F G Adams

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.

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Farmer Funston was renominated for Congress without opposition.

The senate original package bill passed the house by a vote of 120 to 93.

J J Spendlove, convicted of the murder of Gustav Werner in Topeka, and confined in jail awaiting a new trial granted by the supreme court, has been released on a $10,000 bond.

A couple of negroes caught stealing corn near Richland were arrested by a number of farmers, and as they were rough customers, were tied up with cords and taken to the Topeka jail to await trial.

Unprecedented prosperity for the industrial classes is now predicted by the politicians. This is an encouraging prospect that always comes up just before an important election. Never are but always to be blest. Put no faith in politicians.

The Emporia Daily republican is so favorable to the Alliance that the Topeka Capital finds it necessary to read it a lecture. The ring politicians of this state, and of about every state, whether democratic or republican, find it more than they can do to keep their retainers in the traces.

Secretary Blaine has great ability. He is also ambitious and he uses his ability to get position. But he evidently lacks judgment and hence he has come to be simply a political weathercock. Watching his twistings and turnings one can see that the political atmosphere is considerably disturbed.

The Topeka Capital attempts to explain away the death of the Omaha Republican. No matter if it was in debt. It stopped because it favored the prohibition amendment which the party in state convention did not endorse. The Republican favored the amendment and if the party had favored it the paper would have continued, just as the Capital was saved in Kansas. If the amendment is carried in Nebraska the republican party will be entitled to no credit for it, and if it is not carried they must stand responsible for its defeat. It is a mean position to be in.

The Lawrence Journal is doing what it can to make Crawford crawfish; it continues to make fun of Funston, and A F Allen is alienating his old party friends away from their idols, and onto his support for Congress. Postmaster Goodrich will make riches while the sun shines. Senator Barker found he was barking up the wrong tree, and Judge Thacher failed to thatch up the party roof so it would not leak. Gov Robinson robbed himself of public respect by favoring resubmission, and Sam Riggs proved to be a rigorous outrigger in rigging up the old democrat scow for a trip to Salt river.

Milton Reynolds, republican candidate elect for delegate at large, is very ill, and doubts are entertained as to his recovery.

On Wednesday morning at 6:43 William Kemmler died by electricity. One charge of the current was not sufficient, and four heavier shocks were needed to insure the result.

Senator Plumb is making good progress. He said the state Alliance made a mistake when it was in a hurry to cast Ingalls out. He too might have come up to scrath. Give them all a chance. Think of it; the senior senator may be forced to serve a term in purgatory.

Jim Hallowell's platform promises everything except prohibition. On that it says not a word. He will let his party friends in other parts of the State take care of prohibition. Everything else he promises. The farmer's alliance and the labor unions cannot ask more than his platform promises. But promises have been given just once too often. They have been given and repeated a hundred times, but never fulfilled. Both of the old parties have done it, and both have had opportunity to make their promises good, and neither one has done it, And neither one intends to do it, for on the reforms demanded both old parties are one against them, under Wall street orders.

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Self control in eating is an important matter during the heated term. Eat sparingly and of foods that thin the blood rather than thicken it. Vegetables and fruits, the latter uncooked, are most wholesome articles, bread, milk, light but not rich cake, and roasted and boiled meats, in preference to fried ones will also be found beneficial. Pie and other rich pastry is less injurious in winter; but in summer, when the system is reduced by heat, all heavy, unwholesome foods should be carefully avoided and only that which is easily digested should be offered to the stomach. The appetite does not crave these heat producing foods; which makes it still easier to refrain from using them. Some attention should also be paid to the amount of water drank, making it as little as possible. Enough to moisten the mouth is all that is necessary, and more than that simply overtaxes the stomach.

The Chillicothe Normal School and Business Institute opens Sept. 2, 1890. Money refunded when students leave school for any cause. Carfare paid by the President if things are not as represented. Private help given free. Prof. Allen Moore's NINE YEARS in Stanberry Normal,—the last six being its President,—will add every improvement possible, and make this the least expensive, and leading school of the West.

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I W Pack will start an Alliance paper in Emporia about the first of September.

Potatoes are bringing good prices now, compared with last year's prices; likewise corn and wheat.

A Sagacious Dog.

An elderly wealthy lady with one daughter lived in a large mansion in one of the interior counties. The daughter was engaged to be married to a young man of good standing.

This daughter was the sole relative, but, according to the terms of her father's will, could not inherit until after the decease of the mother.

About a quarter of a mile distant there lived an eccentric old maid, also wealthy, of whom the lady in question was very fond and to whom she made almost daily visits.

On the occasion of one of these visits, as Mrs. Blank was about to return home, she remarked to her maiden friend,—

"I don't want to go home to-night; I think something will happen to me."

Her friend tried to laugh her out of the notion, and said,—

"Why, Mrs. Blank, with all your servants what is there to fear?"

But Mrs. Blank only answered,—

"The servants are all in the back part of the house."

"See here," said her friend, "I'll give you some one to protect you."

She called a huge dog by name and said,—

"Come here! You go home with Mrs. Blank and take care of her."

Mrs. Blank and her protector departed. The dog never for one moment left her; when she arrived home, he followed her everywhere and, when it came time to retire, the dog followed her to her chamber. As soon as she had disrobed and got into bed the dog sprang upon the bed, took a position on the back side, stretched, and was apparently soon asleep.

Mrs. Blank was too nervous to sleep. Just before midnight she distinctly heard a noise as if some one was entering a casement in one of the lower rooms; she heard the steps coming from the room into the hall and then up the stairs, and yet the dog showed no sign of moving. The steps approached the door of her room, the door softly opened, and yet no sign from the dog; she heard some one approaching the bed, and then, as she afterward stated, as she lay there perfectly paralized with terror, of a sudden there was a rush of wind over her body, followed by a heavy fall on the floor, and all was still.

There she lay on the bed till the light of morning shone in, when, turning to look, she saw on the floor her intended son-in-law with a murderous weapon in his hand, and the dog lying across him, one paw on his throat and his muzzle on his face, a helpless prisoner.

There are scores of instances in this country and England where burglars and incendiaries have been baffled and detected through the sagacity and instinct of a dog.

He Bit Off his Head.

One day last week an Indian made an excursion to a mountain near Chevantzieurm, State of Michoacan, in Mexico, to look after some fuel for his hut. While cutting up a dry oak he suddenly felt a bite on the calf of his leg given in the fraction of a second. A moment later he felt, coiling around his body, the terrible folds of a boa constrictor. Instinctively he leaned his head over toward the wounded leg and was almost fascinated by the glare of two bright basilisk eyes that gleamed like two bright coals in the head of the serpent.

Quicker than a flash the Indian ducked his head and caught the neck of the reptile between his jaws, sinking his teeth in the quivering flesh and clinging to it with the desperation of the dying. The huge serpent lashed its tail and tried to twist its head in order to bury its fangs in the Indian, but the latter clung on and began to chew away at the neck of the boa, which is the thinnest and most delicate part of a snake's anatomy. After chewing for a long time the indian succeeding in beheading his antagonist, the folds dropped from around his body and the Indian was free.

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A Cleanly Race.

Although, as the small boy observed, "clean don't show" on the dusky African, yet some savage tribes are far superior in habits of cleanliness to many people who live in civilized lands. The daily bath is regarded as a necessity of life in scores of African tribes, and many of them have soap as well as water. The soap is made by placing ashes in plantain leaves folded in the shape of a funnel, then pouring water over them, which runs off as lye into another vessel, and then adding fat to the lye and boiling down the mixture. This process makes a rather dirty-looking soft-soap, but it answers its purposes pretty well. The manufacture of this soap was doubtless introduced into equatorial Africa from Egypt and the Soudan.

The Czar a Morphine Fiend.

The Czar of Russia has become such a confirmed slave to the habit of injecting morphia that he is now said to inject daily from twelve to fifteen grains of this seductive drug. When it is remembered the dose of morphia usually administered by a doctor to a patient is from a half to one grain, it will be seen how the craving has increased in the case of the Emperor Alexander. The Czar has made many efforts to break himself of a habit which must end disastrously if persevered in, but the result of total abstention from the use of the injection even for forty-eight hours has been such a terrible state of nervous debility and depression that he has not been able to persist in his vow.

An Indian ought to be easy to shoot. You can always get a bead on him.

What a place for whist a Turkish bath must be. You can get a "rubber" so easily.

Kidnappers, keep away from Matanzas. They hanged three of you there recently.

All tongues but Russian have been suppressed in Finland. Of course, women's tongues are excepted.

Now a five thousand-year-old will has been discovered which Pharaoh made. Faro to-day spares the need of making a will.

Sam Jones is going to shake the Philadelphia feathers. Philadelphia chicken are hereby warned to look out for the shakes.

Poor Mwanga, the Arabs have again turned on him, but why don't he change his name? It's all they can have against him.

Be careful about your conduct towards cats. A Virginia man hit one, was bitten in return and death completed the

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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 subcriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

IN case of a war with a foreign nation this government could raise five men to every one she had in the civil war, and that probably without resorting to the draft. Financiers say that she could also raise $50 now easier than she could raise a dollar in 1860.

THE romance of West Point and Annapolis makes thousands of boys anxious to get there, but the cold facts of a practical trial discourage three-fifths of the pupils before the second year. Only about one in five graduates, and a smaller proportion follow the profession through life.

MODERN society laughs when two individuals go out to shoot at each other as a method of proclaiming their courage and vindicating their honor; but its savage delight in the shedding of blood is aroused when two nations rush to arms against each other for the same purpose.

WHY the Amazons fight better than the regular male soldiery is explained by one who was captured by the French in a battle last spring. Each woman is promised a mile square in Heaven, three husbands, all the fish and honey she needs, and the satisfaction of killing an enemy once a week.

WHEN a gun in action drops a shell at a certain spot everybody runs away, yet an old artilleryist says that every spot is the safest, as the range is changed at the next fire and the next shell will go somewhere else. Paste this in your hat, but remember that the case is different when a boy is firing snow balls at you.

THERE is no surer sign of a more liberal civilization and a wiser world than the perception that the bounds of legitimate womanly interest and activity are not to be set by men as heretofore to mark their own convenience and pleasure. The tradition of the lovely incapacity of women reflects either the sensitive apprehension or the ignoble abasement of man.

THE English law requires that every mine shall have at least two openings, and that the location of the second one shall be arranged with especial regard for ventilation and the chance of escape in the case of an accident. If such a law had been in effect, and enforced in this country for twenty years past, the present census would have showed thousands more people than it now will.

IT is said that New York is now full of dukes, counts, marquises and other European nobles who have been compelled to leave their homes for one reason or another. This is ever so convenient for New Yorkers, who have heretofore been compelled to go abroad to chase down a title. All they will have to do now is to hang out a sign, "title wanted," and make their bargains at their own doors.

NO ONE knows better that the active workers in the profession the faults of the newspaper. They know, too, that despite all things it more than keeps abreast of public sentiment, and that it is constantly progressing and improving to a broader and more wholesome influence in the changing and advancing conditions of civilization. In this respect the newspaper need fear no comparison with the achievements of men in other professions.

NEVER before in the his tory of mankind has there been a period when the Christian world was so much occupied as it is now in making ready for war. Never before was the business of killing men reduced to so great scientific perfection. More thought is expended on the invention and construction of engines of war than upon the implements of peace. Physics, chemistry, mechanics, all arts and sciences are enlisted for the work of destruction.

LION taming, which has heretofore been looked upon as an exciting and dangerous pursuit, has been reduced to a safe and mechanical basis by the use of electricity. The lion tamer now enters the cage of the king of beasts carrying a light wand with an insulating grip for the hand connected by a flexible wire with a battery. With this device the lion is about as dangerous as a pug dog. He may look terrible and roar, but he can do no harm. Anybody can tame a lion nowadays, and those thrilling stories in which the keeper, failing to subdue the majestic animal by the strange power of his bad eye, is torn all to pieces by him in sight of the audience are tales of the past.

DICK TOBIN'S PLUCK.

"If I only had a decent gun now," murmured Dick Tobin half aloud. "Here's the shootin' season just comin' on, an' all I've got is that old muzzle-loader pap and grandpa used in their time. An' Jim Ferris says $15 will buy a dandy breech-loader down at town. It might as well be $50. Pap won't give me the money, so there's an end of it."

From the old tavern window where Dick stood the clearing sloped to the river's edge, and beyond the sparkling stream, rubbed into ripples by the rude autumn breezes, rose the forest all golden and scarlet in the afternoon sun, stretching away in sloping hillsides and sharp ridges until it faded dimly into the blue October haze. It was a view suggestive of hunting, and to Dick it was doubly tantalizing, for well he knew that over in the woods and hollows the pheasants and rabbits were rustling the dead leaves and up on the sunny slopes the quail were feeding.

Dick was only 17, but from the time he was 10 years old he handled a gun, and the free outdoor life in his mountain home had given him a perfect knowledge of woodcraft.

His father had kept the old tavern for more years than Dick could remember. It was really only a backwoods store, where the few lumbermen at the settlement and the trappers in the neighborhood bought powder and shot, tea and tobacco. Once in a great while a belated trapper or a hunter from the far-off cities stopped over night.

Jake Tobin's tavern it was still called, though no strong drink had been sold there for years. Dick's mother had died when he was a baby, and Dick had a vague knowledge that the cessation of the liquor traffic dated from that sad event.

On this particular October afternoon Dick was alone. His father was down the river salmon-fishing and would hardly return before sundown. No customer had been near the store all day, so Dick had plenty of time to think, and all he thought about was that much-coveted gun that Jim Ferris had described to him. He fully understood the possibilities of a breech-loader, for with his old musket he had missed many a fine chance through the loss of time in reloading, and he really felt as though life would in future be all bitterness without that much-desired gun. So he continued to stare very gloomily out on the autumn landscape, the little frown on his brow deepening as the faint report of a gun echoed once or twice over the distant hills—a tantalizing sound in his present frame of mind.

Presently the creaking sound of wheels caused him to forget his troubles, and, running out on the porch, he saw coming down the rough mountain road a lumber-wagon, driven by two grizzled old mountaineers, Silas Heck and Luke Carter. As they drove up to the tavern door Dick noticed in the wagon what appeared to be a big wooden box.

"Hullo there youngster! Is your pap in?" demanded Luke Carter, jumping to the ground and hitching the mule to a young sapling.

"No, he's gone fishin'," replied Dick.

"Gone a-fishin', be's he?" cried Luke. He hesitated a moment and then said, briskly, "Wa-al, I reckon you'll do jist as well. You see me an' Silas here is goin' down ter town tomorrow, an' we hev a package to put up here over night. We got a panther in that box. Catched it in a trap day afore yisterday, and we ought to git a good price for it, bein' it's alive an' kickin'. Jest tell us whar to put it an' we'll tote it right inside. It won't do ter leave it outdoors, fur all the dogs in the settlement'll get wind of it."

"Get out you brute," he cried, snapping his whip at a mangy-looking hound that had come up unseen and was sniffing about the wagon with bristling hair.

Dick looked at the big box with sudden interest. He hardly knew what answer to make, for no guest of that kind had ever been accommodated at the tavern before.

"Hurry up, youngster," cried Luke. "It's gettin' late, an' we're goin' across the river ter Bill Williams' yet ter night."

"Bring her in, then," said Dick, "an' put it in the room at the end of the hall."

Luke and Silas wanted no further invitation. With much puffing and blowing they carried the box up the porch and shoved it roughly along the hall. Dick ran ahead and opened the door. It was a small apartment, furnished with a rude bed, but there was no other place in the house, and Dick certainly didn't want the animal in the store-room. So the cage was shoved up against the wall and they all came out and shut the door.

