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# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.  
—BY THE—  
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What did Ingalls say to Funston, that's the question?  
The Abilene Mortgage Co., has decided to go out of business.

Up to date Douglas county has only six candidates for district clerk.

The republicans of the Seventh District have nominated J B Hallowell for Congress. He is an anti-prohibitionist and should be beaten.

Jesse H Grubb, a school teacher of Hutchinson, committed suicide, shooting in the head. Despondency from heavy drinking was the cause.

The Lawrence Gazette has been looking up statistics of the population of the county and this week demands a reduction of salaries paid county officers.

The Atchison Champion, the late Gov. Martin's paper, comes out squarely for free trade, and declares that the west has no use for the Blaine idea of protection.

The United States government commissioner of patents estimates that from six to seven-eighths of the entire manufacturing capital of the United States, or \$6,000,000,000, is directly or indirectly based upon patents.

The Alaska Commercial company having lost its valuable franchise for catching seals in Behring sea, is going to do all the business it can on the Siberian coast. It has just sent a steamer to Petropolski where have been stored 65,000 skins.

There is no doubt as to the fact that there was a "job" set up on Gen. Campbell in order to get him into the Kansas City scrape. But that does not help the matter any. He should have been sharp enough to keep out of it.—Lawrence Journal.

Nonsense. How often are these jobs set up?  
St. Marys has found a big tooth in the river bottom. It weighs six pounds, has a face surface of forty-eight inches. Since the original package decision St. Marys is living on liquids, and has no use for any such grinders, and Chancellor Snow of the University is asked to buy it.

The Kansas Farmer, which has been favoring the Alliance, has made a very sudden flop, at the dictation of Ex-Gov. Crawford, J B McAfee and Mr Nellis, who own a majority of the stock. The Alliance Advocate of this week reprinted the letter of Gov. Crawford in which he denounced the Alliance and Mr Polk, and devoted several columns to the matter. Crawford made a big blunder and the Farmer will suffer seriously.

If A B Campbell will now retire from the field as a pretended representative of the prohibition cause it will be a blessing that the state should have had years ago. Such men can hardly injure a just cause, but they reflect sadly upon those who are sincere and unselfish. In this case warnings that have been uttered for years have been persistently refused a hearing, and so far as prohibition has suffered it has been from this act of blindness.

The official returns of the census of Douglas county show a decrease of 5 per cent from the returns of 1889. The population in 1889 was 25,083 as against 23,823 for this year. Palmyra township shows a decrease of 20 per cent from last year. The decrease is probably due to the carelessness of the census enumerator who failed to collect all the names. On account of this decrease some of the county officer's salaries have been reduced which will make a saving to the county of nearly \$2,500 per annum.

The papers are discussing the propriety of exposing the A B Campbell case. From the tenor of some it would appear that the Times is the great sinner. The exposure is fully sanctioned by custom. If it was a put up job even, it has the sanction of common practice. Detectives constantly follow it whether morally right or not, and few condemn it. But what sacred legis protects this case? If any prominent resubmissionist, clothed in sheepskin, had been in the same place he would have been paraded as boldly. It was not long ago that Senator Carlisle was said to have been drunk in a Washington railway station. It was announced in glaring headlines. Let a man or woman fall in any town, city or village and it is at once announced from the house-tops. Let any leaver of any cause or society, self constituted or elected, so that he is prominent, be known to be guilty of any scandalous indiscretion, and his enemies and the enemies of his cause will surely make the most of it. Nothing else is expected. The prohibitionist who is now making a criminal of the Times, would have laid the skeleton just as bare, if the circumstances had been reversed. What sense or consistency, then, in trying to cover up, to hide and to explain away, the probable facts in this case, which is simply a thundering echo of innumerable previous rumors, that perhaps might, and certainly ought, to have been verified or refuted.

It is indignantly denied that the G. O. P. has anything to do with the Grand Original Package.

It begins to be hinted in Congress that the Farmers' Alliance may create a new order of things. Yes, it may.

Topeka is trying to raise over \$2,000 to send Marshall's band to Boston, with the other big things of this state.

President Harrison earnestly asks Congress to pass an act to prevent abuse of the mails by lottery companies.

The Wilson, or Senate bill has been agreed upon in committee of the two houses, and will probably pass both houses this week.

About fifty swine breeders met in convention at Abilene on Tuesday and much prosperity was predicted for the business with proper care and attention.

The republican majority in Congress will be responsible if the Wilson bill does not pass, and if it fails the party should, and we predict will, be made to fail with it.

Speaker Reed's very arbitrary conduct in the chair, has at length caused a little rebellion in the house. Congressman Struble, of Iowa, denounced him bitterly on Tuesday.

Incendiaries set fire to the residence of Rev. David Plumb, in Cale, Ind., early Tuesday and Mr. Plumb was fatally burned and his wife and three children perished in the flames. He is a prominent M. E. minister.

Some of the London papers are very free to confess that Secretary Blaine is too heavy for the Marquis of Salisbury. He will, however, not be able to prove that we can entirely monopolize the seal fishing in the Northern Pacific.

"The Reptile Fund" is what Bismarck called the money he used in corrupting the press. The whiskey dealers are using a reptile fund in Nebraska. It is dominant in the American Congress, and in nearly all of our inferior legislation. "The Reptile Fund" is the most stinging phrase that was ever coined.

The vote for bonds to build a new bridge over the Kaw at Topeka, resulted in a defeat of the proposition. Probably the legislature will next winter be called upon to take action. A new bridge is an urgent necessity and the county should build it. The city builds most of the county bridges and uses them the least, while people from the country use the Topeka bridge daily.

## The Lovely Widow.

The funeral was over. Very child-like-looking was the figure of the widow, whose golden hair resisted the stern efforts made that day to brush its soft rings into straight and severe lines. The baby sweetness of her large blue eyes was veiled by drooping lids and dark, curling lashes, as she sat silent and quiet in the dining-room of a well-furnished house, and listened while the sharp, business-like voice of the lawyer announced that all the property the deceased Edward Grant died possessed of was left for the sole and undisputed use of "his dear wife, Florence Adelaide."

Opposite the window sat the bolt upright figure of the dead man's mother, a strong-minded woman any one could see, and as capable a manager of business as most men. She was turned seventy, but might pass for fifty-five anywhere. She steadfastly regarded the lawyer while he read, and when he had finished saw her daughter-in-law leave the room.

"Did you make that will, Mr. Phillips?" asked old Mrs. Grant, abruptly.

"I did, madam; indeed, I may say that I have transacted all legal business for your lamented son, for five-and-twenty years."

"I know that. Edward wasn't a man to change, and a more sensible man than he was until he was five-and-forty never lived, and then he fell in love with the doll face of a governess, and made a fool of himself."

"Well, well, madam," said the lawyer, shaking his head with an indulgent smile as he poured out another glass of wine, "we all have our weak moments; and, by Jove! Mrs. Edward would excuse a good deal of folly—lovely creature that she is!"

"Bah! you're all alike!" cried Mrs. Grant. "Now tell me, can that girl make ducks and drakes of all my poor son's property if she chooses?"

"Everything is hers—those are the terms of the will."

She stood and looked around at the massive old furniture, soliloquizing.

"As good now as it was in his father's time, and valuable. I've nothing like it in my house. Hope Florence will look after things—and, of course, she can't live here alone. Florence is in her room, I suppose," she thought, standing irresolute. "Shall I go to her? Perhaps better not. There's never been much feeling between us, though I'd be willing to overlook that now," and she rang the bell. The parlor-maid answered the summons.

"I'm going home now, Janet; will you ask your mistress if I shall come up to her, or whether she'd rather see me to-morrow?"

"Yes, ma'am." In a minute Janet fluttered back. "Please, ma'am, my mistress says she would be glad to see you in the morning."

And the tall old lady walked forth, and soon reached a small, neat house, surrounded by a prim suburban garden, where a servant nearly as old as herself must have been on the watch, for the door was held open as she passed in at the gate of the premises.

"You'll be liking a cup of tea, ma'am, and it's ready for you."

Maria brought the tea and a pair of slippers. These she put on for her mistress, and then watched her drink the tea in silence.

"Oh, ma'am, but it has been a bitter day for that saw him buried!"

The tender words broke down the mother's stern self-restraint. She wept long, and moaned the name of her son.

Edward Grant had been a very interesting personage to the world at large. A plain man of middle age, sufficiently well to do as a merchant to keep up the substantial respectability in which his father had lived before him, and with no desire for any of the show and luxury in which his neighbors indulged—many of them poorer than he. To his mother he had been everything, for she had no other child, and Maria had nursed him as an infant, scolded him as a schoolboy, and worshipped him all his life. To both these women the day when he arrived from Paris, bringing with him a lovely bride, of whom they had heard nothing, was remembered as the blackest in their calendar. It was Edward Grant's one grand error in his mother's eyes. She could have welcomed a wife of her own

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choosing, but this one of his found no favor in her eyes. It took but a few days to remove from the large house which had been her husband's, and to settle in a cottage, with her retired Maria, in grim contempt of the follies of men. And after all, he had not lived a year with his young wife, when death came!

"Florence," the old lady was saying, nervously, "we have not been much to each other, but he we both loved is gone, and I'd be glad to help you if I could."

The lovely face showed no signs of desire to reciprocate. The deep blue eyes had a light in them that made them almost black. "You are very good, but there is nothing that you can do for me."

"You can't forgive me yet, but there are things I might do for you. This large house and furniture need care, and so young a widow can not live alone."

"I don't intend to live alone. I am going to my friends abroad."

"Abroad!" cried the old lady, aghast. "Why should you go abroad?"

Florence waited a second, and then said, in concentrated, deliberate tones: "I have never been happy here. I hate the place. I am going to sell the house and furniture."

"Florence, you think of selling what my Edward's father worked for! You cannot have loved your husband!"

CONCLUDED ON LAST PAGE.

Lawrence admits that it owes everything to the university.

Everything indicates that wheat will be very high next winter.

Very gloomy reports come from the central and western parts of the state.

M J Paul, grocer, Independence, Kans., made assignment. Liabilities, \$17,000.

Robert Laird Collier, the eminent Unitarian divine, critic and writer, died on the 27th of July.

Was ever a woman married who was not charming and accomplished, especially if reported in a newspaper?

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

**ELECTRICITY** is being used in hair-dressing, and by it a woman's hair or a man's beard is curled in two minutes. It's enough to make one's hair curl just to think of it.

A **SCIENTIST** claims that in combustion the less flame produced the greater the heat. This fact apparently explains why it is that great conflagrations result from such little fires.

ACCORDING to figures Chicago's population exceeds that of Philadelphia in no wise disturbed by such a thing as that. Philadelphia is much more deeply interested in quality than quantity.

THE man who lights a cigar that he takes from the upper right-hand pocket of his vest and gives you one from the upper left-hand pocket inspires admiration for his diplomatic qualities, but becomes an object of rank suspicion forever after.

SEVERAL months ago a cow with two udders played her part for two weeks in one of the Chicago theaters. All she had to do was to stand still and be milked, and she did that with perfect success; many human actors do not half so well; angels could do no more.

THE true education of the laborer—and all honest men are laborers—is to make him an intelligent being rather than a dexterous imitator and manipulator. A thorough understanding of the principles of his work tends to give him moral dignity and intellectual force.

THE coal mining regions are filling up with a class of labor that is serf, the effect of whose immigration is to take bread from American labor and substitute English-speaking toilers with aliens who do not understand our language or appreciate our institutions, but are simply the slaves of coal barons.

"CAMP MEETING" John Allen and Peter Cartwright would hardly recognize one of these gatherings now, and would not feel at home at one of them. They would see nothing to remind them of the camp meetings once held in the hemlock woods besides the lakes in New England, in the "timber" on banks of the Wabash they would see no lofty pulpits constructed of huge logs of wood and no "seekers' seats made of pine and cypress slabs.

THERE is a growing tendency among young men to go outside the beaten tracks of the professions and trades. The medical profession is overcrowded, the bar is full, the competition in the regular line of trades is that that kills, and the great opportunities lie in the newer fields of labor. Technical education is becoming the order of the day. Ten years ago the electrical engineer would have been almost as much out of place as the aerial engineer would be to-day.

It is folly to expect that a laborer who has six or more children can feed, clothe and keep them in school till they have passed the age of infancy, childhood and youth. His wages, even if he preserves his health and has constant employment, will not support more than two persons in any sort of comfort. Help must come from some other source. If none of the children are to work the public treasury must be resorted to obtain money to pay the bills.

If the business of the Louisiana lottery was confined to the state few persons outside of it would complain. But such is not the case. More than nine-tenths of the business is done in other states and chiefly through the mails. In all the other states the conducting of a lottery is a crime. If this lottery is rechartered for the term of twenty-five years the state of Louisiana will receive \$31,000,000, most of which will be contributed by people living in other states and territories.

The comptroller of Chicago recently called attention to the fact that the expenses of the educational department increased much faster than those of any other department of the city government. He also showed by official figures that the cost of instruction of public schools was about four times as great as in the various church schools. A similar showing has been made of the public and private schools in other cities. It is a well-known fact that the cost of construction is much higher in large towns than in the rural districts, though in the latter the number of pupils to a teacher is much smaller and the difficulty of classifying pupils is much greater.

### "LOVE IS ENOUGH."

**A Tragedy Which Followed a Marriage With a Girl Who Couldn't Cook.**

The groom was loving, the bride was fair; Her eyes met his with a witching air; She was tender and meek as a maid could be, And she had no more sense than a babe of three.

"Youngster, beware!" the old men said; "We've tried the pass." But he shook his head; He shook that head oracularly; "In marriage 'Love is enough,'" quoth he.

Breakfast at home. How strange and sweet! But something was wrong with the things to eat; Something was queer in coffee and tea. "Nay, give me a kiss instead," said he.

Dinner at home; but he could not eat. O rawish potatoes! O kiln-dried meat! "You've left out the taste from the soup!" moaned he.

"Till I make it all right with a kiss," smiled she.

Supper at home, and he could not eat. O bread like putty! O mush of wheat! O slimy pickles! O tea of tan! He rose from the table a starving man.

Alack, what aileth that bridegroom now? He stamps and roars as he knots his brow. "Go home to your mother, and say for me That love is not nearly enough," quoth he.

—E. S. Turner, in Good Housekeeping.

### MISCHIEVOUS NAN.

Bang! A snow-ball whizzed through the air, and away over the fence sailed the professor's hat, battered and dishonored.

A ripple of girlish laughter floated up from some one behind him, and, looking around angrily, the professor caught a glimpse of a pair of dark, roguish eyes peeping at him out of a pretty hood, which did not hide the saucy face of the maiden who had thrown the ball.

She watched the professor as he climbed over the fence, regained his disfigured tile, and tried rather ruefully to smooth its battered sides; then she scampered toward the school-house.

