

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

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NO. 20

## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$5.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c. The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.

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### Wise Action.

The very excellent platform adopted by the People's convention, and the well selected ticket nominated, merits the hearty support of all good citizens. It will have the cordial good will of this paper. We purpose entering warmly into this campaign, and shall endeavor to show good reasons why the ticket should be elected.

In order to help this cause we offer this paper at less than cost until election, and will send it to any address, singly, for 15c, and in clubs of ten or more at 10c each.

We promise to try and make it worth the money.

Cardinal Newman died Monday at Birmingham, England, from an attack of pneumonia.

Some of the democratic papers refer to the farmers' failure to nominate Robinson, as if the only aim of the people's party is to defeat the republicans without regard to means. The defeat of the republicans by absorption with democrats would profit nothing.

The labor reformer who expects to meet with any speedy or any considerable success, until he works heartily and fully with the prohibition temperance reform, is sure to meet with defeat. The very first practical step with a great many must be individual reform. There is no one thing that keeps many a laboring man down and prevents needed reform, as intemperate habits in the individual. Not only he and his family suffer, but the entire laboring class are made to share the effect of his fault.

The democratic party leaders are very sore because the people's party didn't walk into their open mouths and be swallowed. The great beast squatted itself at the Copeland, opened its huge jaws, like some Arctic Cetacean, bated as it is said, with a pile of whiskey funds, and expected the whole hord of farmers, like gullible fish, to rush in and be devoured. Even Gov. Robinson failed to draw them in. It was a terrible disappointment to the resubmissionists and democrats and now they threaten to make a separate state ticket. So they should.

At the People's party convention this week the following excellent state ticket was nominated:

- For Chief Justice, N F Rightmire, of Chase county.
- For Governor, J F Willets, of Jefferson county.
- For Lieutenant Governor, A C Shinn, of Franklin county.
- For Secretary of State, R S Osborne, of Roos county.
- For Treasurer, W H Biddle of Butler county.
- For Auditor, B F Foster of Shawnee county.
- For Attorney General, I N Ives of Rice county.
- For Superintendent Public Instruction, Mrs. Fanny McCormick of Barton County.

### Semper Candidatus.

The People's party did a good thing this week when it set down on candidate Vrooman. But it came near being taken in. He popped up twice, once as candidate for Chief Justice, and beaten there, again, for attorney general. He has no qualifications for either place, but has appeared with wonderful regularity, every year, in some odd party or other, for some office, and will probably continue to do so until his life's end. Cyrus Corning is another one of these old blatherskite reformers, who prefer to agitate rather than work. The Alliance has no use for this class of men nor has the people's party if it expects to secure public esteem. As a perpetual, ever abiding office seeker, Vrooman ranks with A W Smith of the republican party. To keep this kind of men down has been one of the most difficult things the Alliance has had to do. They are always trying to work themselves in somewhere. Altogether the state convention met with remarkable success in politely landing them over the back fence.

It is estimated that the fortification of Heligoland by Germany will cost \$7,500,000.

The Michigan fruit crop is reported more of a failure than in any year for twenty-five years.

John J. Sherley has been nominated for congress by the democrats of the First Iowa district.

The first annual convention of the letter carriers of the United States began in Boston Wednesday.

The next international congress of congregationalists has been fixed for London, July, 13, 1891, to last a week.

Rockwell & Co.'s great tannery, Warren, Pa., was destroyed by fire Wednesday, loss \$100,000. The hides were saved.

The democrats of West Virginia have renominated Judge D J Lucas for the supreme bench by acclamation.

W H Thompson, of Grand Island, Neb., was nominated for congress Wednesday by the democrats of the Third Nebraska district.

Lightning struck a farm house near Nehawka, Neb., Tuesday night, killing Miss Josie Hoback and a young Missourian named Knox.

The safe in the postoffice at Blue Springs, Neb., was entered by burglars Tuesday night and \$480 in stamps secured.

Albert Beaumont, chief advertising agent of the Chicago opera house, was arrested Wednesday for illegally selling advertising admission tickets.

The municipal election at Effingham Tuesday resulted in the election of the people's ticket with P. K. O'Meara, mayor, and J. H. Martin, police judge.

W. H. Walker, a leading merchant of Eugene, Ore., was accidentally shot and killed Tuesday while hunting, being mistaken for a deer by a comrade.

Mrs. Annie Beatty of Bayview, Wis., died in frightful agony Tuesday, being literally eaten alive by maggots from fly eggs deposited in her nose by a fly two weeks ago.

Lewis H. Maek of Anthony, shot and killed himself Monday in the Indian territory while hunting with his sister and two ladies. The latter drove with the body to the young man's home.

The house foreign affairs committee reported a resolution Wednesday requesting the president to report any possible information in regard to the ill treatment of Jews by Russia.

The Kansas fish commissioner, John M. Brumbaugh, is on his way to Washington to confer with Government Commissioner McDonald regarding the stockings of Kansas rivers. The first shipment of fish will be toward the latter part of the month, and the varieties will be perch, croppie and black bass.

The first photographic contest ever held by a newspaper closes in this week's Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. The work of the contestants is fine, and the successful pictures are printed in a double supplement on the finest enameled paper. It is such an artistic number that we do not wonder that it offers in this issue its magnificent reproduction of "The Angelus" with a three months' subscription for one dollar.

### THE PEOPLE'S UPRISING.

On Shunganunga's classic banks  
The bosses found their cunning pranks;  
Those brilliant Kansans, bad and good,  
Our Coney Pat, and J. G. Wood,  
Bill Higgins, Hudson, smiling Joe,  
And J. B. Johnson in the row,  
And A. P. J. Moore, tall and big,  
Aspiring and conceited prig,  
And George R. Peck, of Santa Fe  
Between the lines we plainly see,  
Has one eye on the railroad train,  
While close along comes Printer Crane;  
See with what wear and what hate  
They curse, until one's whole frame quakes,  
And T. D. Thatcher quite agrees,  
That one who can state printing get  
Can make a nest the softest yet,  
These and others make up the ring  
That thinks to run the party thing.

You'll find them round the state house  
[square,  
Watch them look o'er the field, and swear  
How all shall feel the party whip  
Who from their necks the yoke would slip;  
Hear them good General Rice berate,  
See with what wear and what hate  
They curse, until one's whole frame quakes,  
Because he flayed poor John J. Ingalls.  
Hear how they damn the *Champion*,  
When late it put such damper on,  
And loaded down with heavy clogs  
The hopes of Kansas demagog.

Ne'er yet before saw they such straits,  
Ne'er yet before were their poor pates  
So nearly stunned with awful shocks,  
So threatened at the ballot box.

But not inclined to yield at all,  
They send abroad a glowing call,  
Believe themselves as wise as popes,  
Quite fit to lay the party ropes,  
With wires to pull, and dirty work  
Fit for a heathen or a Turk.  
The work is old, 'tis really dirt  
To wave anew the bloody shirt.  
Not every one is low enough,  
Not every one so coarse and rough—  
To stain the lives of well bred folks,  
And blacken names like L. L. Polk's.

Sam Crawford, then, among the rest,  
Pops from out his feathered nest,  
He yearly costs ten thousand dollars,  
Of course he'll wear the party collars.  
So in long and bawling letters,  
Spins gauzy falsehoods of his betters.

The times are strange and things in doubt,  
The farmers turning things about,  
The politicians, wondering feel  
Great concern for the public weal,  
But more indeed for their own pockets  
As limbs torn from their very sockets.

So bosses off in conclave meet,  
To conjure how to keep their feet,  
Since often now a light goes out,  
Not oft, like Campbells in a bout,  
But oft in squads with steady tramp  
Of useful workers come to camp.  
Behind are left all party lines,  
The're coming now to down combines.

A puzzle racks the bosses' brain,  
How to keep in from drenching rain,  
Where to fly to reach a cover  
And not be deluged by one Clover.  
Then when the bosses off have met,  
Tried hard to swim and not get wet,  
Worked long to save the party craft,  
So fully rigged afore and aft.

With life boats hanging to the davits  
Long life leases they would have it,  
To party power, well settled down,  
For them to rule without a crown,

But country rustics, waiting round,  
Instead of delving in the ground,  
Declared their right to take a hand  
In ruling o'er this favored land.

Then bosses met and pondered well,  
What tales could they the farmer tell,  
What explanations they might make  
To keep him down for their poor sake,  
For be it known, their plans were laid  
And all arrangements well nigh made,  
For every office to be filled  
In every field that could be filled.

Without attempting here to tell,  
From Humphrey down to Hallowell,  
They had a place assigned to all  
With farmers pushed hard to the wall.

Sure never had it been their place  
Aught else to do, but vote with grace  
Such tickets made and studied o'er,  
As rings put out, and nothing more.  
So when the booms from shop and farm,  
With not a thought of doing harm,  
With no desire outside their right,  
Still hardly knowing half their might,  
Began to talk and organize,  
No fear of bosses in their eyes,  
The state house ring no clamor made  
For voters were their stock in trade.  
But soon with scorn and then defiance  
They met the farmers state alliance.

Then Ingalls made with Hudson Joe,  
A patched up peace, two months ago,  
This peace as soon as brought about,  
Twas thought would knock the farmers  
But being made of firmer stuff [out.

The bosses found it not enough;  
For meeting soon in state convention  
Th' alliance said twas their intention,  
To place John James high on the shelf  
Where genius left quite to itself  
Might soon bring out that striking novel  
Of pictured life in hall and hovel.

Astounded stood the state house ring  
That farmers dare do such a thing.  
What right had they, mere clothchoppers,  
Working men and low wood choppers  
To even doubt the bosses right,  
To name the tickets, honor bright,  
That they should vote without suggestion,  
Vote them straight and make no question?

In olden days a right divine  
Made lords and kings. Now they incline  
That party lords, not less than kings,  
Can squeeze mankind like senseless things.  
To be continued.

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

The Chinese and Japanese have no fire apparatus beyond a water pail, and depend on Providence instead of a fire department. They have to learn, as all other nations have learned, that Providence has so arranged it that man is expected to kick for himself when he goes in swimming.

A PLANTER at Alpharetta, Ga., has an acre of cotton every stalk of which is of a deep red color, leaf, boll and bloom. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stalks of red cotton found in a cotton field. There is a fortune in this new variety if it can be perpetuated.

For fifteen years a Portland business man has received from the florist's every other morning a fresh bunch of flowers—roses, heliotrope, forget-me-nots and the like, and placed it directly in front of him upon his desk. By thus looking on the bright side of life he has undoubtedly added to his happiness.

You can't learn from a book how to diagnose and treat a case of illness. Men that practice on their families generally do so because they are too stingy to pay for medical advice, and they generally get the worst of it. It takes three, four or five years of hard study for an intelligent man to learn how to practice medicine.

ONE of the most noteworthy features of the history of the world during the past quarter of a century has been the steady increase in the armament of the leading foreign countries, both the military and naval establishments of the different powers being constantly on the increase until they have now reached truly tremendous proportions.

DISTRACTED parents who lose their children in the crowds at public resorts on holidays would be glad if a curious Berlin custom were adopted. At the Berlin Zoological Gardens any keeper finding a lost child takes the little one in charge and blows a trumpet. Hearing the note the mother or father in search of the missing child at once makes for the spot and the search is ended.

A WOMAN from Connecticut is at the Pasteur institute in New York to be treated for a hog bite. The physician in charge says that a hog can go mad as well as a dog, and there seem to be very few animals, judging by the variety of Pasteur patients, that can't go mad. Even Mary's little lamb might have gone mad and bitten little Mary, causing the death of that innocent child by the sad and horrible disease of hydrophobia.

THOSE were wise words of Cardinal Gibbons when he said that it is the duty of every man to take an active personal interest in politics. The voter who does not do so, and who fails to go to the primaries, has no right to complain of corruption in politics. If every man made it his business to see that good men are chosen to office, politics would be as pure as any business or calling. The complaint is commonly made that political heilers control the primaries. If they do it is the respectable voter's own fault.

