

F. L. Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$5.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 25c. 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 manufacturers' cards, of four lines, or less, (25 words) the Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No orders taken for less than three months.

The Menoken township Sunday school passes strong resolutions against original package houses and lottery schemes.

The Ingalls meeting in Topeka on Thursday was probably the largest political meeting ever held in the city.

All the great Brooklyn sugar refineries except one, are to be closed down until April, on account of the new tariff.

The first real killing frosts of the season have visited us this week. Only the most hardy vegetation has been able to withstand it.

The United States Supreme court declines to take up the Kansas original package cases, until a justice in place of Miller, deceased, is appointed.

This is the last week of the campaign. It has been a vile and disgraceful one all round, and whatever the result may be there is certain to be some justice done.

The manufacturers of cocoa are now proving to a demonstration, that tea and coffee are about as bad to drink as whiskey and beer. There is nothing good but cocoa.

Liquor selling under Judge Foster's recent decision is no republican trick. The fellows in the business are all democrats or resubmissionists who at once jumped into it as soon as the first decision allowed it.

Many carloads of apples have been shipped from Topeka, both east and west, this fall. Shawnee county has now some very large and fine bearing orchards. Until recent years Leavenworth and Douglas counties have shipped most of the fruit raised in eastern Kansas. But Shawnee is now coming forward as a full sized competitor. In fact horticultural interest has grown rapidly in all the eastern and central parts of the state and Kansas may now be considered one of our leading fruit states.

While the increase of the world's population is demanding more cotton each year, the supply is likely to grow less. Just at this crisis, a great practical discovery has been made by a distinguished inventor, whereby flax can be made to take the place of cotton and woolen in many textile fabrics. The two barriers to utilizing of flax for this purpose have heretofore been the long time required to bleach it, and the impossibility of reducing it to a fiber sufficiently fine to be worked by existing cotton and woolen machinery. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in experiments in Europe in the endeavor to attain these ends. The gentleman, by his new process, can both bleach it and reduce it to a fiber as fine as the best sea island cotton within a couple of hours and put it on the market at the price of cotton.

The Kansas City Journal is one of the best known and widely read of the metropolitan dailies. Any one desiring this valuable and reliable paper should give their order to Col. John A. Copp, Topeka circulator, 117 East Fifth street.

Chillicothe Normal, Actual Business and Short Hand College

Is the largest, least expensive and best school of its kind in the west. It has the largest and the strongest faculty—25 members,—and largest, best furnished and most comfortable building of the kind in the State.

Mr J H Fouch as president and Mr A K Rodgers as secretary of the county Sunday school association, have done very thorough work during the past summer, organizing local associations. Every township has been fully organized and it would seem that every corner has been reached. The county officers are now in close communication with every neighborhood in the county. Their indefatigable efforts in this line entitle them to great credit.

Somewhat exaggerated stories are told of the difficulties encountered by Mrs. Kate Chase in her endeavors to see the face of her dead son at Narragansett Pier this week. The privilege, it is said, was denied her at ex-Governor Sprague's house. At the church, contrary to expectations, the lid was not removed from the coffin, the undertaker explaining that the condition of the remains rendered it inexpedient. Sensational reporters insisted that the ex-Governor forbade him. The grief-stricken mother followed her son to the place of interment near Providence by train, but still failed to see his face, the lateness of the hour and the darkness being given as the reasons for not opening the coffin. The remains lie in the magnificent family tomb of the Spragues.

BORDEAUX SAUCE.—One gallon of chopped green tomatoes, two gallons of chopped cabbage, one ounce of black pepper, three-fourth pound of brown sugar, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of turmeric, one ounce of ginger, one ounce of celery seed, mustard seed, one gallon of vinegar and one gill of salt. Mix the cloves, ginger, turmeric, pepper, celery seed, mustard seed, sugar and salt together, then add the vinegar; pour this over the cabbage and tomatoes, turn into a porcelain-lined kettle, and simmer gently twenty minutes. Put away in glass jars.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—For this choose large, ripe cucumbers. Pars, remove the seeds and grate. To every pint of this pulp allow one-half pint of cider vinegar, one-quarter teaspoonful cayenne, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish.

TOMATO MANGOES.—Select smooth, medium sized green tomatoes. Cut from the top or stem end a piece sufficiently large to allow the removal of the seeds without breaking the tomato. Stand them upright in a tub, with each top by the side of its corresponding tomato, and finish precisely the same as pepper mangoes. The flavor of tomato mangoes is improved by placing here and there in the jar a pepper mango.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut ripe tomatoes into thin slices; then put into a stone jar a layer of tomatoes and a layer of salt, and stand aside for three days. Then press through a sieve, and spice to taste, bottle and seal.

The Indian office has decided to erect a number of new buildings for the Indian school at Lawrence. Haskell Institute is only a few years old, but its growth has been very rapid, and it is now one of the most important schools under the Indian bureau. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary of the Interior have decided to increase its capacity. The estimates agreed upon provide for a new industrial shop, to cost \$6,000; a store and warehouse, \$4,000; an office building, \$2,000; a messhouse, \$3,500; three cottages, \$1,000 each, and two lavatories, \$2,000 each. The total cost of the improvements will be \$23,000.

TOPEKA

The marriage of Harvey H Fowler to Miss Mattie Henry, was solemnized Wednesday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr and Mrs J N Henry, 1212 North Quincy street. Mr and Mrs Fowler go to horse-keeping at once, at 1306 north Quincy street, where the groom had provided a cozy home in advance.

The annual fair of the North Topeka Ladies Benevolent society, will be held on the evening of November 6 and 7, at which the usual means of raising money will be put into operation—suppers for the good lives, dances for the light footed, grab-bags and fish ponds, and an agent to take in all donations that the generous may bestow.

About 9 o'clock Sunday morning H M Moore and family, living on Morse and Topeka avenues, left home for the country. Half an hour after their departure the neighbors noticed the house was on fire, and hastily summoned the fire department which soon extinguished the fire. Upon examination it was found that the interior, including furniture, bedding, clothing, etc., was entirely destroyed. The loss was lessened by an insurance upon the property of \$1,000.

A party of surveyors have left to survey a route for the Santa Fe from Panhandle, Tex., to Albuquerque, N. M. The proposed line will shorten the distance from Kansas City to Albuquerque about 200 miles.

C. A. Benson, of Leavenworth, charged with the murder of Mrs. Metman, has been taken to Topeka where the trial will take place in the United States court, the crime having been committed on the military reservation.

Mr R Bins of Rossville, who was selected by the committee to run for county commissioner of the northern Shawnee district, declines, and leaves the field to Mr Bates, the people's candidate. This was a creditable thing for him to do.

Frank Peison, a barber, who resides with his parents at 1283 Lane street, was snatched and robbed Tuesday night while on his way home from Crawford's opera house. The police are endeavoring to ferret out the matter, but they are working in the dark.

M S Evans had a narrow escape from being caught in the Leland hotel fire at Syracuse, New York. He was visiting in the neighborhood, and occupied a room on the fourth floor. He made a run to Niagara Falls, and while away the hotel burned down.

O A Bradford is a candidate for Justice of the peace for Soldier township. He has been serving in that capacity for some time, and he should be elected for a full term.

Robert Giles, who is in charge of the Santa Fe surveying party, left for the Panhandle Tuesday night. Ed. Ramsauer and Clarence McClintock accompanied him.

The republican committee have substituted the name of R B Wines of Rossville, for county commissioner in place of R B McMaster, who declined.

Mrs. Dow, of Meriden visited Mrs. J. M. Batteredly the first of this week.

LEMON PICKLES.—For this, choose small fruit with a thick rind. Rub the rind well with a piece of flannel; then slit them down the quarters, but not quite through the pulp, fill these slits with salt and press them together. Stand the lemons upright in an earthen dish for four days; by this time they will be partly covered with brine. Turn them every day for three days longer in the brine. Drain. Add to this brine sufficient cider vinegar to cover the lemons, and one jalapeno pepper, and one ounce of green ginger-root cut into small pieces, bring to boiling-point, skim, and then stand aside to cool. When cold, pour it over the lemon and put away in glass jars.

A REAL LUXURY!

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

If your grocer sends you anything in place of SAPOLIO, send it back and insist upon having just what you ordered. SAPOLIO always gives satisfaction. On floors, tables, and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans, and metals it has no equal. Everything shines after it, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for SAPOLIO to make a better profit. Send back such articles and insist on having just what you ordered.



The Fall of the year is a trying time for stock. See that it is well-fed and not unnecessarily exposed to stormy and cold weather.

It is not necessary to weight your silo, if it is otherwise right. A foot or so of straw or swale grass makes a good covering. A few loose boards may be laid on this.

John E. Burton the deposed Milwaukee mining king, has been released from his creditors. His indebtedness was estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Abyssinians make a composition of butter and pounded coffee berry, which in travelling, they find more sustaining than either bread or meat.

Eight different brewers in Cork have amassed fortunes exceeding \$6,000,000 each, and most of the money has come from those who buy by the glass or pint.

You cannot have a college, or even a high-school, in every village, or at every cross-road; but it would not be impossible to multiply centres of illumination such as were typified by the district-school libraries of forty or fifty years ago. It is just here that such an institution as Mudie's circulating library which sends books in parcels all over England and collects them weekly or monthly, has considerable suggestive value. The smaller centres, country towns and railway stations from which the ordinary commodities of living are distributed, might well be centres of distribution for food for the mind as well as the body.

An Auburn, Me., woman who is a deaf mute furnishes an excellent example of what can be done to triumph over the afflictions of nature. She is a splendid housekeeper; has about the most beautiful collection of house plants in the city. Her husband is also a deaf mute, but their child—a handsome dark-eyed, two-year-old—will probably talk when she comes to mingle with other children, as she says "bye bye" and other childish phrases now. One of the most interesting things about this lady is her mode of communicating with others. Of course this is mostly done by writing, and very quaint are some of the idioms she uses. But she frequently resorts to pantomime, and some of her ways are very ingenious. To express sleep she shuts her eyes and buries the side of her head in her hand; the same for death, with an additional horizontal motion through the air. Even the dog she has understands her and will come when she taps for him. So her life is not unhappy.

The November St. Nicholas, 1890.

ST. NICHOLAS has completed seventeen successful years, and begins its eighteenth with this number.

From the first it has had a policy of its own and has adhered to it without wavering. The magazine seems to stand alone as a representative of the growing modern conviction that influence and example are better than preaching and teaching, and that cultivation of good taste is no less important than training the intellect.

The new volume will, it is announced contain a number of serials by prominent writers for the young. J T Frowbridge, author of "The Tankham Brothers' Hide-My-Head," a continued story of great interest and lasting popularity among boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and their sisters, will contribute a long serial entitled, "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford"; and Noah Brooks, whose exciting book, "The Boy Emigrants," is well remembered, will write a similar and yet different serial, "The Boy Settlers," the scene of which is the Territory of Kansas during the border troubles. Both of these stories begin in this number and are full of wholesome interest.

Besides the longer prose attractions noted, we may speak of "Little Yemba Brown," by M M D, illustrated by Wile's beautiful frontispiece drawing; "A Story I Told the Pirate," a humorous bit of child nature; "The Mules and the Electric Car," a very close anecdote; "Jack and Jill Reynard," one of Mr Holder's sketches of animal life; "The Sequel," a fanciful story by Tudor Jenks, with Ben-sell's pictures; and "The Gator," by Clarence B Moore.

There are still many features besides the departments to mention but no reader will overlook any of them.

The leading article in the November ECLECTIC, by J Stephen Jeans, discusses in a very interesting way the relations of "American Railways and British Farmers," which will come home to all Americans. Mr W R Lawson gives a very clear exposition of the late imbroglio in the Argentine Republic. Mr Goldwin Smith attacks the new tariff from the Free Trade side, and presents the argument with remarkable force. This article on "The American Tariff" is eminently worth reading, even by the protectionists. "Possibilities of Naval Warfare," by H Arthur Kennedy, and "Hypnotism in Relation to Crime and the Medical Faculty," are papers which all thinking persons will find it desirable to read. In the latter article the author discusses a question full of the most important possibilities. The lighter articles are racy and fresh. "An Episode in the Land League Movement" is a tragic story of Irish politics, and "A Worldly Woman" is the first part of a charming story by Vernon Lee, to be completed in the next number. Published by E R PELTON, 25 Bond Street, New York. \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. ECLECTIC and any \$4 Magazine, \$3.

The November number of The Domestic Monthly contains an extra number of pages, filled with hundreds of illustrations. As a household and family periodical it fills every need of entertainment, amusement, and instruction. It is charmingly illustrated, and its short-stories are notably good. The publishers announce trial subscription for 25 cents for 3 months, and a free coupon good for 25 cents' worth of paper patterns. Send direct to 853 Broadway, New York.

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.

MARRIED school mistresses in Cincinnati, whose term of office is uncertain after the present year, may be consoled by the fact that time was when professors and teachers of the other sex were served with letters of dismissal if they ventured to enter the holy bonds of matrimony.

The change lately introduced in the courts of New York, by which all divorce cases are to be tried in open court and not in private rooms before referees, is having an evident beneficial effect on society there. There is no question that the number of fraudulent divorces will be greatly lessened.

The law to prevent the carrying of lottery advertisements and letters for lottery companies in the mails has had a good educational effect upon the people, aside from the material suppression of the lotteries themselves. As a rule the better public sentiment will be with the laws of the country in all real reform.

The Mormons, being hard pressed by the law, have decided to give up the practice of polygamy. The hardship of resigning the inestimable privilege of being the husband of half a dozen wives at once may be somewhat alleviated, however, by our liberal divorce laws, which permit a Mormon still to take as many wives as he pleases, provided he takes only one at a time.

WHILE it is too late for cholera to disturb us this year its continued presence and progress in Spain promise danger to this country next year. Up to Sept. 19 there were 4,180 cases in Spain and 2,125 were fatal. The great mortality shows that the disease is active, not dying out, in Spain. We cannot and should not shut our eyes to the fact that this country is in danger until the present pandemic has run its course.

The age is prolific of marvels, indeed, and it may be said that electricity is the chief agent in producing them. Man has laid his hands on the subtle, strange and awful force, dragged it from its hiding places, and made it his slave to do his work—not, indeed, without some grave misgivings that it may, in the end, become his master; and the world is looking, with a feeling akin to exhilaration, to see what is to come of it.

If all accounts are true the average Mexican is a tough citizen. A St. Louis man returned from the mines of Mexico says that at least 100 Americans are murdered in the mountains every year, and as they are mostly laborers their disappearance creates no demand from their friends on this side for any official investigation. He further alleges that the possession of \$10 in gold is enough to make an American a victim of the knife.

Two hundred and fifty years ago several Indian sachems made a voluntary submission to the government of Massachusetts. In order to test their sincerity a number of questions were put to them and these, with their answers, are in contemporaneous records. One question was "Not to do any unnecessary work on ye sabbath day, especially within ye gates of christian townes," and their answer was: "It is easy to ym; they have not much to do, on any day and they can well take their ease on yt day."

The home newspaper is the great educator in the affairs of the world. The time was when the local county paper dealt only in the most desultory way with the news and doings of the outside world beyond the confines of the immediate neighborhood; but with the present methods in use the county paper gives a very complete resume of the doings of the whole world, and the man who reads its columns with care and thoughtfully is better posted than his father who depended on an old-time city weekly for his information.

There is much still to be done by the graded school system in the way of fitting them to the primary purposes for which they are designed. There are many old fogies who do not hesitate to say that the old red brick or log school houses were fully as successful in turning out boys and girls fitted to brave the battles of life and reach successful man and womanhood as the best graded schools of to-day. In the most advanced of the schools of our large towns and cities everything is set to the one purpose of fitting the pupils for the high schools and the college, whereas not one scholar in twenty remains in school after the age of fourteen.

Summering On a Farm.

I'm living in the country now, upon a quiet farm. Where I am free from the city noise and safe from urban harm; And 'stead of horrid cantaloupes and early summer meats, I feed upon the cool crisp squash and blood-red winter beets.

I have a room with slanting roof; no wear-some design. Upon the wall is there to greet those tired eyes of mine. But honest, coarse, sand-paper walls are those about my head. 'Pon which I rub that fevered spot where mosquitoes have fed.

No narrow bath-tub have I here to lave my self within. But one large basin on the floor, a dipper made of tin. Oh, how the cooling waters splash, and o'er my shoulder flow. Despite their laking through the floor, assuaging all my woe!

