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SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
—BY THE—
Kansas News Co.,
G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

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Monday night's rain was very wide spread and very copious. Its value cannot be estimated.

If the city of Topeka would take all of its city railways into its own hands it would be as well as to continue the trifling policy it has been pursuing. It appears to be difficult to legislate for the people only.

If some of our people will encourage Missouri liquor sellers to force their stuff into Kansas, they alone must be held responsible for all costs that may follow in all attempts to prevent it. Better costs than whiskey.

Sharpeners are working a clever fraud among central Illinois farmers in the nature of an alleged remedy for hog cholera. The preparation is injected hypodermically into the hog, 25 cents per animal being the fee charged.

The Silver bill has become a law. While it was needed, it was all that could be forced from the money magnates. In time the people will surely take matters in hand, but not until they can free themselves from party restraint.

The body of Mrs. Marshall Henry, who started out from Foster, near Scranton, Pa., Saturday to pick raspberries, was found in the woods dead from the bite of a rattlesnake. The body was so swollen and discolored as to be hardly recognizable.

The official investigation into the management of Haskell institute resulted in the indorsement of superintendent Meserve. The folly of a lot of Lawrence demagogues in attacking the Indian School is enough to show that the school should have been located elsewhere.

Judge Foster seems to be taking in a better idea of law, catching on to public sentiment, and getting an insight into the future. He has decided in the case of Rice county whiskey shop that bottles put up in pasteboard boxes and shipped in a wooden box must be sold entire. The original package is the big box containing the small ones. No sensible man ever doubted this. The fellow will pay his \$300 fine.

The great temperance meeting in Topeka, on Wednesday, was the most remarkable meeting of any kind ever held in the state. A delegate convention, in mid-summer of over 3000, to protest against an infamous attempt to force the sale of liquor upon a people, overwhelmingly against it, was certainly a remarkable sight. The great war meetings in defense of the nation were not more magnificent, nor more inspiring than the evening meeting in front of the State house where 12000 to 15000 people were assembled. The delegate convention in the afternoon filled representative hall, overflowed into the Senate Chamber, and from that overflowed into the Baptist Church. The like was never before seen in Kansas. The spirit engendered at this meeting will not only drive the original package demons out of the state but will overflow into Nebraska, and will be powerful influence in carrying that state for prohibition in November.

Shawnee county farmers' alliance decide to put a full county ticket into the field, as they probably will in most of the counties in the state.

Louis Geilemann, a 6-year-old boy of Berlin, Neb., was kicked on the head by a horse, and physicians removed three square inches of his skull. He is in fair way to recover.

The Missouri original package saloon is simply tolerated. It will be out of the state before frost. If it comes to the worst the people will rise in their might. Our streets will be washed with beer and whiskey, and agents will ornament telegraph poles. It is idle to beat round the bush. A thousand popular uprisings of the people would be a sorry spectacle, but better the sweeping away of these unbearable nuisances by an indignant and outraged people than the long endurance of the evil.

The Missouri whiskey dealers are going too far for their own health. One house has brought suit against several Shawnee county officers for \$10,000 damages for interfering with their business in Topeka. These fellows do not seem to know the destruction they are courting. They have forced themselves into a business in this state that makes a criminal of citizens. They flaunt their contempt of our laws. They are filling the state with drunkards and crime. They fill our courts of justice with incendiaries and burglars and rioters that have been comparatively unknown under prohibition. Our people are suffering the outrage with patience. They await legal or legislative redress. Their forbearance is wonderful, but it will not endure forever.

Maple Hill. Last Thursday the question of dividing school-district No. 39—Maple Hill district—was agreed upon, and the lines secured as nearly satisfactory to all parties as possible. Maple Hill will proceed at once to erect a twenty-five thousand-dollar school-house, for which the bonds have already been voted.

Rev. A C Smith, with his accomplished bride, has returned to Maple Hill and gone to house-keeping. Mrs. Smith has very favorably impressed the people here. The boys did not have an opportunity to charivari brother Smith, as was contemplated. Everybody wishes the happy couple well.

The George Fowler stock barn that was struck by lightning and burned last week, was the largest cattle barn in the county, and was the center of the most noted Hereford cattle herd in the world. Four valuable Hereford bulls were burned—one, the fine stock bull, Sir Julian, was roasted. The loss was heavy, but the stock and implements were fully insured, and the building partially. A new barn will at once be erected in the place of the one destroyed.

LAWRENCE, Douglas county's potato crop is one of the biggest ever known.

Milt Reynolds is mentioned as probable delegate to Congress from Oklahoma, where he has become naturalized. Gov. Humphrey has pardoned another batch of whiskey sellers, Charles Anderson, Dave Jones, Mary Butler, Tobe Miller and Grant Parker, who having served out their sentences in jail, desired to have their fines remitted.

The Political Situation. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for the week ending July 19th contains an article from the Hon. Henry Watterson on the political situation from the Democratic point of view. Mr. Watterson criticises the policy of the Republicans in Congress without mercy, and his article will be sure to attract a great deal of attention, as voicing the opinion of leading Democrats. This number also illustrates the State Military Camp at Peckskill.

The Chillicothe Normal School and Business Institute opens Sept. 2, 1890. Money refunded when the students leave school for any cause. Car fare paid by the President if thines are not as represented. Private help given free. Prof. Allen Moore's Nine Years in Stanbery Normal, the last six being its President, will add every improvement possible, and make this the least expensive, and the leading school of the West. For Free Catalogue, Address, ALLEN MOORE, M. S. Pres. Chillicothe, Mo.

LINWOOD.

The result of the shooting affray caused the citizens to have a meeting of indignation at Thompson's Hall Monday at 3 o'clock, and a committee was appointed to wait upon the parties selling original packages and insist that they quit selling them. Rowntree has packed and re-shipped, but G A Brown shows a stubborn disposition. What will be done in his case remains to be seen.

Last Sunday our quiet little village was jarred to its foundations by the fruit which fell from the tree of "Original Packages." Like a thunder clap came the message "A H Rowntree has shot Harold." A H Rowntree, the druggist, took advantage of the supreme court decision and started an original package house. Last Sunday a crowd gathered at the Pool Hall of G A Browne's and after parading of something stronger than water, concluded to test the contents of the original packages of A H Rowntree and proceeded to his place. A fracas of some description took place, which resulted in the shooting of Henry Harrold, which proved to be dangerous but not fatal. Rowntree was arrested and trial postponed until 9 o'clock Wednesday, when he was fined \$25 and costs.

SILVER LAKE.

Our people are against the bridge bonds.

Rossville township alliance will hold a picnic next Wednesday, the 23d.

Dr Magill, after being an invalid for a while, is now able to be once more at the front.

MARRIED.—Sunday evening, July 13, at Pleasant Ridge church, by Rev. —, of Topeka, John Tomson and Carrie, oldest daughter of John Hows, Esq.

Owing to the protracted illness of Mrs Frank Mitchell, Mr Mitchell has arranged his business and taken her to Colorado, where it is hoped, the bracing mountain air may restore her to her accustomed health.

An exhibition of spontaneous combustion was a noticeable event of last Saturday morning. The slight rain of Friday night had found its way through the roof of J F Johnston's coal house near the railroad track, in which were several tons of soft coal, and caused the peculiar phenomena of spontaneous fire, as the mass of smoke issuing from the building, requiring removing of a great portion of the coal before the fire could be extinguished.

The fine rain this week has revived the pastures and makes the corn look bright again.

Ladies and Gentlemen, attend the Chillicothe Normal School and Business Institute. Its expenses are the least, its Building is the largest, finest and best, and best furnished, and its faculty the strongest in the West. The Faculty is composed of 23 members.

Students can rent text-books, select their studies and enter any time at the Chillicothe Normal School and Business Institute. This school sustains a Common School Course, Normal, Scientific, Classical, Commercial, Short-hand and Type-writing, Fine Art, Pen Art, and Conservatory of Music. The Commercial Department excels, having Actual Business Exchange with Electric City Business College of St. Joseph.

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The most delicate and most lasting odors made. Our trade-mark patented on every label. "Delicate as a cobweb, Lasting as the hills." If your druggist don't keep them send amount to us and we will forward prepaid. DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO., 48 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

PERRY.

Mrs. Mary Keeney of Lawrence, visited her sister, Mrs Spangler, Sunday. On Monday they visited Oskaloosa.

N J Stark returned from his Michigan visit last Sunday. He says the crops were good both in Michigan and Illinois.

Mrs. Martha Tucker of Baraboo, Wisconsin, and her daughter, Mrs. Cynthia Robertson of Hope, Kas., visited her cousin, J P Kunkel, last week. They had not met for forty years.

J R Martin and wife came down from Oskaloosa Saturday afternoon, and returned Saturday. Their many friends here would have been glad to have had them make a longer visit.

Henry Sutter's Oregon wheat yielded thirty bushels to the acre, and is of an excellent quality. He says he raised more wheat on the same ground this year than he did last and of a better quality.

At the last meeting of the board of county commissioners the Valley Falls Register, a paper having but little circulation in this part of the county, was made the official county paper.

Mrs. Mollie Byer, one of our valued subscribers, brought us some Early Finney wheat last Monday that stands 4 1/2 feet high. Some of the grain taken to the mill weighed 63 1/2 lbs. to the bushel, and was said to be the heaviest wheat brought to Thompsonville in 6 years.—Oskaloosa Independent.

Some Oskaloosa folks went to Beatrice, Neb., a week ago last Sunday to hear Talmage. They could not get near enough to hear him and returned home very tired and hungry. It always has been our opinion that going to big gatherings to hear and see big men did not pay for the wear and tear of the physical man and the severe tension on the nervous system.

Henry Stein, of Alma, has purchased the Perry House, and expects to soon move into it and open it up as a hotel. He is the person who was reported as about to open an original package house. He tells us he is not that kind of a man, that he would have nothing to do with such business. The report started from a joke. We wish Mr Stein success in his enterprise.

The Republican county central committee met at Oskaloosa Monday, the entire county being represented except three precincts. J H Low of Ozawie was put on the committee in place of Michael, removed from the state. A convention was called to meet August 13, to elect delegates to the state convention at Topeka September 3, and the congressional convention at Holton September 10. The committee adjourned until August 13.

DON'T DRINK DIRTY WATER.

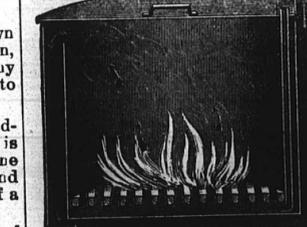
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Agents Wanted. J. H. SEED, 38 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

TANK HEATER. A GREAT SAVING TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS.

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



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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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

Four bank wreckers are now doing time at Sing Sing and behaving themselves admirably. The whole four of them couldn't raise \$5 between them, and as this wouldn't be enough to financier on they are content to accept the daily routine and make all the good time possible.

There are many more medical colleges in the United States than on the continent of Europe, and there are not six in this country that would be allowed to exist for a week in any European country. America is the land of vast bigness, of great quantities. As regards quantity she is rich in medical schools; as regards quality she is the richer.

There is no form of vicious literature so dangerous as that which is masked under the false pretense of the effort to work a reform. Where very few people, in comparison with the whole body of the community, regard open obscenity with anything but disgust, there are many who may be misled by the specious arguments of a man who poses as a teacher and an emancipator.

There are more instances in this country of men, especially young men, going heavily in debt and working themselves out than anywhere else in the world. Yet the fact that interest rates, even when lowest, are higher than the annual rate of increase in wealth proves more conclusively than anything else can the burden that debt and interest must be to the majority.

There is no question that important economies can be effected by consolidating some branches of production and distribution under a single able management. Nor is there any question that the most sagacious management of such consolidated business is that which shares with the public the benefit of the economies effected. The trouble is that such sagacious management is rarely secured.

For the future some provision ought certainly to be made for securing at the very least an accurate count of the people. That is really all that the constitutional requirement of a census contemplates; and while the other facts for which provision is now made are interesting enough and would be valuable if accurately collected it is worse than useless to attempt to get them if it cannot be done with accuracy.

An Englishman who has been traveling in the west says that the word "Mississippi" always affects him to laughter, because it looks so droll with its i's and s's and p's treading on each other's heels. Maybe it does look a little funny to such a rank outsider as an Englishman; but the citizens of the United States are satisfied, and that is the main thing. Besides, it isn't half as ridiculous as "Bogelly-cumswank" and similar names common in England.