"You needn't feed it, youngster," said Luke. "It was fed this mornin', and that'll do till ter morrow."

"They put np the mule and the wagon in the tumbled-down barn at the rear of the house, to wait on their return a couple of days later, and then started off to visit their old crony across the river, promising to appear bright and early in the morning, for they were going down to the town forty miles away, in a batteau.

They had hardly been gone ten minutes when Dick saw his father coming up the slope with a gun on his arm.

"I've been follerin' a flock of quail fur a mile back, Dick," he said as he entered the tavern, "an' I didn't get a shot. I left the boat down at the mouth of Possum run, an' I guess you'd better go down an' bring it up. Don't lose the fish. There's a pair of the biggest salmon you ever seen, an' a fine lot of bass besides." Dick started away at once, forgetting all about the panther in his eagerness, and Mr. Tobin, Sr., pulling off his big boots, was about to light his pipe and enjoy a good rest when a shadow darkened the doorway, and, looking up, he saw before him the tall, gaunt figure of Torpetus Van Kling, an old trapper who lived some miles back in the heart of the mountains. He responded to the tavern-keeper's greeting with a brief "Howdy, Jake," and, calling for a pound of crackers and a slice of cheese, he sat down on the counter and began to munch them slowly.

"Bound fur town?" asked Jake finally."

"Yes," said the trapper, with his mouth full; "goin' down fur powder an' shot."

A moment's silence, and then Jake said slowly, with an injured air: "You can buy it right hyer on the spot. You ought to patronize home trade, Torpetus."

The trapper took another bite of cracker and said slowly: "Yes, an' pay for it twict over. Times are hard, an' money is money;" and with this oracular assertion Torpetus stowed the balance of his lunch into his big pocket and rose to his feet. "Kin I hev a night's lodgin'?" he demanded.

"I 'spose, so," said Jake. "Air ye ready ter turn in?"

"Yes, I recon I am, fur I'll start afore daylight."

"Waal, the bed's ready. You kin find yure way. Straight down the hall, fust door. Mebbe you'll hev a candle, Torpetus; thar's no light, you know, only that small winder up along the wall."

The trapper scouted the idea of light, and, hanging his rifle on the deer antlers over the window, he strode off down the hall. Jake heard the heavy oaken door closed and bolted, and then he stretched himself out on the bench to wait for Dick and ruminate at his leisure on the old trapper's refusal to patronize home trade at a loss to his pocket.

* * * * * *

Possum run was a mile or more down the river from the tavern, and by the time Dick reached the boat darkness was creeping on very fast.

He spent a full minute admiring the fish, which were indeed beauties, and then started on the return journey, pushing the narrow, canoe-shaped boat rapidly up stream with a long pole.

When he staggered up the slope an hour later, bending under the weight of the fish, a bright light shone in the tavern window, and from the open door floated an enticing odor of coffee and fried potatoes.

His father was busy over the stove, but he looked up when Dick entered and asked gruffly: "What kept you so long? Go clean the smallest bass and we'll have him for supper. Whose mule an' wagon is that in the shed?" he added. "Seems ter me it looks familiar."

"O pap. I clear forget to tell you," cried Dick. "Luke Carter and Silas Heck was here while you were away an' they put up the team, and went across the river, an' they left——"

"Went across the river, did they?" interrupted the father. "Why couldn't they put up here, I'd like ter know? However, it don't matter, fer old Van Kling has the extra room. He's on his way ter town to buy powder an' shot instead of——why, Dick, what ails you? You're as pale as a sheet."

"O pap," gasped Dick excitedly as the situation flashed over him, "there's a panther in the back room—a live panther in a box. I was going to tell you all about it, and——"

"A panther in the back room. Why what do you mean, lad?"

Dick began to stammer out an explanation, but without waiting to hear the end his father pulled down his rifle from the hooks and hurried to the end of the hall. He tried the door, but the bolt was shoved. More from force of habit than from necessity the trapper had made all secure before turning in.

Then he rapped gently, calling in a low whisper, "Torpetus, air ye there? Git up an' open the door."

A drowsy response came from within. Then a bolt rattled in its fastenings, and as the tavern-keeper shook the door, puzzled to find it still fastened, an angry scream was heard, followed instantly by a heavy fall and a scuffling noise.

"O pap," Dick cried in an agony of terror, "he's opened the wrong door in the dark an' the panther's got him." The uproar suddenly increased, the old trapper's voice now mingled with the snarls of the enraged beast.

Jake threw himself against the door, but it held firm. "No use, Dick!" he groaned. "It's too strong for that. Do your best, Torpetus!" he shouted, loudly. "And now, Dick," he added, run and try the shutter, while I git upon the room an' open the trap-door."

Poor Dick hurried with all his might round to the outside, but the one window that gave access to the room was tightly barred from within. The house had been built in a time when Indian attacks were not uncommon, and every part of it was strong and substantial. With fast-beating heart he listened for a brief second to the loud outcry that still continued within, and then, as a voice called loudly, "Dick! Dick!" he pulled himself into a big tree that stood by the house and dropped from the overhanging limbs to the roof. His father was standing, ax in hand, beside the open trap, from which came a succession of furious snarls and a strange, ripping noise.

"I'm afraid it's all up with him, Dick," he said, huskily, "for I've called him and he don't make no answer. I'd go down if I could go through the trap, but——" he looked ruefully at his muscular bulk and then at the narrow door cut between the heavy beams. Dick stood still in mute despair. "What shall we do, pap?" he cried. Suddenly a daring plan flashed into his mind. "Hold on, pap!" he shouted; and throwing himself into the tree he dropped quickly to the ground. He was back in two minutes with a big coil of rope and a couple of resinous torches, such as are used for deer-stalking at night. He cut the rope in two with the ax, and fastening one part with nervous fingers under his arms he made a running noose on the end of the other.

"Now, pap," he said bravely, "let me go down through the trap quick, and light that pine torch for me. The panther won't touch me when I'm carrying fire, an' I can slip the rope over his head just as easy as anything.

His father hesitated. "It won't do, Dick. I'm afraid it's teo late anyway. We'll have to smash that door in with a log."

Just then a faint cry for help came from the darkness below. "Do your best, Torpetus," he shouted down and then, laying hold of the rope, he whispered: "Go ahead then, Dick. When you holler I'll jerk up." The torch was speedily fired and Dick was lowered through the trap with the light in one hand and the noosed rope in the other. It was a situation in which a gun could not be used. For a moment he hung midway between the floor and the ceiling, dazed by the glare of the torch and conscious all the while of a fierce snarling close below him. When he finally gained a good view of the room by holding the light over his head his first impulse was to laugh, for a little to his left was the panther, screaming angrily and tearing with might and main at the old corn-husk mattress from off the bed, which lay in the middle of the floor, under which, coiled up in a knot, was the unfortunate trapper, holding it tightly over his body and uttering muffled appeals for help. But it was no laughing matter, for at every dig of the vicious claws the husks flew, and if some one didn't interfere pretty soon the hungry brute was going to make a supper off Torpetus Van Kling. Dick was quick to see this, and, taking a good hold on the noose, he was about to try a cast when the beast turned with snapping eyes and sprang upward. Just in time Dick dashed the torch down. The blazing brand struck the panther in the face, driving him with a howl of pain, to the corner of the room, but, unfortunately, slipping from Dick's hand, it fell to the floor, and lay burning brightly only a yard from the mattress.

But the brute was made valorous by hunger, and, with no idea of losing his supper, he sprang once more on poor Torpetus, making the husks fly, and lashing the floor with his long tail at every dig.

For a brief second the reddish brown back was turned toward Dick, swinging himself quickly to and fro in the air, he seized his chance and dropped the noose cleverly over the ugly head.

One quick, sharp jerk, a shout to the anxious watcher above, and then he shot upward, letting the rope slip through his fingers, but keeping it tightly stretched in spite of the furious struggles at the other end.

As he came out on the roof his father snatched the rope and hauled on it with all his might, shouting down through the trap: "Now's your chance, Torpetus! Make a run fur it, an' be sure ter shut the door."

Torpetus evidently did make a run, for in an instant the door was heard to bang violently, and, as Dick dropped through the tree to the ground, the old trapper reached the porch with his clothes hanging in tatters and his hands and face scratched and bloody.

"What kind of lodgers are you keepin' now, Jake Tobin?" he demanded, angrily. "It's a marcy I'm livin'."

Mr. Tobin deferred his explanation until the blazing torch had been put out by a bucket of water passed up to the roof by Dick, and then, leaving the half-choked panther to get rid of his hempen necklace as best he could, he shut the trap and came down to the ground just as Luke Carter and Silas Heck appeared on the scene.

Feeling uneasy about the safety of their prize, they had concluded to return to the tavern.

A general explanation took place, the sole result of which on Torpetus Van Kling's part was a contemptuous sniff and a fervent wish that all present might pass through a similar happy experience before they were much older.

His tale of his adventure was very thrilling. He had opened the cage by mistake, and, alarmed by the growls of the panther, had staggered back against the bed and seized the mattress just in time.

When he heard how he had been saved he patted Dick on the head and called him a brave boy—a tribute of praise which Dick accepted rather dubiously, remembering that his forgetfulness had caused all the trouble.

With much skill and a free use of hot irons the pugnacious panther was driven back to his box, and at daybreak the next morning he began his journey down the river in a batteau.

Torpetus accepted a seat in the boat as a partial reparation from Carter and Heck, and Dick watched them from the shore till they vanished round a bend.

When the old trapper returned on foot five days later he stopped at the tavern long enough to present Dick with a beauty of a gun—a breech-loader, of course—that Jim Ferris declared was better even than the one he had seen.

"The youngster deserved it," he said, "for many a man wouldn't a taken such risks as that."

So Dick got his gun very unexpectedly, and the old muzzle-loader that had served three generations was laid away on the shelf to enjoy the rest that belongs to worthy old age.—*William Murray Graydon in Philadelphia Times.*

MISS OR MRS.

The Former Should Be Confined to Girls Not Out of Their Teens.

All women out of their teens are entitled to be styled "Mistress," says the *Lady*. "Miss" is merely a diminutive, and is properly confined to young girls. just as "Master" is commonly confined to school-boys. In the days of Pope "Mrs." was the common appellation of unmarried ladies. Sir Walter Scott, too, speaks of Joanna (unmarried) as Mrs. Joanna Baillie. There are nowadays plenty of spinsters—and young spinsters, too—who insist on being addressed as "Mrs.," and at one or two places in Sussex, curiously enough, the married lady is "Miss" and the unmarried lady receives the title of "Mrs." The same custom is found in many parts of Ireland. The form "Mrs." was at one time applied indifferently to persons at all ages. Nowadays our servant-girls expect to have their letters addressed as "Miss," though there are a few that have more sense. There is a story told of a certain maid-of-all-work who transferred her savings, upon the advice of her mistress, to the post-office savings bank, and she was asked how she did it. "The young lady gave me a book, ma'am" she said, "to write my name in, and her wrote my name in another book; and her says to me: 'Are you Mrs. or Miss?' 'Neither, ma'am,' I says; 'I am a servant.'" That young woman respected herself and her calling. She had not been educated at a boarding-school. Among servants generally the cook, whether married or single, expects to be called "Mrs." So do housekeepers, though unmarried. In point of fact, Mrs. or Mistress is a title of respect that the plain "Miss" is devoid of. Why actresses who are married women should seek to disguise that fact by allowing the misleading prefix "Miss" to be attached to their names is a mystery that admits of no intelligible explanation. Are they ashamed of their husbands? There are many well-known exceptions to this habit of disguise and masquerade, but 50 per cent of the theatrical "Misses" are entitled by law and custom to the term generally recognized as distinguishing the married women. Only about 5 per cent of the entire profession admit that they are married and are not ashamed to publicly own it on the theatrical program.

Choosing a Sweetheart.

Choose your sweetheart carefully, wisely and tenderly, my dear girls, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Remember he is to be more than even this to you some day—he is to be your husband, for surely you are not one of the girls who have a sweetheart here, and one there, and gives a little love to this one and a little to that one, until when the real one appears the perfect bloom is gone from the peach and she cannot give him what he offers her. You girls know very quickly when a man means more than the ordinary friendship for you. You have an instinct that tells you that this big, good-looking fellow has come sweethearting, and that that is the time for you to study him a little bit. Think out if his temper and yours are certain to agree well together; think out if his tastes and yours are alike, or if they can grow to be so, for you know, little woman, if you want to be happy in your married life, you must learn the great and wonderful virtue of adaptability. You must choose your sweetheart as you do a new gown, so that he will wear well; but you want him for longer than a winter; he must last through the long summer days and through the winter ones, and before you put your hand in his and tell him that you are willing to fight out the battle of life together, think it all over well and remember that you are choosing your sweetheart not for a day or a year, but for all through life and, please God, if you love each other enough, after death.

Manufacture of Oil Paintings.

According to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* oil paintings are manufactured in that city by the yard. The proprietor of the factory is a German, with four sons, and a dealer who orders pictures from them tells how it is done: "I run out of pastorals, say, and order a couple of dozen. The manufacturers stretch a big sheet of canvass the whole length of their factory and begin work. The boss artist makes a draft in charcoal, and one after another his assistants go over it. The first man puts in the sky, the second the grass and trees, the third the figures, the fourth houses and barns here and there, and the old gentleman goes over the whole work putting in little touches that makes the perfect whole. It is astonishing how fast they work, and when the canvas is dry they cut it up into sections, take each "bit" on a stretcher, and bring the lot to me."

Raising Sunken Vessels.

It is stated that the Russian government will attempt soon to lift two English steamers which were sunk off Balaklava during the Crimean war. It is believed that in one of the vessels is a chest containing $200,000.

The soil of Bradford county, Florida, is said to impart a peculiar gloss to strawberries, making them look as if varnished, and giving the berries a beautiful appearance. It is due to the silica in the soil.

CRANKS OF THE LOBBY.

MEN WITH CROOKED BRAINS IN CONGRESS AND OUT.

Queer Bills Introduced—The Millenium Fiends on Hand—How to Make Everybody Rich—Pass Laws That There Shall Be No More Poverty and the Thing Is Done—Uncle Sam to Be a Fairy Godmother—Resolved, That Wealth Shall Be Universal—Flat Money.

Special Washington Letter.

Congress is the fool's paradise. All who are sick, and all who are leprous, and all who are a-beggared instinctively turn to it for relief. The Federal Treasury is regarded as a goose to be plucked, an orange to be sucked, an unfailing vat to be tapped, a mysterious cow that never goes farrow.

Every Congressman who gets his credentials is appealed to by idiots who imagine that the passage of a law will put an end to human suffering, but this particular Fifty-first Congress has been more than usually pestered by these emotional parasites, who make up in activity and persistence what they lack in sense. A majority of members fling into the waste basket or sewer the document presented by these cranks, but a few have been actually introduced and printed. Here are some specimens:

Senator Plumb has introduced a bill to organize "the Grand Army of Labor." It provides that all who want work shall have it at $4 per day—four hours constituting a day's work. Nobody shall work more than five days (or twenty hours) in each week, or more than four weeks out of six. It shall be the duty of the President to assign said volunteers to duty in the public service "where their abilities will reflect credit upon themselves," though he might have to work more than four hours a day in assigning each individual citizen of the United States, especially as "any volunteer may resign at any time." If there should be no money to pay these volunteers the Secretary of the Treasury shall "at once" go and make some!

