

G. G. Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XXI.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

NO. 27

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c. The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies. Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of four lines, or less, [25 words] the Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No orders taken for less than three months.

Potatoes are scarce in this vicinity.

We acknowledge the receipt of a ticket to the Sioux City corn palace.

A gentleman from Lawrence has been buying apples of the Leocompton farmers for the past ten days.

The Kansas branch of the Womans Missionary association held its sixth annual meeting at Leocompton, beginning at September 30.

It should be fully understood that no person will be charged a cent for admission to the fair grounds on the day of President Harrison's visit. Persons going in in their vehicles will be charged 25 cents for the vehicle, the same as on any other day.

There will be nearly \$2,000 worth fireworks and ammunition burned during the slam battle, the storming of Fort Fisher and the general display of fireworks at night. After the blowing up of the fort there will be a grand tableau of a battle field after the battle.

Every one needs a business education. No education is complete without it, whether it be the education of the masses, or of the fortunate few, reared in the common school or completed at the University. Other kinds of education are valuable here and there, this kind is needed any where, every where. The Lawrence Business College employs none but thoroughly competent teachers. The courses of study are in harmony with the business methods of to-day, not merely school methods but actual business practice in whatever branch the college professes to teach. For a comprehensive, practical and thorough education this Institution offers advantages not excelled by any similar college in the west, and equaled by few. Address for catalogue, BUSINESS COLLEGE, Lawrence, Kansas.

Kindness to the cow has as certain a return in milk and butter, as food.

The one price system for country butter works against improvement of quality.

No farmer should expect to succeed if he does not keep up with the season.

Spring is the best time to set out corn, but if done in the fall they will be well mulched.

The fish commission is doing an immense business stocking with fish western streams and lakes.

Probably the time will never come when there will not be a demand for cows for the dairy,—and as for that matter for improved stock of all kinds.

A portrait of Speaker Reed, and a full-page picture of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, which formulated the McKinley Tariff Bill, are included amongst the illustrations accompanying an interesting and spicy article on "The House of Representatives," by Frederick S. Daniel, in the October number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. A powerful poem, "The Cyclone," by Joaquin Miller, is dedicated "to the destroyers of forests." James Ricatton describes Simla, the Summer capital of India; and Pierre Morand contributes some highly entertaining Reminiscences of Foreign Residents and old Times in New York City. Other illustrated articles are, "Life in Boloma," by Herbert Pierson; "Haruko of Japan," the Oriental Empress and her Court, by Eliza Ruhamah Seidmore; "Fish-culture at Lake Sunapee, N. H.," by Frederick M. Dey; and "Tells, and the Services they Perform" by Earnest Ingersoll.

Indian renegades are committing depredations in New Mexico.

Excessive rainfall has endangered the maturity of California's grape crop.

Secretary Noble has issued an order forbidding Indians from joining themselves to wild west shows.

August Richter, a shoemaker of Marshall, Mo., has not taken a drink of water for eighteen years.

President Harrison has vetoed the bill prohibiting pool selling in the District of Columbia, on the ground that it did not cover the case.

Captain W D Haynes, president of the Bristol, Elizabethtown & North Carolina railroad, attempted to commit suicide. His health is assigned as the cause.

Mrs Barstow, widow of a wealthy New York broker, has been declared an habitual drunkard, and will be sent to the home for the inebriates. She began drinking about a year ago.

The courts of Philadelphia have decided that the Revs. Drs Mickenburgh and Loentgeruth, two Catholic clergymen recently arrived, do not come under the head of contract labor and they will be allowed to remain.

Jack the Ripper has written another letter to the London police announcing his intention of killing an other woman.

Henry Cabot Lodge, after whom the Lodge election bill took its name, was renominated by acclamation in the sixth congressional district of Massachusetts.

Topeka Seed House.

Garden Implements and All Kinds of Garden and Grass Seeds. Also all Kinds of WINTER BLOOMING Bulbs. And Flower Pots, Vases and Hanging Baskets.

Topeka Meal and Buckwheat Mill.

Cash paid for Corn, Oats, Rye and Baled Hay. Orders for Meal, Graham, Eye, and Buckwheat Flour promptly filled. All kinds of Flour and Feed kept constantly in stock at wholesale or retail. We have Oat Meal by the ton or 10 lbs. Rock salt, cheap stock salt. If you have hay, grain or apples in car lots, please write us.

S. H. DOWNS, Prop. 304 Kan. Ave.



PERFUMES

MADE FROM FLOWERS IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS! DOUSSAN'S

Sweet South

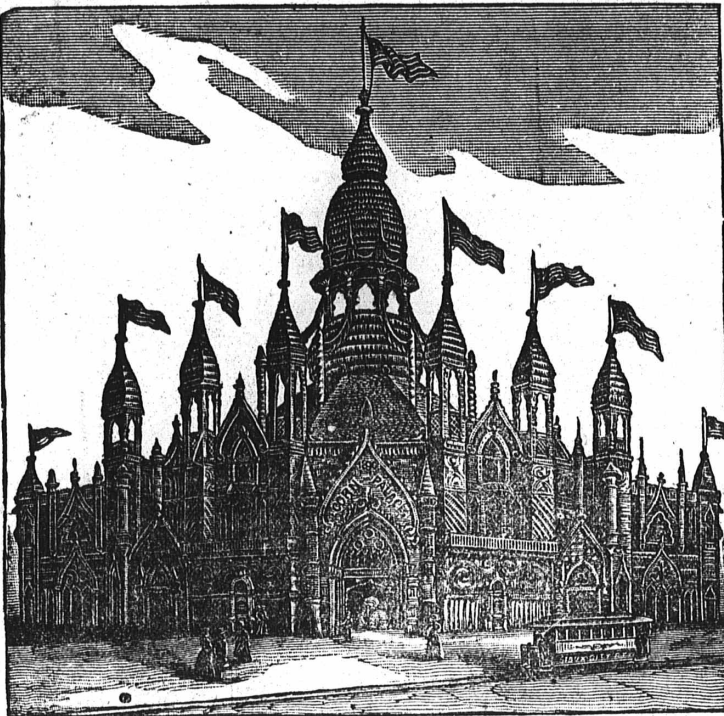
In 1 oz. Sprinkler-Top Bottles, EACH 65 CENTS.

ALSO OUR EXTRA FINE SPECIALTIES: LYS DES INCAS! SPRING MIST! LUNEA! NEVADA! IMPERIAL PINK! ROUSSEL ROSE EDEN BOUQUET! LILY OF THE VALLEY! All 50 cents per bottle. PICCIOLA!

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

If your druggist doesn't keep them send amount to us and we will forward prepaid.

DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO., 66 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.



Sioux City Corn Palace.—Opens Sept. 25; closes Oct. 11, 1890.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.



NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

SAMPLE COPY

OF THE ST. LOUIS WEEKLY

GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

Sent Free to any Address.

Send Your Name at once to

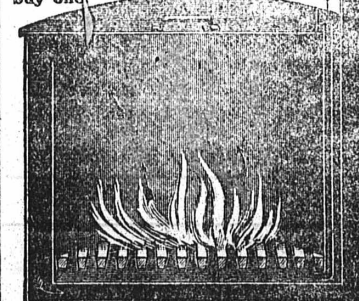
GLOBE PRINTING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T DRINK DIRTY WATER.



TANK HEATER

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



COSTS FROM 20c TO 50c PER DAY. 4 SIZES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES. O. P. BENJAMIN & BRO., LAFAYETTE, IND.

YOUR CRAYON PORTRAIT

NICELY FRAMED IN BRONZE OR GILT. Flush Border. Size, 24 x 28 inches.

For \$3.00

As fine as any Artist will sell for \$10.00. (ALMOST ANY DEALER CAN SHOW YOU ONE.)

BY SAVING 25 COUPONS OF

PROVOST'S

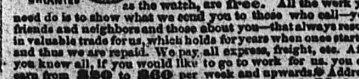
Cream Washing Powder.

ONLY COSTS 5c. PER PACKAGE. One Coupon in Every Package. Unexcelled in Quality and Quantity.

Ask Your GROCER For It. If he does not have it write to us and we will see that you get it.

WARREN PROVOST & CO.,

26-30 Humboldt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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

It is hard for grown people to realize how many things are perfectly simple to them, but quite beyond the comprehension of children. Figures of speech in particular are almost sure to involve the little people in a tangle of perplexities.

UNLESS the sign of the times are entirely misleading the end of the agricultural depression is close at hand; and they who have labored hopefully, in the midst of continued discouragement, looking for the dawn, are even now seeing it.

SMALL feet and banged locks and dress coats attract their like, but a hand that is stretched out of shape with manly toll and a face that shows the chisel marks of life's rugged experience command the admiration of the womanly woman far sooner.

CANADA appears to have practically solved the Indian question. Instead of that "disappearance before the advance of the white man" which some theorists find it convenient to represent as inevitable they increase in number in the "eastern provinces, while even in the far Northwest they show a tendency to adopt the methods of civilization.

THE American Council at Jerusalem, Mr. Gillman, writes that the excavations in and round that city have brought to light the remains of two tiers of five-arched porches in the rear of the Crusader Church of Ste. Anne, which settles the location of the pool at Bethesda, mentioned in John v., 2., as the scene of one of the most interesting of our Savior's miracles of healing.

THE increase in the price of silver has had the effect of raising the price of wheat in India, the supply of which from that source has been one of the most important factors in keeping down the price of wheat below a fair margin above the cost of production. The predictions that the law would result in this country becoming the dumping ground for the silver of the world has not proven true.

God bless the poor, tired out, overworked women. They are dying all about us, and the world has gotten so used to it that it cares no more for their sacrifice than a cider press cares for the apples that fall between its upper and nether stones. Something must be done to ease the everlasting burden; and nothing will do it sooner and surer than a system of co-operative work practically developed.

THE criminal carelessness that characterizes railway management in protecting life is efficiently concealed nine times in ten by the collusion of railway spotters and go-between manipulating croopers' juries. It was shown a few years ago that it was the regular practice to take a professional six around from place to place when inquests were to be held on the remains of corporation victims.

A SHIP canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river is suggested as a diversion for the surplus energy to those who wish to surpass the Eiffel tower at the coming world's fair in Chicago. It could not be completed in time for the fair, but it could be well begun, and when done it would so enormously increase the resources of Illinois as to place it in the lead of New York as the Empire State of the Union.

In many parts of the country the drinking water is quite strongly alkaline. Some fruit or vegetable acid is needed to neutralize this alkaline matter. There is nothing so good as sour fruit, such as currants, gooseberries, apples, oranges and lemons. Vinegar answers the purpose very well. Fruit vinegar is in some respects preferable, as it contains considerable vegetable acid. But there is nothing but wine to make fruit vinegar out of this year, and that is too expensive.

POTATOES are almost the only vegetable in general use in this country. Americans, as a rule, are not fond of cabbage as a regular article of food. They are not fond of boiled cabbage or sour kraut. It is difficult to raise good turnips in most parts of this country. The seasons are too hot and dry for them. They are generally hard, tough and stringy. Only those esculent roots that grow under ground, as carrots, parsnips, and some varieties of beets, do well here. As they are not exposed to the sun and are shaded by their leaves they make a fair growth and are of pretty good quality.

GRANDFATHER MAPLE'S GHOST.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Mrs. Maple's farm-house was assailed by a December snow-storm, whose sharp needles were rattling against the casement; pitter, patter, the last dead leaves of the old sycamore tree drifted down upon the door-stone.

It was an old, old house, and Mrs. Maple was an old, old woman. But you will sometimes find tufts of snowy blossoms bursting from age-lichened apple-trees, and sprays of greenery on the boughs of century-old oak-trees; and so it happened that Minnie Maple, the ancient crone's great-granddaughter was the bud and blossom of her worn-out life.

Old Mrs. Maple owned house and land and had money out at interest; but she was a shrewd old lady, and liked to keep her affairs in her own hands. And pretty Minnie, albeit an heiress in prospective, taught the district school, and took care of the farm dairy out of hours.

"It won't hurt her to work for her living if she is to be rich one of these days," said Mrs. Maple. "I worked when I was a girl."

And upon this dreary December night Mrs. Maple's swift knitting-needles gleamed like steely lightning in the firelight; and Minnie sat on a low chair beside her, mending tablecloths, while ever and anon a big drop would plash down upon the darned spots like a glistening globe of dew.

"But, grandmother, why?" burst out Minnie at last, with blue eyes lifted up like for-get-me-nots drenched in rain, to the old lady's parchment-like face.

"Because I say so," said old Mrs. Maple. And the fire crackled, and the snow clicked softly against the window-panes, and the knitting-needles made zigzags of light as they flew back and forth.

"But you say, yourself, grandmother, that he's a good young man," pleaded Minnie.

Old Mrs. Maple nodded. "Without a bad habit in the world!" And again old Mrs. Maple nodded like a Chinese mandarin in a collection of curiosities.

"And forehanded with his farm?" For the third time Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Then, grandmother, why won't you consent to our marriage?" urged the girl.

"Child," said Mrs. Maple, turning her spectacle glasses full upon Minnie's sweet, flower-like face. "I've told you why half a hundred times! It's because your great-grandfather Maple and his great-grandfather were mortal enemies. Because your grandfather's last words upon his deathbed were: 'I leave my soul to Heaven, my money to my dear wife, and my everlasting enmity to Job Crofton!'"

"But, grandmother," said Minnie, with a shudder, "that was very wicked! And surely, surely, the shadow of a tombstone should be a reconciliation!"

Old Mrs. Maple shook her white head.

"Your grandfather was a very vindictive man, Minnie," said she; "I never disobeyed him living, and I never will disobey him dead!"

"But, grandmother," coaxed Minnie, with her fresh cheek against the old lady's hand, "he wouldn't know it. How could he?"

"Child, child, your Grandfather Maple knew everything," said the old lady, with a sudden superstitious glance over her left shoulder, as something seemed to rustle at the casement. "And I do believe his ghost would haunt me if I didn't give good heed to his last words. No, no; Gilbert Crofton can never be your husband, and you may as well give up the idea first as last."

And Minnie Maple cried herself to sleep that night.

"For I never, never can marry him without Grandmother Maple's consent," she sobbed. "I'll stay single for his sake until the day of my death; but I never can disobey the kind old soul who has taken a mother's place to me and brought me up from a baby."

But the next night there was an apple bee at Deacon Dangerfield's, and Minnie Maple was there. Gilbert Crofton did not make his appearance until late.

"Gilbert," said the little fiancé, who sat reproachfully amid a crimson avalanche of apples, "what makes you so late?"

"I've been busy," said Gilbert. "But never mind so long as I'm in time for the Virginia reel."

And they walked home together through the snow-drifts, talking happily of what might be if only Grandmother Maple's adamant heart could be softened.

But, late though it was, with the old clock on the stroke of one, there was

a light shining redly from the keeping room windows, and through the uncurtained casement they could see Grandmother Maple marching up and down the room like a sentinel on duty, her high-heeled boots tapping on the floor, her fingers instinctively wandering around and around the inside of her empty snuff-box.

