticket from the pile, and the right hand has selected, mechanically, the change and presented it to the purchaser. No attempt is made to pile up the money received. It is literally dropped, and when the show commences Mr. Kelly sits like a buoy surrounded by a sea of money, the crests of whose waves mount up to and press closely around his waist and almost on a level with the window ledge. After the performance commences, and no more people want tickets, Mr. Kelly closes the window and steps carefully over this bed of money. Then, and not till then, is any attempt made to count and assort this sum, which amounts to several thousands of dollars in pieces of all denominations.—New York Sun.

### THE LAND OF OPPOSITES.

Influence of Location on Human Tastes and Actions.

Chinese do nearly everything contrary to the way it is done in this country. We shake hands with each other; the Chinaman shakes hands with himself. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; the Chinaman not only keeps his head covered but pulls off his shoes if he wishes to be very polite.

We shave the face; they the head and eye brows. We cut our finger nails; they consider it aristocratic to have nails from five inches to a foot in length. The Chinaman's shirt is worn outside his trousers. We blacken our shoes; he whitens them. We want wine ice-cold; the Chinaman drinks his scalding hot. We bury in the earth; they on the surface. With us black clothing is a badge of mourning; in China white garments indicate the loss of friends. In that land of opposites it is the old men who fly kites, walk on stilts, play marbles, shoot fire crackers and play shuttle-cock, and to keep up their odd-ways of doing things, they play the latter with their feet instead of their hands. In China women do what we consider men's work, and the men are the milliners, dressmakers and washerwomen. With us the right hand is the place of honor; with them it is the left. We live, cook and eat on the ground floor and sleep up stairs; with the Chinaman the reverse is the rule. In dating letters we write the year last; they place it first. In speaking of compass they always say it points south. We pay our doctor when we are sick; they pay as long as they remain well, but as soon as they get sick the pay stops. Here men kill their enemies; a Chinaman gets revenge by killing himself. They launch ships sidewise; ring bells from outside and turn screws in a contrary direction.

### Selecting Spectacles.

The age when spectacles become a necessity varies much, but with eyes normal and well-matched in early life it may be expected about the age of forty-five. Sometimes it will come five years or more sooner, and may not have arrived at fifty; but in the latter case it is probable that early life has seen a degree of near sightedness.

The selection of proper lenses at this time is not a difficult matter. Those of low power should be used at first, since the purpose is not to magnify objects, but to render them clear and distinct. Never cast aside lenses on the ground that "they do not magnify enough." See if the print at which you gaze is clear-cut, and test the glasses by wearing them for at least half an hour, and if possible, under a variety of conditions. If they bring a sense of relief to the eye while reading for at least several minutes, and can then be laid aside without derangement of the vision for other purposes, they are right; if any of these conditions are wanting, they are not regret, and another trial should be made.—Good Housekeeping.

### A Smart Boy.

Father: "John, I saw Will Gordon in a saloon drinking a glass of beer yesterday, and I don't want you to associate with him." John: "I want 50 cents, pa, to go to the circus, and if you give it to me I won't say anything to ma about your seein' Will Gordon in a saloon." John went to the circus.

## DWARFS OF ARUWIMI.

Stanley's Description of the Pigmies in the Forests of Central Africa.

These Remarkable Lilliputians are From Three to Four Feet High—They are Possessed of Much Natural Intelligence and Know the Mysteries of Woodcraft.

From the chimpanzees, baboons and monkeys with which the forest abounds, is but a step, according to Darwinism, to the pigmy tribes whom we found inhabiting the tract of country between Ihuru and Ituri rivers, says Stanley in an address reported in the London Times. They were known to exist by the father of poets nine centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. You may remember Homer wrote about the sanguinary battle that was reported to have taken place between the pigmies and the storks. In the fifth century before Christ Herodotus described the capture of five young explorers from Nassamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow-pigmies, much as you would like us to show the pigmies about England.

Near a place called Avetiko, on the Ituri river, our hungry men found the first male and female of the pigmies squatting in the midst of a wild Eden, peeling plantains. You can imagine what a shock it was to the poor little creatures at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by gigantic Soudanese, 6 feet 4 inches in height, nearly double their own height and weight, and black as coal. But my Zanzibar, always more tender-hearted than Soudanese, prevented the clubbed rifle and cutlasses from extinguishing their lives there and then, and brought them to me as prizes in the same spirit as they would have brought a big hawk, moth or mammoth longicorn for inspection. As they stood trembling before me I named the little man Adam and the miniature woman Eve—far more appropriate names in the wild Eden on Ituri than the Vukukuru and Akiokwa which they gave us. As I looked at them and thought how these represented the oldest people on the globe, my admiration would have gone to greater lengths than scoffing cynics would have expected.