ELECTRICITY seems destined to become the motor of the future. As far as street railroads are concerned, we have learned to use it on cars with trolley lines. Experiments are now being made with the storage batteries, and with very fair success. The only trouble with the storage battery cars seems to be that the current of electricity cannot be controlled with as much ease and readiness as the current that runs on the trolley. The car either goes too fast or does not go at all.

The whole tendency of our system of education is to drive the youth of the country into some one of the learned professions. It never seems to enter the head of those who lay out and manage the system that a young man may acquire a thorough education and then become a carpenter or a machinist or a cooper or cabinet maker. He can do so if he wishes, but society tells him in so many words that it is not so respectable as to become a lawyer or doctor or civil engineer.

A WESTERN fair association had the following statement printed on its press tickets: "This ticket probably has been paid for ten times over by the paper to which it is issued. It will be honored in the hands of any man, woman or child, white, black, red or yellow, who favors the association by presenting it. It is good for entrance and grand stand and the bearer, if driving, will be entitled to pass a team free. The association recognizes the fact that its splendid success is owing largely, if not wholly, to the notices so freely given by the press, and while we cannot render an equivalent in cash we return our grateful thanks."

WHEN GRANT FACED DEATH.

Dr. Shradly Tells of the Old Hero's Bravery Under the Surgeon's Knife.

Dr. George F. Shradly, editor of the *Medical Record* and the physician who attended General Grant, has been so placed at various times during his busy lifetime as to be able to see a great deal of the spirit that the average man displays when facing death says the *N. Y. Herald*.

Dr. Shradly was in the war, and saw men face death on the battle field. He saw the nerve—or lack of it, as the case might have been—shown by the wounded soldiers. Since the war his hospital experience and private practice have been such as to give him still more information. As General Grant's physician in his last illness, Dr. Shradly figured in one of the grimmest fought battles with the king of terrors that has ever been seen.

"All the men who face death coolly are not necessarily brave men, in my opinion," said Dr. Shradly. "It has been my experience that once a man has made up his mind that he is going to die he grows callous about the end and accepts the situation as a matter of fact. Of course it may be bravery, by my observation has led me to conclude that a majority of persons when once they find that they are going to die will meet death coolly."

"I had a case not a great while ago which this recalls. A patient of mine was suffering from a disease which had reached that stage where a physician could do nothing except give the sufferer ease. On one of my visits the patient said to me just as coolly as though he had been discussing the weather—

"Well, doctor, I know I'm going to die—that is settled, of course. Now, I want you to tell me, just as near as you can, just how long I'm going to live. I've got a good deal of business to settle up, and I want to know as near as possible how much time I have to give to it."

"The coolness of the man rather staggered me, but I answered him as well as I could, and when I had done so I tried to note the effect on him."

"There was none. He appeared neither disappointed nor relieved. Beckoning a servant to hand him a calendar, he went over it just as if some engagement was to be noted."

"Thank you," he said, when he had made his calculation. "I shall have my affairs pretty well in order by that time."

"Then calmly dropping the subject as if it was of no importance, he started to discuss some other matter."

"Now, who will say whether courage or some other emotion was uppermost in the man's mind? I do not know."

"The terms 'hero' and 'heroine' are often misapplied. I am of the opinion that heroes are to be found at the washbasin as often as anywhere else. Any one who says that women lack physical courage and the ability to bear pain without shrinking knows nothing about them."

"I have two cases in my mind now that bear my statement out. There is a woman who has been and still is my patient. She suffers from a deformity that can only be removed by a series of trying surgical operations. It would require no small amount of nerve to stand one of these operations. Well, this woman has stood twenty-two and is anxious for the twenty-third."

"I had another case a few days ago. It was one where a delicate operation was necessary to relieve the patient. At the same time the operation, if not successful, was almost sure to be fatal. This was explained to the woman, but it did not at all unnerve her. She insisted on the operation and stood it with wonderful nerve. It so happened that the operation was a success, but the courage displayed by the woman before this could be known was simply remarkable."

"I suppose," continued Dr. Shradly, "that no man ever displayed more courage than did General Grant in his last days. I had known General Grant and knew, of course, that he was a very brave man, but I must confess that he surprised even me by the manner in which he wrestled with death even after it became certain that his time was short. It was a marvellous struggle, and the calmness, the fortitude and the gentleness and patience of the dying general were simply remarkable. He startled me one night by suddenly asking—

"Shradly, am I going to die to-night?"

"No, General," I replied; "I have no fear that you will die to-night."

"All right, Shradly," was the reply; "in that case I am going to have a walk around the room. I'm tired of this chair."

"And walk he did, although how he did it is more than I can say. It was his wonderful nerve that stood by him and never left him to the end."

Among the Sealers.

From Captain Charles Bryant's interesting account of life "On The Fur Seal Islands," we quote as follows: "It was interesting to note the difference in character crop out as the community gradually took upon itself civilization. Some were naturally prudent, and easily saved a surplus; others would be in debt at the end of the year. In 1877 a small proportion of their number, perhaps ten per cent, had invested about ten or twelve hundred dollars with the Fur Company; another ten per cent were always in want; the remainder spent what they received. The best paid class, the ablest workers, received over four hundred dollars each for their season's work, and as they could obtain a large part of their food from the resources of the island without cost, and received their houses

furnished, rent free, their needs were few. To foreign ways in clothes and fashion they inclined very naturally. The year before my coming sealing-parties had brought to the island considerable quantities of ready-made clothing as an article of trade, and the men were consequently fairly well-dressed; but only a small quantity of cloth suitable for dresses had been taken, and the women had not begun to make their clothing in any regular form. But in time, with some assistance, their ready adaptability made them a very well-dressed people. Before I came away the wives of those who had been saving sent their measures to Sitka with orders for silk dresses for church wear, and the young men arrayed themselves in broadcloth, wore gloves and well-blacked boots, and carried perfumed handkerchiefs.

"As my time was not wholly taken up with my duties, and good fortune brought to me an abiding place of unusual size for St. Paul, I seized the happy chance of making my house a meeting-place for the people, and especially for the children. Later we fitted up a schoolroom, which we also made a place for social entertainment, and kept the school open eight months in the year. We were greatly assisted in our school duties by illustrated books and papers sent to us; for so unvaried and barren was the scenery of the island, which was all of the world these children had ever seen, that it was well-nigh impossible for them to comprehend physical objects of the simplest nature. What a mountain might be beyond their understanding, and the difficulty of explaining the appearance of a great forest to children who knew no vegetable growth larger than the purple lupine on their gentle slopes was greater than one can tell. It was necessary, however, to exercise the strictest censorship in our illustrated lessons, as it was difficult for all to comprehend caricature even in the simplest forms; even the most impossible pictures they believed represented facts."

"I found the people living in separate families, and, as far as I could see, there was no more immorality among them than would be found in any decent civilized community. The women were modest in deportment, the children obedient and respectful to their parents, and the men always manifested a disposition to assist me in all my efforts."

"In character they were mild and gentle, with the expression of settled melancholy habitual to those races which have no amusements. In this respect, however, they changed greatly as opportunity developed the mercurial latent in their nature. The children when first taught to speak did so in a serious way, and the utter absence of anything like hearty laughter in a group of them always affected me strangely. It seemed as if their avenues of expression were closed to pleasure, and later, when they had learned the simple games I taught them, it was a great satisfaction to me to hear my rooms ring with their merry voices."

Century.

Speaking a Piece.

Master Will had just come to the time when he must give his first declamation at school, and all the household was made to share in his excitement. He had the greatest difficulty in choosing his piece, and in learning it after it was chosen. His father, who looks pretty carefully after his son's education, thought it would be a good plan to have the piece rehearsed at home, and so asked the lad to say it to him the other afternoon.

"I can say it real easy, papa," Will confided to him "but my hands kind of hang round in my way all the time, and the teacher won't let us put 'em in our pockets."

"What do the other boys do with their hands?" his father asked. "Make gestures?"

"Oh, the most of them hang on to their trousers, but I forget and let go all the time, and then they get in my way."

His father laughed and told him that if he would only let his hands alone they would probably take care of themselves. Then he asked Will to go on with his piece. The boy began in so absurd a manner, jumbling his words together and putting his small voice down his throat as far as possible, that the father thought he was intentionally being funny.

"But, my dear boy," he said, as soon as he was convinced that the young orator was perfectly serious, "I can not understand what you say. Why don't you speak naturally?"

Will stared at his father in surprise. "Why, papa," he said, "if you have to speak just naturally when you declaim I shouldn't have to learn how. I'd know that any way."

Emin Pasha and Stanley.

It is evident from Emin Pasha's remarks that not only was he an unwilling companion of Stanley to the coast, but that Stanley's going to his success was the cause of his loss of heart and of many of his disasters. For ten years he had managed to keep order and authority in his province and there is no reason why he should not have maintained himself for ten years or even fifty years more had he received the kind of success he wanted and asked for. But Emin had to be dragged away from his province to prevent him making alliances with Germany and to make thrilling chapters for Stanley's \$200,000 book.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Ex-King Milan of Serbia is now in Paris and intends to make that city his permanent residence. He will live privately and abandon politics.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Beef loses 25 per cent of its weight when baked.

There are forty-nine Jewish synagogues in New York.

The word "its" only occurs once in the whole of the Bible.

London consumes over one hundred million pounds of butter a year.

One hundred and fifty million corkscrews are made yearly in New Jersey.

A hatter at Wilkesbarre, Pa., has made a straw hat with the brim fourteen feet in circumference.

A cargo of alligator hides arrived at Galveston, Texas, a few days ago en route from Mexico to New York.

Mrs. Henry Mullen, of Middleton Corners, Ohio, has given birth to the second pair of twins within a year.

The barge office in New York City is now kept open on Sundays for the reception of the incoming throng of immigrants.

A tea trust has been formed in Tokio, Japan, "for the purpose of restoring the declining tea trade in that country."

Turkish engineers say that the river Euphrates might be made navigable the year round by an expenditure of \$100,000.

Mrs. Anna Roush, of Letart, Ohio, has fully two thousand living descendants. She was born in Morgantown, Pa., June 4, 1787.

A colored woman of Adairsville dropped dead from heart disease from the effects of applying snuff to her gums with a tooth brush.

In selecting the names of a jury to try a man for murder down in Georgia the name of the murdered man was drawn out of the box along with the others.

Speaking of brief names, there is a family in France named B, one in Belgium named O, a river in Holland called the Y and a village in Sweden named A.

The explanation of the peculiar density of thunder clouds is said to lie in the fact that the vapor is partially condensed into drops by the electrical action.

A colored thief at Bridgeport, Conn., jumped into the canal, and the policeman who was chasing him followed suit and arrested the fellow in the water.

One hundred boys and girls of Woodland, Cal., whose ages range from twelve to nineteen years, have formed a Co-operative Fruit Canning and Drying Union.

Shade is such a rare thing in Pasco, Oregon, that the Pilot remarks: The shade of the radish and lettuce leaves is noticeable, and has a cooling effect upon all passers-by.

It is said that from the summit of Mount Blanc one can see the Tyrol, portions of France, Germany and Austria, the Mediterranean and Italy as far as the Apennines.

A Georgia youth who answered (inclosing a quarter) an advertisement of how to make money without work got in reply a piece of paper inscribed: "Catch suckers, as we do."

At Chisamba, Africa, the young people have asked the missionary to raise a flag Saturday evenings that they may know that the next day is Sunday and come to the meetings.

A dispatch from Ohio tells of one of the shortest courtships on record. The groom was a guest at a Canton hotel. He became infatuated with the cook on the day of his arrival, proposed, and, being accepted married her at once.

Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake is one of the best-looking of the women suffragists. She is tall, and she has a delicately posed head and soft gray eyes. Her hair is turning gray, but her hands and her throat have the pretty plumpness of youth.

A fellow calling himself John the Baptist, but who is probably some other person altogether, has been swinging around the circle in Sanilac county, Pennsylvania, warning the people to flee from the wrath to come. He carries a blue cotton umbrella and wears a cockade.

It is stated that a German artillery officer has succeeded in making a new explosive from carbolic acid and that a shell filled with this material possesses a power hitherto unobtainable. Experiments made with these shells, thrown from mortars, have all, it is stated, proved highly successful.

There are only five states in the union in which a schoolmaster can now legally flog a pupil. In all other states a pupil menaced with corporal punishment can arm himself with any secret weapon and use it as best he can. Massachusetts teachers flog an average of two boys per day per capita.

A curious fashion has come into vogue in Paris. In all the cemeteries metal boxes with a slit in the lid are placed on the tombstones to receive the cards of visitors. The relatives of the deceased are thus enabled to see who among the living still cherish the memory of their departed friends.