Minnie hurried into the room. "Why, grandmother," cried she, "whatever is the matter? Here are the logs all burned down to white ashes and the candle-wick guttering, and in such a flutter as never was! What has happened, grandmother?"

Mrs. Maple turned her keen blue eyes upon her great-granddaughter with an expression like that of a sleep-walker.

"Minnie, come in and shut the door. Is that you, Gilbert Crofton, the great-grandson of Job? Come you in also. Children," with her old hands shaking as if palsy-stricken. "I've seen a ghost!"

"Impossible!" cried Gilbert Crofton. "Dear grandmother, you must have been dreaming," soothed Minnie, creeping up to her side and drawing her down into the old arm-chair beside the hearth.

"Dreaming!" shrieked the old woman; "I was as wide awake as I am this moment. I had been over to see Mrs. Muir's sick child, and it was close on ten o'clock when I got back. And the minute I crossed the threshold, I had that queer feeling of some one being in the room creep all over me. And there, sure enough, in the chair opposite, where he used to sit thirty good years ago, was your great-grandfather Maple, with his old cue-wig and his suit of butternut brown, and the very green spectacles he used to wear for his weak eyes."

"And he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me just as your Grandfather Maple has looked at me a thousand, thousand times."

"And says I: 'Reuben, is that you?'"

"And says he: 'Yes, it is.'"

"And says I: 'Oh Reuben, what brings you back to this world?'"

"And says he: 'To wipe out the stains of a wicked world.'"

"And says I: 'Are you happy, Reuben?'"

"And says he: 'Yes, and that's the reason I want others to be.'"

"And then I began to tremble all over, and says I: 'Is it anything I can do, Reuben?'"

"And says he: 'There's no more offending nor giving offence in the other world, Lois, and Job Crofton's soul and mine are at variance no longer.' 'Says he: 'Let there be peace, Lois, and let the young man Gilbert be your grandchild's husband.'"

"And then he knocked the bowl of his pipe on the edge of the andiron, as I've seen him do it so often; and then he got up, and he walked out of the room, just for all the world like a living creature."

"I've often heard as ghosts can go through a keyhole, but your Grandfather Maple's ghost opened the door, and forgot to shut it after him into the bargain. So when I roused up enough to know what was going on around me, the floor was covered with snow, that had drifted in, and the candle was blown out."

"Oh, grandmother, do you think this was real?" cried Minnie, with startled eyes.

"Didn't I see it with my own eyes, and hear it with my own ears?" demanded old Mrs. Maple. "It's your grandfather's ghost! And I might have known that if he wanted to appear he could, for he had obstinacy enough for anything, rest his soul! You may marry Gilbert Crofton if you want to to-morrow, Minnie! And perhaps your grandfather's ghost will be easy then!"

"So the young people were happily married, and Gilbert came to live at the farm and managed all the old lady's affairs for her. And she lived to be a hundred years old before she closed those keen, blue eyes of hers upon the matters of this mortal world."

But one day, in turning over the relics of the roomy old garret, Minnie came across a red chest, clamped with brass, and faintly odorous of dried lavender and rose leaves. She opened it.

"Oh, Gilbert, look here!" cried she, "my great grandfather's best suit, laid up in camphor gum and sweet herbs! Why do you suppose that Grandmother Maple has kept it?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Gilbert, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Perhaps for the younger generation to masquerade in!"

Minnie sprang to her feet, a sudden light seemed to illuminate her whole face.

"Gilbert!" cried she "did you—"

"No matter," said Gilbert, laughing; "shut up the box, Minnie, your grandfather's ghost will never haunt the house again."

And it never did.—New York Ledger.

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

An Interesting Jewish Legend of a Soul's Redemption from Sheol.

On a day Rabbi Akiba was walking in a graveyard. There he lit upon a man with his face as black as coal, laden with wood upon his shoulders, and he was hastening with it, running like a horse. Rabbi Akiba commanded him to stop and said to him: "My son, wherefore art thou in such hard servitude? If thou art a slave, I will redeem thee from it and set thee free; and if thou art poor, I will make thee rich." The man answered unto him: "Leave me, sir, I beg, for I can not stay." Quoth Akiba, "Art thou of the sons of men or of the devils?" The man answered, "I am of the dead, and every day I cut wood to make the fire in which I burn."

Said Rabbi Akiba: "What was thy business in thy lifetime?" The man answered: "I was a collector of taxes and accepted the persons of the rich and slew the poor—nay, more, I married a betrothed maid on the day of Kippur." Said Rabbi Akiba: "My son, hast thou heard thy taskmasters speak aught of remedy for thee?" He answered: "Delay me not; maybe the masters of vengeance will be wrought against me! For me there is no remedy, nor have I heard of aught of redemption save this I heard them say unto me: 'If there be to thee a son who may stand in the congregation and cry aloud in the congregation: "Bless ye the Lord, who is blessed!" then shalt thou be released from vengeance.' But I have no son. Yet I left my wife with child, and I know not whether she bore a male or female, and if she bore a male, who will teach him the law?" Said Rabbi Akiba: "What is thy name?" He answered him: "Akiba."

"And thy wife's name?" He answered, "Sosmira." "And the name of the city?" "Aldoka." And Isaac Aboab, the author of the "Menorath Hammaor," or "Lamp of Light," from which the foregoing is derived, goes on to tell how Akiba pitied the condemned man, and wandered from city to city till he came to Aldoka and asked concerning him, and the people replied, "May his bones be beaten in Gehinnom to dust!" Then he asked after his wife, and they answered, "May her name and memory be wiped away from the world!" Then he asked after his son, and they told him he was yet uncircumcised. Whereupon Akiba took him and fasted for him forty days, and trained him and taught him what was requisite, and brought him into the congregation, where he cried, "Bless ye the Lord, who is blessed for ever and ever!" And in that hour was his father delivered.

How to Escape Malaria.

"You people who are afraid of malaria—and it is a good complaint to be afraid of—have some strange ideas about the disease," said a physician. "You think that if you climb a mountain and build there, or that if you live on the slope of a hill where the drainage is perfect, you are safe. Then counting on this you sit around in the evening air with no covering on your head, or you sleep with a window so near the head of your bed that a current of damp air blows over you all night. Finest way in the world to catch malaria. Personally, I believe that if I had only two chances—one of living in the center of a salt marsh, and the other of living one mile from the edge of the marsh on sloping ground, I should take the marsh every time. I admit, however, that there are very many people who do not agree with this opinion. But to come back to our first proposition—cover your head when you are out of doors after dark, no matter how mild the air seems.—N. Y. Tribune.

No End to Its Uses.

Of novel applications of electricity there is no end. Bakers are now using the electric motor as a bread mixer, and are thus enabled to do in four or five minutes an amount of work that would otherwise require hours of hand labor. A writer in a medical paper says he has frequently obtained much relief from facial neuralgia by applying an incandescent light to the parts affected. He suggests that the lamp could also be used in poulticing advantageously. It could be laid over a flaxseed or other form of poultice, and constant heat could be thus secured.

They Came Handy.

Uncle (to disreputable nephew)—You have got down to be no better than a common beggar. Hardly a day passes that you don't come to me and borrow money. Thank heaven, you are my only nephew, and I wish I didn't have you.

Nephew—I am a better man, uncle, than you are. So far from wishing you dead I wish I had five or six more such uncles.—From the German.

RARE AND RADIANT BEINGS.

Men and Women Who Honor New York by Living There.

New Yorkers are like Parisians, says a New York letter in the San Francisco Argonaut—they won't admit anything tolerable outside their own metropolis. They look upon the west like English people, as "characteristic;" they look upon New England as "repressed;" they look upon the south as "used up." The United States is to them New York. The Chicagoans "sister metropolis" galls their proud spirits. If they have a sister metropolis it may be Paris. To go deeper, a New Yorker will not believe there is anyone in his own country as nice as himself. He will admit that there have been geniuses, great men, in other parts of the republic, but for pure, consummate style and finish he is the man.

The west, if he is broad, is full of "types;" if he is narrow, of "hayseeds." He likes to welcome and study the types, feeling the while that he is studying humanity from the ground up. The more unusual and impossible the types are the more he glories in them. "These fellows are so original, after one's own gang," he observes, complacently sufficed with satisfaction that they should be different from his own gang. When any member of the gang meets an outsider who is like himself he resents it bitterly. He feels as if his sacred rights had been abused, as if some one had "jumped his claim." Can it be possible that anything but types are going to come from the wilderness beyond the Mississippi? Can it be possible that the wild and woolly west is going to produce rivals? Hideous thought!

The women—of the same rich, narrow class—are a thought worse, as naturally having no reasoning faculties and taking their cue from the more knowing and experienced male. Boston women, who are always looking for "material" whether they write or not, delighted in an outsider from any point of the compass. New York women simply look to see if he be *de note monde*, and if he is not better for him that a millstone were tied around his neck and he were cast into the sea. Such unenlightenment in this refulgent nineteenth century is sad. Moreover, the poor things never know what they lose in renouncing the acquaintance of the American Lochinvars, but go blindly on through life, cutting off their noses to spite their faces. The English women who come over here are always on the lookout for dashing, daring, unconventional males, like the cowboys in the Wild West show, or "those splendid creatures you read about in Brete Harte—gamblers, and road agents, and things. These are just like the men we meet everywhere else!" But the beautiful metropolitan can be horrified by anything. She, in the flower of youth and beauty's pride, would as soon have tender relations with a tight-rope dancer as bow to a man on the avenue who wore his hat on the right side when The Fellows—with large capitals—wore theirs slightly tilted to the left. Thus are the artistic perceptions of Gotham hopelessly blunted. For these reasons do they fail to see the "good in everything" which the banished duke recommends as a safe line of conduct throughout life.

A Case of Disrespect.

A colored man at Augusta, Ga., having been hired to drive a party of New York and Boston gentlemen out to a plantation five or six miles away, felt his head swell accordingly. Half way out the road was somewhat obstructed by an ox cart which had broken down. There was plenty of room to pass, but the colored Jehu saw a favorable opportunity to show off, and so he drew rein and exclaimed:

"Yo' pussion dar!"
"What yo' want?" replied the other.
"What yo' destructin' dis road fur?"
"I hain't. Pass on."
"Yo' move dat cart!"
"Shan't do it!"
"Look-a-heah, Moses; does yo' reckon to desist me?"
"Gem'len," said Moses as he came nearer and removed his hat, "I wouldn't dun desist nobody, but I lead it to yo' if dar hain't sagacity nuff to rotate dis keerridge past dat obstruckshun!"

The party decided that there was, and ordered the driver to drive on. He obeyed, but turned to explain:
"I knowed dar was gem'len; but if yo' doan' disrespect some o' dese country niggers dey won't disrespect yo'."

His Dog Gave Him Away.

"Is that an intelligent dog? Looks like one." The response was quick and angry: "No, sir! That dog is seventeen different kinds of a fool. I'm engaged, you know, to Miss A. She's profoundly jealous of Miss B., to whom I formerly paid attention."

"Well, the other evening the dog was with me when I happened to meet Miss B. I walked home with her and stood for a moment at the door."

"While we chatted the young woman I belong to passed by on the other side of the street, without noticing us, and then the beast walked out of a sound sleep, gave a tremendous bark, rushed over to Miss A. and then back and forth between us, until an electric light couldn't have made things any clearer."

"Say, would you drown him or poison him?"—Boston Times.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott writes in the Christian Union in favor of opening the libraries, museums, and art galleries Sunday.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

USEFUL HINTS ABOUT MILK AND WHY IT SOURS.

Bacteria Infests All Milk and Can Only be Killed by Heat—Are Sheep Profitable—Early Grapes For Profit—Dairy and Household Notes.

Bacteria in Milk.

A great deal of the bad milk sent to market is due to natural causes for which the farmer is not always responsible; but the recent investigations and experiments with bacteria in milk are such as to make it plain for most dairymen to avoid a great deal of the unhealthful milk. Every one who handles milk for market should have at least an intelligent understanding of the nature of bacteria or microbes, as they are called. They exist in air, water, soil and animal, and vegetable life. Cold destroys them; heat develops them, and as a result they are found in milk in a dangerous condition during hot weather. A high temperature of heat will kill them, but it takes a greater amount to kill their spores, which in time become as active as the microbes. Milk contains several species of bacteria, and they have different actions upon the milk and cream. It is due to their development that the cream is "ripened," and that milk sours and curdles. Bacteria requires time for their development, and hence cream or milk that has stood for some time around the most in these microbes. They collect in the cracks and crevices of cans where the cream or grease has been allowed to stand, and they multiply so rapidly that they soon become dangerous. Milk poured into such cans will become contaminated, and will communicate the poison to other cans into which it may subsequently be poured. In this way poisoned milk spreads rapidly, and causes no end of mischief. Dirt and uncleanness are especially favorable to the growth of bacteria, and cans that are not properly cleaned, as the milk is poured out of them, will become great breeding places for the germs. Milk cans that are returned from the city on hot days, will invariably abound in microbes, for they are seldom cleaned out before they are re-shipped. After they are received they must be thoroughly cleaned and purified before other milk is poured into them. The dairyman gets all the blame for impure milk, and hence he should be the one to exercise great carefulness. He has everything to lose.

Profitableness of Sheep.

Calling on a noted flockmaster lately, says a writer in the N. Y. Tribune, I found a large farm; very productive of everything that will grow in the latitude, and a house and out buildings fit for a prince. Knowing he "began with nothing," I asked the cause of his success, and his quick reply was, "Sheep." He never engaged in raising full blooded stock, but grades, buying and selling as opportunity might offer. His sole aim has been "to raise and handle sheep as might seem best at the time." He has good, bad and indifferent animals, and it is significant that "they always paid." Sheep have brought his fields up to the highest fertility, although he grows large crops of hay and sells much of it on the farm. With sheep to furnish fertilizer he can afford to do it, and his soil holds its own all the time.

The sheep were in two flocks, a mile apart, and both in woods pasture, where he always humanely keeps them in hot weather. Entering the gate and taking seats on a log, he called to them; all assembled around us, acting as familiar as kittens. There was not one that he could not take in his arms and caress, and he would not have them otherwise. He well understands that quietude and docility are conducive to their well being and well doing. Passing through the woods the sheep followed, and in the second forest the same scene was enacted. He thinks his sheep can distinguish his tones from those of any other person. He is a natural born shepherd, and can say: "My sheep know my voice, and they follow me."

Superfluous Horns on Cattle.

The fact that nature made cattle grow with horns does not prove that they are best where human care removes the necessity for self-defence. There is no stock, excepting, perhaps, the horse, with which man comes in so close association as cattle, and for this association horns are a nuisance. Even for cows horns are a danger, not only to weaker stock, but to the farmer, as many severe injuries have been incurred by the whisking of horned heads to drive away flies, while the owner was engaged in feeding or preparing to do the milking.