Joel Sherwood had just emerged from the university at W— with considerable honor and the degree of good opinion most men of his age entertain for themselves. He really was entitled to a great deal of credit for the courage and steadfastness of purpose with which he had toiled and made his way through the tedious university course. He had done it alone and at the same time managed to help his widowed mother in keeping what had proved to be a very gaunt and persistent wolf from the door. But the world, as is its custom, had been somewhat slow in recognizing his genius, so that when the winter term of school at Weston was offered to him he was only too glad to accept it, hoping that in the meantime something better would come to him.

He picked up his hat with some sense of disgrace and strode to the school-house.

It was the eventful "first day," and it must be confessed that Joel's heart for a minute sank very low as he saw the roguish face disappear through the door of the building which was to be his castle for the next few months. He had a dim foreboding that trouble was in store for him. But shortly his courage rallied, and with his lips closed a little more firmly than usual he stepped to the desk.

Nan, with many a girlish giggle, was relating her adventure to a circle of admirers.

"The idea of a young fellow like him bringing a tall hat down here! My! how mad he looked when the thing went over the fence! Well, it was rather mean, after all, but I'll never see him again. I don't know who he is. Some city chap, I s'pose, down to look at the natives."

Just then the door opened and the professor walked in.

If Joel could have seen the glorious crimson which swept Nan's face he might have known how poorly prized was her victory. But he was busy and had almost forgotten the episode a moment later.

It was brought back again, however, when he chanced to glance at Nan. Once more the flood of crimson dyed her cheeks, but she buried her face in a book and waited until it had vanished.

That winter Joel Sherwood learned many valuable lessons. It was a good school for him. He knew more about himself when the term was over than he ever had before. He put away the silk hat and wondered why he ever should have worn it down to Weston.

By this time he did not feel himself so very much superior to the people there as he had felt. They proved to be kind-hearted and intelligent and he liked them better the more he knew them.

He had found Nan a disturbing element in his little dominion. Not that she meant to do anything wrong, but she had too much mischief in her nature not to be at the bottom of many a project which brought the new teacher into disrepute. She never pretended that she had no hand in these plots. There was no deceit in Nan. Whatever she did was so frank that Joel's reproval was tempered by a strange feeling which caused him to forgive the spirit which prompted Nan's action—a feeling he knew not how to analyze.

Once, when she perpetrated some especially annoying trick on him, and he had met her out of school hours on the way home, her pretty smile and look of respect had driven every spark of anger from his heart, and he broke out:

"O Nan! Why will you—"

But she had pulled her hand out of his and fled before the words were out of his mouth.

And Nan—she was the same thoughtless girl, as far as Joel could see, as the weeks sped quickly by and brought them nearer the end of the

term. She led the boys and girls in every game. She could outskate them; not a boy dared to challenge her to a race on the ice for fear of the defeat he knew would await him. Her happy laugh rippled everywhere. Not a boy but would have risked his life for her. Not a girl but fled to her in time of trouble, for she was ever to them a champion equal to every emergency. To all she was simply "Nan"—kind, loving, mirthful "Nan."

About the time Joel's school closed the river, which had been frozen all winter, began to break up, and the ice gave signs of going out. Here and there great seams appeared, and a warning roar sounded through the valley.

Some of the older boys who had explored the stream higher up sagely predicted that there would be trouble before night, but this brought to Joel's mind little fear. He thought the stream might rise and carry away the ice, but that would be all. He knew nothing about the fearful gorges that sometimes dammed the river and flooded the entire country for miles around.

At noon the report came that a gorge was forming a short distance above the school-house. There never before had been such a pile of ice crowded into that part of the river, and water was beginning to flow over the valley. A heavy rain set in, falling for hours in torrents. Still Joel had no idea what danger was impending. This was his first experience with the river, and, when some of his pupils begged to go home, he thought it best for them to wait until the storm was less terrible or their parents came for them. This latter thing happened sooner than he had thought likely, and some of the sturdy yeomen came for their little ones quite a while before the usual time for their dismissal, and gravely advised Joel to close for the day, as they feared trouble from the gorge up the river.

At length the anxious faces of the children more than any thought of real danger, told them to go, and proceeded to help them get started for home.

Night was dropping down over the valley. The storm king was abroad in all his fury. The night gave promise of being a terrible one.

Joel's heart reproved him for not letting the children go sooner when he opened the door and heard the sullen roar which came from the gorge.

He listened sharply.

Yonder came a man on horseback, riding rapidly.

"What was the matter?"

The rush of waters smote his ear. The truth flashed over him.

The ice gorge had given away.

The young man's face grew pale as he drew the children back into the house and shut the door. He could not let them go now. It was too late.

A few minutes more and a wild current of water swept around the building, cutting off all hope of escape on foot. It was now plain that they were hemmed in.

The horseman waved his hand toward them and then wheeled away to seek other means of reaching the school-house. It was a trying place for the young teacher, and some courage was required to look calmly into the faces of the awe-stricken children and try to quiet them.

But in this he had a helper in Nan. The girl's face showed nothing of the terror Joel expected to see in her. The woman seemed to have suddenly come instead of the rollicking girl. She was here, there, everywhere, cheering the younger ones in a most motherly way.

How this crisis had transformed her! Joel noticed more than ever now what a strong face she had. He had always thought her pretty; now a look had come upon her features which indicated the spirit which makes women heroic. She had become a calm, self-possessed woman.

While Joel was thinking of this, through the dusk came a boat manned by two farmers. It slowly pushed its way through the current, fighting hard against the wind, ice and drifting wood; but it was not long before the rescuers reached the imperiled house. Joel could no longer open the door without letting in a little ocean. Tiny rivulets were spreading over the floor. The only way to get the children into the boat was through an open window.

Not more than half the number were able to get into the boat. The rest must wait.

"Hain't you better get in now, Mr. Professor?" asked one of the men when the boat was ready to push off for the bank.

"Not as long as there is any one else to go, Zeb," was Joel's firm response as he gave the boat a steady shove away from the house.

A half hour of suspense passed. Then the dim outline of the boat appeared through the gloom again.

"The boat is full enough," said Joel, as he tucked the last one of the children securely into the boat. "The load would be too heavy and trouble might come of it if I should get in. I hope the worst is over anyhow. Even if the water rises two feet more I can still find a way to keep out of it till morning perhaps."

"Tan't just the thing to leave you here," said one of the men hesitatingly. "Get in and we'll get through all right, I guess."

"No," was the quick response. "Go ahead. If you can come for me, all right. If not—"

He paused. Something in Nan's eyes awoke a tumult in his breast. A strange light shone in them and as Joel leaned down from the window toward her, in answer to a slight movement of her hand, she whispered:

"Mr. Sherwood, I'm sorry I've made you so much trouble this winter. I didn't mean it. Will you forgive me?"

The only reply Joel gave was a warm

pressure of the hand. That was enough. She understood it. Then the boat pushed out into the twilight.

But it left behind a very happy young man, in spite of his desperate position. After such a confession from Nan what could he not endure? Floods could not sweep away the joy which thrilled him.

But an hour sped by and still Joel was alone. The water kept rising steadily till it drove him to the top of the desks. He noticed that the tide was coming up much faster than at any time before. There was no longer such a rush about the house.

Studying the situation for awhile Joel made up his mind that the gorge must have formed somewhere below him, and the water no longer able to run out, was backing up leaving him in the midst of a great sea. If this were true the outlook was not at all encouraging.

He peered anxiously out over the waters for some sign of the returning boat. Nothing but intense darkness met his gaze.

Another hour passed. Inch by inch the river crept up, driving him from place to place until he was now on the highest possible point. Now he must quietly await his fate.

But it was not very heroic to be drowned like a rat. He must do something to save himself.

At length a star glimmered in the distance. Hope sprang up again. Some one was kinder to him than he deserved.

How slowly the light came. It was a hard battle with wind and torrent.

Suddenly the awful rush came again. Had the gorge below given way? Then heaven save him!

He felt the shock. The building trembled. Something had struck it heavily, and it was being carried down into the raging flood.

It was time for him to act. To remain where he was would be death.

He flung up the window and looked out. One thing he had learned well in years gone by—to swim. It seemed almost madness to think of trusting himself to such a current, but there was nothing else to be done.

The light was nearing him more swiftly now, although it was apparently a long way off yet. He bravely leaped into the surging water and struck out for the shore.

Something below the surface of the waves caught him and dragged him swiftly down the stream. He struggled with all his might to get away but in vain. One of his legs was held as in a vice. His head whirled.

Then a flash of light fell upon him. In another moment a strong hand grasped his arm. The rays of the lantern lighted up the face of his rescuer.

It was Nan!

Joel awoke the next morning with a delicious sense of peace.

There was no pain anywhere. A woman's hand was on his forehead. He was in a woman's room. He lay with his eyes closed and tried to put things together. Then he looked up into the face of Nan.

"Don't speak, Nan! Let me lie still. If this is a dream I don't want it to end!"

"But it isn't. It's real and I thank God it is!" said Nan, reverently.

Joel reached up and drew Nan down toward him and their lips met.

"So do I," was all he said.—E. L. Vincent in N. Y. Weekly.

### A Woman's Pocket-Book.

"I read in to-day's paper that a pocket-book had been left there by some one who had found it, and I called to ask about it; I have lost mine," said a New York woman in a newspaper office the other day.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk in attendance. "Will you please describe the contents of the pocket-book you lost?"

"Well, now—let me see. I think I can name every thing that was in my purse. There was a dollar bill, two 10-cent pieces, one or two nickels, two or three coppers, some postage stamps, some silk samples, a small sample of yellow floss, a pearl-handled glove-buttoner, a little poem entitled 'Baby's Bath,' a receipt for sweet pickles, a lock of baby's hair, a car ticket, a sample of torchon lace, a memorandum of things I wanted to get, a row of pins, a funny little joke cut from a newspaper, a small pearl button, a brass tag, several addresses, a tiny lead pencil, a Canadian dime with a hole in it, a small rubber eraser, a railroad time card, an advertisement of a bargain sale of handkerchiefs, a pressed violet in a bit of tissue paper, a sample of dress braid, and five or six other little things that I can't—Oh, thank you! yes, that's my pocket-book."

And the pocket-book he handed her was just three and a half inches long by two wide and half an inch thick.—Z. D., in Puck.

### Fell Among Thieves.

Mr. Williams, the great English criminal lawyer, had his collar stolen and had to pay for the dog's return.

He said, when talking of the dog thieves: "I ventured to remark that they must be doing a thriving business, £20 being a large sum to receive for the restoration of one dog. The answer I received was that it was 'only two quid apiece, as there are ten of us in it, and it is share and share alike. I then somewhat modestly remarked that, knowing who I was, I thought it rather too bad of them to steal my dog. 'Ain't that the best of it,' said one of them. 'Lord, sir, you should have seen how my pal Bill here did laugh. 'Ain't it rather hard,' says I, to take the counselor's dawg?' 'Not a bit, Jim,' says he; 'he's had a good lot out of us, and why shouldn't we get a little out of him?'—Spectator.

### INVENTIONS OF BROOKLYN MEN.

**New Type-Setting Machine and an Electrical Smoke-Smelling Nose.**

I met a Brooklyn man here in New York the other day who has invented a clever arrangement for setting type, which, he thinks, will revolutionize the whole business, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. It's a very simple-looking little machine, something like a typewriter, or at least the keyboard is the same. When the compositor strikes a lettered key it throws up into line a matrix which remains in place, the next key struck places the next

along side, and when a line of type is formed melted type is thus cast and set up at the same moment. This is removed and the second line formed and so on, the work requiring about one-half the ordinary time consumed in such matters, and the result being that the type is always fresh and can not be piced, as each line is a solid block. As soon as the stereotype is made the type goes back into the melting pot and is ready for use again. The N. Y. Tribune and the London Times have for a year or more been employing type-setting machines with a great deal of success, but the machine is a laborious and clumsy affair, and the Brooklyn man thinks he has improved on it as much as the second order of sewing-machines improved on the old "corn-shellers" that Howe first put upon the market when it was first invented to save woman stitches, but which required about two-horse power to work. The inventor claims he can make these machines and sell them for \$300, and that they will do the work of three men. He is as enthusiastic as most of these inventors are, and thinks his machine will create dismay in the typographical unions. After a while there will be nothing more for men to do; machinery will do it all.

There is another Brooklyn man who spends the great part of his days in New York, who is also an inventor. He is rich and belongs to well-known society people, but likes to dabble in electrical matters for his own amusement. His latest device is an electrical nose, which, when it smells smoke, rings a bell, and if it smells a very great deal of smoke turns in a fire alarm. That sounds like a joke, but it is an actual electrical fact. The diagram of the machine is so treated that the action of smoke upon it causes it to move and set an alarm-bell ringing, and this effect, increased, connects with a fire alarm. It is curious to see the model, which is set up here in the owner's office, when the inventor puffs a mouthful of smoke from his cigar upon it. The bell rings wildly, and if he continues to blow the smoke in it makes prompt connection with a fire alarm. In inventing this nose the Brooklynite stumbled upon what is probably one of the most remarkable discoveries since the discovery of electricity itself. This new discovery has not yet been sufficiently tested for the discoverer to be willing to inform the world of its nature, but it is likely to create a great revolution in the manufacture of all fabrics of every description when he has made sufficient experiment to be sure of his ground. These inventions stumble so closely upon each other's heels that the faculty of wonder loses its sensibility, but where a means of suspending a great natural law is reached one finds it impossible to grasp with the imagination the possibility of man's future control over the inanimate world.

Don't Abolish, but Improve.

Why can we not do as men do and write to each other only when we have something to say? And why must we kiss each other every time we meet? Kisses are not really agreeable greetings to exchange. Very few people know how to bestow or receive them in a neat and satisfactory fashion. A slovenly kiss is really a detestable article, and makes one dislike and despise the bestower. Of all my girl friends who kiss me when we meet there is only one from whose osculatory greeting I do not involuntarily shrink. Some but at the kisses with lips made into a hard ball for the purpose. These almost bestow their dewy lips upon one's cheek in a way that makes the recipient grope hastily but furtively for a handkerchief. A third continually kisses in a cold and chilling way that says plainly enough: "I kiss you because I suppose you expect it of me." I always sympathize with these, and would gladly fall into their views. Amy, do let us make a non-kissing compact company, and see how many of our acquaintances will join it. The rules would not forbid a kiss after a long absence, nor would it interfere with lovers' kisses or anything of that sort, but only combat the custom of daily greetings by osculation.

I feel quite sure that woman's friendships would be firmer and more durable if they would abandon all such heavy demands upon it. Do you agree with me?—London Truth.

### Ink Plant.

There is a plant in New Granada known as the "ink plant," the juice of which serves, without the least preparation, as ink. The writing at first appears red, but in a few hours assumes a deep black hue. Several sheets of manuscript, written with this natural ink, became soaked with sea water on their journey to Europe, but when dried the writing was found to be still perfectly clear.

A Cincinnati woman, enraged at her husband, determined to ruin him financially. She "shopped" all day and piled up bills to his account to the amount of \$3,000.