During a dispute over a calf at Camas Prairie, Oregon, recently Ed Rinehardt hit Helm McConnell on the head with a heavy plug of tobacco. In order to prevent a suit charging him with assault with a deadly weapon, Rinehardt paid \$10, besides giving over the calf and the plug of tobacco.

Nine-tenths of the dolls sold in this country are said to come from Germany, and the principal seat of manufacture there is Sonneberg, in Thuringen, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants. Dollmaking is almost the entire industry of the place. It is not remunerative, as the people are very poor, owing to the low wages paid.

Ward McAllister tells the fashionable young men firmly, but kindly, that they must not have valets. "No gentleman should permit himself this sort of association," he says, and there are those who dare suggest in this connection the principle of self-preservation, and the old saying that no man is a hero to his valet.

There are sixty-four churches of the Church of England, besides those of other denominations, within a quarter of a mile of St. Paul's Cathedral. Most of them have more seats than there are residents in the parish. Many of the clergymen live far from London. One, whose income is \$1,000 a year, has not visited his parish for fourteen years.

NEPHEWS OF RICH AUNTS.

The Prominent Part That They Play in Modern British Fiction.

Students of literature have doubtless remarked, says the *N. Y. Evening Sun*, that that part of current and recent English fiction which appears in newspapers and periodicals in the form of short stories consists largely of descriptions of artifices, the pains, and the ultimate fate of nephews with rich aunts.

Here is a typical story of this kind. One of these nephews had a rich aunt, all whose affections were centered on cats. The cat who possessed those affections during his lifetime died, and it became necessary to replace him. The aunt, accompanied by her anxious nephew, went to a cat-dealer's shop and was much taken with an Angora, the price for which, however, she thought was too high. She returned home, but finally decided that she must have that cat. She therefore charged her nephew to purchase it and to see that it was safely delivered at her house. The young man repaired to the cat shop once more, but alas! it was only to learn that the chosen animal had died in the meantime. But, fearing of disappointing his all-important relative, he purchased the dead cat for a small consideration, procured a common or back-fence member of the same family and instructed a taxidermist to inclose him in the Angora's skin. This was done, and Thomas, looking sufficiently natural, entered into possession of the aunt's affections. She was short-sighted, by the way. All went well for a time, but unfortunately the taxidermist had found it necessary to shave the back-fence cat in order to get him into the Angora's skin. The hair grew, and one day while the unwilling deceiver was drinking milk before his mistress' eye his coat burst and he walked forth in all his native vulgarity of attire. The result, which is the same in most of these stories, was that the aunt never forgave her nephew for deceiving her, and left all her property to a remote cousin.

The nephew-and-rich-aunt plot undoubtedly figures to a painful extent in the conventional humorous literature of England, but such a plot is, nevertheless, amply warranted by fact. The writer has known many young men who have passed their lives in humorous whims of rich old maiden aunts, and sometimes bachelor uncles. Usually they have been rewarded by the inheritance of lands, chattels, or money, but sometimes they have suffered disaster, as in the stories.

Some persons may be at a loss to find a reason for this state of things. The following figures, which represent the fortunes left by Englishwomen during the last year, will explain it to them. The ladies named were almost without exception unmarried or widowed. Married women do not leave fortunes unless they find them before they were married and have kept them intact. The widows mentioned, too, had in most cases lost their husbands many years ago. Lady Ossington left \$2,045,000; Lady Ann Hayter, \$1,125,000; Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, \$1,035,000; Lady Rose, \$550,000, and Lady Forster, \$465,000. Twenty other titled women, whose wills were admitted to probate during 1889, bequeathed a total of more than \$3,285,000. Among untitled women Miss Ryland, the heiress of the late head of a great firm of iron-founders, left \$3,735,000; Mrs. Margaret Platt (of Staleybridge), \$2,060,000; Mrs. Ellen Walker, \$1,120,000; Miss Catherine Wood, \$750,000; Mrs. John Wood, \$725,000; Miss Sarah Ann Cawston (of Folly house, Baintree), \$545,000; and Miss Mary Eason, \$565,000. Nineteen other untitled women enriched their heirs with \$6,055,000.

All the ladies of title named were widows and childless, with the exception of Lady Willoughby d'Eresby. It will be seen that of the seven untitled testators named four were spinsters. From all of these circumstances it is inevitable that there must have been a great many anxious nephews.

Inexperienced Kissers.

Said a young friend to me the other day: "I am getting tired of having my hair upset and my corsage bouquet torn all to pieces by beginners, and I believe if the dear boys were only told how to go about it they would not make such a perfect mess of it."

There is no necessity of grabbing a girl as though she had stolen a pocket-book and making a lurch at her as though you had accidentally stepped one foot in a coal hole while walking rapidly along the street. There is no actual necessity to get a clutch on her dress and try to tear it off or turn her over inside of it. There is no necessity of pulling her head forward with such intensity that her eyes are endangered by scarpins and long pencils protruding from upper vest pockets. There is no use firing a kiss promiscuously at her eye or ear or neck. To begin with, the girl is not trying to get away. Keep cool; bear in mind that you have the soulful sympathy of your victim and your aims are identical—that she has as much at stake as you have. Keep perfectly cool and collected; gently insert your right coat sleeve about her Directoire costume and turn her gently toward your manly form. Place your other and as yet unoccupied arm in such a position as the exigencies of the occasion seem to demand and give a gentle and soulful pull, as Amelie Rives Chanler calls it. By this time the "rosebud mouth" is turned toward you. Lean over gently and let nature do her work. That's all. Girls don't like any other way, boys.

Kind words are like bald heads, they can never dye.

PINED FOR A CHANGE.

REPORTER WHO ACHED TO LEAVE THE CITY'S NOISE AND BUSTLE.

How He Awoke to a Realization of the Hard Fact that Things Are Not Always What They Seem.



My name is John Horn Whittleby. The better or perhaps the worst part of my life has been spent on the treadmill of a great daily newspaper. I have tried time and again to break away from the grinding life of the reporter, and a short time ago

thought that I had at last found a velvet-lined loop-hole through which I might escape. Once there was working on the same paper with me a thoughtful man named Blink Hackett. He was continuously complaining of the emptiness of his existence. "In this business," he would often declare, "I can only imitate some one else, and my theory has always been this: It is better, or at least more honorable, to be an original fool than the successful imitator of a great man. I might work here 1,000 years and then not be known except possibly as the oldest man in the office, an unenviable distinction, surely. I am going to quit this thing and strike out for myself."

He suddenly disappeared, and more than two years elapsed before I saw him again, writes Opie P. Read. Then one day I met him in the street. He was well dressed, wore a high hat, and carried a gold-headed cane.

"Why, halloo! Blink, where have you been keeping yourself?"

"We shook hands, and, looking upon me rather compassionately, he replied: 'I told you that I was going to get out of that grind, and I have done so.' 'But how did you accomplish it? You often declared that your slave term on a daily paper had unfitted you for any other business.'

"I will tell you. I had saved up a few dollars, and with the amount started a weekly paper out in the suburbs. Come out with me. It will do you good to look at my establishment. Come right on now—let's take this car."

I had not time to argue, so I went with him. We went out quite a distance, to a beautiful village, where maple trees grew



HE OPENED THE GATE.

carefully kept door-yards, and where blooming shrubbery nodded in a perfumed breeze. I felt like an escaped prisoner as I looked upon the half-lazy contentment of the people, and I wished that I might come, and dream my life away among them.

"Here we are," said Blink, as he opened a gate in front of a neat cottage. "It does not look much like a printing-office from the outside, does it?"

I was too much impressed by the comfort-breathing surroundings to reply. He showed me into a neat apartment which he should have termed a parlor, but which he soon informed me was his editorial-room.

"I am a king here," said he. "My paper circulates among the best people in the village, which naturally gives me a strong pull with advertisers. I have very little to do—write an editorial or two on the necessity of a lamp-post at a certain corner, or the extreme necessity of every citizen coming out to the town election. It's the first time in my life that I ever had any real ease, and I should be contented to drift on this way forever. Let me show you the composing-room."

He conducted me to a room where there were all the appliances for printing a small paper. I had never seen a picture of such perfect contentment. There was a neatly dressed foreman with his sleeves rolled up; there was the boy, standing on a box, learning to set type; there was a happy-looking dog, lying in a corner, tapping the floor with his tail, and on a bundle of paper lay a large cat, purring an accompaniment to a dream of conquest.

"This is not all," said Blink, proudly, contemplating my gaze of astonishment. "Step this way."

He led me into a back yard where flowers were blooming, and then pointed to a lot where he kept a Jersey cow.

"You see," said my friend, "I am at home. But of this you can not really judge until you have spent a night with me."

"I can as well as not; have a day's lay-off."

"All right," he delightedly exclaimed. I shall never forget that night of com-

fort nor the morning of surprise. We were called by the office-boy at 7 o'clock, and when we went into the editorial-room a half-hour later were informed that breakfast was awaiting. In the dining-room we found everything in excellent order; the richest of cream had been generously supplied by the Jersey cow; the foreman had selected the tenderest of steak, and, indeed, had prepared the meal. The cat took her place under the table, and the dog came in and playfully tapped the floor with his tail.

"Blink," said I, "this is the happiest household I have ever seen. If I could hope to secure such a paradise I should not mind toiling year after year."

"You can secure it, my dear boy, if you will simply save your money."

"But that is a very difficult thing to do. I am engaged to marry the handsomest girl in the city and have been saving for some time and have succeeded only in raking together \$500."

He thought for a moment. The cat purred; the dog tapped the floor with his tail. "John," said he, "has your girl got any money?"

"Oh, she may have a few hundred dollars."

"Well, I'll tell you what I was thinking about. My uncle wants me to come out west, and I have been thinking of selling this place. You may have it, dog, cat, cow, and all, for \$1,500."

Then, without replying, I fell into a blissful musing. How charmed my Minnie would be. I begged Blink to say



I CALLED ON MINNIE

nothing to any one until he had seen me again. In a whirl of delight I returned to town and that evening called on Minnie. How her eyes sparkled when I told her of the village paradise! She would help me raise the money. I should go out immediately and take charge of the paper, and just as soon as she could arrange her wedding outfit we should be married.

Well, I paid Blink the money and took charge of the office. There was the dog and the cat and the boy and the foreman with his sleeves rolled up, and there, too, was the Jersey cow. I could scarcely realize the change in my condition, and, as I sat at the table writing an editorial on the crying necessity of grading Maple street, I was afraid that the scene might be suddenly shifted and that I might find myself in a dingy old room, receiving instructions from a city editor, but the scene was not shifted—I was in paradise.

The second night after my installation I sat up rather late, writing an article on the tariff, having turned my attention to national affairs, but I was consoled by the thought that I should not have to get up early, and that when I did get up there would be an excellent breakfast and rich cream from the Jersey cow waiting for me; but when I went into the dining-room the next morning I found that the table had not been set and that no fire had been made in the stove. Having expected so much I was naturally a little put out at this, and stepping into the composing-room I called the foreman and said:

"Ah, Mr. Jackson, why is it that breakfast is not ready?"

"Ah, come off!" he replied. "Do you take me for a scrub? I've been wearing out my life for you blamed capitalists about as long as I'm going to. I've been waiting to teach some feller a lesson and I believe I'll give it to you," and before I could realize what he meant he danced up and boxed my jaws, and the boy jumped off his box and hit me with a broom; the dog jumped up and bit me; the cat sprang off her bundle of paper and scratched me. I ran out of the back



THE COW KICKED ME AS I WENT THROUGH THE BACK YARD.

door, and as I passed through the lot the Jersey cow kicked me. The paradise had been turned into a place of torment, particularly so when, calling upon Blink, I found that he had not owned the house, but simply rented it. Minnie is clerking in a store. I am still in the newspaper business—I am doing night police.

Rain-in-the-Face as a Weather Prophet.

Last year out on the Sioux Reservation Mr. Augustus Eddy of Chicago and South Dakota held a powwow with a "big Injin"—old Rain-in-the-Face himself.



"INJIN HERE."

Being asked to tell about wet years and dry years the savage swung himself down from his pony and gave forth weather wisdom in a manner intensely characteristic of the "sign language" and "picture writing." With the simple aid of his stick and a bit of smooth ground he clearly set forth the recurrence of wet and dry seasons somewhat in this fashion.

He made two holes in the ground some distance apart:



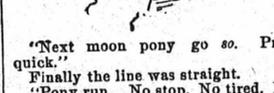
"Injin here" (pointing to one hole). "Want to go there" (pointing to the other).