And, as I've said, no city noise doth break upon the ear— Naught save the cooling of the frog, the bleat of chattleer. The crowing of the Durham cow, the lowing of the hen;— These are the sole disturbances in this my rural den.

And oh, the habits that this life, this country life inspires! The breakfast set at five a. m.—ah! how my soul admires To rise at four, and ere the sun has started on its way, To don my duds and enter on the duties of the day!

Instead of working at my desk in hot seat's suoker coat, To seek the fields and toss the hay, to feed the bounding goat, To dine three times a day on pie, washed down by berry wine, And when the sun has set at last retiring at nine.

This is a noble life to lead; from care and strife so free: It tans the cheek, the muscles gain, it fills the soul with glee. But when next summer comes this way, I fear I can't afford To swap the sweat of brow and brawn for rural red and board.

—Henry Herbert Harkness, in Harper's Bazaar.

THE THEFT OF A TRESS.

The rivalry between the two young men was very bitter. Little Billy Stedman, one of the cleverest salesmen in the great retail store of Squareshell, Shields & Co., considered himself every whit the equal of young Ernest Trevor, the rich broker's son, who did not work for a living and wore yellow kid gloves every day of the year, rain or shine. Nevertheless Mr. Trevor was wont to look down somewhat on Billy and would perhaps not have condescended to notice him at all if certain circumstances were not constantly throwing them together.

Miss Millicent Turner, the head saleswoman in the cloak department of Squareshell, Shields & Co., was a singularly beautiful young woman. Tall and shapely, with big brown eyes deeply fringed with heavy lashes, tiny hands and feet and a carriage in which decision and grace were happily blended, she was a very refreshing object to look at on a warm day. Her most remarkable feature, however, was her hair, which was of a rich bronze tint and curled away up on her head like a shining pyramid of silk. When she let it down sometimes for the amusement of the other girls, it fell almost to her knees in a perfumed torrent that excited both admiration and envy on every side.

Miss Millicent had many admirers and among them were numbered both Billy and Trevor. The latter had accompanied his mother one day when she had come to look at some cloaks. He was smitten at once. Notwithstanding his superior station in society, the young man's conduct had been propriety itself. There was no suggestion of frivolity or impudence about it. He had sought an introduction in a perfectly legitimate way and from almost the first day he made her acquaintance had been her devoted slave.

Billy owed his acquaintance with the charmer to the very practical intercourse of dry, every day business. He had improved his opportunities and stood at this time very high in her good graces. They were together a great deal and it was common rumor about the store that they had decided to make a match of it.

The beautiful saleswoman was to a certain degree impartial in her treatment of her two adorers. True, she was more with Billy than with his rival, and their intercourse was naturally more familiar. It would have been very hard for an outsider to pick out the winner. Both had made declaration of love to her and besought her to put them out of their misery. To Billy, who had looked very handsome with his curly brown hair and pathetic blue eyes as he knelt on the damp grass at Lincoln Park to make his avowal, she had said that they were both too poor to marry; to Trevor, who had pleaded with all the impetuosity of a pampered boy of 20, she had said very prettily that she could not think of entering a family where she was sure her present occupation and position in society would prevent her receiving a welcome. Both young men, however, despite these refusals, continued to call on her. Neither of them knew that the other had proposed and been rejected—a fact which was in itself a high tribute to the fair one's good sense—and though they generally happened to strike separate evenings for their visits, they occasionally met in the tastefully decorated little parlor. At such times they would exchange monosyllabic remarks, or glare at each other like prize-fighters, until their pretty hostess, in sheer desperation and dread of bloodshed, would turn them both out at once.

But there came an eventful day when all the fates seemed to play directly into Billy's hands. The employees of Squareshell, Shields & Co. had a picnic at a pretty grove a couple of hours ride from town. There was a broad, swift river, and a boat in which Miss Millicent sat with an angular floorwalker, went shooting over a high dam and upset. The angular floorwalker turned his attention to saving himself and Billy, who by a special dispensation of his lucky star, happened to be standing on the brink at that point, plunged in like the plucky fellow he was and fished out his dripping charmer. She was forced to take her wonderful hair down, to let it dry in the breeze, and an hour or two later, when the dusk had fallen, Billy wrapped the soft tresses all about his throat and face to give him courage, and made another appeal. Of course it was successful; Miss Millicent would not have been a woman otherwise.

"Dear Billy," murmured she, stroking his cheek (that was no less innocent of down than her own) with her soft hand, "I always loved you with the best any way. You saved my life to-day, too." Billy blushed in the darkness; he had not told her that he had walked ashore with her in his arms, the water being only up to his shoulders—"and I think we can be happy together, you and I, Billy."

Somehow or other Billy found a passage to her mouth through the billows of flowing hair, and the compact was sealed between them in the old immortal way.

Very naturally young Mr. Ernest Trevor was perturbed when he heard the news. Indeed, that is putting it too mildly. To tell the truth he exhibited an inclination to go partially insane. He wrote Miss Millicent letters, in the course of which he would alternate avowals of his hopeless passion with threats against the curly-haired and triumphant Billy's life. More than this, he enlisted the aid of his parents in his behalf. The latter were not indifferent to their son's welfare—often the case with fathers and mothers—and when the desperate youth swore by all the gods and little fishes at once that he would slay himself unless he could marry this girl, they, knowing that he had a habit of keeping his word, became alarmed. All expostulations proving unavailing they reached the conclusion that he must have his way. They visited Miss Millicent. The mother became satisfied that she would make any man a good wife, and from that moment she petted and caressed her as though she had been her own daughter. She made her presents, took her for carriage drives, to plays and everywhere else and lost no opportunity of pleading the cause of her headstrong boy as only a mother can.

Billy objected most decidedly to these goings on and he told Millicent so. She was not inclined to be unfaithful, but liked her own way and said she would have it. A week or so of unpleasantness followed and then there came an open quarrel. Billy put his foot squarely down. The reception of Mrs. Trevor's attention must cease; so must the visits to her house. Otherwise the engagement must end.

Miss Millicent drew herself up proudly, though she grew as pale as a lily, and professed indifference. Billy jammed his hat down over his eyes and left the house. Then came the inevitable sequence. Miss Millicent had left the establishment of Squareshell, Shields & Co. shortly after the announcement of her engagement to Billy. It was at least three months after that that Billy read in the "Back Door Chat" column of the *Society Gabbler* the announcement of her approaching marriage to young Trevor.

He bore his agony in much the same fashion that other young men do—smoked fifteen cigars a day instead of six and changed his poker game from a penny ante to \$2 limit. There came a calm quiet evening when he felt more than usually sentimental. It lacked only a few days of the wedding. The air was soft and balmy. The moon shone with chaste splendor. He thought he would stroll past the old familiar house, just for the sake of memories.

He was unconsciously whistling Toshti's "Good-bye," as he walked slowly past the porch where he had set with his Millicent so few, so very few nights ago. He started back in amazement as he came opposite to the little wicket gate. A tall, white-robed figure stood in the shadows just out of the searching rays of the moon.

"Millicent," he gasped. A white hand rose in the shadow and as quickly fell. In an instant he was at her side.

"Oh, go away, go away," murmured the girl, "you must not stay here an instant. How wicked of you! Billy, please, dear Billy, go away. What would people say of me if they saw you here?"

Billy pulled out his watch and looked at it. It pointed to 11. "I suppose the prospective bridegroom has just gone," said he.

"Yes, yes," was the agitated response. "Oh, please go away."

Billy drew a step nearer and took her hand. "Not until you have sworn that you love him better than you do me," he declared firmly. The tears came into her big eyes and in all her life she had never looked so handsome and helpless. "Billy," she said brokenly, while a sort of recklessness seemed to shine out of her face. "Oh, Billy," breaking into a wail—"why were you so hasty and ill-tempered? Ah, you know so well!"—she stopped and covered her face with her hands. Her eyes were raining tears now.

The boy made a movement as though to clasp her in his arms. "No!" she

cried, starting back. "I am not so base as that. I will not be doubly false. He, at least, believes in me. Billy, dear, for God's sake, go, and believe me when I swear that I shall go to my grave loving you!"

The moon smirked down on poor Billy, as with desperation in his pale face he knelt on the dewy sod and begged her by all that was dear in life, by all that was sweet, and holy to fly with him. He would see to her safety till morning, he said, and then, hey for Milwaukee and a Gretna Green romance, with all the regulation trimmings.

The weeping maiden was obdurate. To her infinite credit he said, she vowed that nothing could induce her to betray the absent one. She loved the despairing youth at her feet, but—

he must go. Billy arose with a strange, unnatural light in his eyes as though struck with a sudden hope. "One last embrace, then," he gasped with apparent resignation.

She wavered an instant and then yielded. The delicate form, delicious to the eye in its robe of fleecy white and the wonderful hair engulfing it like a cloud, swayed toward him. Their lips met. Blush, blush, ye gods for man's duplicity. The youth had about him the scissoring with which for years he had sliced off yards of flannel for the patrons of Messrs. Squareshell, Shields & Co. Even as his left arm encircled the drooping figure his right hand stole to his waistcoat pocket; the gleaming blades of steel were raised aloft. In an instant there had been severed from a queenly head a great, bulky lock of hair—as much as a man might hold in one of his hands—a tress as thick as a man-of-war's cable.

The youth sprang back with his silken trophy dangling in his hand.

"What, oh what have you done?" almost shrieked the maid, with her hands to her head.

"Listen," commanded Billy, in a cold, confident tone. "You dare not face your betrothed with that shorn head and you know it. It was a mean trick, I know, but it was a case of life and death. Milly, I will wait for you at my rooms—you know where they are—and to-morrow we will be married. I know you'll be there."

Billy's confidence was not misplaced. His rooms were just round the corner. He waited on the front steps for her and in an hour she came. What else could she have done? There was no earthly explanation she could have made. They sat in Billy's little den all night, holding each other's hands. At dawn—long before Billy's landlady had an opportunity to be scandalized—they had vanished. And so the daily papers had to record another runaway marriage.

But the many friends of the bride could never understand why she cut off her beautiful hair so short.—*Harold E. Vynne, in Chicago Evening Journal.*

McKee Rankin's Mistake.

Several years ago, when McKee Rankin was leading man in the stock company at the theater in Pittsburg says the *N. Y. Dramatic Mirror*, he was visited every few days throughout the entire season by a long lean man who looked like a typical countryman. He tried to influence him to advance money for the putting of a patent before the public. The visitor only had one way of stating his case, and this he religiously did on an average of three times a week for thirty weeks. He would lounge up to Rankin, and, after bidding the actor "good morning," and chatting for a while, would incidentally remark:

"I've got a patent out of which untold wealth can be made—if I only had about \$500 to get started. Now, Mac, I'll give you a half interest in it if you'll advance the money."

The same speech was repeated so frequently that it became a standing joke in the company, and the young fellow who gave utterance to it was looked upon as a crank by one and all. Other people not members of the company joined the actors in their estimate of the mental balance of the inventor. The season closed. Rankin came to New York and his friend from Pittsburg was forgotten until some years later, when "The Danites" was in the flush of its success. Rankin was playing the part of Sandy in Pittsburg, when he received a call at his hotel from one of the millionaires of the Smoky city. He was greatly surprised to think this man should call on him, but a few moments' conversation put him straight. The visitor was George Westinghouse and the patent he "tried" to get Rankin interested in was the now universally used "air-brake," the royalties from which amount to more than \$500,000 per annum.

Some Aphorisms.
"Most people seek the deep slumber of a decided opinion."
"The extreme sense of perfection in some men is the greatest obstacle to their success."
"The man of genius may be a guide, but the man of talents will be a leader."
"Tolerance is the only real test of civilization."
"We must often consider, not what the wise think, but what the foolish will say."
"One ought always to be mindful of the first syllable of the word conversation, and talk with people, not to them."—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

A Pottsville (Pa.) man took seventy-five pretzels along with him to Europe to eat on the way.

PHENOLOGY.

The Foundation Laid for a New and Interesting Science.

Phenology is an infant science which is concerned with studying the successive phases of vegetation and animal life and the ripening of fruits and grains in relation to the annual dates of their recurrence, with a view of utilizing the results in promoting agriculture, and in predicting the sanitary and meteorological character of the seasons. While as yet but little progress has been made in this study, it promises to become a useful research. A prominent German phenologist, Dr. Hoffman, after careful collation of his data, finds that in twenty-one out of twenty-nine years the early and late opening of the buds of the chestnut has corresponded with a following winter, warm or cold. This deduction may not hold true in all countries. But there can be no question that vegetation everywhere affords a valuable presage of those otherwise inscrutable exceptional seasons which are fraught with serious consequences of great good or great ill to the people of a whole hemisphere. This was strikingly illustrated last winter—a season preface by the continuous bloom, both in England and New England, till late in January of out-of-door flowers which before an ordinary winter usually disappear by the December solstice. During the notably mild British winter of 1881-82 133 wild flowers withstood the cold, and at Killarney the peach trees were in full bloom by January 21, while the bees stored up more honey than they did in the ensuing ungenial summer. The tardy spring of 1883 in Western Europe was indicated by the swallow's lateness in making his appearance—twenty-two days later than in the early spring of 1882. Had Napoleon carried into his Russian campaign a skillful phenologist to give him timely warning of the early and rigorous winter which destroyed his army he might possibly have escaped unharmed.

The value of observations alluded to is well stated by the French journal, *Ciel et Terre*, which recently defined phenology as a species of thermometry, which may even occasionally correct erroneous conclusions from thermometric records, and, in fact, may attain the same precision as meteorology. It says: "A plant is, in fact, a sort of registering thermometer, which, like the thermometer, shows the present temperature, but, in addition, the final effect of past temperature. Accurate observations of the phases of vegetation, and the determination of their mean value, furnish important indications as to the further progress of the plant. These phenological observations enable us to examine predictions which have come down to us from remote ages, such as the speedy arrival of winter after the fall of the bloom of the health and the larch losing its leaves."

In the United States a thorough and uniform system of such observation would be of great interest to all classes, especially to agriculturists, as a record of the life history of forest and fruit trees and of many food plants, the effect of climate extremes on the grain harvests and as a basis for both agricultural and seasonal forecasts. This year we have a failure of fruits in the Atlantic States and other parts of the country, which, for the want of phenological observations, was entirely unforeseen. Had close observations been made and kept, even for a few preceding years, on the antecedent conditions which determine the failure or success of the peach and apple crops there can be little doubt that the present disappointment of horticulturists would have been anticipated and much needless expense avoided.

No doubt countless and competent volunteers in all parts of the country would co-operate in an extensive and exact system of phenological research, similar to that which for many years has been carried out on a large scale in England and also in Germany.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Fatal "Buck Fever."

It is a coincidence worthy of note that the founder of the house Deimonico and its last proprietor of the name in the male line both perished in a tragic and unexpected manner. About a dozen French residents, bent upon recreation, had gone thirty miles out on Long Island for a deer hunt, which then still afforded exciting and romantic sport. John Deimonico—who was one of the party, and, though a hunter of some experience, more sanguine than the rest of us—unaccountably failed to hit a large buck which suddenly confronted him within easy range. The shock of disappointment was apparently more than the excited sportsman could bear, for, without uttering a sound, he placed his hand upon his heart and expired on the spot.

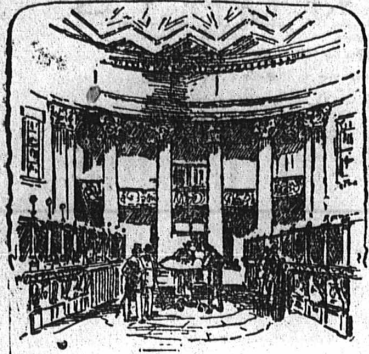
NOTES FROM GOTHAM.

LATEST FINANCIAL, DRAMATIC, AND ARTISTIC SENSATIONS.

Wall Street and the New Tariff—The Wife of a Wall Street Man Paralyzes the Dramatic World—The Statue of Horace Greeley.

[Special New York Letter.]

The perturbations of Wall street have excited the attention of the country to an unusual degree during the past week. It is to be remarked that the country is inclined to resent any weakness on the part of Wall street. Consequently we



INTERIOR OF NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.

have had grave Senators rising in their places at Washington and proposing to introduce legislation to abolish Wall street unless that haunt of bulls and bears behaves itself, and at the news exchanges I notice that the rural papers are coming in loaded with diatribes against the "money center" of the country.

Did it ever occur to the financial moralists at Washington and Podunk that there was one very easy way to abolish Wall street? It is simply to follow the advice of old Ben Franklin, and abolish custom houses. The New York custom house is located at the heart of Wall street. About it centers the great brokerage houses in which is transacted the business of a hemisphere. They are mutually dependent upon each other.