## NEW YORK LETTER.

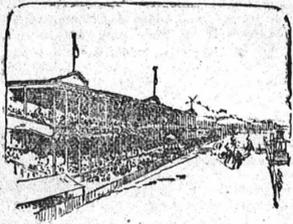
### WHAT IS OF INTEREST IN THE BUSY METROPOLIS.

**The Suburban and Its Winner—Kicking Over the Census—A Chance for the Tilden Library—The Church and the Saloon.**

Special New York Letter.

Americans in the past have read with amazement of the great excitement in London over the Derby races—of parliament adjourning, and business being suspended while statesmen and business men joined the thousands thronging to Epsom Downs to see the races. In the past few years, however, racing has taken as deep a hold upon the average New Yorker as upon his cockney brother across the sea. There is not simply one, but at least half a dozen race tracks in the immediate vicinity of this city, and it must take a big patronage to support them all.

By common consent the Brooklyn Suburban at Sheephead Bay track has come to be considered the great racing event of the year, and is generally known as the "American Derby." The race this year caused unusual excitement, and it was in every respect a model contest of the kind, the finish being close and

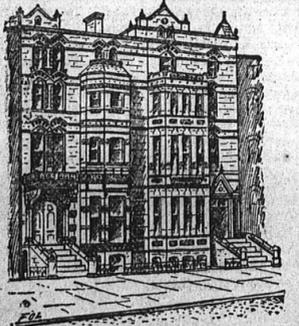


THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY TRACK.

the time the fastest ever made for the purse. It is estimated that at least \$1,000,000 changed hands on the result, for, in spite of laws and police, betting continues to be one of the chief elements of excitement and interest in connection with racing. That "Salvator," the winner, is a great horse there is no doubt, and he made one of the greatest races ever seen on an American track. The triumph of the thoroughbred is short, however. While trotters hold their fame for years—in fact, grow faster and greater until they are well up in their teens—it is rarely that a race horse lasts for more than a season. The last year's favorites are scarcely heard of this year. It is true that Raceland, winner of last year's Suburban, was in the race, but he had few backers, and nobody conceded him even a place. It strikes me that this briefness of the racer's triumph is rather against the sport. A fellow who does not give his time to it has no chance to get up an enthusiasm or to pick a favorite; but the sport is popular, nevertheless, and continues to grow more so as the big metropolis grows bigger.

Just now everybody is howling at the census taker. The enumerators are supposed to be through with their work, but citizens by the thousands are rising up in their wrath and swearing that they have not been approached by the gentlemen of the note book and pencil. Perhaps the enumerators have taken this method of getting back at the public for all the fun and sarcasm that has been showered upon them for many weeks. This city has undoubtedly been growing rapidly, but like other big towns, it is not likely that any census can satisfy the aspirations of its partisans.

There are just two chances yet that New York will not be robbed of the Tilden bequest. The first chance, and it appears to be a small one—is that the court of appeals will finally decide the case against the heirs. The public has little expectation of this, however. The uniform legal opinion appears to be that Mr. Tilden, great lawyer as he was, erred in supposing that he could leave any portion of the fortune to be disposed of for the public benefit without specific direc-



THE TILDEN LIBRARY.

tions as to the terms of the disposal. The "Tilden trust," in this respect, seems to have been less fortunate than the ordinary "trust," which is having its way so generally throughout the country. The other chance is that the Tilden heirs, after they have won their case, will respect the wishes of their uncle so far as to carry them out as nearly as possible with regard to the library project. Indeed, I hear that this is likely to be the upshot of the whole matter when the courts and lawyers are through with the case.

The cost of liquor to Americans is not less than \$500,000,000 annually. Senator

Blair estimates it at \$800,000,000, or nearly three times our entire Federal revenues. Saloons are generally not complaining of bad times. If they were to close for a year, and every other source of the supply of fire water be cut off, we could pay off the national debt in two years and have enough money left to build a high school building in every county.



THE CHURCH PRETTY EMPTY.

At the same time it can not be denied that churches are languishing. It is not probable that the religious edifices of the United States attract one-quarter as many people as they would hold on any Sunday. So obvious is this vacancy that every church convention and association complains of and bemoans it, and committees are appointed to investigate the popular disinclination to church going and to suggest a remedy. The proposed remedies are not novel or startling, and they are generally ineffective to produce any result.

Some, like Henry Ward Beecher and his radical brother, Thomas K., David Swing, Talmage, and others, have endeavored to counteract the tendency by making the religious edifice more attractive in a material sense by introducing trees and flowers and brass bands on Sunday, and billiards, chess, and other harmless games on week days, while some of them have hired a chef or caterer and set up a regular cookery in the basement.

Others have striven to entice non-attendants of a scientific cast of mind by catering to the scholarly intellect and striving to give exact information concerning stars and flowers, stones, antiquities, mammals, mollusks, molecules, and chemical affinities. One orthodox church, at least, has added to its attractions a freedom of inquiry never before permitted, the clergyman inviting skeptics and all hearers to participate in the services to the extent of asking questions and entering into a limited debate concerning the truth of propositions laid down from the pulpit. This experiment has proved quite as enticing as was anticipated, for the church is full every Sunday—as full as the average saloon; but there is thought to be a falling off in that devoutness which accompanies only unquestioning acceptance. Debate and piety do not go well together.

The question which the church of all denominations is asking itself is, What shall we do to induce the public to attend



SALOON PRETTY FULL.

service every Sunday and help support it? And it is a question which will be answered only by that evolution which results from experiment.

Concert gardens in this city are open every Sunday evening—hundreds of them—and single saloons furnish lager beer and other drinks to polite and well dressed ladies and gentlemen in greater numbers than attend any ten churches. Mr. Talmage contemplates starting a soda fountain in the vestibule of his spacious tabernacle, but this will be only a partial offset. What will the end be? HOWARD.

### Juries and the Press.

E. L. Godkin, the editor of the New York Evening Post, in his article in the July Scribner on the "Rights of the Citizen to his own Reputation," says, on the invasion of the right to privacy by the press: "Juries, as I have said, are the real centers of the press, and juries are apt to be made up of men who, though they will punish actual damage to a man's reputation, are not disposed to make much account of mere wounds to his feelings or his taste. The influence on manners, too, of the eagerness of notoriety is inevitably great in a society in which there are no distinctions of rank and no recognized social grades. In truth, there is only one remedy for the violations of the right to privacy within the reach of the American public, and that is but an imperfect one. It is to be found in attaching social discredit to invasions of it on the part of the conductors of the press. At present this check can hardly be said to exist. It is to a large extent nullified by the fact that the offense is often pecuniarily unprofitable."

## WITCHES IN THE SOUTH.

Dirge Have Not Believed to Have Been Caused by Them Among the 'Coon Dogs.

In Wayne county, N. C., of which Goldsboro is the county seat, many of the inhabitants believe in witchcraft as firmly as they ever believed in States rights, and are as willing to sacrifice their lives on the altar of their superstition as they were to die on the plea of a mistaken patriotism.

The Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and other Southern States abound in so-called "witch doctors," who will cure your ails and kill the witch that is troubling you. Some of these doctors actually believe in the personal existence of witches and in their supernatural power, but many of them are frauds who make a living by imposing on the credulity of their neighbors.

The negro race is naturally superstitious, but the poor white "crackers" are also ignorant, and for believing in spooks, spirits, hobgoblins, and other natural phenomena they can give the colored man cards, spades, and aces, and then beat him. The cracker is worse than the colored man because he fondly imagines that he is so much shrewder, and so he does not use what brains he has, nor does he try to learn anything. He has thousands of signs, omens, cures, and beliefs that are a continual source of annoyance to him, and perpetually keep him in a state of dread. The simplest incident is one of sinister and occult meaning to him, and he is ever in a tremor lest ill luck and misfortune overtake him.

The evil influences manifest themselves in various ways, and each one seems worse than the other. His gun occasionally hangs fire and refuses to "go off" properly, and at times is so badly deranged that it cannot be discharged at all. At other times his favorite coon dog is bewitched by some evil-minded and envious person, and then the woe of the cracker is something painful to witness. If his gun were not bewitched, why could he not kill a squirrel with it? And why should his dog refuse to hunt coons, when to hunt coons was his business? These are questions that he can answer only by assuming that a witch has been influencing him and his property.

He employs a witch doctor, to whom he pours out his tale of woe and yields up his hard earned cash. The doctor cares little for the woe, but the cash is grateful and exhilarating. The doctor is sanguine, and declares that he has a method of killing that is strictly original, copyrighted, and warranted to be effectual. In one case that I came across the doctor learned that an old woman living several miles away was the suspected party, and he commenced a campaign against her. He told the victim to go to her house some night and stretch a white cotton string around the building, and tie the ends together with a "weaver's knot." Then he was to walk around the house seven times each way, recite a given sentence in front of each door while making mysterious marks on it, and the cure would be completed. The directions were followed, and I am happy to say were effectual, as the next hunt resulted in the death of three coons.

Another time a small powder was given, which must be swallowed by the witch without her knowing it. The old lady was invited to dinner, the powder placed in her cup of coffee, and the cure was as complete as could be desired.—Philadelphia Times.

### Mrs. Langtry's Business Ability.

But by far the ablest woman we have ever seen in America is Mrs. Lily Langtry. She is the only woman who has ever succeeded in making every man she dealt with feel his comparative weakness. They all admit that—all her managers, her leading men, her agents in her speculations. On Pine street, among the real-estate men, she is looked upon as the ablest speculator, considering her means, who ever gambled in New York real estate. Time and again she has carried off bargains that made the shrewdest men—even the managers of the Astor estate—bite their nails. Then, see the money she has made by a profession for which she has no talent, and in which she rose by force of will. See how she has husbanded her beauty, working like a nailer with out-of-door exercise, and all the other self-denying means that preserve a woman's beauty. I don't like Mrs. Langtry—I'm too old-fashioned and conservative—but I can give you the names of the shrewdest men who write plays, or manage theatres, or speculate, that they may confirm the assertion that she is the ablest woman New York has ever known.—Chatter.

### Buying a Wedding Trousseau.

In buying a trousseau I advise every young woman to commence with underwear, gloves, hosiery and such articles as do not change much in a year, while the hats and gowns should be the last selected, as then one is more apt to have the latest styles. Too many gowns for one's position in society, and two few pieces of underwear, etc., is a better reverse. It is customary for a bride to provide table and bed-linen and all toweling necessary for her prospective home; but this part of the outfit I do not include in my present list. If the bride, to be, can save a trifle in the buying of her wardrobe, she will find that a small sum is convenient to have to expend in pretty things for her new home, which cannot rightly be included with the furniture. In furnishing a home it is a wise plan to buy for the kitchen first, then bed-rooms, dining-room, and lastly parlor; for one may do without many things in a parlor, but "where is the man who will do without dining?"—Emma M. Hooper, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## NATURAL GAS.

Reasons for a Steady Decrease and Final Extinction of the Supply.

Though the natural combustible gases are destined to speedy exhaustion, there effect on the economic methods of our civilization are certain to be enduring, says Prof. N. S. Shaler in the Arena, writing on the subject of rock gases. The use of this new fuel has accustomed the public to a better method of bringing burnable material to the factories and dwellings than has been pursued since the dawn of civilization. It will certainly be a matter of surprise to the future historian of the economic science of our day that we have so long persisted in the practice of bringing crude fuel to our furnaces and domestic fireplaces and have patiently endured the trials which smoke, dust and ashes have imposed upon us. It is not to be expected that any of the thrifty cities which have enjoyed the advantages of rock gas will be willing to return to the ruder processes of firing which they have so long abandoned. Nor is it likely that other rival towns will be content to accept the deprivation of this good which their geologic conditions force upon them, provided any economic method whereby artificial gas may be furnished them can be devised.

The invention of water-gas seems to provide an art by which we may hope to supply a vaporous fuel at a cost which will little exceed the average tax laid upon consumers by the companies which pipe the rock gas to many of the western towns. This form of fuel is produced by passing steam through large vessels containing incandescent carbon in the form of anthracite coal; the result is a mixture principally composed of one atom of carbon and one of oxygen known as carbonic oxide, together with hydrogen. The water of the steam is, in fact, decomposed, the oxygen combining with the carbon and the hydrogen remaining uncombined. When burnt at the point of use the carbonic oxide (CO) takes up from the air another atom of oxygen, forming carbonic dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>) and the hydrogen also combines with oxygen, forming water. These processes give rise to the evolution of a great heat. By enriching the gas with the vapor of petroleum or other hydro-carbons, the material may be made to afford an excellent light. Although only one-fourteenth of the weight of water-gas is hydrogen, this element is extremely valuable in giving heat to the flame, for it yields caloric in burning in larger share than any other known substance.

The question now arises how far this resource afforded by gaseous fuel drawn from the earth is likely to endure. Some observers of an overconfident turn of mind are disposed to think that the supply is to be permanent, but all the evidence points to the conclusion that the supply is of a very temporary nature. Owing to the fact that the gas has to creep through interstices of the grains which compose the rock in which it is contained, the pressure and consequently the amount of gas discharged steadily diminishes from the day the well gives access to it. The rate of this decrease varies, as may be conceived, according to the permeability of the rock and the original amount of the pressure; but in the end the supply from every well is exhausted. New wells in the same neighborhood may at sufficient distance from the original boring, give access to other parts of the field, but in a relatively brief time a large area may be exhausted. At the existing rate of demand for these light and heat-giving gases, it is doubtful if in fifty years from the present time they will have any place in our economies, and in the regions of most extended consumption, as in western Pennsylvania, it seems quite certain that the exhaustion of the store will be accomplished in much less time. In estimating the probability of discovering strata containing gas at depths below the levels to which the search has been carried, we must remember that the deeper the deposit the more likely it is that the materials have undergone great changes in their character—changes which would have been likely to expel the gaseous material from the beds. In a word, the conditions which led to the formation of the gases which are of value as sources of heat and light are common, but those which lead to the effective storage of the materials are of seldom occurrence. It is, therefore, safe to say that this, the last great economic resource afforded by the under-earth, though a precious, is a most fleeting gift.

### To Bridge the Bosphorus.

There need be no more Leander-like or Byronic swimming across the Bosphorus if the project contemplated by a French engineering company be taken up seriously and carried to completion. This plan comprises nothing less than the construction of a colossal bridge, 300 meters, or 872 yards, long, over the historic and picturesque channel that flows between the shores of Europe and Asia, connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Buxine. The project has been talked of any time these twenty years, but it was not considered that the bridge would be useful enough to justify the enormous expense which it would entail. The points already designated for the construction were Roumel-Hissar and Anatoli-Hissar, and it is considered that if now constructed it would act as a link in the local railway system, eventually paying for itself in a satisfactory manner. The French engineers who are thinking of undertaking the construction of the bridge would make it with one arch only.—London Telegraph.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Machine poetry looks more composed when it comes from a typewriter.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Let us consider the thing soberly." "All right. I'll wait until you are ready—to-morrow, say!"—N. Y. Sun.

Talking of a National air, the strongest this country is able to furnish seems to be the cyclone.—Philadelphia Times.