"Much water" (marking lakes and sloughs between the two).

"Pony plenty tired. He go so." (Marking with his stick a wavy line from point to point to avoid the wet spots.)



"Next moon pony go so. Not so heap tired."



"Next moon pony go so. Pretty quick."

Finally the line was straight. "Pony run. No stop. No tired. Kick Injin off. Get there pretty heap quick. Pony thirsty. Not can get water 'nuff to drink."

Standing erect and extending his hand toward the different points of the compass he went on:

"Pony go straight this year. [That was in 1889.] Next year big snow. Big rain. Next year some more."

Holding up both hands with fingers spread out and one thumb closed; "So many years, plenty water."

Thus far the event justifies the prophecy. Many feet of snow beyond the Rockies, loading the western wind with moisture, have given the joyful Dakotans rain in the face as old "Rain-in-the-Face" predicted, and promising them crops galore. The rainfall up to this time this year is greater than the entire rainfall of 1889, during the growing period. Water again shows in the low places on the prairie, and the pony's trouble today would be not thirst but leg-weariness.—Chicago Tribune

A Sign of Danger



Farmer Minnerbrook—Say, young man, that ain't no fishin' 'lowed in this ere stream.

Rodney Flycaster—Why, I didn't see any sign up!

Farmer Minnerbrook—Mebbe not; an' you're lucky. I'm willin' to hold it by the collar here until ye kin get over the fence.—Push.

Unique Advertisement.

A Connecticut Granger, under the "Farm for Sale" head, makes the following lively announcement in a Waterbury exchange: "I would like \$20,000 for my farm at Oakville, but will take one-half that sum if I can get it. I will sell it for a song, but don't try and sing too near the premises, as there is a cross-eyed dog on the place who is no judge of music. Go and look for the dog and you will see the farm, even if you don't find the dog. I bought it (the place, not the dog) for my wife's relations; it was a mistake; I should have bought only the dog. I was told when I purchased the farm that I could sell in Waterbury all that was raised on the premises. Now, if I could only sell in our blessed city but one-half the mischief that has been raised there since I bought it all the good Republicans in this town would be leaving Waterbury before night. If you don't want the farm I will lend you the dog should you need him."

JESSE POMEROY'S PRISON LIFE.

Studying Chemistry and Trying to Construct a Self-sharpening Pencil.

An interesting pamphlet on "Criminals," just prepared by Charles D. Sawin, for five years physician at the Massachusetts State Prison, contains authoritative statements concerning Jesse Pomeroy. Dr. Sawin says:

"The public estimate of his character, as revealed in the newspaper accounts of his actions in prison, is without justification in fact. The expressions, 'the boy fiend,' 'fiend incarnate,' however applicable they may have been to a former state, are unwarrantable at the present time. The various stories circulated about his 'torturing a cat,' 'cutting up mice and rats,' are absolutely without foundation."

Dr. Sawin gives a summary of the circumstances of Pomeroy's conviction and of the expert opinions as to his insanity given at his trial for the murder of a boy four years and three months old, and then adds:

"Pomeroy entered the prison, his sentence having been commuted to solitary imprisonment for life Sept. 9, 1877, when he was 17 years old. During a portion of his term he has been permitted many privileges and diversions, such as reading and painting. At one time he evinced a strong desire to improve his mind, and he studied French, German, and Latin. His knowledge of the languages is, however, only a smattering one. Of late he has taken a special liking to chemistry, and a slight spark of inventive genius has been manifested in his endeavors to construct a hollow self-sharpening lead pencil, in which he takes great pride. His paintings are hardly worth admiring, but he looks upon them as works of art, this fact demonstrating to the observer that his standard is not very high. Without doubt, his intellect and moral sense must have improved to a certain degree, since he has not been associated with other prisoners, and he hasn't passed through any stage of 'devotion.' His first punishment in prison was four and a half days in a dark cell on Nov. 9, 1877, for 'trying to escape, digging cement out of a cell.' On the average he has received six and one-half days' punishment each year, in most cases for tampering with his cell structure in attempting to escape. He, on one occasion, was punished for insolence to an officer; once for refusing to obey an order; and once for writing an insolent letter to the Warden. No very serious offences these. He has never exhibited his former love to torture at any time during his incarceration in prison, which seems rather strange were he insane at the time of the murders. He is remarkably cunning, clever, and quick to see the drift of any conversation, logical and clear in understanding, but notably self-willed and persistent. His bodily health has been remarkably good, eating and sleeping well; seldom complaining of his diet, and never asking for favors of extra rations."

"In a recent interview he stated that he thought his memory was very good in regard to some occurrences; as, for instance, his life in jail and his first four years in prison, but he had no recollection of ever meeting Dr. Folsom, and only an indistinct remembrance of his trial."—Boston Journal

Ma And Charlie.

She was one of the most aggressive women these broad United States ever produced says the N. Y. Tribune. She bounced on board a Pennsylvania railroad southbound train at Newark, and took the car by storm. When she had planted an unpromising infant in a vacant seat and arranged a wilderness of bundles with appropriate remarks, which might have been heard by the engineer across the tender and four coaches, she seated herself by the child and began a continuous and distracting comment about papa, and grandpa, and auntie, which made all the passengers shiver and crane their necks to see where the conversational blizzard came from.

"Think you'll know grandma, Charlie?" she vivaciously inquired.

"Yep."

"And dear Aunt Fanny?"

"Guess so. Ma, will Aunt Fanny need shaving as much as she did last summer?"

"You mustn't say that, Charlie. Won't you have a nice time playing with little Willie Corrigan next door?"

"You bet I will. Ma, has Willie got that dog we used to fool with?"

"I expect he has, dear; and Willie is such a manly little fellow I like to have mamma's good little boy with him."

"Ma."

"Yes, darling."

"Gimme a cake—one of them big fly cakes, ma."

And when that car reached the Broad Street station there wasn't a man among the cargo of frantic humanity whose fingers had not twitched from Newark to Philadelphia with the longing to hurl ma and Charlie through the nearest window, bag, bundles, fly-cakes, and all.

For Every Girl to Remember.

I have seen mothers who have sacrificed youth, appearance, health and comfort in the effort to save money to educate and dress their daughters, browbeaten, crushed and virtually ignored by their daughters in return for it all.

The American girl is taught that she is a young princess from the cradle to the altar. It is a great misfortune when she forgets that the mother of a princess must be a queen, or queen regent, and should be so treated.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ladies' Home Journal

A GRAND SPEECH.

To the Farmers Alone is Not Confined the Demand for Reform.

Col. P. F. Smith at Fairburn, Ga., recently made one of the clearest, ablest and most eloquent addresses ever delivered in this country, says the Alliance Farmer, of Atlanta.

It is indeed refreshing to know that an attorney-at-law, so able and eloquent, has made such an appeal for the rights of the people and an honest administration of the government. We give the salient points in this address:

"No government ought to permit the prices of all the necessaries of life to be controlled by the greed of speculators. There should be but one law—the law of supply and demand. To create a fictitious demand for an article of food or clothing, with a view to speculation, or for a like purpose, is a criminal disregard of the rights of others. The safety of the republic is the supreme law, and any policy which permits or encourages speculation of this sort is a blow at the very life of the state. The battle for bread is an appeal from legislative mandates and judicial decrees from all the restraints of the social compact from written and unwritten constitutions to the law of force, to the power of numbers, to the fearful but decisive arbitrations of artillery. Does not the policy of the government actually invite the compact? An open field and a fair fight is all that is demanded by the laboring classes. This much is due, and this much they will have, and ought to have, at any cost and at every peril. The government has no right to rob or permit others to rob Peter to pay Paul. It has no legal or constitutional power to practically confiscate the proceeds of one man's labor to fill the coffers of another. It has no right to despoil the many to enrich the few. It is public plunder under the form and sanction of law. The correction of the evil is imperatively demanded by the highest sense of justice and the commonest dictates of prudence as well. The only alternative is revolution in which the very form of our government may perish."

Indeed, such a speech is encouraging. The time has come when such men and such declarations are timely and valuable.

SOLID LOGIC.

Takes the Workers to Task—They Can Govern the Country.

Few things are better calculated to arouse a philanthropist's enthusiasm than the vision of the farmers flocking around a common standard—that of justice—and determining to oppose their oppressors in the shape of combination, monopolies, trusts, says an Illinois farmer. So long as society is built upon the contradictory principle of competition, of "tribal and individual warfare," and so long as combinations are legal at all, so long is it necessary for each and every interest to unite and "war to the knife," so to speak for its own existence.

It is plainly apparent that when all other industries are each consolidated into a single interest controlling production and prices and farming alone remains unprotected by the strength inherent in unity and union, farming as an honorable vocation, and farmers as independent freemen will soon exist only in history.

Where combinations are allowed, combination must fight combination. The laborers must fall in line and move in union on the great forces which, if not balanced by the united force of the laborers, will accomplish nothing less than the destruction of American liberty.

Political Duty.

The political duty of the farmer, as well as of all other voters, does not begin and end at the ballot box. But that is its usual extent, when applied to state and national politics. The truth is that the great body of voters wholly neglect the primary and most potent source of political power, the preliminary caucuses and conventions, where the fine work of the professional politician is generally done. If the farmers of the country would attend to these and exercise their powers in them, they could revolutionize the state legislatures, inside of the present party lines, within a year.

Oriental Magnificence.

In Java you need not be very distinguished to have a hundred servants at your beck. I kept sixty myself, and it took four to mix my grog. "What four servants for one glass of grog?" "Certainly; one made the water hot, a second put in the sugar, a third added the rum, and the fourth drank it, for I don't take grog myself."

The Pomona (Cal.) orange growers will receive an average of about \$3.00 an acre for their fruit this season.

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KIMBALL PRINTING CO.
Payments always in advance and papers stop
ed promptly at expiration of time paid for.
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as
second class matter.

SATURDAY, JULY 19.

Right good corn weather, this.

Kansas corn is worth more than
Colorado silver.

Senator Ingalls writes that the orig-
inal package decision was an outrage,
and right he was.

In the next Congress the Second
district promises to have a representa-
tive who will Ware better.

Lecompton is a pleasant town for
summer residence. It has large ex-
pectations, too, aside from the Uni-
versity.

John Speer credits F W Giles of
Topeka, with introducing the English
sparrow into Kansas. What has Mr.
Giles to say for himself?

Chancellor Snow shows that the
rain fall over Kansas this year is both
uniform and liberal, with dry districts
in the east, if anywhere.

Lawrence schemers are for Eugene
Ware for congress. It would leave
them the field when a new district is
made in two years more.

A correspondent of an inquiring
turn of mind wants to know if Geo.
R. Peck is a son of Carl Pretzel,—in
other words, if he is Peck's Bad Boy.

E F Ware would make a brilliant
congressman from the Second dis-
trict. He is the best, if not the only,
poet in the state. But he is not a
prohibitionist.

Kansas City, Kan., is the largest
city in the state. In time it will prob-
ably outgrow Kansas City, Mo. That
is, the big end of the town at the
mouth of the Kaw will be in Kansas.

The old University building in
Lawrence is being renovated and fit-
ted up for occupancy by one or two
of the departments of the University,
very probably the departments of law
and music.

Since Prof. Shelton, late of the
Manhattan Agricultural college, went
to Australia, he is said to have devel-
oped into a strong free trader. He
writes with enthusiastic praise of the
country.

The Lawrence Record, that was
started to boom Farmer Funston, has
gone back on him badly. Now that
the farmers and the politicians both
are against him he will probably be
left at home.

Great cyclones have this season vi-
sited nearly all parts of the earth. The
latest was in Minnesota on Sunday.
Many of the good things of Kansas
are indigenous to the state. Its evils
may be found everywhere.

Gen. J. C. Fremont, the first repub-
lican candidate for president, (1856),
died in New York Sunday afternoon
aged 77 years and a half. Mrs. Fre-
mont was in California. For fifty
years he has been a prominent char-
acter in our history.

Kansas is interested in having the
prohibition amendment carry in Ne-
braska. We know from thorough ex-
perience that prohibition is the great-
est blessing that Kansas has, and it
will be the same to Nebraska, if it is
adopted there. Ther. Kansas wants
the border traffic stopped on all sides.

Republican politicians find some
consolation in the prospect that the
farmers' alliance will play the same
hob with the democratic party in the
south that it bids fair to in the re-
publican party in the north. It is
too early to predict any general re-
sult. It is easier to overthrow than
to build up.

