

H. Adams Nov 15



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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS. Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.

Kansas farmers reaped an abundant harvest. We congratulate the farmers. They have debauched the politicians.

The farmers had the largest pole and they got the persimmon.

Mr. J. G. Blaine will retire to private life, for keeps, in about two years.

The people seem to have had enough of rings, state and national.

A ring is round and has no end. Not so with state house rings, my friend!

The republican candidates for congress were mostly electrocuted on Tuesday.

It was a genuine revolution that came Tuesday, and we predict that it has come to stay.

It was no off year result. It was a positive expression of dissatisfaction with republican policy.

It is just too bad that the farmers will wear out the state carpets with their hobnails and cowhide boots!

T. N. Crowder of Lake View, raises potatoes weighing three pounds. That is his way of crowding things.

We have personally taken active part in two campaigns against J G Cannon, and therefore are not grieved to find him beaten at last.

The present congress will only last until next March, and it is not likely that an attempt will be made to enact any more tariff and election force bills.

While the farmers of Kansas have given some attention to politics, they have not neglected to put in the largest acreage of winter wheat ever known in the state.

The satisfaction that we get in the result of the election, is that resubmission receives a staggering blow in the head, at the same time that ring-rule is knocked out.

It is possible that Ingalls may get back to the senate, for while the next legislature will not be republican, there are some resubmission members who favor Ingalls.

There will, perhaps, be an end now to sectional prejudice. It is hoped that Gov. Crawford and the Capital will now see the rebel howl don't inspire as it did. The bloody shirt has faded out.

John Davis, elected to congress from the fifth district, has been in the reform movement for twenty years. Unlike many, if not most of those who have worked with him, he is a conservative, scholarly man, one of the very best advance thinkers of the state. No better man could have been selected to succeed John A. Anderson.

This is a tidal wave that probably will not recede. Religion must get into politics and the saloon must get out.

We have renewed evidence that inspiration comes from the country.

The farmer of Kansas sat down squarely on pap-suckers and wine bibbers.

Young man Rice of Fort Scott, beat old man Rice, for the legislature by twenty five.

The Globe-Democrat very frankly says it all came from the election force bill and the new tariff. Just so.

The farmer's alliance party can now see that it would have been wise to have spoken clearly on the saloon question.

The farmer's alliance members will hold the balance of power in the next congress, and this may be considered very fortunate.

The people have very promptly uttered their condemnation of the McKinley tariff bill. One of the best results is the permission that McKinley has of staying at home.

Even with a three cornered fight resubmission comes out as third in the race. Kansas is satisfied that prohibition is ten-fold better than any high license system.

With one solid pull of democrats and whiskey republicans united, and prohibitionists divided between the straight republicans and the Farmers' Alliance, prohibition is endorsed triumphantly.

J G Cannon, the foul mouthed member of congress from Illinois, is beaten by Col. Busey, who was run against Cannon twelve years ago by the farmers of that district. Busey is a democrat and a farmer.

Ever since the election of Harrison the republican bosses have been carrying things with a high hand that has been most offensive. They presumed to own the earth and an ignominious tumble serves them right.

It was a ridiculous sight on election day to see the wagons labeled "vote for Robinson and Reform" hauling the redfaced whiskey bums of Topeka up to the polls. As the issue was made this year it was next to "stand up for Satan and christianity."

Nothing too severe can be said of the Topeka Capital's way of misrepresenting things. Even in its election returns, when too late to effect any purpose, its readers were led astray. Blind prejudice is as bad as wilful cussedness.

One of the most gratifying results may be found in the defeat of Halliwell for congress. He has been an anti-prohibitionist all the time, and was only kept from going off into the resubmission whiskey movements, by a foolish and hypocritical nomination for congress by the republicans, with the hope of saving the depraved Wichita vote. If Jerry Simpson is as weak as his enemies make him out, it is all the more humiliating for Halliwell.

The poor clerks and all the other state house hangers who were blest so freely for campaign purposes, are now opposed to the taxing system.

The Capital ridicules the capacity of the Alliance men elected to congress from this state. Really, however, will they not compare well with their Funston and Brodevick.