WHETHER cyclones are really more numerous than formerly is not determined. That they are more destructive will be readily granted because there is more in their path to be destroyed. A cyclone that tore across an uninhabited prairie or through a dense forest twenty-five years ago would attract no attention for the reason that no one was in its track to be hurt or report to the newspapers its destructive force. But a tornado traveling over the same track to-day wrecks villages and farm houses that have sprung up since then, and the destruction is reported to the ends of the earth on the same day through the agency of telegraphs and newspapers.

THERE are some people who are out of sorts at every hand's turn for no legitimate reason—because the sun has gone under a cloud, because they slept badly or ate too heartily; but the companionable person makes the best of every situation. Take the companionable young woman, for instance. She is not fidgety or fussy, and her prejudices are not, as with some, her chief characteristics. When she arrives she brings another atmosphere with her, and common things, seen with her eyes, becomes wonderful. She is a person of ideas, and bestows them with prodigality; she is not so often a wit as the occasion of wit in others. She makes every one happy who comes within her influence.

**A Romance Spoiled.**



Two lovers went to the base-ball game One afternoon in May. He was a "crank;" she never had seen Professional players play.

He faithfully tried to explain it all, She tried to understand; But the more he talked, the less she knew Why he thought the game was "grand."

He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hit hit!" She calmly looked about; And if any one made a three-base hit, She asked if the man was out.

She tried her best to keep the score, But when the game was done He found that whenever a foul was hit She had given the man a run.

It dampened his ardor to have her say: "Why does not the umpire bat?" And each question she asked diminished his love. Though he wouldn't have owned to that.

Till at last she asked in her guileless way, "Which nine is playing now?" He broke the engagement then and there, And now they don't even bow.—Somerville Journal.

**BEWARE OF THE DOG.**

WHEN CANINES UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS DEVELOP RABIES.

Inoculation Not at All Painful to the Patient—How the Virus Is Prepared from Rabbits.

It does hurt and it makes me feel awfully funny. "Well, fix your dress, dear, and never mind; may be it won't hurt so much next time." A pretty young miss of not more than 17 years had just been inoculated at the Pasteur institute, says the N. Y. Morning Journal, and Dr. Paul Gibber smiled pleasantly at the fearful maiden as she complained to her mother.



"The young lady must be brave. I will cure her," remarked the doctor, as he calmly wiped his instruments to be ready for the next patient.

Dr. Gibber is a typical Frenchman, slightly above the medium height, with laughing eyes and the face of a true physician. He is kind, gentle, in fact a man whom the children quickly learn to love, while their parents place the utmost confidence in what he does and says.

The doctor's assistant then held the patient light around the waist, with his shirt tucked up under his arms. With his left hand the doctor secured a firm hold on about three inches of flesh, which he drew out an inch or two from the body.



INOCULATING A PATIENT. The doctor speaks very good English, but with a decided French accent, which makes his conversation all the more interesting. He is exquisitely polite, good-natured, and often witty. He would become popular anywhere.

The Pasteur institute was opened last February, since which time over half a hundred patients have been inoculated and pronounced cured, or are at present under treatment and on a fair way to recovery.

Over 1,000 persons have applied for admission to the institute, but have been refused, owing to the fact that the animal which did the biting was not known to be dead, or because their wounds were so slight that inoculation was not necessary.

There are always a few people standing about gazing up at the windows, just as though they could see the doctor at work.

Children in the neighborhood stop their games to inspect the people who climb the stoop and pull the bell.

The institute itself is a small two-story, three-story, red-brick building, one of a row. The only signs that appear are two, a brass affair that reads: THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE, and a simple door-plate, on which is engraved "Dr. Paul Gibber."

Applicants with all sorts of wild, mixed stories begin to arrive almost before the doctor has awakened from slumber in the morning.

They come in twos and threes, and always look uneasy on reaching the front door.

Almost before the bell ceases to vibrate the door is opened and Gene, the attendant, in his shirt-sleeves with a long

white apron tied closely about him, bows politely to the visitors.

He speaks very little English. Suddenly the folding-doors open with a rattle and Dr. Gibber, pushing the portiere aside, bows pleasantly to no one in particular.

"Will the next patient step this way?" he remarks in a melodious voice.

"One of his old patients, always steps forward, if there is one in waiting, as the new-comers invariably feel like lingering just a little longer, unless their wounds are of a very serious nature.

The folding-doors close again. The new arrivals expect to hear groans from the mysterious room beyond the portiere. They are disappointed.

"The next patient" is called for. The mystery deepens. "What became of the other one?" thinks the novice. "Was she done away with behind those heavy curtains?"



PREPARING A RABBIT. The private office is not unlike other physicians' sanctuaries. It is about the size of the reception-room.

There are two attendants, who stand about knowingly, arranging the virus for the next unfortunate. Beside the doctor's desk is a large surgeon's chair. "Sit down on the chair," remarks the doctor, as the young man looks bewildered.

The young man obeys. Then begins the examination. "Were you bitten by a mad dog?" queries the doctor.

"Yes, sir," timidly. The young man took off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeve, removed the bandages, displaying two ugly looking teeth marks, which the doctor gazed at intently for a moment.

"It is a bad wound, but you are in time. I will take you as a patient. Please prepare for the inoculation."

The young man was speechless for a moment, but finally stammered out: "How?"

"The attendant will assist you," replied the doctor with a most assuring smile.

The attendant is clad in a long white apron just like the one Gene at the door wore, which, by the way, looks very much like those worn by the butcher's boy on the delivery wagon, minus the blood.

Firmly, but gently, he loosened the young man's clothes. The patient's legs began to tremble.

The doctor hummed an air, and, with a small piece of cotton held by a small instrument, moistened the young man's side just above the hip bone, where the inoculation was to be made.

The doctor's assistant then held the patient light around the waist, with his shirt tucked up under his arms. With his left hand the doctor secured a firm hold on about three inches of flesh, which he drew out an inch or two from the body.

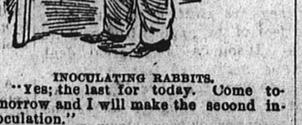
At the same time with the right hand he took the inoculator, which looks like a large hypodermic syringe, the needle being about three inches long, and calmly inserted it into the flesh about as far as it would go. Then with his thumb he made the injection of the virus, withdrew the instrument, and held the slight wound for a moment so that none of the virus would run out.

That was all. The young man, who hadn't dared to breathe during the operation, heaved a long sigh and proceeded to look at his side.

He was just about to rearrange his clothes when the doctor remarked: "One more inoculation in the other side."

As he talked the doctor again filled the injector with virus, which is kept in a small wine-glass covered with paper.

The young man held his breath again, and when the virus had been squirted into his other side, he murmured: "Is that the last?"



INOCULATING RABBIT. "Yes; the last for today. Come tomorrow and I will make the second inoculation."

The next patient was a youngster aged 7 years. It was his fifth inoculation, and his mother prepared him first.

He began to cry as soon as his little stomach was exposed and gradually increased his wallings until the doctor remarked, with a smile, "He has a fine pair of lungs."

When it was all over he said, as he

sobbed, "Dad—n't—I—stand it—good—this—time, mamma?" Then everybody laughed.

A young girl, was next. She was very brave all through the operation, only whimpering once or twice when the needle was pushed into her white flesh.

When she had been bowed out the next patient was found to be an elderly gentleman, who went about things in a business-like manner, made a few remarks about the weather, and went on his way with as much unconcern as if he'd just dropped in to pay a bill.

The entire operation takes only four or five minutes, and Dr. Gibber works very fast.

His last patient the afternoon the writer called was Mrs. Stone, who resides near Jamaica, on Long Island, and who was so badly bitten by a huge bloodhound that her life was despaired of. She was inoculated while reclining at full length on the surgical chair, and made little ado over the operation.

The head of the dog which bit her has been preserved by Dr. Gibber, who removed the brains and is analyzing them.

At present there are about thirty patients being treated daily. The doctor's time is greatly taken up, however, by the scores of people who apply for treatment, but who have not sufficient cause to fear hydrophobia.

There are also a number of curious people who have not been bitten by anybody or anything, but who have some trifling wound which they exhibit to Dr. Gibber simply to see how his office looks. He can detect these frauds the moment they expose their wounds, and they usually go right out in the street again without any waste of words.

On the second floor of the institute is the laboratory where the virus is prepared.

The older the virus the stronger it is, and it is so arranged that the first inoculation is made with virus just prepared.

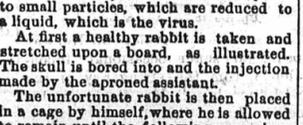
As the number of inoculations increase the older virus is used.

The preparation of the virus consumes eleven days.

A portion of the spine of a rabid beast is secured and reduced to a liquid, which is kept for a month.

This liquid is then injected into the brain of a healthy rabbit.

The rabbit is placed in a cage, and each day is moved into another cage, until he arrives at the prison of death.



CAGE FOR HEALTHY RABBIT. Without exception the rabbit dies on the eleventh day, and is then cut up into small particles, which are reduced to a liquid, which is the virus.

At first a healthy rabbit is taken and stretched upon a board, as illustrated. The skull is bored into and the injection made by the aproned assistant.

The unfortunate rabbit is then placed in a cage by himself, where he is allowed to remain until the following morning, when the attendant removes him to another cage, and so on until he reaches his place of death.

After the first rabbit has produced a virus worthy of use the remaining rabbits are inoculated in the brain with a portion of a rabbit's spine which has already died from the effects of inoculation.

The spine is reduced to a liquid before it is used upon the doomed rabbit.

Following the day of the original inoculation the rabbit begins to grow weak. The fifty day he can not stand, and from then until his death he grows more feeble, but is otherwise in a healthy condition.

After the death the sinews, flesh, and bones are separated from the remainder of the body and reduced to virus.

The part of the animal's body which is not thrown away is then worked over and over until it becomes white liquid, after which it is placed in glasses to await use, which usually takes place three days afterward.

The Pasteur system demands that a rabbit shall die every day, in order to have the virus in proper condition for the various patients.

She Bit the Bureau. A Detroit matron is fortunate in having a good, kind husband, whose devotion to her has never flagged for an instant since the first day he fell in love with her several years ago. She, unfortunately for her own happiness as well as his, was born with a temper like gunpowder. The following little family dialogue took place between them the other morning just after breakfast during one of her lucid intervals.

"Tell me," said he, "just for my own curiosity, how it happened that I never discovered this unhappy weakness in you in our courtship days, when I thought you a paragon of perfection. How did you ever manage to restrain yourself then?"

The poor woman hesitated a few moments before answering, and then, sobbing bitterly, dropped her graceful little head upon his sturdy shoulder and said: "I used to excuse myself from you for a few minutes and go to the top of the bub-bu-reau."—Detroit Tribune.

**SUPERSTITION OF THE AIKOS.**

Homage Paid by the Singular Race to the Bear—Fattening the Cub.

Among the singular superstitions that prevail among the Aikos is one that gives a sacred character to the bear. In the mountains of Yezo are huge bears like the savage grizzlies of the Rockies. Near the dwellings of a community of Aikos will be found a bear cage made of logs, and also a sacred hedge constructed of poles and brush. In the springtime they set out to hunt the bear. They have no weapons that would be of much avail in close quarters with one of these huge beasts, but they accomplish the death of the animal by means of poisoned arrows, says the Washington Star. The heads of the arrows are dipped in the poison they obtain from acornite root. When one of the arrows pierces the skin of a bear the poison acts so quickly that he will fall in mortal agony after running a few rods.

Sometimes bears are killed by traps or bows set on the ground with a line stretched across the path of the animal so that when he brushes against the string the arrow is discharged.