Senator Stanford has fathered a bill to organize the "Land Loan Bureau," whose chief duty it shall be to lend the money of the United States for twenty years to all farmers to the amount of one-half of the assessed value of their land, taking a mortgage on the land for the amount. All such loans shall bear 2 per cent. interest.

PLANNING THE MILLENIUM.

Representative McClammy has made himself responsible for a bill authorizing the Treasurer of the United States to print $2,000,000,000 in "legal tenders" and lend the sum to the States to be reloaned by the States to its citizens "on unencumbered real estate only." Thirty dollars may be lent to any man, woman, or child, but not more than $2,500, which shall be not more than three-fourths of the value of the land so mortgaged. The preamble to this lunatic proposal is a piece of socialistic ranting that would evoke much laughter if it were not the sign of a very earnest sort of kite flying of which the lobby is just now full. It is too exclamatory and too senseless to print.

Another lunatic act has been introduced by Senator Ingalls—it is scarcely necessary to say "by request." It is about the wildest of all these schemes. There are straws in its hair, gibberish in its accents, and it is picking feathers off of itself all the time. It provides that any tenant in the United States may buy the house or land he occupies by giving to the owner an order on the Federal Treasury for a sum 200 times as great as the monthly rental! This order the Treasurer of the United States shall honor

HE HAS A PANACEA.

and pay with "legal tenders" which he shall print for the purpose. No interest shall be demanded of the new purchaser by the Government, but he shall be required to return the money in 30 years if he is able to do so! It would take about forty-five thousand millions of "dollars" composed of notes printed on "silk threaded paper exclusively" to carry this proposition into effect. It is understood that Senator Ingalls does not favor it, although he is a friend of both soldiers and farmers and his re-election is at hand.

Senator Cockrell, "by request," has introduced a bill setting forth that "whereas, Congress has the power 'to coin money,'" therefore that it proceed to print any quantity of notes—promises to pay—and redeem the outstanding bonds with them.

Senator Plumb has introduced "by request" a bill directing the President "as rapidly as possible" to establish a public farm in each county of the United States and "assign" men to work on it from the Grand Army of Labor.

THE CRANK IN SOCIETY.

Mr. Ingalls has also been lured by the inmate of some alien caravansary to introduce a bill "to abolish metal money and for other purposes." This provides that any officer of the United States who henceforth coins "metal money shall be punished by imprisonment for life," and that all coins shall be redeemable in fiat paper money to be issued—or, perhaps, "coined"—at once.

Another curious bill that has made its way to the docket provides that all colored folks who have been slaves shall be pensioned; and, I suppose, their widows and children.

But the queerest of all these chimerical schemes to establish moral equipoise is a project to pension bondholders! It had its birth in the great head of a western Pennsylvanian and is being licked into shape as I write. "To no men are we under greater obligations than to those who furnished the money to put down the rebellion!" he exclaims, with really more fervency than the case seems to call for. "The volunteers got their pay—the bounty jumpers got it a good many times over—but the men who put up the duckets were true sufferers. Some of them lost or spent for the war everything else they possessed in the world, and bought the bonds as a duty and to their great personal disadvantage." So he is going to have pensions for the poor bondholder!

It is a little curious that these cranky measures are not launched upon Congress by professional kite fliers, like Blair or Stewart or Cheadle, but by the perspicacious and picturesque Ingalls, the slow and solid Stanford, and the occasionally level headed Plumb. This adds to the sense of the mysterious which their appearance excites. But not one of them has passed—yet!

W. A. CROFFUT.

A Remarkable Volcano.

The city of San Salvador, the capital of the smallest and most populous Central American republic, was founded in 1528. It has been three times almost entirely and eleven times partially destroyed by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. It is 18 miles from the sea coast, has an elevation of 2,800 feet, and is surrounded by a group of volcanoes, two of which are active, San Miguel and Izalco, and present a magnificent display to the passengers of steamers sailing along the coast, constantly discharging masses of lava which flow down their sides in blazing torrents.

Izalco is as regular as a clock, the eruption occuring like the beating of a mighty pulse, every seven minutes. It is impossible to conceive of a grander spectacle than this monster, rising 7,000 feet almost directly from the sea, an immense volume of smoke, like a plume, continually pouring out of its summit and broken with such regularity by masses of flame rising 1,000 feet, that it has been named El Faro del Salvador—the lighthouse of Salvador. It is in many respects the most remarkable volcano in the world, because its discharges have continued so long and with such regularity, and because the tumult in the earth's bowels is always to be heard. Its explosions are constant, and are audible a hundred miles off. It is the only volcano that has originated on this continent since the discovery by Columbus. It arose from the plain in the spring of 1770 in the midst of what had been for nearly a hundred years a magnificent coffee and indigo plantation.—[Guatemala Star.

Whale Oil Soap for Potato Bugs.

Levi Bozeman, Lorain county, Ohio, writes that he kills Colorado potato beetles by the use of whale oil soap. It is mixed with soft water to form a strong suds and sprinkled or sprayed. It acts promptly and effectually on the insects without injuring the leaves. He finds it equally satisfactory for clearing out current, gooseberry, and cabbage worms. This has been used for many years as an insecticide.

BOOKS BY WEIGHT.

A NEGRO PASTOR INVESTS IN LITERATURE WITH STARTLING RESULTS.

How an Idea Quickly Germinated in the Skull of the Preacher and Surprised a Canvasser.

Knock-kneed Williams, who some time ago took the premium for darkness of complexion at a fair held in a fun-loving neighborhood, was sitting in front of his cabin, leaning back against the gourd vines, when a brisk-walking man, carrying a load of something strapped on his back, came up and, putting down his load, said:

"This is Mr. Williams, I presume."

MR. WILLIAMS.

"You'se er mighty fine guesser ur somebody dun tole you," the prize of premium darkness answered.

"Well, Mr. Williams. I have called on business that I think will result greatly to your advantage."

"You'se de man dat I'se been er waitin' fur a mighty long time. Er mighty heap o' men hab come er long fust an' last, but none o' 'em ain't 'zulted in my 'vantage yit. Whut kin you do fur me, say?"

"I have some books here," said the man, beginning to unbuckle a number of straps, "that you ought to have. A man of your influence and high standing in the community cannot get along without books. They tell me, Mr. Williams, that you bid fair to become a lawyer or doctor or preacher—in fact, anything you want to become. A little education, they declare, is all that you need."

"Wall, sah, I been sorter thinkin' er 'bout dat myse'f. I doan kere nothin' er 'bout bein' no doctor, fur I tried dat once an' I sorter pizened er man an' he sorter died, an' da come in one o' sendin' me ter de pennytenchy, da did. W'y it cost me er heifer ca'f an' de fines' 'possom dog in de country ter keep out. I doan kere nothin' 'bout bein' er lawyer, fur I tried dat once an' tuck er man's hat caze he wouldn't pay de fee, an' he jumped on me, de scounul did, an' whupped me till I felt mighty scanlus. But I tells you whut I does want. I wants to be er preacher. Old Darb Moore—lives right down yander by de bayou—larned how ter preach an' den suaded de Lawd ter call him, an' now look at him. 'Stead o' eatin' co'n bread an' den greasin' his mouf wid er bacon rine, he eats biscuit an' fresh lam' an' drinks de blackberry cordial an' gits drunk, he do, an' has de young sisters of de flock ter keep de buffalo gnats offen his countenance. Now dat's de sorter man I want's ter be."

"I can fix you," the agent replied, taking up a book.

"Dat's all mighty well, but how I gwine larn how ter read dat? It is as much as I can do ter read 'bout de cat an' de dog an' sich like. Dar ain't nothin' erbout de cat an' de dog in dis book," a treatise on Australian wool-growing, and beginning to turn the leaves.

"Oh, no! that is a work on religion. See this picture of a lamb?"

"Dar is er lam', show ez you bo'n!" the old negro delightedly exclaimed. "An' look er yere, it's got er sheep in it, too. Huh! neber seed de like in my life. But how I gwine ter read erbout dis lam' an' dis sheep when I done tol' you dat I kain't read erbout nothin' but cat an' dog?"

A HARD STRUGGLE.

"My friend, this is the latest improved book, issued under the very eye of Congress for colored people that cannot read. It is what is called the self-teacher, or every man his own school master. Take this book up now and you cannot read it at all. You look at it an hour or so and a strange and peculiar intelligence begins to dawn upon you. The scales, as it were, begin to drop from your eyes, and then the simple words sink into your understanding. Put the book aside and take it up the next day, after your mind has had time to rest, and lo! other words have become plain. But on the third or fourth day the victory comes. Then you can read as fast as you can talk and understand every word."

"Look yere, you an't tellin' me all dat, is you?"

"Yes, and will swear to every word of it."

"Look yere, mighty fine pusson, how much is dis book wuth?"

"You may have it for $5."

"An' atter gittin' it, how long 'fo' I kin go out an' preach an' drink de black berry cordial, an' git putty full, an have de young wimmin o' de flock keep de buffalo gnats outen my countenance?"

"Only a few days."

"Wuth $5," the old negro mused. "An' how much is dis big book wuth?" he asked, taking up a copy of that well known series of essays written to discourage the extensive planting of cotton, and entitled: "Corn and Hogs or No Credit."

"You may have that for the same price."

"An' do it larn you how ter read, too?"

"Oh, yes; just the same."

"Lemme see which is the heaviest one I wanter git ez much ez I kin fur de money. Wait er minit till I git dem han' scales an' weighs deze books."

He went into the cabin and soon returned with a pair of steelyards.

"'Now we'll see er 'erbout de merits o' deze books. Ah, hah!" he exclaimed "de las' one weighs de mos'."

"Yes," said the agent, with a great show of fairness, "but it has no pictures of lambs and sheep."

"Oh, I kain't hep dat, sah. It has got de weight, an' dat's whut I's atter I'se er man o' weight, I is, an' I doan wanter be no light preacher. I wanter be er man dat kin stan' right dar an' maul dem sinners till da'll be er feered ter wink. I'll take de heavy book sah."

Then he began a search for the money. He pulled open a drawer and took fifty cents from the toe of an old sock; then he found a dollar under a brick in the hearth; then he found a few dimes tied up in a bandanna handkerchief, and at last raised the amount. The agent thankfully accepted the money and departed. Old Williams sat down, and resting his head on his hand, mused "Brain, you better take er little nap

A QUICK SALE.

now, fur I'se gwine ter pour some mighty strong juice on you in er minit. I'se gwine ter edycate you so you kin stan' flat-footed an' kick er June apple outen de top o' er tree. Er, he, he, he, he," the old fellow softly laughed, "woan deze niggers open dar eyes when da sees young Marfy an' Sue an' Libby er standin' ober me wid mulberry bushes er shooin' de buffalo gnat an' de san' fly er way frum dis yer countenance o' mine. Come yer, book; I'll take my fust lesson right now."

An hour after he sat there gazing at the book and occasionally rubbing his eyes. Night came and he lighted a lamp. Sometimes he would shake his head doubtfully, and then, mumbling as though he would force himself to read, he would gaze at the blurred letters. He went to bed late and arose early at morning, and seized the book. Late in the afternoon he came in from the cotton patch where he had been trying to work, but he could scarcely see the young plants. All he saw were lines of letters that seemed to kick and tumble over each other.

Several days afterwards the shrewd agents, while over in another neighborhood, came upon an old negro that sat on a log.

"How far is it to the ferry?" the agent asked.

"It's er good ways, sah. Whut you got dar on yo' back?"

"Books; and, by the way, I might do some business with you."

"I dunno, fur I kain't read."

"Oh, we can fix that. These books are self-teachers, and all you'd have to do would be to look at one of them, and it would teach you how to read."

"Wall, yere, I want's one dem books, sho."

The agent put down his books, some twenty in all, and, with a suddenness that was astonishing in so old a man, the negro snatched them up, and, leaping across the road, removed a handful of grizzly whiskers, revealing the features of Knock-Kneed Williams.

"Hol' on. Doan you come cross dis road for ef you do I'll slice you inter shoe-strings. You see I larned how ter read so much outen dat book dat I want's some mo'. Been er tryin' ter ketch up wid you fur some time."

"Look here, old man," said the agent, "that was all a joke, and if you will give me back my books, I will return the five dollars."

"Yas, sah, yas, sah, I reckon you will, but you see I hatter have intrust on my money. Gib me $15 an' you may hab de books. Doan gib me dat much an' you kaint git 'em. Try ter take 'em an' I slices you. Is you comin' ter time?"

"I must have the books. Look here, I am sorry that I treated you that way."

"Oh, doan let dat bodder you, fur I ain't 'plainin'. I'se mighty well suited."

"All right, I'll give you $15. Give me the books."

"Fling me de money."

The agent wadded up $15 and threw it to him. The old man instead of giving up the books took to his heels, and the agent has not seen him since.—*Opie P. Read, in N. Y. World.*

WHO'LL GO SWIMMING?

The Way the Boys Used to Do in the Olden Time.

I wonder what sign the boys who read this have for challenging or inviting one another to go in swimming? says *Harper's Young People.*

The boys in the boy's town used to make the motion of swimming with both arms; or they held up the forefinger and middle finger in the form of a swallow-tail; they did this when it was necessary to be secret about it, as in school, and when they did not want the whole crowd of boys to come along; and often when they just pretended they did not want some one to know.

They really had to be secret at times, for some of the boys were not allowed to go in at all; others were forbidden to go in more than once or twice a day; and as they all had to go in at least three or four times a day, some sort of sign had to be used that was understood among themselves alone.

Since this is a true history, I had better own that they nearly all, at one time or other must have told lies about it, either before or after the fact, some habitually, some only in great extremity. Here and there a boy, like my boy's elder brother, would not tell lies at all, even about going in swimming; but by far the greater number bowed to their hard fate and told them.

They promised that they would not go in, and then they said that they had not been in; but fate, for which they had made this sacrifice, was apt to betray them. Either they got their shirts on wrong side out in dressing, or else while they were in some enemy came upon them and tied their shirts.

There are few cruelties which public opinion in the boys' world condemns, but I am glad to remember to their honor that there were not many in that boy's town who would tie shirts, and I fervently hope that there is no boy now living who would do it. As the crime is probably extinct I will say that in those wicked days if you were such a miscreant, and there was some boy you hated, you stole up and tied the hardest kind of a knot in one arm or both arms of his shirt. Then, if the evil one put it into your heart, you soaked the knot in water and pounded it with a stone.

I am glad to know that in the days when he was thoughtless and senseless enough my boy never was guilty of any degree of this meanness.

It was his brother, I suppose, who taught him to abhor it, and perhaps it was his own suffering from it in part, for he, too, sometimes shed bitter tears over such a knot as I have seen hapless little wretches do, tearing at it with their nails and gnawing at it with their teeth, knowing that the time was passing when they could hope to hide the fact that they had been in swimming, and foreseeing no remedy but to cut off the sleeve above the knot, or else to put on their clothes without the shirt and trust to untying the knot when it got dry.

Why Woman is Man's Best Friend.

First and foremost, woman is man's best friend:

Because she is his mother.

Second, because she is his wife.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe in him, if she loves him.

Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and consideration.

Because she can with him, endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.

Because, on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards.

Because when he is behaving like a fretful boy—and we all do, you know, at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of himself as he ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted, there would be no divine strains of melody.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live, and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world had reached an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it to a Saviour for all mankind was given to a woman, which was God's way of setting his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and sweetheart, and therefore, man's best friend.—*Edward W. Bok, in Ladies Magazine.*

China's Great Need.