Congressman Cummings of New
York, believes that foghorn signals
are of more importance than the no-
tions of prohibition cranks. Mr.
Cummings is the democratic member
from New York City, a newspaper
man, whose own experience is enough
to show him that whiskey kills a hun-
dred men, and puts to torture a thou-
sand women and children to every one
that is lost at sea. It is a sad and
terrible thing to be a blind slave to
the liquor power.

A Topeka correspondent of the St.
Louis Globe Democrat thinks that In-
galls cannot be re-elected. Apparent-
ly this is growing more and more
probable. This same correspondent,
however, somewhat humorously sug-
gests that George R. Peck may be
taken up by the farmers' alliance and
anti-monopoly reformers. He grate-
fully, or facetiously, as the case may be,
affirms that Mr. Peck, although the
Santa Fe attorney, is not a railroad
man. Similar thoughts are finding
their way into other leading journals
outside the state.

Emmons Blaine, Senator H G
Davis and Lieutenant Brown of
Samoan fame have formed the Logan
Oil company with \$1,000,000 capital,
leased thousands of acres in West
Virginia and Pennsylvania and will
sink oil wells.

The Kansas Alliance head-quarters
are to be removed to the city at the
mouth of the Kaw. Topeka is the
political metropolis, but for business
purposes Kansas City, Kansas, is the
great city of the state, and is growing
faster than all others.

Disasters on land and water are
coming daily. Among the latest is
the destruction of an excursion boat
by a cyclone in Minnesota, in fact two
of them in one day on different lakes.
In one of them one hundred and fifty
lives are lost and in the other perhaps
one third as many.

The farmers in some counties are
securing local papers of their own.
This is a good idea. They will be
found more trustworthy than any
central organ that may or may not be
in real sympathy with their principles,
and hence liable to sell them out with
the first reverse that comes upon the
organization.

It is said that the liquor advocates
in the prohibition amendment debate
at Beatrice, Neb., last week, proved
by statistics, that the consumption of
liquor in prohibition states is greater
in proportion than in high license
Nebraska. This is proving too much.
It is not in the nature of the saloon
brute to be generous. If he was sell-
ing more liquor to Kansas under pro-
hibition, he would surely go in for
prohibition in Nebraska. He makes
liquor to sell, and he never attempts
to bar his best market.

Kansas City News:—Touching the
original package question it may be
observed that the liquor dealers in
their mad haste to flood Kansas with
whiskey are by such action unani-
mously omitting to make friends.
While there will always be room for
argument on the propriety of gener-
al prohibition laws, there is none on
the question of local option. The
action of the whiskey sellers in forc-
ing their wares upon communities in
opposition to the sentiment of the in-
habitants will result to their serious
disadvantage.

Just so.
A taxpayer's meeting in Topeka
last Saturday evening intended to
give aid and comfort to Missouri
bushwhackers now running saloons in
the capital city, developed several
new statesmen. The meeting was a
harmless affair however. Taxpayers
are not alarmed. Every intelligent
taxpayer understands that the saloon
is quite as expensive as real war. The
saloons of the United States are to-
day costing the people more than the
last war. As a matter of economy,
Shawnee county could afford to sup-
port a regiment of soldiers to keep
down the saloons.

Gen. Fremont was not the great
man of the late war. Many believed
that he would become the hero of the
rebellion. He did early become
prominent. He was set back because
he was too fast. Possibly he lacked
in judgment. He was one who early
perceived that the slave was really a
part of the enemy. He perceived
that the downfall of slavery must pre-
cede the downfall of the rebellion.
To deprive the enemy of their slave
property was to deprive them of the
means of conducting the war. But
there existed a spirit of conservatism
in the north that adhered to the union,
but also clung to the idea that the
slave system was too sacred to touch.
Fremont would have struck the vitals
of the rebellion at once. If the north
had joined him in this idea the lives
of tens of thousands might have been
saved, and the war shortened one
third. But the nation must be
schooled—schooled at a terrible cost
of blood and treasure—schooled at
the expense of such men as Fremont.
So much for political conservatism.
The sacrifices was, perhaps, necessary.
Light had come to the people. Fre-
mont and Hunter and Butler, and
thousands of anti-slavery leaders
could see, what the majority did not
see until twelve months later. Con-
servatism is often of great service.
As the popular mind then was, it may
possibly have saved the nation. But
it was a Moloch that demanded a
fearful a sacrifice, even as it does now
upon the temperate question.

\$100 Reward. \$100.
The readers of the News will be pleased
to learn that there is at least one dread-
ed disease that science has been able to
cure in all its stages, and that is Cat-
arrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only
positive cure now known to the medical
fraternity. Catarrh being a constitu-
tional disease, requires a constitutional
treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken
internally, acting directly upon the blood
and mucous surfaces of the system, there-
by destroying the foundation of the dis-
ease, and giving the patient strength by
building up the constitution and assisting
nature to do its work. The proprietors
have so much faith in its curative powers,
that they offer One Hundred Dollars for
any case that it fails to cure. Send for
list of testimonials.
Address, F J CHEENEY & CO., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Try to put in such crops as will
give you something to sell at least ev-
ery month in the year.

"Management." This one word
has more meaning on the farm than is
generally suspected.

The farm may not yield big profits,
but is there any other calling so sure
to give a man a living.

How many tradesmen and men in
other lines of business are bankrupted
to one of the farm?

Don't worry about the future sup-
ply of timber. It will grow long af-
ter we are past earthly needs.

No one animal is an exact type of
its race. Hence the difficulty of test-
ing the relative value of breeds.

More attention ought to be paid to
the teeth of our domestic animals.
They often suffer from neglect.

A small amount of easily digested
food is preferable to a large amount
that is more difficult to digest.

A wash of fresh buttermilk is said
to kill lice on hogs. The milk needs
to be well rubbed into the bristles.

Nature should be copied as near as
possible in care of fowls, and then
there will be less complaint of dis-
ease.

The scrub animal has a pedigree
which by adverse circumstances has a
downward instead of an upward ten-
dency.

It is a great luxury to live on a
good road. It pays everyone living
along a road to do his share toward
making it a good one.

Use but do not waste or abuse the
gifts of nature. She supplies enough
for all, if we have the intelligence to
use them rightly.

When only one ingredient is lack-
ing in the soil, that one when applied
will produce just as good results as a
complete manure would.

The body to be well nourished
must have plenty of well masticated
digestible food. Do not make your
stomach do the work of your teeth.

Remember the book of knowledge
is the oldest book of all, and has been
wide open to all, ever since man had
an existence on the globe.

If you are a farmer do not be ac-
cusing the farm of producing hard
times. Look in other directions if
you want to find the cause.

Pigs can be reared so as to have
seventy-five per cent of lean meat in
them by feeding bran and middlings.
Skim milk may also be fed.

A particular fertilizer may be ben-
eficial to one farm or field and of no
value to another, because that par-
ticular ingredient is not needed.

Nothing like a good old-fashioned
summer fallow to cleanse lands from
noxious weeds and fit them for undis-
puted occupancy by useful crops.

Pedigree is very important—equal-
ly so whether it is good or bad. No
animal, bear in mind, is without a
pedigree, whether it is recorded or not.

We are told that very little of the
manurial value of feeding stuffs is lost
by feeding. Surely what is appropri-
ated as food must be lost as manure.

Stand up like a man and honor
your calling. You may have wrongs
but they are not in your farm, although
some of them may be in your farming.

A western dairyman thinks that
dairy farmers as a class do not fully
appreciate the importance of the
speedy withdrawal of the animal heat
from fresh milk.

Give your farm credit for furnish-
ing you a home rent free, and for a
thousand and one necessities and lux-
uries which you would have to pay
cash for in a city.

Perhaps the best remedy that can
be used to keep chicks in good condi-
tion is pulverized charcoal mixed
with cooked feed. A daily ration of
it can do them no great harm.

There are growers of seeds who are
said to be very unscrupulous putting
seeds on the market that are worse
than useless. There is said to be
much fraud in onion seeds.

He is not a very enterprising farm-
er who if naturally slow cannot hurry
his steps a little in haying, especially
when unfavorable weather has delay-
ed the work far beyond its season.

It would be good for farmers if
some of their number would write out
farm experiences and observations for
publication, thereby conveying to all
interested many useful lessons that
otherwise must be lost, except to a
few.

If one farmer does not feel able to
purchase and keep a thoroughbred
boar himself, in many cases it will
pay to combine with three or four of
his neighbors and secure a good ani-
mal, rather than continue to breed to
a scrub.

Notwithstanding the cry of cruelty
to animals by those who refuse to in-
vestigate the facts, we notice that de-
horning cattle continues to grow in
popular favor, and that those who
know the most about it are the most
in its favor.

The Cherokee commission have offered
the Cheyennes and Arapahoes 160 acres
of range or eighty of plow land; continued
the present treaty stipulations, by which
clothing and rations are furnished for
seven years, pay them \$500,000 cash, and
\$1,000,000 to their credit, drawing 4 per
cent interest.

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J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.

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BUCKWHEAT FLOUR AND COAL.

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—NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.

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LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight
Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

Western Foundry —AND— MACHINE WORKS.

R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.
Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,
Gearing and Fittings, Etc.
WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans

Books and Magazines.

Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesson contributes to
Harper's Young People of July 15 a story
narrating "The Adventures of a 'Dig.'" The
story will be illustrated by W A Snyder.

The Supplement to the next number of
Harper's Weekly will contain an elaborate
paper by Geo. W Hosmer, M.D., on
"Sewage, and what shall be done with
it," illustrated by drawings and diagrams.

Peterson for August is very attractive.
The opening story it one of the
breeziest summer sketches. Imprisoned
Rainbows on precious stones, is full of
useful information. Alice Maud Ewell
begins a charming novelet of Virginia
life. Other stories are thoroughly bright
and entertaining. A paper on Cholera is
a timely contribution. \$2 a year; \$1 for
six months. Peterson's Magazine, Phila-
delphia, Pa.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
for July 12th has a striking double-page
picture of the House Ways and Means
Committee which formulated the McKin-
ley Tariff bill, and in connection, an ar-
ticle from Professor Van Buren Denslow
on the proposed tariff in South America.
Professor Denslow joins issue very decid-
edly with the scheme proposed by Secre-
tary Blaine, and his article is sure to at-
tract a large measure of public attention.

Veterinary inspectors will examine all
American cattle landed at Liverpool.

The yield of wheat in Michigan this year
is estimated at 18,851,540 bushels. Last
year's yield was 22,946,198 bushels.

At El Dorado Judge C A Leland's resi-
dence was destroyed by fire caused by a
gasoline stove exploding. Loss, \$5,000.

An expert employed by Ellis county,
to examine the books of the present and
previous treasurer reports them all
straight.

July 22 the Kans. railroad commis-
sioners will hear the Farmers' alliance in
the matter of a reduction of the local differ-
ence tariff.

A spark from a cigarette in the hands
of a passing boy ignited the clothing of
Miss Hatie Smith, aged 18, in the Central
house at Cottage City, Mass., and she was
horribly and perhaps fatally burned.

Don't find fault.
Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip even if it does in-
terest a crowd.

Don't contradict people if you're sure
you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs,
of even your most intimate friend.

"I think it wisest in a man," Tennyson
recently wrote to the Rev Dr Van Dyke.
"to do his work in the world as quietly and
as well as he can, without much heed-
ing the praise or the dispraise."

DENTISTRY

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

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

—EASTERN PRICES.—

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(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental School.)
Over Fish's Tea Store,
East Sixth st. TOPEKA, KAS.

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LAWRENCE,
Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets.
J. M. STEPHENS, M'ng'r.
Has been thoroughly renovated, and is
the Best \$1.00 House in the city. A free
barn to patrons of the house.

Established in 1879.

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803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason &
Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey
Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA.—

THE ODELL

Type Writer.

\$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER
with 75 Characters, and \$15 for the SINGLE CASE
ODELL, warranted to do better work than any
machine made.

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

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special
inducements to dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

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Peerless Steam Laundry

E. WHITMASH, Manager.

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nick's Barber shop.

Office at GEO H McMILLAN S

Tel. 332. 509 Kans. Ave.

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EAST, WEST,

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R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas

ST. JAMES HOTEL.

S. S. HUGHES, PROP.

118 West Sixth Street,
TOPEKA.

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

THE DWARF BEBE.

Tom Thumb of the Last Century Belonging to the Polish King.

The story of Bebe is a quaint bit of last century's history which has just been rescued from oblivion by a continental Dryadist. Bebe is supposed to have been the littlest man who ever lived. He was born by a peasant woman in Lorraine just 150 years ago and was called Bebe because the first few years of his life he could articulate only "b-b." The day of his birth Bebe was smaller than his mother's hand. Ten days afterwards he was taken to the village church to be baptized in his mother's wooden shoe because he was too tiny to be carried safely in her arms. During the next six months the same wooden shoe served as Bebe's crib.