The main purpose of the first spring bear hunt is to secure a live cub. With this trophy the hunters return home in triumph. The young bear is placed in the cage and sucked by one of the old women of the community. As the weeks pass by he is fed plentifully and grows so large and fat that the cage will hardly hold him. Then, in the fall, the great ceremony of the year occurs. The bear's hind legs are secured and he is set free from the cage. He is pelted, tormented with blunt arrows and subjected to all manner of torture. Finally he is taken to a place where a great beam is placed upon him and his tormentors climb upon the beam and play see-saw on him until they have crushed the life out of him. On the day following the crushing of the bear there is a great feast, in which bear meat forms the principal part of the menu, and sake is drunk in such liberal quantities that the whole community would be likely to be locked up in the station house for being drunk and disorderly, if they had such adjuncts of civilization as station houses. Finally the skull of the bear is placed on one of the poles or spikes of the hedge, where it receives homage. In course of years the sacred hedge becomes ornamented with a collection of bear skulls.

A Stoker's Life. The stokers on one of the great ocean steamers work four hours at a stretch in a temperature ranging from 120 to 160 degrees, says the Popular Science Monthly. The quarters are close and they must take care that while feeding one furnace their arms are not burned on the one behind them. Ventilation is furnished through a shaft reaching down to the middle of the quarters. Each stoker tends four furnaces, spending perhaps two or three minutes at each, then dashes to the air pipe to take his turn at cooling off and waits for another call to his furnace. When the watch is over the men go perspiring through long, cold passages to the forecabin, where they turn in for eight hours. One man, 28 years old, who was interviewed by a reporter had been employed at the furnaces since he was 14 years old. He weighed 180 pounds and was ruddy and seemingly happy. He confessed that the work was terribly hard, but "it came hardest on those who did not follow it regularly. But if we get plenty to eat," he said, "and take care of ourselves we are all right. Here's a mate of mine nearly 70 years old, who has been a stoker all his life and can do as good work as I can. Stokers never have the consumption and rarely catch cold. Their grog has been knocked off on the English and American lines because the men got drunk too often and the grog did them much harm. When I used to take my grog I'd throw in my coal like a giant and not mind the heat a bit, but when it worked off, as it did in a very few minutes, I was that weak that a child could upset me. Take a man dead drunk before the fires and the heat would sober him off in half an hour or give him a stroke of apoplexy."

How a Charge of Shot Travels. When standing within a few yards of the gun's muzzle at the time of discharge, says the St. Louis Republic, a person would be amazingly astonished were he only able to see the shot as they go whizzing by. Experts in instantaneous photography have proved to us that the shot not only spread out, comet-like, as they fly, but they string out one behind the other to a much greater distance than they spread. Thus, with a cylinder gun, when the first shot of a charge reaches a target that is forty yards away the last shot is lagging along ten yards behind. Even with a choke-bore gun some of the shot will lag behind eight yards in forty. This accounts for the wide swath that is mowed in a flock of ducks on which a charge of shot falls just right. About 5 per cent only of the charge of shot arrive simultaneously at the target, but the balance of the first half of the charge is so close behind that a bird's muscles are not quick enough to get it out of the way, although those who have watched sitting birds when shot at have often seen them start as if to fly when the leading shot whistled by them, only to drop dead as they were overtaken by the leaden hail that followed.

Pilgrims are not numerous in Jerusalem this year, but all the hotels are crowded with tourists, chiefly English and American.

## BORNEO AND BROOKS.

Strange Scenes on the Second Largest Island in the World.

The Rajah of Terror to Evil Doers—A Tribe of People with Tails Like Monkeys—How the People Have Been Squashed.

If somebody were to tell four-fifths of the native inhabitants of the second largest island in the world that they live in Borneo they would stare in blank amazement, never having heard the name before. When Europeans began to haunt the shores of the great island, says the New York Sun, they found the sultanate of Borneo, or Brunel as it is more commonly known, stretching along the northern shores. In the course of events the British have appropriated the most of the sultanate to themselves, leaving his highness, the sultan, to extract such consolation as he can from the fact that Europeans long ago extended the name of his territory over the whole island. A few weeks ago the Englishman Rajah Brooke seized one-half of what was left of Brunel, and the event has made a great stir in northern Borneo. Only a few thousand square miles are now left to represent the only surviving native government of the great island, the Dutch holding by far the largest part, while the British possess a wide strip along the entire northern coast, except the poor little slice that remains in Brunel, sandwiched in between British North Borneo and Sarawak, the possession of Rajah Brooke.

The strangely romantic career of Sir James Brooke is very well known. Several books have been written to tell how this energetic young Englishman, fired with the spirit of the old adventurers of the Columbian era, the possessor of a fortune of \$150,000, conceived the idea of carving out a name and a career in the eastern archipelago. It was while the young officer in Burma that he reached the audacious conclusion that, if the powers could not suppress piracy in Malayan waters, he would do it himself. So he threw up his commission, put his fortune in his pocket, bought a small vessel, and quietly set out for Borneo in 1839.

The next the world heard was that a smart young man named Brooke, with a pocketful of money, was in high feather in the sultanate of Brunel. He had helped the sultan to put down a rebellion and had been rewarded with the title of rajah of Sarawak. Then, very conveniently for the ambitious projects of Rajah Brooke, the sultan of Brunel died, and the rajah diminished the cares of his successor by relieving him of a large part of his territory. He declared Sarawak and such other parts of Brunel as he chose to appropriate to be his own independent domain.

The rajah was a terror to evil-doers. He had his ups and downs, but at last pirates far and near trembled at his name. Head-hunting in his dominions became a crime punishable with death. With wonderful energy he set about developing the commercial possibilities of his country. The village of 1,000 people where the young adventurer had landed in Borneo became a city of 25,000 inhabitants. Trade grew with rapid strides, the territory of the rajah was recognized by Great Britain as an independent state, its ruler was knighted by Queen Victoria, and at length, after one of the most romantic careers that ever an adventurer led, Sir James Brooke, rajah of Sarawak, full of honors and immensely wealthy, was gathered to his fathers. The present rajah was a nephew of Sir James, and year before last a revenue of \$400,000 flowed into his coffers.

The sultans of Brunel have not been remarkable save for their contribution to ethnological science and for their misfortunes growing out of the establishment of the Brooke family on one side of them and recently of the North Borneo company on the other side, and this company inflicted upon the late lamented sultan the twofold indignity of squeezing him into narrower territorial limits, and of proving that in his ethnological notions he was a gullible old person. The late sultan asserted to his dying day that south of his dominions there was a tribe distinguished by the possession of long caudal appendages. These curious people, he asserted, were in the habit of carrying around little chairs in the seat of which holes were cut. No lady or gentleman thought of sitting down until his or her tail had been carefully passed through the hole. It is not known to what extent this remarkable story stimulated British explorers, but it is certain that the agents of the North Borneo company were very active for a while in the supposed territory of this peculiar people, and in 1882 a former officer of this company gravely reported his opinion that the explorers had proved that such a tribe

did not exist, and it is so recorded in the "Proceedings" of the Royal Geographical society for March of the year.

Perhaps the sultan deserves to lose a little more land for being so credulous. At any rate his northeastern boundary, as it appeared on the Dutch maps two years ago, has been moved considerably southwest on the British maps of to-day, and the company's frontier has been correspondingly extended, and now his highness Rajah Brooke of Sarawak has out what is left of Brunel in two in the middle and has appropriated the entire southern part of it, including the sultan's most important river.

### A REMARKABLE JUMP.

The Champion Lion of the Mining Regions. "It was in the spring of '50 that a train of sixty-five of us started across the plains for California. The most of us were young men and able to rough it, but we had three families with about a dozen young uns among us, and one baby was born on the way. Wal, of course, fresh meat soon got mighty scarce, as there was so many trains on the trail ahead of us that all the game had been killed or scared away. The young mother she kept kind o' pindlin like after her kid was born and got sick o' bacon an' sich like, an' the young fellers that had hosses o' their own to ride, there being half a dozen on 'em in our train, used to scour out on the plains for fresh meat for her.

"One day three on us got arter a couple o' antelope early in the mornin' when our hosses was fresh, an' we jest took after 'em, a yella' like Comanches jest to see 'em run. There was a couple o' hills on the plain that stood seprit, with about twenty rods o' ground between 'em at the fur end, and the critters made a break to go between 'em. We was comin' on arter 'em like we meant to catch 'em, when they see that this open place between the hills had grown up with tall chapparal.

"Now an antelope won't run up a hill, nor into thick bresh if he knows it, so they stopped till we got a'most up to 'em, an' one on 'em tried to run back by us, but one o' the boys stopped him with a o' buckshot. The other one, seein' what an almighty tight place he'd got into, jest made for the bresh an' tried to jump over it. Wal, sirs, he made the all-firedest jump as I ever see; but when the critter got up into the air he seed he hadn't jumped far enough, an' I'm a liar if he didn't gather himself in the air an' gin another of the most tremendous jumps that any critter ever did make, and jest went a-sailin' right over the bresh an' landed on t'other side on't s'lick an' clean!"—Cor. Forest and Stream.

### Whisky Wanted in Norway.

The bona-fide traveler in Norway appears to suffer occasional inconvenience from the stringency of the local liquor laws. Mr. Beyer, in his Weekly News, published at Bergen, has invited English tourists to speak their minds on this subject, and the result is a rather extensive correspondence. One gentleman, who signs with the inappropriate name of "Waters," writes from Vossevangen to tell how his party of English tourists discussed the matter, and agreed that a glass of "whisky today round," would have tended to promote the festivity of their gatherings, but even this confessed indulgence in "night caps" acknowledges that the Norwegian legislature cannot be expected to make special exceptions on his behalf. Another thinks that "inability to obtain a glass of spirits in a hotel would scarcely deter any but an inveterate drunkard from planning a summer tour in Norway." While "J. E. B.," who dates from Odde, suggests that those who, like himself, take an occasional glass of spirits and water should carry a supply with him.—London News.

### Tom Corwin's Mouth.

Tom Corwin had an enormous mouth, which, when it opened, was as huge in its way as an alligator's. He once said he had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation. "Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up at the lecture-room to relate my experience, and I opened my mouth, Deacon Smith rose up in front, and said, 'will some brother please close that window and keep it closed!'"

### The Power of Language.

He brought home an unabridged dictionary and casually remarked: "You might talk a good while, Mary, before you could fire that off. It contains the whole English language, some 140,000 words." He was mistaken, however, for the next time she got mad she flung the entire work at him and seemed sorry she hadn't more resources in the same line.

## THE HUMAN HAIR.

A Learned Doctor Tells What Is Not Good for It.

He Emphatically Asserts That Shaving or Frequent Cutting Does Not Strengthen It—Bleaching It Is Pernicious—The Same Is True of Curling and Crimping.

Dr. Shoemaker read a paper on the hair before the Pennsylvania Medical society recently. He said that cutting and shaving may for the time increase the action of the growth, but it has no permanent effect upon the hair-bulb or the hair sac, and will not in any way add to the life of the hair.

On the contrary, cutting and shaving will cause the hair to grow longer for the time being, but in the end will inevitably shorten its term of life by exhausting the nutritive action of the hair-forming apparatus. When the hairs are frequently cut, they will usually become coarser, often losing the beautiful gloss of the fine and delicate hairs. The pigment will likewise change—brown, for instance, becoming chestnut, and black changing to a dark brown. In addition, the ends of very many will be split and ragged, presenting a brush-like appearance. If the hairs appear stunted in their growth upon portions of the scalp or beard, or gray hairs crop up here and there, the method of clipping off the ends of the short hairs, or plucking out the ragged, withered and gray hairs, will allow them to grow stronger, longer and thicker.