Dairy Notes.

At a recent session of a dairy school at Meredith, N. Y., the following an-

swers were given to questions taken from the question box. When a cow "holds up her milk" it is retained in the udder and milk ducts. Secretion is checked and the cow is injured. Very little milk is ever "held up." The shortage is due to the failure to secrete. The milk is not made. All the same the cow is injured. Milk cans should be scalded after each using, first having been well washed in cold water. Ensilage is the best form in which to preserve mature corn for cows. The best butter cow is the cow that will make the most butter from a given quantity of food. Cows milked clean do not need stripping. To continue stripping will dry up a cow. Cream should not stand in the churn over night before churning. It injures the quality of the butter and tends to fowl the churn.

Early Grapes Pay Best.

Every season the grapes which come into market very early sell for several cents per pound more than the main crop will bring. It is worth while for grape growers to cultivate the earliest varieties, and take whatever means are necessary to bring these to maturity as early as possible. A board wall a few feet to the northward of a grape vine, so as to reflect the sun's heat upon the fruit, hastens its ripening materially. The process of ringing the vine early in the season makes the fruit larger, as well as earlier, but does not improve the flavor—in fact rather injures it. Still, looks go a good way in selling fruits; this process will always have its advocates, though grapes from vines that have been ringed should not be sold without a statement of the fact to the purchaser.

Stock Notes.

If the young colts have not yet been halter-broken, this part of their early education should not be neglected any longer.

Condiments or condition powders are useful only when damage has been done by wrong feeding or errors in management. "Throw physic to the dogs" might well be the maxim of the owner of a horse. With judicious feeding a horse may be kept in perfect health and no nostrum of this kind will be needed.

Mares that have been bred should now be fed with due regard to the foal that will be expected in due time. Corn alone is not a sufficient food for such an animal. One feed daily of coarsely-crushed oats and bran in equal parts, will afford the nourishment required for this large draft upon the mare's system.

An excellent arrangement for a mare with a colt is a loose box with a small stall in one corner, having a bar across to prevent the mare from entering, and a low feed trough, where the colt can get its regular rations of oats at the same time that the mare is fed. The colt should have a strong strap around its neck, with a ring sewed in it, to which a halter with a snap-hook at the end of it can be fastened.

Some are apt to think that the bots in a horse's stomach are not injurious. This is a great mistake. As these grubs attach themselves by sharp hooks on the head to the lining membrane of the stomach; that in itself is a sufficient cause for injury by the irritation produced; but the creature subsists upon the serum secreted from the tissue of the stomach, and as this is a product of the injury, of course the damage is serious, the more so as the number of the grubs is greater.

Hints to Housekeepers.

It is convenient to have an iron holder attached by a long string to the apron when cooking; it saves burnt fingers or scorched aprons, and is always at hand.

To make waterproof writing ink, an ink which will not blur if the writing is exposed to rain: Dissolve two ounces shellac in one pint alcohol (ninety-five per cent.), filter through chalk, and mix with best lampblack.

An original use of glass has been devised. Various colored pieces in odd sizes are pierced by three or four holes on the edge, and caught together by wire until they form a mesh or fretwork large enough for a panel in a transom.

Grease may be removed from white marble by applying a mixture of two parts washing soda, one part ground pumice-stone and one part chalk; all first finely powdered and made into a paste with water; rub well over the marble, and finally wash off with soap and water.

A hint for a pin cushion that is a sachet as well may be new to some. It is made square, with each corner of the inner covering cut off about three inches from the point. The outer covering is left square, the corners tightly tied, and each made into a tiny sachet. The powder selected for the filling must be that preferred by the owner.

SORcery IN FRANCE.

SOME WONDERFUL CURES BY HYPNOTISM.

Workers in the Strange Science Deceive the Peasantry, Who Think They Are Inspired by God—Others Believe Them to be Sorcerers.

In the little hamlet of Boulassiers, on the Isle of Oleron, not far from La Rochelle, lives Alphonse Montaut, eighteen years old, called by some "the sorcerer," by others "one inspired by God." No one contests his supernatural power, and if there be skeptics in the hamlet they never manifest their incredulity.

Alphonse is the youngest of nine children says the New York World, and, although his brothers are of heroic proportions, he is delicate in appearance and feeble in health.

Some months ago Boulassiers contained only a few fishermen's huts and farmhouses. Since Montaut has been known the number of visitors is so great that an inn and several restaurants have been established. An acquaintance who has just returned from La Rochelle and in the stages that take passengers on the steamer to the different communes there is but one topic of conversation—Montaut and his wonderful cures.

From La Rochelle to the island is a very short distance, but while crossing I heard of at least twenty cases, one more remarkable than the other. Among them that of a workman who for twenty years had been helpless from rheumatism, and at last his sufferings had become so great that he could neither eat nor sleep. After two or three sittings with Montaut he recovered the use of his limbs and suffered no more.

Never does Montaut prescribe a medicine. His treatment is simple, but his manner is mysterious. His consulting-room is in a farmhouse. There is only one chair for the patient, another for himself. A table and the New Testament are all that one sees. The table is useless, for Montaut does not write, but the testament is evidently for the misanthrope. Montaut looks at his visitor, tells him the nature of his disease, takes his hands, if the malady be very grave, places his feet on those of the patient, and in an imperious tone of voice says: "Go, you are healed."

And one after another they leave his presence, cured or very much relieved in the most difficult case. Complete cure is supposed to come after two or three sittings. Miracles are what these cures are called by the peasants. Montaut has no price for his healing, but accepts whatever he is offered, be it money, food or clothing.

Sometimes one is obliged to wait his turn for hours before the door of the farm house, and the road for a long distance is blocked by wagons and vehicles of all kinds. The part of the country where Montaut lives has never been so prosperous. Once the people only existed; now they live.

It Didn't Take Long.

A big man who looked like he might be a senator or a rich merchant, a retired banker or something of that sort, walked down the street, a few evenings ago, and stopping under a lamp post, looked intently upward. A policeman saw him and stepped over to that side of the walk to see what it meant. The next man who happened along also stopped, and after catching what he thought was the proper range, began to look. Another man came up and did the same thing. Pretty soon a young fellow and his girl caught sight of the stargazers and they began to see what there was to be seen. Presently some one in the rapidly increasing party spoke up: "What's all this mean?" he asked the policeman.

"Git along wid yez," responded the official.

Just then the big man turned around. "My goodness!" he exclaimed, "what on earth is this crowd here for?"

"What are you looking at?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Looking at?" echoed the gentleman, "why, bless me, I was only absorbed in figures."

"About what?"

"I was wondering how long it would take me to block the sidewalk by saying nothing."—Chicago Herald.

When Death Occurs.

The idea generally current that death, following on disease, most frequently occurs during the early hours of morning, has been proved by a recent investigation to be erroneous. Dr. Burns, of the charity hospital, New York, has made observations in some 15,000 cases, extending over twelve years, with the result of finding that no particular hour or period of the day is specially fatal.

SCARED TO LIVE HERE.

HE WAS A TERRORS-TRICKEN ENGLISH TOURIST.

Fact and Fancy Frighten a Foreigner and He Makes a Break for Old England—Highwaymen, Cyclones and Disciples of Old Ananias.

It was the smoking compartment of a sleeper bound for St. Paul from Chicago. The tobacco victims there assembled had never met before, but their indulgence in a bad habit made between them a bond of sympathy, and after a time they grew talkative. There was in the party a young Englishman, traveling for pleasure; a drummer, selling cigars; an agent for a famous circus; a newspaper man from Boston; the Pullman conductor, and your humble servant.

The Englishman remarked after the weather and the crops had been exhausted:

"Ah, isn't that some danejah in traveling in this country? I've been told as 'ow a train is 'eld up now and then by 'ighwaymen."

His peculiar manipulation of the letter "h" convinced us at once that he was at least an English peer and possibly related to the royal family.

"You're right," broke in the Boston journalist. "Our train between Boston and Springfield was stopped in a deserted locality one day last week by mounted desperadoes from Worcester. Some of my fellow passengers lost their watches and our conductor lost his head."

"My heyes!" cried the lordling. "So far heast, too!"

"That is nothing," commented the Pullman conductor, whose thin face betrayed no appreciation of humor. "As I pulled out of St. Paul a few nights ago somebody slipped a note into my hand. It read: 'Look out for the Harding gang. They intend to give you the razzle dazzle to-night.'"

"What's that?" asked the Briton.

"It's an Indian phrase, meaning a general massacre," explained the Bostonian.

"Bah jove!"

"Well," continued the conductor, "I did not pay much attention to the warning. I knew the Harding gang by reputation, but I was not afraid of them. I have run trains in Texas, and have often had my lights shot out by cowboys. I did not, therefore, dread the semi-civilized outlaws of this part of the country. We had reached this vicinity that evening when the train suddenly stopped. I rushed forward to see what was the matter and was confronted by a masked robber, who told me to hold up my hands. I did as he directed. There are times when I prefer defeat to death. This was one of them. I threw up my palms toward the lamps and the outlaw emptied my pockets. His pals, seven in number, went through the train in the good-natured way peculiar to their kind and gathered in a vast deal of booty. Then they bid us farewell, and we moved on through the night. I have more respect for the Harding gang than I did a month ago." The conductor tipped me a solemn wink.

The Englishman was growing very nervous.

"Perfectly awful," he exclaimed. "Did they catch the bloomin' crooks?"

"No. In fact, we have reason to believe they contemplate another attack."

Milord lighted a fresh cigar. I noticed that his hand trembled.

"How far west are you going?" somebody asked him.

"Hi'm not quite certain," he replied. "I thought of seeing San Francisco."

"You take your life in your hands, stranger," remarked the commercial traveler, who seemed annoyed at the vile odor of the Englishman's cigar.

"There is no end to the dangers incident to travel between here and the coast."

"It's not so much highwaymen I fear as cyclones," broke in the circus agent. "Why, do you know, it was about ten miles west of here that a funnel-shaped cloud took hold of our tent, a few weeks ago, and lifted the whole concern, including the elephants and the living skeleton, into the next county. It saved car fare, of course, but if we had struck a mountain it would have been a bad thing for the show."

"Bah jove!" exclaimed the Briton, aghast.

"You were in great luck," remarked the conductor. "I had an experience between St. Paul and Omaha that was not so fortunate. We were booming along at the rate of forty miles an hour one morning when I noticed a storm coming on us from the south. Suddenly everything grew black as night, and I felt the train rise from the track on the wings of the relentless wind. We were carried northward about twenty miles, when the wind loosened its grip and the train

sank, by a wonderful chance, upon the tracks of a parallel road. The wheels of the engine were still revolving and we rushed on toward Omaha. We were on the wrong side of the road, however, and ran plump into an express train bound for St. Paul. Only thirty people were killed, fortunately, and I escaped without a scratch."

The Englishman had grown very pale. "Have you got hanything to drink?" he asked of the porter, who had just appeared after a three hours' nap.

"This, way, sah. May be able to give you a flask, sah."

When the Briton return there was more color in his cheeks. We had been indulging in a quiet laugh at his expense, but regained our gravity at once in the hope that he would pass around the flask he had just purchased. He seated himself calmly, however, wiped his mouth with a silk handkerchief, and seemed to feel that he had been thoroughly hospitable.

"Ah, by the way," he began, "are these cyclones as frequent as they seem to be destructive?"

"I should say so," answered the newspaper man. "I spent a week here in Minnesota once and we had a storm every evening at 10. Let me see, it's now half after 9. I should not be surprised if we struck a cyclone within the next ten miles. I should like to have you see one. They are one of the proudest products of our land."

"Thanks," returned milord. "I should like very much to have some acquaintance with them."

The train slowed up just here, and then came to a dead stop. The conductor had disappeared. I saw the Englishman put his hand on his watch and glance at the door in a nervous way. He had not forgotten the tales of the highwaymen he had just heard. When we had resumed our journey, the commercial man remarked:

"I do so much traveling that my nerves have become dulled, but there is one form of disaster that is ever in my mind."

"What is that?" asked the Briton, apprehensively.

"I am always fearful that the train will leave the tracks. You see we have to depend upon the skill and care of men who do not possess a vast amount of either. For instance, the track beyond here for fifty miles has been in bad condition for a year. It is now being repaired, but suppose that a reckless workman leaves his tools in our way, or fails to rivet his rails with requisite force, where are we? It is horrible to think of."

The Englishman turned white again, pulled out his flask, took a long drink, gazed through the window for a moment, and then muttering a hoarse "good night," sought such repose as was available in "lower four."

I did not see the victim of my countrymen's gossip again until I reached Omaha. I was seated at the breakfast table one morning when he joined me.

"Still going westward?" I remarked.

"Yes—I suppose so."

He had in his hand a morning newspaper. As he glanced over the telegraphic columns his face grew pale. I looked at my journal and saw the following headlines:

"Cyclone in Wilkesbarre, Pa."

"A Passenger Train Held Up on the Missouri Pacific."

"Terrible Accident Due to a Broken Rail on the Old Colony Road."

The Englishman had started for the door.

"Where are you going?" I cried.

"To England, d—n you," was his discourteous answer.

Clipping the Ends of the Hair.

It is an old idea which still largely obtains that the ends of the hair should be clipped on the occasion of the advent of every new moon, a practice whose adherents claim will prevent present breaking and splitting, and in general contribute to the health and beauty of "woman's glory." French hairdressers and barbers, however, protest against this, and urge the burning process instead. They say, as is well known, that every hair is a hollow tube, which, to retain its health and natural color, should be filled with an oil; frequent clipping allows this oil to escape and the hair is thereby injured. When the hair is burned, however, the ends are seared over, thus holding the lubricator.—New York Times.

New Jersey Sinking.

The state geologist of New Jersey says that the coast of that state is sinking at the rate of at least two feet in a century. Other observers hold that the rate is much more rapid.

The Lost Opportunity.

"We made a big mistake, Adam," said Eve, after they had settled outside of the Garden. "How, dear?" "We should have insisted upon having that matter arbitrated."

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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4.

The Whiting Creamery is for sale.

The English apple crop is a failure.

Chicago will have an elevated rail way system.

It is said the Topeka Sugar Works will this year make money.

The next state fair will be held September, 11-19, 1891.

The growth of business colleges in the west is somewhat remarkable.

The Baltimore Law School decides to admit no more colored students.

Pearl producing claims in great numbers have been found in Michigan.

Politics is always disgusting, but perhaps it is more so this year than usual.

Kansas Grand Lodge of Good Templars will meet in Topeka next week.

The Inter-State Fair at Kansas City was one of the best ever held in the west.

The anti-lottery law is already having a good effect on the Louisiana swindle.

There is said to be danger that all labor organizations will be forced to go to pieces.

Secretary Rusk orders very minute inspection of salt pork and bacon intended for export.

The farmer who does not raise his own small fruits has yet much to learn of domestic economy.