A bank is an institution into which you put confidence and money and draw out your confidence.—Philadelphia Times.

He—"You never call me 'Birdie' any more." She—"Still I think you are just as much of a jay as ever."—Terre Haute Express.

"Hammock dresses" are announced for summer wear. Something that a girl can slip out of easily, we presume.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—"O, dear, this is simply awful! I can't see a single thing." He—"I'm a little better off; I can see a hat."—Harvard Lampoon.

He—"I am sure you would like my brother." She—"I have no doubt I should. I am told you two are so different."—The Epoch.

He—"My income is small and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof." She—"I don't live on the roof."—Chatter.

"James, I am cleaning house, so be a good fellow and beat the carpet as usual." "No, I think I'll shake it this year."—Philadelphia Times.

A new company for the culture of cork has been formed in this country. It should have no trouble in floating its stock.—Binghamton Republican.

Chumley—"I say, Grumly, what's wrong?" Grumly—"Fired!" Chumly—"Fired?" Grumly—"Yes, came to the office loaded."—Philadelphia Press.

Bilious—"I sleep in feathers, but I believe it's unhealthy." Tuffnut—"What's that? Look at the spring chicken; see how tough he is."—Boston Herald.

At the Garden Concert—"Won't the gentleman take a seat inside? It rains so hard." "O, no, thank you; we have lids to our beer mugs."—Flying Dutchman.

Tailor—"And you want this thick piece of leather sewed into the trousers?" Customer—"Yes; I am canvassing for a religious publication."—Boston Herald.

Young Lady (tailor-made)—"Take my seat, please." Old lady (near sighted, but grateful)—"Thank you, sir. You are the only gentleman in the car."—Boston Budget.

Mrs. Fangle—"What is Mrs. Gababout's reputation as a charitable woman based upon?" From Behind the Newspaper—"Upon her willingness to attend to other people's business without charge."—Bostonian.

Tommy—"Papa, what is a crank?" Papa—"O, we call a peculiar, eccentric person a crank." Tommy—"And a base-ball crank is—" Papa—"A base-ball crank is a man who will not go to a game."—Boston Herald.

"Of course," said Jinks, "I am an anti-slavery man, but I would like to see a messenger boy put up at auction just once." "Why?" "It would be interesting to see him when he was going, going."—Washington Post.

St. Peter (at the gate)—"Well, who are you?" Applicant—"I'm Dr. of Boston." St. Peter—"Sorry we can't admit you, but there is absolutely nothing for you to do. You see, we are immortal."—Harvard Lampoon.

Mrs. Gazzam—"Fred, is Mr. Snively a Christian?" Gazzam—"O, yes." "How do you know?" "Well, I've heard him talk through the telephone every day for six months without the assistance of profanity."—Bostonian.

Good Minister—"Pride and vainglory are weaknesses found only in the human race. The lower animals never have them." Mrs. DeAvnoo—"O, you are mistaken. You should see Fido put on airs over the baby."—Raquet.

Creditor—"May I ask whether you ever expect to meet your indebtedness?" Hardup—"Meet it? Why, Great Scott, man, I meet it every time I go into the street! Don't you throw it into my face often enough?"—Harper's Bazar.

Bank Cashier—"That was a grand sermon of Dr. De Good's on 'Thieves in High Places.'" Bank President—"Yes, but seems to me I've heard that sermon before somewhere. I wonder where he stole it."—N. Y. Weekly.

Visitor—"I don't see anything remarkable about this girl. She seems to me to be just an ordinary uneducated woman." Manager—"Yes, that's so; but she is the woman who bosses the eight-foot giant."—Terre Haute Express.

He—"Here are your caramels, and now I suppose I will take those kisses you promised me." She—"Did I promise you any kisses?" He—"Of course you did, darling—great Scott, I've got you mixed up with my other girl."—Terre Haute Express.

Visitor—"I notice that you confine yourself to foretelling the future, and do not reveal the past." Clairvoyant—"Yes, it is so much easier. Somebody is sure to know all about the past, and they know as little about the future as I do."—Lancet Mail.

Mr. Scales—"You say you are going to leave the grocery business because you are tired of hearing men complain about high prices and growl about the expense of living; but where can you go that you will not hear such complaints?" Clerk—"I'm going to get a job as bartender."—N. Y. Weekly.

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**SATURDAY, AUGUST 2.**

The first election in the state of Wyoming will occur September 11.

At McGill College, Canada, three of the five medals were carried off by lady students.

Senator Teller has introduced a bill giving a pension of \$2,000 a year to Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont.

Farmer Funston does not seem to be going down this week. On the contrary he seems to be bobbing up serenely.

There will be no need of a southern boycott; common sense will prevail and the federal election bill be allowed to die.

The Topeka News is the only fairly independent paper in the Capital city. All others seem to slavishly submit to the dictation of some party or faction.

An elephant went off from Sell's show the other night, and was followed by a camel, making the second Topeka Campbell that went to see the elephant in one week.

The last number of Harper's Weekly contains a large illustration accompanied by a lengthy article on the new University of Topeka, to be erected by the Methodists.

With one swoop of his number nines Farmer Funston lifted the Lawrence papers clear from the ground. Now is the time for them to give Farmer Allen a lift in return.

Prof. C. A. Swenson of McPherson, now in Sweden, is becoming prominent as a candidate for Congress in the Seventh District. He is a member of the legislature, an honest, talented man who would do credit to the republican party, and to the state.

"Were They Sinners?" the new novel recently published by The Authors' Publishing Co., and written by a brother of the author of "Looking Backward," is one full of interest and surprises, and has some of its scenes located in Topeka.

Next to the passage of an act relieving the country from the original package outrage, the next most necessary act of congress should be the absolute closing of the United States mails to all matter relating to lotteries, including letters, prints, newspapers and all advertising matter that mentions them.

Sam Crawford publishes a letter in the Topeka Capital. If Sam will take the advice of disinterested friends he will keep out of sight of the public. Every time he hobs up everybody thinks about that big pile of money he gets from the state for doing nothing, and then they all get mad at him. Some day, if he does not keep still and out of sight, the Kansas people are going to cut off his revenues.—Lawrence JOURNAL.

Another victim, the third this year, has dropped from the state house into eternity. On Saturday a workman on the dome, while turning a nut home, slipped his wrench, lost his balance, and fell over a hundred feet. A net or a stage that might catch such victims would be more expensive to the contractors than men's lives.

While Congress is working to alienate the North and South against the efforts of such men as Senator Plumb, who does not favor the election force bill, the Farmers' Alliance is doing more to break down the sectional prejudices that have been and still are the bane of the nation than all that has been done before. The towns and rustles from the hills and valleys of the north and south are showing more real statesmanship than the united wisdom of a dozen congresses.

It is not likely that any federal election bill will pass this Congress. It will injure no one if it fails. It was conceived in passion and bad spirit. If Congress will simply do something to suppress the original package crime and the Louisiana lottery swindle, it will be about as much as we can expect and more than will really be done. Of course there will still be much swagger and bluster.

Mr. Meserve will remain superintendent of Haskell Institute. Nothing could be more proper. The Lawrence politicians who are attempting to take the management of this school out of the hands of the government should be made to know their place. Their insufferable presumption has already met with far more forbearance than it deserved. The ordinary ward politician is never able to see that the city, state and national governments are not all run in his interest. All must bring grist to his mill. The great pity is that the pot house politicians of this country cannot be thrown into a mill and ground into a condition of decency.

The Capital makes a very serious blunder when it attacks Mr. L. L. Polk as it does. Mr. Polk is president of the National Alliance. He has been speaking in this state and has really spoken well and often with wisdom. He was a Confederate soldier, which is now nothing to his discredit. No one denies that he is now a good loyal citizen. In fact he is doing good work in harmonizing the two sections. It was a work that statesmen, if we had had them, should have done a quarter of a century ago. But aside from this Mr. Polk is advancing popular interests in a regular and legitimate way. He is doing it eloquently and systematically. If there are those who believe he is in error, he is ready for an issue to be made and an appeal taken to the people. Not long ago ex-Gov. Crawford published in the Capital a miserable attack upon Mr. Polk and the alliance. The senility of this article was such as to make it a boomerang for the use of the alliance. The Capital's editorial articles on this line are not much better. Why not recognize the fact that a great popular wave is sweeping over the land? It has been gathering force for years. Its mutterings might have been heard everywhere. To be sure it has been a crude, unorganized power. But where tyranny has been overthrown it has been by such force, as often as otherwise. The common people are advancing today just as they have advanced in other ages. It is the old contest of the People against Privilege. The struggle presents not a thing that is new. Conditions and circumstances slightly change the face of it, that is all. We read of these struggles in history and our sympathies go out with the people. The Prerogatives claimed in this day by capital and legalized interests, that are in effect legalized and protected robberies, are no less subversive of the general welfare, than were the prerogatives claimed by medieval kings. Liberty and equality may not be one and the same. They are, however, things or condition of growth. Compared in different ages they are seen to be relative. The liberty of one age would be tyranny in another. It is the duty of statesmanship to keep up with the procession. We may not approve all the methods, but with the aims and purposes of liberty as typified in the people, even when less intelligent than our own, we will generally be in sympathy. In many minds this sympathy may long remain dormant, or they may hurl stones, as the Capital and other hide-bound partisans are doing, without knowing what they do. Some morning these same vigorous partisans will rub the dust from their eyes, and wonder that they could have so looked through a glass darkly. We condemn the violence of anarchists. We oppose the attempt at socialism, in its popular meaning. We doubt the policy of strikes and lockouts and boycotts. We war upon trusts, upon all attempts to block the free current of trade and industry. But we realize that all these, and more, are simply effects of a vicious system, and not the first causes. National evils result from wrongs somewhere. The true policy is to seek for and apply the remedy.

Wars and rebellions are the order of the day in Central and South America.

**Secretary Rusk is in Earnest.**  
Secretary Rusk proposes to knock out the last prop under the English restrictions against American live cattle; and to this end he last week took the field in person against the few obstreperous Long Island milk vendors who have for so long a time prevented the issuing of a straight bill of health for the entire continent. He directed a raid upon these gentry last week which indicates that his work is at last to be made of this disease in its solitary remaining stronghold. True the cattle of the main land, and especially our exports, are subject to no real danger from the few chronic cases existing on the island, but still form a peg upon which England can hang her compulsory slaughter order and realizing this the secretary has gone vigorously at the task of cleaning up the last remaining vestige of the disease. Gov. Rusk is not the man to be beaten back in such an undertaking; and now that he personally inaugurated a war to the knife, the gazette has, for the first time since the rejection of the cattle growers commission bill by the house of representatives, confidence in the early extraction of the American cattle growing industry. A little of the same nerve and courage shown by the secretary of agriculture, while governor of Wisconsin, in scotching anarchists of Milwaukee, will soon free us from the abomination forced upon the farmers of the United States by this nest of isolated eastern obstructionists.—Breeder's Gazette.

**Free Reading Matter.**  
There are various schemes for supplying reading matter at a trifle above actual cost.

What would you think if you could get good literature free?  
Drop a postal to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A. A., T. & S. F. R. E. Topeka, Kans., and ask for copy of To Mexico by palace cars.

You can also procure free copies of "A Santa Barbara Holiday," "Guide to San Diego Bay Region," "Las Vegas Hot Springs Guide," and folders relating to Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas.

### Books and Magazines.

Mrs. Lyman Abbot, wife of the successor to Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church, is to become one of the editors of The Ladies' Home Journal, on September 1st next.

Babyland for August is a welcome visitor. The little folks would admire this delightful companion if its visits should cease. Only 50 cents a year. D. Lothrop Co., Boston, Publishers.

Our Little Men and Women is especially suitable for children just beginning to read. The August number is filled with short stories, verses and pretty pictures. \$1 a year, 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Co., Publishers, Boston.

The Pansy (edited by "Pansy") has several contributions from the pen of its famous editor, in the August number. Children from eight to twelve will enjoy this magazine. \$1 a year. The publishers, D. Lothrop Co., Boston, offer a specimen to every reader of our paper.

An English edition of The Ladies' Home Journal is to be brought out in London on a scale never before attempted by an American magazine; and Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, proprietor of the Journal, and Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor, sailed for Europe last week to perfect arrangements.

At the time of General Fremont's death he was engaged upon a paper for The Century's forthcoming series on the California Gold Hunters. It was to be entitled "Finding Paths to California," and was not only to deal with the several exploring expeditions, but to narrate the writer's intimate connection with the events which led to the conquest and occupation of the territory. The work will be promptly continued by Mrs. Fremont. A first draft of the article had been made, and the subject had been so recently and closely discussed by General and Mrs. Fremont that she will have no trouble in completing the manuscript, for she had already written an introduction. A portrait of General Fremont from a daguerrotype of '49 or '50 will appear in the September number, along with portraits of Commodore Sloat and Stockton, "Duke" Gwin, and Governor Burnett, in an article giving account of "How California Came into the Union."

Henry Cabot Lodge writes on International Copyright in the August Atlantic. His article is worth studying. Professor N. S. Shaler shows the manner in which he believes the college could be brought into closer touch with the aims of the ordinary student, namely, the gaining of a living. Miss Murfee's Felicia and Mrs. Deland's Sidney continue their course. The poetry is particularly good. Mrs. Fields has a sonnet; Mr. Whittier a three page poem on the town of Haverhill; and Dr. Holmes ends his installment of "Over the Teacups" with some verses entitled, The Broomstick Train. The Salem witches, he tells us, petitioned to be released, but when the Evil One allowed them their liberty, they played such mad pranks that he called them together and, for punishment, made them pull the electric cars.

"Since then on many a car you'll see  
A broomstick plain as plain can be;  
As for the hag, you can't see her,  
But her you can hear her black cat's purr.  
And now and then, as a train goes by,  
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye."

But to appreciate the verses, not six but the twice sixty lines should be read, as full of snap and sparkle as the "Witch's eye" itself. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The August Magazine of American History is filled with a pleasing variety of able and popular papers. To the end of time this magazine, as now edited, bringing constantly to light fresh and invaluable material and leading in every important branch of history, will be prized in bound form on library shelves, above any other periodical of the century. The opening illustrated paper, this month, "Historic Houses and Revolutionary Letters," is written in felicitous style by Robert Ludlow Fowler. It contains extracts from hitherto unpublished letters and documents relating to stormy scenes in the most exciting period of our country's annals. "Glimpses of Log-Cabin Life in Early Ohio," is wonderfully realistic and delightful. The editor contributes a concise and most welcome epitome of the career of Major General Ebenezer Stevens, the subject of the frontispiece, and Dr. Prosper Bender discusses "The French Canadian Peasantry." The "Prospects of the First American Edition of Shakespeare," a curious antique treasure, appears in minor topics, and "Sixty Yearmarks in the World's Progress," furnishes a list worthy of careful preservation. The several departments are richly diversified. 743 Broadway, New York City.