A Canton (China) paper estimates that 750,000 people die every year in China by fire and flood, but it is not satisfied. "The fact is," it remarks with cold-blooded cynicism, "the great need of China is the sudden removal of two or three million inhabitants to make elbow-room for those who are left.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9.

Sam Crawford's party whip will be cracked in vain this year.

It seems to be generally admitted that A B Campbell is a dead cock in the pit. It is well.

The German Emperor William called this week at the house of his grandmother, Victoria of England.

The farmers of Kansas should now see to it that the Kansas Farmer is boomed, and they will probably do it.

Why are not the old parties as trustworthy as a pawn brokers' customer? Because they do not redeem their pledges.

Senator Plumb often acted with the democrats when the McKinley tariff bill was up for consideration. Plumb must look out a little.

It matters little whether A B Campbell was or was not a prohibition leader. He certainly tried to be, but he certainly will not be one hereafter.

The Atchison Champion will now have to be read out of the republican party after thirty years of leadership, because it will not follow the protection idol.

Sam Crawford, deliberately pocketing $10,000 of the people's money, will find that the people of Kansas are not party slaves to be driven to the polls by an overseer's whip.

The Lawrence Journal doubted the wisdom of cutting down the fees of the State printer. It says that Sam Crawford ought not to have all the soft snaps. No, not when he is chosen to snap the party whip besides.

The money question is the great question. But there is money enough in the country if it were properly distributed. Unequal distribution, or to put it differently, unequal returns for labor, is what needs to be remedied.

Vastly more noble is the work that L. L. Polk, the southern rebel, is doing in beating down sectional antagonism, than is that done by Sam Crawford, the bloody shirt waver, for which the people of Kansas pay him ten thousand a year.

Senator Plumb's course on the McKinley tariff bill induces the Topeka Journal to be almost as severe on the east as the Capital is getting to be on the South. Tut, tut, boys, be manly now and tuck sectional jealousies up under your "wescots."

When Gov. Crawford, the Topeka Capital and Senator Ingalls attempt to fire the northern heart, it is time for them to know that the people are tired of the war. The war of the rebellion was fought to restore the union, but we have had a class of miserable politicians who for twenty-five years have done all they could do to prevent any union of feeling between the sections.

It was not so much the lashing of the party whip to which the people object, as to the spirit manifested by Sam Crawford and the state house ring in wielding it. The attempt to bulldoze or to crush out the Kansas Farmer—to suppress liberty of speech and liberty of the press,—to prevent honest and fair criticism of party action was the outrage against which the people should and do protest.

A greater specimen of political tyranny, in a small way, has never been seen in Kansas, than the brutal attempt of ex-Gov. Crawford to whip the farmers into party line. His attack upon Mr. Polk, of the national alliance, was brutal, cowardly, contemptible. Early in the season the Kansas alliance made, we do not say unjust, but an untimely, attack of Senator Ingalls, that might have cost them thousands of votes The action of Crawford and the Capital will restore them to the People's party and add other thousands to its support.

Can a republican be a free trader? No indeed. The idea is absurd. Can a democrat be a protectionist? To be sure he can. What a silly question.

It is said that Postmaster General Wanamaker will not sell playing cards at his great Philadelphia store, but that he sells poker chips by the wagon load.

At the Shawnee county convention last Saturday the first ward of Topeka—that is all of North Topeka, was ruled out because some democrats were allowed to vote at the primaries.

Hallowell's nomination for Congress revived the Wichita Journal. It booms Hallowell and will probably be as strong for resubmission in a few days as before its supposed death.

An exchange says that Blaine's ideas on the tariff are growing in popularity—that they are the same as were held by Clay and his school. One would suppose that a great statesman might have settled down on another man's views before getting to be of Mr. Blaine's age, and without shifting about so often. Within six months he may get tired of Henry Clay's reciprocity views. No doubt he will if they do not catch the public breeze as he expects.

Hellos, there, Mr Sam Crawford, hellos, we say. Yes Sir, Please tell us why it is you do not come down on Senator Plumb for going over to the democrats in opposition to the McKinley tariff bill. The bosses seem to have made you the plantation overseer to wield the party greenhide, and Plumb deserves it quite as much as Polk, don't he, eh? Oho! you only lash upon order? The bosses, neither at Topeka nor Washington, have ordered you to larrup Plumb. So, so. Only we did not understand it. Ta ta.

Tariff reform is not a very big item in the People's movement. It is simply incidental. We are not a free trader, but we hold that any republican paper will not be sailing under false colors if it advocates that doctrine. There are and have been for a whole generation past democratic and republican free traders and protectionist. Whatever protection there is in the republican platform to-day was lugged in without consent of party followers, and has done so much mischief that the father of it is now disowning his own child.

H A Heath the largest stockholder, and business manager of the Kansas Farmer, holds a lucrative government office. He did not seek it. It was not given him until the Farmers Alliance movement had assumed considerable proportions. It looks now as if it was done to keep him in party line. If so, much to Mr Heath's credit, it failed. He stands firmly by the Farmer. The Kansas Farmer will not sell the farmers of Kansas. Mr Heath did not ask for office and holds it subject to the will of the party bosses. They may take it from him, which would only make the purpose of giving it the more certain. Mr Heath will stand by the Farmer, the Farmer will stand by the Alliance, and he will probably be allowed to hold his little office, at least until after election.

The nomination of James R. Hallowell for Congress in the Seventh district, was one that not a true prohibition republican can endorse. It ought to be repudiated by the party throughout the state, or the party should be defeated. Yet the Topeka Capital comes out in its support. Hallowell is a resubmissionist. He is a known opponent of prohibition. He is Wichita's representative anti-prohibitionist, more diplomatic than Bentley, therefore more dangerous. He is an hypocritical trifler with prohibition,—a man in whose professions no reliance can be placed, therefore a man to be defeated. The only way to prevent such nominations is by defeat. It belongs to the party to do this. Such nominations should not be endorsed by the party, or if it is done the individuals of the party should have manhood enough to vote them down.

Gen. Crawford has not succeeded in squelching the Kansas Farmer. That paper will hereafter be permitted to tell the country rustics how to raise calves and pigs, and also how to raise men of independence. Their children will still be allowed to think, and they themselves will refuse to be slaves to party politicians and whip snappers to the most miserable of political demagogs. There should be a revolt, a revolution all along the line. No more villianous attack was ever made upon freedom of action. The alarm should be sounded from every farm and shop in Kansas, and the whole boodle ring branded.

The great contest in Nebraska is on the prohibition constitutional amendment. Democrats oppose it. Republicans in state convention ignore it, and party leaders unite with democrats in opposition. The Omaha BEE is making a contemptible warfare in support of the saloon. The REPUBLICAN, the oldest republican paper in the state, has been crushed to death, and obliged to suspend by the whiskey power. And the Republican leaders of Kansas and of the nation, are giving the party in Nebraska all their moral, and still more immoral, aid. The cowardly republican party of Nebraska, having sold itself to the saloon, and having killed its oldest daily paper because it fought the saloon, should itself be beaten. No Kansas prohibition republican can consistently wish it otherwise. It is to be hoped that the People's Alliance will carry Nebraska.

Gov. Crawford's attempt to control the Kansas Farmer or ruin it, did not succeed. If he had driven Judge Peffer from it a valuable property would have been destroyed. The Farmer is one of the leading agricultural papers of the country. If it has had any leanings politically, they have been toward the republican party. But in this farmers' movement it has placed itself, like the Chicago Western Rural, the St Louis Journal of Agriculture, and others of its class, in support of its friends and patrons. It could not well have done otherwise. It was the representative of working farmers. It saw that millions of working men were laboring long and hard and unable to realize even moderate returns for their labor. On the other hand a few, a very few thousands are piling up wealth by the million that they never earned. The placing of these facts, side by side, which no one questions, convinces it that something is wrong. Investigation proves it to be vicious legislation—legislation in favor of privileged classes. The wonder is that light was so long in breaking—that men would be so long blind partisans. But the position of the Farmer antagonized its old political friends and it must be sacrified. We are glad to say the effort did not succeed.

There is consternation in the politscal camp. The late Gov. Martin's paper, the Atchison, Champion has declared openly against the republican tariff idea. It opposes Ingalls, and it is intimated that it will support the Farmers Alliance state ticket. A score of straight republican county papers have taken the same side, like the Almo News, while still maintaining the republican principles. It is probable that the Emporia daily Republican may do the same. There is nothing inconsistent in the firmest republican doing this. The republican party never was a protection tariff party in the sense that the politicians have forced on the people. Protection for infant industries was the limit. Tariff for revenue, with incidental protection, was the original platform that stood unchanged for twenty five years. It was only when a new issue was wanted to hold the party in the interest of Wall Street, that the Blaine tariff policy was trumped up. Now he has gone back on, it frightened away by the people rising in rebellion. But this is only one item. The people have been demanding, and the politicians have been promising and promising. The people are tired. They have been trifled with by both parties. No wonder they are in revolt.

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WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans

GEORGIA DEMOCRAT:—The Farmers' Alliance is a miserable Yankee republican trick to break up the Democratic party.

Gov. CRAWFORD, of Kansas:—Mr. Polk was a rebel. He is in Kansas in the interest of the Democratic party. If the Farmers' Alliance goes on at this rate it will break the Republican party, and then, ah, there's the rub! what will become of my $10,000 a year drawn from the pockets of Kansas farmers? Alack a daisey, the country will go to ruin sure.

The partisan office hunters are scrambling for a place. The spectacle is simply disgusting. And then it is in the name of loyalty and the public interest. The Alliance and labor movement presents a very strong comparison. As should always be the case no alliance man dare pop up as a candidate. The people can never do better than to sit squarely down on office seeking. Now is a good time to send every mother's son of them to their holes.

The feeble effort to secure a union of the people's party and the democracy in support of Ex Gov Charles Robinson for governer, is one that must be nipped in the bud. It would be a fatal mistake. There is not one reason why a union should be made with the democracy any more than with the republicans. At national headquarters both these parties are working in perfect harmony to down the Alliance and any general reform movement. A union of the republicans and the Alliance is advocated in the southern states in order to make capital against the Alliance among democrats. A union with democrats in such states as Kansas is tolerated in theory, in order to help whip republicans into line. The Topeka Capital has caught on and is appealing to party prejudice. It is in part the burden of Crawfords insane letter. The Leavenworth Times tells us that such a union would make it close for Humphrey, in hopes that the Alliance will fall in to the trap. Let it not be forgotten the democartic and republican leaders would sooner unite than for either one to seriously join the people's reform party.

How's This?

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

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THE ODELL
Type Writer.
$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER and CHECK PERFORATOR, with 78 Characters, and $15 for the SINGLE CASE ODELL, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a good operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the DOUBLE CASE ODELL.
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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. R. 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.

There is no better place in the world for manure than on the hay stubbles intended for next year's corn crop.

It is estimated that the railroads of this country will need a million tons of steel rails this year, which will cost $32,000,000.

A man may dress well and yet wear only coarse, plain clothes. Neatness and cleanliness count for more than glove-fit and fine goods.

Rich soil well handled renders a fair crop reasonably sure in any season; its owner is never wholly dependent on the favorable weather.

Out in Montana fifty cents a pound for butter is the average price; and yet there is no reason that we know of why Montana should not produce all the butter she consumes.

Even if you are tired and dusty the horses you have been working may be more so A little rubbing and brushing will be as refreshing to them as a bath to you. Be careful of the horses.

A cement for cracks in stoves and other ironware is finely pulverized bioxide of manganese, mixed with a strong solution of silicate of soda, to form a thick paste. Fill the crack, and heat slowly.

If oats or wheat straw are cut, saved and fed properly, how much is each worth per ton, average meadow hay being worth $15 per ton? Answer;—Oat straw is worth $10 per ton and wheat straw $8 per ton.

If rye were always sowed as soon as a cultivated crop is harvested, we should have less weeds and less poor land. There is no better stock food in the fall, and for mowing for hay or plowing in few crops equal rye. Weeds would also be less numerous and we should reap a double benefit in a double crop.

Lice are parasites that suck the life out of many a calf, says the Jersey Bulletin. An emulsion of coal oil, mutton tallow and carbolic acid rubbed on with a stiff brush, will prevent the appearance of lice, and drive off by killing those present. It should be put on about three times, at intervals of three days. Melt the suet and stir the oil in, while hot; about fifty parts suet, forty-five parts oil, and five parts carbolic acid, in 100 parts.

Eggs are the most marketable product that the farm yields. They are ready for the market the minute they are laid, and the sooner they are gotten to the market the better. Nothing else that the farm produces comes as handy as a good supply of eggs. They require no cultivation, no hoeing, pruning or churning, but are in a salable condition as soon as laid. With plenty of eggs on the farm there is a host of good things in the kitchen, and money in the family purse. Gathering eggs is like picking up cents. They are as good as cash, and can quickly be turned into dollars and cents.—Indiana FARMER.

There never was a time when the keeping of sheep could be done with less risk than now.

If a sheep gets lame when it is muddy, examine it, and you will often find gravel between its toes.

Trim the sheep's feet, and do not allow them to grow quite so long as to impede their locomotion.

In many sections of New England the business of fattening sheep on western corn is practiced with lucrative results.

Never, when at all avoidable, use any but a thoroughbred ram. By such care a common flock can soon be graded up to shear a heavy and fine fleece.

Feed the fattening sheep just heavily enough to keep them improving steadily. Do not attempt to fatten them all at once, and so cloy their appetite that they will not eat at all.

In dry weather sheep will crop a good pasture too close; but at such times they will scarcely allow shoots of blackberry bush, bramoles or brush to show themselves in the pasture.

A High Grade Show.

Wallace & Co.'s circus exhibited at La Salle Tuesday and we desire to add a few words to the general commendation of the many excellencies of the show, which we regard as a model one in every respect. The street parade was the finest ever witnessed in this city, not even excepting Barnums. The horses were the handsomest specimens money could purchase in the equine kingdom, the cages were neat and everything about the show betokened a master hand at the helm. The attendants were polite and courteous and the performance was of a very high standard. The general verdict of the the people of La Salle is that the circus was first class in every respect, parade, menagerie and and every one, from Willis Cobb, its genial press manager, down to the stake drivers, are gentlemen.—La Salle, Ill., *Press.*

If your raspberries are troubled with orange rust the only thing you can do is to cut out and burn all infected bushes. The first symptoms are a shrivelling of the foliage and a dwarfed growth, both often manifested before the orange spots appear.

London is to be supplied with electric lights in the streets.

A French expedition to explore Central Africa is being organized.

The British House of Commons has rejected a proposal for a religious census.

The Russian Government is about to form a special ministry of Agriculture.

The French Chamber of Deputies has rejected the motion in favor of woman suffrage.

An agreement between France and England on the African question has been reached.

Russia has made another demand on Turkey for the war indemity, which amounts to $152,750,000.

Heavy rains have destroyed most of the crops in France and the losses are estimated at $100,000,000.

The town of Hammerfest, in Norway, the northernmost town in the world, was destroyed by fire last week.

The American Squadron of Evolution has arrived at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and has been rovally welcomed.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the deposed ruler of Bulgaria, has gone to Russia to offer his services to the Czar.

The Siberian cattle plague is ravaging the provence of Riagan. Cattle, horses and sheep are dying by the thousands.

The cultivation of tobacco has been forbidden in Egypt, and the duty upon the imported article has been increased.

Russia has warned Turkey not to recognize the Government of Bulgaria, which Russia declares unlawful. Turkey, however, has done just what the Czar forbade.