Mothers, in rearing their children, should not cut their hair during the superstitious time of full moon in order to increase its length, and luxuriance as they bloom into womanhood and manhood. This habit of cutting the hair of children brings evil in place of good, and is also condemned by the distinguished worker in this department, Professor Kaposi of Vienna, who states that it is well known that the hair of women who possess luxuriant locks from the time of girlhood never again attains its original length after having once been cut.

I might also add that I believe many beardless faces and bald heads in middle and advancing age are often due to constant cutting and shaving in early life. The young girls and boys seen daily upon our streets with their closely-cropped heads, and the young men with their clean-shaven faces, are, year by year, by this fashion, having their hair-forming apparatus overstrained.

I also must condemn the modern practice of curling and crimping, the use of bandoline, powders and all varieties of gum solutions, sharp hair-pins, long-pointed metal ornaments and hair combs, the wearing of obnoxious, false plaits, curls and frizzes, as the latter are liable to cause headaches or tend to congestion. Likewise I protest against the use of castor oil and the various mixtures extolled as the best hair tonics, restoratives, vegetable hair dyes or depilatories, as they are highly injurious instead of beneficial, the majority of hair dyes being largely composed of lead salts. But should your patients wish to hide their gray hairs, probably the best hair dye that can be used safely is pyrogallic acid or walnut juice, the hairs being first washed with an alkaline solution to get rid of the grease. Nitrate of silver is also a good and safe hair dye, but its application should be done by one experienced in its use.

The judicious use of these hair-dyes will give the hair above the surface of the skin a brownish-black appearance, the intensity of the color of which depends upon the strength of the solution. But hair-dyeing for premature grayness should be avoided, as the diseased condition may be averted by the proper remedies. Never permit the hair to be bleached for the purpose of obtaining the fashionable golden hue, as the arsenical solution generally used is highly dangerous, but, if your patients must have their hair of a golden color, insist upon their hair-dresser using the peroxide of hydrogen, which is less dangerous than the preparations first mentioned.

### Forty Cubic Feet of Baggage.

People going to Europe for the first time are generally surprised at being told they are entitled to take forty cubic feet of baggage without extra charge. It sounds like a great deal, but as a matter of fact it doesn't amount to more than two big trunks. For every ton of baggage above the limit passengers on ocean steamers are supposed to pay 20 shilling charges, but the steamship companies are very liberal in the matter and show no disposition as a rule, to be disoblige. Two trunks each four feet long by two and two and one-half feet high by two feet wide contain each twenty cubic feet, and would exhaust the baggage limit.

## A VOICE FROM GOTHAM.

"JEROME" CHATS OF POPULATION AND NEW YORK HABITS.

Indifference to Census Statistics—The New York of the Future—The Problem of Rapid Transit—Enterprise at Fort Hamilton.

Special New York Letter.

While other cities of the country have been agitated over the census, this metropolis has gone on its way with the cool indifference that is now being pretty generally recognized as the normal condition of local sentiment on all subjects. To keep perfectly cool and to exhibit an easy and calm contempt for anything like nervousness or agitation on any subject is the creed of the modern New Yorker. Of course the census figures of about 1,700,000 show a growth of population that is almost as remarkable as that of any of the most thriving Western cities, but to the local patriot the figures represent nothing. It would be the same if they were 1,500,000 or 2,000,000. He is sublimely indifferent to statistics. He believes New York to be the biggest, richest, and fastest town in the world, except, perhaps, "Lunnun," and he is only mildly interested in the proposition to annex Brooklyn, Staten Island, and the outlying districts up to and including Yonkers, securing at one stroke a municipal area with a present population of 3,000,000. That some such scheme will be accomplished at an early day is not impossible. It would prove of great commercial importance, and, in the long run, anything that affords additional prospects of wealth will be accomplished here. Glory the New Yorker cares nothing for, but he is always alive to the subject of money.

One of the most serious problems affecting the welfare of this city is that of "rapid transit." New York is the most crowded city in the world, and actually to-day has by a large percentage the densest population. When you consider, too, that this is largely a working or business population, that lives outside of the municipal boundaries, and must get in and out of town every day, the importance of the problem can be appreciated.

The overcrowding of all public conveyances has become almost intolerable. It is not only on the elevated cars, but on street cars and ferries, on excursion boats, and on all railroad lines leading from the city. The New Yorker lives and moves and has his being in a crowd—he is crowded on the streets, in the markets of trade, at the cafe, in the theaters, and even in the popular clubs—and when he attempts to escape from the crowds he is crowded more than ever. Now that his family is in the mountains or at the seaside, if he tries to escape from the heat and din of the city for an afternoon to visit the races or take a dip at Coney Island or Long Branch, he constitutes one of a hustling, hurrying, elbowing crowd, and must wait when he would go forward, or is pushed forward when he would wait, till he learns the lessons of patience and forbearance to a degree that the denizens of no other municipality in the world can ever approximate.



THEY FALL INTO LINE.

The scenes at the railroad stations about this city suggest another characteristic of the New Yorker. He always "falls into line" without the aid of a policeman. It is part of his education, and he needs no orders.

The problem, however, must soon be solved, and its solution involves the greatest engineering effort of this or any other age. Already Congress has passed a bill giving proper authority for throwing a suspension bridge over the North River, an enterprise that involves an expenditure of from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000, and the surmounting of engineering difficulties heretofore almost unthought of. Plans for tunneling the rivers surrounding the city are still under advisement. A dozen great bridges will in time span the East River. The future rapid transit railroads will be built underground or upon great walls of masonry.

Immense fortunes will be made in the execution of the schemes of rapid transit, and the delay is really due to the contentions of eager capitalists who are scheming to have their plans adopted. In the long run, the city will not suffer by the delay, as larger and more comprehensive plans will necessarily result.

A company has been formed for the extensive improvement of property in the vicinity of Fort Hamilton, and the creation of a summer resort at that point. It is curious that this spot has been so long neglected. It is really one of the most attractive places in the vicinity of the metropolis. Below the Narrows the beach takes a broad curving sweep, affording unlimited opportunities for bathing or promenading. The ocean view is magnificent.

Years ago—so many years ago that it

brings back to the memory the stirring scenes of the war period—the writer, with a genial company of young men, often tramped to Fort Hamilton over the wooded hills that now constitute Prospect Park. The views along the route are unsurpassed by anything to be witnessed from any ocean resort. From a dozen eminences the eye can take in an immense sweep of territory—the magnificent bay, Staten Island, and the far stretches of the Jersey hills, the two great cities, and the distant palisades of the Hudson, the winding curves of the East River until it joins the distant Sound, the level vistas of Long Island, and the blue Atlantic piled like a cloud stratus against the horizon.

I am not interested in the mooted enterprise, and in fact I would regret to see it occupied by the pavilions and caravanseries of a popular resort. Just as it is, with its air of quiet neglect, its gray



THE BEACH AT FORT HAMILTON.

old forts and long lines of green ramparts, with the black muzzles of obsolete but formidable guns pointing over them, its views of ocean and bay and wooded shores, and the ever changing maritime panorama, it is perfect, and the coming of the crowd will ruin it all. Already, for some years, there has been an ugly abomination of a summer hotel under the very ramparts of the fort, and there will doubtless soon be scores like it. Our architects have not developed an appropriate style of architecture for the seaside. There is a field here for the exercise of American genius that should bring fame and fortune to some worthy representative of the greatest of the arts. JEROME.

### THE BEAUTY OF THE MATRON.

At What Age Does a Woman Reach Her Full Splendor?

The notion still held by certain shallow women that maturity is ugliness is one of the most incomprehensible pieces of nonsense of the time. Here is a fair muddler in one of our contemporaries complimenting Mrs. Albani on having overcome her matronliness and on the renewed girlishness of her appearance. From this I should judge that women who live on public exhibition fear nothing so much as development. If they can only stay all their lives in a leaping and glutinous sweetness and not grow, they are satisfied. To get on in appearance, or in character, or in strength is a calamity. In this extraordinary view of things a green coddling is better than a ripe pippin. Women who exhibit themselves have only one standard of merit—and that is youth. Poor creatures, they do not know that the pretty girl ought to become the handsome woman, and never reaches her full splendor until she is a matron. They can not comprehend the fact that fixed beauty has no existence except in death, and even then only when the embalmer has put in his work. The law of beauty in life is the law of development and attainment, and the beauty of a matron and the beauty of a miss differ from each other as one star differs from another in glory—and, curiously enough, the older the star the more beautiful it becomes.

Women who think of nothing but how they shall stay young are women of characterless minds. All things considered, the greatest woman is she who can grow old gloriously, and defy time with something better than enamel. But your woman who is professionally on exhibition has got to bring to the market what the public most desire. And it is a patent fact that the mob would rather look at the pastyryness of youth than at the perfection of personality. It is this popular instinct that makes exhibiting women starve themselves, enamel themselves, prison themselves, restrict their functions, suppress their minds, and crucify their bodies.—[N. Y. Truth.]

### A Kiss in the Dark.

Horace Vernet, the artist, was going from Versailles to Paris by railway. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him minutely and commented freely on his martial bearing, his hale old age, the style of his dress, etc. They continued their annoyance until finally the painter determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark.

Presently they arrived at Paris, and Vernet, on leaving them, said: "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"—[Paris Letter.]

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 16.

The rains this week have been general throughout the state.

The colored politicians want John L. Waller for state auditor, or rather he wants the place.

Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson has resigned and the service will not suffer thereby.

In 1856 the republican party was the third party. Third parties some times do amount to something.

Congressman Peters has deserted his post at Washington and returned to his home in Newton to remain.

Put not your trust in princes, nor platforms stolen by old politicians from the farmers' alliance convention.

Farmer Smith is not a very good prophet. If the Alliance had favored him for governor, there is no telling what an opponent of the state house ring he would have made.

Action on the tariff bill in the Senate drags on apace. Senator Ingalls has ventured to vote with Plumb in favor of one reduction. Perhaps the Senior Senator is catching on.

The sub-alliance of eastern Shawnee county will have a grand picnic at Buck Miller's grove, near Tecumseh on the 21st, at which Mrs. Lease will speak. The people are getting aroused.

The Topeka Capital has just learned that the McKinley bill is not favorable to protection, but is simply extortion. Well, that is progress. It may yet come to see that tariff bills are apt to be of that character.

The anti-lottery bill has been favorably reported to the Senate. At a great mass meeting in Louisiana it was urged that Congress pass and submit a constitutional amendment prohibiting states to sanction lotteries. Louisiana feels its disgrace.

The people's alliance must be a good thing. All the old party conventions are endorsing their platforms with an eagerness that is remarkable. It is an old dodge and the people will hardly be caught this time. Too many promises have already been made and broken.

The suggestion sent out by the people of Louisiana, that the best way to squelch the lottery business is by a constitutional amendment, should receive the attention of Congress. Perhaps not one state would fail to approve of such action, and it would be a simple and effective remedy.

The better republican papers repudiate the nomination of Hallowell. This from the McPherson Republican:

Mr. Hallowell is not a straight Republican, but is a resubmissionist. He is a representative of the grosser elements in society and there is no reason why any decent man should support him. Why the convention took this action in the face of the recent expression of public sentiment on the temperance question of this state we cannot understand. It was a mistake that will cost the party dear.

Milton W. Reynolds, known all over the west under the nom de plume of "Kicking Bird," the recently elected member at large to the house of representatives from Oklahoma, died at his home in Edmonds at 8 o'clock Saturday night from the effects of nervous prostration induced by fatigue and over exertion during the recent political campaign in the extremely hot weather. He was buried at the Edmond cemetery at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon. Mr. Reynolds' death and that of C. M. Burke, one of the representatives of Oklahoma county, will necessitate a special election over the territory and the convening of the legislature will be postponed until September 1. A delegate to congress will also be chosen at that time.

The independence of the best part of the republican press in refusing to support Hallowell for Congress, is truly refreshing. It is such action that purifies political parties. It would take a good deal of it, just now, however, to go very far as a purifier.