It is a plain fact that the custom house and not the bankers and brokers are responsible for the late "squeeze" in the money market. The whole energy of the commercial world has been concentrated apparently in an effort to get all the advantage possible out of the interim preceding the passage of the McKinley bill. As a result, Uncle Sam's custom warehouses are crowded as never before with imported goods in bond, and it is the money tied up in collateral and deposits to secure these immense purchases of foreign goods that has created the prevailing money stringency. There is going to be a "big pile" made out of the sale of these goods if the tariff bill passes according to program. And there will be a still tighter squeeze in Wall street unless Congress provides for a considerable delay in enforcing the provisions of the McKinley bill.

The relations between Wall street and the dramatic profession are suspected by some to be rather more intimate than appears on the surface. Just now the wife of a Wall street banker is the reigning popular favorite in the amusement world, and all on account of a daring exhibition of her personal charms that has almost paralyzed the theater going public. The presentation of "The Clemenceau Case" at the Standard Theater was an attempt to take advantage of the rather unenviable notoriety which that rather startling piece of French fiction had gained. The dramatization proved a failure, however. The public had no taste for merely questionable language and suggestion. One of the startling points of the plot is the incident which exhibits the heroine in the character of an artist's model. This scene was presented in the original representation by Miss Rose Eyring with a careful regard for the modesty of the public that deprived it of all sensational features, and as the play in itself is really a very ordinary piece of vulgarity, it was voted a dreary bore and seemed destined to a flat failure. In this crisis, the managers put Miss Eyring and her scruples aside, and brought "Miss" Sybil Johnstone from the retirement into which she had gone some two years ago when she left the stage to become the wife of a prosperous Wall street operator. It is suspected that Mr. "Johnstone" got caught in the late squeeze and needed a "brace" such as all habitués of "the street" are liable at times to find acceptable. At any rate, Miss Johnstone put aside her scruples (it is only a proper regard to her sex to suppose that she had some)



and has appeared during the past week in the studio scene with a regard for what is termed "naturalism" that has produced a perfect furor, and "The

Clemenceau Case" bids fair to have a long and profitable run. There is no need to attempt to gloss the matter. A vulgar and insignificant play has been rescued from deserved failure by the brazen indecency of a beautiful woman. I remember, many years ago, that the late Orestes C. Bronson used to say that the American man worshipped two deities, Venus and Mammon. And this leads me to recur to my original statement, that there is a more intimate connection between Wall street and the dramatic profession (as at present exemplified) than is usually suspected by the public.

The unveiling of the Greeley statue last week was an event in the history of Printing House Square. The statue is a fine example of the power of the most original as well as the most American of our sculptors. Mr. Ward has done nothing better. Nobody can pass the corner of Spruce street without being struck by the likeness of the statue to its original.

There were two elements in the character of Horace Greeley—aside from his admitted great literary ability—that account for his continued reputation, and these were his sincerity, and his originality. He was not only a man of genius, but he was a "character." His name is indissolubly connected with the history of the newspaper press in this city. He will always be a theme of historical reminiscence and popular anecdote. In a certain sense he has displaced Ben Franklin as the patron saint of the New York printers. This is rather hard on Franklin—who was the greater and saner intellectuality—but it is a fact nevertheless. The two men undoubtedly resembled each other in certain points of character, and, as they face each other across the few feet of space through which flows the busy life of the city, one can not help think what would be the emotions of either could they be brought back to this mundane sphere. The changes have really been greater since Greeley's death than they were in the period from 1800 to 1865. Printing House Square has been revolutionized since Greeley passed away, in a manner



that has had no precedent since Aladdin built his wonderful palace in a night. When the Tribune building was put up it was supposed that the limit of daring aerial architecture had been reached. The absurdity of the idea is now apparent. Nearly a dozen buildings carry their walls above the clock of the Tribune "tall tower." The Times building rendered the Tribune quite insignificant, and now the new World building has capped the climax apparently of tower of Babel possibilities. What if one of these huge buildings should "take a tumble" one of these days. The Gothams may well pray to be spared from an earthquake. JEROME.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The belle at a recent dog feast in an Indian reservation in Dakota wore a jacket trimmed with teeth from 150 elk, which she had herself slain.

There is still living on a plantation in Lee county, Ga., a negro woman who does not know that she is free. She is totally deaf, and has never been made to understand about emancipation.

The new German Chancellor, General Caprivi, is an inveterate smoker and a moderate drinker. He manifests a marked preference for wine over beer, which he touches very rarely and sparingly.

The Hon. Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit is a Parsee gentleman who has given away \$1,000,000 in private charities. His latest benefaction is a gift of 100,000 rupees toward the founding of a leper hospital at Bombay.

Miss Alice Parker was lately admitted to the Middlesex, Mass., county bar, being the third woman thus received in Massachusetts. She is a native of that State, but has already practiced her profession successfully in California.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis writes that her daughter, Mrs. I. A. Hayes of Colorado Springs, and her husband, have changed their little son's name to Jefferson Hayes Davis, "so that there shall be one to bear the beloved and honored name of his own blood."

Prime Minister Crispi is a millionaire, though the poorest among Italian revolutionary exiles thirty years ago. His enemies accuse him of having grown wealthy at the cost of the State Treasury, and his friends say lucky speculations and shrewd investments yielded him his fortune.

Miss Edwards, in a recent lecture on "The Literature and Religion of Ancient Egypt," stated that the oldest book in the world is at present in the Bibliothéque Nationale at Paris. The Egyptians were the earliest makers of literature, and this document is on papyrus, and was written long before the Christian era.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Metal ties for railroads are proving very satisfactory.

An Austrian photographer claims to have succeeded in photographing colors.

An immense flume, four and one-half miles long, is to be built at Spokane. The pipe is to be made of steel and will be twenty-two inches in diameter.

It is proposed to reduce cows' milk to a dry powder, as being better for transportation and superior to condensed milk. The idea originated in Switzerland.

Experiments with the 25,000-candle-power search lamps show that vessels three miles off can readily be detected, and that, by throwing the light on the clouds, signaling is possible at a distance of fifty miles.

Sending pictures by telegraph is one of the latest inventions. The salient points of the picture are established by a previously agreed upon system of coordinates, and the details are filled in by the descriptive words added.

Experiments with a new explosive called oerassic, which is to dynamite as 100 to 70, have recently been made in Austria, and are said to have succeeded so well that the invention has been purchased for military purposes exclusively.

A very ingenious electrical device has lately been patented by which the hands of a clock set to a certain hour are made to complete an electric current connected with the kitchen stove, so that the fire is started when the given hour arrives.

An Englishman has invented a means of utilizing the principle of stilts with wheels. The wheels are fastened to the feet as stilts are, and each act as a sort of independent bicycle. They go very fast when one has learned how to walk on them.

Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body, says an author, as a bath containing an ounce of aqua ammonia to each gallon of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble, and renders the body pure and free from all odor.

Here is a cure for drunkenness: Half an ounce of ground quassia steeped in a pint of vinegar is recommended highly as a cure for drunkenness. A teaspoonful in a little water should be taken every time the liquor thirst is felt. It satisfies the cravings and produces a feeling of stimulation and strength.

Recently in the Old World a date palm that for years produced male flowers only, produced female flowers and perfect fruit, to the wonderment of scientific people there. It would not be so remarkable to American biologists. At any rate, it shows that fertility depends as much on that much-abused term "environment" as on the visits of insects.—[New York Independent]

During the forthcoming census in India special arrangements will be made to obtain statistics of the lepers all over the country, according to their various districts, their ranks in life, occupations, race, religion, etc., and it is probable that any really comprehensive legislation will be suspended until the results of this branch of the census inquiry are made known. Of course measures for the segregation of lepers will be proceeded with immediately.—[London Echo]

Those who have spent a half hour or so trying to ring up a man at the other end of a telephone line, and have found out after much effort that there was no one there, would feel better if there was on the market something which would at once, when a box was rung up, give a signal stating that there was no one to receive a message, and how convenient if some attachment could be devised for communicating the time the person would return to receive the message.—[Scientific American]

The opinion is expressed by Mr. Elliot, in his last "Meteorological Report for India," that the period of minimum sun-spots is associated in that country with the largest and most abnormal variations of meteorological conditions and actions. Thus the snow was exceptionally heavy in the northwest Himalayas in the winters of 1866, 1876, and 1877. The most striking and disastrous famines have also occurred near the minimum sun-spots, as those of Orissa in 1876, Behar in 1864, and Madras in 1876-'77. So, too, with cyclones, as at Calcutta in 1884, when 60,000 people were drowned in the storm-wave, and Backerganj in 1876, when 100,000 were drowned.—[Popular Science Monthly]

It is well known that the sensation produced by heat and cold of the atmosphere upon the exposed surface of the human body has no direct constant relation to the rising and falling of the temperature in the shade, commonly regarded as the temperature of the external air. When over-heated, we fan ourselves or court a draught, and wind produces a like cooling effect. In stagnant air the heat of the tropics is unbearable. In polar regions the cold of winter is insupportable in high winds. Thus a cooling sensation is maintained by a breeze throughout the thermometrical range of temperature. But, whatever the temperature of the air may be, in sunshine we experience additional warmth, especially if there is little or no wind. Hence our sensations of heat and cold are due not merely to the temperature of the air, but also to the direct solar radiation and the wind's velocity.—[Science]

An enterprising showman has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Rouen, in France, for exhibiting a false "Angolus." He claims that it was the original by Millet, and that the one in America was a forgery.

TESTS FOR TORPEDOES.

PRACTICING WITH THE MODERN WEAPON OF WAR.

Each Torpedo is Fired at a Submerged Target and Its Course and Behavior is Carefully Observed—It is a Very Dangerous Operation.

Among the weapons which are called upon to play an important part in modern warfare the torpedo stands in the foremost rank of interest, and yet very little is known of its peculiarities, especially of those of the German torpedo. Its greater danger does not lie in the fact that it is an engine of destruction, but in the power to direct it with fatal certainty. This is accomplished by treating the torpedo, to a certain extent, as if it were a living creature, its character and peculiarities being observed, and the results of these observations being recorded in a list of particulars, to which those in command refer when firing. Especial attention is paid to target shooting, and keeping a careful record of the results obtained; and besides this, the torpedoes just from the works are tested as to their mechanical correctness with a view to regulating them.

In our article of to-day, says Ueber Land und Meer, we treat a very important factor in the life of the torpedo—the practice ground, with all its interesting details. The celebrated firm of "Schwarzkopf," which, as is well known, supplies half the world with torpedoes, has two practice grounds of this kind, one in the harbor of Kiel, and the other near Venice. A third one, which was built on the same model at Yokohama, now belongs to the Japanese government.

A practice ground of this class consists of two parts connected by a railroad track, viz., the machine-house, which contains all the machinery necessary for the regulation of the torpedoes, and the shooting place proper. To this leads a bridge, which extends sufficiently far over the water to give the torpedo and the pinnace employed in the operation the required depth. At the head of the bridge is the trestle, the under part of which is arranged for the reception of the torpedo tube, while above, on the platform, is a little house for the engineers.

We will now follow the very interesting detail of firing, which is by no means as simple as the firing of guns. Let us begin by placing the target, which consists of a float about 25 meters long and 1½ meters wide, carrying a breastwork on the side toward the practice waters. The supports of the breastwork are 1 meter apart, and thus serve to measure the course of the torpedo in relation to the center of the target, which is marked by a stake carrying one of the usual round disks. On the float there is also a kind of sentry box for the protection of the target man or guard.

The preparations for firing consists, first, as we have said, in placing the target. The pinnace tows it about 400 meters into the bay, the correct position being obtained from the bridge by means of sextants, and then it is secured in place by four anchors carried out from the four corners by a boat. When the float is firm the torpedo is brought out of the shop along the bridge on a truck to the crane, by which it is swung out to the loading frame.

Here it is filled with compressed air. This operation, which can be detected at a distance by a peculiar singing sound, consists of forcing compressed air—by means of a pump located in the shed—into the torpedo through a small copper tube. The supply of air is regulated by a man at the manometer, while it is cut off by another man who stands by the torpedo. Then it is launched, pushed in front of the firing tube, and is finally raised and pushed into the tube, which is closed and lowered to a depth of two meters. The torpedo is now ready for firing.

The torpedo is propelled in part by the impulse given to it when fired from its gun and in part by the compressed air with which it is charged, which acts on the propeller at the rear of the torpedo.

The red flag, which means "clear the way," is now raised above the commander's shed on the bridge, and the man on the target and those on the pinnace which is lying on the starboard of the target, answer with their flags. As soon as the signal has been returned, the commands "ready," and then "go" follow, and the torpedo is fired. With a roar that reminds us of the shrill, hoarse cry of a beast of prey, the monster shoots out of the tube, and its course is marked by a strange wake of foaming seething water, between the cross waves of which great bubbles of air come to the surface.

The man on the target has calculated the probable course of the projectile from the wake, and he keeps his eyes

fixed in the depths, until suddenly he sees it rush by; then he pulls down the flag, and a hundred meters beyond the target the torpedo springs out of the water like a sea monster. The moment it passed the target the pinnace started in after it under a full head of steam, so as to catch it when it came to the surface. For this the greatest foresight is necessary, as the torpedo has to be handled carefully. The pinnace approaches it slowly, fastens a line to its head and then starts off to the target. Here the net is taken on board, which has been used in a manner presently to be described.

The target man determines the horizontal distance of the course of the projectile from the center of the target by means of the supports referred to above; but to find its depth several nets are secured below the target, the meshes of which are so arranged that the torpedo cannot pass through without breaking one of them. After the projectile has passed the target the man stationed there raises the net which has been struck and hands it over to the pinnace, which now returns with the net and the torpedo to the starting point, which must also be approached with great care, so that by skillful management the torpedo may receive the proper impulse to deliver it to the hands of the man waiting to receive it. After being brought back in this way from its sea voyage the torpedo is raised and prepared for another trial, while the net is given to the engineers, who spread it out and measure the broken meshes. Then the record is made and the operation is completed.

An Anecdote of Sheridan.

While the United States was engaged in the great civil war, France and Austria took advantage of our comparatively helpless condition to attempt the conquest of Mexico, with a view to construct a new empire there under Maximilian. General Grant was strongly opposed to this policy, and after Appomattox sent Sheridan with an army to the lower Rio Grande to observe the movements of the foreigners and to be in readiness to intervene whenever congress gave permission.

An orderly woke the colonel soon after daylight one morning and urged him to go down to the bank of the river, as something remarkable was going on there. The colonel did so, and had the gratification of seeing a combat—it could hardly be called a battle—between the national troops, the adherents of Juarez, and the Mexicans who were serving under the banner of Maximilian and who were in possession of Matamoras. The object of the Juarez troops was, of course, to drive the enemy from Matamoras and hold the place, as, owing to its proximity to the United States forces, it was a very important point. Each side seemed to be fortified, and was engaged in a contest at long range, which was neither very exciting or destructive. The next morning the orderly came again to wake the colonel, and assured him that he would see some genuine fighting. The colonel hurried down to the bank, and there he saw the Juarez men leave their entrenchments, advance with the utmost intrepidity, storm the works at Matamoras, and drive the adherents of Maximilian through the town and far beyond out into the open country.

Of course Sheridan could not send a force to the other side of the river without the authority of congress and the war department. That would have been an unheard-of proceeding. What he did do was to give one of his brigades a leave of absence, and that settled the question so far as Matamoras was concerned.—[The Century]

New Stationery.

New notepaper and envelopes are tinted a delicate cream-gray, with fine gold monogram, and are called the Stanley stationery. An attempt has been made to introduce a long slender envelope into which the notepaper, folded lengthwise, slips without further doubling. A departure in English "mourning" stationery is an improvement on the usual style. Instead of the all-around black border graduated to express the extent of bereavement, only the left-hand corner of the paper and cover is stamped with mourning insignia in the shape of a solid black triangle. It stands out clear and distinct, and looks less lugubrious than the familiar black-edged variety. Mauve stationery, with silver monogram, is also announced.—[New York Evening Post]

Came Near Putting His Foot In It.

Mr. Backlot (on the way to church).—"See that burdock draggin' on Miss Lonely's dress. I'm a-goin' to step on 't and pull 't off."

Mrs. Backlot (in horrified whisper).—"Don't tech it, Silas! Don't you know that widders had to wear weeds?"—[St. Joseph News]

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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, NOVEMBER 1.