The number of cigars smoked in Austria during the past year was 1,085,000,000; the number of cigarettes smoked was 895,000,000.

It is currently stated that it costs the English Government $2,962,000 annually to support Queen Victoria and her immediate family.

The largest sheep pasture in world is in the counties of Webb and Dimmit in Texas. It contains upwards of 400,000 acres and yearly pastures 800,000 sheep.

It is estimated that over eight tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the South African fields during the last 18 years. This represents a total value of $275,000,000.

He who drives a weak harness invites disaster.

It is better to pick off half the fruit than to prop the tree.

Wire cloth placed around fruit trees will protect them from bores.

Celery plants are improved by transplanting once or twice.

When trees are overloaded thin out the fruit. It will pay in the long run.

The farmer who is "fore handed" is the one who gets his crops harvested in good season.

California wants ten acres of room in the World's Fair, largely for the exhibit of her fruit products.

Be sure pasture fences are in good repair. You will not want to leave the field either to mend fences or hunt up missing stock.

Golden yellow corn with plenty of grass or clover is said to produce yellow yolks, which are often preferred by chicken and egg eaters.

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

Geo. W. Martin of the Kansas City Gazette, says he remembers seeing river drift wood, including stumps of trees, in the tops of the highest forest trees which covered North Topeka in early days. It is supposed that the debris was left there by the great flood of 1844, when the Kansas river was filled with a resistless torrent from bluff to bluff. The question as to whether such a flood will ever occur again is of interest to North Topeka and to South Topeka on the low lands. It is reasoned that the earth's surface being plowed, will receive and retain the rains, which heretofore have run from the hardened surface of the prairie, hence there is no need to fear a recurrence of the floods. In this connection it is also alleged that these plowed lands by retaining moisture, also extend the evaporating area, and more frequent showers are the result. The matter is suggestive, from which the reader will draw his own conclusions.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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

DENTISTRY

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

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

—: EASTERN PRICES. :—

J. K. WHITESIDE,

(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental School.)

Over Fish's Tea Store,

East Sixth st, TOPEKA, KAS.

Books and Magazines.

The next number of Harper's Bazar will conatin an article on "The Ladies' Athletic Club at the Berkley Lyceum," by Mary Gay Humphreys.

Harper's Young People for August contains the first instalment of a characteristic story by Richard Malcolm Johnston, entitled "Two Administrations."

Theodore Child will contribute to the next number of Harper's Weekly a timely article on "The Argentine Republic and its Present Crisis." Having spent the six months from January to July, 1890, in South America, Mr. Child writes directly from his own observation and experience.

The Census Illustrated,

This sounds rather startling, but is just what this week's Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper does. It is the work of F W Hewes, whose studies have received indorsement both at home and abroad. This chart tells graphically at a glance what one could not learn from a mere array of figures in many hours. The themes of the pictures are as varied and as interesting in this issue as usual.

The Art Amateur for August fully justifies the right of this important publication to be regarded as the most practical art magazine in this or any other country. Not only are water color, oil and china painting, brass hammering wood carying, pen drawing for book and magazine illustrating, crayon and charcoal drawing, and art needle-work taught in it in so clear a manner as to render the instructions of a teacher almost superfluous, but the very latest and most authentic information is given in its columns. To those familiar with the magazine it is needless to say that in its art criticism it stands unrivalled. Here the very highest standard is cultivated and maintained. When we add that two-color plates of exceptional excellence and equally suitable as studies for the amateur and as works of art for the adornment of the home, accompany each number, the rapidly increasing popularity of this magazine need not be wondered at. The color studies for this month are: a landscape, "The After Glow," by F. K. M. Rehn, and "Arum and Japan Lillies" by Bertha Maguire. Price 35 cents; $4.00 per year. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

The August Eclectic opens with a masterly paper by Prof. J De Luys, an eminent French medical man and scientist, on Hypnotism, in which much light is shed on this interesting subject. Mrs Crawford's "Mute Witnesses of the Revolution" gives an account of the various objects of interest shown in the Revolutionary Exhibition recently held in Paris. A very entertaining paper on "African Pygmies," by E Werner, tell us much about the remarkable people concerning whom Stanley has so much to say. Two suggestive studies in literature are the articles by George Saintsbury on "Thomas De Quincey" and by Prof. Dowden on "The Poetry of John Donne." The subject of "Trusts in the United States," which has excited as much curiosity in England as in the United States, is ably discussed by Robert Donald, and an economic problem involved in the all-important woman question now agitating the public mind is presented under the heading of "Can Women Combine?" Wilfred Ward touches an important religious issue in his "New Wine in Old Bottles," and that redoubtable intellectual gladiator, Prof. Huxley, again comes to the fore in the paper entitled "Lights of the Church and Lights of Science." The minor articles are thoughtful and suggestive papers on questions of current interest. The number is an excellent issue of a sterling publication. Published by E R Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms $5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, $1. Eclectic and any $4 Magazine, $8.

Colonel N. S. Goss:—Almost any bright colored bird will make a good songster. Just now the goldfinch is quite popular. The male variety has a sweet, mild note, and breeds well with the canary. The female goldfinch is a poor cage bird, and is never in demand. Canaries are going out of style, although those imported from the Hartz mountains are still the prince of songsters. A good many people are now buying nonpariels, a bird of fine plumage from the Gulf states. They have a low, sweet note. Mocking birds will always be popular. The best variety comes from near Dallas, Texas, where they are taken out of the nests while young and fed by hand. The mocker is the only bird that can whistle a tune successfully" The red bird is the hardest bird known to keep, as he will butt his brains out in a cage if not cared for properly. He is a hearty bird if he survives the first season but it is necessary to change the cage frequently from a high to a low point then from outdoors to indoors. All redbirds are trapped, and then they sing only after becoming thoroughly trained. The blackbird is rarely seen as a cage bird. The American blackbird is a poor pet, but the European variety is highly prized. It has a song peculiarly of its own.

Daniel Suiter, a prominent farmer living four miles east of Lawrence, has seven acres of the finest water melons in the west. He began last Saturday to supply the citizens.

New York uses annually about 1,700,000 boxes of oranges and about 2,100,000 boxes of lemons.

Strange Superstition.

At a recent meeting of the Scottish Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh Rev. Dr. Stewart of Nether Lochaber read a paper on fire superstitions, in which he mentioned that a correspondent, while in a remote glen in Wigtownshire a few months ago, saw a slight smoke rising from a hollow. On proceeding to a bank above he saw five women passing a sick child through a fire. Two of the women standing opposite each other held a blazing hoop vertically between them, and two others standing on either side of the hoop were engaged in passing the child backward and forward through the opening of the hoop. The fifth woman, who was the mother of the child, stood at a little distance earnestly looking on. After the child had been eighteen times passed and repassed through the fiery circle it was returned to its mother and the burning hoop was thrown into a pool of water close by. The child, which was about eighteen months old, was a weakling, and was supposed to have come under the baleful influence of an evil eye. The hoop had been twisted round with a straw rope, in which a few drops of oil were scattered to make it burn all round at the same time. The child was passed through the hoop once for each month of its age. When the child was taken home a bunch of bog myrtle was suspended over its bed.

How One Man Proposed.

I was very much amused at the article published a few days ago on "How Girls are Proposed To." I think the way I proposed was just as unique, and the time and method a little more novel than the methods the fellows in that article adopted.

It was a case of love at first sight, but the girl didn't know how I felt; neither was I sure that she cared a continental for me. She was a modest, retiring, bashful little thing, and while I wanted to tell her how much I thought of her I was afraid to. One Sunday night, the fourth time I had called, I made up my mind fully that I wanted her. But she was so shy I thought it would frighten her away if I spoke. About 10 o'clock I proposed a game of cards, and in a joke suggested that we play for a wager, and that she put up herself against me. She modestly consented.

I thought I was going to lose, and I knew if I did it was a last chance, even if it was a joke. Well, I won, and told her with a laugh that she belonged to me. After sitting and looking at each other a few moments I took her hand and said she must always pay her losses, and the hand that I held was mine. She looked at me with a smile, and said quietly:

"Well, if you want it you can have it."

I won that girl by a game of cards on Sunday, but we neither have regretted the violating of the fourth commandment. Perhaps my method may help some other bashful couple.

$1,000 for Nothing.

Doctors, no matter how prominent they are, can't begin to demand the fees that physicians of comparative standing can in New York city. I happen to have personal knowledge of a case in point.

New York's most successful heart and lung specialist has a practice that is estimated at $80,000 a year. This is not a large estimate. He was one day summoned to the bedside of a very wealthy banker, who lived up in Connecticut, over one hundred miles from New York city. The eminent physician was ushered into the sick man's room as soon as he arrived. It took him just five minutes to form his opinion, without resorting to scarcely any examination.

When the physician came out of the room the banker's brother said: "Well, Dr.——, what do you think?"

"Your brother will not live twenty-four hours," was the laconic reply.

"That's what our physician here has told us, but we didn't know but what there might be a chance for him."

"None whatever."

"What is your bill, doctor?"

"It will be $1,000."

"Wha—at!" exclaimed the other. "Why, that is outrageous. You haven't done a thing for us."

"I have abandoned my practice in New York for a whole day to come up here in response to your imperative summons. You wanted to know just what your brother's chances of life are. You have found out. My bill is $1,000, no more and no less. I sha'n't abate one cent of it, unless I make it nothing. You can take your choice between these two courses, for I wouldn't sue you if you refused.

A check for $1,000 was made out to the physician's order. The banker died three hours later.

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

Good food is as necessary for the farmer's hands as for his stock. In the great talk about the latter the former seems in danger of being overlooked.

A few weeks ago G. H. Mohler, an attorney of Salina, was employed by a brewing company of Kansas City to defend one of its agents arrested for selling liquor at Salina. The defendant was found guilty and placed in jail. The attorney claimed $1,000 as his fee, but it was refused and the lawyer attached the stocks of goods of every agent within his reach in the state.

Prof. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the United States Forestry Association, figures that the annual revenue from the forests of the United States is over $1,000,000,000.

HOTELS.

The Place House,

LAWRENCE,

Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets.

J. M. STEPHENS, M'n'g'r.

Has been thoroughly renovated, and is the Best $1.00 House in the city. A free barn to patrons of the house.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.

S. S. HUGHES, PROP.

118 West Sixth Street,

TOPEKA.

The best $1·50 a day house in the city. First Class in every respect.

THE

STARK HOUSE

Perry, Kansas.

J. R. PENDROY, PROP.

A Good Table, & Clean, Comfortable Beds a Specialty.

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The Death of Puck.

I.

I fear that Puck is dead, it is so long
Since men last saw him; dead with all the rest
Of that sweet elfin crew that made their nest
In hollow huts, where hazels sing their song;

Dead and forever, like the antique throng
The elves replaced; the Dryad that you guessed
Behind the leaves: the Naiad weed bedressed;
The leaf-eared Faun that loved to lead you wrong.

Tell me, thou hopping Robin, has thou met
A little man, no bigger than thyself,
Whom they call Puck, where woodland bells are wet?

Tell me, thou Wood-Mouse, hast thou seen an elf
Whom they call Puck, and is he seated yet
Capped with a snail-shell, on his mushroom shelf?

II.

The Robin gave three hops, and chirped, and said:
"Yes, I knew Puck, and loved him; though I trow
He mimicked oft my whistle, chuckling low;
Yes, I knew cousin Puck; but he is dead.

"We found him lying on his mushroom bed,
The Wren and I, half covered up with snow,
As we hopped where the berries grow.
We think he died of cold, Aye, Puck is dead."

And then the Wood-Mouse said: "We made the Mole—
The old, blind Mole—dig deep beneath the moss,
And four big Dormice placed him in the hole.

"The Squirrel made with sticks a little cross;
Puck was a Christian elf, and had a soul;
And all we velvet-jackets mourn his loss."

—Eugene Hamilton in London Academy.

NOT GIVEN, BUT LOANED.

"I cannot understand, my dear Altrura, what could have been Mr. Arleigh's motive for coming out here to find us—several hundred miles from his home and place of business. We certainly never saw or heard of him until he called here two months ago, bringing letters from old friends of ours, and showing very plainly that his object was to become acquainted with you, and secure, if possible, your hand and heart."

"One he has certainly secured," admitted Altrura, blushing, "and is in a fair way to obtain the other."

"But, my dear, have you any idea where or how he heard of us—or of you, perhaps I should say more properly, as I, in common with other prospective mother-in-law, have no just right to count myself in as an object of special or unusual concern."

"Stop right there!" exclaimed Altrura, throwing an arm around her mother. "You know very well that if Walter had been your own son, long absent from you, and returned at last, he could not have shown a deeper or more earnest interest in your welfare. In everything he has said in regard to our prospective marriage and return to the city where he lives, he has counted you in from the first. But in reply to your question, I have not the remotest suspicion as to his reason for coming way out here to look us up, as he evidently did, with the interest and care of one determined to find old and long-lost friends. I have tried in a careful and delicate way to learn from him when or where he had seen either of us, or what he had ever known in regard to us. The only answer I have ever been able to elicit that threw the very least light upon the subject was that he had once seen us both for a few moments, and when or where he would not tell me. He even begged me not to press him for an answer to to that question, and on looking up at him I saw large tears standing in his eyes, his whole expression indicating deep feeling."

"The correspondence I had with my old friends in regard to him, at his request," remarked Mrs. Morrison, "has, as you know, been very free and full, giving us the most positive assurance that he he is not only an enterprising and successful business man, but a gentleman of irreproachable character—one who could easily have secured a wife without coming all the way out here to find and marry my daughter," she added, smiling. "But he had some reason for desiring to find you, and I must be contented, I suppose, to wait until he is ready to explain the mystery."

"Well, mother," said Altrura, with another charming and happy blush, "Walter will be here in about ten days now, and our bridal tour, which I have left to his arrangement, will comprise our removal to the house that is now ready to receive us, and which, as I am sure from his description, will be much more like the one we had in days that I can only just remember than the one we have had here since the death of my dear father."

"We have never been really poor," said Mrs. Morrison. "From your father's estate, after his death, I saved a litttle money, but seeing that it would be necessary for us to live under very greatly changed circumstances, I availed myself of the opportunity to purchase this place, and moved out here, where we have been living very comfortably for the last seven or eight years. Now, strangely enough, you and I are to return to the home of your childhood, and early youth, where I shall again meet my old friends and live among them, and feel a thousand times more at home than it would ever be possible out here in this western city. And all this is brought about in some mysterious way through the agency of one we never heard of, and who has been acting under an impulse that it has been impossible for us even to conjecture."

The marriage of Walter Arleigh and Altrura Morrison took place at the appointed time, and was made the occasion of a most delightful, and at the same time, tender and affectionate blending of joy with sad regrets at the prospective parting from a mother and daughter who had endeared themselves to a large circle of acquaintances.

They saw them, however, about to leave under the care and protection of one whom every one who met him was instictively prompted to treat with respect and esteem, one whose commercial reputation was unblemished.

"Good-by, dear fellow!" was said on all sides, at the farewell reception which preceded the departure of the little party. "You have obtained a good wife, and she an excellent husband."

Having returned to her former home Mrs. Morrison was soon surrounded by her old friends, all of whom welcomed her back again among them, and congratulated the fair and happy bride upon being brought back by a gentleman whom a considerable number of the young ladies who had long known him there would gladly have prevented from performing that errand.

The past history of her son-in-law soon inevitably became a subject of causual conversation between Mrs. Morrison and her old friends, among whom were some distant relatives.