The height of the man was 4 feet; that of the woman a little less. He may have weighed about 85 pounds; the color of the body was that of a half-baked brick, and a light brown foil stood out very clearly. So far as natural intelligence was concerned, within his limited experience, he was certainly superior to any black man in our camp. The mysteries of woodcraft, for instance, he knew better than any of us; he knew what wild fruits were wholesome, and what fungi were poisonous. He could have given us valuable lessons how to find our way through the forest. I saw also that he could adapt himself to circumstances. If the pot was to end him, a very little shrinking only would betray his fear of pain; if he were to be treated affectionately, none could be so ready to appreciate affection and kindness.

We began to question him by gestures. "Do you know where we can get bananas?" He catches the cue, he grasps his leg to show us the size, and nods his head rapidly, informing us that he knows where to find bananas of the size of his leg. One sees that he can exaggerate as well as Mark Twain. [Laughter.] We point to the four quarters of the compass, questioningly. He points to the sunrise in reply. "Is it far?" He shows a hand's length. Ah, a good day's journey without loads, two days with loads! "Do you know the Ihuru?" He nods his head rapidly. "How far is it?" He rests his right hand sideways on his elbow joint. "Oh, four days' journey." "Is there much food on the road?" He pats his abdomen lovingly with an artful smile and brings his two hands to a point in front of him, from which we may infer that our paunches will become like prostrate pyramids.

I suppose we must have passed through as many as 100 villages inhabited by the pigmies. Long, however, before we reached them they were deserted and utterly cleaned out. Our foragers may have captured about fifty of these dwarfs, only one of whom reached the height of 54 inches. They varied from 39 to 50 inches generally. They are so well proportioned that at first sight they might be taken for ordinary mankind, but when we place by their side a European, a Soudanese, or a Mahdi, they appear exceedingly diminutive. By the side of dwarfs of mature age a Zanzibar boy of 18 would appear large.

The agricultural settlements in this

region are to be found every nine or ten miles apart, and near each settlement at an hour's march distance will be found from four to eight pigmy villages situated along the paths leading to it. The larger aborigines are very industrious and form a clearing of 400 to 1,000 acres. Amid the prostrate forests they plant their banana and plantain bulbs. In twelve months the prostrate trees are almost hidden by the luxuriant fronds and abundant fruit of unrivaled quality and size, and flavor. It would be easy to prove that in the forest an acre of banana plants produces twenty-five times more food than an acre in wheat produces in England. The pigmies appear to be aware that a banana plantation is inexhaustible, and to think that they have as much right to the produce as the aboriginal owners. Therefore they oblige the larger natives pay dearly for the honor of their acquaintance. In another manner they perform valuable service to them by warning them of the advance of strangers and assisting them to defend their settlements; they also trap game and birds and supply the larger natives with peltry, feathers and meat. It appeared to me that the pigmies were regarded somewhat as parasites, whose departure would be more welcome than their vicinity. When honey and game, meat, peltry, and feathers get low or scarce in the neighborhood the pigmies pack their household goods on their women's backs and depart elsewhere to attach themselves to some other plantations. A forest village consists of from twenty to 100 families of pigmies.

### How to Make Friends.

A girl I know said: "I'm a great one for making friends." It sounded as if she ought to be very happy, but when I had a moment to reflect I wondered if she were good at keeping them, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. Making friends is easy to the girl who is bright and happy, whose society gives pleasure and who is genial. But the keeping of them demands more than this.

If you want to keep a friend don't get too intimate with her.

Have your own thoughts and permit her to have hers.

And do not be too aggressive—wanting to know why she hasn't done this and why she doesn't think as you do.

If you think your friend's style of dress isn't beautiful, don't tell her; you only offend her, because deep in her heart she is convinced she knows a great deal more about it than you do.

Do not find fault with your friend's friend, and do not expect to be the only one given a corner in her heart.

Be as considerate of her feelings as if she were a stranger, and remember that politeness is an every-day garment and not one intended only for high days and holidays. To sum it up in one sentence, preserve the courtesy of the beginning if you wish to keep your friendship to the end.