The new tariff will have no effect
on the price of postage stamps.

An earthquake shock will be felt
within the next five days, and some-
body will be hurt.

The total number of volumes in the
library of the Kansas agricultural
college at Manhattan is 13,500.

A revolution has been going on
during the last ten days, among the
voters of Kansas, that will be felt next
Tuesday.

J. L. Waller has been doing good
service for his party, and, it is said,
will now be rewarded by a consular
appointment.

How many politicians who have
been counting their chickens, will be
disappointed next week when the old
hen gets off the nest.

Some of the papers will have judges
Foster and Phillips on the bench of
the United States circuit court, instead
of the District court.

The telegraph editor wrote "Gov. Hill
on a tour," and the printer put it up
"Gov. Hill on a tear." It happened that
his train was run into that night.

Riley county claims to have the
best county school superintendent in
the state, in Prof. J. H. Lee, and in
this it has the support of state super-
intendent Winans.

There seems to be a very few union
labor cranks who are so set that the
oil of a little office will not enable
them to turn readily and easily in
the interest of a ruling party.

The various candidates for state
printer are getting in their work now,
interviewing and nailing down every
candidate for representative. It is
the one office in the state that has
"millions in it."

It seems to be thought something
worth mentioning that a speech to a
Robinson crowd will call forth cheers
from democrats, and that a speech to
an Humphrey crowd will have the
same effect upon republicans.

The business interests of the coun-
ty have not looked so promising for
years as they do now. Such is the
report that comes from all directions.
Especially the south is getting into
such a prosperous state as it has never
before known.

The question of prohibition is not
fairly before the people. It is true
that is the only real issue, but what-
ever the vote may show it will not by
any means indicate the prohibition
sentiment of the state. The members
of the Farmers' Alliance are mostly
prohibitionists, but those who vote the
people's ticket will not count for pro-
hibition.

About the silliest thing ever said
politically is the statement that the
late decision of Judges Foster and
Phillips is a republican trick in the
interest of the republican party.
Judge Foster is a notorious resub-
missionist and opposed to the repub-
lican ticket, and favors Robinson, the
democratic-resubmission candidate
for governor. Phillips is a straight
out democrat appointed by Cleveland,
and formerly member of congress
from the Sedalia, Mo., district.

A great deal of useless talk is made
over the amount of money in circula-
tion, it being placed at from \$8. to
\$25. per capita. There is no force
whatever in this talk, and it matters
not whether it is the one or the other
sum, whatever it be, there is not
enough that finds its way to the peo-
ple, and the reason is that the manip-
ulators of the money market con-
trol the amount that gets into practi-
cal circulation, regardless of the
amount shown to be issued by gov-
ernment reports. There should be
no money market to be controlled by
speculators.

Ex. Judge D. A. Harvey, late of
Topeka, is candidate for delegate to
congress from Oklahoma.

The semi-annual meeting of the
Kansas Social Science club will be
held at Emporia, November 6-7.

The people of Kansas do not want
another Glick administration, and it
is not probable that they will have
it.

The Rev. L. H. Holt, formerly edi-
tor of the state Baptist organ, has
accepted a call to the First Baptist
church of Emporia.

A very large increase in the num-
ber of students at the agricultural
college is announced. It is a good
school in which to learn to meet the
practical side of life.

Several of the ministers of Topeka
last Sunday took occasion to say to
their hearers that no christian voter
can consistently refrain from doing
his full duty in preventing the return
of the saloon to our state.

The first president of the Kansas
state Baptist convention held thirty
years ago, was the Rev. I. S. Kalkock,
who a few years ago was mayor of
San Francisco. He established the
SPIRIT OF KANSAS in Lawrence in 1870.

The Topeka Mail is good at fig-
ures. It says potatoes are worth
eight times as much as last year. It
would make them about three dollars
a bushel. According to this there is
more in potatoes than Col. Sellers
found in turnips, even in his imagin-
ation.

The story of the coal oil can is thus
put into rhyme:

Oh she was a maiden fair to view,
With her blonde black hair and eyes of
blue,
But, alas! our life is but a span—
She started the fire with the coal-oil can;
And when the coroner came to see
He rubbed his hands with ghastly glee,
"Oh, I should be a mournful man
If I got no help from the coal-oil can."

It is quite natural that the police
commissioners of Leavenworth, lately
removed by Governor Humphrey,
should now be against him. Whatever
they may say should have very little
weight. It is enough that they ap-
pointed a resubmissionist for city
marshal, and that they were removed.
The people believe that the prohibi-
tory law was not made to be trifled
with.

Destructive and wasteful systems
should be overthrown. The whole
liquor system is destructive. It pro-
duces nothing. It adds nothing to
the wealth of the nation. It leaves
only crime, misery and ruin in its
wake. It destroys all the virtue
there is in the grain or fruit from
which it is made. It destroys indus-
try, adds nothing to human happi-
ness, weakens confidence in the hu-
man kind, degrades reason, endan-
gers life along its entire course, and
is without one redeeming feature.
Every moral and economic interest
demands the overthrow and annihila-
tion of such a system wherever it may
be found.

New York is struggling hard to
secure municipal reform. The mis-
government of our cities is one of
the great evils confronting this peo-
ple. The head centres of the corrup-
tion and evils attending the govern-
ment of all our large cities, are found
in the saloons. This fact is recogniz-
ed and frankly admitted by all candi-
dates, even by those who have no sym-
pathy with prohibition. They are
sincere in their desire to secure mu-
nicipal reform, and to accomplish
this they are trying to devise ways
and means to control the saloon.
By and by light will break upon them
and they will see that to abolish the
saloon is the only remedy.

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. Byrne, A. & P. & T. A., Chicago

Mrs. Frank Leslie expressed her-
self very freely about anarchists and
strikers, and now the labor unions are
sending very heavy resolutions after
her.

If the democrats had made a square
fight on general principles, and not
in the interest of whiskey, they might
have defeated the republican party
in this state. But democrats are by
nature blunderheads.

W. P. Brush, who has, until very re-
cently, been organizing alliances, and
supporting the people's ticket, has
come out for the republican ticket.
He says the people's party has fallen
into the control of demagogues and po-
litical tricksters.

The Farmer's Alliance Exchange
is in trouble. Some differences have
arisen that compel the retiring of
business agent C. A. Tyler, which may
result in a new exchange. Competi-
tion, even in alliance management,
may not be without its advantages.

The Topeka west side circle rail-
way suffered last Saturday from a
\$12,000 fire, the round house, four
miles west of the state house, being
consumed. The property had re-
cently been bought by the city rail-
way company. Nearly one half the
loss was covered by insurance.

Judge Shiras of the United States
District court, at Des Moines, Iowa,
has rendered a decision, quite the
opposite from that of Judge Foster.
At the same time he gives it as his
opinion that such cases ought not to
be brought before the inferior United
States courts but before the state
courts and then be appealed if
necessary in the regular way.

A Santa Fe train was badly wrecked
at Wakarusa last Friday afternoon.
No one was killed, but about twenty
were wounded, and were taken back
to Topeka where they were all cared
for by the company. The escape of
the passengers was miraculous, as
the entire train of eight cars was
thrown from the track. H. C. Lindsey
of Topeka, and Prof. F. W. Cragin of
Washburn college were among the
bruised.

It is not a question whether one
admits or has the utmost confidence
in the person L. U. Humphrey. He
stands as the standard bearer of the
republican party, and that party is
the only one that is now avowedly
against the saloon. Its position on
that question is unmistakable, and
as matters have shaped themselves
the saloon or no saloon is the only
issue. We can settle other scores
with the republicans hereafter.

Without regard to the decision of
Judges Foster and Phillips, the offi-
cials in every county where original
package houses have been opened,
should at once proceed to close them
up under state law. The more recent
decision of Judge Shiras of the Uni-
ted States District court of Iowa, is so
clear that there can really be no ques-
tion as to the power of this state to
stop this infamous and criminal busi-
ness. We can see however, the full
calamity that will follow, should such
men be elected, as the democrats and
the people's party have nominated
for Attorney General, and for county
attorneys. Even if they were dis-
posed to "execute the laws" as they
promise to do, they would be gov-
erned by just such partisan and prej-
udiced decisions as that of Foster,
instead of by such clear judicial opin-
ions as that of Judge Shiras. It is
no time now to trifle with this matter.
For ten years the whiskey interests
of this state and of the United States
have been trying to ruin the indus-
tries, and stop the progress of Kansas.
To rule with whiskey or to run the
commonwealth has been their deter-
mination.

Don't Read This
Unless you want to go to the Chillico-
the Normal, where you can get board,
tuition and room rent ten weeks for \$31,
rent books, select your studies, receive
private help free, etc. Money refunded
when a student leaves school for any
cause, and car fare paid if things are
not as advertised. Finest ladies' resi-
dence in the west. It costs \$10,000.
Second Term opens November, 11th 1890.
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LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight
Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

Western Foundry

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



"Hello! Tom. Glad to see you, old fellow!
It's almost ten years since we were married. Sit
down; let's have an experience meeting. How's
the wife?"
"Oh! she's so-so, same as usual,—always want-
ing something I can't afford. And now Lil says
I'm 'mean,' and she's tired of saving and never
having anything to show for it. I saw your wife
down street, and she looked as happy as a queen!"
"I think she is; and we are economical, too,—
have to be. My wife can make a little go further
than anyone I ever knew, yet she's always sur-
prising me with some dainty contrivance that
adds to the comfort and beauty of our little home,
and she's always 'merry as a lark.' When I ask
how she manages it, she always laughs and says:
'Oh! that's my secret!' But I think I've dis-
covered her secret." When we married, we both
knew we should have to be very careful, but she
made one condition: she would have her Magazine.
And she was right! I wouldn't do without it my-
self for double the subscription price. We read
it together, from the title-page to the last word;
the stories keep our hearts young; the synopsis
of important events and scientific matters keeps
me posted on the world; I can talk understandingly of
what is going on; my wife is always trying some
new idea from the household department; she
makes all her dresses and those for the children,
and we saved Joe when he was so sick with
the croup, by doing just as directed in the
Sanitarian Department. But I can't tell you half!"
"What wonderful Magazine is it?"
"Demore's Family Magazine, and—"
"What! Why that? What Lil wanted so bad,
and I told her it was an extravagance."
"Well, my friend, that's where you made a
grand mistake, and one you'd better rectify as
soon as you can. I'll take you 'nub,' right here,
on my wife's account: she's bound to have a china
tea-set in time for our tin wedding next month.
My gold watch was the premium I got for getting
up a club. Here's a copy, with the new Premium
List for clubs,—the biggest thing out! If you don't
see in it what you want, you're only to write to
the publisher and tell him what you want, whether
it is a tack-hammer or a new carriage, and he will
make special terms for you, either for a club, or for
next year. Better subscribe right off and surprise
Mrs. Tom. Only \$2.00 a year,—will save fifty times
that in six months. Or send 10 cents direct to the
publisher, W. Jennings Demore, 15 East 14th
Street, New York, for a specimen copy containing
the Premium List."

The Queen Pays All Expenses.

The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe"
having excited such universal interest,
the publishers of that popular magazine
offer 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
Curtains, French Music Boxes, Portiere
Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle Cloaks,
and many other useful and valuable ar-
ticles will also be awarded in order of
merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin
Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Seta-
land 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 re-
ceive a present. Send six U. S. stamps
for complete rules, illustrated catalogue
of prizes, and sample number of The
Queen. Address The Canadian Queen,
Toronto, Canada.

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est and best. 21 years
of success. Facilities for ed-
ucation in business, shorthand,
typewriting, and English, un-
surpassed. Instruction thor-
ough, honest and practical.
Students enter at any time.
Address for catalogue,
Lawrence Business College,
LAWRENCE, KAN.

In an interview at Denver last Friday
President Adams stated that by January
1 the Union Pacific would have new rol-
ling stock and motive power enough to
handle four times the amount of busi-
ness they are doing now.

HOTELS.

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

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S. S. HUGHES, PROP.
118 West Sixth Street,
TOPEKA.
The best \$1.50 a day house in the city. First
Class in every respect.

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STARK HOUSE
Perry, Kansas.
J. R. PENDROY, PROP.

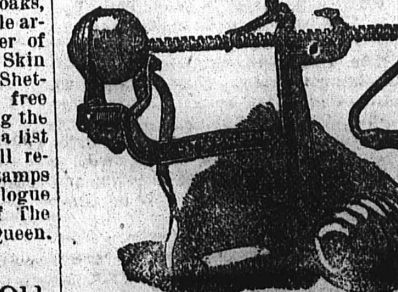
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fortable Beds a Specialty.

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.

"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 Parer.
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 saves, cores and slices the
apple at one operation. It is so simple a child can
use it. Agents wanted in every State. \$3.00
per copy on early order made. Send 10c and I will
send you my address, one sample machine, pre-
paid. Regular price, \$5.00. 70,000 machines
already sold. Call for the "Little Star" Parer.

An acre of wheat costs \$6.69 average for the state, or 49 cent per bushel; corn \$6.48 per acre, or 21 cent per bushel.

Salt is an essential constituent of the blood, and salt hunger may lead to excess when the animal is suddenly permitted an opportunity of supplying its lack.

In the winter time the importance of a regular and constant supply of salt is not fully appreciated by all stock-growers, and especially by those who keep only a few animals.

The hog pasture is one of the essentials in the production of pork at a profit, and especially when corn is as high as it is now, and is likely to be for a year to come.

Salt is a common constituent of milk, and if not given to the cow it must be drawn from that stored in her blood tissues. This cannot be done without seriously impairing the health of the animal.

The Kansas State Board of Agriculture finds from the 106 county reports that it costs \$21.35 average for the state to raise a steer to 3 years of age; for the eastern belt \$26; for the middle belt \$21.54 and for the western range belt \$1.79.

The modern hog possesses earlier maturity than formerly. This has of late years, as in the case of steers, been proven to be an important element of profit. Tardiness in maturing was a leading element in lessening the profit sought to be made in growing swine.

Houston, Texas, has a commission firm doing business under the name of Foster and Stewart, the members of which are women. They are members of the board of trade and Cotton Exchange and conduct a real estate agency in all its branches. Last January their sales amounted to \$500,000.

The Shortage in Steers.
To-day we discover that the country is absolutely destitute of steer cattle suitable ages for feeders. The entire list of corn growing states is steersless, outside of feeding pens. The range country has but few and the demand is increasing daily. A visit to the feeding yards throughout all the corn growing states will develop the fact that in a very large proportion of them both heifer and steer yearlings are being grainfed for the shambles. Why? Not because they are the most profitable, but because there is nothing else to be had. This is the direct result of the wholesale slaughter of cows, calves and yearlings that has been going on three years in every part of the United States, and the resulting shortage will become more and more apparent for the next three years. Growing out of this condition the price of cattle on foot must rapidly appreciate from month to month until there will come a veritable boom in all classes of beef animals. How high prices will go and when the top will be reached are questions no man can answer.—Ex.

To Remove Warts on Horses.
Warts on horses may be removed in various ways, the method chosen depending upon the size, form and situation of the wart. Small warts or those with a well marked neck are mostly easily removed with the scissors and the cut surface should be thoroughly saturated with lunar caustic, sulphate of copper or zinc (one part of the sulphate to four parts of lard) or other caustic. In some cases considerable bleeding may follow the cutting, but the caustic will soon check the flow of blood. Another method is to tie a strong linen thread or small cord tightly around the neck of the wart, close to the skin, and tighten the cord daily until the wart drops off. Burning off with the hot iron is also very effectual. Flat warts or those that cannot be easily removed by a simpler method may be gradually eaten out or killed with strong caustics. If near the eye use nitrate of silver or other stick caustic. In other situations a more powerful caustic may be used, as nitric or nitro-muriatic acid, applied with a small swab or the bruised end of a soft wood stick, and well rubbed into the wart two or three times a week until killed. In using these powerful liquid caustics care must be taken that the caustic does not spread to the adjacent skin and produce an unnecessary sore.—Ex.

Announcement.
The UNION PACIFIC, "THE OVERLAND ROUTE" has completed the widening of the gauge between Ozden and Pocatello from narrow gauge to standard gauge.
Commencing October 10 through trains composed of Pullman Palace Sleepers, free reclining chair cars and day coaches will be run between Salt Lake City and Butte.
E. L. LOMAX,
S-11. GEN'L. PASS. AGT.

When a man sells anything that he farms, he sells a three-fold commodity—material, labor, and the strength of the old sun. When a man sells wheat to the amount of 200 bushels, he sells away \$48 worth of material from his farm that is taken from his soil. When he sells it for \$1.00 per bushel, he has \$152 labor and skill.