Bebe's early childhood was uneventful. He did not grow and he did not talk. He was famous throughout Lorraine, however, as the cunningest and finest bit of humanity ever seen. He was perfectly proportioned, had wonderfully large and beautiful brown eyes, and was remarkably active upon his diminutive legs. When Bebe was about 7 years old King Stanislaus Leszczyński of Poland, who was then living in Lorraine, heard what a wonderful little fellow he was and ordered the child's father to bring him to court. Bebe, Sr., carried his son to the royal palace in a small basket. As the father came into the king's presence the king asked him very gruffly why he had not brought his son with him.

Bebe, Sr., answered this question by opening the basket on his arm and dragging forth the child. Stanislaus said at once that Bebe must become his court dwarf. Bebe's father was induced to accede to this proposal with a good bit of Polish gold and Bebe was made a regular follower of the king's court.

At the time of his introduction to court life Bebe was just twenty inches tall and weighed eight pounds. He never grew larger. At first the king tried to teach him jokes, and fairy stories, and bits of questionable poetry. Bebe's intelligence, however, was not equal to the demands thus made upon it. His memory was so weak that he forgot one hour what he had learned the hour before. Reading and writing were for him quite impossible. With all these failings, however, he was by no means a failure as a court dwarf. He had a sweet little voice, a good ear for music, and nimble legs. He could dance, and kick, and sing with the best of the king's courtiers. He was very useful as a table ornament at all the king's great banquets. His most famous appearance in this rather curious role took place at a dinner which Stanislaus gave to the ambassador of a great power in 1755. In the middle of the table was an immense sugar castle. Shortly before the guests rose to leave the door of the castle opened, and a knight in full armor stepped out with a drawn sword in his right hand. All the guests thought the knight must be some wonderful automation which the king had obtained from the skilled mechanics across the Rhine. He wasn't, however. He was none other than little Bebe. He walked around the table, shook his sword in the face of every guest, saluted the king, and then turned back to the castle entrance, where he assumed the position of sentry. At a signal from the king everyone began to bombard him with small sugar balls. Bebe hurried at once into the tower, locked the door, mounted the tower, and pretended to return the fire by setting off a lot of perfumed explosives.

Within ten or twelve years after Bebe's appearance in court he was one of the most celebrated persons in royal society on the continent. With fame, however, came to him numerous perils. All the sovereigns of Europe were coveting him, and many of them tried hard to steal him. In 1758 the Empress Catharine of Russia sent an emissary after him to the court of the Polish king. Late one evening, when the royal palace was almost deserted, Catharine's emissary snapped Bebe up and stuffed him into the pocket of his great coat. Bebe screamed so lustily that he revealed the plot to the guard at the door. The emissary was arrested, and Bebe was rescued. Not long afterward Bebe accompanied Stanislaus to the court of Louis XV., in Versailles, where he again narrowly escaped abduction. A lady of the French court had been holding him in her lap between the courses of a court dinner. Suddenly she rose to leave the room. Her first step was accompanied by a shrill cry from the folds of her gown: "Your majesty, your majesty, this lady has stuck me in her pocket and is running away with me." The voice was Bebe's. He was immediately dragged from the court lady's pocket and placed under the guard of two pages, who were instructed by King Stanislaus to watch him day and night.

The perils through which he had passed, and the strict surveillance to which he was now subjected, depressed Bebe's spirits and demoralized his nervous system. He became melancholy, morose, round-shouldered, and haggard. The king thought he needed a companion to cheer him up, and therefore married him with great pomp and ceremony to Therese Souvray, a dwarf of about his age and slightly greater stature. That was the last drop in Bebe's cup. Two weeks after his marriage he lost his mind. He ceased to talk entirely, ate little, and passed most of his time in his crib.

His honeymoon was hardly up when he died. Shortly before his death his clouded mind was cleared in a most remarkable manner. His memory, which had always been weak and after his

marriage had vanished, suddenly returned. He recollected all the incidents of his early childhood, his mother's face, which he had not seen for fifteen years, and all the songs which had been taught him since his advent to court. His wife Therese survived him forty-two years.

YANKEE SPIRIT.

An English Mother's Admission as to Her American-Born Son.

Now and then one hears mere or less discussion as to what constitutes "the Yankee spirit," say the *Youth's Companion*, but, like many other common phrases, this one seems to be always in the air. The one thing always agreed upon is that to be a real Yankee one must be good at a bargain, and if this is not very definite it is at least something.

There is a small boy in the neighborhood of Boston whose mother is English, while his father is a New Englander. The parents have often laughingly debated whether the lad was or was not a genuine Yankee, but it was only the day after last Christmas that they were able to agree in the matter.

That day the boy was for some time missing, and the whole family became much alarmed about him. The servants were sent to the neighbors, the house was thoroughly searched, the well looked into, and as a last resort the policemen of the village were called upon to aid in discovering the truant.

When matters had gone as far as this the boy himself was seen coming across the lawn in a draggled and evidently exhausted condition, but waving his hand with an air of triumph.

"I got 30 cents, mamma!" he shouted, as his anxious mother came hustling out to meet him.

"Thirty cents!" she repeated in astonishment. "How did you get 30 cents?"

"Why, with my organ, of course," he answered, and he showed her strapped upon his back, a toy organ which had been among his Christmas gifts. "I've been playing way down to the other end of the town."

The English mother looked at the eager little fellow, divided between a desire to laugh at the droll situation, the feeling that she should reprove the runaway, and the relief she felt at seeing the little fellow safe.

"George," she said, turning to her husband, who had come up in time to hear his son's words, "you are right. He is a born Yankee."

Kneeling at the Threshold.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door—
Waiting till the master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking—my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold—my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine of the far-off, sinless land.
Oh, would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, with triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief or sorrow,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure—thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O father, bid me rest!

A Nice Little Boy.

If a 6-year-old boy who rode up Fifth avenue in a stage yesterday does not turn out to be a genius it will not be the fault of his father, says the *N. Y. Evening Sun*. The latter looked like a prosperous banker and was reading his paper. The boy, who knelt beside him, was nicely dressed and kept up a running fire of questions from Fifty-first street to Madison square. But the father was so interested in the newspaper that he did not listen to these questions, and answered them merely to keep his son from boring other people. The stage was well filled when they entered, and as the youngster climbed upon the seat he said:

"Say, papa, what makes that lady's cheeks so red?"
"Yes, my son."
"Does she use paint?"
"I guess so."
"Just like that of sister's that made me sick when I ate it?"
"Yes."
"Is that gentleman a sneak-thief?"
"Shouldn't wonder."
"Were you ever a burglar?"
"Yep."

A New Fish.

The fly fishermen of the United States have a new pleasure before them. A fish not hitherto known in America is to be introduced this year, and there is every reason to believe that it will thrive and multiply wonderfully. The fish is the European sea trout, *salmo trutta*, a fish well known and abundant in England. While the sea trout is a salt water fish, it inhabits land-locked fresh water and thrives there. Eggs will soon be put into Maine streams flowing into the ocean.

Best place for holding the World's Fair—Right around the waist.

A MYSTERY OF THE DESERT.

A Naked Wanderer on the Mojave Surprises Two Railroad Men.

Extending from the San Bernardino meridian on the west to the Colorado River on the east and from the south line of Inyo county on the north to the north line of San Diego county on the south is that vast expanse of "melancholy waste" known as the Mojave Desert. Many are the tales of privation and suffering endured on this verdureless expanse. One of the strangest and yet true occurrences has been experienced near this place, which is in the middle of the desert. Recently as Engineer Spencer was returning from Lavie, he encountered the following experience, which is best told in his own words:

"I had just rounded the curve near mile-post 672 and had taken my watch from my pocket. Noting the time, 6:25 o'clock, I returned it to its place, and naturally glanced ahead of my engine. What was my intense surprise to see, not over thirty yards ahead of me and approaching the track from the south, a man apparently 6 feet tall, about 35 years of age, with long, black hair hanging down on his shoulders, and a heavy black beard. He was entirely naked, and his skin was tanned. Putting on the driver brake, I brought the engine to a stop just as the man crossed the track. After crossing he stopped and looked at me.

"I immediately crossed over to the fireman's side, and as I started to climb down to the ground he started off. I called to him as I reached the ground, but with a frightened look he dashed away. I thought I was a good runner, but the way his bare feet got over the cinders and gravel led me to believe otherwise. Once or twice he looked back, but did not slacken his pace. Reaching the hills, which are about half a mile from the track, he soon disappeared. The fireman, who had remained with the engine, now came up, and we went around the hill, but he had disappeared from view. I confess I did not dare to follow him around there alone. As it was late, and our engine was standing on the main track alone, we abandoned further search and returned to the engine."

On Wednesday a party of ten or twelve, under the guidance of Mr. Spencer, went to the scene of the chase. They had no difficulty in finding the tracks to where the man was last seen, and a mile or more into the hills could be seen the bare footprints in the sand. Every cavern and canon was explored and the search kept up until all the party, tired out, gradually staggered back to town.

Conductor Fitzgerald, on the morning passenger train, reported seeing a man about two miles west of where Mr. Spencer had seen him, but no trace of him could be found.

On Thursday morning Deputy Sheriff Medlin, with an experienced desert man, came down and spent the entire day scouring the hills, but no sign of the man could be found.

Various theories are afloat, some logical and others hardly possible. The one having the best hold is that he is some prospector who has become deranged, and that he was crossing from the mountains on the south, heading for this place, when his reason fled. Another is that a short time ago a man answering to this man's description was seen in Death Valley, which is about twenty-five miles north of here. He had neither blankets, food, nor water, and seemed to be wandering, both mentally and bodily.

The most sensational theory is founded on the following fact: A year or two ago a man got off of Conductor Wilder's train, near Siberia, and was never seen or heard of afterward. A large party of Indian traders hunted for days for him and were finally obliged to give up in despair. Can this be the man? Possibly.

During our search we found rabbits, quail, coyotes innumerable, small ground animals, and terrapin. All these cannot exist without water, and their presence shows conclusively that there must be water obtainable. Why should not a man devoid of reason still have enough of the brute instinct to find means of sustenance as well as the lower animals? The principle of the survival of the fittest would lead the man to stand guard over the water supply, and when the smaller animals, driven to thirst, were compelled to come within the "dead line" his food would be assured.

All is, however, mere conjecture, and, whether any one of the above theories is correct or not, the fact of the poor mortal's existence remains an awful and living reminder of the dangers attending the traveller over this dreary expanse. Could the drifting sands tell their story, what startling things would be brought before us! But, silent and mysterious, naught is known except where some poor mortal's whitened bones are found, which silently tell the awful tale of suffering and death.

Taking the Big-Horn.

Hunters talk of the excitement attending one's first deer-shooting, but probably the nervousness which attacks a photographer when he comes upon remarkable "game" is not as well known. The author of "Mountaineering in Colorado" describes his own sensations in photographing Rocky Mountain sheep, or big-horn.

We came upon three Rocky Mountain sheep, quietly browsing, only a few hundred feet distant on our right. Our leader told us to duck, and said, in an undertone to me: "Follow me with your camera."

We ducked, and almost crawled till we saw the big-horn again. They

had not observed us, and the wind was blowing a gale in our faces, so that there were in no danger of getting our scent.

Luckily, my instrument was focussed. I pointed my lens at the animals, and exposed one plate, although they were not so near as when we first saw them. Just then they discovered us, and, after a glance in our direction, trotted off over the slope to the brow of the hill.

Imagine our surprise when they turned and walked a little way toward us again. I asked my friends to return to the packs for more plates, and, while they were gone, I focussed more carefully on the distant animals, as they stared at me, their curiosity overcoming their fear. My companions now brought up the relay of fresh plates, and retired behind some ledges further off. At this moment, as I remained there alone by the camera, the ram stood up on his hind legs and struck out with his forefeet, as if inviting combat; then the three stood looking at me.

Our leader crawled toward me, and as the quarry showed signs of alarm, I attempted to take another picture; but I was now so excited that I took a slide out of one plate-holder before putting on the cap, and that ruined piece of glass now lies among the rocks to amuse the conies and ptarmigan, while the slide had placed on the camera was whirled far away by the strong wind. Even so experienced a hunter as my companion lost his head, as the big-horn were trotting away, and exclaimed, "Take them quick! take them quick!"