### Newspapers and Journals.

Russia publishes but 800 journals, 200 of which appear at St. Petersburg and seventy-five at Moscow. An infinite number of languages are represented in the Russian press.

England issues 3,000 periodicals, 807 of which are dailies. France follows with a number nearly equal, which, officially, is 2,819, of which only a quarter are published daily, bi-weekly or tri-weekly.

Italy holds the fourth rank in publishing 1,400 journals, 200 of which appear at Rome, 240 at Milan, 128 at Naples, 94 at Turin, and sixty-nine at Florence. Of these 170 are dailies. The oldest is the Gazette de Genes, established in 1797.

In the United States and Canada 23,228,750 papers are printed every week, enough to supply two copies to every family in the land. Besides these there are 6,653,250 dailies issued every day, which may show the immense influence of newspapers in informing and influencing the minds of the people.

### New Cementing Process.

By a new method of cementing iron the parts cemented are so effectually joined as to resist the blows even of a sledge hammer. The cement is composed of equal parts of sulphur and white lead, with a proportion of about one-sixth of borax. When the composition is to be applied it is wet with strong sulphuric acid, and a thin layer of it is placed between the two pieces of iron, which are at once pressed together. In five days it will be perfectly dry, all traces of the cement having vanished, and the work having every appearance of welding.

### Cause and Effect.

"Mrs. Snithen," said the dentist severely, "I have pulled teeth for a great many patients, but I never heard any one holler as you do." "Perhaps it was a holler tooth," suggested the poor woman meekly.

## CALLING ON HARRISON.

An Outlandish Correspondent of a Michigan Paper Visits Him.

The Washington correspondent of the Newberry (Mich.) Independent writes thus: WASHINGTON, D. C., May 'bout 29 tam.—Ah suppose bah dis tam dat all de people een Luce kountay ees begin to flattair dere self dat am dead, because ah aint wrote no lettair for long tam. Eet will probably disappoint dem to found out dat am still on deck. All mah fren' will be very moch surprisè to know eat ah am een Washington.

'Taint no use to talk, Washington ees great ceetay an halso capital of de younited state. All de brain of dis gran' an glorious an magnificent lan' of libertay an high tareef ees dare an halso of Luce kountay. Ah feel eet ees great honair for me to be one of de mos' distinguish person een de capitol ceetay, an eet fill mah bosom full of proud. Een fac' dats all dat been een mah bosom for de las' two day.

De odder day ah was drop een on de President. Aldough good many news-papair ees been circulate de report dat Benny was so small dat eet was him-possible to see hem widout de aid of one dem maachine what you call microscope, ah am please to say 'taint so. She can be see quite plain wid de naked eye.

"Hallo, Ben," ah say, "bah gosh am glad to see you. Ah suppose eet surprisè you to see me. You have de honair to meet Pete Pareau, from Luce Kountay. Shook han's hagin, Ben. How ees you waff an' odder relashun?"

"Mah waff ees well, Mistaire Pareau," de President reply.

"Am glad to hear dat. Ah suppose eet ees very pleasant for you to be een position where you can spend your day surround by all your relashun?"

"Mistaire Pareau ah will considair you happlication for office latair on."

"Tank you, Ben. Ah wrote you several lettair on de subject' of mah happointment to offeeca, but ah suppose dey was los' as ah did not geet reply from you. Ah hear hat you will be a candidate for de nomination hagin een aighteen hondred an 92."

"Eef de report is true an you geet de nomination eet will be to your hinterest een Luce Kountay to appoint me to fat offeeca. Ah got great deal influence wid de Frenchman."

"Mr. Pareau, what chance ah stand, een you hopinion, een Luce Kountay eef ah got de nomination?"

"Damstim, onless you took mah hadvice."

"Mistaire Pareau ah don't want to detain you from your odder business."

"You don't detain me one bit, Ben. Ah got lots of tam an' ah can stay jus' zlong as ah want to. Bay-de-way, Ben, you got nice place to live een an ah suppose dey don't charge you no rent for de white house. Do you burn coal or wood? House rent an-wood an coal ees bir hexpense een Luce Kountay. You considair yourseff fortunate. Ah know good many man dat henry you een you present position. Deny since you was discharge de niggar cook from de white house you hexpense must be 'till smallair."

"Mistaire Pareau, jus' tink of de time you make me waste dat ah could hemploy een bouncing democrats from offeeca. We mus' bring dis hinterview to a close Good-bi."