Ways to Success.
There are few men so destitute of ambition as to be content with a daily round that brings no advance. This discontent is not entirely blame worthy, because when rightly interpreted it leads men to better efforts in right directions. The dissatisfaction among the ranks of the "labor men" as they style themselves, although labor is by no means confined to the class so designated, has led to various labor organizations that have become powers in the land. Not only do these enact and enforce laws upon their members that are tyrannous in the exercise, but also seek to control business and to dictate terms to employers. While these organizations are avowedly in the interest of the laborers it is on the members that hardship works.

Any society that has for its object the mitigation of evils and the encouragement of frugality, that offers a stimulus to good honest work, and provides for its worthy members in sickness or old age, is to be commended. It is, however, true that in many instances labor associations are rather fomentors of strife and the industries are made by virtue of some pledges to support the idle, while a willingness to do extra work for extra wages is held in check by iron clad rules. A capable, willing and industrious workman needs no bolstering; if he be sober, steady and faithful to his work he is secure in his position, and will have steady employment and rapid promotion.

An advance that is pushed by extraneous effort cannot be maintained, and downfall will be certain when the sustaining force is withdrawn. Seditious leaders have charged that employers have dismissed men because of membership in some labor organization. This cannot be generally true; if such discharges are made it is usually the case that some order has attempted to dictate to those who are business managers, and to whom the men must look for pay, and who must control the financial department if money is to be forthcoming. If there is any truth in the declaration that employers do discriminate against the members of an order, a has been charged by the strikers on the New York Central, may it not be because in these societies many of the poorest workmen are to be found enrolled? A man confident in his own capacity to earn a high place seldom chooses to be held down by his inferiors in skill and industry, and neither does he care to work at the old problem of trying to serve impartially and faithfully two masters.—American Cultivator.

Horse Notes.
The most profitable horse to raise is the one that can be sold the most readily at the best prices.
The health and thrift of the horse largely depends upon the regularity and quality of his feed.
The growing colts should have plenty of opportunity to take exercise every day.
Oats is one of the very best feeds that can be given to growing colts. It will help to develop bone and muscle.
A pair of blankets should be kept with every team on the farm to be used during the winter when needed.
There will always be a good demand for good stylish driving, and heavy draft horses in the cities and large towns.
The dam, as a rule, has more direct influence on the offspring as regards health and size than the sire.
The sire exerts more influence on the bones, heart, tendons and nerves of the offspring than the mare.
In feeding horses it is positively injurious to feed more hay at a meal than they will eat up clean.
Keep one team that is to be worked during the winter, well shod. It will lessen the risk of getting them injured when the ground is frozen.
By providing comfortable quarters and good care the expense of wintering the horses can be materially reduced.
Have the stables for the horses well lighted and ventilated during the winter. Do not have the light pass directly on the eyes.
In breeding horses the fact should be remembered that good horses are always in demand at good prices, while often a poor horse cannot be sold at any price.
Whenever the teams are obliged to stand in the cold they should be carefully blanketed, especially when at work or when driven on the road.
Breeding good horses is one thing while keeping good horses is another. One is as important as the other, while both are essential if the best profit is realized.
Sufficient bedding should always be provided to keep the animals clean. Clean bedding will lessen materially the work of grooming.
Over fat horses are not in the best condition for work. What is more draft horses are good roadsters and if they are of a good size and action, sound, healthy and vigorous they can be marketed at good prices. During the winter is a good time to train the colts as there is usually more time to spare than at any other time. Do the work gradually, never attempting too much at once, if the best success is realized.

15 States
Represented in the Chillicothe Normal School. Its superior worth and low rates have given it the widest reputation of any western Normal. It wins by thorough work and honest dealing.

Whether the Santa Fe will build a line to San Francisco is no longer a matter of doubt, as the surveyors have nearly completed the final location of the route.

The fact that Great Britain will refuse to join in any European compact against America on account of the McKinley bill is said to be fatal to the proposed concerted action.

Last spring a party of Englishmen bought a farm near Tonganoxie, for the purpose of founding an agricultural school for English boys who would like to come to this country and engage in farming. The plan was discussed by the press of Kansas, and met with the heartiest approval. It seems however, that it has fallen through, as the parties interested have failed to notify the occupant of the farm to vacate it next year as they had agreed to do.

Kansas has more miles of railroad than all the New England States put together. She has 1,159 more miles than the great Empire State of New York, whose population and wealth surpasses Kansas four to one. She has more than the great State of Pennsylvania, Iowa, or Texas. Kansas to-day alone surpasses her with her 9,900 miles. Next comes Iowa with 8,364. Following her is Pennsylvania with 8,524. Then comes Texas with 8,210 miles.

The Indian office has decided to erect a number of new buildings for the Indian school at Lawrence. Haskell Institute is only a few years old, but its growth has been very rapid, and it is now one of the most important schools under the Indian bureau. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary of the Interior have decided to increase its capacity. The estimates agreed upon provide for a new industrial shop, to cost \$6,000; a store and warehouse, \$4,000; an office building, \$2,000; a messhouse, \$5,500; three cottages, \$1,000 each, and two lavatories, \$2,000 each. The total cost of the improvements will be \$23,000.

Catarrah Can't Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Chillicothe Happy
Over its Grand Normal and Business College. Nearly 100 in the commercial department alone. The actual business exchange with the Electric City Business College of St. Joseph places this department ahead of anything in the west.

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

The November number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains the first of a short series of papers on Southern California—"Our Italy"—by Charles Dudley Warner, describing the climate, resources, and scenery of that most interesting portion of our country. Numerous illustrations from photographs and from drawings by distinguished American artists give additional value to this interesting paper. W. E. Mealey describes the quaint old town of Rothenburg, and gives an account of "Der Meistrunk," the festival play which occurs there annually. His article is accompanied by nine illustrations from drawings by Otto Beck. The series of articles on South America by Theodore Child is continued in "Urban and Commercial Chili." The illustrations, which are numerous, present views of objects and scenery in and around Santiago and Valparaiso. Lafayette Hearn describes "A Winter Journey to Japan" by way of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Ocean. S. H. M. Byers contributes an article on "Switzerland and Swiss." "Princeton University" is the subject of a timely paper by Professor W. M. Sloan. Daudet's intimate story of "Port Tarascon" is brought to a conclusion. Twenty characteristic illustrations from drawings by the distinguished French artists, Myrbach, Rossi, and Montegut accompany this installment. The other fiction includes "A Halloween Wraith," by William Black, with five illustrations; "Madrieneor, the Festival of the Dead," by Grace King; and "Portraits," by Ruth Dana Draper. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell contributes a charming poem entitled "The Quaker Lady," which is quaintly and beautifully illustrated by Howard Pyle. Other Poems are "In November," by Archibald Lampman; "Too Late!" by Julian Hawthorne; "The World Runs On," by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; "On Waking from a Dreamless Sleep," by Annie Fields, and "A Quatrain," by Bils Carrano. George William Curtis, in the Editor's Easy Chair, discusses a number of interesting subjects, such as the decrease of population in some of the mountain districts, gentleness in Parliament and in Congress, the "society column" of the newspapers, and some recent legislation for the restraint of the liquor traffic. William Dean Howells, in the Editor's Study, considers the most recent theories regarding the origin of the Aryans. Charles Dudley Warner, in the Editor's Drawer, calls the reader's attention to a peculiar tendency of modern times, and suggests that there may be still further triumphs for the slot machine and electricity.

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OF THE

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WEEKLY

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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.

The eleventh volume of Harper's Young People will close with October 28th. Numerous attractive features are announced to appear in the new volume.
Expectant brides and their friends will be interested in the series of papers on "The Wedding Season" by Mary Gay Humphreys now being published in Harper's Bazar.

Minister Hirsch has protested against the arrest of an American citizen in Turkey, who was wrongfully accused of being implicated in Armenian plots.

"The New York Cotton Exchange" is the subject of an elaborate article, embracing a concise history of the cotton industry in America, which Dr. Richard Wheatly contributes to Harper's Weekly published October 29th.

A Wonderful Doll Show.
The exhibition of five thousand dolls, dressed by the wife of President Harrison, the wife of Vice-President Morton, and society ladies, actresses, and other ladies of note in the United States and Europe, which has been devised for the sake of charity by Messrs. Arkell & Harrison, the publishers of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, will be the most unique affair of the kind ever seen in the United States. The dolls are sent without charge to ladies who desire to dress them, and prizes aggregating \$1,000 will be awarded for the best-dressed dolls. The exhibition will open the latter part of December in New York City. It is safe to predict that it will be a success. See Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for particulars.

The Best Cyclopaedia.
The twenty-third volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia includes the titles from McCook to Memorial. Among the articles, we notice the biographies of many eminent men and women of early times, as well as those of the present day, also excellent descriptions of many large cities and towns. The volume treats very satisfactorily three states; Maine, Maryland, and Massachusetts; and of foreign countries there are Madagascar, Madeira, Malta, and Manitoba. Interesting subjects in other lines are: Machine Gun; Magic; Magna Charta; Magnetism, 19 pages; Mammalia, 10 pages; Man, 6 pages; Mangel-Wurzel; Mauro, 4 pages; Marble; Marriage, 13 pages; and Masons (Free), about 5 pages. These are named only as samples of what the volume contains. The articles are brought down very nearly to date, many of them are illustrated, the style and arrangement are excellent, and the printing and binding are entirely satisfactory. The one thing about it which is difficult to comprehend is how so valuable a work can be supplied for so low a price. For farmers, mechanics, teachers, students, and the great mass of general readers, the Manifold is far superior to any other Cyclopaedia. Specimen pages will be sent free on application to the publishers. A specimen volume in cloth binding will be mailed for 50 cents, or half Morocco for 75 cents, and the money refunded if the volume is returned within ten days. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Chicago, and Atlanta.

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Garden Implements and All Kinds of Garden and Grass Seeds. Also all kinds of
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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, Bye, and Buckwheat Flour promptly filled.
All kinds of Flour and Feed kept constantly in stock at wholesale or retail. We have Oil Meal by the ton or 100 lbs. Rock salt, cheap stock salt. If you have hay, grain or apples in car lots, please write us.
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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.,
39 & 41 WEST BROADWAY, New York.
Local Agents Wanted.

WINGED MISSILES.

Wanamaker, I. T., has a colored lady postmaster.

At a large board school in England 300 boys are given a bath once a week.

The submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of cable.

A western cowboy committed suicide because a thirteen-year-old girl refused to marry him.

There are thirty-one millionaires in Denver, and thirty-three men worth, on the average, \$500,000 each.

A Georgia man has raised a Mexican cucumber weighing thirty-five pounds. It resembled a green citron.

A colored woman has sued a Texas newspaper for \$100 damages for having spoken of her as a white woman.

It is said there are only two red slate quarries in the United States, one in Vermont and the other in Virginia.

An Oil City milliner has a very unique novelty in the shape of a broom made from the wings of the English sparrow.

Of the seventy-six marriages in Vineland, N. J., the past year the groom of only thirty-five were Vineland men.

A large number of carriages in cities are now supplied with rubber tires to prevent violent jolting and deafening clatter.

A Du Bois man has in his yard a palm tree in blossom, and a plum tree on which plums are now growing as large as nuts.

There has been a marked decline in the salaries paid to female telegraphers, stenographers and typewriters in New York.

The rhododendron plantation of Mr. Folsom in the town of Pittsfield, N. H., is one of the floral wonders of New England.

Americans and their foreign visitors are flocking home from Europe, and returning steamers are carrying very few to the other side.

At Holly Springs, Ga., a dog fell into a well and staid there fourteen days before his owner found him. He was taken out and is doing well.

A young lady has been arrested at San Francisco for "disturbing the peace." She lives on the floor above a doctor's office and plays the piano incessantly.

The Cincinnati school board has finally decided to let the married women teach another year, when the question of excluding them will come up again.

The sixteenth child of a Wisconsin couple arrived the other day and preparations were immediately begun for the reception of the seventeenth.

The struggle upon the question of opening the car window or not is characterized as the annual contest between the aerophobians and the aeromaniacs.

Telfair county, Georgia, boasts a smart baby. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnson have an eight-months-old son who can walk and talk and weighs fifty-three pounds.

Russian baths are recommended by a sufferer from rheumatism. After several trials one should take the steam as hot as he can bear it on the afflicted part of the body.

A great scheme is on foot in Japan for the emigration of Japanese laborers to Mexico, where they are wanted to work on railways. Two Mexican agents are promoting the scheme.

Continuous heavy rains have greatly injured the rice crop on the Savannah river. One planter who expected to clear \$18,000 on his harvest now says he will be satisfied if he pays expenses.

The papers of Micangor Hancock, of Indiana, for whom the senate pension committee has recommended a pension of \$25 for his services in the war of 1812, show that he is 102 years old.

Mrs. Kate Williams, of Denver, Colo., has obtained a verdict of \$12,000 against Mrs. E. S. Williams, of Brooklyn, her mother-in-law, whom she claims was the cause of her husband leaving her.

Rev. Mr. Shuttleworth, vicar of the English church at Eglosayle, Cornwall, has married Miss Cudmore, a well-known actress on the London stage, herself the daughter of a Cornish clergyman.

A revolution in Europe is approaching. The waiters have formed a league or union which is to hold a congress demanding the suppression of the "tip." The gargons prefer a regular salary to the irregularity of the "tip."

Game is so plenty down in Connecticut that the partridges are reported flying into the city and roosting on the back fence, where they are shot and roasted for dinner. This sounds more like a fish than a game story.

The Manhattan Club of New York city has at last taken possession of the old A. T. Stewart mansion, which is to be its future home. Nearly all the furniture and carpeting owned by Mr. Stewart was bought by the club.

It is said that the tomb of George Sand and her son offer a sad spectacle of forgetfulness. The graves are ill-kept, withered flowers lie on the marble slabs, and the spectator turns away with a melancholy conviction of the shortness of human memory.

The official board of Grace church, Jersey City Heights, has notified Mrs. Joseph Antenreith that her two daughters disturb the congregation during service by chewing gum and smacking their lips. Factional troubles are said to be the basis of the complaint.

A Maine girl, finding it inconvenient to carry chewing gum with her, established stations in various parts of the town, where she sticks her quids. One is in a dry goods store, one in the church choir, one in her own dining-room, one at a school, and so on.

Great disappointment is expressed in navy circles at the remarkable loss of speed exhibited by our ocean cruisers. The Baltimore averaged only seven knots an hour on her visit to Sweden, and on a run from Hawaii to the Pacific coast the Charleston barely made eight knots.

TAKING CARE OF LOCOMOTIVES.

The Ancient and Modern Styles of Oiling the Iron Monsters.

The old style of oiling the valves out on the steam chest has about gone out of use, for which we are thankful. Most of the firemen of to-day know very little about crawling out along the runboard on a pitch-dark, cold winter night, hanging to the handrail with one hand and to a pot of tallow with the other when the engine is rocking about and making a forty-mile gait down some grade. About the time you would get turned around straddleways of the brace from the smoke-arch to the pilot-beam, ready to hunt for the opening in the oil-cup on the chest—biff! a big drift of snow would be met, some of which would go up inside of your clothes, lots more down your neck, and the tallow—where did that go? Lots of it went everywhere but on the valve seat. Once in a while the fireman lost his grip when going over a run-board or front end piled with snow, so that he slipped off or was killed or maimed for life. The extension front ends were nice to lean up against, too, when they got hot enough to burn paint off in one trip, but a man could not get around them at all.

When oil pipes were put on, leading from the cab to the steam chest, some master mechanics did not think it right to put them under the jacket where they were out of the way, and would not freeze up, because, if anything went wrong with them they could not be got at without taking up the jacket. They were nice things to touch when it was necessary to go out on the running-board during a trip if they were not frozen solid. Thanks to a more enlightened view of the safety of others, or to the fact that there was so much opposition on the part of the men about going out to oil engines, that a man must unnecessarily risk his life to oil the valves, they are getting to be "back numbers."