The government officials are taking possession of newspapers containing lottery advertisements.

Topeka has a colored justice of the peace who can neither read nor write, but is getting enough of it.

Minister Phelps predicts that the new tariff will force large immigration to America, of the skilled mechanics of Europe.

Many have been the ups and downs of sugar beet culture in this country, but it is one of the industries that will yet be successful.

The National Farmer's Alliance has arranged with foreign syndicates to advance southern cotton growers \$32 a bale, on receipt of warehouse receipt.

Farms in New England have not only been abandoned in great numbers, but farm values have largely declined in many of the middle and western states.

An exchange says that if a subscriber dies before paying up his back subscription they will promise that his funeral sermon will smell pretty strong of brimstone.

For another month the hum of the candidate for office will be heard in the land. Unlike the potato bug he afflicts town and country. He is the universal hum-bug.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, now over eighty-one, sound and vigorous in mind and body, is said to live by rule, paying close attention to all sanitary requirements, whether of air, heat or diet. He will try to be a young man for twenty years yet.

A man who will make a fool speech in congress, ought not to be allowed to withdraw it from the record. It might apply to Cannon's. And when a member exposes the miserable corruption of another member of his party his party friends should not be allowed to expunge such speech from the record. And this might apply to Kennedy and his cutting truths about Quay.

Search for the borers whenever you have nothing to do, and search for them regularly also, if you wish to save your peach tree.

Ice will not prevent odors if the vessels in which the milk is kept are not clean. Even the refrigerator should be well washed occasionally.

Improvement comes by substituting the higher from the lower. This is why in breeding we must be constantly introducing better blood.

By being careful not to let young calves gorge themselves, you will seldom be troubled by their having the scours if their food is all right.

Weeds are bearing seeds now, and but a short time is required for the seeds to ripen. Delay in getting rid of weeds means increased work next season.

Major Fleming, of Fargo, N.D. will experiment this year in the way of cultivating wheat. It is claimed that six pounds of seed per acre, properly cultivated, with a favorable season, will yield fifty bushels.

It will be time to reclaim the waste places of the earth when the already cultivated ones are made to produce full crops. The work before us is to make the most of what we have instead of hunting for more.

Some farmers consider certain marks in a cow as indicating her quality as a milker, but a far better guide is to weigh her milk regularly. That tells the story without any guesswork, and tells exactly what every owner ought to know.

California is quite successful in cultivating the fig, and the East furnishes a good market. The importations into the United States in 1889 from Smyrna alone were 12,000 cases. Her total product was 40,000 cases, or nearly 1,000,000 boxes.

Be careful that your hay does not become heated in the barn. Hay, to be kept well, should be well cured and dry before storing, and it should not be packed too heavily.

Keep down all growth around the trunks of trees. Suckers grow very fast, and take the nourishment that should be given to the tree. All undesirable shoots on trees should be pinched off as soon as they appear.

Skim-milk cheese is said to be worth 1 cent a pound as manure and 3 cents a pound as food for hogs, its cost being about 2 cents a pound. Such is the proper use for cheese of that kind.

The artichoke makes excellent food for pigs, but it becomes a persistent weed when once established. It is doubtful if it pays to grow them when the same land can be used for potatoes.

Use a machine whenever it can be done, if you wish to keep up with your enterprising neighbors, and get a machine that can be applied to all kinds of work done in the house also, when possible. The labor of farmers' wives should be lessened in every department.

There is quite a difference in the breeds of ducks. A Pekin can be made to weigh five pounds when ten weeks old, while the common puddle-duck will only weigh three pounds when a year old. Breeds make the profit or loss as well as the food.

Producing poultry for market is a profitable adjunct to fruit growing, as the poultry can be used for winter employment, for but little work can be done with the orchard at that season. The raising of early broilers is done entirely in the winter.

It is sometimes difficult to sow turnip seed, but the Farm Journal says that a pound of seed and a pack of sand, mixed, for one acre will enable one to get an even stand of plants, neither too thick nor too thin.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,
LUCAS COUNTY,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

AW GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggist, 75c.

Pacific Coast Pointers.

The Santa Fe Route will take parties through to Pacific Coast under personal escort, on trains leaving Kansas City every Friday morning, the luckiest day in the week for those on board.

Pullman tourist sleeping cars run through, without change, to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, close connections being made for Oregon and Washington.

Second class tickets are honored in tourist cars, and a small charge of \$3.00 is made for double berth.

Special conductors accompany each party, and ladies, children, the aged and infirm are thus relieved from anxiety about details of journey.

G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A. A. T. & S. F. R. R., Topeka, Kansas; J. J. Bryne, A. G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

HOTELS.

The Place House,
LAWRENCE,
Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets.
J. M. STEPHENS, M'gr'r.
Has been thoroughly renovated, and is the Best \$1.00 House in the city. A free bar 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.

The Perry House.
Is now open to the public:
Special Attention to Farmer's Dinners.
HENRY STEIN, PROP,
PERRY, KANSAS.

The Queen Pays All Expenses.
The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publisher of that popular magazine offers another and \$200 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle Cloaks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Seal Skin pony to girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States) sending the largest list. Every one sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send six U.S. 2c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of The Queen. Address The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

"Always in Front" both in point of time and merit, can be said for "Peterson." The October number is splendid. One of the engravings gives the portrait of a popular poetess, and the illustrations are numerous and good in quality. There is a complete novellet by M. G. McCalland called "The Watch of the Big Heart Lodge" which is the most dramatic and interesting of her stories that we have ever seen. "An Unforeseen Crisis" by Frank Lee Bendict opens in a spirited fashion. There is a capital sketch by Lucy H. Hooper. The shortest stories are all good, and so is the poetry, among which is a little gem from Minna Irving. "Successful Moving" is an article to interest every housekeeper, and the paper on "Ferns" will be welcome to all who indulge in window winter gardening. The fashion department is rich in fine plates showing novel costumes for fall wear. Fresh improvements are contemplated for the coming year, which will make "Peterson" more attractive than ever. Terms, Two dollars a year. Address, Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Special Rates via Union Pacific.
The Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," has made special reduced rates to the following meetings:

KANSAS CITY FAIR AND RACES—Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 22d to 27th. Tickets one fare for the round trip from points within 200 miles of Kansas City.

ST. LOUIS FAIR—St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 6th to 11th. Tickets will be sold from points on its lines in Kansas east of Ellsworth at one fare for the round trip, plus 50 cents admission fee.

PRIESTS' OF FALLS CELEBRATION—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 1st to 3d. Tickets one fare for the round trip from points within 200 miles of Kansas City.

YEARLY MEETING SOCIETY OF FRIENDS—Lawrence, Kas., Oct. 9th to 19th. Tickets one fare for the round trip from points in Kansas.

For dates of sale and limit of tickets, time of trains, and other information apply to nearest ticket agent.

A HOME institution. Old and best. 21 years of success. Facilities for education in business, shorthand, typewriting, and English, unsurpassed. Instruction thorough, honest and practical. Students enter at any time. Address for catalogue, **Lawrence Business College,** LAWRENCE, KAN.

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

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

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.

ROOFING
GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING FELT costs only \$2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and any one can put it on. Send stamp for sample and full particulars.
GUM ELASTIC ROOFING Co. NEW YORK.
39 & 41 West Broadway, New York.
Local Agents Wanted.

The October number of the always popular Domestic Monthly is extra large and has a special supplement of Autumn costumes, in addition to its complete departments on every topic connected with the newest fashions in dress, millinery, and fancy work. The Domestic has always been one of the daintiest of the magazines. Its short stories and sketches are invariably excellent. The publishers announce a very attractive trial subscription offer, as follows: For 25 cents the magazine for 3 months, and a free coupon good for 25 cents worth of "Domestic" paper patterns. This offer will remain only a short time. The Domestic Monthly is published at 853 Broadway, New York, at \$1.50 a year, with a free premium of \$1.00 worth of patterns; yearly subscriptions are taken by new dealers, etc., but for the trial offer send direct to the publishers.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES SURELY CURED
Rock's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR BUSHES. Whispers heard. Complete success where all remedies fail. Sold by F. H. ROBERTS, 505 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proof FREE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures itching Scalp, Dandruff, Itching, and all other scalp troubles. Sold and \$1.00 at Druggists.

CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time, 50 Cts. HINDERCOORS. The only sure cure for Consumption. Sold by F. H. ROBERTS, 505 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. GROSVENOR'S Bellcapsic PLASTERS.
ARE THE BEST POROUS PLASTERS IN THE WORLD.
They cure Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, Backache, Pleurisy and all lamenesses. Brought on by exposure or over-exertion. If you want **Quick Relief from** pain, inflame on having Grosvenor's BELL-CAP-SIC PLASTER with a picture of a Bell-Capsic Plaster, for there is no plaster, liniment, or lotion that has such complete mastery over **ALL AGES AND PAINS.**
Dr. Grosvenor's Bell-Capsic Plaster is Instantly and never fails to cure. **SAFE, QUICK AND SURE.** Sold by druggists or mailed on receipt of 25c. **GROSVENOR & RICHARDS,** Boston, Mass.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
SWICHER'S ENGLISH RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Genuine Pennyroyal Pills are made with the finest ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, and all other ailments of the Female System. Sold by druggists. Beware of cheap

A good sloyr lald good place for young pigs.

Draft horse breeding, is about the softest business of the kind.

Be judicious in pruning. Some prune too much, and others not enough.

The receipts from bees are nearly all profit, in addition to the pleasure of keeping.

Probably the finest mutton in this country is raised in a limited section of Kentucky.

Our people do not yet take as much interest in their flocks, as their brethren do in Europe.

American farmers generally would find it more profitable to grow more roots for their stock.

Breed, feed and care are the three most important items in securing a good growth with hogs.

Every farmer should be a fine stock raiser as well as a great grower.

Keep your harness and all leather goods in condition by use of the least oil. Keep them clean and away from the ammonia.

Bear in mind that there is good economy in warmth. With all kinds of live stock there is the more heat the less food.

Do not spoil your knives and other edge tools by using them for anything but their proper uses.

Whether you live in the city or in the country, see to it that the housewife has every possible convenience for her work. Nothing is better.

Every farmer who has a well situated would do well to raise a few sheep. One purpose should seek a greater variety of resources where practicable.

I have had to do with many balky horses, and I have never known the following simple remedy to fail, provided it was not a case where some other person had been tampering with the will of the horse before I had taken him in hand. It is another method of "diverting the horse's attention." Whenever a horse driven by myself has balked I have got out of my carriage and gone to his fore foot, lifted it from the ground and struck the shoe a few short blows with a stone or with a wrench (which I always carry in my carriage). I have never failed to start a horse in that very simple way, and I have on several occasions had balky horses which exhausted the patience of all former owners.

"Did you ever notice the way some men light their barns," asks the Colorado Farmer. "Have you seen the stables that have no window whatever, and those with one little window just above the eyes of the horse? And did you ever conclude which is the worst? A dark stable is almost barbarous; a stable with only a small window, at the head of the horse is no better. Kept in a dark place, the eyes of the horse become accustomed to such limited light; and when he is taken out into the bright sunlight, his eyes are blinded by the excess of light. This often repeated will almost surely lead to blindness. With a window just in front of him, and the stable otherwise dark, the eye must be adjusted for a different quantity of light every time the horse turns his head, which causes a great strain on the nerves of sight. Stables should be well lighted, with the windows behind the horse or at his side so that only a subdued light may strike his eyes.

Farmers' Institutes.

We have received Bulletin No. 4, Wisconsin Farmers' Institutes. It makes a book of 352 pages—a hand book of Agriculture, containing a verbatim report of the closing Institute of three days, short, pithy experience in all branches of farming, and the hundreds of questions are answered resulting in a general discussion, making the richest publication upon Dairying, Horse Breeding, Swine and Sheep Husbandry as given at sixty-six two-day Institutes held in the state last winter.

This book is sent at cost price to encourage farmers to read, think and band themselves together in similar meetings for mutual improvement and benefit. Wisconsin for twenty years has been holding farmers' meetings.

Send 30 cents to W. H. Morrison, Madison, Wis., who is Superintendent of the Farmers' Institute work of that state, and you will receive a volume that will bear reading and rereading.

The King's Daughters' President.

There are now nearly 200,000 "King's Daughters" in the land, and Mrs. Margaret Bottoms, an energetic New York woman, is their President, as she is also the founder of the Order. With October 1st, Mrs. Bottoms takes up the editorial pen, and becomes one of the editors of "The Ladies' Home Journal," in which periodical she will hereafter write and edit a department entirely devoted to the interests of "The King's Daughters." Through this channel, it is Mrs. Bottoms' intention that her "Daughters" and herself shall come closer together in feeling and sympathy.

The Household

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing created something of a stir at the Chattanooga, a few days ago, when in one of her lectures on cooking she flatly declared that bad looking and not natural depravity was responsible for drunkenness in America.

Baked Brown Bread.—One pint each of sour milk, Indian meal and rye flour, some salt, some molasses, one spoonful each of soda and salt, three eggs, pour into a well buttered deep bread pan, turn over it another of the same size, made in a moderate oven and bake two hours and a half.

Baked Indian Pudding.—One quart of sweet milk, one ounce of butter, four eggs well beaten, one teacup Indian meal, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, scald the milk and stir in the meal while boiling; let it stand until cool and then stir all together and bake in a moderate oven an hour and a half.

Brookline Pudding.—Let one quart of milk come nearly to a boil, add salt in three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk; cook three or four minutes; take from the fire and add the whites of three eggs well beaten and stir hard. For sauce beat the yolks of three eggs with two tablespoonfuls sugar; bring a cup of milk to a boiling point, stir in sugar and sugar and flavor; serve cold.

Hulled Corn.—Fill six quart of ashes in a iron kettle with three gallons of water, boil five minutes, and set off from the fire to settle; turn off the lye and strain; put into an iron kettle and put in six quarts of shelled corn, put over the fire and boil half an hour, skimming and stirring frequently; strain off the lye and rinse the corn thoroughly in several clear waters, rubbing well with the hands to remove all skins and black chits; then put back in a clean kettle with water to cover, put boil three or four times, then let it cook until soft, adding two tablespoonfuls of salt towards the last. To be eaten with milk or fried in ham gravy or butter.

For Baby's Mother.

Never tickle a child, as it is dangerous and reduces vitality. Any unnatural emotion must be avoided. (The more quiet and free from excitement a child is kept the better for the child's health, strength and mental vigor.)

If there is much sickness about the neighborhood, boil the water which is used in baby's food, for boiling kills all the animalcules contained in the water. Cool it before using.

For headache or any form of indigestion drink hot water, half a pint at a time if possible.

Give children oranges before breakfast in the spring. It is better than sulphur doses, or any spring medicines.

Use cream, with hot water and sugar in place of condensed or natural milk, as it is more easily digested than milk. If hot water is added then it will not require any warming process; whereby it may come in contact with metal. Warm the food by placing the bottle or cup in water to heat it with the water. Be careful to have the mouth piece of the bottle properly cleaned—first scalded and then rinsed with cold water.