Farmers' Alliance papers are starting up in nearly every county in the state. Patronage has been withdrawn from nearly all the old ring organs, and papers that are not favorable to the People's movement are feeling its effects. The farmers say they do not know why they should feed their enemies.

The package houses have gone back to Kansas City. On the whole it was a losing speculation to the whiskey cranks, and the effect of their visitation upon Kansas was to strengthen prohibition. There is a renewed determination to give no countenance to the saloon cause. It may be seen in the bolting of Hallowell's nomination to Congress.

Gov. St. John advised the People's party to endorse the Prohibition party's candidate for governor. The People's party needed a little heavier material. Probably very few people in the state know who is that candidate and it is hardly worth while to mention him. He is one who has often taken occasion to speak lightly of farmers' movements.

The Sedgwick county republican Convention held at Wichita last Saturday, declared for resubmission. This is the republican element that supported J. R. Hallowell, and secured his nomination for Congress. This nomination is meeting with open opposition by the prohibition press of the seventh district. It is right and consistent and the example should be followed by the press outside of that district. One part of the state is as much interested as another in having a full prohibition delegation in Congress, and if the party endorses Hallowell's nomination, generally, the whole state ticket should meet with opposition and support should be given to a third party. The Capital which pretends to be a prohibition paper calls Hallowell "a genuine republican." It is this bogus kind of prohibition republicanism that is building up a prohibition third party.

Dealers in wool attribute the continued dullness in the market to delay in some final action on the tariff question. The season up to the present time has been one of unusual and unqualified dullness. It is estimated that only about one-half of the last clip has gone out of farmers' hands.

The most careful experiments have shown, says a medical authority, that the human body is completely insensitive to magnetism and as wholly unaffected by it as a piece of rubber or wood. A person may stand between the poles of the strongest magnet, one of which might hold up a ton of iron, without the slightest perceptible effects upon the bodily functions being produced. Hence, all so-called magnetic appliances, brushes or combs, disks, belts and magnets, have absolutely no curative power whatever.

The residents of Doniphan county are much alarmed by the action of the river which threatens to reduce thousands of acres of valuable land to a broad expanse of swamp. For the last six months the river has been cutting away on the Kansas side at an alarming rate. The river has cut in for a distance of 600 ft in less than six months and if prompt measures are not taken, Wathens and Elwood will be swept away and St. Joseph left high and dry, while the million dollar bridge will span a dry water course. A delegation will start to Washington with a petition to congress for help and relief, early in the coming week.

Considerable interest has been excited by the discussion as to whether a lady should use her own or her husband's given name after her husband's death. London authorities pronounce it absurd to use the husband's name, yet this has been sanctioned in this country by custom. Many ladies hesitate to discard the name by which they have always been known socially. It has been suggested that in such a case the simple use by the widow of the surname alone, as "Mrs. Johnson," would obviate the difficulty, though in case of any common name it might thereby increase confusion. The English custom is undoubtedly the right one, and is gaining favor in this country.

**Canning Fruit.**  
Pare all fruit with a silver knife and, as it darkens by exposure to the air, drop each piece as pared into cold water, and prepare only the quantity needed to fill two cans.

Fruit looks and is better when whole, the juices are clearer and the flavor is more fully retained. It is difficult to cook a large quantity evenly without injuring the shape. For this reason it is better to cook only enough to fill a few jars at a time.

Cook fruit in a porcelain-lined or granite kettle. If tin is used it should be new.

Cook evenly for fifteen minutes after it begins to boil.

There is no necessity for using sugar in canning fruit, but one tablespoonful to a quart of fruit is sometimes added.

When ready to can, have all articles needed close at hand. Set the can on two thicknesses of warm, wet flannel. Dip out the boiling fruit with a long handled ladle and fill the jar to overflowing with a quick movement, break the bubbles lying on top and seal without the loss of a second. In ten minutes tighten the tops again with your wrench, and when the cans are cool wrap in paper, and keep in a cool, dry, dark place. Be sure there are no seeds or sediment on the rubber ring before sealing. A funnel comes which is a great convenience in filling the jars. Do not store your cans of fruit on a swing shelf, unless you are certain it will bear the weight. In canning berries, dip out most of the surplus juice, and seal when boiling hot, in pint cans for the children.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

In England, where particular attention has been given to the subject of electric brakes, a means has been discovered by which a train going thirty miles an hour can, by an electric brake, be brought to a standstill in a space of 200 feet.

The nomination of Jim Hallowell at the Dodge City Republican-congressional convention was a victory for the whiskey men and demagogical politicians. He ought never to be elected. A few months ago Hallowell thought resubmission would be the popular wave to official position and became one of the loudest howlers in the whiskey crowd, but he found that to be a losing card and has since been a staunch prohibitionist. However his resub. friends clung to him and worked lustily for his nomination under the prohibition banner. Anything to get office. Jim's bosom friends understood him, and, by his little deceptive game, he hoped to gain the support of many of the unwary. He succeeded. He is just such a man as the politicians, who have controlled national legislature for the last few years, would like to see in congress.

Here is a cleverly worded paragraph which every farmer should cut out and paste in his hat, with a copy tacked up on the barn door and another in a conspicuous place in the house:

There is nothing done by men so beastly or so silly that will not be imitated by a small boy. This applies to swearing, drinking, cheating, lying and all the rest of the dismal list of misdeeds. It is a fact that should not be lost sight of by those that were boys fifteen or twenty years ago.

Carry the principle a step further, to business habits and methods, and reflect what influence upon the boys anything like shiftlessness will have. If the son does not follow his father in this respect, he will grow up to see his father's weakness and to criticize it, something which is not infrequently heard.

It is estimated that 15,000 saloons in Iowa were in operation Friday and nine tenths of these have now closed up.

The Northwestern Miller says: "The output of the Minneapolis mills through the week was heavier than in two years before."

In consequence of the increased price of bullion, manufacturers decided Friday to raise the price of solid silverware 15 cents an ounce.

The Hon. Luther L. Hiatt, of Wheaton, was on Monday appointed to the board of trustees of the Northwestern Hospital for the Insane.

Jay Gould, it is reported, has purchased the magnificent castle of Chapultepec in Mexico, for an item of \$5,000,000 to use as a winter residence.

Henry Wright, of Susquehanna, Pa., a soldier in the civil war, has secured a pension of \$75 a month and \$15,123 arrears. Wright is blind.

The Fourth congressional district of the Farmers' Alliance nominated John G. Otis of Shawnee county for congress. The Fourth district is now represented by Harrison Kelley.

Julius Snell, of St. Louis, is charged with keeping his 11-year old son chained in an attic, weeks at a time, and that he starves and brutally beats him.

George Anton, a farmer at Minonk, Ill., sold his oats crops to three different buyers, from each of whom he collected part pay, and then died. By this swindle he netted about \$500.

Chemicals in the office of the Denver Fire Brick and Chemical Company at Denver, Col., exploded Monday blowing out the front of the building and setting it on fire.

Senator Blair on behalf of the majority members of the woman's suffrage committee reported favorably a proposed constitutional amendment to give women the right of suffrage.

"Pecan trees thrive well in this latitude. Hickories may be grafted with pecans and a fine nut produced much more rapidly than from seedlings, as the latter do not bear under twenty years. This nut is a general fruit and commands a ready sale, but most of those used in this country are imported."

# CENTRAL MILL.

J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.

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

SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

Terms Cash. Telephone 318.  
COR. KANSAS AVE. & A ST., NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

# INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

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NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.

## Millers and Grain Merchants

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

# Western Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS.

R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.

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

# 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.

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.

# Books and Magazines.

Harper's Weekly for August 16th will contain an illustrated supplement on "The Fishing Craft of the World" by Captain J. W. Collins, of the United States Fisheries Commission.

Mary E. Wilkins will contribute to Harper's Young People for August 12th a sketch entitled "A Sweet-grass Basket," which will be accompanied by a full-page illustration drawn by Alice Barber.

On account of the large number of advance orders received for Mrs. Custer's new book, "Following the Guidon," the publishers have been compelled to postpone its publication until August 22d.

# Cook Book.

Some time ago the American Public Health association offered a prize of \$500 for the best "Essay on practical sanitary and economic cooking adapted to persons of moderate means." The prize was awarded to Mrs. Mary Himman Abel. The essay has been published in book form and should be in every family. It is not a book of receipts, but of principles and directions. Its main idea is to teach how to have food that tastes well and is nourishing, at a small cost. Send forty cents to Irving A. Watson, Concord, N. H., and get a copy.

A Michigan man who for years has grown grapes and made wine has sold his vineyard for building lots. Pity that idea did not strike him years ago.

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# How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

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. WABR & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

# J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

Established in 1878.  
803 Kansas Avenue.

# PIANOS & ORGANS.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason & Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey Pianos and Organs.

Story and Clark Organs.

# DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

TOPEKA.

# THE ODELL

# Type Writer.

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

Exclusive Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to dealers.

For Pamphlet giving inducements, etc., address ODELL TYPE WRITER CO., Rookery Building, CHICAGO ILL.

# UNION PACIFIC Tickets

ON SALE TO ALL

# PRINCIPAL POINTS

EAST, WEST, NORTH and SOUTH

AT Topeka, Kansas, H. B. HARRINGTON, City Ticket Agent, 525 Kansas Avenue. J. F. GWIN, Depot Agent. R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas.

# 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. 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.

Train your grape vines so that they can have a through circulation of air.

Grow some roots for the stock, if you are not converted to a belief in enallage.

Grape vines planted too closely are more likely to mildew than if planted further apart.

A correspondent asks if three tons of grapes can be grown to the acre. Yes, six tons have been grown.

Bugs, worms and laziness have killed a good many orchards. Laziness and insects make a bad combination.

Grape vines are cheap, but you can perhaps get cuttings from your own vine or some other for nothing.

Give us a sure remedy for yellows in the peach, writes a correspondent. Dig up the tree and cast it into the fire.

If you can grow corn, you can grow fruit, once said a man. If you can grow anything, you can grow some kind of fruit.

Black walnut is a very valuable tree. The black walnut needs a deep, rich soil and it is very exhaustive of the soil's fertility.

We often urge people not to permit their animals to drink stagnant water. Did you ever think that stagnant water is about as bad for plants as animals?

We hear much about friendly insects and the constant war that is going on in the insect world. Yes, but they leave the battle ground in a very forlorn condition.

Watch those young trees. They do not like weeds any better than other plants like them. Keep the ground clean.

The general rule for cutting off the limbs of trees is to cut near the body of the tree. The peach, however, is an exception. There should be a stub left in that case.

Whatever you have in fruit or vegetables you naturally want to suit your taste. Hence for your own use grow just what you like. For market grow what will pay the best.

Cultivation of fruit is a good thing and absolutely necessary. But we have seen fruit growing that needed as the first thing to make fruit growing a success, a careful cultivation of the brain.

If you have hanging plants, do not forget to water them. They need more frequent watering than if they were not hanging, and yet because of the inconvenience in watering they are often neglected in this respect.

Can a hickory nut be transplanted? we are asked. Yes, but it is said that it should not be after it is a year old. Plant hickory nuts where the tree is to stand. It is a difficult tree to transplant, although as we have already intimated, it is sometimes done.

Once in a while we see it stated that a Concord grapevine may be set out and receive no other attention and will do well for years. We suppose that that is true. But then again it may not do well. Under such treatment, we do not believe that it would do well for us.

Hams can be kept wrapped in paper and packed in a barrel of ashes.

Pick cucumbers for pickles often; pick clean and of uniform size.

A severe but sure cure for corns is said to be croseto. Wet the corn several nights in succession.

Dusting cloths must be washed often or they will carry more dirt into the rooms than they take out.

If plants are to be set in summer, great care must be taken. It is always better to set them just before a fall commences.