"Good-bi Ben. Eef you will meet me at de Shoreham to-night we will have Levi fix up de bes' shes got in de house."

### A Delicat Compliment.

It was a Boston baby, and the proud mother and father were listening delightedly to the praises of their old friend.

"Now, who does he look like?" remarked the visitor meditatively; "it's strange, but the resemblance is singularly striking, and yet I cannot place it distinctly."

Both the parents began to be visibly uneasy.

"Yes, certainly," exclaimed the judge, with enthusiasm, after a pause, "I know it my dears. Why, the child is the exact picture of the bust of Socrates in the Greek Library."

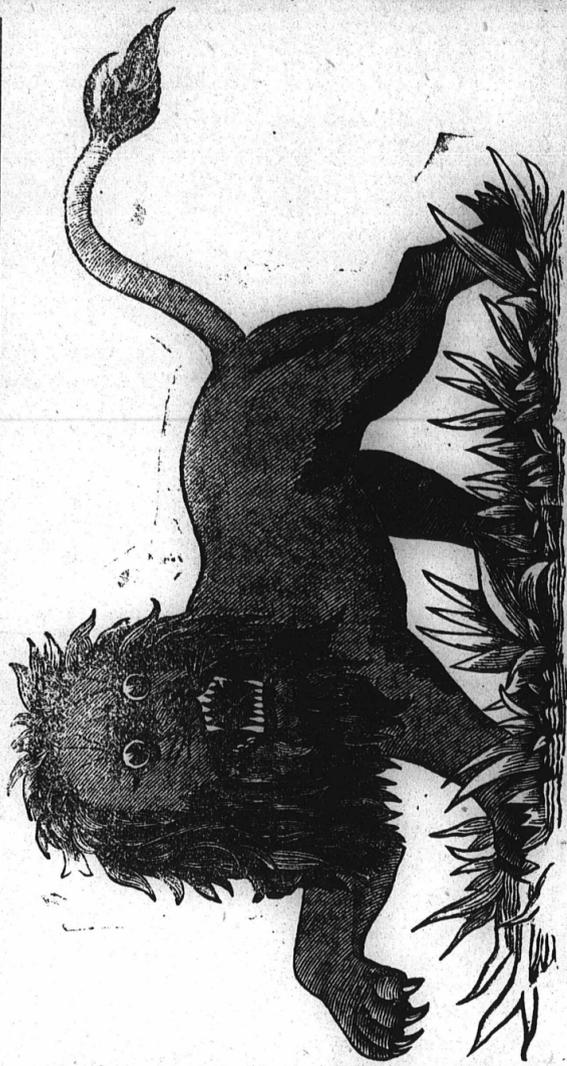
And the smile on the two anxious faces was that bright the roosters for half mile around thought it was daylight and began to crow.

### Where the Profits Go.

A New York burglar stole a diamond breastpin worth \$700 and a seal-skin dolman worth \$600, and all the money he got from the "fence" who bought the goods was \$180. The burglar added that he once stole eleven gold watches, each valued by the jeweler at \$250, and all he got for the lot was \$325. He had to take this or run his own risks. The profit is not in the stealing, but in the "fencing."

# A Mighty Roar

From The Lion Store, 112 East 6th Street.



**A GREAT SLAUGHTER!**  
From this date to July 15th, the day we commence to take our semi-annual inventory, everything in our immense stock will be sold regardless of profit to us.

We quote only a few prices which will show you what this sale is to be, and guarantee that our entire stock will be offered at the same proportionately low prices:

Swiss Flouncing, worth 65c, for 49c	Ladies' Shoe Dressing, \$ .10
Apron check gingham, worth 8c, for 5c	Glycerole " " .25
Good Dress Gingham, worth 10c, for 7 1-2c	Child's Button Shoes, 2's-5's, .40
Best Prints, worth 7 1-2c, for 5c	Dongola, sp'g heel, Button Shoes, 8's-11's, 1.25
All Linen Crash, worth 8c, for 5c	" " " " 12's-2's, 1.50
One Case Challies, 5c per yard	Ladies' Fine Oxfords, .95
Silk Mitts, 15c per pair	" " " " 1.25
Two Spools Linen Thread, 5c	" " " " Pat. Tip, 1.40
Window Shades, 35c	Gent's Fine Dress Shoes, 1.75
Mens' Overalls, 35c	" " " " Calf Shoes, warranted, 3.00
Straw Hats at Cost, 35c	Boys' "A" " " Button and Bais, 1's-5's, 1.15

Our entire stock of summer goods will be sold at a great reduction.