In the spring let the child take his out door walks in the afternoon; in autumn let him go out in the forenoon.

The morning partakes of the preceding season; the afternoon of the coming season. In autumn the morning is more like summer; the afternoon like winter.

The whole bath is to be prepared to the partial bath. Ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit must be the degree of heat to be produced as the child grows older.

If the child does not sleep well give him a bath before going to bed. It is an excellent sedative.

Peterson's Magazine for October is on our table. "Before the Battle" is a handsome picture presenting the portraits of Minnie Irving, the popular poetess and her husband; the fashion-plate and illustrations, present some new and effective fall styles, and needlework designs are varied and effective. "Things Worth Knowing" and the household department are brim full of interesting and useful matter. It grows better and better. Only two dollars a year. Address, Peterson's Magazine, 308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The conclusion of Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" occupies the first place in the Atlantic for October. "Felleis" comes to a climax in the marriage of the heroine with a man, to whose occupation in life both she and her friends strenuously object. Dr. Holmes' "Over the Teacups" also relates to marrying and giving in marriage; and, moreover, describes a visit to a certain college for women. The first chapter of a serial story by Frank Stockton are announced for next month.

Among other striking papers of the number are Mr. Fink's "Beneficial Arnold's Prescription," J. K. Baulding's "Wandering Scholar of the Sixteenth Century," Professor Royce's paper on General Frémont. The Contributors' Club, and several articles, complete the issue.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Precious Stones at Wyoming.

A topaz of considerable value was recently found in Popowag Canyon. About a year ago, L. P. Webster secured several stones, and, being impressed by their beauty and hardness, sent them to Johanna Drummond, in Apopassan, Colorado, to be set in jewelry. The result of the operation was recently returned to him in the form of five brilliant topazes, varying from one-quarter carat to one carat. Mr. Drummond has written to Mr. Webster that the stones closely resemble diamonds, and that they experts can detect the difference, and that aside from the diamonds they are the hardest stones ever cut in the establishment. The gems possess a beautiful bluish tint.

A Lesson to Lovers.

William T. Talbot, of Quincy, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, and his case is a terrible example to the young men who swear 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 had six years more to go before 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 he 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 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.

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

"Shakey."

"Yes, fader."

"Dis is your pirthday. You was eighteen years old. Com in the paok room. I want me to talk some things to you."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fader, vill you kick me?"

"Vat you mean? Vas you crazy?"

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

"No."

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

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

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

TOPEKA, Saturday, Oct. 4. The BARNUM & BAILEY Greatest Show on Earth

MRS. KIRALEY'S GRAND HISTORICAL SPECTACLE NERO, or, THE DESTRUCTION OF ROME. Olympia Hippodrome, Triple Circus, Double Menagerie, Museum, Illusions, Aviary, Horse Fair, Aquarium. The Most Stupendous Show in the History of the World. CAPITAL INVESTED, \$2,500,000. DAILY EXPENSES, 7,900. J. T. BARNUM, J. A. BAILEY, Equal Owners.



THE WHOLE MONSTER ENTERTAINMENT Presented just as it was in Europe, where it amazed, astounded and delighted Princes, Princesses, Dukes, Lords, Earls, Statesmen, Every Member of the Nobility. Transported twice across the Atlantic ocean, at great risk and enormous expense, and now presented in all respects the same as witnessed in London. Actually 1,200 People in the Grand Cast.

Gladiators, Dancers, Singers, Charioteers, Warriors, Courtiers, Christian Martyrs, Athletes, Musicians, Citizens, Slaves, Senators, Lictors, Champions, Choristers, Fractorian Guards, Vestal Virgins, Priests, Peasants, Embassadors, Spies, Hostages, Revels, Palanquins, Eunuchs, Litters, Riots, &c., &c.



Elephants, Horses, Wild Beasts, Performing Animals, Terrific Chariot Races, Phenomenal Tumblers, Combs, Battles, Realistic Scenes in Old Rome, &c., the whole presented on a

Huge Stage 450 Feet Long! Triple Circus with Three Rings, 80 Circus Acts.

GRAND OLYMPIA HIPPODROME, WITH THRILLING RACES. and a myriad of odd, curious, comic, rich and rare features.



Two Performances daily at 2 and 8 p. m. Doors open an hour earlier. Admission to Everything, 50c. Children under nine yrs. 25c.

Great Free Street Parade, with \$1,500,000 worth of rare objects, in the morning at 9 o'clock.

Owing to the delicate material of the costumes used in "Nero" they will not be placed in the street parade.

As an accommodation to the public, an office has been established at Kellam's Book Store, 608 Kansas Avenue.

where reserved numbered seats will be sold at the regular price, and admission tickets at the usual slight advance.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS on all Railroads Will Exhibit in St. Joseph October 3.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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

SOLDIERS IN BOLIVIA.

AN ARMY WITH AS MANY OFFICERS AS MEN.

Uniforms of Varied Hues—The Story Told of the "Discipline" of General Melgarejo, an Original and Fearless Character—Thieves of High Degree.

In the Bolivian army a great variety of uniform is noticeable, each officer having apparently been allowed to exercise his own taste in the equipment of his company, and amazingly have their individual fancies swung out in the matter of personal adornments. There are suits in gray and gold, in black and gold, in blue and gold, in blue and red, in black and blue, in gray and in black; others all red, all gray, all blue; and caps of various shapes and colors in the same regiment. Some of the officers wear long double-caped overcoats of scarlet cloth, others gray cloaks not unlike those of Franciscan friars, and others the graceful satin-lined circulars of black broadcloth characteristic of Spanish Hidalgo. The "President's Guards," whom we see careering about the city in gorgeous array, are, of course, the crack regiment—in dress and demeanor as far removed as the antipodes from the shabby, bare-footed common soldiers. The cavalry make the finest display, the officers on powerful white horses, 1000 men clad in scarlet from top to toe, and riding as only South Americans can.

Without disparaging the valor of Bolivian soldiers, their general get-up reminds one of an historic incident which may perhaps illustrate their character. It was many years ago, in some fracas between Peru and Bolivia, when the armies of the two countries rushed forth to battle with banners flying. So splendidly arrayed were they and so stunning an appearance did they make that when one beheld the other both sides turned tail and fled in confusion. Gathering courage at length the rival generals, with such men as they could rally, returned to face one another, keeping at respectful distance and talking through trumpets; when, after considerable parleying, the war was declared "off," both armies marched home in triumph with flags unfurled, and to this day the local historians of both countries chronicle their side as victorious.

In connection with the difficulty of placing Bolivia's soldiers according to their uniform, it may be mentioned that her armies are composed of about as many officers as men. From time immemorial it has been the object of ruling powers to render the military loyal to the government, through pride of self-interest, if not from patriotism. Thus we see corporals flourishing about in toggerly of colonels, with pay to correspond; and the leader of one of the bands wears the full uniform of a general and receives the honors and emoluments pertaining to the latter position.

One of the most distinguished warriors Bolivia has produced was General Melgarejo, who appears to have been as original in character as he was fearless and determined. Evidently he was designed for those feudal times that have long gone by, and his methods would not be tolerated to-day in any civilized land. At one time he lived in the big house at the northeast corner of the central plaza of La Paz, which is now the residence of the Bishop. He was extremely fond of "the rosy," which, in his case, not only cheered but inebriated. One day when he had been entertaining a foreign minister, and had imbibed considerably more than was prudent, he boasted that his troops were the best drilled in the world, and absolutely infallible in the accuracy of their movements. The statement being received by the guest with polite incredulity, Melgarejo ordered up a company to drill in the patio of his house. After many curious and before unheard of evolutions, he formed them single file and marched them up into the second story front room where the minister and himself had lately breakfasted, opened a window directly in front of the line and gave the order "March!" Having no order to halt, every man, accoutred as he was, stalked straight through the window and off the balcony, a drop of fifteen feet or more, to the curbing below. A lot of broken bones was the consequence, but the General's "discipline" was proved beyond cavil, the unfortunate soldiers knowing that to falter or to disobey meant instant death.

As further illustrative of a phase of life in Bolivia, it may be delicately hinted that while the poor Indians are notorious for stealing small things—never under any stress of temptation or opportunity taking articles of value—the *Cholos*, and even some members of the so-called "best society" are great thieves. At public balls and private parties the *ton* must be secretly

watched; and in spite of all precautions it frequently happens that spoons, napkins and costly bric-a-brac are surreptitiously appropriated. Not long ago a young man, who is prominent in the highest circle of society here had a valuable diamond pin stolen. He was certain who the thief was, but said nothing about his loss. At the very next ball he beheld his diamond blazing on the shirt front of the gentleman whom he had suspected, when he walked up to him, partner on arm, and without any attempt at privacy said to him: "You have my diamond pin, senior; I will thank you for it." "Oh, well," nonchalantly remarked the thief, "it's all right; I'll return it tomorrow." And he did.

What a contrast to these trifling people was Bolivar, the man who freed them. He was very wealthy at one time, but instead of sitting down, as he might have done, and quietly enjoying himself in his beloved Venezuela he spent nearly all his money in the service of his country. Once when a million of dollars was presented to him as a token of gratitude he purchased with it the liberty of a thousand slaves and established each one of them on a little farm of his own. At Caracas and at Lima are splendid monuments erected to his memory; yet he died in exile, actually in want of the necessaries of life.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

Wanted Her Tooth Pulled Without Any Charge for Sympathy.

She was a mature woman, with high cheek bones, a dappled face and red hair. Flinging aside her bonnet she got up in the dentist's chair, leaned her head back, opened her mouth, and pointed to a tooth on the lower jaw.

"I wish you'd see what is the matter with that grinder," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the dentist, in a sympathizing tone. "Has it been hurting you long?"

"Who said it had been hurting me?" "Beg pardon, ma'am. I inferred—"

"Well, you don't need to infer anything. If you're ready to look at that grinder, doctor, I'm ready to open my mouth again." And she opened it.

"The tooth, madam," he said after a brief examination, "is a mere shell. I regret—"

"What occasion is there for you to regret anything? Whose grinder is it?"

"I was going to say it is late to save the tooth. It is too far gone. If it's troubling you any it will have to come out."

"Well, that's what I'm here for." "It will be hard to get hold of with the forceps and I'm sorry to say it will hurt—"

"Does it hurt you to pull a customer's tooth?" she demanded.

"Of course not, but—"

"Well, then, you needn't feel sorry. I am here on business. I don't need any sympathy. Yank it out."

The thoroughly humbled tooth artist wasted no more words. He produced a pair of ugly looking forceps and extracted the offending molar without delay.

"What's your bill?" inquired the woman.

"Fifty cents." "That's the regular price, is it? You're not charging anything for sympathy?"

"It is the regular price, madam." "Here's the money. Good day!"

After she had gone out of his office the dentist went and sat down by the front window to rest. "If I had that woman's nerve," he said to himself, as he watched her striding down the street, "I could be an alderman and own a whole ward in less than three months."

The Same Old Story.

The editor opened the letter, and his brow with dew was damp; There was the regular postage And a special delivery stamp

"There must be money within it." He thought, ere he looked it through; But his eyes grew wide when the card inside Said simply: "Your box rent's due!"

Sure.

The man who is contented to idly stand, Nor strive his hopes to gain, Will get a ticket to the promised land And then will miss the train.

What Is Wanted.

Little Dot—Oh, mamma, the organ grinder's monkey is at the window, an' he has a little round box in his hand!

Mamma—Well, my pet, what do you think he wants?

Little Dot (after a glance at the organ grinder)—I dess he wants to borrow some soap.

Mahogany Hair Next.

Now for a mahogany hair craze. We have canary blondes, coppery brunettes and champagne and gold mediums, but a new classification will be needed when the girl with the mahogany halo arrives.—New York World.

A HOT BITE FOR A SHARK.

JOKE ON A VORACIOUS MONSTER MAN-EATER.

How a Ship's Crew Got Rid of a Deadly Monster of the Deep—A Red-Hot Six-Pound Solid Shot Given Him for a Hearty Dinner.

My old friend, the naval surgeon, told me a yarn which I with great hesitation write, because he assures me that every strand of it is a frozen fact. All men-of-war, when in port, have to fight against desertions. Sailors will leave the ship, either for a frolic or for good. The only occasion and the only port for years where the officers were relieved from the strain and embarrassment incident to this constant state of affairs when at anchor off a town, was at Kingston, Jamaica, where, by a fatality, as "poor Jack" regarded the circumstance, there always swam the king of the "salt main" in the form of an enormous man-eating shark, known for years by every fleet in the world as "Jamaica Tom." He, by being fed three times a day from the men-of-war anchored there—for the harbor was never free from the presence of one or more frigates of some nation—was always there, and seemed ubiquitous. Go off in a boat at any hour of the day or night, and "Tom's" dorsal fin could be seen rising above the green-crested waves. He had eaten many a sailor in his time and it became a tradition of the sea that he did not relish any other kind of meat. Bathing when in that port was simply impossible; falling overboard was sudden and certain death, and desertion by swimming ashore became a thing of the past. None who ever attempted it reached the wharf, and finally neither merchantmen nor men-of-war's men made the trial, so that a sailor in the harbor of Kingston on board his vessel was as secure as if in jail. Of course, every device known to the ingenious brain of Jack was tried to relieve the harbor of the presence of his greatest enemy. Tom was shot at, harpooned at, baited with all manner of shark delicacies, but every means failed. He would toss off his nose, in the most contemptuous way, the tempting lumps of salt pork that were attached to a shark hook with a fathom of chain. Consequently Jack was almost on the verge of despair, when by one of those revelations which sometimes comes to men of great genius "Tom's" fate was sealed!

The cook of a line-of-battle ship, one evening, after having enjoyed the remains of the Admiral's dinner, happened to toss overboard a piece of the rind of a ham, and, much to his astonishment, "Tom" was seen to jump eagerly for it, and taking it in his capacious jaws, swallow it with evident relish. Here at last was the long-looked-for opportunity. After that, all the bacon and ham skins were saved and when it was thought that a sufficient number had accumulated, they were fashioned by the ship's tailor into a sort of bag or purse, into which was placed a red-hot shot. At the favorable moment this was to be dropped into "Tom's" ready mouth. After many failures, either from the shot not being hot enough, or by missing "Tom's" mouth, one noon it was reported that "Tom" was directly under the forward port. Everything was soon gotten in readiness; a six-pound solid shot was placed in the galley-fire and when at a white-heat was slipped into the ham-skin purse which was all ready. Its opening was then carefully closed, and it was carried swiftly to the port, and by a most fortuitous circumstance dropped right into "Tom's" deadly jaws! In less than five minutes he came to the top and lashed the water around furiously, seeming to have an acute attack of stomach-ache. He would dive down only to rush up again as suddenly, causing a small marine earthquake, to coin a term. After this performance had been continued for about an hour, "Tom" floated on top a frightfully swollen and dead shark. That night the captain of the fore-top and five of his top men swam ashore, had their "blowout" and returned in the same manner in perfect safety.