He had been known to some of those people in early childhood while his parents were living.

He had at that time been a promising, well-educated youth; but when not more than 10 years of age, he had lost both his parents, also an only sister. For several years after his bereavement he had been in some measure lost sight of, and it was understood that he had become very poor, nothing whatever havlng been saved from his father's estate.

These stories, while listened to and pondered over with keen interest and sympathy by Mrs. Morrison, brought her no nearer to the mystery which piqued her curiosity, although they served, in an indirect way, to revive many half-forgotten memories of bygone days.

"My dear," she remarked, in a private conversation with her daughter, some six weeks after her marriage, "the more I think about the matter, the more I am convinced that I at some time, when we were living here, and had money that I was accustomed to spare, in little acts of kindness, have rendered some service to Walter which has made a deep impression on his mind, while I had entirely forgotten it."

"That," said Altrura, thoughtfully, "affords a partial explanation of one of those half-hidden memories that has been floating around my mind ever since I first met Walter. I could not tell whether he simply looked like some one I had once seen, or whether I had actually met him in early life; but his face always had a familiar look. And as you know, I told you he admitted that he had once seen me and you also."

"Well," said Mrs. Morrison, after a few moments' reflection, "we are so well acquainted with Walter now that I feel at liberty to talk with him in regard to that matter, and with your permission, my dear, I will speak to him alone—although I am sure he will not wish me to conceal anything from you.

To this proposition the young wife very readily agreed, and an opportunity for the desired interview soon occurred.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Morrison," said Walter, in reply to the lady's inquiry, which had been made directly or indirectly so many times, but never answered. "I will tell you the whole story. To you and to others, it may seem a matter of slight importance, but to me it was of serious moment, and the turning point of my life.

"You are already familiar with my history up to the time of the death of my parents—that of my father subsequent upon the train of calamities that came upon him, and that of my mother and only sister which followed soon after, caused by the grief and distress of his loss and our misfortunes—leaving me at the age of 19 entirely alone.

"Within a few months, however, I began to gather strength and look around to see what I could do. I had no property to fall back upon: There was a little I might have saved had my mother lived, but after her death creditors came in and took everything.

"I had a good education to start with, but of business I knew nothing at that time—in fact I had never earned a dollar by any direct effort of my own.

"I realized, however, that I would have to carve out my own fortune if I ever had one, and in spite of my ignorance of any kind of practical employment, it seemed to me as if I could certainly rush right in and do something by which I could more than earn a bare living.

"I started out for a western city to see what I could do there, but failed at everything, and returned discouraged and utterly destitute.

"While thinking over what to do I recollected a man whom my father had befriended, and I remember also having heard that he was cold and ungrateful. I determined, however, to call on him at his place of business, and did so one morning.

"My appearance was extremely shabby, and, my health very much impaired. I stated my wants and circustances to the man, and asked him for a loan of $5. In reply, he threw that amount on the counter before me, and said: 'Here, take it, young man—not as a loan, for you will never be able to repay it—but as a gift, and the next time you beg go to the overseer of the poor.'

"I did not touch the money—I could not have lifted it from the counter. The cruel taunt and sneer stung me to the heart!"

"Oh! oh!" interposed Mrs. Morrison, who had listened thus far with breathless interest.

"I remember it all now. I heard every word of that conversation. But your face was turned away from me at the moment—in fact, I scarcely saw it. I instantly, however, made up my mind what I ought to do."

"Yes," said Walter, in a tone fervent with gratitude, while tears started to his fine eyes "And you did it! As I passed by you going out of the store in a whirl of perplexity, distress, and despondency, not knowing what to do next—where to turn to find a friend—you slipped quietly into my hand a $10 bill, saying, in a tone that only I could hear: "Take this, not as a gift, but as a loan, to be repaid when you are able to do so.'

"At your side on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion," continued Walter, "stood a lovely little girl; and it seemed to me that the sweetest and most comforting feature of that kind act was the look of genuine delight which radiated her face and beamed from her soft eyes when she saw you hand me the money. In that instant both your faces were photographed on my memory with a fidelity that no lapse of time or change of surroundings could ever efface.

"I did not know who you were at the moment, but I soon learned, and I took fresh courage from that time. With that $10 in my pocket I found an employment that paid me from the start, and from that time on I was never out of money.

"I was absent, however, from the city on business that proved very successful; and when I returned, able at last to repay that loan in—what seemed to my grateful heart—a fitting manner, I learned that you had left the city, and I was unable to gather any definite information regarding your whereabouts.

"But another purpose had been forming in my mind during that absence—one that added zest to my desire and effort to find you. That sweet young face, so full of earnest sympathy, had been before me continually, and it had become my dearest wish that some day I might ask to have its brightness shed over me for life.

"So I followed up every clue I could discover, and at last, as yon know, my search was rewarded. And so, dear madam," he added, as smiling and extending his hands he clasped hers, also outstretched, in earnest pressure, "you see how I have proved my gratitude, after all. I have repaid that gift by asking and obtaining a greater one."

"But one which has been gladly and cordially given," replied Mrs. Morrison, returning his warm clasp. "And now let me call Altrura in that she may share in the pleasure and surprise of this little mystery, now so happily explained."

In a few moments more the happy young wife was listening with deep interest to a brief sketch of the events already narrated.

At its close she drew nearer her husband and laid her hand on his arm, which the next instant was drawn closely around her.

"How glad I am," she said, with earnest simplicity that brought tears to all eyes, "that it was you we were permitted to help, and that you have been the one to bring us home again. I think I must have known you loved me all these years, for from the moment I first saw you it seemed as if you were the one for whom my heart had been waiting. That simple act has brought us royal interest; the debt, if such it were, is more than canceled."

"Only canceled, darling," said her husband, drawing her to a close embrace, "in a way which your generons heart has led you to adopt, by conferring upon me that greater benefit, that richer treasure. which makes me your debtor for life."

"No, Walter," she corrected him, as she nestled closer, "for that favor was not given, but loaned; but the love that brought me to you was not loaned, but given, and"—with an arch smile—"for full value received." — *Family Story Paper.*

Abuse of the Eyes.

Like every other function of the human frame, that of sight may be abused aud neglected in such a manner as to deprive the possessor of much of the comfort and assistance which he should naturally derive from so useful an organ. And it may not be amiss, at the outset to remark that it does not by any means follow that those eyes which are most used are in the greatest danger of early failure. The contrary is true, and this for two reasons: First, that their value is generally better appreciated by the possessor. resulting in their better care; and also for the general reason, that any faculties, or portions of the anatomy most used are by the operations of nature strongest, and capable of much greater service than those which are less cultivated, and strengthened by constant exercise.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Water as an Air Purifier.

Fresh cold water is a powerful absorbent of gases. A bowl of water placed under the bed of the sick-room and frequently changed is among the valuable aids in purifying the air. The room in which the London aldermen sit is purified by open vessels of water placed in different parts of the room. It can be easily inferred from this that water standing for any length of time in a close room is unfit for drinking. It has frequently been observed that restless and troubled sleep has been corrected easily by placing an open vessel of water near the head of the bed.

THE ABSENT WIFE.

Dear wife, the hours seem dull and long
When thou'rt away;
Tuneless doth sound the sweetest song;
Each act and thought of mine is wrong;
I can not bear to be among
The blithe and gay.

The sun hath lost its golden glow
Since thou art gone;
The sluggish waters seem to flow
Darkly and still, nor murmur low
As when together we did row
Or float thereon.

Dim clouds e'en hide from me the moon,
When thou'rt not here;
No more its soft pale beams festoon
With silvery grace my silent room,
But reigns therein a cheerless gloom,
Lonesome and drear.

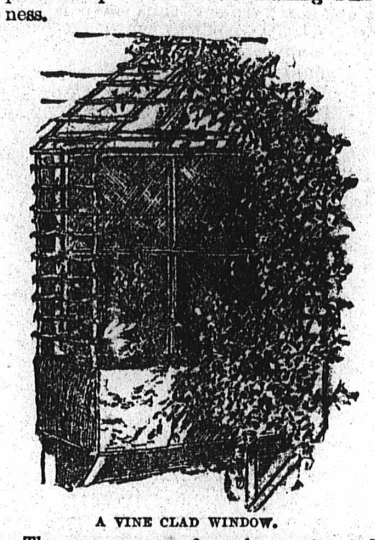
The rose hath lost its magic spell;
Thou must return.
The struggling tears will upward swell,
Till eyes grow dim and heart doth swell,
And every throb doth seem a knell
Of hopes that yearn.

No pleasures glad my waking hours;
Thou must come soon.
In dreams alone come sunny bowers,
Where, amid birds and nodding flowers,
An eternity of love is ours,
In one long June.

—[S. E. Hampton.

Rustic Window Box.

The accompanying illustration of a window box with a canopy, or roof, will give the boys an idea of what they can construct with but little trouble, in the proper season; and in making it, or something on the same plan, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing something that will afford pleasure to mothers or sisters, as well as themselves, and that will add to the attractiveness of home. We like to get the boys interested in work of this sort, for it seems to give them a kind of partnership in the home making business.

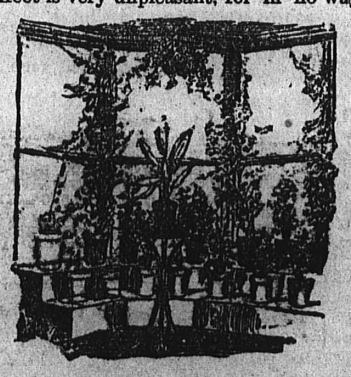


A VINE CLAD WINDOW.

The canopy, or roof, can be constructed of rough sticks with the bark left on, if you want something that will give a very pleasing rustic effect. The cross strips can be fastened in place with wires. The rougher and knottier the sticks which are used in the construction of this part of the box the more satisfactory the effect, for during the earlier part of the season it will not be covered. After the vines get large enough to hide the frame work, no one will know what it is made of. Therefore, if such material is not at hand, any kind of strips can be used. Lath will answer very well, or strips can be split from boards. If your strips are made smooth and even, and you happen to have some paint in hand, give them a coat of it. This will make them less conspicuous, if it happens to be a color which harmonizes with the color of the house. But don't use any that is of a glaring color, for it will only serve to make your frame work more noticeable. The illustration shows a canopy suitable in height for a low window. Of course it can be made to fit a window of any size. It will be found much prettier than any cloth awning, and quite as effective in furnishing shade.—[American Agriculturist.

Arrangement of Bay Window.

The accompanying illustration shows a bay window with shelving arranged about it, below the glass. In such windows it is impossible to use any kind of flower stand, with the exception of a circular one, with good results. If the old fashioned wooden one, consisting of half a circle, is used, the back of it will have to be placed next the glass, thus shutting out a good deal of light from the plants on its lower shelves; if turned with its back to the room, so that the plants can have the full benefit of the light, the effect is very unpleasant, for in no way



FLORAL BAY WINDOW.

can the back of it be made to look attractive, and most of the plants will be hidden from the occupants of the room. It is not economical as to its accommodation of plants, because it takes up more room than almost any other arrangement would, and accommodates fewer plants.

If shelves are placed above the bottom of the window, as shown in the illustration, they will allow of an attractive arrangement of the plants, similar in effect to what florists term "banking." That is, the pots of those next the glass will be hidden by the foliage of the plants in the pots on the lower shelf, thus giving one the idea of a bank of foliage and flowers. The sun is admitted freely to all the plants, and it is easy to sweep the window without moving anything except the stand in the center.

A PALACE OF SILENCE.

The Sad Story of a Beautiful New York House.

There is in New York, upon one of the most fashionable thoroughfares, a magnificent house, a veritable palace, which can never be looked at by the sentimental woman without a tear coming to her eye because of the story attached to it.

It was designed and built, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by one of the richest men in New York—the head of an old Dutch family—for the woman he loved. Throughout the whole house, which might have been called "The House Beautiful," were the colors, furnishings, ornaments, and dainty touches that were the young bride's taste.

The ball room, in which she expected to trip so many merry measures, was walled and ceiled in many colored marbles, but the lover himself directed the building of the porte cochere, under which her carriage was to roll, so that, stepping out, she would not be touched by a drop of rain or a flake of snow. Everything was ready; the horses were pawing in the stable, waiting for the day to come when they would carry their new mistress out; the coachman and the footman had their big white rosettes at hand to wear on the wedding day; the house was full of fragrance, for beautiful flowers were massed to please the coming mistress, and everything seemed to be in harmony with all this thoughtful loving care, for the sun shone bright, and it was somebody's wedding day.

Yes; but it wasn't an earthly wedding, for when, with quick footsteps, her mother went to wake the expectant bride, she found her dead. The last kiss she had given had been to her lover the night before. The last kiss he ever gave to any human being he gave to her as she rested in her coffin. But he lives in the beautiful house and does with his great fortune a deal of good, all in the name of the woman he loved. The shutters are never open in the wonderful house, the carriage has never been used, no feet have danced in the ball room, but it and the solitary man are there as evidences of the fact that a love can so completely fill the heart that all life is nothing without it.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIAL.

New York city has 8,885 saloons.

Pittsburg makes shovels for Japan.

Eleven hours is the average day's labor in Belgium.

A new foundry is in operation at Astoria, Ore.

More carpet is woven in Philadelphia than in all England.

In Portugal from sunrise to sunset is the usual length of the working day.

There is talk of erecting a woolen mill at Brownwood and San Antonio, Tex.

Fall River has 2,128,228 spindles, 100 per cent. greater than 25 years ago.

Fifty-two families of Decatur, Ill., have united to maintain a co-operative boarding house.

Sailors shipping from Dundee, Scotland, have increased their pay from $13 to $20 in two years.

A company is organizing in New Bedford for the construction of a ship building plant in that city.

The Baltimore Cigarette Machine Company was incorporated with a capital stock of $700,000.

There are said to be 1,500 Chinese laundries in New York city, earning over $3,500,000 annually.

The normal work day throughout Saxony is 13 hours, with two hours' allowance for meal taking.

The Union Pacific Railroad will cut the day a half hour each year for its shop employees till the 8 hour day is reached.

The American Bell Telephone Company last year divided property amounting to $2,658,738 on a business of $4,044,704.

A bill before the Massachusetts legislature makes 58 hours a week's work in mills. This gives a half holiday on Saturday.

An American company has been organized to work the Japanese coal mines, which are expected to easily yield 1,000,000 tons a year.

In February 29 vessels were launched in Scotland, 21 of them on the Clyde. The Clyde output is the greatest ever known for that month.

The Kansas board of railroad commissioners have finally refused to adopt the weight system for the shipment of live stock, and will continue the car load system, as heretofore.

The making of wooden shoes is quite a business in New York. They cost about $1.25 a pair, and are bought chiefly by French and German women of the tenement district on the east side.

In Switzerland a working day must not exceed 11 hours, with 1 hour's interval, comprised between the hours of 5 a. m. and 8 p. m. during the months of June, July, and August, and between 6 a. m. and 8 p. m. during the remainder of the year, the time to be regulated by the town clock.

If we were not so imperfect ourselves we would have a better opinion of other people.

MAN OVERBOARD!

HOW A NAVY SHIP IS HANDLED WHEN THIS CRY IS HEARD.

Life Buoys And How To Use Them—The Danger of Mismanaging a Buoy or a Cork Jacket Illustrated.

When the cry "Man overboard!" is heard on board a man-of-war it acts upon the ship's company with as instant pressure as does the beat to quarters. Every man has a place assigned to him on the watch bill for this emergency, and there is no duty required of him that he performs more readily and zealously than this. He knows that the life of a shipmate may depend upon his promptness, and that what has happened to another may happen to him. Even the veriest shirk will spring to his station with alacrity and work with zeal.