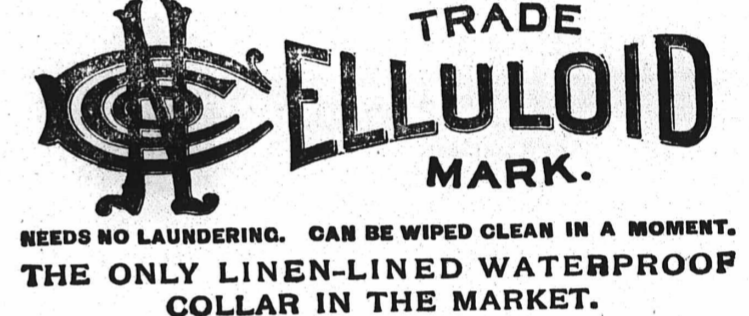
J N Ives is elected attorney general, and it is hoped that he will simply do his duty without fear or favor. The only thing that seems to be known against him, is that the whiskey democrats and resubmissionists were willing to vote for him, and this, with the alliance vote, elected him. He is said never to have given the whiskey fellows any encouragement.

The Kansas City Times rejoices in the defeat of prohibition in Nebraska. Nothing else could be expected with the republican press against it. There is solid satisfaction in the retribution that has overtaken a party that dared not move forward and take up the pressing reforms of the day. An open enemy like the whiskey democracy is less to be feared than a cowardly, skulking, hypocritical pretended friend.

The farmers, and the farmers alone have shown that they are able to rule this state. If they can rule Kansas they can rule in every state in the union. Why should they not do it? Let them shake the professed politicians everywhere, draw toward them the industrious merchant, mechanic, and laborer, insist upon temperance and morality, industry and economy, equal privileges and equal responsibilities, as essential features of a new order of things. It is in the hands of the farmer to inaugurate an overwhelming revolution in behalf of human kind and it is earnestly hoped that they will do it.

The farmer's alliance should not fail to note one thing, and it is one that we have persistently urged all through the campaign. The bid for the so called labor vote, with such influence as that exerted by Mrs. Lease, was a mistake. With few exceptions this union labor influence is bad. There is very little to it in our cities that is not open anarchy. This alienates from the city vote a very large respectable vote that would be given to a real reform movement like that of the farmer's alliance. The bulk of the old green back, and still later union labor vote, is now, as it was then, with the farmers. They are now with the alliance as a matter of course. The only element to be gained by an attempt to cultivate the so-called labor vote, was to be found in the cities. The rest of it the farmers had already. Now to show what this city vote is worth it is only necessary to look at the vote for Willits in the city of Topeka. With all their Knights of Labor, and labor organizations his vote was only 216. It is safe to say that more than this number were kept from voting the alliance ticket because of the known offensive teachings of less than half this number of Topeka anarchists, for at least one half this vote was cast by those never connected with the so-called labor unions.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.



Harper's Young People enters upon its twelfth volume with November 4. Among the attractions for the new volume are serial stories by Sophie Swett, Howard Eyle, and others; "Travel Notes" by Sophie B. Herrick; a series of articles on our principal colleges written by recent graduates; and a tempting variety of short stories and practical articles.

The Tariff Mostly to Blame. The Globe-Democrat says: "It is not difficult to point out the immediate causes for the republican reverse. To the federal elections bill and the tariff must the result be chiefly attributed. An unfortunate mistake was made by the republicans in persisting in their endeavor to pass the former measure in the face of the opposition of the leading republicans of the south, for whose benefit the bill was being pushed, and against the protest of the masses of the party in the west. The blunder is patent enough now to the most pronounced and persistent champions of the measure, and there is not much likelihood of its enactment in the coming session."

It was worth something to see such a blatherskite as A. L. Allen, whoever he is, beaten for the legislature by Judge Webb. All that is known of Allen is that he has forced himself into some notoriety as a Topeka whiskey advocate, within the last few weeks, and will now probably sink again to obscurity.

"Ray" said Prof. Foster, of the Quincy school, "you may pronounce the next word." "I don't like to try, sir." "Oh yes, do the best you can." "Well—er—I think—er—it is purty nasty." "Spell it, if you please." "P-e-r-t-i-n-a-c-i-t-y!"

A thief at Topeka stole a pair of shoes from a store, was caught, arraigned, found guilty, sentenced, and within twenty minutes from the time he stole the shoes was at work on the rock pile. When Topeka does get a hustle on herself there are few towns in the country that can keep stride with her gait.