He Was No Kicker.

Mayor Chapin of Brooklyn knows a good story when he hears one, and is fond of telling them to intimate acquaintances. His latest is one the funny part of which he credits to a bootblack who occupies a stand not far from the Brooklyn city hall, and whose legs have been cut off above his knees. "I often stop and let him shine my shoes," said the mayor. "The other day while I occupied his chair I remarked as any one would remark in passing the time of day with another:

"Well, how is the world using you?" "Immediately he looked up at me, and with a smile on his face he replied: "O, I can't kick!"

THE RIVER OF LOST SOULS.

A March Into Oblivion Gave Name to a New Mexican Stream.

Over three centuries backward and before the inquisitive De Soto had lighted his camp fires on the banks of the Mississippi, the Spaniards had achieved two settlements in this land of the Occident—Santa Fe and St. Augustine. They had no knowledge of the country which lay between these points, or its inhabitants. As to what might be the dangers and deadfalls of a journey from one place to another, they were as blandly ignorant as of the history of the moon. But this ignorance affected them not, and full of the uneasy spirit of the hour, a military party in Santa Fe resolved on an overland expedition to St. Augustine. They knew the distance, for they could figure the latitude and longitude, and they could get the direction by the compass; but this was the sum of their knowledge.

The expedition, numbering some hundred men, left Santa Fe late in the summer, and crossing the mountains at the Raton Pass, the present route of the Santa Fe railroad, they camped that winter on the present site of Trinidad. The grass was long in the valley, the game was plenty on the hills, their own stores were ample, and sending back to Santa Fe for minstrel and glee maiden, these gentlemen of the sword with wine, women and song got in as gay a season as they ever have since. Those old dons were lads of spirit and possessed high hearts as well as taste for travel. Before them to the eastward as far as eye could sweep spread the desert unconfined. What was to be met there, they knew not, but their lack of knowledge was coincident with an equal lack of care.

With the melting of the snows in the spring sunshine, their women and camp followers returned to Santa Fe. The last hand was waved good-by; the last adios was uttered, and the explorers turned their resolute faces to the work in hand. They marched down the valley of the little muddy river, which flows as you read this through the town of Trinidad. The ones who were to return to Santa Fe watched them for miles, assisted by the glint of the sun on steel cap and harness. At last they were hidden in the willows far down the valley, and this was the last that was ever known of them.

With the last flap of the last banner it was as if they had marched out of existence and whether they sunk in rivers, perished in the drifting snows or were done to death by Indians was never told. No sign or trace of this expedition or its people were ever found. There was something so eerie and mysterious in the complete disappearance of this band, something so dark in the silence of their fate, that the superstitious Spaniard made the sign of the holy cross when he recalled it. With that effort at commemoration which was the spirit of that time the little muddy torrent in whose valley the lost explorers last were seen, was called El Rio de Los Animas—"The River of Lost Souls." This was the Spanish name when Sublette, Chouteau, Bent, Carson, St. Vrain and other representatives of the French Fur company of St. Louis first saw it. Knowing nothing of the story, and assisted only by their inferences drawn from the name, these translated the appellation into the Purgatoire. When the jocular bull-whacker of the overland trail got to it in his free-and-easy French he called it "the Picketwire." Every brand it ever had still sticks, and to-day you will find the little varrant of a stream pursuing its glistening mission to the sea with as many names as a member of the British house of lords.—AL LEWIS.

Coffee as a Stimulant.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs a stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to recue the dipsomaniac from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, newly made coffee without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or one-eighth of a pound, of one pint of boiling water, makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. It is asserted that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals coffee is a disinfectant for a sick room, and by some of the best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.

The Dude Has Gone!

The dude did not come to stay. He was only a temporary sojourner. He has departed, never to return, or at least not for two generations. The public enjoyed him as a novelty, but when the public tired of him his fate was sealed. Hereafter the man who plays Berry Wall will be looked upon either as a fool or a lunatic, and will be treated accordingly.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A tear-off question: "How many yards, please?"—Washington Post.

A man should be sure he's right, then follow his knows.—Yonkers Statesman.

A man's face is against him when he has a gin phiz.—New Orleans Picayune.

Still water runs deep, but the dashing tide gets onto the rocks.—Elmira Gazette.

"He a pillar of the church? Why, he's a perfect fraud." "Sort of a pillar-sham."—N. Y. Herald.

The best way to raise a smile is to grasp the mug firmly by the handle and lift.—Ashland Press.

A piece of limburger cheese is like a tack in one respect—you can always find it in the dark.—Puck.

How sad it makes a man feel to observe a five dollar straw hat on a seven cent head.—Kearney Enterprise.

Merritt—"Did that critic read your poem and give his opinion?" Tubbs—"He gave me his opinion."—Life.

The dearest spot on earth is the summer resort. In comparison there is no place like home.—Sioux City Journal.

A sulky girl may sometimes be cured by taking her out in a buggy with a seat just large enough for two.—Denver Road.

There are some things a woman can do as well as a man, but scratching a match isn't one of them.—Louisville Journal.

The thoughtful cook puts granulated sugar on the berries when she hasn't time to wash the sand off them.—Ashland Press.

A sermon is too often transformed into a highway over which a parson parades his literary attainments.—Acheson Globe.

The preacher who bears down heaviest on our neighbors' failings is the one who will get the largest salary.—Milwaukee Journal.

Customer—"The suit is all dusty." Shomberg—"Ah, mein vrent, dot comes from der schalk vere ve marks dem down so often."—Puck.

Billings—"Well, my boy, are you satisfied with married life?" Benedict—"Satisfied? Why, I am perfectly satisfied with it."—Terre Haute Express.

Sweetam—"She smiled on my suit, Robins, old boy." Robbins—"Well, I think she might. The wonder is she didn't go into hysterics."—Boston Herald.

You can't praise a man for having done a great thing without hearing from the little man at his side who "advised him to do it."—Acheson Globe.

Spontaneous combustion is sometimes caused by an accumulation of oiled rags and sometimes by a collection of insurance policies.—Elmira Gazette.

"Did your wife listen to your excuses for staying out so late last night?" "O, yes, she listened to me, and then—" "Then what?" "I listened to her."—The Jester.

"This isn't fifteen pounds of ice. It's only ten." "Can't help it, madam. It was fifteen pounds when it left the storehouse, and nobody's been near it since."—N. Y. Sun.

Citizen—"What do you think of the proposition to enlist Indians in the Federal army?" Captain Westpoint—"Indians? 'Pon honah! Why, they cawn't dawnee."—N. Y. Weekly.

The peacock is blessed with beautiful plumage, and would be thought altogether lovely if he could keep his mouth shut and let the more musical birds do the talking.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Can you give me credit for this poem?" inquired the writer who had invaded the sanctum. "Hum! I don't know about that, but if it's printed you'll have to take the blame for it."—Washington Post.

One Harvard young man makes a concise explanation of the academic successes of young women: "Of course girls can get on. They have nothing else to do but study. We have."—Boston Transcript.

Ladies and gentlemen who monopolize three or four seats in a railroad car with themselves and their parcels are respectfully warned that the hog cholera is raging in West Botsford.—Boston Transcript.

It is not possible to say many more original things about original sin, and the fashionable preacher would do well to pound some of the fashionable sins of fashionable sinners of the present time.—New Orleans Picayune.

Mr. Citiman—"My dear, let's take a cottage in the country." Mrs. Citiman—"Why didn't you propose that earlier? It is too late now to make a garden." Mr. Citiman—"Yes; that's why I didn't propose it earlier."—N. Y. Weekly.

De Smith (at church fair, where raffling is in progress)—"This reminds me of a little incident that happened to me out West." Esmeralda Long-coffin—"What was it?" De Smith—"I was in a train when it was robbed."—Siftings.

"Now, boys, we have ten minutes for questions. Is there anything you'd like to have explained?" said the teacher in mythology. "Yes, sir," said Willie. "How much did Apoll-ow?"

"Is it proper to say 'he is' or 'he-be'?" queried Johnny. "In what respect did Jupit-err?" put in George. But there came no answer. The teacher thrashed them soundly, and sent them home to their Mars.—Harper's Basar.

The Summer Girl.

She's the janniest of creatures, she's the daintiest of misses. With her pretty patent leathers, or her all-gaiter ties. With her eyes inviting glances, and her lips inviting kisses. As she wanders by the ocean or strolls under country skies.

She's a captivating dresser and her parasols are stunning. Her fads will take your breath away; her hats are dreams of style. She is not so very bookish, but with repartee and punning. She can set the servants laughing and make even dullests smile.

She has no attacks of talent; she is not a stage-struck maiden. She is wholly free from hobbies and she dreams of no "career." She is mostly gay and happy—never sad or care-beset. Though she sometimes sighs a little if a gentleman is near.

She's a sturdy little walker, and she braves all kind of weather. And when the rain or fog or mist drive rival gusts a wreck. Her fluffy hair goes curling like a kinked-up ostrich feather. Around her ears, and forehead, and the white nape of her neck.

She is like a fish in water, she can handle reins and racket. From head to toe and finger tips she's thoroughly alive; When she goes promenading in a most distracting jacket. The rustle round her feet suggests how laundresses may thrive.

She can dare the wind and sunshine in the most bravado manner. And for hours of sailing she has merely checks of rose; Old Sol himself seems smitten, and at most will only tan her. Though to everybody else he give a danger signal nose.

She's a trifle sentimental, and she's fond of admiration. And she sometimes flirts a little in the season's gliding. But win her if you can, sir, she may prove your life's salvation. For an angel masquerading, off't is she—the summer girl.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MRS. DRESDEN'S CLEVERNESS.

"Kathleen Alistone is lovely, Arthur. Why will you refuse to meet her? If you two were to fall in love everything would be so satisfactory."

As she spoke, a tiny pucker of discontent gathered between Mrs. Lena Dresden's brows.

Her brother laughed easily, but his own smooth forehead wore a slight frown.

"I'll accept no wife, at living hands or dead," he said, carelessly. "My uncle never prepared me for such an act, on his part, or he should have understood that his nephew was not quite fool enough to value wealth beyond freedom. Enough, my dear! Let us ask our friends to visit us here—let us make merry for the two months during which I am to be master here, and—then the deluge!"

"The deluge," indeed, it would be for Arthur Bancroft; for, from luxury and idleness, he would go forth to poverty and labor.

But the dead uncle, who had brought him up as the heir of Heath, had left so strange a will—had made him master of it all but for a year. At the end of that time, if he had not won the promise of Miss Kathleen Alistone to be his wife—even though he asked her and she declined—he was to hand over all to her, and go forth empty-handed.

"Who is Miss Kathleen Alistone?" he had asked his sister.

"The daughter of the only woman our uncle ever loved," she told him. "I have met her—a bright, sunny girl. She is to be in our party at Cliffs in September."

"Then cross my name from the party list," the young man said, curtly. "I have no wish to see the lady, and you may tell her that on the 1st of August next she shall take peaceable possession of Heath."

Nothing that Lena could do or say had the least weight with him; he would not, and did not once come face to face with the girl whom he declined to woo, and now it was the latter part of May—so near the end of the year.

Lena, after she had entered the house, stood at one of the windows, looking out at him as he smoked on the lawn.

"It is a thousand pities!" she cried, impatiently. "Is there no way to set this tangle straight? Let me think again."

She watched the straight, tall figure, the lifted head, the clear-cut, haughty face; then her eyes left them, and went over the lawn, sloping down to the river, the stately trees, the broad and fruitful lands, the smoking mills, the grazing herds—all to be lost to Arthur now so soon, unless—

"Ah!" she breathed, at last; "why did I not think of that before? I'll try it."

She hurried to the library, and was still busy at a desk there when Arthur entered half an hour later.

"You are writing to invite guests, are you not?" he asked, carelessly. "Let us have a merry party. What is the list?"

"Martin Lawton and wife," she said, rather confusedly, gathering up and folding the sheets on which she had written. "Mrs. Gale and her daughter, Howland Dree and his sister, Jack Wilde, Maud Varcoe, young Towers, and—a girl I do not think you know—Miss Kittie Stone."

"Kittie Stone! I never heard the name. The rest I know; but pray describe Miss Stone."

"Tall, slight, pale, with silvery-brown hair, and gray eyes flecked with brown, a dainty, laughing, merry girl, whose face and nature are all sunlight. How I hope she'll come!"

"Does she ride?"

"She does all things."

It was a week later that the guests

began to arrive, and one evening, as Arthur stood in the long hall, he heard a light footfall on the stairs above, and looked up.

He never forgot that first glance into a pair of starry, sunny eyes—that first view of a girlish, smiling, lovely face.

She was clad in some gossamer thing, as pale azure as the evening sky, and her slight figure moved toward him as gracefully as though to music.

Lena, who was beside him, introduced the two, and he wondered why the fair, colorless face grew transiently hot with blushes, then dimpled into such roguish smiles.

After that, as the warm June days went by, how he thanked heaven that no bond was on him when they met.

Yet how his pulses throbbled rebellion against the bare, bleak future, and the injustice done him by the dead.

He loved Kittie Stone; he wooed her by every act, in every word, yet he knew in his soul that when Heath was no longer his she would be beyond his reach forever.

She was too fair a flower to feel the blight of poverty; the tarnish of painful thought or care. For a few brief weeks she would bloom near him, after that—ay, truly, the deluge.

It was over, the season of Arthur Bancroft's prosperity, and of his hostship at Heath. On the following day his guests would depart.

And as he stood in the summer night with the girl whose loss would be more to him than the loss of fortune or position, a sudden impulse moved him to tell her the whole story—to let her know how strongly, yet how hopelessly, one man loved her, and what a new and bitter pain would follow him into his changed fortunes.

He turned to look at her. What a fair young creature she was, standing so still and motionless, with one arm thrown lightly around a stanchion, the loose sleeve falling from it, the moonlight and starshine gleaming on her lovely face!

"Miss Stone, you look as though you were bidding this place good-by," he said, softly.

"I go to-morrow," she answered, as low.

"And I within a fortnight. Do you understand? Has Lena told you of my uncle's will?"

"I have heard. But—was there not a way pointed out by which you could remain as master—as owner?"

A bitter smile curled his lip.

Her face was turned aside, "but up over her cheek and brow stole the hot waves of color."

"No," he said, impulsively. "I was commanded to seek out a girl, a stranger, and try to win her for a wife. My uncle's money, my uncle's lands, could not buy me to do that, Miss Stone—I desire the lady all, neither asking nor desiring her to accept myself with the fortune. I have had dreams of love—of a fair face alight with welcome for me, here in the only home I have ever known. They are no longer mine. I have had my visions; they are past. As a man taught only luxurious living, unfitted by a whole life of idleness for useful labor, with only my empty, always careless hands to depend on for a place among men, what right have I to love some fair young creature whose path must ever be afar from mine?"