Fertilize the soil around the plants. The dry weather will be here after awhile, and if the surface of the soil is not fine the crop will fail.

Keep an account of the time consumed in play or in doing nothing, as well as of the time you work. It will be an interesting record, if it is a faithful one.

It is fortunate that the pasture, in the salvation of the poor feeder. Otherwise, his animals would never be in good condition, and he would become bankrupt.

Experience proves that it is the most profitable policy to board the dry cow in the season when the milk is worth the least and the board costs the least—on grass in summer.

Bitter milk comes from bad feed. The rag weeds that follow a crop of corn always impart a bitter taste to the milk of cows pastured in such a field. Such milk is not popular even in the producer's family.

A cool, level-headed man is the man that should have charge of young animals and those inclined to viciousness. When a man lets his head run away with him, his team may run away, too.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Cover a quart of green peas with hot water and boil with an onion until they will mash easily. Mash and add a pint of stock or water. Cook together two tablespoons of butter and one of flour until smooth (not brown) and add a cup full of cream and let it boil up once. Strain and serve. A cupful of whipped cream added the last minute is an improvement.

ROAST DUCK.—Ducks to be good, must be cooked rare; for this reason it is best not to stuff them. If, however, you prefer it, use the following dressing: Six potatoes, mashed fine and light, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper and one of sage, two tablespoonfuls of onion juice and two of butter. Truss, dredge well with the salt, pepper and flour. Roast in the oven, thirty minutes, with a very hot fire. Serve with currant jelly.

CREAMED POTATOES.—Slice potatoes as for frying. Put in a baking dish and cover with cream (part milk will do). Season with salt, pepper and plenty of butter. Allow them to bake until brown, adding more cream if necessary.

PICKLED BEETS.—Cut boiled beets into slices, and lay in a large glass jar or earthen pot. For every beet put in one slice of onion, one tablespoonful of grated horse radish, six cloves, and vinegar enough to cover. Will be ready for use in ten or twelve hours; will keep more than a week.

### The Pope's Beggar.

A beggar who for thirty years has been a familiar figure in St. Peter's at Rome has just died, suddenly from apoplexy as he was leaving the Basilica. The Rome correspondent of the London Standard reports some curious circumstances in connection with this man, whose name was Pietro Marcolini. He was the only mendicant who was permitted to follow his calling within the church itself, Pius IX. having granted him that privilege. Leo XIII. confirmed it later, and, like his predecessor, granted an audience to the beggar, who was lame and afflicted. When Marcolini was received by Pius IX. he complained of the cold he felt within the church, whereupon the Pope bestowed upon him an old warm dressing gown of his own. This garment, however, the beggar wore only on great occasions, and the most solemn festivities of the Church. He had been repeatedly offered large sums for it by foreigners, but always refused to part with it. It is said that Pius IX., when he went into St. Peter's, was always highly amused to see the beggar seated there, majestically wrapped in his old dressing gown. The garment will, presumably, descend as an heirloom to Marcolini's children, together with the snug little fortune of 50,000fr. which he had accumulated during thirty years of begging.

### External Circumstances.

Man's highest merit always is as much as possible to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect; he deserves not the name of an architect except when out of this fortuitous mass he can combine with the greatest economy, fitness and durability some form, the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things without us are mere elements, but deep within us lies the creative force which out of these can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till in one way or another it has been produced.

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

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

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

It is said that within a year there will be as more daylight in Mexico than in the Republic. Have been struggling to have the brutal sport condemned by the Legislature and their efforts now give promise of soon being successful.

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

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

Great preparations are being made for a reunion of ex-Rebel officers at Atlanta, Ga., on April 26 next. The three surviving Generals of the Rebel army—Johnston, Beauregard and Smith—are to be invited, with six Lieutenant-Generals, about thirty Major-Generals and a hundred or so Brigadier-Generals.

Advices have been received from Norfolk to the effect that the Virginia coast is literally lined with bluefish. On Thursday one seine fishery caught 600 shad and 80,000 herring at a single haul. Round net fishing is good. It is said that Albemarle Sound steam fisheries will soon be making their customary 100,000 herring hauls.

Eight miles below Nashville, Arkansas, a few days since, a negro named John Reel, while plowing a field, found a jug containing \$18,000 in gold. It was too heavy to carry, and putting \$400 in his pocket he started for a vehicle. He was so elated with his find that he could not keep his good fortune to himself. As a consequence, when he returned the jug and contents had been stolen.

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

The Government of Peru has sent a military expedition of 400 soldiers up the Javary River to bring into subjection a number of wild Indian tribes who have hitherto been hostile to all whites entering their territory. As the country is almost unknown, five scientific men have gone with the expedition to explore the country.

### Some Popular Songs.

"Nancy Lee," one of the most stirring of songs, was written by Frederick E. Weatherley, at Oxford, because a pupil failed to keep an appointment. "I wrote the song in an hour," says the author. "The idea of the piece came suddenly to me while I was wondering why my pupil did not come, and the whole thing was written there and then." Mr. Weatherley who is one of the most successful writers of verse set to music, says that the ideas of his songs come at the most unexpected moments. It is while walking or in some crowded thoroughfare that most ideas come; but he adds that scarcely any of his songs indicate the circumstances under which they were written. Mr. Fitzball, the author of "My Pretty Jane," when a lad, was in the habit of walking up one of the pretty walled lanes of Burwell, a picturesque village near Newmarket, to look after his father's land. Near one of these lanes resided a farmer whose only daughter, Jane, was occasionally to be seen by Fitzball peering over a very clean and pretty white blind, only her nose, eyes, forehead, ears and hair visible, all of which were of surpassing loveliness. Sometimes she would nod to him with artless simplicity as he passed, and so inflamed his heart that the result was "My Pretty Jane," written in one of his father's fields just "when the bloom was on the rye." The heroine of the song, it is melancholy to add, died of consumption while still quite young.

"Some Day," one of Milton Wellings' most successful songs, was written under very painful circumstances. His wife was yachting with friends, and it was rumored that the vessel had met with an accident. He telegraphed several times to Cowes, Isle of Wight, whither he knew his wife had gone, but received no reply. During this time of suspense he by chance picked up the words of "Some Day," and he was so struck by these words: "Or are you dead, or do you live?" that the melody flashed through his mind at once. The same writer's well-known song "It was Many a Year Ago," was composed when he had lost his only child but one week. "Scots wha Hae" was conceived by Burns while riding on horseback over a lonely moor in the midst of a thunderstorm. America's second national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner" was composed by Francis Scott Key while watching the bombardment of Fort Mchenry in the early days of the war of 1812.

### Horses that Sleep Standing.

It is a fact not generally known that at least two out of every five horses do not lie down to sleep. The horse that sleeps in a standing position rests one leg at a time, depending on the other three to sustain the weight of his body. The habit is a very dangerous one, since the animals frequently fall and break a limb or two. A great many horses are permanently injured as a result of accidents of this nature, and there is no way of curing them of the habit.

So far as is known, however, the district messenger boy is the only animal that sleeps while in motion.

### Reads all the Country Papers.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is said to receive more mail than any other member of Congress. He is a subscriber to more than two hundred papers, nearly all of which are published in his State.

Some one asked him the other day if he ever read these papers. "Indeed I do," he answered. "It is by means of these publications that I am kept in constant touch with the people of my State, and am better prepared, knowing their sentiments expressed through the papers, to serve my constituency."

Besides these papers he receives hundreds of others. Nothing is ever thrown from his desk unnoticed, and when he is not engaged in peering into the enemy's camp across the chamber he is up to his eyes in the correspondence on his desk.

His postage account, outside of the matter on which he is authorized to use the Government trunk, amounts to \$70 and \$80 every month.

### Her First Elevator Ride.

Mrs. Kelly, the washerwoman, called for the soiled clothes after the Doornis had moved into their flat.

"Pshaw, the stairs," she said of the hall-boy, "I'll go up and get 'em myself."

"There," he said, pointing to the door of the elevator.

"Pshaw, floore's the Doornis on!"

"I'll show you," said the obliging boy, stepping into the elevator after her, and pulling the rope as he closed the door.

When the car began to move, she began to scream. "Lift me out."

"I will," said the boy, and in the twinkling of an eye he slid the door back. She stepped out into a narrow hall.

"The Doornis live there," he added, directing her to their door. Then he sank out of sight.

"Well, I'm lathered! If that isn't queer! Jist wan' jump an' you're up; another an' you're down. It makes an owl woman tale young; but it coats a pile of money to live in buildin's phwat hev jumpin' stairs."

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

### The Irish Widow.

"D'ye know f'wat day id is, Mrs. Maglaggerty?"

"Av course id's Satherdy, but that's not f'wat Ol mane, Mrs. Maglaggerty. Id's not th' Fourth av July, is id?"

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

"Well, thin, that's f'wat Ol mane," said the widow; "this is Washin'ton's berthday, an' nobody id know it only they pit out a few flags an' a gossoon or two blyrows his eyes out wid gwine powder. Sure 'n Ol had no o'ldays f'wat day id was until the blind man on th' cawner towd me that they war celebratin' the day George Washin'ton doled fur his country, God be gud to his mim'ry. Id's a shame, so id is, Mrs. Maglaggerty, that iz Amerikins pay so little attention to our h'ldays. Th' Foort av July is goin' to th' dogs—id's not th' same that id ushed to be twenty year ago f'win Ol was a young gerrul in short dresses—nather is Thanksgivin' Day nor Christmash, an' begorry Ol guess th' turkeys is glad av id. Noo Year's has war fut in the grave an' the other'll folly id purty soon. In a short f'wholle there'll be nawthin' left to remind iz av how great a counthry we have or phwat a foine payble war." Bear in mind f'wat Ol tell ye, Mrs. Maglaggerty, af things keep goin' an' as they have been fur some toime there'll be no national holiday at all. Af over there was any man who desayres to have a berthday an' to have id celebrated that morn' George Washin'ton—for he knooked the stuff out av th' English, but dang thin for a murthin' tyrant—set that they ar'. Ol'm sorry, Mrs. Maglaggerty, to see George left out in the cold; an' f'whisper af he ever towd id lone some, as he somefoimes musht, Ol'm goin' to propose to th' Congress av the Noo Naited St'htos that Mr. Washin'ton be reukted to accept the hospitalities av th' Irish and f'ine hands wid St. Paddy's day be th' primary av th' glory av the Rathbrack Day, f'wat day id ye think av that, now, Mrs. Maglaggerty?"

"A Lesson to Lovers."

William F. Talbot, of Quincy, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, and his case is a terrible example to the young man who swears to what their sweethearts tell them. Talbot fell in love with a young woman in Quincy, and asked her to marry him. She was willing, and neither of the lovers thought it worth while to ask her mother. They went to the county clerk to secure a marriage license.

The girl said she was eighteen, and of course Talbot swore to that as a fact. They were married, and had three happy days of honeymoon before his mother-in-law learned of her new dignity. She did not like it, and she swore out a warrant for the arrest of the young man, because the girl was only sixteen years old, and he must have perjured himself to secure a license. When he was arrested the young wife said she was not to blame. She had told him she was eighteen, and what lover would doubt the word of the woman about to become his wife! He may change his mind afterward, but at that moment he would swear that the moon was made of green cheese if she but said so.

The law of the State does not permit a wife to testify in behalf of her husband, nor does it permit the husband to put in evidence anything his wife may have said to him. Therefore, Mr. Talbot was compelled to sacrifice himself.

It was proven that the girl was not eighteen, and therefore Mr. Talbot had perjured himself in making oath that she was of legal age. Had the marriage ceremony not been performed the woman might have been able to demonstrate her love and also the man's by taking the witness stand to relieve him of the burden of the responsibility. But she is his wife and must sit quiet in the court-room and see him convicted, for no other reason than that of believing implicitly what she told him.

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.