Our entire stock of Boot and Shoes will be offered at the same reduction in prices as the above.

We are daily receiving new goods that were purchased early in the season, which will also be sold with the balance of goods, regardless of profit. Call early and often and make your selections and profit by the greatest sale ever offered to the citizens of Topeka.

**THE LION STORE, 112 EAST 6TH ST.**  
**B. F. YOUNGER, Prop.**  
**Lion Dry Goods Store.**  
**Geo. H. Matthews, Prop.**  
**Lion Shoe Store.**

P. S. We will continue to give away those fine Oil Paintings and Photographs enlarged in Crayon. Call and see work.

## DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Will ensilage make more milk than good dry corn fodder? asks a correspondent. Yes, we reply.

Do you propose to make any provision for the cows in case of drouth? Plant corn thickly for this purpose.

Sweet corn is capital to sow for green forage when the drouths come. It does not yield as much as the field varieties, but is much better.

If it is expected to make a good quality of butter, there must be help enough to do things properly and at the right time. There must be system.

One of our Western correspondents writes that he is going to adopt silage in his dairy. Very good. Write us what you think of it when you have tried it.

Clover can be put in the silo, we would say to a correspondent. It should be cut when in bloom, millet when the blossoms fall; rye when the heads begin to show.

**Marked Interest**

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

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

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

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

Do unto Others as You would have Others Do unto You.

"Shakey."

"Yes, fader."

"Dis is your pirthday. You was eighteen years old. Come into the pack room. I want me to talk some tings mit you."

Jakey had been very attentive to the business of late, so he expected his father would do something handsome for him when the day came around. In fact, he behaved specially good before the old man, and now he was to receive his reward.

Dinkleman took from his money drawer a crisp ten dollar bill. "Here, Shakey," he said, "take dis, and may it be the corner-stone on rich to build a fortune."

The young fellow was dumbfounded. "All this for me?"

"Every cent, and besides, you can enjoy a holiday to-day. And, Shakey, in giving you this I make you happy and I make myself happy. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Remember dot."

Jakey left the store with a light heart and walked down town and was induced by a friend to go to the races, and the result was that he came back to the store penniless and heartbroken.

"Vat for you look so sad?" asked the old man when he came in.

"Fader, vill you kick me?"

"Vat you mean? Vas you crazy?"

"Almost. I lost dat ten dollars. If I could kick myself hard I would. Vill you kick me hard?"

"No."

Jakey thought a moment, then he jumped on his father. "I don't like to do it," he said, "but I promised you fader," and then he began to kick old Dinkleman under the coat tails in the liveliest fashion.

"Mein Gott, Shakey, vat for you do dot?" he shrieked.

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you, don't it?" said Jakey.

Odd Humanity.

A curious human being died at Siegor Island, N. B., a few days ago, of whom the outside world know nothing, but was wonderingly spoken of in her own neighborhood as "the girl who sewed with her mouth."

This "girl" was fifty years old when she died. Her name was Mary Goodine, and she had no arms, hands, legs or feet. She learned when quite young to perform with her mouth the offices usually filled by the hands in cutting and sewing, and pieces of patchwork done by her are now held by neighbors as memorials of her surprising accomplishments.

She lived with a brother and sister, and once refused an offer from Barnum because her brother did not care to accompany her.

Her body was of full size and she was of ordinary intelligence.

If a fly or a mosquito buzzes around his face the milker will stop milking operations and make a desperate slap at the offender; but when Moolley has flies tickling her back and perhaps the milker is tearing open cracks on her teats and sticking his uncut nails into her, she is expected to stand patiently and not even switch her tail, says a contemporary.

**ORGANS** \$25. Pianos \$130. Catarrh free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

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**DETECTIVES**

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**

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**ROOT BEER.**

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**FREE**

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It destroys and prevents bad smells. It arrests putrefaction and prevents contagion. It can be used with advantage for private and public places, in Fish and Provision Stores, Cellars, Night Chairs, Sinks, Vauls, Urinals, Drains, Water Closets, Markets, Slaughter Houses, and for all sanitary purposes.

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When you have a cow that is not naturally a good one you cannot make a good cow of her by any system of feeding.

If your land is wet you should drain it. But if you will not, remember that red top is the best for such land.