The Topeka Foundry, opposite the Rock Island depot, Topeka, Kansas, and established 1885, have been making improvements in line of machinery and patterns and say to the public that they are now prepared to make castings of all kinds. They make a specialty of stove repairs for all kinds of stoves.

FREE! OUR NEW FREE! The leading article in the November ELECTRIC, 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. FULTON, 25 Bond Street, New York. \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. ELECTRIC and any \$4 Magazine, \$8.

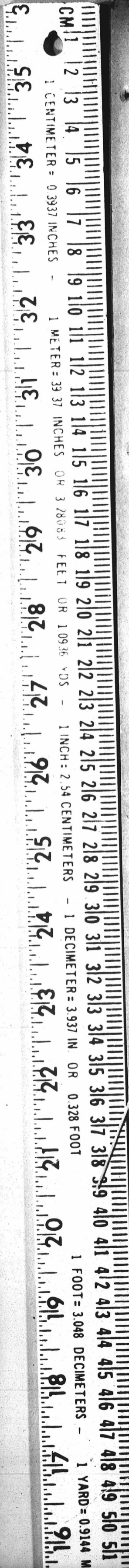
Boots and shoes well advertised are half sold.

The Omaha Republican says: "The Union Pacific is expected to make another move toward decreasing expenses by discharging 1,002 shop employees. This will reduce the force employed in the Omaha machine shop to less than 400 men. It is generally understood that the K. of L. will take notice of the wholesale discharges if the company undertakes to dispose further of its laborers. It is no secret that the men throughout the entire Union Pacific system are prepared for active opposition to the present policy."

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 Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," 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.



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.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN appointed more justices of the supreme court than any other executive. They were: Swayne, Davis, and Miller in 1832, Field in 1863, and Chase to succeed Roger B. Taney in 1864. All of these except Judge Field are dead.

The reasonable subordination of one's own preferences to the rights and predilections of others is the principle of real politeness, and if expressed with grace and suavity lends polish to deportment as it gives pleasure to those who receive and to those who give.

Water is somewhat purified, or rather cleansed, in freezing, but hard, clear ice contains visible suspended impurities, and more that are invisible. Snow ice is very apt to be unclean, and the only safe way is to keep food and water away from direct contact with ice, unless it be artificially made from distilled water, a recent process that promises to become very popular.

In the village of West Haven, Vt., in the Champlain Valley, still stands the old schoolhouse where Horace Greeley began the education which continued through his whole life. The desk where he sat is still pointed out by admiring citizens of the village, and the initials of his name, "H. G.," were cut there when he little thought they would become historical, and be borne by thousands named for him, and thus perpetuating to future generations a name otherwise kept immortal by its owner's service to his fellow-men.

A RECKLESS waste of young timber has been carried on in all portions of the country where railroads have been constructed, in getting out ties. These ties are made out of trees that have not attained one-fourth of their normal size, and naturally laid in the ground where they will rot in the most rapid manner. These ties have to be replaced frequently, and with the new railway lines that have been constructed from year to year there has been in the aggregate an enormous quantity of thrifty young timber cut for the sole purpose of furnishing ties to supply this demand from the railways.

The cry has been for several years for United States interference in divorce legislation by means of uniform marriage laws throughout the country, the assumption being that people troop back and forth from one state to another and get divorces for causes which would not be sufficient in their own states. But all this has been effectually disposed of by the recent masterly report of Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor. He has shown that more than 80 per cent of all divorces are procured in the states in which the couples were married.

The idea of using care, tact, and even art in the composition of newspaper advertising is not strictly a new one, though attention has been given to it so largely during the last few years as to place it almost in the list re-discoveries. Addison in the "Tatler" wrote, "The great art in writing advertisements is 'the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without, a good thing may pass over unobserved, or, be lost among commissions in bankruptcy.'" Whether Addison meant to intimate, not only that an illy prepared "ad" was liable to be hidden among legal notices, but that poor advertising had a still more intimate connection with bankruptcy proceedings may be left to the judgment of the reader. Of the fact of such tendency there is little doubt.