But lo! what did these sheep do but turn round, and walk deliberately toward us, until they were within a hundred feet. We were fairly trembling with excitement, and I first took off the cap, without pulling the slide. When I made this blunder, they were all facing us, standing on granite pedestals, a little elevated above the general level. They stepped down from their bold positions, however, and the best opportunity was lost.

The next moment I succeeded in capturing them in a less picturesque location, and then the animals decided to trot off and we saw them no more.—*Exchange.*

ENGLISH READERS AND OURS.

Comparative Demand for Intellectual Books in Two Countries.

It is not easy, says the *North American Review*, to find a book that stands upon equal conditions in both countries. Looking over the list of recent books, there is one which seems to afford favorable circumstances for a just comparison. Charles Darwin is probably as well known and as popular with readers here as in England. I am unable to say what difference there is in the sale of his books in the two countries; but the recent biography of his son, Francis Darwin, gives us just the facts we are in search of. This book is published in England in three volumes at \$9, and in this country in two volumes at \$4.50; yet the sale in England at double the price has been twice as large. Moreover, as the greater number of copies there went into the libraries, they had probably ten times as many readers. I consider this a conclusive test as to the comparative demand for intellectual books by readers in England and readers in the United States.

One of the most brilliant English successes in recent years is Green's "History of the English People." The English publishers announced about a year ago the sale of 130,000 copies. I know of nothing with us comparable to this. Higginson's "History of the United States" has had a very large sale, but the price is much lower. It is intended, moreover, for young readers, and there has been a large school consumption. I am not unmindful of the wonderful success of General Grant's "Memoirs"—a success unprecedented in literature. But look how many circumstances combined to make it so. A general, passionately loved, writing on his death bed the history of campaigns that enlisted the profoundest patriotism of the people, insured for it at the beginning a vast circulation. Then we recall how it was carried by thousands of active agents to every house in the land. Never was a book waited for by so eager, so admiring a multitude. A book produced under circumstances so extraordinary and sold by methods so special is in no wise a test of the intellectual tastes of the people.

We must compare the sale of Green's "History" not with that of Grant's "Memoirs," but rather with the sales of Bancroft or McMaster or Hildreth, if we would accurately judge of the comparative demand for historical literature. When the first volume of McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" appeared it was believed to have been inspired by Green and was hailed with enthusiasm. There were many indications of a brilliant literary and popular success, and yet the sale has not been more than a twentieth of that of its great English model. This is very significant and is enough of itself to dispose of the notion that we buy more books than the English do.

Lost Her Hair.

Rebecca Schwab of Bradford, Pa., was standing in the cloak-room at school, and was engaged in removing her rubbers, when she slipped and fell to the floor. As she went down her hair, which was braided, caught on one of the hooks on the wall, and one braid of her luxuriant tresses was pulled from the scalp.

MISSING LINKS.

A collection of postage stamps belonging to one of the Rothschilds was recently sold for \$60,000.

The English admiralty say that the total abolition of masts and sails in all future fighting ships has become absolutely necessary.

Mrs. Thomas J. Jackson has applied for a pension for the services of her late husband, Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, in the war with Mexico.

A Philadelphia shoemaker's dog didn't know the difference between a piece of steak and a piece of leather, and swallowing the latter was soon a dead canine.

Mrs. John McWilliams, a Nebraska wife, prays the court to restrain her lawful husband "from patting her on the back, poking her in the ribs, and talking baby talk to her."

Interviewing has been got down to a science by a Parisian who advertises that he will furnish for the provincial press interviews with distinguished men, two a week, for \$15 a month.

Andrew Carnegie is 55 years old. He had less than \$100 twenty-six years ago, but since that time he has made \$56,000,000, of which he now holds about \$50,000,000 in his own right.

The Prince of Naples, heir-apparent to the throne of Italy, will spend the summer in a tour of the European courts looking for a wife. The Prince is a dark, slender youth, not bad-looking, but with a very delicate constitution.

The appliance of hydraulic power to the manufacture of steel seamless boats is one of the latest things in England. These boats are thought to be in every particular superior to those made of wood and can be made at about the same cost.

The rush to the gold fields in the Transvaal region has been unprecedented in history. In three years £150,000,000 of English money have been invested there. Cities have sprung up where in 1886 only grass could be found and no habitation.

The other day a Minnesota clergyman travelled thirty miles, made six calls, visited two schools, gave an afternoon lecture and shot seven jack-rabbits, all between sunrise and sunset, and he said it wasn't a good day for pastoral work either.

The picture of Romney, which was sent to a recent London exhibition by an old maid who feared she was presumptuous in asking that it be insured for \$2,500, "because it was an old heirloom and much esteemed in the family," has just been sold, it is said, for \$40,000.

A Lincolnville man, James A. Snow, who despised "the weed" lately died, and in his will he provided for the education of his two grand-children, James W. and Fred Allen Snow, on condition that they abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors and also from the use of tobacco.

The Swiss watchmakers have invented a watch for the blind. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving toward a given hour, the peg for that hour drops. The owner, when he wants to know the time, finds which peg is down and then count back to twelve.

While prospecting in the Okefenokee swamp, Georgia, a man killed an animal in the swamp of which natural history gives no account. It resembled a turtle in some respects, but was 4 1/2 feet long and 24 inches across. The back was covered with a hard, scaly substance, somewhat like an alligator's hide, and the animal had a long, hooked beak.

One of the curiosities of Washington, the new state, is Medical Lake, not far from Spokane Falls. A property of its water is that it forms a lather whenever it is agitated violently or rubbed quickly on the hands or the surface of the body. No fish or other living thing has been found in these waters, and the lake itself is rather repulsive and muddy in appearance.

London fire department statistics show that, although theatre fires have increased greatly in number, they are far less damaging than formerly, owing to the improvements in the apparatus for suppressing them. The same statistics show that the death rate from fires in London has fallen from 238 in 1887 to 19 in 1889. This is also laid to the improved apparatus.

The marriage of two Digger Indians in Butte County, Mont., was unceremoniously the other day as follows: "Kanaka to Ginny; I hereby certify that on Thursday, the 5th day of March, 1867, at my office in Oregon township Kanaka and Ginny—a Shasta Indian squaw—were by me lawfully joined in marriage in the presence of many witnesses, Sam Glass, J. P., Oregon, Tp."

Benjamin Ellis Martin relates how he visited Edmonton churchyard in order to visit Charles Lamb's grave. Service was going on in the church, and he waited till the close and asked the officiating clergymen the location of the grave. The clergymen didn't know. He had heard that Charles Lamb was buried in his churchyard, but he had never seen the grave nor asked about it.

A new mineral has been discovered in the vicinity of the little town of Homer, Ky., and the inhabitants of that place expect to realize millions. The substance discovered is a black, pitchy formation, and is of a foamy appearance. When placed in the fire it burns with a clear, steady flame, and makes a brilliant white light. It is entirely consumed by burning, leaving the ashes or clinkers.

Improvements in Vegetables.



That this is an age in which art advanced, And progress each enterprise surely leads, Will be seen by the thinking man who chances To look through a catalogue of seeds.

The pole-beans out in the garden blooming All poleless now in the zephyr's bob, Where the green corn tender and sweet is looming With mammoth kernels and pipe-stem, oob.

All stringless the string-beans are now blooming, And peas through an edible podlet shine In the sun, and, indeed, there is no knowing How soon we'll rejoice in a succotash vine.

We find no seeds in our new tomatoes, Nor in our melons, and one begins To fancy they'll offer soon potatoes That grow to perfect minus skins.

And then in our garden in sunny May-time, We'll set out our tender greens and seeds— And garden labor will be a play time With the plants that will choke and kill the weeds.

A cabbage will grow with a mild Hymettus Flavor that through the house will fill Like a blessing, and we'll have golden lettuce Without a suggestion of sand or grit.

And if at one time the beds are seeded, The things won't ripen together and spoil; They will ripen to order, just as needed— The salads all juicy with olive oil.

The cauliflower, a Tam O'Shanter, Will sprout to keep off the splitting sun, And the bug that attempts its life, insatiable Will curl up and wither for all time done.

And who can say that in this connection An electric machine will not be found, To ripen our green groceries in perfection At the moment the seeds are underground? —R. K. M., in Puck.

HE PLAYED CRIPPLE.

HOW VAULTING AMBITION O'ER-LEAPED ITSELF.

Inspiring Pity in a Young Girl's Heart to Encourage a Feeling Akin to Love.

Col. Blodgett's daughter, Zaldie, was exceedingly handsome, writes Opie P. Read, in the *N. Y. World*, but was so haughty and imperious that the young men of the community stood in awe of her. The colonel and his daughter lived in an old stone house, moss-grown and covered with vines. A stream that came tumbling out of the hills swept past the foot of the garden at the back of the house, and the fox, playing among the purple larkspurs, barked the whole night through. Every surrounding wore the soft color of romance and every sound about the old place seemed to be inspired by a lurking sentiment. The



THEY SAT ON THE BENCH.

old man sat all day on the broad porch smoking his pipe, while Zaldie sang old songs or played with a dog on the soft and grassy slope. Every one had come to believe that the girl lived merely to scorn marriage, in her gentle and beautiful way, and there was not a swain in all the neighborhood that dared to breathe a hope of winning her.

Luke Brizentine, who owned the finest horse in the county and had therefore strong claims, had asked her to share his life of corn bread and wild mustard greens, and had not only been rejected but was violently kicked down the steps by the old man. Sol Matterson had been equally as presumptuous, and although he owned a water-mill and a pretty fair article of bay steers, the old colonel shook him until a dry grin of anguish that lasted several days settled on his face.

One day a slim young fellow named Griggle M. Robinson, while passing through the settlement, caught sight of the girl as she played with her dog. He saw her hair waving like new wheat straw dashed about, and he heard the music of her voice and then he swore that he would win her. He stopped at a neighboring village and in an adroit way drew the landlord into telling what he knew of her. Then he went to his room to meditate upon a plan of action, and he was greatly encouraged, for Griggle was a lawyer and had practiced before a justice of the peace. At midnight, just as his candle, placed on the hearth, had begun to nod, he got up, laughed softly, and in his subdued ecstasy gently bumped his head against the wall. His plan had ripened.

"I have heard," he said to himself, "that pity 's akin to love. Glorious poet

who wrote that line. Ah! what a will he could have drawn up—what a writer of mortgages he would have made. I will go to that house a painful cripple, with a few dollars in my pocket, and engage board. They will not refuse me. I will converse with her as the days pass, and my own words and her own pity shall kindle her soul into a flame of love. Then when she is mine I will stand out before her a strong and sound man and what was pity shall turn to pride. Griggle M. Robinson you were born to be great."

The afternoon was beautiful. Zaldie, tired of play and tired of singing, sat with her father on the porch, and the dog, with a garland of larkspurs about his neck, snapped at the horse-flies that came buzzing through the warm air.

"Who is that at the gate?" the colonel asked.

"Oh, it is a poor crippled man," the girl answered.

"Come right on in!" the old man shouted. "Zaldie, help him up the steps."

"Oh, no," the cripple pleasantly answered, coming forward, "I can help myself."

He came up on the porch, not ungracefully, and after bowing with a grateful air, sat down on a chair which the girl ran and brought for him.



PLAYING WITH HER DOG.

"You look so tired," said the girl. "Let me get a pillow for you to rest your head on."

"Oh, no," Griggle responded, looking up and smiling. "You have already made me so comfortable that—that—here he broke down."

"Tut, tut," said the colonel, wheeling about in his chair; "we have only done for you what we should do for any one in distress. Where do you live, hah?"

"I live many miles from here," Griggle replied; "that is, the brown hills among which I once happily dwelled are many a weary day's journey from this romantic place."

"Why, my dear sir, you do not talk like an ignorant—excuse me—a crippled man."

"Oh, papa," the girl interposed, "crippled men, I should think, can talk as well as any one else."

"Well," said the old man, scratching his head, "not as a general thing. There is Hamp Smith, for instance. He is crippled, and I don't know that I ever heard a worse talker. However, that is neither here nor there. What can we do for you?"

"You can, if you will, do a great deal for me. I will explain my situation: It was absolutely necessary for me to have a change of scene, and I started out with that end in view. I have traveled many miles, have crossed many rivers, but this is the only place that holds out a promise of rest. Now, to come at once to the point, I want to board with you for awhile."

"Why, my dear sir," the old gentleman exclaimed, "I never took a boarder in my life."

"But, papa," the girl quickly spoke up, "do let us take him just for awhile, anyway. It can do us no harm, and will be so much of a benefit to him."

"All right, have it your way."