**Cuts and Wounds on Horses.**  
Mark Lane Express says that an excellent application for wounds on animals is an ointment made as follows: Four ounces of lard or vaseline (the latter is the best), two ounces of Venice turpentine, mixed by melting; in this is stirred one oz. of acetate of copper (verdigris) in fine powder, until mixture is cool. It is applied by means of a feather. Carbolyated vaseline is kept at the drug stores for this use and is also useful.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
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**G. A. R. Encampment at Boston.**  
For the G. A. R. Encampment which meets in Boston, Mass., August 10th to 16th, the Union Pacific has made a rate of one first class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale from August 6th to 10th inclusive, good for going passage from August 6th to 13th inclusive, and for return passage on trains leaving Boston August 12th to 20th inclusive, allowing until August 25th for return to destination.

For those who do not care to return as soon as August 25th a joint agency for the extension of tickets has been established in Boston, and those applying to this joint agency may have their tickets extended until September 30th, 1890. The Union Pacific is in every way the most desirable route for comrades to take who are going to the encampment. It not only has the finest vestibule trains, consisting of magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman Palace Dining Car and Pullman Colist Sleepers, but runs on fast time and makes close connections in Union Depots with all eastern lines.

Another feature to be considered is the fact that baggage can be checked through from starting point to destination, thus avoiding the annoyance of rechecking at the Missouri River. Agents of this Company will upon application furnish more detailed information relative to rates, tickets, time of trains, etc.

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The surest way to have clear jelly is to let the juice drain through a flannel bag, without squeezing it.

The republicans in Nebraska did not dare express themselves on the prohibition question. For this act of cowardice it is sincerely to be hoped that the party will be defeated in that state. If the Farmers' Alliance shall be able to do this it will do well. The prohibition party should now push on its work. When republicans claim to be the champion of prohibition they can hurl the claim back with a force that will knock their teeth down their throats.

### Household Hints.

Boiled potatoes ought to be laid out on a plate, and are then as good for frying or mashing as when freshly cooked, while if left heaped up, will spoil in one night.

In buying fruit jars for small families it is better to get pint jars. They cost a trifle more for two dozen than a dozen quart jars, but a pint of fruit will usually be all eaten when a large part of a quart will be left and often wasted.

Most men say that it is easier and cheaper to buy canned goods as needed than to bother in preparing them in hot weather, but every woman knows that home made preserves, if well made are far better than factory products.

Instead of wetting biscuits that have been left to be warmed over, put them in the oven closely covered with tin. But to make biscuits is of all bread, the most toilsome and extravagant, and they after all, are thought to be unhealthy.

To make preserves successfully, fruit must be fresh and firm, good sugar in sufficient quantities must be at hand, the jars must be good and the rubber bands fresh. After use, a rubber band becomes porous, and consequently the air penetrates the jar and the fruit ferments. It is impossible to keep fruit in a wholesome condition in a jar with an old band.

Piccagli.—Mrs. Handy.—A good recipe for piccagli is as follows: Fifty small cucumbers, five quarts small string beans, eight small carrots, one dozen sticks celery, four red peppers, three green peppers (without seeds), two heads cauliflower, chop fine and soak in salt and water over night, wash and drain thoroughly and pour over hot vinegar spiced with mace, cinnamon and allspice; turn off vinegar and seal until safe to discontinue, as you would for any pickles.

The Catholic Advocate says, about this hot weather: Don't cook three times a day; you who have only one "maid of all work" or who do it all yourselves. A good way to keep from having it to do, is to follow a plan a very systematic intelligent business woman adopts which saves her strength and patience. In the cool of the evening she gets together all the vegetables she feels will be needed for the next midday meal, and prepares them ready for cooking. In the morning she makes a roaring fire and prepares the morning meal, while that is cooking the dinner is all put in range, and with very little, if any, replenishing, that she cooks both meals, and with a little care and attention—if it is desired the vegetables can be kept moderately warm until noon. Cold food is preferable to hot. No more fire to warm the house—everything is cool until next morning.

The Buffalo Union and Times has a good recipe for making pickles which has been thoroughly tested. Wash the cucumbers, which should be fresh from the vines and all of one size, and put them in a three gallon jar. Upon them put a cup of salt and enough boiling water to cover. Pour this off in twenty-four hours and scald again with more salt and water, repeating this for three days. On the third day, boil vinegar to which is added a third water, several green cabbage leaves and a small piece of alum. Scald the pickles in this, not allowing them to boil. They will be crisp and beautifully green. Put them in fruit jars, adding to each jar a half clove of garlic and whatever spice you like. If you add sugar, do it very sparingly, as it causes pickles to shrink and wrinkle. Cover them with hot vinegar—not boiled—and they will keep for years. Never allow any one to take pickles from vinegar with the fingers, it will invariably cause the vinegar to die and the pickles to spoil.

### Points of Interest.

Both fancy poultry, and their eggs had a great boom this Spring.

Keep finely divided charcoal constantly on hand for your poultry, a good sized box full. It is purifying and helps their digestion.

Breeding in and in is a common cause of the deterioration of hogs. The mating of those closely akin is as deleterious in animals as it is in human beings.

Set a hen in a low nest, upon the ground if possible, in a place removed from the glare of bright light. That is what the hens like best. The sitters should be kept apart from the layers, so they will not be annoyed by them.

Keep a good sized chunk of rock salt where your live stock can get at it all times. This is the best way, but at least salt them plentifully once a week. A piece of rock salt in the feed troughs of dairy cows is an excellent thing.

Do not neglect to lay in a good supply of clover hay for your poultry in winter. To feed the dried clover hay, chop it fine, in pieces less than an inch long; then steam it, add a little salt and mix it with bran or other soft food and feed warm.

Do not neglect the planting of corn for fodder for your milk cows. Farm stock no longer have all out doors to range in as they did when the country was new; and the pasture becomes exhausted in late summer. Southern corn and the larger varieties of sweet corn are well adapted to this use.

J. D. H., of Wyoming, says in the Rural New Yorker: Give me the kind of buildings best suited for this climate, a flock of 600 hens, and I will declare a larger dividend at the end of the year's business than the average Orange county farmer, with his fifty acres of land and twenty cows fed on brewer's grains.

A skunk farm is certainly something new in the live stock business. Yet two farmers of Livingston county, New York, have gone regularly into the business of raising this kind of live stock. They rear the animals for the skin and fur, the odor being thrown in, and have found the industry so profitable that they are adding to their grounds.

### Dairy Notes.

Never use the milk from a sick cow. The milk is the first thing to be affected when a cow gets out of condition.

The Orange County Farmer gives the "cow doctor" a whack. It says every town has one, and it is a great misfortune. It is, it is.

The thoroughbred feeder will make even a scrub herd, if the cows have any merit at all, do better than a scrub feeder can make thoroughbred herd do.

Do not waste feed. Profligate feeding, so far as profits are concerned, is as bad as short feeding. Observe an economical liberality, if we may be allowed the expression.

Are you and the cow on intimate terms of friendship? If not your cow is not doing as well as one might be made do. A cow does her best only for her acknowledged friends.

Are there not families in the city who would be glad to buy their butter of a private dairy? asks a correspondent. Undoubtedly, we reply; but we do not know of any practical way of finding them.

A full grain bin and an empty cow are found on the farms of some of the people who say there is no money in dairying. There is no money in that kind of a dairy, never was and never will be.

How many pounds of food shall I give my cows? asks a subscriber. No one can answer that question but your-self or some one who knows all about your cows. It is a matter that must be determined by experiment.

John Gould says that many farmers do not know whether their dairy is the chief or contributing industry. Many farmers would be, we desire to say, a good deal better off if they knew how much money their dairy was losing them.

Do not forget to salt the cows. It is claimed by some that two ounces of salt a day will increase the yield of butter. We cannot say how true that is. It may do so by aiding digestion or otherwise putting the system in better shape to do its full work.

An old statistical paragraph says that Boston in 1862 paid one million dollars for milk, and three millions in 1885. How much will it be in 1892, and 1902?

A noted Western cattle breeder says that "breeders have passed the time when they aim to grow steers first and then fatten them." They feed to grow and fatten all along the line.

Unruly cattle on a farm are very troublesome; but the cause is not hard to find. It is almost invariably, poor pasture and semi-starvation. Why shouldn't a hungry animal jump fences or push them down?

No farm animal will make a surer return in proportion to care given than a cow. Good care to cows will be the way out of the agricultural depression, in connection, of course, with enlightened marketing of dairy products.

Dairying and tobacco growing are agricultural types of the useful and the useless, says the Massachusetts Ploughman. Dairy products have a quick market, and the land and the people are improved by it; tobacco is the sport of speculators and manufacturers, and its use breeds nastiness, and filth, and degeneration first, last and all the time.

To destroy moths and other vermin—Dissolve alum in hot water, making a very strong solution; apply to furniture or crevices in the wall with a paint brush. This is sure destruction to those noxious vermin, and invaluable because easily obtained, is perfectly safe to use, and leaves no unpleasant traces behind. When you suspect moths have lodged in the borders of carpets, wet the edge of the carpets with a strong solution; whenever it reaches them it is certain death.

### Why I Married Mrs. Gillgall.

I am only a plain, blunt farmer, but I think I'm as good as the most of people. I don't try to put on airs, I don't try to appear to know more than others, but I pay my honest debts, and when I do this I think I ought to hold up my head.

And, I might add, I do hold up my head. Ten years ago, I took a notion, by way of variety, that I would sell a new patent hay fork. I had been amongst hay and hay forks all my life, and I flattered myself that I knew a good one when I saw it.

Therefore I took the agency for this particular hay fork and located in Northfield, the county seat of Jackson county.

Before I go any further, I wish to state that at that time I was a bachelor, yes, more, I was an old bachelor, for I had arrived at the age of forty-five. I had several love episodes, but somehow I had never married. I thought I loved vehemently once, and I thought that the object of my affections returned my love with the same vehemence; but the young lady had parents, and, as in numerous other cases, those parents were thick-headed and unreasonable, and they strode between me and my love. The old man informed me once at the front gate of his residence that I need not come again, as they looked higher for their daughter, and that no common clothopper should ever have her hand.

This was exasperating, but on account of the great love I bore to the daughter, I forbore punching the old man's head. I believe I was angry enough to slay him on the spot, and probably I would have done so had it not occurred to me that if I should slay him and afterward wed his daughter, I would then be a father-in-lawless orphan.

But I didn't slay anybody. I went away with a sad heart, and with the tears welling up as well as they could. I also went with the determination of finding out if there were not as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught. I had heard this remark, and went away with the intention of finding out if there was any truth in it.

I had not recovered from the shock when the aforesaid agency was offered to me. I accepted it in the hope that the change and excitement of selling hay forks would in a measure cause me to recover from the blow. The gentle Mary wrote me a letter full of tears. I could see them on every page, and they had run in on the lines and covered the words so that I could hardly read them. She said that her father was a tyrant, that her mother was a tyrantess, that she would remain single all the days of her life for the purpose of making her parents feel unhappy, and that "she had anorored her hopes to this perishing earth by the chain which her tenderness wove," or words to that effect. She made several other remarks about her progenitors which I shall not repeat.

As I have said several times before, I went to Northfield and embarked in the hay-fork business. I sought a boarding-house and found one on Walnut street. The house was kept by Mrs. Gillgall, and as that lady will figure in this sketch, I will give a brief description of her. She was a fine-looking woman, slightly inclined to embonpoint, and of a very cheerful, happy disposition. When I went to board with her, however, I did not notice the admirable qualities which she possessed. She had two daughters, Jemima and Arabella, and I immediately became interested in them. They were kind to me, they treated me with great respect and consideration, and I concluded that I could not do better than to marry one of them, and take her down to the farm, so that she could raise poultry, make butter, and be happy.

Jemima was the older, and I reasoned that as I was somewhat advanced in years, she would probably suit me better than Arabella. Our courtship was brief. In two weeks after I had decided to make love to her she had accepted me and made me a happy man.

The next month, speaking figuratively, Jemima and I lived in a bower of roses. We sat on the piazza in the cool of the evening, and bulled air-castles on the golden sands of the future.

About this time an artist came along and took lodgings at Mrs. Gillgall's. He went out in the daytime and made pictures of the everlasting hills, the murmuring brooklets and the woody dells, and in the evenings he tried to be agreeable, and talked to Mrs. Gillgall's daughters.

I didn't feel comfortable. I could see that Jemima was being drawn away from me, and I was worried and vexed. I looked upon the artist—Thomas Tompkins—as an impostor, and on two or three different occasions I was on the point of telling him so.

I thought the man might have had some respect for my feelings. I thought that if he wanted to make love to one of the Gillgalls he should have made love to Arabella, and not have tried to alienate Jemima's affections.

Matters stood thus when I was called to attend to business down at the farm, and it was with some misgivings that I went. Before I did go, however, I charged Jemima to remember that she was engaged to me, and not to be carried away by the smiles of an upstart who made pictures, wore long hair and combed it behind his ears. I told her that I firmly believed there was nothing in him.

Jemima poked at me. She said I was a foolish boy, and that I ought to know her well enough by this time to believe that she always remembered her promises, and that she was as true as steel. I was absent ten days, and when I returned I saw nothing of Jemima.

"Where is she? Oh, where is she?" I demanded.

"Where's who?" said Mrs. Gillgall, trying to put on an unconcerned look. "Jemima—my Jemima! Is she ill?" "No, she's not ill, but she's gone." "Gone! Gone! Where? How? How? Speak, Mrs. Gillgall! Speak immediately! I'm in torture!" "Oh, Benjamin, don't take on so," said Mrs. Gillgall, pityingly. "I shrink from telling you all."

"Well, tell me a part, then; don't keep me in suspense," I exclaimed. "Where is Jemima gone, and what is she going to do when she gets there?" "Benjamin," said Mrs. Gillgall, "I am sorry to crush you. I shrink from wounding your feelings, but Jemima has gone off and got married to Thomas Tompkins, the artist."

"Oh, you don't say so!" I exclaimed. "Perfidious wretch!" Then I sat down on a chair and felt as if life were hardly worth living. I was crushed, disconsolate. But I recovered. Arabella was a sympathizing kind of a girl, and she endeavored to console me.

"I know," she said, "that Jemima acted badly; yes, even inhumanly, but if I were you, Benjamin, I'd cheer up. This world isn't a thorny waste nor a howling wilderness. Look around you—see the bright sky, the blooming trees, the laughing sunlight, and all such as that. What's the use of being cast down and feeling like as if your friends had all departed for the other shore when others are standing near and endeavoring to console you? What's the use of brooding over the past and looking at the angry storm clouds when you can just as well gaze at the glorious sunlight and listen to the cooing of the innocent doves? Remember, Benjamin, there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

I can look back now and see it all. That girl was just trying to lead me on. I had made a dunce of myself by proposing to her sister, and now she wanted me to make a dunce of myself again and propose to her.

And I did make a dunce of myself again. She seemed to be so tender and so sincere in her sympathy that I opened my heart and gave her the place that her perfidious sister had occupied.

We were engaged. Again I was happy. I fully believed that Arabella loved me and sympathized with me in my trouble, and I felt that it was fortunate for me that I had lost Jemima, because by so doing I had found a prize of inestimable value.