From the way sight-feed lubricators are being put on the locomotives it is only a question of time and money to pay for them when every locomotive cylinder will be oiled by them. There is a prejudice on the part of some against a sight feed. When you see some of them with a half-dozen pipes running all ways over the boiler head, gum and dirt over all, a few of the numerous joints leaking, and the oil from both feeds going into one cylinder, you don't wonder. The manufacturers say that they won't "cross-feed" or send the oil all over through the condensation pipes and reservoir to one cylinder, but some makes of sight feeds, where one cup feeds both cylinders through independent pipes, do it just the same, and I have heard of them feeding into the boiler through the steam supply pipe. Some of them are constructed so that when the pipe gets stopped up anywhere between the glass and the steam chest, the oil will quit feeding on that side. There is, however, a remedy for most of these troubles at the disposition of the man on the engine. Keep your oil clean, strain it, if necessary. Run a little swab wet with glycerine through the sight-feed and oil-glasses, and it will keep the oil from sticking in the glass. If you use a patent mixed valve oil that gums up blow it out clean once in a while. Some use a strong solution of concentrated lye and leave it over night. That cleans out the cup and starts some of the joints leaking if they are not made good and eats up the rubber gaskets.

One advantage of the sight-feed is that the oil can be fed in steady up hill and down, whether shut or working steam, in slow drops or almost a stream. There is another advantage which is lost sight of by some. The oil is atomized or delivered on the valve in a spray, instead of in bulk, a teaspoonful or a cupful at a time. One thing I would like to have explained, why ordinary black oil, and the poorest kind of car oil at that, fed through a lubricator, does just as well in a cylinder and on a valve seat as the expensive patent valve oil.—*Locomotive Engineers' Journal.*

Chapped Hands.

Chapped hands are an especial source of annoyance to many persons during cold weather. Homely as the remedy may seem, there is probably nothing better or more effective than a simple rubbing with pure mutton tallow. One part of glycerine to two parts of soft water, with a few drops of rose water added, will be found very useful; so will vaseline or either of the following recipes:

One dram of borax, six ounces of rose water, and one ounce of glycerine.

One ounce of glycerine and one ounce of alcohol, mix together, then add eight ounces of rose water; bottle for use.

Liquor ammoniac, tincture of opium, spirits of turpentine, and olive oil, equal parts of each. After washing and drying the hands in the morning, at midday and in the evening, pour a teaspoonful of the liniment in one hand, and rub the hands and fingers together as if washing them. Repeat the process with the other hand. If the sore parts smart too much, the liniment should have a little sweet oil added to it.—*Good Housekeeping.*

No Lashing Allowed.

There is a large farm in Mississippi in which there is only one old whip and that is not used. The owner will not permit the whip to be used on any of the stock, and the farm does well and the animals work with a will without feeling the lash.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult among Mohammedans.

HE BLEW IN TWO MILLIONS.

Young Mr. Roberts's Inheritance Went at the Rate of a Million a Year.

Early in the spring of 1888 there was a fashionable wedding in Washington. The contracting parties were Mr. Alexander H. Roberts of Philadelphia and Miss Mary Mott of this city. Neither of the parties was of age at the time, and much comment was made in regard to the wedding. It was known, however, that the groom would come in possession of a large estate, and everybody thought Miss Mott was making a lucky catch. It was a case of love at first sight, and a marriage would have followed at a month's notice but for the fact that Mr. Roberts was not in financial condition to undertake the maintenance of a household. At the time Miss Mott was a singer in the choir of a well-known church here.

Shortly after the wedding, and when Roberts became of age, he came into possession of \$2,000,000. This money had been amassed by his father through lucky oil speculations in Pennsylvania. On the strength of this inheritance Mr. and Mrs. Roberts indulged in a European trip, and upon their return spent several months at a fashionable hotel in this city. Later they took up their residence in Philadelphia, where they lived in style. Roberts had a trotting stable, a steam yacht, a pack of hounds, and suddenly developed sporting proclivities. He seemed to take a special liking to prize fighters, and went so far as to make them welcome to his own home. He would throw the wine cellar open and entertain them in royal shape. These men would on these occasions gorge themselves with drink, and frequently there was a rough-and-tumble fight. On one particular evening there was an eleven-round fight in the parlor, and the facts at the time were wired all over the country. On this occasion much of the valuable furniture was demolished, and Alexander Roberts, in a bout with an outsider, received injuries which confined him to his room for some time. The innocent young wife naturally took exception to the manner in which she was being exposed in public, regardless of the fact that her every desire, from a pecuniary point of view, was granted. She protested, and within a year they had separated.

Roberts has proven his ability as a spend-thrift, for within the short period of two years he almost completely exhausted his large fortune. He left Philadelphia, went West, and located in Denver, Col. On Monday Mrs. Roberts filled a bill in the Denver court for divorce. She alleges that it has become impossible for her to live with him on account of his alleged drinking habits. She also alleges, in her complaint, that the most of her husband's money is gone, and unless restrained, he will very soon make way with all of it.—*Washington Critic.*

Facts Worth Knowing.

Spirits of turpentine will take grease or drops of paint out of cloth. Apply it till the paint can be scraped off.

Tar can easily be removed from clothing by immediately rubbing it well with clean lard, and then washing out with warm water and soap.

If soot be dropped upon the carpet, throw upon it an equal quantity of salt, and sweep all up together. There will be scarcely a trace of soot left.

Turpentine and black varnish is the blacking used by hardware dealers for protecting stoves from rust. If put on properly it will last through the season.

Put French chalk or magnesia on silk or ribbon that has become greasy, and hold it near the fire. This will absorb the grease so it may be brushed off.

Iron rust may be removed from marble by taking one part of nitric acid to 25 parts of water, and applying it carefully to the spots. Rinse off with ammonia and water.

To make good mucilage without using gum arabic, take two parts of dextrine, five parts of water and one part of acetic acid. Dissolve by heating, and add one part of alcohol.

For solder, take a mixture of two parts of tin to one part of lead. For a soldering fluid, dissolve zinc in muriatic acid, then add a little sal-ammoniac, and dilute it with a little water.

To clean marble, mix whitening with common soap, till thick as paste. Spread it on the marble and leave it for a couple of days. When the paste is cleaned off the stains will also be removed.

A carpet, especially a dark one, often looks dusty directly after sweeping. Wring a sponge almost dry out of water, and wipe off the dust from the carpet. It will brighten it quite effectively.

This is the way they clean and renovate furs in Russia: Some rye flour is put into a pan upon the stove and heated, stirring constantly with the hand, so long as the heat can be borne. Then spread the flour all over the fur, rubbing it in well; then brush it gently with a clean brush, or beat it softly, till all the flour is removed. It is claimed that this method will make the fur appear almost or quite like new.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Cost of a Head of Hair.

A fine head of virgin-gold colored hair will bring from \$200 to \$500, according to its length and luxuriance, and to those who have it and are anxious to convert it into hard cash, it may be pleasing to hear that there are orders in advance for all that can be produced of this description for the next five years.—*Chatter.*

The Silver Question—Got change for a quarter?—*Texas Siftings.*

TROTTER HORSES DON'T PAY.

Good Runners Will Pay Three or Four Times as Much in a Season.

"Why don't I train trotters as well as runners?" exclaimed a professional owner recently in reply to a query of precisely the same import. Why don't I train trotters, you say? Why, sir, I make my living out of horses and don't just keep 'em for fun like a California Senator."

The speaker was a typical Kentucky horseman—one who had lived among horses all his days and did his own training since ever he raised a colt—and his looks showed it.

"A trotter costs just as much as a runner to train," said he. "Personally, I'd sooner own a thoroughbred any day of the year than a trotter, and I'd sooner see one good race like that Salvator-Tenny match the other day than sit out all the trotting meets that ever were set in heats. But leaving one's personal tastes and distastes out of the matter and coming down to straight dollars and cents, there is about three times more profit for me in raising runners and racing them than I could ever hope to get out of trotting horses. It's just a matter of bigger money, and as I am not a millionaire I am sensible to take up the more profitable side of the turf. Unless a man wins some big matches in a season or backs his trotters with luck he cannot pay the expenses of a big stable. The stakes offered, you see, are too small and the chances too few. A trotting meet only lasts, say, three days, and there is rarely as much as \$2,000 hung up in purses on any one day. There will be, say, three events each day, nine in all, and if I failed to make a strike I have to go to all the trouble and expense of transporting my nags to some other meeting. At a running meet I can just hunker down and wait my chance, and by picking up a couple of purses and may be a stake race easily clear my expenses and pocket a few dollars besides. Last year Salvator alone won seven races and \$71,880, while ten of the best winners on trotting turn won fifty races and only \$96,910 in money. Take ten of the largest winners on the running turf last year—Salvator, Chaos, El Rio Rey, Longstreet, Tenny, St. Carlo, Senorita, Protection, Spokane, and Raceland—and they combined won sixty races and \$362,238. Ten of the largest trotting winners were Alcyon, Sprague, Goldstedt, Nelson, Reference, Jack, Gene Smith, Hendryx, Star Lily, Geneva S., and Aubine. They won fifty-nine races and only \$96,910.

"That makes that, other things being equal, the average earnings of a crack runner are a little over four times as great as those of a tip-top trotter. Now, if you had to depend for a living upon controlling one class or the other, which do you think would you take up? I am not asking which would you like the best, but want to know, if you were like myself, with a wife and a couple of daughters to support decently, whether you would like to risk your capital on trotting horses or thoroughbreds?"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

At Mt. McGregor.

The Drexel cottage at Mount McGregor, where General Grant died, is visited by hundreds of people every week. While everything reminiscent of the dead hero is approached with a respect sometimes bordering on reverence, it is amusing to hear the comments of the country-folks on the house. The cottage is a modest little structure of frame, not so big as an ordinary farm house belonging to a well-to-do farmer, and the people who associate all sorts of magnificence and grandeur with their heroes look with open-eyed astonishment at this humble little house, and exclaim more earnestly than grammatically:

"Well, that don't look as if no President ever lived there!"

One of the relics shown to visitors this year is a tiny volume General Grant was fond of reading during the last weeks of his illness. It is called "Words of Comfort," and is a collection of essays elaborating Bible texts. Many of the leaves are turned down, marking his favorite passages, and it is touching to note that these always are pervaded with the promise that "through suffering shalt thou be purified."

Propos of the Drexel cottage, Josephine Drexel, the twelve-year-old daughter of J. W. Drexel, is at the Hotel Balmoral, Mount McGregor, with her nurse.

She is an overgrown, gawky, fat girl, with monstrous feet, but still the promise of developing into a beautiful woman. Her teeth, hair, and skin are exquisitely cared for; she wears the simplest, plainest frocks of flannel, wool, and gingham, and amuses herself wandering about the mountain picking wild flowers, rowing, and indulging in such-like simple amusements, always guarded by her nurse, or, as she is now called, her maid.

How is that for the heiress to a fortune in six figures? Rather modest when compared with the attire and amusements of the daughters of a man who works for a salary!

It seems odd to find so strong an affection for a place in a child, but she preferred going to McGregor to going to Europe. Her father was fond of Saratoga and McGregor, and she was most strongly attached to her father.

Jay Gould has resumed his former habit of spending one or two evenings each week in the crowd of Wall street men at an up-town hotel. He does not do a great deal of talking himself, but he is a close listener to what others have to say.

PYGMY RACES.

Stanley's Wambetti, the Hottentots a Bushmen, and Early Britons.

Not the least interesting of the discoveries made by Mr. Stanley on his latest expedition, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is that of the Wambetti—the dwarf tribe living between the Upper Aruhwini and the Nepoko. It has long been a well-known fact that the Pygmies of Homer, Herodotus and Ktesias—those of whom Pliny speaks as "dwelling among the marshes where the Nile rises"—are something more than mere mythical beings; and almost every exploration of any importance undertaken of late years has thrown fresh light on the existence of a primitive African race, of whom the Wambetti are in all probability one of many fragments, scattered through central and southern Africa.

The tribes usually designated dwarfs or pygmies are numerous, bearing a marked resemblance to each other, and showing a marked difference from the people among whom they are scattered. Their surest and most permanent characteristic is their hair, which is woolly, but instead of being, as in the negro, evenly distributed over the scalp, grows in small tufts. This appearance, according to Prof. Virchow, is not due to the fact that the hair grows on some spots and not on others, but to a peculiarity in the texture of the hair itself, which causes it to roll naturally into closely curled, spiral locks, leaving the intervening pieces of scalp bare.

The name of dwarfs, applied by some to these people, has been objected to as implying deformity or arrested growth, and therefore conveying a wrong impression. Nothing of the kind can be said of the African Pygmies, who, though of short stature, are well shaped people of perfect normal formation.

The section of the Pygmy race with which Europeans have come most in contact is the Hottentots and Bushmen. The former call themselves "Khoi-Khoi," Hottentots being merely a nickname given by early Dutch settlers, who declared that the natives spoke an unintelligible language, consisting only of sounds like hot and tot. That keen observer, Moffatt, as long ago as the first decade of this century, noticed the distinct and peculiar characteristics of the Hottentots, and recognized their racial identity with the Bushmen.

Surveying the Pygmy race as a whole, we find them—shorn of the mythical and magical glamor with which distance and mystery had invested them—not so very different, after all, from other human beings, but still sufficiently interesting. No well authenticated adult seems to be much less than 4 feet 6 inches; while Dr. Petermann thinks that the Pygmies, on the whole, run about a head shorter than the average negro.

I can not attempt to deal with the origin of the Pygmy race, or its relationship to the Andamans and the Veddas of Ceylon, who are said to have some characteristics in common with the Pygmies. But it seems clear that they were once spread over a great part, if not the whole, of the continent; that they were broken up and partially exterminated by the advent of the stronger dark races; and that, as a race, they are passing away. It is interesting to look at an analogous case in Europe. A race of small stature, light frame and comparatively low type, scarcely, if at all, advanced beyond the hunter stage, occupied the British islands and the northwestern part of the continent. They were partly massacred or enslaved, partly driven into the mountains, by their Celtic conquerors; and in the lonely recesses of the hills and woods—what with their weakness and their strength, their cunning and their skill in metals, their music and their underground dwellings, and their uncanny wisdom—a growth of legend and poetry sprang up about them, till they were no longer known save as elves, gnomes, strolchs or "Good People," whom one dared not name.

Merely a Machine.

An industry of great magnitude in Japan is silk culture. The silk worm is "educated" to such a degree that it becomes a mere machine, and its life must be a burden to it. It lays its eggs in rows on cards; it spins its cocoon to order and finally dies when required. Silk worm eggs are white and about the size of the head of a large pin, and they are sold on cards like buttons. These egg cards may be kept all winter long without harm to them and hatched out in the warm months. The young worm is an exceedingly minute and delicate animal, and the mulberry leaves adopted for its food have to be chopped up as fine as possible. As the worm grows older the leaves are not chopped finely until, when it is full grown, it is allowed to enjoy a whole mulberry leaf intact.

This life of dissipation is too much for it, and with a little encouragement it seeks the solitude of its cocoon. The cocoons are then thrown into hot water, which kills the larva and dissolves the mucilaginous matter that keeps the cocoon together. A silk-wormer deftly finds the end, and in a few moments the poor worm's home is about forty yards of silk fiber on a reel. A few of the larvae are allowed to come to maturity for the sake of breeding purposes and the eggs. To get out they break a hole through the cocoons. Such cocoons are called pierced, and from them an inferior quality of silk is made.

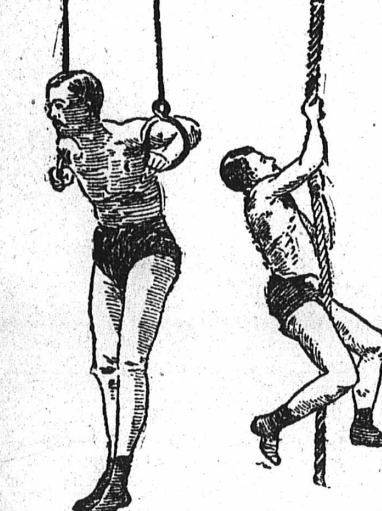
A Howell Miss., boy, fourteen years of age, has been sentenced to prison for horse stealing.

In the Second Floor Front.
 Oh, for the vigor of the
 talent days
 Ere yet the world was
 old and worn and
 meek!
 Some savage spark
 within me is ablaze;
 Boldly I speak.
 Oh, for the lusty age
 when might was
 king!
 When brave and
 bloody freedom sat
 the throne:
 When a servile custom
 was a paltry thing.
 Fame law unknown.
 When no poor craven stooped with empty
 curse,
 But waded in the life-blood of his foe;
 Oh, for that fine old practice—oh, for worst!
 Seek you to know
 The wherefore of this rage my soul within,
 My fighting frenzy and my youthful gall!
 That boy who tries to play the violin
 Across the hall.
 —Emma A. Oppen, in Judge.