WITHIN the past decade we have had in the country a good deal of discussion with regard to the timber supply, in the course of which a number of fair looking estimates have been made touching our sources of supply and our increasing consumption, according to which it has been figured out that within a comparatively short period of time we should have a serious crisis to deal with in the United States because of the exhaustion of the supply of timber for all the common uses which have been made of it since the first settlement of the country. Whatever may have been the soundness or unsoundness of the estimates thus made it is very certain that we have of late years been using up our timber supply at an exceedingly rapid rate and one of the worst features in connection with the subject is the fact that we have been shipping timber, lumber, etc., in heavy supply to some of the most distant foreign countries in the world.

MAKERS OF BEER MUGS.

GLIMPSES AMONG THE POTTERIES IN RHINELAND.

Drinking Vessels that Delight German—The Ancient Art of the Thrower Largely Practised.

Connoisseurs love—and many who have no pretension to that title are familiar with—the quaint drinking mugs and other vessels which are known as *Gros de Flandres*. Scoffers have said that the peculiar stoneware has been so named because it was never made in Flanders; but the scoffers are wrong. The province of Limburg, however, now divided between Germany and Belgium, which was so long one of the principal seats of this manufacture, has always been a frontier State, and had always been up to 1814 subject to the Counts and other rulers of Flanders. The ware is in truth essentially German in its history, and in the characteristics of its diversified forms and artistic embellishments. The precise date and place of its origin remain unknown. A well-authenticated fragment of the brown ware bears the date of 1589; but ex-



BURNISHERS.

amples of a rude, unglazed, white ware, and of a coarse, earthen body of dark gray, smeared with a lead glaze, have been found in excavations and may be supposed to have been the productions of a very remote period. But evidently by the middle of the sixteenth century the art had attained to something like perfection. For two centuries Germany retained the monopoly and kept Europe supplied with drinking vessels adapted very much to the tastes, to the measures, and to the usages of different lands. It was toward the end of the eighteenth century when a successful attempt was made by one Dwight of Fulham to produce the like articles in England. This was, however, a period of remarkable activity among English potters. The picturesque, though rude, puzzle jugs and tygs had been the product of much ingenuity; but they were disappearing before the beautiful salt-glaze ware, much of which has never been excelled in perfection of form and sharpness of ornament, and which had attained to the highest degree of artistic quality before the advent of Josiah Wedgwood. The stoneware, however, properly so-called, was probably produced in numerous localities all over Germany and the Low Countries, where suitable clay and natural aptitude existed. But there are a few districts to which peculiar interest attaches. These were seats of characteristic and often remarkable original styles. Among the most notable places was Siegburg, situated not far from Bonn, on a tributary of the Rhine. There were produced the tall



FINISHING TOUCHES.

cylindrical cannettes in what was long known as Cologne ware, and other articles of a like kind in a white body, often unglazed, but richly embossed with elaborate and finely chased figures and ornaments in relief. Siegburg suffered severely during the wars of the seventeenth century, and the potters, despairing of being able to carry on their industry in peaceful security, finally emigrated to other lands. All attempts to induce them to return to their ruined abodes and desolated town were unsuccessful; but about fifty years ago an enterprising and ingenious potter undertook to revive on the spot the old manufacture. With the aid of ancient moulds, discovered in the neighborhood, he reproduced the ware of the old types, following closely the old traditions. These revivals found a ready market, by the agency of unscrupulous dealers, as veritable examples, and long held unchallenged their places in public museums and the cabinets of collectors as genuine examples of the much-prized ware of Siegburg.

Only second in historic importance, and quite distinct in character, were the productions of Raeren, a town near Aix-la-Chapelle. These latter were generally of a rich bronze-brown, covered with a brilliant salt glaze. Besides the familiar beer pots, ewers and jugs of great artistic pretensions were there produced. The decorative art of Raeren found employment in the production of religious and mythological drinking and dancing scenes, some adapted from the

engravings of the time, other undoubtedly the creation of local modellers and displaying great original talent.

Similar in style and color to the ware of Raeren were the productions of Freuchen, among which may be included a well-known jug, the neck of which is adorned with a grotesque long-bearded face, called in England "Grey Beard," or sometimes known as "Bellarmine."



PACKING THE OVEN.