It is astonishing how few sailors know how to swim, and until late years even our naval officers had no instruction in the art. Now the naval cadets at Annapolis have a regular training, and there is no excuse for an officer failing to swim. In the old time navy the only way that could be depended on for teaching the seamen how to swim was to hang a topmast stu'nsail from the outer end of the lower stu'nsail boom, the inner end supported from the forechains in a curve with about four feet depth of water in the belly of the sail. In this shallow space the beginners could venture and learn from the experienced swimmers. This arrangement is imperative in waters where sharks are plentiful since the sail is sufficient to keep the man eaters off and no one would dare to go outside of it.

CLIMBING THE EDGE.

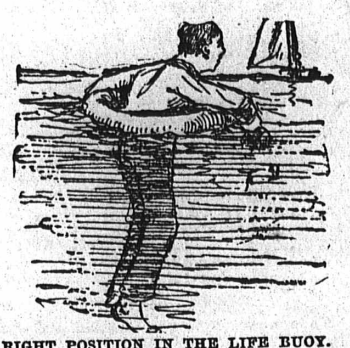
The work to be done in picking up a sailor who has fallen overboard depends, of course, largely on the ship and the circumstances belonging to each case. In a steamer without sails the evolution is very different from that performed in a ship depending wholly or partly on sail power. The direction and the force of the wind and the amount of sea play important parts in the drama. But the usual routine is somewhat as follows:—

The officer of the deck at once brings the ship "by the wind," shortening sail as necessary; then the maintopsail—if the ship be square rigged—is thrown aback to check the headway. If under steam the engines are backed till the ship is still in the water. Generally the lee life buoy is dropped as soon as the cry is heard, although a trained lookout will look over the side, and not pull the lanyard until the man is close under the stern. A lookout is always stationed at the life buoys, which are hung one on each quarter.

The navy life buoys consist of two copper globes attached to an upight staff. There is a crosspiece near the top staff and a weight and ledge at the bottom. The ledge is for the man's feet; the weight is to keep it floating upright, and the cross-piece is to hold on by. At the very top of the staff is a flat box containing a pyrotechnic composition that burns fiercely and is inextinguishable by water. At night a lockstring is first pulled, exploding a cap and lighting the composition; then the other lanyard is pulled and the buoy drops in the water. The light enables the rescuers to see the buoy at a long distance. In the daytime the lockstring is disconnected, so that only the dropping lanyard will work. When Jack gets hold of the buoy he puts one foot on each side of the staff on the ledge at the bottom, holds on by the crosspiece and rides standing, with his shoulders well out of water.

HOLDING THE BUOY DOWN.

Simultaneously with the orders for reducing sail, heaving to and dropping the buoy the officer of the deck sends the lifeboat's crew to their boat. The two quarter boats are usually left swung out, with their tackles coiled down on deck ready for lowering. The gripes, or broad sennit bands that go around the boat and hold it fast against the davits at sea, are fitted with a quick action hook by which in one motion they can be cast off. The regular crew for the lifeboat in each watch quickly scramble into the lee quarter boat, prepare their oars for use and tend the patent unhooking device, if there is one. The coxswain prepares to ship his steering oar, and the plug is put in. Then the men at the lowering tackles lower the boat several feet, and all is ready. Just at the bottom of a lee roll, when the headway is nearly stopped, the patent unhooking apparatus is let go, the boat drops a foot or two into the water, the men out oars and give way toward the life buoy.



RIGHT POSITION IN THE LIFE BUOY.

Meantime, whether by day or night, a quarter-master jumps into the rigging as soon as the buoy is let go, and it is his duty to keep an eye on the buoy all the time. Then when the boat is away he directs how the coxswain shall steer by waving a small signal flag to the right or left as may be necessary to put the boat on the right course.

The quicker the boat gets away the better the chance of finding and saving the man. I have known it to take seven minutes where the boat was extra well secured on account of heavy weather, and I have seen the ship stopped, the boat dropped, the man and buoy picked up, the boat hoisted and the ship on her course again in nine minutes.

Perhaps as difficult a job as an officer can have is to pick up a man who falls overboard from a ship that is being towed. The headway cannot be checked for many minutes, and the boat must be dropped with headway on. The nicest judgment in determining the proper instant for letting go and the most thorough working of the men and of the mechanical devices are requisite, for if there is the least mistake or hitch there will be a boat's crew overboard in addition to the one man.

Life saving buoys on board passenger steamers—particularly those that ply around New York—belong generally to one of two styles—the circular cork buoy, shaped like an exaggerated doughnut, and the cork jacket.

THE CORK JACKET IN ITS PROPER POSITION.

The former is entirely capable of sustaining one or even two persons if properly managed; but if the person who gets hold of it in the water is excited he may be unable to use it so as to save his life. For instance, in the accompany illustrations we have two representations of how not to use it. If the buoy is caught edgewise and turned up like a wheel in the water, the unfortunate man may be drowned while frantically trying to climb up its revolving edge. It will turn and turn with him like a treadmill, and keep his head below the surface until unconsciousness and death result.

Or, as in the second case, the victim gets a broadside hold upon it and pulls it down. Perhaps two-thirds of the buoy will be out of water, but the remaining third, with the man attached, will be below. This is a situation where two persons would be better than one, for a second grip on the other circumference would right the buoy and the two would keep it flat on the surface, where it would keep the heads of both out of the wet.

Finally we have the third illustration, showing how to put the round buoy where it will do the most good. By causing the buoy to lie flat and encircle the body, the arms resting on opposite sides, it will support any person at a comfortable height above the surface.

The cork jacket is a good life preserver under two conditions—namely, when rightly put on or when not put on at all. In the latter case it acts simply as any other buoyant substance, and by clinging to it firmly one can keep his head above water. If rightly placed and securely buckled it will keep a man afloat without reference to his own exertions. Even if unconsciousness or death ensue the jacket will keep the head well above the water. It is therefore specially desirable for women and children, who might not have the strength or resolution to cling to a round buoy for any length of time.

THE CORK JACKET TOO LOW DOWN.

But woe betide the man or woman who puts one on wrong. The unfortunate who gets it on about his hips or lower down on his legs will find that he would, in the language of Rip Van Winkle, "be better mitout it." No amount of endeavor will bring the legs down and head up, and he will assume the position shown in the illustration.—*N. Y. Herald.*

BOB M'GEE'S SCALP.

The Sioux Took It and Robert Wants $5,000 Indemnity for It.

Robert McGee of Easton, Kan., is but 39 years old, yet he has gone twenty-six years without a scalp, with a bullet in his ribs and the scars of several awful wounds by Indian arrows. It adds not a little to the interest of his case to learn that he was shot and scalped by the once noted Little Turtle, and the ball now lodged between two of his ribs was put there by Little Turtle, with the identical pistol which President Lincoln had not long before presented to the "noble red man."

Senator Plumb of Kansas has introduced a bill in congress to pay McGee $5,000 out of the general or Indian fund, and presents in support of it abundant evidence to prove the following facts: In 1864 Robert McGee, 13 years old, was left an orphan and without means, but being quite tall for his age he tried to enlist at Fort Leavenworth. He was rejected but employed as a teamster, and started with a small train to Fort Union, N. M. On the 11th of July, near where the city of Great Bend now stands, Little Turtle's band of Sioux warriors attacked the train. The whites fought long and well, but were overpowered and every one killed except young McGee.

ROBERT M'GEE.

It seems that the Indians at first intended to spare him for some reason, but after compelling him to witness the torture of others not quite dead they decided to kill him also. The chief shot him with the elegant pistol he carried as a Lincoln souvenir, and three spears were run into his back as he lay upon the ground. Little Turtle then tore off his scalp and struck him twice with a tomahawk, facturing the skull at each blow. The savage departed and in a few hours a party of soldiers arrived on their way to Fort Larned. Sorrowfully they gathered the corpses for burial, but perceiving signs of life in McGee they bound up his wounds and took him to the fort.

The surgeons exhausted their skill upon him; the struggle was long and terrible, but he lived—as remarkable a recovery as any related in history. The details were laid before President Lincoln, who sent for the boy, and was deeply affected by his account. The western generals were directed to favor him in employment. Many years after McGee's uncle acquired wealth in the west and tried to recover the scalp from Little Turtle, but unsuccessfully. McGee is now apparently in robust health, but of course terribly disfigured.

Mr. Worth, The Man-Milliner.

Few American women who have visited Europe are unfamiliar with the entresol on the avenue de l'Opera in which Worth, the monarch of dressmaking, holds his court. Worth was originally a shopman in a large London dry-goods store. He was promoted from the counter to become a buyer for the firm by which he was employed. In that capacity he visited Paris and there conceived the idea of the dressmaking business which has made his name as familiar to women as that of Bismarck or Gladstone is to the world at large. The *Illustrated American* has obtained from Worth the only photograph of himself that he ever consented to have published. It shows him in the costume in which he usually receives his subjects—the devotees of fashion—who will at once recognize the peculiar velvet cap, somewhat like a loose Tam o' Shanter, and the velvet-faced dressing-gown which he affects. Worth's manner is autocratic. He fully appreciates the fact that he has achieved greatness. He lives in a pretty villa, buried in flowers, at Ville d'Avray, the suburb of Paris where Gambetta died. Worth receives his would-be customers with the dignified air of veritable sovereign. He listens to their intimations of the style in which they believe the forthcoming costume should be "created," but he does not always follow their suggestions. He refuses to be fettered in any way in his "creations." The interview ended, he waves his fair visitor toward an adjoining room, where Mlle. Louis or some other of his chief assistants perhaps "tries on" a dress of the style desired by the caller, and attends to the details of her order.

It is of interest to general readers to learn that the familiar expression "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness" is from John Wesley's sermon on "Dress."

A HUMAN CYCLONE.

The Peril of Conveying a Party of Convict Lunatics.

It isn't the pleasantest thing in the world to travel with a convict, says the N. Y. *Herald*. It is still less agreeable to have as your compagnon du voyage a lunatic who is liable to break out and be violent at any moment. But I think the worst of all is to have a collection of convict "luneys" under your charge even for a short journey, for, mad as they are, most of them know that they are prisoners and enemies of society, and they couple with this knowledge all the recklessness which insanity brings. They are apt to be both dangerous and ugly.

We were transferring six prisoners of this variety from Utica to Auburn. There were eleven in the party, four besides the doctor, a slender young keepers fellow and something of a dude in appearance, with his fine clothes and gold-rimmed eye-glasses, which he pronounced "glawses," but a good man for all that, brave as a lion, and with muscles like steel springs on his athletic arms.

It was hard to say who was the most nervous of the party—the madmen, excited by their change of base, the keepers, knowing well the perils of the enterprise, or the young doctor, keen and alert, on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for safely delivering his charge within the walls of the insane pavilion at Auburn.

On the station platform at Utica one of the men, the most dangerous character of all, broke loose and started to run away. Instantly all four of the keepers jumped on him and after a most tremendous struggle threw him down and overpowered him, while the doctor, after sweeping the others with a lightning-like glance and bidding them in a low tone of authority to stand perfectly still, whipped out a pocket case with a tiny syringe in it and squirted a pacifying measure into the arm of the furious and foaming madman. In a moment or two he had become tranquil.

"Now, get up," said the doctor, "and do not make us any more trouble."

The keepers relaxed their hold and the "luney" sullenly obeyed. It was wonderful what effect the cool manner and the strong will of the little doctor had upon these misshapen minds. It was like oil on troubled waters.

There was no further trouble until we reached Syracuse. The dangerous patient had been very quiet since his first outbreak, suspiciously so the doctor thought, who asked him several times how he felt, if he felt all right, and so forth. In the cars he was between his keeper and the window, and really had no chance for mischief. But as they were getting off the cars at Syracuse his opportunity came and he took it like a flash. With a quick blow he knocked the keeper off the car platform and down on the station, then he was off upon the other side and running like a deer along the railroad track. The Chicago limited was coming down the track at a fast pace, and I expected that the locomotive would forever settle that troublesome patient, for it caught him in a narrow place where he could turn neither to the right nor to the left, but with all a madman's cunning he lay down close to the rails just in the nick of time and was passed by unharmed.

But what was that upon his heels—a streak of lightning? No, it was the young doctor, and running like the hound that overtakes the deer. He escaped the limited by throwing himself flat against the fence, and then before the other had time to scramble up and be off again he was on him with a furious energy. He caught the fellow by the scruff of the neck, gave him a twist and sent him spinning like a peg top crash against the fence. Then he had him down, and was jumping on the prostrate body till the fellow howled for mercy. Cruel? Brutal? Well, perhaps it was, but I, who had seen the whole business, and knew how quickly the madman would stick a knife in him if he got a chance, I could not blame him for harsh measures.

A moment later the fellow was again in the hands of a keeper. The morphine was applied once more and the doctor was serenely asking how he felt.

It was not until the men were safely lodged in their new asylum a couple of hours afterward that the doctor broke down and then, trembling and with fluttering voice, he went to the hotel and asked for a long horn of brandy. "That is the most terrible task of any that I have to do," he said. "In transferring the 'luneys' I am always possessed by the expectation that one of them will break loose and kill somebody. It is not for myself that I fear, but for some harmless and unsuspecting passenger. I would rather carry a load of dynamite on the cars than half a dozen of those fellows."

The Story of a New York House.

There is in New York upon one of the most fashionable thoroughfares, a most magnificent house—yea, it is a veritable palace—which can never be looked at by the sentimental woman without a tear coming to her eye, because of the story attached to it.

It was designed and built by one of the richest men in New York—the head of an old Dutch family—for the woman he loved. Throughout the whole house, which might have been called "The House Beautiful," were the colors, furnishings, ornaments and dainty touches that were the young bride's taste. The ball-room, in which she expected to trip so many merry measures, was walled and sealed in many-colored marbles; but the lover himself, directed the building of the porte cochere under which her carriage was to roll, so that, stepping out, she would not be touched by a drop of rain or a flake of snow. Everything was ready; the horses were pawing in the stable waiting for the day to come when they would carry their new mistress out; the coachman and the footman had their big, white rosettes at hand to wear on the wedding day; the house was full of fragrance, for beautiful flowers were massed to please the coming mistress, and everything seemed to be in harmony with all this thoughtful, loving care; for the sun shone bright, and it was somebody's wedding day. Yes; but it wasn't an earthly wedding, for, when, with quick footsteps, her mother went to wake the expectant bride, she found her dead. The last kiss she had given, had been to her lover the night before. The last kiss he ever gave any human being, he gave to her as she rested in her coffin. But he lives on in the beautiful house and does, with his great fortune, a deal of good, all in the name of the woman he loved. The shutters are never opened in that wonderful house, the carriage has never been used, no feet have danced in the ball-room; but it and the solitary man are there as evidences of the fact that a love can so completely fill the heart that all life is nothing without it. —*Ladies' Home Journal.*

MARRIED THREE SISTERS.

Remarkable Experience in the Life of a Georgia Legislator.

The Hon. Alfred Herrington—Herrington of Emanuel—is married, says the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution.*

He was one of the most popular members of the last legislature, and a great many friends here and in other parts of the state will be interested in the story.

He will be most readily recalled to *Constitution* readers, perhaps, by his spirited refusal to obey instructions given by the political bosses of his section to control his vote on the Olive bill.

The incident was the subject of a lot of comment, and secured him many friends.

It was known among his intimate acquaintances that he had been twice married and was again a widower. His two wives were sisters.