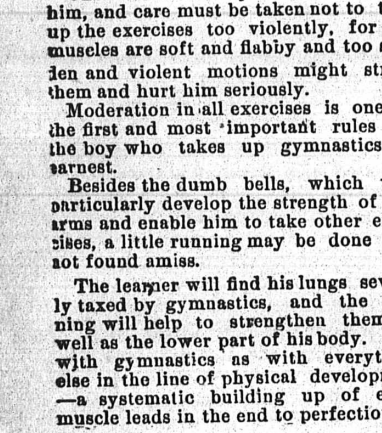
THE FLYING RINGS.

ADVICE OF VALUE FOR WORK IN THE GYMNASIUM.
 Ring Exercises Are Not Easily Learned and Require Practice, Nerve and Self-Confidence.

When should a boy begin to develop his strength in a gymnasium?
 I place the age at twelve years, says Robert Stoll in the N. Y. Herald. No matter how large the boy may be, he should not begin work before that age, and the work should be carefully directed.
 The first exercises ought to be extremely light in nature and on any piece of apparatus that the learner may select, according to his own desire. Of course, he will only choose the exercise for which he thinks himself best fitted and for which he has a preference.



BREAST UP ROPE CLIMBING.
 If dumb bells are chosen the beginner should select a light pair, not weighing over one pound, and if he practises with them in the right way, being careful not to overwork himself, he will find these exercises very beneficial. He must work himself up slowly and gradually, and not take another and heavier pair of bells before he feel an increase of strength.
 One-half hour a day is sufficient for him, and care must be taken not to take up the exercises too violently, for his muscles are soft and flabby and too sudden and violent motions might strain them and hurt him seriously.
 Moderation in all exercises is one of the first and most important rules for the boy who takes up gymnastics in earnest.
 Besides the dumb bells, which will particularly develop the strength of his arms and enable him to take other exercises, a little running may be done and not found amiss.
 The leaper will find his lungs severely taxed by gymnastics, and the running will help to strengthen them as well as the lower part of his body. It is with gymnastics as with everything else in the line of physical development—a systematic building up of every muscle leads in the end to perfection.



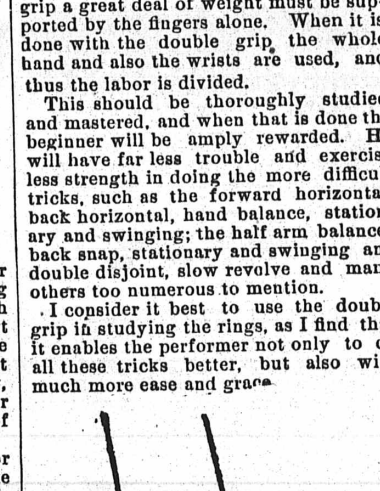
SLOW REVOLVE.
 One thing particularly a beginner should never lose sight of. He should be careful to finish his tricks as well and neatly as possible, so as to make them graceful and appear easy to the spectator.
 He must be precise in every movement, not a second too long nor too short. He should start in and leave off at the precise moment.
 To learners I would say do all your tricks with style and finish, for however simple a trick may be if it is perfectly done it will be a pleasure for the beholder. But, on the contrary, if the most difficult trick is not well done it is a failure and would better not have been attempted.
 A beginner will find that the rings are about as hard as any apparatus in the gymnasium.
 But no gymnasium work is easy, and perseverance is the key of success. If the first effort is a failure the fifth or sixth may not be. My advice is to work persistently and never lose heart. My own experience proves that my advice is good.
 When I started in the gymnasium about fifteen years ago I had as many failures and mishaps as any beginner, but I persevered and gave my steady attendance to study, and to that alone I owe whatever success I may have attained. I won the amateur championship of America in the rings for the years 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889 and 1890, as well as the rope climbing in 1888, doing this trick of rope climbing twenty-two feet in five and three-fifths seconds. I have also won over fifty prizes for running from the year 1880 to 1883. At that time I retired from active track athletics.
 I am an active member of the New York Athletic Club, and I still perform on the rings. I also have a record for rope climbing, made at Princeton, N.

THE CROSS.
 I have always noticed that a beginner when he first goes into a gymnasium wants to take up everything at the same time. Sometimes he succeeds fairly well, though. But the next day he feels fatigued and prostrated. This is merely a reaction, but it is apt to discourage him, or at least for some time.
 Therefore I regard it necessary in the beginning not to make the exercises too tiring and too monotonous. I should advise the beginner to use the dumb bells for five minutes, and then the row-

ing machines for another five minutes. Then, again, he will have to be careful to use light weights; they are always more beneficial in the beginning, even if the learner has the strength to use heavier ones.
 On the machine it is of importance to take different motions for the back, front and side in order to develop the muscles, all over the body, and not only one particular set of them. If these different motions are well practised the beginner will soon be able to do certain tricks which otherwise he never would have been able to accomplish.
 If the beginner has thus practised he will soon be able to take up the rings. He should start this exercise with simple arm movements, such as taking hold of the rings with his hands and gradually drawing himself up to his chin, and then letting himself down to arm's length.



FORWARD HORIZONTAL.
 This should be done slowly and repeatedly, from six to eight times in succession. In the course of several weeks he will find that he can do it twenty times with the same ease that he did his six or eight turns when he first began.
 This exercise brings into play particularly the muscles of the arms.
 If this work is completely mastered I would advise what commonly goes by the name of the "breast up." There are two ways of accomplishing this trick. One is with the single grip and the other is with the double grip. There is all the difference in the world between the single and the double grip.
 The single grip is by far the most difficult of the two, and I advise particularly against its use. With the double grip it is altogether different. You place your hands on the rings and allow them to rest almost half way across the wrists. You will find that in course of time you will be able to do it with very little exertion.
 To make this trick plainer I will add a few words. You must place, as I have already described, your hands above the rings and then draw yourself up so as to have the hands even with the shoulders, which is not very easy; then you turn the rings out, in order to allow your shoulders to come between the ropes. Now draw the rings toward you, press until you get up at arm's length, and the trick is done.
 When this trick is done with the single grip a great deal of weight must be supported by the fingers alone. When it is done with the double grip, the whole hand and also the wrists are used, and thus the labor is divided.
 This should be thoroughly studied and mastered, and when that is done the beginner will be amply rewarded. He will have far less trouble and exercise less strength in doing the more difficult tricks, such as the forward horizontal, back horizontal, hand balance, stationary and swinging; the half arm balance, back snap, stationary and swinging and double disjoint, slow revolve and many others too numerous to mention.
 I consider it best to use the double grip in studying the rings, as I find that it enables the performer not only to do all these tricks better, but also with much more ease and grace.



BREAST UP ROPE CLIMBING.
 If dumb bells are chosen the beginner should select a light pair, not weighing over one pound, and if he practises with them in the right way, being careful not to overwork himself, he will find these exercises very beneficial. He must work himself up slowly and gradually, and not take another and heavier pair of bells before he feel an increase of strength.
 One-half hour a day is sufficient for him, and care must be taken not to take up the exercises too violently, for his muscles are soft and flabby and too sudden and violent motions might strain them and hurt him seriously.
 Moderation in all exercises is one of the first and most important rules for the boy who takes up gymnastics in earnest.
 Besides the dumb bells, which will particularly develop the strength of his arms and enable him to take other exercises, a little running may be done and not found amiss.
 The leaper will find his lungs severely taxed by gymnastics, and the running will help to strengthen them as well as the lower part of his body. It is with gymnastics as with everything else in the line of physical development—a systematic building up of every muscle leads in the end to perfection.

SLOW REVOLVE.
 One thing particularly a beginner should never lose sight of. He should be careful to finish his tricks as well and neatly as possible, so as to make them graceful and appear easy to the spectator.
 He must be precise in every movement, not a second too long nor too short. He should start in and leave off at the precise moment.
 To learners I would say do all your tricks with style and finish, for however simple a trick may be if it is perfectly done it will be a pleasure for the beholder. But, on the contrary, if the most difficult trick is not well done it is a failure and would better not have been attempted.
 A beginner will find that the rings are about as hard as any apparatus in the gymnasium.
 But no gymnasium work is easy, and perseverance is the key of success. If the first effort is a failure the fifth or sixth may not be. My advice is to work persistently and never lose heart. My own experience proves that my advice is good.
 When I started in the gymnasium about fifteen years ago I had as many failures and mishaps as any beginner, but I persevered and gave my steady attendance to study, and to that alone I owe whatever success I may have attained. I won the amateur championship of America in the rings for the years 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889 and 1890, as well as the rope climbing in 1888, doing this trick of rope climbing twenty-two feet in five and three-fifths seconds. I have also won over fifty prizes for running from the year 1880 to 1883. At that time I retired from active track athletics.
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J. on February 22, 1889, of thirty-seven feet and nine inches, in ten and one-half seconds.
 I have already described the process of training for the rings, and now I will tell how some of the tricks are performed.
 The back horizontal is one of the prettiest that I know of. In this trick the performer takes hold of the rings and throws his legs into the air until he is in the position of a man standing on his hands. Slowly the body is lowered until it is held out straight with the face downward and the arms extended downward.
 The front horizontal is much more difficult to most performers, but with me it is easier. The beginner should start by hanging at arm's length. Then he should throw the head well back and draw his legs and body up until a horizontal is reached. This should be done at first with a forward snap.
 The swinging back snap is simply a breast up done backward and with a throw. The performer rests on his palms at arm's length. This trick does not require so much strength as knack. It is not hard to learn and needs confidence. The beginner should do it first without a swing.
 The swinging hand balance requires first a breast up. When you are up at the forward end of the rings throw your feet up and strike a balance with your legs over your head.
 The learner should first balance on his hands on the floor with his feet against the wall. Gradually he should draw away from the support in order to gain independence.
 In the rings it should be learned without the swing. When this is mastered a short swing should be tried. Gradually increase the swing until in the air and in motion, the performer is perfectly at home. This trick requires nerve, confidence and knack at least two years of practice.
 The half arm balance consists of resting the weight of the body on the forearm, which is passed through the rings below the elbow, throwing the feet up and stopping at a balance. This trick requires little practice, and always attracts attention. But unless the rings are held in one place the arms are likely to be hurt.
 In making the slow revolve the performer should first do the breast up, keeping the arms at full length. Gradually he should lower the body to the forward horizontal position and then complete the revolution until the original position is reached.
 The secret of rope climbing is quick work on the recovery. A steady long reach is necessary. One hand is passed over the other, without using the legs.

OUR NORTHERN BOUNDARY.
 How it is Marked Out by Cairns, Mounds and Pillars.
 Formerly great difficulties were experienced in locating the exact line which separates our country from that belonging to the kingdom of her majesty, Victoria I. Now all that has been overcome, says the St. Louis Republic. According to the treaty of Ghent the British were allowed all the land lying north of a point 4,700 feet south of the forty-ninth parallel, thence running west to the Pacific ocean. In April, 1870, surveyors, at work establishing an Indian reservation, discovered the fact that a great error had been made in the calculations of the commissioners who had established the line 4,700 feet south of the parallel which, if followed west as laid out, would take in the British fort at Pembina. The surveyors communicated this startling fact to the general government and the secretary of the state informed the British minister, whereupon a new "boundary commission" was formed forthwith. Few of the 45,000,000 of people of the United States at that time knew that our country was without a northern boundary line for two years following April, 1870, but such was the case. During the summer of the year last named congress by joint resolution appropriated \$100,000 for carrying on the work of establishing the true boundary.
 By the end of 1872 the boundary commission had done its work; stone cairns, earth mounds, and wooden and iron pillars had been set up at intervals of from one to eight miles apart from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific ocean. There are exactly 382 of these landmarks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky mountains. The Red River valley is marked only with iron posts, which are set at the exact distance of one mile apart. All the iron pillars used in the consummation of this great work were cast at Detroit, Mich. They are 3 feet high, 8 inches across at the base, and 3 inches across at top, cast hollow. They were made hollow so that they could be set permanently by driving cedar posts through the hollows. Each post is inscribed with this legend:
 "Convention of London, Oct. 23, 1818."
 When stone cairns were used they were made 3 feet high, 7 feet square at the bottom, tapering to 3 1/2 feet at the top. The mounds of earth used as marks were made 14 feet square and 7 feet high. How many of the mounds and cairns were built between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean only the commissioners know; suffice to say that as long as stone, earth, and iron will last the question of our northern boundary is settled.

A Serious Question.
 Mrs. Wellesley Vassar—"Why are you so dejected, Miranda? You have every reason to be elated after having taken the senior prize in classics; and your essay on 'Deductive Philosophy' won the admiration of all the faculty. So well equipped a girl should—"
 Miranda Vassar—"That's just the trouble; how—how can I find a husband who is able to sew buttons on, and cook, and mind the—the—O! (Weeps).—Puck.

HIS HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

A "REFORMED INEBRIATE'S" TOUR WITH GOUGH.
 He Traveled in England for Three Years With a Bottle of Whisky in His Hip Pocket —John B. Gough's Terrible Temptation.

"Yes, gentleman, I carried a pint bottle of whisky in my pocket for fifteen years and never drank a drop of it," said Milo Bosworth, a well-known citizen of Cleveland, Ohio. "When I was a young fellow I drank pretty hard, in fact I was drunk about all the time, but when I got married I thought it was time to call a halt. I went down to Chagrin Falls on a little business, and before I came home I stopped at Beard's grocery, as was my custom, and had my flask filled. I had made up my mind that that would be the last liquor I would drink for fifteen years; but when I got into my wagon I fell to thinking about the matter and came to the conclusion that there was no time like the present and I just put that bottle in my hip pocket, and there I carried it for fifteen long years, and during that time I never touched a drop of liquor of any kind.
 "Well, about twelve years after that, Gough, the great temperance orator, was advertised to speak in Cleveland. The posters informed us that the meeting would be held in the Presbyterian church. You young fellows probably never heard of that church. It was a large, wooden structure, and stood on the site of the Old Stone church. Of course we attended the meeting which occurred on the Sabbath, and I kinder took a notion to Gough, and asked him to go home and dine with us. He accepted, and after dinner I took out the bottle I had carried for twelve years and asked him if he would take a drink. I just said it in fun, but great guns, you ought to have seen that man. He turned first red and then white, and finally gasped out the words:
 "'Put it up. I can't stand it. Put it up, I say, before I disgrace myself.' I was frightened, and put the flask in my pocket in a hurry. He didn't say anything for several minutes, but sat with his head between his hands. Finally he looked up and said:
 "'My friend, I am truly sorry that I should display my weakness in your house, but sometimes I have an uncontrollable desire for liquor, and when I saw your flask I would have given my life for a drink. But,' he continued, 'I understood you to say that you had carried that bottle and not drank anything for twelve years?'
 "'That is true,' I said, and then I proceeded to tell him of the circumstances of my swearing off. When he heard me through he said: 'You are just the man I am looking for, and I want you to go to England with me.' Of course I was taken by surprise, and asked him to explain. He said that he had long wanted a reformed drunkard to travel with him and lecture, and that a man with my will was just the chap he desired. Well, I talked the matter over with my wife, and she said that she guessed that she could spare me for a year or so, and the upshot of the thing was that Gough and I formed a partnership whereby I was to receive a handsome percentage of the receipts, and we started out.
 "Albany was the first place where we were billed to lecture, and I tell you there was a crowd there to hear us. Gough had advertised the reformed drunkard feature for all it was worth, and I was regarded with as much curiosity as the dime museum freaks are to-day. From Albany we went to Boston and finally to New York, where we bid good-bye to America and set sail for England. A stop was made in Ireland, and in Dublin the largest hall in the city wouldn't hold the people. I gave those who were on the outside tickets and had them come the next night.
 One way of running the lecture was to have Gough make an opening speech, after which he would introduce me as the reformed drunkard. I would step forward, and as a starter would slap down my whisky bottle on the table and tell the audience how long I had carried it. After that we would call for people to come forward and sign the pledge, and there were dozens who complied every night. In England we were very successful and we remained there three years. At the end of that time I was getting a little homesick and wanted to see my family. So I told Gough that I guessed I would quit and we looked over the books and settled up. I had eleven thousand dollars coming to me and I brought every cent of it back to Cleveland and deposited it in the old bank down on Canal street. After that I carried my flask and did not drink any of the contents for a few weeks."
 Speaking of Gough, he said: "He was a great orator and grand, noble

man, but he was not master of himself. I remember, one time, when a man put some whisky in a glass of soda water he was about to drink. Just that taste was enough to set the appetite afire within him and he went off on a protracted spree. Very few people ever knew of this, but it is true nevertheless, and the fact is related in one of his biographies. When he came out of it I never saw a man feel so in all my life. He cried like a baby, and vowed he would never speak before an audience again, and if I remember rightly he canceled his engagements for the rest of that year. He has told me many times when passing saloons mounted on a horse, he had dug the spurs into the beast's flanks and ridden for miles at break-neck speed to get out of reach of the temptation."