### 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-men the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, [name] 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. J. WILSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

### HOTELS.

**The Place House,**  
LAWRENCE,  
Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets.  
J. M. STEPHENS, M'n'gr.  
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.

**Silver Lake House,**  
AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.  
R. B. EATON, Prop'r, Silver Lake, Kan.  
Good Table and clean and comfortable beds.  
Feed and Livery Barn in Connection with the House.

### WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED ANCIENT EDITION.

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

If you possess who have been induced to purchase the "Ancient Edition" by any representations will advise us of the facts, we will undertake to see that the better is published as the Standard.

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**CUBAN SUGAR-MAKERS.**  
Process Through which They Put the Cane  
In Order to Extract Its Sweetness.

A day on one of the large sugar plantations on the island of Cuba such as I passed in March last was to me a novel and would be to anyone an interesting experience.

This plantation is located on the Villanosa railroad nearly 100 miles from Havana, and is known as Las Canes (in English "The Cane"). It is situated in a fine, level country as nice in appearance as any western prairie, with a rich, red oxide-of-iron soil, abounding in cane-fields far and wide as extensive as Illinois corn-fields and much resembling them in appearance.

Las Canes is an old plantation, where a thousand slaves used to be owned and worked. The plantation consists of several thousand acres, and now belongs to heirs of the late Don Juan Poej, who died some years ago. Its administrator (manager) is Gabriel Menocal, a brother of the well-known civil engineer, Menocal, who is now directing the construction of the Nicaragua ship canal in Central America. Both of these gentlemen are native Cubans. The engineer, however, has long resided in Washington.

Administrator Menocal, I was informed, was considered a very able agriculturist and skillful manager of sugar plantations. He was induced to leave a plantation of his own, in southern Mexico, a few years ago, to take charge of this one. At present nearly 1,000 hands are employed during the grinding season and about two-thirds as many during the balance of the year. This help is composed of negroes, Chinese, and Cubans and constitutes quite a hamlet. The great main factory covers several acres with its principal and auxiliary buildings. Then the proprietors have a fine large house and the administrator another. There are also a general store, and a doctor's office, besides many lesser buildings for subordinates and help.

In connection with the proprietor's and administrator's houses is a botanical and vegetable garden, in which a great variety of choice and rare tropical trees and fruits are found, many of them kinds unknown in the states—as they term our country—for the reason that they will not bear transportation. Many of the varieties are richer and finer than any fruits we ever see in our own markets. Bananas, coconuts, and oranges abound, among the rest, and the latter are thinner-skinned and sweeter by far than we find in our markets.

The cane fields are reached by steam cars, the plantation having many miles of iron rails, stationary and portable, and two locomotives. The loaded cars run up along the side of a long traveling apron that leads to the rollers of the crusher or mill, which is a ponderous piece of machinery; the rollers, three in number, being eight feet long and over three feet in diameter, and propelled by a steam engine of several hundred horse power. They take the cane in deep layers and crush it flat, causing a stream of juice to flow from the mill like a small river. The crushed cane then travels upon aprons, without any stop, to another set of rollers, where it is again crushed and leaves the mill almost dry. It is then dumped into carts and taken to a field near by and spread upon the ground in thin layers to dry for a day or so, when it is recarted to the furnaces, where it makes the fuel for the steam power to run the great works, proving amply sufficient for the purpose.

Such is the history of the cane in its journey from the field to the furnace. The sweet juice has an equal but different journey. From the crusher it is conducted through pipes to the defecating pans in a long array upon the floor above, where, at different degrees of heat below the boiling point, it is treated with quicklime and other chemicals. This causes all of the impurities to rise in scum; this is carefully removed, after which the sirup goes to the evaporating pans, the final ones being known as vacuum pans, where the sirup can be boiled at a lower temperature than in the open air, because the air pressure is removed. These vacuum pans were large enough to contain some \$2,000 worth of sugar, and they were turning out three such batches in each twenty-four hours, the concern being run night and day, including Sundays, after the grinding season commences. This continues from the last of January till the middle of April, the help working six hours and laying off six hours. Great is the hurry and hard the work during the grinding season. The help are negroes, Chinamen, and some Cubans, and all appear to give close attention to their work, but without apparent driving or bluster.

The hot sirup of the vacuum pans, when found to be at just the right point by a skilled sugar tester, is drawn into iron receivers, where it cools and crystallizes into a dark-colored mass of coarse sugar and molasses. After partially cooling in these receptacles it is dumped into a hopper and taken to the centrifugals, which, by their rapid rotary motion upon vertical spindles, throw out nearly all of the molasses and leaves the sugar a dry, light, golden-brown yellow color, ready to go into the bags, in which it is stored and shipped—about 335 pounds in a bag.

About one-third of the product remains molasses, which, of course, is stored in casks.

The foregoing process, thus briefly stated, appears quite simple, as in fact it is; but the works are mighty in magnitude; machinery, pipes, tanks and pans, and the plant involves a big outlay of skill and money. Land, buildings, and machinery are valued at

nearly or quite \$1,000,000. The machinery in use at Las Canes was constructed for the khedive of Egypt, but for some reason the trade failed, and it was purchased for this estate by Mr. Poej.

Oxen are much used on the plantation for carting and 150 yokes are employed; also some fifty horses and mules. From \$20 to \$25 per month wages, in gold, is paid to the help.

It takes about ten hours after the cane goes through the mill for the finished sugar to go into the bags and warehouse. It was an interesting and suggestive sight to see the naked Chinamen, with only narrow girdles about their loins, standing in the sugar while shoveling it into the centrifugals. Barefoot and perspiring from head to foot on account of the heat arising from the partially cooled sugar, it occurred to the writer that they were literally earning their bread by the sweat of the brow, and that the sugar was losing nothing by it.

Upon a high tower above the roof of the factory a watchman is kept night and day after the cane-leaves have become dry enough to burn. Those nearer the ground are in this condition soon after they begin to ripen. At this period there is great danger that fire will get started in those dry leaves, which, if unchecked, will run like a prairie fire, destroying the cane and often killing it out so as to necessitate a new planting. When the cane is not thus injured it does not need replanting oftener than once in ten or fifteen years. This watchman, if he sees any show of fire, immediately rings the alarm-bell, and the number of strokes tells just the direction of the fire. A fire-patrol is always ready to go at once to the point indicated. These fires cannot be extinguished without much difficulty and damage often-times, because of the absence of water. The method pursued in extinguishing is by setting back-fires and whiplashing.

All of the plantation, except the cane-fields, is lighted by electricity, the incandescent system being used, because they fear high tension arc currents among so much inexperienced help.

**Love's Inspiration.**

Idly her fingers toyed with pen and ink,  
As dreamily she fixed her vacant eyes  
On this, or that; the while she'd pause and think,  
And for the loitering thought would wash  
With sighs;  
But cold and feeble were the rhymes  
That came betimes.

Till one fair day—a day remembered well!  
A soul akin, with tender action bent,  
And touched her finger tips, like magic spell  
It wrought; more earnestness her thoughts  
Lent.  
More sharply form and brighter hue,  
More fragrance, too.

anon, the fluffy curls and brow were pressed;  
Now intellect awoke and fairly beamed;  
She grasped the pen with strange unvoiced  
zeal,  
Her flying fingers scarce kept pace it  
seemed,  
And the listening world caught the refrain  
Of a poet's strain.

Yet one day more, and on her rose lips  
The touch descends. Ah! now her soul  
is stirred;  
The pen is seized; impulsively she dips,  
Nor pause for one tardy thought or word;  
Like pent up floods escaped they leaping came,  
The ink seemed liquid fire whence glowing  
sparks  
Flashed forth; lightning in all hearts a flame  
Of kindred sympathy a lifetime mark;  
The perfume of a thousand flowers exhaled  
From every line, while lying dark between  
Silent, yet felt, a richer beauty, veiled  
In drapery of unvoiced words, is seen.  
She sweeps the keys  
Of the poet's soul,  
With perfect ease  
"neath love's control."  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**Black is White.**

The word black (Anglo-Saxon blac, blasc, bleak) is fundamentally the same as the old German "blach," now only to be found in two or three compounds, as blachfeld, a level or plain; blachmahl, the scum which floats on the top of silver when melted, and blachfrost; which plainly shows that it originally meant "level," "bare," and was used to denote blackness, because blackness is (apparently) bare of color. The nasalized form of the word is blank, which also means bare, and is used to denote whiteness, because whiteness is also (apparently) bare of color. The same word was used by the old Germans and the Anglo-Saxons, as just shown, to denote two things very opposite to each other, from which it seems, we get an incontrovertible argument in favor of our paradoxical headline, says the St. Louis Republic. It may help to a conclusion, and serve as a further support to our contention, to point out that "blac" in Anglo-Saxon actually means "white" as well as "black," so that it is not in its nasalized form only that the same word is employed to express opposite things. Why is this, unless that to the primitive mind both white and black appeared to agree in being bare or void of color, and for that reason to deserve the name? And here we cannot help harboring a suspicion suggested by the old German "blachfrost" (which appears to be nearly obsolete, or only used in some localities), that "black frost" meant originally a frost bare of accompaniments, as hoar, rime, and it is a coincidence only that it should be black in color, and so also blacken the vegetation. In these days, however, we have lost the original meaning as applied by the two nations above referred to, and take it as referring only to color.

**In One Bushel of Corn.**

This is how some one figures it out. From a bushel of corn a distiller gets four gallons of whisky, which retails at \$16; the Government gets \$3.60, the farmer who raised the corn gets 40 cents, the railroad gets \$1, the manufacturer gets \$4, the retailer gets \$7, and the consumer gets drunk. No wonder so many Kansas farmers are using corn as fuel.—N. Y. Tribune.

**PRINCE AND CIRCUS QUEEN.**

An Equestrienne from Near Philadelphia  
Makes the Most of an Opportunity.

What may be called the circus colony at Frankford, says the Philadelphia Record, contains many most interesting people, noted for their wonderful skill in their own peculiar direction throughout both America and Europe. Many of them, who have spent the best part of their lives in the circus ring, have been able to retire upon comfortable competences, and the homes wherein they while away the latter years of their lives are among the most attractive that Frankford contains. In a handsome brick residence on East Harrison street lives Mrs. Josie Heins, one of the most famous of circus equestriennes. In her maiden years she was Miss Josie de Mott, and she comes of a royal line in her profession, as her maternal grandmother is no less a person than the famous Mme. Tournour, whose achievements in the circus ring are known the world over.

Mrs. Heins the other day, with charming grace and modesty, told some of the interesting incidents of her recent career in London with Barnum's great show. It was during that period that she did what probably no other circus performer has ever done—captured for the time being Prince George, the second son of the prince of Wales, and grandson of the haughty Queen Victoria. While fulfilling her engagement as principal equestrienne with the Barnum show she stood one day near the entrance to the dressing-room, and while the crowd was surging along to find seats before the commencement of the performance, a handsomely dressed young gentleman of medium size, with close-cut beard and flowing mustache, stepped gallantly up, and lifting his hat from his head, bowed to the little queen of the ring, and said in almost apologetic tones:

"Could you tell me where the reserved seats are?"

The Frankford lady called to an attendant to "show the gentleman to a reserved seat." The ever-alert attendant, thinking that some undue presumption had prompted the visitor, was about to show him summarily to a seat, when, with a wave of her dainty hand, little Mrs. Heins said: "Oh, he has done nothing wrong."

Another bow from the gentleman and an extended card with the crown of England and "Prince George" engraved upon it revealed to the astonished lady who it was that stood before her begging that she would but point out where he should take a seat. An inspiration seized her; she would show him to a seat, and would herself sit beside him, and be the envy of all woman-kind in the audience for that day. Motioning the prince to a seat close by where they stood, she took her seat beside him. She had not dressed for her part, and the etiquette of the occasion forbade that she should be called away while in conversation with one of the royal family. The people in the throng bowed low as they passed the royal couple—a prince of the realm and the queen of the ring. The conversation drifted to that of nativity.