While his first wife was living he had contributed toward the education of his sister-in-law, then a young girl.

Then in time he married the second sister—the one he had educated.

The second wife's place in school was taken by a third sister. It was Mr. Herrington's pride that the children should grow up cultured and refined, and he spared no expense in giving the third sister—as he had given the second—the best of educations.

Now he has married the third sister.

The story is told briefly in this special from Swainsboro:

"The most interresting occurrence that has taken place in our town in some time is the marriage of the Hon. Alfred Herrington to Miss Annie Lee Wilkins at the residence of Mrs. E. E. Flanders. The contracting parties are among the most prominent and popular young people of this section. Mr. Herrington is our present very efficient member of the legislature. The bride is a young lady of many natural gifts and enviable accomplishments. For some time she has been editing the *Southern Girl*, and many young people in this and other southern states are familiar with her writing. Another interesting feature of the program is that this is the third sister Mr. Herrington has married. He has educated and given his bride all the accomplishments that money could contribute, having educated her at one of the best female colleges in the south.

Times Had Changed.

At Sumter S. C., there was a large crowd of colored people at the depot as the train pulled in. An old bald-headed Uncle Jerry had his head out of the coach set apart for colored passengers. and a man on the platform recognized him and called out:

"Hello, Misser Stivers! is dat yo'?"

The old man looked straight at him, but made no responce.

"Hello! Misser Stivers!" No response.

"Say, Misser Stivers, has yo' losted yo' hearing?" persisted the man, as he drew nearer.

"Boy, was yo' talkin' to me?" sternly demanded the old man.

"Sartin. What's the matter?"

"Boy, was you' want anything of me?"

"Why, how yo' talk! Reckon yo' has got the hoodoo."

"Does yo' evidently reckon yo' know me?"

"Of co'se I knows yo'. Yo' is old man Stivers."

"When did yo' know me?"

"Why last fall. Why, I dun worked wid yo' fur three months."

"An' when yo' done worked wid me what was I a-doin'?"

"Drivin' them mewls for Kurnel Johnson."

"Exactly, sah, But I want yo' to understan' dat dere is a heap of difference atwixt drivin' dem mewls fur Kurnel Johnson an' ridin' on the kivered kyars along wid white folks. I might a-knowed yo' last fall, sah, but if yo' now desiah to permeate any erlongated conversashun wid me' yo' mus' git some 'sponsible gem'len to introduce yo'."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A trial in the harbor of Portsmouth, England, recently showed that a modern torpedo boat can mount any boom yet devised to protect a roadstead or harbor. The structure tested it was supposed would instantly stop and hold fast any boat attempting to pass it, but the boat, driven at full speed, went over it without difficulty or damage.

A Startling Conjuring Trick.

The apparent cutting off of heads is among the most successful of recent conjuring tricks. The stage is hung completely in black velvet or felt. The effect of this arrangement of light and shadow is to throw the stage into impenetrable gloom. The conjuror appears suddenly clothed in white. Then Mephistopheles appears so suddenly that it seems as if he had jumped out of space, but really coming through an opening in the black cloth. A pretty woman in a light cloak and evening dress appears. She has first wrapped herself in a black domino of the same material as the stage hangings, leaving her arms and head free. Over this she now slips a framework of light wire, covered with a fine evening dress. This framework has no back, and she can slip out from it behind, leaving the shell with dress. For the lady to sit on, two pedestals suddenly appear. These are white, and appear by having a covering of black pulled from them quickly. One of these is about two feet high and the other about five feet high. The lady sits on the smaller one, and Mephisto orders the conjuror to cut off her head. After some demurring he finally seizes a carving knife, puts a light cloak over the lady's shoulders and cuts off her head. Taking it with one hand under the chin and the other holding her hair, he carries it across the stage and places it on the other pedestal. She walks across the stage in her black domino or behind a black screen shoulder high, only her head showing, and finally stopping with her head on the pedestal that is about five feet high. To replace, the same gliding back is again employed, and she again resumes her dress case and the trick is over.

Split Gold Coins.

"Two tens for a twenty, please," said a gentleman to the cashier in the county treasurer's office.

The cashier took the "twenty" and rang it on the counter. It had that peculiar dull ring that characterizes counterfeit coins. He rung it a second time and then inspected it critically.

"Is that bogus?" asked the owner of the coin.

"Oh, no!" answered the cashier. "It's good as wheat, but split." Continuing, he said, "that is the first split twenty dollars I ever ran across. The stamping machine at the mint sometimes comes down too hard on the coins and splits them; but it is seldom the larger coins split. It's mostly fives that suffer. But they are very careful at the mint and stop every split coin they detect. Now, in the thousands of dollars handled here every year I rarely find a split coin. I don't think I've found more than four or five in a year, and, as I say, the coins were mostly five dollar pieces."

The split twenty dollar gold piece looked perfect, and, so far as the eye could detect, bore no flaw of any kind. The only fault with it was the "ring," and the split made it sound "dead" when thrown on the counter.

Presence of Mind.

How few people are blessed with presence of mind when danger threatens! A lamp explodes; five out of six run screaming from the vicinity, leaving it to do its deadly work unchecked; the sixth snatches up a woollen shawl or blanket and smothers the flames. A woman faints in a public place. A struggling, suffocating crowd presses about. Suddenly three or four in the crowd begin to exclaim, "Stand back! Give her air!" But not one of them makes a move to stand back himself, and the crowd gathers more and more closely, until some one with the gift of leadership comes to the rescue. The wheels of a carriage become interlocked with those of a heavy wagon. The horses are terrified and restive; an accident seems certain when a man cries, to the one next him, "Help me lift the carriage clear!" In the flash of an eye it is done and the peril averted. Leadership lies in thought; cultivate it, you who can.

Leghorn Straw Farming.

What is known as Leghorn straw is raised on the hills which rise on each side of the rivers Pisa and Elsa, south of Florence, Italy. Its adaptability to the uses to which it is destined depends principally on the soil on which it is sown, which soil, to all appearances, exists only in this small district, out of the bounds of which the industry is unknown. Any variety of wheat which has a hollow, flexible stem can be used for seed. The soil must be tilled and prepared very much as it is for corn, but the seed is sown five times as thick as is usual for other purposes; this is done in the month of December or February. When the straw is full grown, and before the grain begins to form itself in the ear, it is uprooted and firmly tied in sheaves the size of a handful. Each sheaf or menata, as it is called, is spread out in the shape of a fan to dry in the sun for three days, after which it is stowed away in barns. The harvest being over and the fields empty, it is again spread out to catch the heavy summer dews and to bleach in the sun, during which process it is carefully turned until all sides are equally white.

She Couldn't Play.

"Won't you please play something for us, my dear Miss Swindle?" says the hostess.

"Oh, I caunt, really, I am so horridly out of practice!" cries Miss Swindle.

"Oh, Miss Swindle! When you always play so beautifully at any time!"

"I? I play beautifully when I really don't pretend to be anything more than an amateur? I only wish I could play."

"Do play, Miss Swindle!" says one of the guests, coaxingly.

"Oh, do," cries another.

"Please do, Miss Swindle," cries a third. "I have heard so much about your exquisite playing and have always wanted to hear you. Please do play!"

"Oh, thank you! But I really am quite out of practice, and I simply play a little for my own amusement."

"O-o-o-oh, Miss Swindle!" cry all the guests in chorus.

"Really, I don't pretend to play well," insists Miss Swindle.

"Do play something for us. Let me escort you to the piano."

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," says Miss Swindle, reluctantly; "but I shall play horridly and I really don't know a single thing to play, anyhow."

About an hour later the hostess said to her husband,—

"We really must do or say something to get that stupid Miss Swindle away from the piano. She's played six long pieces now and is beginning on the seventh, and Heaven only knows when she'll stop. Everybody's either yawning or giggling. I don't know what ever made me so stupid as to ask her to play, anyhow!"

Rich Men's Sons.

Examples of this law of heredity are plentiful among the financial leaders. The Astors and Vanderbilts of this generation have shown themselves well worthy to uphold the great monetary dynasties founded by their ancestors, and there is not in either family a spendthrift or an unworthy member. W. W. Astor has done some creditable literary work. Jay Gould's sons are likely to carry out his projects and increase the magnitude of his fortune. Robert Bonner's heritage is well cared for by his sons. The Ames family, which started its fortune by making shovels and increased it in Credit Mobilier, has an able member to-day in Oliver Ames, who has twice been Governor of Massachusetts. "Old Hutch's" son in Chicago is at thirty the president of a bank and director of a score of financial institutions. James L. Flood, son of the bonanza prince, and most prominent of the scions of mushroom wealth, has been at the head of the great Nevada Bank.

Ways that are Dark.

A new device for stealing pocketbooks and hand bags in the street is rather ingenius. The actual thief arranges matters so that he passes the intended victim just as his female confederate, who has been walking exactly in front of her stops suddenly, and allows the owner of the object to be stolen to run against her. The victim is either sorry for her own carelessness or indignant at the confederate's apparent stupidity. In the former case she apologizes, in the latter the confederate salutes her in such language that she hastens away frightened and ashamed, and in either case she is too much occupied to notice when her purse is snatched from her fingers or her bag is cut from her arm. Beware of the women who are suddenly struck with admiration of something in a shop window, and pause abruptly to admire it, creating more or less confusion by the movement.

The Upper Berth.

A Pullman sleeper conductor says: Everybody who wants a berth in a sleeper wants the lower berth. I have been in the employ of the company for fourteen years, and I have never yet had an application for an upper berth. Of course the upper berth is not so easy of access as the lower, but if you don't mind climbing to the upper berth you will at once admit, after the night is over, that it is the more comfortable of the two. The ventilation is better and you are not so close to the rumbling noise. You are more private than you are in a lower berth, and in case of accident you have a chance of coming out on top. In hot weather the upper berth is cooler than the lower. The lower berth, as you know, is made up from the cushioned seats, which are of warm material.

I have never known a man to fall out of an upper berth. I think if the company would make a difference of a half dollar in favor of the upper berth it would soon be in demand. But I believe the Pullman Company never makes any difference in the charges.

She Served as a Soldier.

Application was made to the adjutant general at Columbus Ohio, a short time since, for the discharge papers of "John R. Sumner," 123d Ohio infantry. The application is made in behalf of Mrs. J. C. Bailey, of No. 81 Gordon street, Cleveland, who claims that she served through the war as a man under the nane of Sumner. Before the war Mrs. Bailey lived in Richmond, Va. Her two brothers, named

Volcanic Islands Sinking.

Letters received from the British ship Egeria, which has been engaged for a considerable time on sounding operations in the South Pacific, state that she has just completed a survey of the Union group of islands, and a line of soundings has been carried from those islands to Fiji, and thence to Tonga, for the purpose of cable-laying, should a cable at any future time be deemed necessary.

On the first of October the Egeria left Tonga for the Falcon Island, one of the Tonga group, which was thrown up five years ago by a volcanic eruption, and was then stated to be five miles wide; but to the surprise of the scientific officers on board, they found it to be only half its original size. The place proved to be composed entirely of volcanic cinders, with small, but sulphurous springs here and there, and in some places the ground was so hot as to render walking exceedingly uncomfortable and in other places actually dangerous.

Lieutenant Marescaux and a party of men were employed in putting up mark flags for surveying purposes, and had placed a mark on the highest point of land on the island, about two hundred and fifty feet from the level of the sea and about twenty yards from the extremity of the cliff. Soon after this work had been completed those on board saw a large mass of ground fall away into the sea and this was followed by a white vapor which rose from the water. In less than three days from the hoisting of this mark the flag staff erected by Lieutenant Marescaux and his party had completely disappeared with the whole of the intervening ground between it and the sea.

Many pieces of the cinders which cover this volcanic head have have been taken on board the Egeria, and although very much resembling ordinary coke, when placed in the fire they run off in liquid form. It is considered that should there be no further upheaval this island will be entirely submerged in a few years.

Gen. Butler's Bad Eye.

General Benj. F. Butler's left eye has had nearly as much to do with making him famous as his record as a lawyer, a politician, or a soldier. He wore that left eyelid in its well known drooping fashion for three score and ten years, but in his old age he decided to conform with the generally prevailing ocular style and called in a surgeon.

The operation by which the caricaturists were robbed of one of their strong points, and which restored the beauty and usefulness of the General's extraordinary optic, was performed recently at his home in Lowell, Mass. It was no concern for his facial beauty that induced the patient to submit to the shears. He has borne a drooping appendage of flesh over his left eye since birth, but as long as his right eye was intact he could see well enough to satisfy him.

But this useful organ grew tired with the strain of seventy-one years and demanded aid from its comparatively idle brother. So a specialist was called in. He decided that the right eye was worn out, while the left was perfect in every respect, except the drooping lid. Enough of this would have to be removed to reduce it to normal size. When he appreciated the situation the General consented to an operation, which was successfully performed. The lid was treated with cocaine and the cutting was done with a surgeon's scissors. A piece of flesh one and a half inches long and an inch wide was taken away. The surgeon then brought the edges together and secured them with a half dozen stitches. The ef-

St. Clair, enlisted in a Virginia regiment. She came to Washington, donned male attire and joined the Ohio regiment. She was in many skirmishes, and finally became a member of one of Sheridan's scouting parties. She was wounded and taken to a hospital, where her identity was discovered. Upon getting out of the hospital she went back to her company, and was wounded twice afterward. That is the woman's story. Mrs. Bailey is trying to get a pension, and the Grand Army men have taken an interest in her case.

An Elephant's Venerable Age.

The journals of Ceylon have recently mentioned the death of an elephant that was well known on the island and had been seen by several generations of Englishmen. He was called Sello, and had belonged to the last of the kings of Kandy. He was one of the hundred elephants that was taken by the English Government in 1815, when the Kandyan dynasty were overthrown. At this epoch the elephant was said to be fifteen years old. If this is correct, he died a natural death at the age of eighty-nine years.

fect was to pull the lower portion of the lid upward where the overhanging fold used to be, thus exposing the eyeball to the light. The whole thing was over in fifteen minutes. The wound healed splendidly, and a perfect union of the edges was accomplished within a week. The right lid, which is beginning to droop, will be operated on in a similar manner at an early day.

Precious Stones at Wyoming.

A topaz of considerable value was recently found in Popowagi Canon. About a year ago, L. P. Webster secured several stones, and, being impressed by their beauty and hardness, sent them to Johann Drummond, in Amsterdam, Holland, to be cut and polished. The result of the operation was recently returned to him in the form of five brilliants varying from one-quarter carat to one carat. Mr. Drummond has written to Mr. Webster that the gems so closely resemble diamonds that only experts can detect the difference, and that aside from the diamonds they are the hardest stones ever out in his establishment. The gems possess a beautiful bluish tint.

Naming Ships of War.

The naming of vessels of the navy is regulated by law. Vessels of the first class are required to be named after States, those of the second after rivers, those of the third after the principal cities and towns, and those of the fourth as the president may direct. The law is not always observed as closely as it ought to be, but in the main it governs naval nomenclature to-day.

Writes Backward.

A little English girl four years old writes with her left hand, and writes backward, as characters are reflected in a mirror from ordinary writing. Her friends have to read them by means of a looking glass. The child was taught writing with a sister, but she would do her own way, with the result that she writes fluently in this fantastic style.

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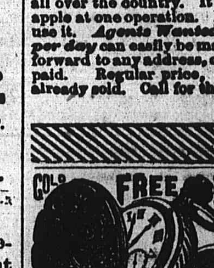
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