What a glorious time it was for Griggle. He would sit on a rustic bench in the yard watching the girl in her joyous play, and occasionally she would come up mischievously and throw a handful of flowers at him.

"Don't you wish that you could romp with me?" she asked one day.

Griggle sobbed and leaned his head on the back of the bench.

"Oh! please don't cry," the girl implored, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Come look up now. See what a pretty flower this is."

"It is a lovely flower," he answered, looking up, "but I have seen lovelier ones—in fact, I see a lovelier one now."



"I'M NO CRIPPLE."

"I wouldn't allow any one else to say that," she answered, smiling.

"Then I indeed enjoy a glorious privilege."

"If it is glorious to you, it is surely pleasant to me."

"Won't you sit beside me?" he asked. She sat down. He stroked her hair. "The angels must have spun this silk," he said.

"Well, I wish the angels would take care of it for it is very troublesome."

"Zaldie is a pretty name."

"Do you think so? I always thought it was horrid, but if you think it is pretty I will try to think so."

"Do you know what I wish I were, little girl? I wish I were a great, strong man, with a face so handsome that you could not help loving me, but alas! I am only a cripple."

He leaned his hand on the back of the bench again. "Oh! please don't do that," she implored. "If you only knew how I pity you. I can not tell you how much I have enjoyed your society—you came to me as something to care for and—"

"And what?"

He looked up and gazed into her eyes. "And it would grieve me to give you up," she timidly rejoined.

"Then why give me up?" he passionately cried. "Let me live here; be my wife."

Both of them put their heads on the back of the bench.

That night as Griggle straightened out his leg and got into bed, he mused: "She is mine—Glorious being, Griggle M. Robinson has won you."

The old man, whose heart was held by the girl, gave his consent. The wedding day was fixed. It was evening and Griggle and Zaldie stood near the garden gate. "Loved one," he said, "you shall never be sorry."

"I know that, dear."

"And when you see other men so active and strong, you will not have a secret contempt for me?"

"Never."

"Zaldie," he exclaimed, "I am sure you will not. I am no cripple. I am one of the soundest lawyers you ever saw. Look!"

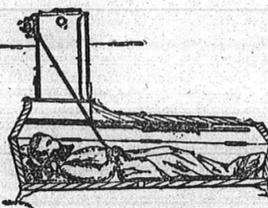
He straightened out his leg and hopped about six feet. The girl shrieked and fled to the house. Griggle, knowing that her joy was overpowering, and that she had run to tell her father, followed. The old colonel came out. "My daughter has told me all," he exclaimed. "Vile wretch, you have deceived me and broken my daughter's heart. You are not a cripple, but a lawyer! I will teach you a lesson."

He seized a hickory cane that stood leaning against the railing of the gallery, and with the wild strength of justice raised a goose egg between Griggle's eyes.

The shrewd, but unfortunate, young man has gone back to the turmoil of his cross-roads home, and is practicing law before a negro justice of the peace.

A Novel Invention.

Among the novel applications for patents at the U. S. Patent office is that of Frank Vester and he hails from New York, N. J. Who of us has not read harrowing accounts of people buried alive? How often, in removing the remains of deceased friends from one place of burial to another, have the bodies been found turned over in their coffins and the clinched hands and agonized look told the story of an awakening from a trance, only to find death in a grave. These are well known fatalities, and it is from such horrors that Mr. Frank Vester would save us, and the process is so simple it merely involves the use of a certain kind of coffin. Here it is. The Vester coffin is like other coffins except that a square tube is placed in the face of the coffin and directly over the face of the coffin up through and over the surface of the grave, said tube containing a ladder and cord, one end of the cord being placed in the hand of the person laid in the coffin and the other end of the cord being attached to a bell on the top



VESTER'S COFFIN.

of the square tube, so that if a person be interred ere life is extinct he can, on recovering consciousness, ascend from the grave by the ladder, or if not able to do that he can ring the bell and give the alarm, and thus be saved from premature burial and death. On the other hand, if inspection shows life to be extinct the tube can be withdrawn and the sliding door closed. The accompanying illustration shows how a man, buried alive, can save himself by the aid of Mr. Vester's coffin.

Advice to Smokers.

If you are a smoker, and don't own a cigar case, carry your cigars in your upper waistcoat pocket, on the left, with the mouth end down. The constant motion of the right arm (presuming you are right-handed) is sure to crush the tobacco or loosen the wrapper if the cigar be on the right side, and the same result is more readily attained with the match end down. If you have to let a cigar go out, do not pull in the last puff, but blow it through the burning end. This expels the nicotine that would otherwise gather at the mouth, and prevents the cigar from having a rank taste. Indeed some smokers question whether a cigar is not improved by this method of reducing it to an "old soldier."

The novelist Bulwer's wife once wrote to Wilkie Collins that he did not know how to describe a villain: "Now," she said; "if you want a genuine villain, write up my husband."

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

A Half-Hour With the Progressive Western Agriculturist.

Progress of Farming in the South—The Red Spider—Points About Poultry—Hints on Dairy Matters—Agricultural Notes and Other Valuable Information.

Development of Southern Agriculture.

Few persons even in the South know of what is going on in regard to the development of the great industry of agriculture. Some years ago, scarcely an agricultural journal could be picked up, without the reader finding repeated lessons given on the importance of a diversity of crops; more grass; more live stock; home grown pork; butter, etc. But few have kept watch over the gradual approach of all these acknowledged improvements. When one, however, finds a farmer on a 300 acre farm in North Carolina plowing with a steam plow; hears of one town in Georgia receiving from the farmers 2500 bushels of home grown clover seed; and of farmers here and there rearing swine on clover pasture and skimmed milk from their butter dairies for a cost of three cents a pound for the pork, he will not be slow to admit that "The New South" is not a fancy or a wild, visionary idea, but a solid fact. And these things are so. The South has well started on a course of agricultural improvement which will make it a producer of all its own domestic supplies, besides crops for shipping which will make it the richest part of the Union. Intelligent Southern men are wide awake to this fact, which is the outgrowth of free labor and the mingling of Northern men and money in the great Southern industries.

The leading farmers in the southern states are able to do much for their neighbors in the way of encouraging them to read and study, and by circulating among them, such agricultural journals as will afford them practical valuable information, and by which they themselves have profited. Improvement is contagious, and one enterprising farmer soon becomes the talk of a county; other farmers are apt to follow the example, and so, one instance becomes the seed for a widely extended result. If a farmers' institute were held in every county in the south, or every southern farmer should read a good paper devoted to his industry, the agricultural wealth of the southern states might be doubled in three years.

Red Spider.

Some interesting experiments have been carried on at Amherst by S. T. Maynard, the horticulturist of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station, which indicate that evaporated sulphur is not only a good fungicide, but that it is an excellent remedy against *Tetranychus telarius*, the common red spider. The remedy consists in heating a kettle of sulphur for three or four hours twice or three times a week to nearly boiling point in the room with infested plants, care being taken not to heat it so that it will take fire, but evaporating enough to fill the room with visible vapor, and to make the sulphur odor perceptible. So perfect a remedy this is claimed to be that infested plants exposed for a few hours in the room where sulphur is used are said to be completely freed.

Growth of Turnips.

The seed of a Globe turnip, says an exchange, is exceedingly minute, not larger, perhaps, than the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months this seed will be elaborated by the soil and the atmosphere into 27,000,000 times its original bulk, and this in addition to a considerable bunch of leaves. Dr. Desaguliers has made some experiments proving that, in an average condition, a turnip seed may increase its own weight fifteen times in a minute. By an actual experiment made on peat ground, turnips have been found to increase by growth 15,999 times the weight of their seeds each day they stood upon it.

Machinery Cheaper Than Hired Help.

The proper use of improved farm machinery is to enable the farmer to do more work himself, and either grow more and better crops than before, or else to hire less help. It is not very often that help can now be found which is capable of running such complicated machinery as reapers and mowers. Breakages, wear and tear of machine and loss of time, while the hired man is waiting for its repair, make the machinery more expensive than even the slowest of the old-fashioned methods of harvesting. But if the farmer is handy with machines and gives them his personal care, doing most of the work with them himself, they will save him much more than they cost, by enabling him to accomplish more than he ever could under the old plan.

Hair of Horses.

The breeding of the horse can be seen in the amount of hair there is in his mane and tail and on his legs. The hair is not so long in the tails of horses with long, heavy manes as it is in those of horses with short, light manes. A full, long tail is a great ornament to a horse, and it is much more pleasing to see a horse with a full, long tail and a lighter mane than to see him with a short tail and a heavy, long mane.

Co-Operative Stock Improvement.

One of the very best suggestions seen lately is that the farmers of a neighborhood where any special kind of stock is grown shall club together

for the purchase of the best male animals they can afford, to be used for moderate service fee on their herds. If it is in a dairy region a first class Holstein or Jersey bull will pay good interest on its cost and the expense of keeping, besides the improvement he will make in the dairies of the neighborhood. Of course if it can be done without injury to the male his services may be let to outsiders at somewhat higher rates than those that clubmen pay. Often the money thus gained will pay all expenses, leaving the service of their own herd free to those who make the original purchase.

Dairy Dots.

Give cows a sufficient quantity of salt daily. A full tablespoonful is sufficient at a salting.

How can skimmed milk be made to yield butter when it is given to cows? This is a problem not yet solved by those who advocate this way of disposing of their skimmed milk.

Astringent medicinals, as alum, are not called for in such disorders as diarrhea. Laxatives and mucilaginous foods are useful, while astringents are positively hurtful. Abstinence from food, except such as are of the above kind and given as warm as possible and only in small quantities at a time, is an important part of the treatment.

Young calves should be fed on warm milk even through the summer. Although the weather may be warm, it will not make this preparation of the food unnecessary. It is required for healthful digestion, which is impaired by the filling of the stomach with milk of a lower temperature than 80 to 90 degrees. And indigestion is invariably followed by diarrhea, the most injurious disorder which affects calves.

Agricultural Items.

Estimating the value of an article by its appearance often deceives. The quality can only be known by an actual test.

Bran is cheap in the summer. A farmer who keeps cows, or a dairyman, may well afford to borrow the money, if he is short, to buy bran to use next winter.

The liberal use of land plaster in the stables, in the manure heap, and on the grass land, will be found one of the cheapest and best modes of saving manure and increasing the yield of crops. Plaster is slightly soluble in water, and affords lime for plants as soon as applied to the crops. It is also an excellent absorbent and deodorizer.

American grown barley is much deteriorated in market value by mixing the two kinds of seed; the 6 and 2 rowed. The former is preferred for malting for which purpose every bushel imported is used, as this kind makes a sweeter and better malt. The 2 rowed cannot be malted in the same time as the 6 rowed, and hence when the two kinds are mixed the grain is unsalable. The result of this mistake in growing is, that while imported barley sells for 75 cents per bushel American barley is unsalable at 25 to 40 cents.

Poultry Pickings.

There is no mistaking fowl cholera once you see it. The persistent thirst, the drowsiness, the white, viscid droppings becoming, as the disease progresses, first yellowish and then green, and the characteristic symptom of the fowl keeping on its feet almost to the last minute—these tell the tale, and are unmistakable.

It is sometimes recommended that ladies should devote their attention to poultry raising. This is impossible except with a small flock. To keep hens in large numbers requires labor that cannot be performed by ladies. There is not only heavy work to do in cleaning the houses and yards, but exposure to all kinds of weather must be incurred. To throw down a mess of corn to a few hens once or twice a day is an easy matter, but is very different when poultry keeping is made a business.

Unhappy Men.

The world has more than its share of unhandy men who can do nothing well. Their work hurts the labor market just as any poor product injures trades in a better kind. At the same time, where poor workmen abound the really capable man is sure to be singled out and appreciated. Why have we so many unskillful workmen? What constitutes the difference between handiness and unhandiness? It is a matter of education and training. We do not mean text-book education—the handy man generally knows least about the rules which our teachers have prescribed; but we mean the habit of observing and thinking. Many of our schools are "graduating" boys who have been taught such a reverence for text-books that they have come to believe that all knowledge is contained in these volumes. It is from the ranks of such boys that unhandy men come. The handy men are taught from childhood to think and observe and reason from natural causes.

Hope for the Tallender.

The young man who stood at the tail end of the graduating class at West Point this year appears to have the profound sympathy of his classmates. When the cadets were called to receive their diplomas in the order of their rank in the class the cheers that greeted the tallender were something deafening. This was somewhat of a consolation for the young man who may also console himself with the reflection that some of the best commanders in the late war stood about where he did when they graduated.—Boston Herald.