Again I was obliged to leave Northfield on business. This time I had to go to Burlington, which was probably three hundred miles from the home of my beloved one. Before I went I asked Arabella if she would think of me every day and remain faithful.

"Why," she replied with an elevation of the eyebrows, "you don't think I'd act as Jemima did? You're such a uneasy kind of a dear little boy," she added. "Of course I'll remain true to you, Benjamin. When I say I'll love a man I'll do it, no difference what turns up. Yes, Benjamin, go and attend to the business which calls you away and remain happy in my love. I'll be true to you—I'll stand by you. I'm as firm as the everlasting hills."

I departed in a comfortable frame of mind, for I felt sure that Arabella would remain true.

While I was away I planned that as soon as I returned I would have Arabella set the day for our marriage. As yet nothing had been said on that subject, but I thought that as there was danger, in delay, I would broach it as soon as I returned to Northfield.

I transacted my business in Burlington as rapidly as possible, and then with a glad heart sped back to Northfield. The train arrived at midnight, and I stopped at the railroad hotel until morning. After breakfast I hastened over to Mrs. Gillgall's. The hours had been days since I had arrived in the town, and I was exceedingly anxious to see my betrothed wife and clasp her in my arms.

I went straight to the dining-room. Mrs. Gillgall was alone, and was eating her breakfast. "Isn't Arabella up yet?" I inquired. "Sit down, Benjamin," she replied. "Is Arabella sick?" I inquired. "I was growing anxious and uneasy. 'I haven't heard from her for two days.'" "You haven't had breakfast yet, have you?" continued Mrs. Gillgall. "Sit down and have something to eat."

"Yes, I've had breakfast, and I won't sit down until I know about Arabella. Speak, Mrs. Gillgall. Why don't you answer me? Has anything happened?" "I always did hate to wring anybody's heart," replied Mrs. Gillgall. "Can you be calm, Benjamin?" "Be calm! Thunder and lightning! Mrs. Gillgall, what has happened? Is she dead?" "No, but she's married."

"Great Jehoshaphat!" I exclaimed. "Is she married too?" "Yes, she married Sam Spriggins day before yesterday. Sam came in and said she'd got to go along with him and get married, and she went. Sam said you shouldn't have her, and Arabella said she supposed it was foreordained that she should have Sam, and there was no use in fighting against foreordination."

I was stunned. "Well," I exclaimed, "these Gillgalls are queer people. They have gall enough for anything."

Just then it occurred to me that Mrs. Gillgall was a handsome woman, and besides that she had always acted honorably. I felt sure that I should always respect Mrs. Gillgall, and I knew I could love her.

I dashed down the side of the table on which the widow was sitting, up setting

a cup of coffee and a bowl of gravy. Then I grasped her hand. "Mrs. Gillgall," I exclaimed, "will you be my wife?" "Goodness, Benjamin! What do you mean?" "Just what I say," I replied. "Will you marry me?" "Poor fellow!" she murmured, partly to herself and partly to me. "The trouble has unbalanced his reason."

"Unbalanced nothing!" I exclaimed. "I'm all right. I must have a Gillgall, and you're the best of the lot. What do you say, Mrs. Gillgall—darling Deborah—will you be my wife?"

"Well," said the widow, "I hadn't intended to marry again, but my daughters are both gone now, and you seem to be a nice man, and—"

"And—"

"Yes, I'll marry you, Benjamin." I kissed her vehemently, and upset some more dishes in doing so. We were married the next day. Deborah wanted the wedding postponed until the next month, but I wouldn't listen to that. I had had enough of postponed weddings in that family.

It gives me great satisfaction to state that Thomas Tompkins and Sam Spriggins proved to be idle, worthless fellows, and that Jemima and Arabella have to struggle valiantly to keep the wolf from their doors.

Deborah and I are happy, and I have never regretted that I married the mother instead of either of the daughters.

Oats are to domestic animals what wheat is for man, the best species of grain. The chemists have never done them justice, because they contain some active property that escapes analysis, yet tell on the strength and nervous vigor of horses and cattle alike.

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## THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Few Words on the Important Subject of Raising Poultry.

Profits Cannot be Expected to be Large During the First Two Years.—Stock and Dairy Items—New Buckwheat—Garden Notes—Household Hints.

### Profitable Poultry.

There is money to be made in chickens, but beginners can not expect to get rich at it for the first year or two. Usually it takes that length of time to learn the first lessons of poultry raising. A great many young people go into this branch of farm work, imagining it is easy compared with other departments of farm labor, and that it pays better and sooner. Such impressions are likely to be followed by disappointments. The successful poultryman needs capital to begin with; plenty of grass and woodland; a thorough knowledge of his business, and then the willingness to work indefatigably at it.

Poultry raising is now divided up into two general branches. One man makes a special business of raising nothing but fancy fowls for the market, while another breeds the common stock. There is no doubt but fancy fowls pay better than raising the ordinary birds that have no great name and good points. There is quite a demand for fancy birds for breeding, and even in the ordinary markets of our cities they command high prices. As a rule their meat is of superior flavor and tenderness, and, like the canvass-back ducks, they are sought after by the epicures. Their eggs for breeding purposes frequently sell for several dollars a dozen, which if there is a steady market for them, would make the business a paying one. But breeding fancy poultry has its discouragements and drawbacks, too. The field is a limited one, and is nearly full now of active competitors. Longer study and experience with birds are demanded, and great care and vigilance in tending them. They bear less neglect than other fowls.

By ordinary or common stock I do not mean poor breeds of fowl, nor mongrels; but the practical, everyday breeds, which go about their business to lay eggs and to fatten up well for the markets, without strutting around to show their "fancy" feathers and shapes. Many kinds of breeds are included in this list, and every poultryman knows what ones are good, practical layers. In selecting breeds for laying it may be laid down as a universal rule that the best breeds are those which are best suited to the climate in which they are kept. Different localities require different breeds, and to this may be due the conflicting reports from all parts of the country concerning certain well-known kinds of poultry.

### Mutton vs. Beef.

Mutton can be produced cheaper than either beef or pork. Ten lambs can be grown in six months that will dress as much meat as a steer at two years of age. They will consume no hay or grain, simply pasture, but the steer has to be pastured two seasons, fed hay two winters and grain one. The lambs consume no more grass than the steer does in his second summer, and when sold they bring more money. In case of the lambs the money is returned in six months and the steer in two years. The first cost of the lambs is not so much as that of the steer, for their ewe mothers produce fleeces to pay their way, while the steer's mother has to be raised to at least two years of age without paying anything. In comparison with the cost of pork, properly grown on good clover pasture, and not wholly on grain, there is not so much difference, but still it is in favor of the lambs.

### Large Rye Crops.

Rye is much more neglected than wheat, but, like many other neglected things, including men, will respond to good treatment, as well as those that absolutely require it to do anything at all. It is harder than wheat, not subject to Hessian fly, or as we know of to any other insect enemy. Rye will produce something under neglect, while with wheat such treatment must lose both seed and what little labor has been bestowed. It does not require much nitrogenous manures, but pays for phosphate and potash as well as any other grain. There are many more large crops of rye this year than of wheat, and it is a peculiar season when this is not the fact.

### Grape Culture.

The horticulturist of the Agricultural Department in Washington gives this valuable hint to those intending to engage in grape culture: The distinguishing peculiarity of a good grape climate is, primarily, that of an entire absence of mildew on the foliage. The presence of water or moisture on the leaves is necessary for the extension of mildew, therefore the best grape climates in this country are those of greatest immunity from dew.

### New Japanese Buckwheat.

Japanese buckwheat, of both a single head and a field, is comparatively new in this country, it having been introduced about seven years ago, a few seeds having been sent to a New Jersey man at that time. On trial in New Jersey it proved to be much superior to any variety grown here. Its kernels are larger than those of any other variety, and the product very much in excess. Sown side by

side with the Silver Hull, the best variety next to the Japanese, under precisely the same circumstances as to soil, preparation of the same, manure, etc., it yielded almost double the quantity and was a week earlier. On account of its branching habit, it does not require to be so thickly sown as the other varieties. The flour made from it equals the best in the market. It is hardy and can be grown successfully as far north as Northern New England.

### Stock and Dairy Items.

Scalded bran makes an excellent food for pigs. A little corn meal added improves it. Thin it down with skim-milk or butter-milk.

It is estimated that for fattening hogs one bushel of corn is equal to three bushels of oats, and that when fed dry, shelled corn is more economical than corn meal for hogs, especially if the cost of grinding is taken into consideration.

Damp, wet locations for sheep are promotive of foot rot, and damp quarters at night causes colds. A sheep very quickly succumbs to disease, and too much care cannot be given the flock in providing dry quarters, shade and fresh water.

One of the evils of breeding is that of exchanging males between neighbors. It is only a system of inbreeding, and no improvement can be made by it. The males should come from the best stock, and should in no way be related to the females.

When the farmer churns his milk and sells butter he does not deprive his soil of fertility. The buttermilk may be fed to swine and poultry with profit, but when meat and eggs are sold the fertility of the soil goes also. Nothing robs the soil faster than selling milk, and unless the farmer procures fertilizers or buys a large proportion of bran and linseed meal his farm will deteriorate.

There is no doubt of a great waste of butter fats by the setting of milk. When the temperature is reduced to 45° or below, and held there, and not allowed to rise above 45° for twelve hours, the cream will all get up. But if the temperature rises up to 50° or above, then the milk should stand fully twenty-four hours. When the conditions for the cream-riasing are unfavorable, it is advised to put less milk into the pans or cans, to put cold water into the milk, and, if possible, to surround the vessels with cold water. A common mistake is made to put cold water about the cans, and when it is warmed by the milk not to remove it and put more cold water in its place. This should be done several times to insure the best results.

### Hints to Housekeepers.

Coffee boiled longer than one minute is coffee spoiled.

Boil clothespins in clean water once a month, and they will be much more durable.

Warm dishes for the table by immersing them in hot water, not by standing them on a hot stove.

Open canned fruit an hour or two before it is needed for use. It is far richer when the oxygen is thus restored to it.

Clean carved ivory with a paste of dampened sawdust and a few drops of lemon juice. Lay it on thickly, allow it to dry, and then remove with a nail brush.

Add a tablespoonful of borax to a pan of hot soapsuds; put your table silver in it, and let it stand two hours. Rinse it with clear water and polish with a soft cloth or chamois.

Bronzes may be plunged into boiling water until warm, then cleaned with soap-suds and dried with old linen cloths. If this is ineffectual try bees-wax and turpentine, rubbed on and off with clean soft cloths; sweet oil, and polishing with a chamois is another remedy.

"The proper way to brush the hair," says a well-known hairdresser, "is not to brush it lengthwise, but to hold the ends of the hair, if it is long enough, and simply scrub the scalp with the brush. This process promotes the circulation of the blood and excites the oil-glands to action." After the hair has been thoroughly brushed in this way, it should then be finished with a few vigorous strokes lengthwise of the hair.

### Garden Notes.

The Beauty of Hebron, once the leading potato for early crop in these parts, still maintains its character for reliability and good quality. It never misses a good yield.

In good rich ground—and none other need be used for turnips—August is a good month in which to sow them. Purple strap leaf is a favorite sort, but for keeping, many sow with them the yellow globe.

It is very difficult to kill some forms of fungi. The spores of the fungi that cause club-foot in cabbage have stood the test of a temperature of twenty degrees below zero and the heat of an oven while roasting a leg of mutton.

Because some plants are partial to moisture, it does not indicate that such plants must be grown in a wet soil. There is quite a difference between wet, undrained soil and soil that retains only sufficient moisture to be of advantage to the crop.

### True Enough.

"Why don't you wear your glass eye now, as you used to do?" asked the humorist's wife, addressing her husband. "Because it hurts me in my profession, love." "Hurts you in your profession. Why, how can that be?" "It is not an original eye, dear."

## QUAY'S FLORIDA ADVENTURES.

Nearly Bitten by a Rattler and Sung to Sleep by a Mermaid.

The Senator had some thrilling adventures during his sojourn in Florida. About a month ago, after catching six tarpon, he left his son Dick, who had shot seven deer, in charge of Mrs. Quay and the two younger daughters, and started in a steam yacht, the Corinne, in a cruise around the peninsula, from the mouth of Indian River to the west coast. His companions were Capt. Ben Sooy of Atlantic City, Col. Shepard of Chicago, and Col. Hersh, a retired Florida planter. Their course lay south along the east coast, around the southern end of the peninsula, and northward along the west coast. During the voyage the Corinne was storm-bound for several days in the New River, a stream which for several miles runs parallel to the sea and so close to it that only a narrow strip of sand separates the salt water from the river.

One day the Senator, followed by his three companions, was walking over this sandy ground, along a path half overgrown with vegetation. Col. Quay stepped carelessly over what he supposed was a palmetto root. Ben Sooy, who was scarcely three feet behind, saw the palmetto root suddenly rise in air, open a cavernous mouth, and dart out a long red tongue between two ugly fangs. He and his companions yelled with all their might, and the Senator turned about to see a rattlesnake six feet and six inches long about to spring. The warning came in time, and the rattlesnake was speedily killed with clubs. The dried skin, shrunk and shrivelled as it is, looks hideously formidable as it rests upon a stand in the Senator's library.

The Senator had also an adventure with a mermaid. With the same companions he one afternoon rowed some distance up a beautiful stream, apparently an outlet from the Everglades into an arm of the sea. The place was many miles from any human habitation, and was wildly beautiful. As dusk grew on the boat started to return to the steam yacht in the bay. As it glided down the stream the voyagers were suddenly arrested by a weird, unearthly sound, which at first seemed to be like the noise made by a steamer blowing off steam far out at sea. At least that is the way it sounded to Senator Quay, but Sailor Ben Sooy thought it sounded like the droning of a bee. The sound grew more distinct as the boat advanced, until at one spot it seemed to all four voyagers like the mingling of an aeolian harp with the notes of a distant organ.

The deep tones of the imaginary organ seemed to blend in perfect harmony with the breathing of a breeze upon a taut string. The sound could be heard only in one spot. Those in the boat thought it must be a fish, but if it was a fish persistent prodding of the water with oars and with the anchor failed to drive it away. The story of the strange sound was told to the crew of the yacht, and they unanimously pronounced it a ghost. Late that night the mysterious sound was heard on the yacht. It filled all the air and pulsated throughout the cabin and fore-cabin. The Captain and crew, thoroughly terrified, hauled up the anchor and steamed away from the place as fast as they could. A scientist connected with the Smithsonian Institution afterward told Senator Quay that the sound was caused by a very rare species of fish.—*Philadelphia Press.*

### Bismarck and Grant.

I must say that in olden times our wandering citizens who visited Berlin met with a very kind reception at the hands of the Chancellor. This was especially the case when Gen. Grant came to visit the German capital. Prince Bismarck called upon him in the most friendly and informal style, amazing the American party not a little by the boldness and freedom of some of his remarks. For instance, he was asked if his son, Count Herbert, was married.