"The right of any man to happiness—the best right in the world!" she cried, impetuously.

And the gray eyes lifted for an instant to his were jeweled with warm tears.

He bent over her with sudden, yearning tenderness, and took the little hand that hung beside the stanchion.

"Were I not to go forth from here like Adam from his Eden?" he breathed.

"Eve was with him," she answered softly; but the hand he was holding trembled.

Something in the shy sweetness of her face, bent now from the moon's full splendor, thrilled him to the heart.

Well, it was their hour of parting, and she should know.

"Were Heath my own I might dare other pleadings to-night," he said. "As it is, when you think of me in the future let it be kindly, gently; for the whole wealth of my heart, the whole love of my soul, goes with you. Oh, sunny, tender love! what will my life be without you?"

He freed her hand, and lifted his. Strong though he was, his fingers shook as they went up to shade his face—to hide its pallid misery from her.

A pair of small, tender hands drew his down, and a flushed, laughing, happy face met his sight in the moonlight.

"I do not know what your life would be without me," she said, with a flutter in her voice. "but I hope you will not leave me, Arthur, for mine without you would be—Oh! let me tell you who I am!—not Kittie Stone, Arthur, but Kathleen Alistone—the girl you would not meet, the girl you hated! Don't look so dazed! Your sister planned it all, and I consented. Not to win your love under a false name, Arthur, but to see you—know you—learn whether or not I would be wise in declining to accept what I felt your uncle should have given you. I did not want it—believe me, I did not."

She paused, breathless.

"Kathleen Alistone! You Kathleen Alistone!" he cried, incredulously.

"Oh, Arthur, forgive me the deception! I never meant that you should know. I meant to study you, unknown to you, and if I found you to be a worthy man to decline to receive what was yours by right. But—but you love me still, Arthur?"

"Love you, my precious one!" And his arms were about her, his lips seeking hers.

Lena, who had been strolling along one of the walks with her husband, reached the veranda steps at that moment and caught the passionate words and starlight, that tableau above her. And she drew her husband back, and away from the lovers.

"I am a very clever woman, Clarence," said she, when they were beyond hearing. "Nobody else would have thought of a way out of the difficulty. And you saw Kathleen and Arthur, didn't you?"

"All the world might see, and they be none the wiser," laughed Clarence Dresden. "Yes, it was clever of you, and I'm very glad things are turning out as you foresaw. Dear, how your eyes are shining! Kiss me, little woman!"

SUICIDE OF AN ENTIRE FAMILY.

A Mother and Five Daughters Put Themselves to Death.

The Moscow police were notified by a woman who cooked for the Dobroveroff family that she had been unable to enter the house, and that all day no one had been seen coming out. The door of the Dobroveroff apartment was accordingly broken open, and in the first room entered the dead body of a woman about 64 years old was found stretched on the bed. It was the body of the mother of the family, who had been dead several days. On a table near the bed stood the image of a saint.

The door leading into the next room was closed, and all cracks were carefully filled with small pieces of cotton.

When this door was broken open a ghastly sight was revealed. On the floor were stretched five dead women; four had laid themselves along the wall, placing cushions under their heads, while the fifth had thrown herself in the middle of the room at the feet of her sisters, and lay with no cushion under her head and with a handkerchief covering the face.

They were the five daughters of the woman in the first room. Their ages ranged from 20 to 32 years. The youngest is said to have been very beautiful, and there were evidences that she was reconciled to her fate as were her four older sisters. On a trunk near by was a note signed by the five sisters. It read: "We beg that no one may be accused of our death."

Four names were written with a firm hand. The fifth betrayed emotion. It was the name of Amelia, the youngest sister. Two sealed letters addressed to woman friends contained thirty rubles with which to pay some small debts owed by the unfortunate sisters. The cause of death was apparent; in the room were two heaters, in the bottom of which still smoldered a few pieces of charcoal.

Another sorry sight was revealed in a third room, where lay twenty dead bodies—seventeen were cats, three dogs. The pets had all been dosed with strychnine to prevent their falling into the hands of inconsiderate masters.

The pitiable story revealed at the inquest was that the daughters, when told that their mother's disease was incurable, placed forty rubles in the hands of a friend, whom they asked to attend to the last rites of their beloved dead. It would be too harrowing, they said, to look after all the details themselves. It was near the Easter season, and they filled a basket with provisions, cakes, and eggs, and asked to have them distributed among the poor.

From the time their mother died the daughters touched no particle of food, but buying a quantity of brandy, they induced the cook to drink herself tipsy, and then allowed her to go to the theatre with her lover. While she was away they deliberately prepared themselves for death. Each was dressed in a white chemise and a black skirt.

The only reason given for their suicide was their abject misery.

Pinch Bugs.

The milk train on the Central railroad of New Jersey was delayed at White House station about half an hour one night last week. The train draws two passenger coaches behind the milk cars. On this night there were half a dozen passengers aboard. It was warm and they had the windows all raised. The train had been standing on the side track a few minutes when a swarm of large pinch bugs attracted by the lights in the cars, flew through the windows. In five minutes the seats were nearly covered with the bugs, and they had begun to crawl around on the legs of the passengers and to use their sharp pinchers. The passengers tried to brush them off, but they stuck like leeches. In five minutes more the bugs had possession of the two cars. The passengers fled. As soon as the passengers got in the dark the bugs that had clung to them left them and flew back into the car. How to get them out of the car before the train got orders to go ahead was a problem. Finally one of the passengers suggested building a bonfire outside as a counter attraction. One of the brakemen went into the cars and turned out all the lights, while the other trainmen and the passengers gathered brush wood for the bonfire. They had enough to make a roaring blaze in a few minutes. It was a success. The bugs deserted the car and the passengers went back, shut down the windows and sat in the darkness until the train started.

ARE YOU A DOOR-BANGER?

Don't Say "No" Too Quickly, But Just Think Over Your Sins.

"Are you a door-banger?" asks a writer in the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*.

This question, addressed to every person with whom we come in contact would probably be met by an indignant negative, yet if they paused to glance even half-way backward they would instantly regret that involuntary fib.

The art of door-banging is one that apparently comes by divine right to every human being, and that art is more carefully developed than many other natural gifts that would, with proper cultivation, enable the happy possessor to make quite as much noise in the world and with less inconvenience and annoyance to others.

Most houses are peculiarly adapted for the display of the door-banger's ceaseless activity, a fact which the man who set the fashion for portieres had doubtless in consideration when he first made up his mind to introduce that innovation. To him, indeed, we should be very grateful for the fewer doors there are the less likelihood of an opportunity for such Wagnerian discord.

The man or woman who would not take your life under the greatest provocation, does not hesitate to imperil your hearing, and the worst of this sort of thing is that we meet with it generally at the hands of those who are nearest and dearest.

The relative who's up first in the morning—well, that's the one who has the best show at the door, and the arms of Morpheus must exert a double-horse-power pressure if they would guide your slumbers successfully through that reverberating bang. It is true that in sickness an effort is usually made to subdue this peculiar instinct, or to repress this native talent; but behold, when the sufferer is convalescent, the pent-up energy once more displays itself in the direction from which it momentarily lapsed, and the music of the present once more offers odds to any that the great German masters can originate.

People who are evolutionists can doubtless trace the early development of this historic disposition to bang. They will point to far-off ages when man in his natural state used to close his jaws with a far-echoing snap upon the human flesh he devoured; to a little later period, when, in a more enlightened state, he swung heavy prison doors upon his captives; to even a later age, when, his first musical inclinations beginning to blossom, he heralded to his victims their approaching death through the enlivening strains of the tom-tom.

Now in this age of seeming cultivation, the foregoing methods of proclaiming our immediate personality are happily forbidden, but there is no law, written or unwritten, against that evil which is apparently inherent and irradical. But perhaps that Utopia, toward which present writers declare we are progressing, will be a land innocent of other than tent-like accommodations for family life, where, consequently, the restlessness which has hitherto found vent in door-banging may spend itself in pursuits which will be beneficial, not annoying, to the human race.

Handy Young Women.

A correspondent of the *Englishwoman's Review* writes: "Here is Eboracum, old and crotchety, a walled town in all ways, where both sides of a six-pence are viewed before spending, and novelties are heresies—one woman earns an energetic living by going out paperhanging with her girl apprentice! I have heard of her from the principal of a ladies' school, and it has struck me, and more, what a bliss it would be to lessen the dirt and delay of men in the house by substituting handy young women. Many can whitewash, paint, do a bit of plumbing and lock-doctoring, and only want some training to be quite efficient domestic artisans. I know of one woman who shaped, from rough wood, a capital circular water-but lid, another who tars out asphits with gas-tar, and one who slings her buckets on a rope from the middle of a tall ladder and goes up, like a cat, between heaven and earth, to scrub the outside paint, ten or twelve feet from the ground! Why should it be amazing if she went up to paint?"

Life on the Ocean.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that statistics prove the sea to be safer to live on than the land. The late Thomas Gray, of the board of trade marine department, London, said in a letter to the *N. Y. Ledger*:

"I have always contended, and am more than ever confirmed in it, that a man is safer at sea than anywhere else, in a fairly good ship, properly manned and carefully navigated, as the very great majority of British merchant ships are."

The death rate of sailors is under twelve per thousand; the loss of life by shipwreck is about a quarter of this; in fact, there are more lives lost among miners by accident than among sailors, and many more among railway employees. With regard to the general death rate, the fact that sailors, as a rule, are healthy when they begin their trade, and retire from it before old age incapacitates them from other work, must have a considerable and, probably, misleading influence on the figures.

Professional florists in England are cultivating old-fashioned flowers, such as the daisy, the columbine, larkspur, hollyhock, and Canterbury bells.

RICH COLORED MEN.

Examples of Ex-Slaves in the South Who Have Grown Wealthy.

It will probably be surprising to know that in Galveston there is a colored man who is worth over \$350,000. His name is Silvester, and he has a fine mansion in the most desirable residence portion of the city. And what will most surprise northern people, his wife employs none but white servants. How did Silvester get rich? Well, he got a start in politics, then ran a saloon and a gambling-house for colored people for a few years, then went into real estate and speculated. He is shrewd and successful. One of the most successful and wealthiest real estate men of Houston is a colored man. His name is Milton Sterrett. He owns a fine residence, surrounded by immense grounds, all terraced off and planted in the finest flowers and shrubbery, and keeps a landscape gardener to attend it. He was a waiter on the boats between Galveston and Houston before and all during the war, and made everything he has in real estate deals during the last twenty years. He owns several large plantations, and is worth at least \$400,000.

Then take Senator C. N. Burton, of Fort Bend county. When the war closed and he was freed he lived on a plantation belonging to his mistress, whose husband and two sons were killed, leaving her alone in the world. She had given him a good elementary education, he was shrewd. By attention to business he soon acquired a good farm. In a few years he added to it, and bought in the plantation formerly owned by his mistress, and had two other large ones on the Brazos in ten years more. His old mistress being reduced to poverty he undertook to care for her. He said, when he was elected to the State Senate, that he owed all he was to her kindness, and that he felt it his duty to care for her. And he sent her back to her native state—Virginia—and regularly remits to her—and has done so for fifteen years—\$150 every month. He is popular with whites and blacks. Democrats and Republicans, and studied law so that he could depend on himself to manage his immense plantation and ranch interests. Senator Burton is worth over \$500,000.

Then Henry Black, the great sheep and cattle ranchman of Tom Green and Peecos counties, is worth nearly half a million. He has made it all in less than fifteen years. Are these men Southern negroes? Yes, every one of them.

But the largest plantation owner and the heaviest farm-land taxpayer in the rich county of Lamar was a light-colored mulatto named Harvey. He died a few weeks ago and left a widow, who will be able to pull through probably, as her husband left four large plantations, a fine stock farm, some city property in Paris, and a big bank account. Besides this he left her a snug little insurance policy on his life for \$18,000.

What the Moon Saw.

"Yesterday," said the moon to me, "I looked down upon a small courtyard surrounded on all sides by houses. In the courtyard sat a clucking hen with eleven chickens, and a pretty little girl was running and jumping around them. The hen was frightened, and screamed and spread out her wings over the little brood. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her, and I glided away and thought no more of the matter."

"But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down into the same courtyard. Everything was quiet. But presently the little girl came forth again, crept quietly to the hen-house, pushed back the bolt, and slipped into the apartment of the hen and chickens. They cried out loudly and came fluttering down from their perches and ran about in dismay, and the little girl ran after them."

"I saw it quite plainly, for I looked through a hole in the hen-house wall, and felt glad when her father came out and scolded her more violently than yesterday, holding her roughly by the arm. She held down her head and her blue eyes were full of tears."

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"She wept and said: 'I wanted to kiss the hen and beg her pardon for frightening her yesterday, but I was afraid to tell you.'"

And the father kissed the innocent child's forehead and kissed her on the mouth and eyes."—*Hans Christian Andersen*.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Wonderful Bed.

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt is said to have the most imposing bed in New York. It revives the ancient style of posts and canopies, and it stands enthroned, as it were, on a raised platform, two steps high, in the center of her room, which has four windows looking out, two on Fifth avenue, and two on Fifty-second street. The bedstead is of rosewood and the canopy used to be lined with an enormous plate-glass mirror, so that the sleeper could see her face and figure as long as she kept awake, but this vulgar thing has been removed and is now replaced by the more conventional panel of old-rose satin.—*Chatter*.

Narrow Dwelling.

The narrowest dwelling-house in Brooklyn is to be built this summer. It will measure 7-1/2 by 50 feet. The lot upon which the building is to stand is on one of the best streets in the city and has been thought by many to be almost worthless because of its small size.

P.T. Barnum and J.A. Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth.

The British public are notoriously the most difficult on earth to please in the way of amusements. Every holiday season in London great spectacular plays and pantomimes are produced at the leading theatres, which are gotten up upon the most extensive and magnificent scale and at an immense expense, to meet the requirements of so exacting a people. In opposition to all this the Barnum and Bailey Greatest Show on Earth, at an outlay of \$600,000 in cash for transportation alone across the Atlantic, an undertaking that required four of those big ocean steamers, exhibited in the City of London for a period of over three months and realized a business unparalleled in the annals of amusements. All the great plays and spectacles formerly produced there were, in very truth, made small by comparison with their tremendous American enterprise, and not only England but the entire of Europe was struck dumb with amazement. Never in their wildest dreams did the people of Europe conceive of such a magnificent exhibition as the one given them by Barnum and Bailey, for in addition to a triple circus, hippodrome, double menagerie, horse fair, two herds of elephants, elevated stage performances and all the other attractions that have made these shows the first in the universe, there has been added Imre Kiralfy's "Nero, or the Destruction of Rome." Now to comprehend this regal part of the monster shows one must recollect that 1,500 people were required to perform in it. It will exhibit in Topeka, Oct. 4.