"Where is your home?" asked the prince.

"I live at Frankford," she answered.

"Frankford! Frankford!" mused the prince. "Where is Frankford?"

"It is a suburb of Philadelphia, and there are several members of this company besides myself who live there. There are also a great many English families living there, and one section of the town is called 'Little Britain.'"

"Indeed! Why, it must be a very pretty place," said the prince, "and as I expect to visit America some time I shall do myself the honor to call on you at your home while I am in your country."

"If you do," said she, "we will give you a royal welcome when you come."

Interrupting her the prince said gallantly: "Will you give me a royal welcome?"

Quick as thought the American lass responded: "No, prince, not a royal, but a real democratic welcome."

**The Mouthpiece of Iron.**

In Central America travel is generally undertaken at night to avoid the heat and glare of day, and twelve hours at a stretch in the saddle are not thought excessive. The traveler, therefore, who would see very much of the interior must expect to encounter many petty inconveniences, annoyances and hardships.

Though peril is not always added to privation, yet it will be well to wear conspicuously a revolver. This little mouthpiece of iron will secure its possessor proper attention and freedom from insult. He may not need to use it, but its known presence is a potent force. Your pocket will be safer when guarded by this silent watchdog. The pistol is a Cerberus that accepts no sops.

**Discovering the North Pole.**

Norwegian navigators still cling to the idea of discovering the north pole. Their hopes are based upon the fact that various articles from the Pacific are occasionally found stranded on the coast of Greenland, having been carried there by some current. A notable instance of this is the finding there of a pair of oilskin trousers marked with the name of one of the crew of a vessel, that had been wrecked on the Pacific side of Behring's straits. It is argued that where a pair of trousers can go a properly constructed vessel ought to be able to follow, by virtue of a supposed current between the two oceans via the arctic pole.

The stamp-window of any post-office is a sort of Lick observatory.

**WIT AND HUMOR.**

Some girls are pressed for time and others for the fun of it.—Birmingham Leader.

Much charity that begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors.—Texas Siftings.

He believed in it—She—"Do you believe in true love?" He—"Yes, if her father is rich."

Political Economy—"Never buy any more votes than you absolutely need."—Washington Post.

The silent man is the one we always listen to with the greatest pleasure.—Richmond Recorder.

She referred to the distiller whom she had fascinated as her "sour mash."—Merchant Traveler.

There are some circles where it is only the man with the income that can come in.—Birmingham Leader.

"That is a speaking likeness of your wife, Garrell." "It couldn't be any kind of a likeness if it wasn't."—N. Y. Sun.

The greater the man the more relentless the fury with which the people pummel him when he falls.—Achtion Globe.

First Tippler—"Well, how are you getting along?" Second Tippler—"O, I am gradually getting a-head."—Philadelphia Press.

There are self-made women, tailor-made women, and some who are simply maid. Each class speaks for itself.—Philadelphia Times.

A man's enjoyment of a melodrama is intensified by the opportunity between the acts of having a mellow dram or two.—Lowell Citizen.

When the devil wants to train up a young man in the way he desires him to go he employs idleness to boss the job.—Texas Siftings.

In the matrimonial market it doesn't make so much difference about a girl's complexion if her income is only fair.—Burlington Free Press.

Miss Santa Fay—"They say Miss Achtion has teeth like pearls." Mr. Topequer—"I shouldn't wonder. She's as dumb as an oyster."—Puck.

"Papa," said Willie, who had been down street, the town looks just the same as it did." "Why shouldn't it?" "Mamma said you painted it."—Washington Post.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta. "I think it must be the beams," said Charley, softly.—N. Y. Sun.

Proprietor (firmly)—Your account, Mr. Weeks, has now been running for six months." Weeks (blandly)—"Well, suppose we let it rest for a year or two!"—Dry Goods Chronicle.

To say that a man is jovial is a doubtful compliment. We don't believe that we ever knew a man who staid at home nights who was called a jovial fellow.—Achtion Globe.

McCormick—"I want two poached eggs on toast." Walter—"Yes, sir." "And be sure and have them fresh laid." "Yes, sir; I'll have 'em laid on the toast, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Watts—"Her grief for him is simply overwhelming." Mrs. Potts—"It is, indeed. I understand that she spent half of the life-insurance for a mourning suit."—Terre Haute Express.

A medical writer says that the cholera microbe is shaped like a comma. It's the colon, we believe, that the microbe makes the objective point in the stomach.—Merchant Traveler.

Miss Fussenfeather—"Are you going to Saratoga next summer?" Mrs. Overgaiter—"No, I think I will stay home and use ice. It will be quite as expensive, I fancy."—Yonkers Statesman.

William Dean Howells writes from 1,000 to 1,500 words daily, and after his pages have been copied on the typewriter he goes over them again, adding a word here and erasing a line there, until they are perfect.

Some experiments were made recently by the Northern Pacific car-builders at Tacoma to test the strength of fir and oak timber. The first named proved one-third stronger than the eastern oak, and more than one-half stronger than eastern white pine.

A Naples correspondent writes that a terrible storm in the Province of Catania was marked by a curious phenomenon. Near San Matteo a rent was formed in the earth from north to south nearly a mile long, nine feet wide and from six to thirty feet deep.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes slowly and fastidiously, revising and correcting the most unimportant article with poetic care; all his articles before they reach the printer are written and rewritten at least three or four times.

Despite his more than 86 years, George Bancroft sits down at his desk at 5 o'clock in the morning and labors until 8, when he breakfasts; after this he returns to his desk and remains till 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when he considers the day's task ended.

Mark Twain's income is said to be \$80,000 a year, derived from royalties on his works and from the publishing house in which he is a partner. Yet he is more or less unhappy, because his wife fails to appreciate his alleged jokes.

Henry James, the novelist is growing very fat, and is more like the Prince of Wales in consequence; as a writer his popularity is said to be waning, but as a London society man he is a bright, particular star in certain circles.

**FAMILY ALBUM BORES.**

How Helpless Callers Are Taken Advantage of.—Nutsances You Have Met.

"Do you care for photographs?" "I am passionately fond of them," I reply with a mental reservation, a reservation so spacious that on it all the Cheyennes now living might hunt and fish without crowding each other.

Bringing out the family photograph album, she lays it gently on my lap—that is, Mrs. Plunkett does. After a man has gone through the album inspection mill a few times he gains wisdom. For instance, he finds it wise to look with approval, admiration even, on the most piratical appearing of the album's inmates. And if he sees a croupy-looking infant, with a peaked cranium that would make an Aztec go mad with envy, he will only murmur, if he is wise, "What a dear, sweet child," and refuse to go on with the show until he is informed of its identity. The wise visitor will always play such a queer morsel of humanity for close relationship with the owner of the album.

On my remarking the unusual intellectuality on the faces I scan, Mrs. Plunkett, with a modest blush, confesses that both Mr. Plunkett's and her own relatives have been distinguished in one way or another. "They are all writers and inventors and things," she concludes, sweepingly.

I begin to run the gauntlet. PLUNKETT BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE. "That was Mr. Plunkett before I married him." I shiver inwardly as I gaze upon the Plunkett of ante-marital days. And yet she married him! "Would you recognize that one?" I make a wild guess. "Yes, that was me when I was a little girl." Passing a varied assortment of uncles and cousins before and after, we come to a gentleman whose excessive boldness was positively startling.

"No, he isn't a relation. He used to board in the same place we did before we kept house. That's Mr. Archibald Baldwin, the inventor of The Hercules Hair Restorer. I wish you could meet him sometime. He is so witty. And I guess he's doing very well, though he says he has to spend lots of money in advertising. You don't have anything to do with the advertising, do you? He might give you some if you did."

We come upon a frivolous-looking young person. "That's my cousin Maud. She's very bright, but she fell in love with a missionary gentleman and went to the interior of Africa, or Calcutta, or—it was one of those heathen places, any way. She don't even see a white person, except her husband. And (sigh) she used to be such a flirt."

There is a photo-graph lying loosely in the album. It is the picture of a venerable, thin-visaged gentleman, with white hair and an expression of extreme cunning. Mrs. Plunkett picks it up rather hesitantly and turning to her husband says: "William, I thought you had destroyed that horrid picture." Whereupon Mr. Plunkett, dutiful husband that he is, throws the objectionable photograph into the blazing grate fire. (The FREE MISSIONARY'S wife. Plunkett flat is always chilly and a grate fire is required nearly every evening.) "I never want to see that man's face again," says Mrs. Plunkett to me in a low tone. "He is William's Uncle William; he is very rich and he was going to leave everything to us, and he is very feeble. But he went and married the cashieress of a lunch counter, a girl young enough to be his granddaughter—and that's the end of him as far as we are concerned."

"Yes, she has a very interesting face. WILLIAM'S GAY. She's my Aunt Nora. Uncle. And she's an authoress. Didn't you ever hear of her? Why, she wrote a book last year—I'll show it to you afterward—it's called 'How to Be Beautiful.'"—Charles Lederer in N. Y. World.

At the End of the Rainbow. One day last fall, while picking cotton, Ellen Powell, a negro woman, lost a bag from her person containing \$5 in silver. She was working for N. Hues, who superintends the plantation of N. E. Baum, near Teomsboro. Last week, after a thunder cloud had just passed, she was at work in the same field knocking down cotton-stalks. Seeing a beautiful rainbow across the field, and thinking at the same time of the lost money, Mr. Hughes told Ellen to go to the end of it and she would find her lost money. She took him at his word, and just in front of her, about 100 yards or more, where the end of the rainbow appeared to be, she looked on the ground and found her lost money.



Across the Way.

When dawn was lighting the rosy heaven. At four in summer, in winter set on. One Phoebe glowed. Or yet the city had turned in its bed. There by the window, with needle and thread. She sat and sewed.

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

A wild, wild night, the wind blowing a hurricane, the sea rising in its fury below the cliffs, and Diane Leigh, with her face pressed close against the window-pane, shuddered as the thunder rent the air and the lightning's vivid flash showed the white-capped waves lapping the top of the rocks in their wrath.

ver turned the cliff, then stopped short, his handsome eyes fixed on Elaine's fair face. All the color had faded from his own, and the look on it was not good to see. "Found, found!" he murmured, "I knew I would find you, you yellow-haired traitress, and my time has come."

"Why not welcome the goods the gods send me?" she repeated. "Had I lived I would have gone back to him, for I loved him; but when this temptation came, I thought it best to let the dead past bury its dead and be silent."

KISSES AND CUSTOMS.

OSCULATORY EXERCISES OF THE EARLY JEWS AND ROMANS.

Modern Salutations Conducted on a Scientific Basis or Strictly Mathematical Principles.



he Kissing Church." It sounds very queer, but such was the title given to a certain place of worship not long since established in New York.

The church earned its osculatory caption by its attempt to revive a practice of the primitive Christians. This was to interchange kisses before receiving the communion in token of good fellowship.



THE LOVER'S KISS.

dicted to the habit. It is not so. Some of the tribes lowest in the scale know nothing about this token of affection. They rub noses, crook fingers, and even pull ears, but do not kiss.



THE COURTIER'S KISS.

shake is good enough for a friend. But osculum—well, rather. He makes up for the loss of the others by doubling on that.

you go to any place you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey you are dismissed with a kiss; you return, kisses are exchanged. They come to visit you—a kiss the first thing; they leave you, you kiss them all round.



THE HUSBANDS KISS.—WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?

kettle on his back, a live goose in one hand, and in the other a cane and a rope by which he was leading a goat. Presently a woman joined him, and they walked along together until they reached a dark ravine, when she shrunk back.



THE KISS OF HIS ESKIMO.

goat to it, and put the goose under the kettle by the cane, and then he wickedly kissed the woman in spite of her great resistance.