"Oh no!" answered the Prince; "he is too busy making love to the wives of other men to think of selecting one for himself." The history of the divorce of the Princess Elizabeth von Carolath Bentzen, which followed only a few years later, gave point and confirmation to this remark. The valets of Prince Bismarck were much amazed the next day when a plain, sturdy gentleman, sheltered beneath an umbrella from the pouring rain, without equipage and without attendants, came to call upon their master, and they learned that this informal visitor was no other than our famous ex-President.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

### A Huge Butterfly.

One day when off the savage island of Malaita of the Solomon group, Mr. Woodford and others under the protection of sentries, went to bathe in a pool. While in the water he saw a huge butterfly coming slowly along the beach, and hurrying out as he was, he seized his net, dashed off, fell over the stones, rose again, and just in time to catch the fly. What a picture!

"I leave it to my ardent entomologists," he says, "to imagine my feeling." He had "rediscovered the long-lost Ornithoptera Victoriana," and why should he not feel like Alexander on the Granicus or Hannibal at Cannae.

These "bird-winged" butterflies are some nine inches across the wings. One is blue with a yellow body, another is velvety black and metallic green. They excel in size, but other kinds wear equally magnificent raiment, and make glorious forest beautiful.—*London Spectator.*

## THE TERROR OF BATTLE.

Explanation of the Causes that Produce Panics in Time of War.

During the war we used to read of companies falling back, regiments giving ground, and brigades becoming demoralized, and the average reader took it for cowardice and openly expressed its contempt. No man ever went into battle twice alike. No company, regiment or brigade were ever situated twice alike. A man may be very brave in one battle and very timid in the next. His physical and mental conditions have much to do with it. A private soldier knows the position of his entire brigade in a fight. If the position is a strong one he is encouraged; if the flanks are exposed or the defenses are weak he is nervous and apprehensive.

It is a grand stake the soldier plays for in a battle. If he wins he may live on until the next fight. If he loses he gets a headstone in a national cemetery. I cannot make you understand the situation better than to give you personal experiences. The great majority of soldiers had the same feeling and passed through the same experiences.

At first Bull Run my brigade gained ground for several hours. This, with a small loss of men kept us encouraged. Indeed, it was hard for the officers to restrain us. Every man was hopeful and determined, and any single company would have charged the regiment. The panic had upset thousands before it touched us. Indeed, the retreat had been going on for two hours before we got word. We were well in hand and ready to advance when the news reached us. In five minutes every man was shaky. In ten minutes men whose faces were powder-stained were sneaking out of the ranks to gain the rear. In a quarter of an hour half a company of Confederates could have driven the whole brigade like a flock of sheep. I saw men cry like children. I saw others tremble and sit down from weakness. Every fresh report added to the feeling of terror, and by and by pride and discipline gave away to a grand rush, and it was every man for himself. No one cared whether his comrade was ahead or behind. This was called cowardice, but it was not. It was panic—the terror of battle—a senseless but powerful something which seizes the bravest men and makes children of them.

In the streets of Fredericksburg I saw Federal soldiers discharge their muskets into the air, when the enemy was within point-blank range. I saw plenty of them drop on their faces, and tremble, and groan, and cry. This was a case where every man saw the hopelessness of attack. He felt that he was pushed forward to be shot down. There was no way of retreat until the lines should fall back. On the other hand, the Confederate troops posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Mayre's Hill joked and smoked and were in the highest spirits, feeling themselves secure from bullets, and knowing they could beat back any force. One of them told me that after taking a dead aim on thirteen different men and dropping every one of them he refrained from firing for the next quarter of an hour out of sheer pity for the human targets being shoved up to meet death.

At Malvern Hill my regiment lay in the dry bed of a creek at the foot of the elevation. It was a natural rifle-pit, and sheltered us so well that we had only a slight loss in killed and wounded. As the Confederates charged across the field we felt to pity them. We poured in our volleys without fear of danger in return, and out of five Confederates who rushed into our lines in their bewilderment three were crying and sobbing. It wasn't cowardice but terror. No coward could have been induced to march across those meadows in the face of that terrific fire from cannon and musketry.

At Cold Harbor, after beating off everything in our front, and while most of the men were cheering, some one started the report that the Confederates had gained our rear. Two thousand men broke back like a lot of boys, some even throwing their guns away, and the jeers of other troops had no effect until the frenzy had had time to evaporate.

At Gettysburg my regiment had the cover of a stone wall, and we knew that we were well supported. We hoped for a charge, and when it came every man was cool and calm and confident. One band of prisoners numbering about thirty, was led past us on their way to the rear, and I noticed that many were crying and all were white-faced. I have seen the best soldiers and the oldest fighters win their medals in one battle and show the white feather in the next. I saw a second lieutenant almost cry for the privilege of leading a charge at Antietam, and yet at Chantilly he fell in to a ditch and pretended to be hit so as to drop behind in the charge. Cowards never go to war. If they get into the ranks through the draft they desert or commit suicide. It is only the brave men who face the grim monster on a field of battle, and next to the foe his worst enemy is a terror which seizes him as a chill or fever might come on, and there is no remedy for it except to get away from the screaming missiles of death until one's nerve and sand returns.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"She—'Charlie, dear, what do you suppose causes so many divorces?' Charlie (who has just been accepted)—'I haven't studied the question carefully, but I should say it was wholly due to the prevalence of marriage.'" "Then suppose we simply stay engaged."—*Boston Beacon.*

## WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE.

An American Girl Marries a Rich German Baron.

A wedding event that attracted much attention during the past week in social circles throughout the country, as well as in official circles in three nations, was that of Baron von Zedtwitz, the German minister to Mexico, and Miss Lena Caldwell, of Baltimore, Md. Miss Caldwell is a sister to Miss Gwendoline Caldwell, whose engagement to the Catholic University of Washington, and subsequent romantic entanglement with Prince Murat, of France, has made her well known throughout the world.



BARON ZEDTWITZ.

The ceremony was performed in the chapel of the Catholic University in Washington, and a special dispensation was secured to permit of the use of the chapel, as Baron von Zedtwitz is a member of the Lutheran Church.

Baron von Zedtwitz is well known at Washington, and there was a distinguished party of guests present at the ceremony, among whom may be mentioned Secretary Blaine, Minister and Mrs. Romero, Baron Fava, Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefoot, and the Misses Pauncefoot, Senator and Mrs. Vance, Mr. and Mrs. Bakhmetoff, Count Sala, Mr. de Struve, Dr. Ruth, Mr. William Acklan, Miss Berry, Mrs. Dolph, Mrs. Loering, Mrs. Handy, Miss Litchell, Mr. Woodbury Lowery, Miss Lowery, Miss Stout, Colonel Anderson, Miss Anderson, Mr. Hitt, Minister and Mrs. Carter, Mr. Rouston, Minister Murauga, and Mrs. Richard Nixon.

After a wedding breakfast at the Arlington Hotel the Baron and Baroness von Zedtwitz left for the City of Mexico.

### A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

The Handsome Present Given to the Wife of the President.

All the country has been talking of the seaside cottage presented to Mrs. Harrison by a number of wealthy gentlemen. Among the contributors are said to be Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, Mr. A. H. Hamilton, of the Shoreham Hotel, A. J. Drexel, the noted banker, Postmaster General Wanamaker, and ex-Senator William J. Sewell. Just what the cottage cost only two men are said to know, and they won't tell. It is situated at Cape May Point, N. J., and is one of the finest buildings of the sort on the lower New Jersey coast. It is located directly on the beach near the light house at Cape May Point, and commands an excellent view of the entrance of the Delaware Bay and a sweep of the ocean.

The house is built of wood, of slate color, quite dark, lightened and warmed up here and there along the comb of the roof and at other points with a touch of red. It fronts to the south, full upon the sea, from which it is separated only by a pair of broad easy flights, having its landing half way and its turn in the middle. And this staircase is of antique oak, the rest of the interior woodwork of the house being of poplar, retaining all the beauty of its natural color, undisguised by paint.

A tremendously wide hall is a feature of the house. Its further end opens into the dining room and kitchen, while the



A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

parlors and a large reception room open from the sides.

There are three fine rooms on the second floor, besides two smaller ones, and a nursery, where young Mr. McKee, as master of the house, will exercise his dominion when not rolling on the sand or floundering like a young merman in the water. On the floor above are additional sleeping rooms, making up the full complement of twenty; but the special feature of the third floor is the great room the full width of the front, 40 feet by 19, with lofty walls, though all the rooms are lofty, and designed particularly for a billiard room, the President being an expert player and the game one of his favorite exercises.

There is no gaudy display in the furnishing, but the house has every modern convenience, and is a comfortable, plain, and thoroughly characteristic American seaside home.

The internal revenue collections in this country show that as a people we are drinking more whiskey and eating more bogus butter than ever. Why an increase should be shown in these different lines of consumption is a mystery. Whether whiskey drinking begets a longing for oleomargarine, or the use of this article in excess drives a man to drink, is an interesting problem.

**He'd Had No Show.**



Joe Beall 'ud set upon a keg  
Down to the grocery store an' throw  
One leg right over 'tother leg.  
An' swear he'd never had no show,  
"Oh, no," said Joe;  
"Hain't had no show."  
Then shifts like muggins to the spot,  
An' 'chaw, an' 'chaw, an' 'chaw.  
He said he got no start in life,  
Didn't set no money from his dad;  
The washin' took in by his wife  
Earned all the funds he ever had.  
"Oh, no," said Joe;  
"Hain't had no show."  
An' then he'd look up at the clock,  
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.  
"I've waited twenty year—let's see—  
Yes; twenty four, an' never struck,  
Altho' I've scroun' patiently.  
The first tarnation streak or luck,  
"Oh, no," said Joe;  
"Hain't had no show."  
Then stuck like muggins to the spot,  
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.  
I've come down regerter ever day  
For twenty year, Piper's store;  
I've sot here in a patient way,  
Say, hain't I, Piper? Piper swore,  
"Well, ye, Joe,  
Yer hain't no show;  
Yer too dern patient"—ther bull raft  
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.  
—Yankee Blade.

**PHYSICAL EXERCISE.**

**WITH SYSTEM AND SENSE WILL PROLONG YOUR LIFE.**

**Frank Girard's Experience in Thirty Years of Athletics—How He Made His Son One of the Strongest Men Alive.**

"You want me to tell you how boys should train to become strong?" said Mr. Frank Girard the famous trainer of amateur athletes to a N. Y. Herald reporter. "That is not very hard to do. All a boy has to do is to begin with easy work and use common sense. This is my system in brief:—  
"I never train a boy who is under sixteen years old. His muscles are not set before that time, and before a boy's muscles have been set it is little short of a crime to put him through a course of training. Sometimes I find boys of eighteen and twenty who are not fit to be trained. After I have examined a boy and felt his arms and sides and back I put him through a simple course of calisthenics.



**DUMBBELL EXERCISE.**

"I have him take two short pieces of broomstick, one gripped tightly in each hand. Then I make him extend his arms out at the side, back and up over his head, back and forward. Then I have him stoop forward to the floor and straighten himself up again, ready to repeat the exercise. I keep him at this for a week, letting him go through the drill half an hour every morning before breakfast and half an hour every afternoon. Each exercise must be followed by a sponge bath with lukewarm water and a brisk rub down with a coarse towel.  
"At the end of the week I can tell whether the boy is ready for training in the first place and whether he is worth training in the second place. If I find that he is weak or sickly or that he stands no chance of making improvement I refuse to take him. Supposing that the boy shows promise, I give him his second exercise, meanwhile keeping up the broomstick calisthenics a week or so longer. The second exercise is with the clubs. I generally use a club of my own invention which to my mind saves a man from being muscle-bound more than any other club I ever saw. All the weight is at one end, and a four pound club will swing with the weight of an ordinary six pounder, but much more easy as the distribution of the weight almost makes it swing itself.

While Mr. Girard was stripping preparatory to going through his exercises the artist made a sketch of the club and a study of Mr. Girard's right arm—an arm that more than one sculptor has utilized as a model of almost perfect muscular development.  
"The first club exercise," continued Mr. Girard, "is made with a one pound club in the following manner—I hold the club upright before me, my face with my right forearm crossing my chest. Then I lift my hand over my head,

swinging the club in a circle behind my back, bringing it over the left shoulder and down in a circle in front of my knees, with the arm extended at full length. The left hand exercise is done the same way, and with the two handed exercise one hand swings the club behind, while the other hand is bringing the club down and around in front of the knees.

"I only try the right hand exercise at first and let the left hand rest until that is thoroughly mastered. When I began training my son, although he was a strapping boy of sixteen, I gave him a pair of corn cobs for clubs and kept him at them for nearly a month before I let him try a club. While the boy is learning the club exercise I begin with a simple dumb bell drill, using one pound bells."

In the illustration at this drill the artist has combined in the picture two exercises. That marked "A" is the one just alluded to. The one marked "B" and shown by dotted lines is the most difficult of all and has great value in developing the biceps.

"This drill," went on the athlete, "I alternate with the club exercise, partly so that the boy will not grow tired of his work and partly not to develop one set of muscles at the expense of another. When my pupil has acquired the knack of using his right and left hands with the clubs I take up the second exercise, which is designed chiefly to harden the biceps. This is the way it is done:—  
"I hold the club the same as I do in the first exercise at the start, then I straighten out my arm above my head, holding the club upright, swing the



**CLUB EXERCISE.**

club back of me, and when I bring it over my shoulder before swinging it down before my knees I bring my hand down sharply to a line even with my shoulder, as a boy does when he 'shows his muscle,' then I swing down in front and am ready for another turn.

"There are fourteen different exercises with the clubs, so I will not describe them all. I gradually and very slowly change from simple to complex drills until my pupil has mastered the entire list. But I do not keep him at work solely with the clubs. I alternate at first with the bells, and soon after he has acquired the simple single and double hand exercises I take up the walk. Now, my boys do not take the ordinary kind of a walk. I teach them to draw up the arms by the side of the chest and start off at a rapid pace, with a yard stride, heel and toe gait. I start off with a mile and gradually increase the distance. This exercise develops the muscles of the thighs and legs and gives the boy's lungs a chance to expand.

"Before I begin the walk, I should say, I give the boy a drill at the rowing machine on the sliding seat. At first I make the pressure on the oars very light, and I do not introduce the walk until he can swing the two pound clubs and pull a correspondingly heavy pressure on the oars. Of course, as the training goes on, the weight and pressure are increased.

"The last exercise I regard as one of the most valuable of all. It is taken up in conjunction with the other work. I put on the gloves with my pupils, and teach them how to put into actual practice the strength lessons I have given to them. When a man spars he uses all of his muscles and his brain as well. He learns to become quick on his feet, agile in dodging from one side to the other and obtains perfect and instant control over his various sets of muscles. This control is one of the most valuable results of gymnastic training. It not only makes the members of the body available for instant use, but it strengthens the mind as well and tends to the perfect development of the man. I don't believe in fighting, but I am a firm believer in the value of boxing, and I have never yet seen a boy who was not made stronger and healthier by a judicious use of this kind of exercise.