The New York Ledger for October 4 is a mine of interesting fact and fiction regarding the South, both New and Old. It leads off with a brilliant character sketch of Henry W. Grady, journalist, orator and patriot, written by Oliver Dyer, in which the effect on the New South of Grady's life-work is luminously explained. A crisp editorial on "The Marvelous Revival of Prosperity in the South" tells its own tale. "The Old South" is pictured in the opening installment of a Kentucky war story entitled "Reunited," the pen-product of a distinguished Southern officer. In "For Isabel," Maurice Thompson gives a vignette of ante-bellum life in Louisiana. James Parton tells the story of Caesar Rodney of Delaware. An illustrated ballad by Thomas Dun English and a story by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr are published in the same number.

The "Great Divide" for October. Stanley Wood's Great Divide was a local paper when it first appeared in March, 1889; it had become national, as to circulation, in March, 1890, and at present it can justly claim international honors. It has general offices in Denver, New York and London, and arrangements are being made to publish this marvelously successful journal simultaneously in Denver and London. The success of the Great Divide is owing, doubtless, to the novel character of its matter and the lavishness of its illustrations. The October number will contain, in addition to two full page photographs and many other illustrations, a magnificent art supplement, in nine colors, being a replica of a masterly painting in oil of a Southern Utah. This picture is suitable for framing, and is worth fully the subscription price of the Great Divide. Address the publishers at Denver, Colorado, for a sample copy of the paper free.

A curious competition and one that is likely to prove of great benefit to the paper's readers, has been opened by The Entertainment Bureau, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, in their monthly paper, "Entertainment." A series of cash prizes have been offered for the best and most original ideas for Christmas entertainments for church, society and home use. The December number of the paper will contain detailed descriptions of the prize entertainments, and it will no doubt be very interesting reading for Sunday school workers.

A Matter of Taste.
A few folks like old fashioned things, old clothes, old houses and old books. Others want modern articles. The latter class is in the majority. There are a few old fogies who prefer slow trains, light rails, hand brakes and big smokestacks. The rest of mankind enjoy traveling close to a mile a minute, on steel rails, in vestibule cars, with every home comfort at hand.
The Santa Fe Route between Kansas City and Chicago is a modern line for people of the 19th century.
G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., Topeka, Kansas; J. J. Byrne, A. G. & T. A., Chicago.

Grand Opening September 2nd
Of the Chillicothe Normal School Business Institute and Snort Hand College. Commodious Chapel Hall crowded to overflowing. This Institution has the largest and strongest faculty, most students, and best building of the kind in the West. Faculty composed of 23 members. Students can enter any time, select their studies, rent text books, receive private help free, etc. \$31.00 pays for board, tuition and room rent 10 weeks.
Short-hand by Mail.
For Free Catalogue, address Allen Moore, W. S. Pres. Chillicothe, Mo.

How Does This Suit?
Leave Kansas City 10:30 a. m. 6:20 p. m. or 8:45 p. m. and arrive in Chicago 7:25 a. m., 8:50 a. m. or 11:55 a. m. next day.
Santa Fe Route runs three through trains, Kansas City to Chicago. Ten o'clock train carries free chair cars and has Pullman sleepers at night.
Train leaving at 6:20 is a solid Pullman vestibule train, with free chair cars, dining cars, sleeping and library cars, handsomest in the world. The one which goes out at 8:45 is finely equipped with sleepers, diners and chair cars.
G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., A. G. & T. A., Topeka, Kans.; J. J. Byrne, A. G. & T. A., Chicago.

Books and Magazines.

The October Magazine of American History presents a rare combination of eminence in the scholarly world. The number opens with an incomparable paper on the "Sources and Guarantees of National Process," by the great divine and eloquent historian, Rev. Dr. R. B. Storrs, of Brooklyn. This is prefaced by an admirable portrait of the distinguished author, and, occupying twenty-eight of the beautiful pages of this periodical, is from first to last a procession of brilliant passages, clear, forcible, suggestive, showing with marvelous grace and power what principles developed the little settlements into a great nation, whose future history is as secure as the past if only that moral life remains which characterized the founders of empire on this continent. The second valuable paper, entitled "The American Flag and John Paul Jones," is from the pen of the greatest living teacher of the law, Professor Theodore W. Dwight, of the Columbia law school, New York. "Southold and her Homes and Memories" one of Mrs. Lamb's bright entertaining articles, is illustrated with antique dwellings of one of the oldest towns on the continent. "The Historic Temple at New Windsor, 1783," together with a curious picture recently discovered, comes from the well-known jurist, Hon. J. O. Dykman. "About Some Public Characters in 1786," we have a readable group of extracts from the private diary of Sir Frederick Haldimand. The "General Characteristics of the French Canadian Peasantry," by Dr. Prosper Bender furnishes much exceedingly interesting data on a theme of great present interest. The cleverly written paper, "The Mountains and Mountaineers of Craddock's Fiction," by Milton T. Adkins; "Anecdotes of General Grenville M. Dodge," by Hon. Charles Aldrich; "The Story of Roger Williams Retold," by H. E. Banning; "Antiquarian Riches of Tennessee," and the several departments of miscellany are excellent. This important magazine is in close sympathy with current affairs, and ahead of all its great contemporaries in stores of varied information worth preserving for all time. Price, \$5.00.

The fourth volume of the Transactions of the Kansas State Historical Society has been issued, a book of 819 pages. The volume includes the Fifth and Sixth Biennial Reports of the Society, before issued in pamphlet form, and shows the business of the Society and its excursions during a period of four years, 1895-1899, thus containing a permanent record of the work of the Society for that period. The book also contains the addresses delivered before the Society at the annual meetings, from 1886 to 1890. Besides, half of the volume is occupied with the official correspondence pertaining to the office of Governor of Kansas Territory during the latter part of Gov. Shannon's administration from September 9, 1856 to March 10, 1857, including the official executive minutes kept by Gov. Geary. These documents relate to a considerable portion of the most stirring period of Kansas Territorial history. They have been gathered by Secretary Adams from Congressional documents published about that period. These documents have hitherto lain hidden from the general public, and much of what they contain will be new to students of Kansas history. The book has an alphabetical index of sixty pages, pointing to every subject and almost every name contained in it; also a chronological index to the contents of the public documents. As a book of historical reference, it is one of great value.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

Few better numbers of a popular magazine have ever been issued than is the October Ladies' Home Journal. From cover to cover, the number bristles with an array of splendid articles, poems and stories seldom brought together in a single issue. P. Barnum tells, in a very entertaining manner, the secret of "How I Have Grown Old"; Mrs. Ulysses Grant describes her courtship with the General, and how the warrior proposed marriage to her; the methods pursued by the Vanderbilts in the training of their children are freshly sketched; Mrs. Margaret Botome, the President of "the King's Daughters," begins most admirably with what will hereafter be a regular department entirely devoted to "The King's Daughters"; Robert J. Burdette has a first-class humorous article on old people who try to be young; A. Bogardus, the pioneer New York photographer, has an exceedingly bright sketch on "Presidents I Have Photographed"; Dr. Almage has some very bright things for women; Emma V. Sheridan, the Boston actress, tells how to conduct private theatricals; "Curl Papers and Husbands" is the unique title of a bright paper by Felicia Holt; Florence Howe Hall gives valuable hints in an article telling how to celebrate "Wedding Anniversaries"; and then come contributions, almost without number, from Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Lee C. Harby, Sarah K. Bolton, Edward W. Bok, Ellen Le Garde, Kate Annatt Woods, and a score of others. The October Journal is truly a perfect model of what a popular magazine should be. Published, at one dollar a year, by the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Worth Remembering.

Texas is a big State, and if you wish to gain some idea of its vastness, the harvest excursions on Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, via Santa Fe Route, will afford the desired chance.
Tickets good 30 days. Stopovers allowed south of Arkansas City. Rate one fare round trip.
No other line passes through Oklahoma Territory and the withing Washita valley. The cities of Ft. Worth, Dallas, Houston and Galveston are all located on Santa Fe.
You can buy a ticket of nearest A. T. & S. F. R. R. agent on dates named.

Glasgow's Wonderful Growth.

Glasgow is the largest city of Scotland, and claims to be the second in the British Empire. It has eight hundred thousand people, including the suburbs; it is ten miles long, five miles in width and has one hundred and forty miles of streets. Persons who have seen London and many of the great manufacturing places of England will yet find much that is interesting in this Scottish commercial and industrial centre on the River Clyde. Two hundred years ago, as we read it, Glasgow was a pleasant town of four streets and ten vessels were owned here. The city has the advantage of being modern for its growth is really the work of the past century, and it is remarkable alike for wide streets, handsome buildings and for the business capacities and perseverance of its intelligent population, who have accumulated large wealth. Paisley, another manufacturing city of sixty thousand, is seven miles from Glasgow, and Greenock, twenty-one miles distant, the Glasgow outpost for large vessels, has grown from a fishing village two hundred years ago to sixty thousand people and an important commercial and manufacturing city, with ship-building and sugar refining as leading industries.

Can Fish Hear?

It has always been more or less of a disputed question whether or not fish possess the sense of hearing. Some interesting experiments were once made in this direction by Mr. John W. Masury at his trout hatchery. There were present on the occasion several other noted anglers. The trout were in a narrow stream which traversed the building from end to end. At the lower corner was erected a screen, behind which the operator took position. Every variety of noise was made by the person in concealment and amid it all the trout remained perfectly motionless; but as soon as a handkerchief was waved above the top of the screen the fish darted toward the upper end of the building at a high rate of speed.

Some fishermen who set their nets in our estuaries and bays have a habit of making a noise by striking the sides of their boats with an oar or stick while moving toward the spot at which their gill nets are set. This is done with the idea that the fish hear and are frightened by the fracas into moving forward. Some of these fishermen, while they follow the practice, maintain that it has no effect, whatever, unless the fish are in sight. Then it is the movement of the oar or stick, which is visible to them, that drives them onward. In the face of the learned authorities that have maintained that fish do hear, it would be presumptuous to positively assert the contrary.

Station Master—"Come, come, my good man! You must not walk on the track! The conductor says I can't ride and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old head here for, anyway?" asked the tramp, discontentedly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you think Fred is in earnest, about our daughter?" asks father. "Sure of it," says mother, with conviction. "Well, I'm not so sure." "You silly old goose, look what the boy has given her—a music stool, a set of silver backed hair brushes, a cookery book, and I don't know what else; he's doing a little preliminary furnishing in earnest. Oh, you men, what dull heads you are!"

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

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

Mrs. Hayseed, (at big city hotel)—"They is awfully attentive at this tavern, ain't they?" Mr. Hayseed—"Yes, stree; they bound to give us the worth of our money, I guess. Them errand boys has been in a dozen times in the last half hour to see if I wanted anything. What are you working at there, Marier?" "I've been tryin' for the last half hour ter see what this ere button in the wall is for."

BICYCLES!

ALL SIZES, STYLES & PRICES, FOR PEOPLE OF ANY AGE OR SEX.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE!

LARGEST BICYCLE HOUSE IN AMERICA.

AGENTS WANTED.

CHAS. F. STOKES MFG. CO.,
228 and 226 Wabash Avenue,
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE NEW DISINFECTANT "PURITY."

POWERFUL—SAFE—ECONOMICAL.

BEST SANITARY PREVENTIVE.

"PURITY" IN THE SICK-ROOM.

EGYPTIAN DISINFECTANT AND DEODORIZING POWDER.

INSTANTANEOUS, ODORLESS.

USE IS UNIVERSAL.

EGYPTIAN CHEMICAL COMPANY.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS.

DR. HENDERSON

109 & 111 W. Ninth St., KANSAS CITY, MO.

The only Specialist in the City who is a Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 23 years' Practice, 12 years in Chicago.

THE OLDEST IN AGE, AND LONGEST LOCATED.

Authorized by the State to treat Chronic Nervous and "Special Diseases," Sexual Debility (loss of sexual power), Nervous Debility, Poisoned Blood, Ulcers and Swellings of every kind, Urinary Diseases, and in fact all troubles or diseases in either male or female. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. Charges low. Thousands of cases cured. Experience is important. All medicines are guaranteed to be pure and efficacious, being compounded in my perfectly appointed laboratory, and are furnished ready for use. No running to drug stores to have uncertain prescriptions filled. No mercury or injurious medicines used. No detention from business. Patients at a distance treated by letters and express, medicines sent everywhere free from cost or breakage. State your case and send for terms. Consultation free and confidential, personally or by letter.

REHUMATISM

THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. \$50 for any case. The treatment fails to cure or help. Greatest discovery in annals of medicine. One dose gives relief; a few doses removes fever and pain in joints; cure completed in 7 to 10 days. Send statement of case with stamp for Circulars. Call, or address Dr. HENDERSON, 109 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

HELPMATE

SEWING MACHINE

A MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

EMBOOSES EVERY DESIRABLE IMPROVEMENT, MANY OF WHICH ARE EXCLUSIVELY ITS OWN.

LIGHTEST, FASTEST, AND BEST.

HANDSOMEST WOOD WORK MADE.

SEE OUR AGENT OR ADDRESS

WILLIAMS MFG. COMPANY, (U.S.A.)
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y. AND MONTREAL, CANADA.

A Live Agent wanted in every town where we are not represented.

WE SELL MORE PIANOS AND ORGANS

Than any other Music House in the North-west.

WHY?

We Carry the Largest Stock,
We Sell the Best Instruments,
We Make Lowest Prices and Easiest Terms,
We Are Known to be Reliable,
We Are the Headquarters for EVERYTHING MUSICAL.

If you want ANYTHING in the MUSIC LINE Write at once for Catalogues and full particulars.

W. J. DYER & BRO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, - - ST. PAUL.
N. B.—DEALERS, send for WHOLESALE Catalogue of Musical Merchandise.

"LITTLE STAR" Apple Parer

CORER AND SLICER.

"Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Little Star', How I wonder what you are!"

I'm a little Apple Parer—Oh, I'm just a little teaser. I can PARE and CORE and SLICE, And you'll think me awful nice. At the Hardware Store you'll find me, Just three "quarters" then will buy me. If your hardware man don't keep me, Don't with others let him cheat thee, But send for me direct, or go To Messrs. C. E. Hudson & Co., Leominster, Mass.

P. S.—This is the machine used by fruit drivers all over the country. It pares, cores and slices the apple at one operation. (It is so simple a child can use it. Agents Wanted in every State. \$1.00 per day can easily be made. Send 7c. and I will forward to any address, one sample machine, post paid. Regular price, \$1.00. 70,000 machines already sold. Call for the "LITTLE STAR" PAPER.

Judge's LIBRARY

IRISH ARISTOCRACY

JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for this week contains an interesting article from the pen of Mr. C. B. Norton, on "What is Necessary for the Success of the World's Fair," which is particularly timely, as the ground is broken in Jackson Park in preparation for the erection of the Fair buildings. Leslie's also contains many fine pictures and other interesting articles.