YOUNG MEN IN HISTORY.

Greatest Achievements of Some of the Most Famous, While Young.
 For the encouragement of young men who think that they can do nothing an exchange has taken the trouble to compile a few statistics which will be interesting to them. Alexander was 33 when he died, after having conquered all the known world. Hannibal was 29 when he led his army across the Alps into Italy. Napoleon had won the victories which established his name as the greatest living master of the science of war before he was 29.
 Washington was 23 when he was made commander of all the forces of Virginia, and was still a young man when the American revolution broke out. William Pitt was first minister of England at 24. Thomas Jefferson was 33 when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. James Madison was 36 when he became the "Father of the Constitution."
 Alexander Hamilton was only 30 when he wrote the larger part of the "Federalist," which Mr. John Fiske calls "the most authoritative commentary on the constitution that can be found." Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," the parent of that is best, as well as worst in the literature of our day, was written when he was 25. Byron's first canto of "Child Harold," which placed him at once among the most famous poets of England, was written at 23.
 Ruskin was 23 when he wrote the first volume of "Modern Painters." Edison is still a young man, and Stanley had found Livingstone and made his memorable journey across Africa before he was 35.

Youthful Imitators.

A tremendous noise came from the room where the boys had been playing quietly for an hour or more. The father hurriedly laid aside his newspaper and started for the scene of the disturbance. He paused at the door a moment to listen. Terrific thumping and hammering sounds reached his ears, mingled with confused cries and screams of rage, and he heard a voice shouting above the din:
 "You half-baked chunk of cheap hog meat! You low-lived son of a gun! Take that back or I'll blow the whole top of your head off! Stand out of the way there, you walking skeleton! I'm going to paralyze that scoundrel behind you."
 With his hair standing on end the father rushed in. Willie was seated at a desk made of a barrel turned upside down and was pounding it with a mallet taken from his tool-chest. Johnnie and a lot of the neighbors' boys were standing on chairs and inverted buckets ranged in semicircles about the room, and all were shaking their fists and yelling like Indians.
 "The noise ceased."
 "You needn't be scared, papa," explained Willie, "we're only playing Congress."
 The City of Tokio.
 "The city of Tokio is fast losing the quaint picturesque quality which has so long delighted the traveler's eye," observed Samuel Brunell of New York, after returning home from a tour around the world. "And all on account of the introduction of the practical ideas of Americans with their brickmaking machines. The houses of Tokio, as the pictures with which you are familiar show, are frail, wood structures, inexpensive and beautiful. But they are as inviting to the fire fiend as tinder, and when a fire starts it seldom stops until several hundred houses are consumed. To prevent this the houses are now being built of brick, to the security of the lives and purses of the inmates, but to the sacrifice of the picturesque."
 They All Miss.
 At a recent gathering in London of experts in palmistry and aurology, it was conclusively shown that they missed as often as they hit. A phrenologist who examined seven heads was badly off in his conclusions on five of them.

My First Beau.

My first beau was named Longfellow Tibbs. He had been named after the distinguished poet at a very early age, and without any thought of the future. I scarcely think if his parents had known what a very short fellow he would grow up to be, they would have distinguished him by an appellation so open to jokes. However, they did it.

I had known him as a little boy, and when I was seventeen years old, and keeping house for my Granduncle Joshua, he called and sent up his card. He had come to the city to honor the firm of Tape and Buttons with his presence behind its notions counter.

I was pleased to see him, and told him so, and he replied,—

"I scarcely expected it. I thought you would not have known me. The ravages of time must have changed me greatly. They have only improved you, you know, but, combined with care, they have traced many lines upon my brow, I know."

I remembered that he had recently acquired a stepfather who was said to flog him frequently, so I looked sympathetic. "You certainly had long curls and wore frocks when I saw you last, Mr. Tibbs," I said, "and you must be nineteen now."

"And a half," he added gloomily, "and a half. However, my heart is young yet. You are keeping house for an uncle, I am told, Miss Rosina."

"Yes," I answered, "he is awfully nice and so awfully lonely. Mamma spared me to him for that reason."

"What a happy man he is! How enviable," said Mr. Tibbs, "to have a niece to keep his house!"

"Perhaps, Mr. Tibbs," said I, "when you are as old as Uncle Joshua, you may also have a niece to keep house for you." "Perhaps," he said gloomily, "but I don't see how that can be, as I have neither brothers nor sisters."

Just then a bell rang, and Uncle Joshua called over the stairs to me,—

"Ask the little boy to stay to dinner, Rosina, and come at once."

Mr. Tibbs refused this unceremonious invitation with a little hauteur. He prided himself on being rather old, and departed for the time. However, he came again, and still again, and in the course of a month began to propose to me. I speak correctly. Other people, I believe, "pop the question" once and have done with it. I never knew of the most ardent passion outliving three rejections; but Longfellow Tibbs went through a course of them as though they were lessons in something. He always went away in despair, but returned to the charge as fresh as ever.

His tailor bill must have been greatly increased by his tender passion, I am sure, for he always went on his knees to offer himself, and was twice caught at it—once by the chambermaid and once by Uncle Joshua.

At last he began to threaten self-destruction, and one evening left me, swearing that I should never see him again alive. I did not believe that he was in earnest; but I felt a little anxious, nevertheless, when a week passed by without any news of him, and I rather missed him, too, I must admit. But judge of my horror when, one evening, a messenger boy put into my hands an envelope sealed with black wax, and wearing a mourning border an inch wide. On opening it I read these words:—

"MISS OS MADAM:—The enclosed having been found upon the body of a gentleman who has just drowned himself in the Hudson river, I enclose it to your address, imagining that it may interest you."
THE CITY CORNER.

Tremblingly I tore open an envelope which was enclosed, and read this:—

"DEAR ROSINA:—Yes, standing on the verge of a watery grave, I may address you thus. Your cruelty has driven me to desperation. Without you, I am wretched. You will not be mine; therefore I will no longer live. Ere you read this, I shall be no longer capable either of love or of despair. Yet, if my departed ghost can visit these terrestrial scenes, I shall come to you in those bright moonlight hours I have so loved because they brought me to your side, and you shall know that I am with you by a breath, a whisper, or a touch. In my death perhaps you may give me what in my life you have denied—your love!"
Your wretched LONGFELLOW.

I read the document to the end, and went off into hysterics. Happily Uncle Joshua was away on a fishing party, and no one came to me but the chambermaid.

She was young, pretty and sympathetic. I felt obliged to have some confidence, and I told her everything. She wept with me over the "poor young gentleman's" untimely fate, but declared that I was not to blame, for "nobody could marry every one that asked them," and instanced one Patrick O'Rourke, who threatened to dynamite himself whenever she declined his offer.

"And how can I say yes," said Nora, "when I like Pat Gorman far the best? And it would be me he'd murder if I jilted him!"

But Nora could not console. I was utterly miserable. I cried myself sick, and actually took to my bed, Nora ministering to me tenderly. And when Uncle Joshua returned, he found me wrapped in a shawl and sitting up amidst

cushions and pillows, a very wrook myself.

I did not tell him what had caused my illness, and he insisted upon it that I had been "stuffing myself with sweets" in his absence. He brought home with him a very sardonic old gentleman, who looked like the portraits of Voltaire, and they had a very sociable time of it in the dining-room over cards and punch, and evidently did not want me. As for the old gentleman, his very glance made me shiver. I was nervous, and on the verge of becoming a shattered wrook for life. I could not bear the gaslight or noise of any kind, lived on beef tea and wept constantly.

One evening Nora had placed me in a large arm-chair on the balcony, and left me alone for a while. I think I had dozed off, when, opening my eyes, I became aware that a figure stood before me. It was motionless; its arms crossed on its breast, its eyes rolled up; but by the moonlight I saw the face of my unhappy adorer—Longfellow Tibbs. He had declared that he would haunt me, and here he was. I should doubtless be tormented by his reproachful spirit for the rest of my days, or rather nights. It was simply awful. I uttered a long shriek, and put out my hands to ward the spectre off.

They were caught in two of solid flesh and blood. The figure dropped on its knees before me. This was no ghost. It was Longfellow Tibbs in proper person, very much alive indeed.

"Forgive me!" he sighed. "Angel of my soul, forgive me! It was all a ruse to try your affection. I wrote both letters myself; I did it to put you to the test. But now"—and he made preparations to embrace me, to which I put a stop at once—"now, my angel," he continued, "I will no longer be denied. Your anguish has proven that I am not indifferent to you. Beneath the thought of my death you have withered like a rose smitten by the wintry blasts. Cheer up—cheer up, my angel! Your Longfellow lives and still adores you!"

At these words my indignation got the better of me. I arose, and looked at the young man scornfully.

"Mr. Tibbs," said I, "if I had been as fond of you as you pretend you are of me, I would not—could not—like you after what you have done; and I care nothing for you—nothing!"

Longfellow Tibbs folded his arms and regarded me tragically.

"There is but one explanation of this insensibility," he said; "you love another!"

As he spoke a sudden thought occurred to me. I resolved to pay him back in his own coin. I bowed my head in silence.

"You are betrothed to another!" shrieked Longfellow.

I bowed again.

"His name?—that I may wreak vengeance upon his miserable head!" demanded Mr. Longfellow Tibbs.

"You may see him if you like," I said.

I arose, finding my strength quite miraculously restored to me, and crossed the room softly, beckoning him to follow.

The house was an old-fashioned one of the double sort, and at the back of the hall was a curious little window that gave light to the kitchen stairs. Beside this window I paused. It opened into a large dining-room. At the table in the center of the apartment sat Uncle Joshua and his ancient friend, whose head was as bald as a billiard ball, and who had lost every tooth in his head. Without a word, I pointed to this individual.

"He!" gasped Longfellow.

"No one else," said I.

"False one, you have sold yourself for gold!" said Mr. Tibbs.

I did not deny the impeachment. Mr. Tibbs folded his arms and stalked toward the front door.

"Adieu," said he.

"Good-by, Mr. Tibbs," said I.

"I dreamed," said Mr. Tibbs, "that woman was to be won by love. I find that wealth is the only talisman. No matter. Let him beware my vengeance!"

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

I never saw him again.

Miss Rachel's Tramp.

Miss Rachel was tall and angular, with sharp gray eyes, and a way of looking "daggers" at whoever chanced to offend. She lived in a quiet farmhouse with her father, a meek little man who moved according to the laws of the ruling genius of his house. She had few intimate friends, for all stood somewhat in awe of her uncertain disposition.

There was one, however, who laughed at her whims and usually succeeded in making her laugh, too. This was Miss Mollie Banks, also a maiden of uncertain age who lived next door. She it was who was seated in Miss Rachel's favorite chair this sunny afternoon, listening to the list of grievances which her friend poured into her sympathizing ears.

"Of all detestable things under the sun that boy's the worst!"

"Worse than a man? Now just think what horrid creatures they are!" said Miss Mollie, laughing.

"Well, laugh if you want to; I s'posed you would; but if you'd been in my shoes for the past week you'd got enough on't."

"What's he done now? Did he leave muddy tracks on the floor?"

"Humph! that's nothing compared to it. You see, it's churning day, and he managed somehow to spill the cream on the floor. Wasn't I mad? And that miserable idiot grinned and said, 'Missus, shall I call in the pigs?'"

"Very thoughtful of him, I'm sure," said Miss Mollie. "He wanted to save you the trouble of taking it up."

"Humph! I saved him the trouble of eating strawberry shortcake and biscuit and honey for his supper! He will feast on bread and milk for a while now."

"How can you be so cruel?" laughed Miss Mollie. "Ain't you afraid he will play some trick on you?"

Out on a bench under the window a boy sat eating his allowance of bread and milk with a woful look on his freckled face. As Miss Mollie spoke he dropped the spoon noiselessly into his dish and bent forward to listen.

"Me! Me afraid of that boy? Why I ain't afraid of nothing."

"Only tramps," said Mollie.

"H'm! Well, I don't just like them." "Like them? Guess you don't! Would you dare to close your eyes at night without looking in every closet and under every bed in the house for fear some tramp might be hidden there?"

"We'd better be sure than sorry, and I will own I'm some afraid of tramps."

Then they talked about pickles, and and carpet rags, and the minister's wife's new "lunnet," and wondered where Perkins folks went visiting yesterday.

Outside the house a boy sat his bowl carefully on the bench and then climbed the back gate to meditate.

He sat there quietly for some minutes, when an idea struck him so forcibly that it knocked him from the gate down to the soft grass, where he rolled and kicked and hugged himself in delight.

"Afraid of tramps, is she? Bad luck to her, it's meself that will send the same to visit her, the ould cat! Oh, Pat, me bye, it's a jewel ye are. Hoora!"

Whack! went a stout stick across his back and brought him to his senses directly.

"What are ye doin', ye spalpeen?" said a gruff voice.

"Och, murder, dad! Be aisy, will ye? It's only taking of exercise I am."

"Exercise? Well, to-morrow ye goes into the portny field with me; ye've had enough of this."

With a rueful face Pat watched the stout laborer shoulder the bundle of tools rolled up in his coarse frock and start down the road. When the red flannel shirt disappeared, he turned to confront Miss Rachel.

"What were you saying to that vagabond, you young rascal?" said she, catching up a stick and waving it threateningly over his head.

"Don't, now, missus! That's only dad."

"You are telling an untruth. It was a tramp. I saw his bundle—stolen things, no doubt. Now tell me just what you said."

"Well, he only remarked that it was a foina evening, and asked me who lived in that house."

"And you said—"

"Yes; I said that a feeble old man as deaf as a post lived there alone with his darter, as foina misus as Iver—"

"What did you tell him that we lived alone for? He'll come and rob us, Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

"Don't worry, missus," said Pat, backing off to a safe distance. "I told him that missus kept all her jewels in her top beary drawer, and the old man kept his chink in a tin trunk under his bed. So it was no use for him to come sneaking around, for he wouldn't get nothin'."

With a cry of dismay Miss Rachel turned toward the house.

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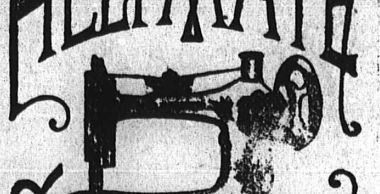
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"A man in my room—mine?" whispered she angrily.

"How shall we get him out?" questioned her father.

"I know," said she. "The miserable critter ain't stirred since I first saw him; probably he's asleep; he's had his supper."

I know by the crumbs I saw in the pantry. Now, I'm stouter'n you be, so I'll just go in, still as a mouse, and get hold of both feet and yank him clean out into the middle of the floor, and you give him a crack over the head with that gun."

"All right; we'll try it."

"My gracious! What if he should catch hold of me?" she asked.

"Pshaw, now, don't you be scared! The scamp is asleep, or he'd a-stirred afore now. You just go still; be sure you get a good hold, then yank as though all Creation had him. Maybe you'd better yell, too; it'll help scare him."

"I'll fix him! I'll learn the varmint to find some other place to sleep 'cept under my bed. Just give me one good chance at him—I'll—I'll—"

Boiling with rage, she tip-toed carefully across the room, and stooping, slid her hand under the ankle of each boot.

Then with such a scream as only enraged women and catamounts are capable of, she yanked. Such a howl of rage and fear combined! For one moment she flourished both arms aloft in a vain endeavor to regain her balance, then sat down on the floor with a force that made the windows rattle, while in each hand she held her father's missing boots.

He stared at her, she at him. Then, with a look which said plainly, "Sold," he said,—

"Gimme my boots, Rachel; guess I'll take them and the gun down stairs; guess you won't be troubled no more to-night."

She sat there on the floor and thought long and earnestly of a young Hibernian. How she longed for him then!

And away down the track, in a railroad shanty, a freckled-faced boy was wondering what his dear Miss Rachel was thinking about.

The Bible has been translated into sixty-six of the languages and dialects of Africa.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's income, it is said, reaches the enormous sum of \$1,000 an hour.

Denman Thompson will shortly produce his play, "The Old Homestead" in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

Mrs. Margaret Lucas, sister of the late John Bright is dead. She was perhaps the best woman orator in England.

Five years ago there were five girls' schools in Yokohama and Tokio. To-day there are more than thirty, and all well patronized.