**BACK EXERCISE.**

"The last two exercises I give with the clubs and bells are the most difficult of all, and when a boy can do them with ease I am satisfied with his progress. The club exercise is the back hand swing and is done for the purpose of strengthening the back muscles in the arm and the shoulder muscles. It is made exactly the same as the second exercise I described, except that the club passes in a circle behind the back instead of in front of the body. This also develops the muscles of the forearm,

for the swing is made entirely by a twist of the wrist.

"The hardest dumb bell exercise seems simple enough to an unpractised observer. The boy only extends his arms down and then draws them up again. But let the boy try this simple exercise a dozen times or more and he will find that a pair of four pound dumb bells will weigh about a hundred weight before he gets through.

"Now, you want some advice to would-be giants," said the trainer as he was rehabilitating himself in his street costume. "That is not hard to give. I am afraid the reader will find it harder to follow. This course of training that I have outlined to you takes about a year to complete, and the pupil is mighty apt to find it very tiresome, even when



**GIRARD'S ARM AND CLUB.**

he sees his trainer once or twice a week and is continually learning something new. If he were to go through with it at home and alone he would find it still more irksome. My first advice therefore is to work persistently and faithfully, no matter how much of a bore the exercise is. A strong man cannot be made in a week or a month or a year. The boy must build himself up bit by bit, as a bricklayer raises a wall.

"If possible he should put himself in the hands of a trainer, either in a school of physical culture or in a gymnasium and carefully follow his directions, so that he will not make the almost fatal mistake of overworking himself at the start.

"A boy should never be allowed to exercise in a gymnasium without an instructor by his side to regulate his work. I can't begin to tell you how many cases I have known where young men have actually been killed by injudicious work in gymnasiums. When a boy first goes into one of these institutions his usual desire is to try the parallel bars or rings or trapeze. He hangs on these at arm's length and tries to draw himself up. He strains in doing this the delicate tendons in his side and renders himself liable to a great variety of diseases. More than one boy has died from pneumonia and consumption from this sort of exercise, begun before he was ready for it.

"Don't begin too young and don't begin too hard. Go easy at first. Limber up the muscles before you try to harden them. Develop them uniformly.  
"If you are under twenty years of age don't smoke at all; if you are over twenty and do smoke, smoke in moderation, and above all things don't smoke cigarettes. They are death to all hopes in the athletic line.

"Eat your meals at regular hours and take nourishing food in preference to rich food and pastries. Don't drink coffee or tea and get your regular allowance of sleep.

"One thing more and I am through. You might just as well make kindling wood of your clubs, and sell your bells to some junk dealer for old iron as to drink malt or spirituous liquor. The moment you begin to take your glass of beer in the evening close up your training room, discharge your trainer and give your ambition some other turn. You never will be a strong man with drinking habits. This may sound rather severe, but in the fifty years I have lived and in the thirty-one I have been an athlete I have seen the evil effects of liquor upon men and boys during their training period. More than one promising pupil of mine has been obliged to stop because he could not let his glass alone.

"But if a boy does follow my advice and follows it patiently he will build up for himself a splendid physique that will be worth more to him when he reaches my age than all the money he could amass. It has been my experience that such a training as I have described adds ten to twenty years to a man's life and makes that life a pleasure to himself and a benefit to those who depend upon him for their support."

**He was a Fighter.**

Colonel Candler, of Georgia, tells a good story of his first meeting with Private John Allen, of Mississippi, and how the private "worsted" him in a knock-down and drag-out fight.

"I was down near Tupelo in command of a Georgia company," said Mr. Candler. "One morning a lean, lank, gawky country boy, who looked as if you held him up to the light you could see the tadpoles in him, walked up to my tent and drawled out, 'Cap'n one o' your d—n men stole my blanket an' I'm goin' to frail h—ll out n' somebody.' 'About this moment one of my men came up and said: 'Captain, it is my blanket he refers to. You know that blanket, for you have slept under it many times.'  
"Yes," I replied, "I remember it. Of course it is yours."  
"Yes," said the boy, "that's just like you d—n Georgians. One of you will tell a lie and 'tother will swear to it. Now, cap'n, if you will jist shed them stripes I'll whip you quicker'n h—ll will scorch a feather."  
"I couldn't stand that challenge," continued the Georgian. "I must be gittin' off my coat and lit into the fight. Well, if it had not been for my men I believe that fellow would have beat me to death. He simply plowed up the earth with me, and then offered to whip all my men one by one, but none of them would try him. That boy was Private John Allen, the Mississippi congressman." — Atlanta Constitution.

The sun does not rise on Mirror Lake, Yosemite Valley, until 11:30 o'clock in the morning.

**HAD SUBLIME FAITH.**

**BUT HIS BELIEF IN PRAYER FINALLY UNDIID HIM.**

**He Found that Supplication Would Not Exterminate the Weeds Nor Make Cotton Grow.**

The morning was beautiful. Dripping vines hung from the trees and the mulein stock had begun to hold up its fuzzy head. The buzzard sailed round and round, moving just the tips of his wings, and the peach-orchard shooed, squealing as he went, trotted down the lane.

An old negro sat under a tree near a field. A planter came riding along.



**THE OLD DARKEY SAT UNDER A TREE.**

"How are you, Sam?"  
"Putty well, Mr. Henly. How is it wid yo'self?"

"All right, but why are you idling away your time this bright morning? Why ain't you plowin'?"

"Wall, sah, I doan' kere erbout it."  
"Not sick, are you?"

"No, sah, an' sick."  
"Why, then, don't you go to work?"

"Caze I jined the church las' night."  
"What difference should that make?"

"Good deal o' difrance, caze I'ze gwine try pra'r er while now. De bible say, not by work less some pussion go er 'roun' an' brag er bout it, an' dar is er gre't miration made er bout pra'r, so I thought dat 'stead o' workin' dis year I would set in de shade an' pray. Tan't no trouble fur me ter pray, but I tell you what is er fack, 'sociatin' wid er mule out yander where de sun scatters his smiles gits er man down. Been er workin' yere now fur er good many years, an' an't got nothin' yit, an' doan' reckon pra'r widout work kin leave me much wos off den I is now. I'ze gwine pray dat all dese weeds out dar draps down an' dies, an' dat de fines' cotton you eber seed springs up in dar place. Den I gwine ter pray dat de rain come when it is needed, an' den 'long in de fall, I'll pray dat de cotton be picked an' ginned an' den sold an' de money handed ober to me."

"Your faith is very beautiful, old man, but when fall comes and you find that you have nothing to show but an enormous crop of weeds, you will find that your judgment was weak."

"Oh, I kain't he'p dat, Mr. Henly. De bible an' de preachers tell me ter pray fur what I wants an' I gwine do it an' ef it doan' turn out all right, w'y I kain't he'p it. As I said, I'ze tried work an' it doan' 'pear ter do no good, an' now I'ze goin' ter try pra'r. Is you got some chawin' terbarker erbout you, Mr. Henly?"

"Why don't you pray for your tobacco, Sam?"  
The old negro began to scratch his head. "Wall, sah, I b'ebbe I will, sence

"DE FINES' CHICKEN YOU EBER SEED." you speaks er bout it, an' while I'm at it I mout as well pray fur er right smart patch ter spring up ober yander an' grow de same time dat de cotton does. Good mawnin', Mr. Henly. I musn't waste no mo' time fur de season is er creepin' er long an' I must be gittin' down ter my prayin'."

Several days later Henly saw old Sam sitting in front of his cabin eating something.

"Hello, old man; what are you eatin'?"  
"I'ze grindin' up er spring chicken, sah."

"Where did you get it?"  
"Well, sah, I wuz layin' yere on de bed las' night er thinkin' what wuz good ter eat. I an' had much o' er ap-



petite fur seberal days, fur I'ze been so busy gettin' my pra'r crop in, an' all on 'er sudden' I thought dat I would like ter hab er right young chicken. Den I prayed dat one would come, an' I dozed off ter sleep. Putty soon I woke up an' yered suthin' scratchin', an' I looked up, I did, an' dar by de foot o' de bed, er rakin' an' er clawin', wuz de fines' chicken you mighty nigh eber seed. He wuz so feered dat I wouldn't wake up dat he had dun pulled some o' de kiver offen me—dragged one sheet clar down ter de foot o' de bed. I got up powerful quick, I did, an' eben when I gunter put de water on ter scal' him he didn't run er way, but danced roun' like he mighty nigh tickled ter def; an' say you know what dis chicken done?" the old fellow added, holding up a piece of the fowl; "why, he sung er tune while I wuz killin' him. He is de sweetes' meat I eber seed."

"You have found, then, that praying pays?"  
"In er measure, yea, sah. De weeds is still growin' powerful down yonder whar I wants de cotton, but da nudder stan' it much longer. Dar an't no weed, sah, dat kin stan' up befo' pra'r. Some o' 'em is dun scorched on de top, an' it an't gwine be long fo' da falls down, an' den de cotton stalk will fling up its bloom an' shout hallelujah."

One night Henly heard a disturbance in his hog pen. The moon was shining, and by creeping on low ground, Henly reached a point from which he could see all that was going on. It did not take him long to see enough. He saw old Sam throw a pig over the fence. Henly rushed upon the thief and seized him.

"Wall, fo' goodness, ef dis an't Mr. Henly. W'y wut, you doin' out dis time er night? You ketch yo' def o' col' ef you keep on, an' den what de folks o' dis 'munty gwine do?"  
"Come on here, you old thief."  
"W'y wut you call me er sief fur? Keep on dis way an' atter while I won't b'ebbe dat you thinks I'ze honest."  
"You old scoundrel, I'll send you to de penitentiary."  
"Who, me? Fur goodness' sake, what I done, Mars John?"  
"You know. What are you doing with this pig?"  
"Hol' on er minit. Dar's suthin' 'bout dis dat you doan' understand. I'll tell you how it is. Las' night my appertite commenced ter talk ter me ergin, an' de fust thing I knowed it wanted shote. I

tole it ter keep still, dat I didn't wanter pray fur shote 'caze de Lawd wa'n't much in favor o' haug meat, no how, but it kep' on an' wouldn't gib me no rest. Den I got down on my knees an' axed de Lawd ter please, sah, gib me er little shote meat, but der pra'r wasn't answered. Den I says: 'Lawd, ef you won't send de shote meat, won't you please tell my mind ter lead me ter whar I kin git some?' De Lawd done dat. He tole my mind, an' de fust thing I knowed my mind say: 'Sam, go ober yander ter Mr. Henly's. Look yere, says I, 'doan' sen' me ober dar, 'caze I lubs dat man an' doan' wanter take nothin' dat 'longs ter him.' My mind got mad den—'Come yere,' it says, an' at de same time it gib me er jerk. 'Come yere an' go ober yander an' git er shote ur I'll hurt you.' I wuz skeered, sah, caze my mind neber acted dat way befo', an' when it jerked me er gin—tore my collar, sah. See yere? Tore my collar, sho's you bo'n. Wall, I jes had ter go, fur I knowed dat de Lawd had done tole my mind what ter do. So now yere I is, standin' right here wid er man dat I has allus lubed, er 'cuzin' me o' stealin' er shote. Oh, I'ze almost er shamed o' you."

"That's all right. I'll lock you up until morning and then I'll send you to jail."

"Whut, blamin' me fur whut de Lawd tole my mine ter make me do? Look yere, Mars John, an't you jokin' wid me?"

"You'll find out when you go to de penitentiary."

"W'y, jest think er minit, man," the old negro pleaded. "jes look at demerics o' dis yere case. An't I showed you de proof, showed you where my mind tore my collar? Lissus; I wanted de Lawd ter send me some shote, doan' you understand, an' axed for it, an' de Lawd wouldn't sen' it ter me, but agreed ter tell my mind ter lead me ter it. Den my mind grabbed me an' fotch me ober yere. Dat's all dar is, an' is you gwine hol' me 'sponsible fur dis?"

"Yes, to the extent of one year, at least."

"Wall, sah, I an't got no mo' ter say. No wonder de overflow comes an' de wind blows houses erway when de white folks 'sputes de will o' de Lawd. Suthin' awful gwine happen yere; mark my word er dar an't." — *Opie P. Read, in Chicago Times.*

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"You old scoundrel, I'll send you to de penitentiary."  
"Who, me? Fur goodness' sake, what I done, Mars John?"  
"You know. What are you doing with this pig?"  
"Hol' on er minit. Dar's suthin' 'bout dis dat you doan' understand. I'll tell you how it is. Las' night my appertite commenced ter talk ter me ergin, an' de fust thing I knowed it wanted shote. I

tole it ter keep still, dat I didn't wanter pray fur shote 'caze de Lawd wa'n't much in favor o' haug meat, no how, but it kep' on an' wouldn't gib me no rest. Den I got down on my knees an' axed de Lawd ter please, sah, gib me er little shote meat, but der pra'r wasn't answered. Den I says: 'Lawd, ef you won't send de shote meat, won't you please tell my mind ter lead me ter whar I kin git some?' De Lawd done dat. He tole my mind, an' de fust thing I knowed my mind say: 'Sam, go ober yander ter Mr. Henly's. Look yere, says I, 'doan' sen' me ober dar, 'caze I lubs dat man an' doan' wanter take nothin' dat 'longs ter him.' My mind got mad den—'Come yere,' it says, an' at de same time it gib me er jerk. 'Come yere an' go ober yander an' git er shote ur I'll hurt you.' I wuz skeered, sah, caze my mind neber acted dat way befo', an' when it jerked me er gin—tore my collar, sah. See yere? Tore my collar, sho's you bo'n. Wall, I jes had ter go, fur I knowed dat de Lawd had done tole my mind what ter do. So now yere I is, standin' right here wid er man dat I has allus lubed, er 'cuzin' me o' stealin' er shote. Oh, I'ze almost er shamed o' you."

"That's all right. I'll lock you up until morning and then I'll send you to jail."

"Whut, blamin' me fur whut de Lawd tole my mine ter make me do? Look yere, Mars John, an't you jokin' wid me?"

"You'll find out when you go to de penitentiary."

"W'y, jest think er minit, man," the old negro pleaded. "jes look at demerics o' dis yere case. An't I showed you de proof, showed you where my mind tore my collar? Lissus; I wanted de Lawd ter send me some shote, doan' you understand, an' axed for it, an' de Lawd wouldn't sen' it ter me, but agreed ter tell my mind ter lead me ter it. Den my mind grabbed me an' fotch me ober yere. Dat's all dar is, an' is you gwine hol' me 'sponsible fur dis?"

"Yes, to the extent of one year, at least."

"Wall, sah, I an't got no mo' ter say. No wonder de overflow comes an' de wind blows houses erway when de white folks 'sputes de will o' de Lawd. Suthin' awful gwine happen yere; mark my word er dar an't." — *Opie P. Read, in Chicago Times.*

A German has invented an apparatus for forging sidewise the swell in front of fast-going ships, by means of steam jets from a nozzle under the water at the bow.