On all of these peaceful centres of ingenious and profitable industry grim-visaged war wrought ruthless devastation. In their despair the potters of the Low Countries abandoned the places in which their art was, like themselves, native and to the manner of the country born. Many sought refuge on the other side of the Rhine, and among other places which were to rejoice in the accession of the emigrants was the district lying a little to the east, opposite the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine. Now forming part of the province of Nassau, this territory was, up to 1803, under divided jurisdiction; it was part of the electorate of Treves and of the county of Wied. The district had been from time immemorial identified with the production of pottery to such an extent that it had become known as the "Kannenbachelorland," or the country of the potters—much as the like region in North Staffordshire is known to all men as The Potteries.

The Kannenbachelorland of to-day comprises nine busy villages, of which the two most populous, Hohn and Grenzhausen, give a common title to the whole district. Hohn has the air of a small but flourishing town of between 2,000 and 3,000 population. Grenzhausen, about one-fourth less in population than Hohn, is like unto it in general characteristics. Chemical utensils and drain pipes are among the special goods manufactured; but Grenzhausen is pre-eminently the home of the Kannenbachelor, the maker of the jugs and mugs which are the joy of the South German beer drinker.



IN THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

In general appearance the factories of Hohn-Grenzhausen suggest a comparison with the small potteries that might have been built in Staffordshire in the far-away pre-Wedgwood days. There is the same absence of architectural design, the same look of haphazardness, the familiar maze without the smallest suggestion of a plan. All the world over, indeed, there is a family likeness between the workshops wherein the potter's simple craft was pursued until the very modern edifices of the great houses of to-day came to be constructed.

It is noticeable that the ancient art of the "thrower," the potter of antiquity, is largely practised here, though many of the objects are pressed from plaster moulds. Women are employed to attach the handles and spouts, and to finish the ware after it has left the thrower. Upon the work of scratching in the clay such patterns of flowers and arabesques as form a rough decoration on the surface. Models of patterns are rarely used. The women trace their design with great freedom of hand. These devices in "scratching" are subsequently relieved by broad touches of color, the cobalt used being mixed with water and clay, with a further admixture of salt to make the pigment run fluidly under the brush.

The apprentices serve a term of from three to four years, and the work people are paid upon a system of piece work called "Tagenwerken," under which a given number of differing articles are adopted as the unit for calculating the work per day. For example, a man is understood to make 240 mineral-water bottles, or 160 mugs of one litre size.



A FINISHED PRODUCT.

The process of firing differs materially from that commonly pursued in the ordinary manufacture of pottery. There the oven is vertical, enclosed within a bottle-shaped "hovel," which protects it

and the fires from the external weather. At Hohn-Grenzhausen the oven is of a long horizontal form, with apertures at intervals along each side of the arched roof covered by earthenware slabs, which are removable at particular stages of the firing. This is for the purpose of throwing in the salt, the fusing of which at the proper heat gives to the ware its glazed surface.

Among the numerous institutions, partly under Government patronage and in other cases wholly voluntary initiative, but which appear to be doing good service in the advancement of their interests, is the Royal Trade School, established and largely sustained by the Prussian Government for the special improvement and development of the local industry. The sons of manufacturers are there encouraged, after completing their preliminary courses, to design, model, and complete original works, in the hope of their being of commercial value. It is claimed that some of the most successful patterns have thus had their origin in the Technical School.—*English Magazine.*

OLD DAVE SWITZER'S TWO DEBTS.

The Debt of Nature He Paid, but the Other Marred His Eulogy.

Early in 1885 the Central Mining and Milling company established a store in connection with other adjuncts necessary to carry on their immense business. Their many claims were located in the Elk Mountains, Colorado, and when winter set in and all work was suspended for the season the whole "outfit" was left in charge of the foreman of carpenters, an old Scotchman named Donald McLeod, who had been West for many years and was a veteran plainsman and mountaineer.

In that region, 11,000 feet above the Atlantic's level, the snow comes early and lingers late; consequently, by the middle of November the ground is covered to a depth of fifteen feet. The only way "the Colonel," as McLeod, through courtesy, was called could get in or out of the store was by a door in the second story, the building was erected for the purpose of the "basin" there lived the only other individual who had the temerity to remain up on the mountains in winter. The name of this party was Dave Switzer, a "forty-niner" who had struck a claim in the Elk Mountains long before the Utes had been driven out and was best known as "Old Dave." He occupied a rude little cabin, did his own cooking and washing, apparently living perfectly contented all alone.

He would frequently come down to the store on snowshoes to purchase the small amount of provisions he required and to help "the Colonel" while away the weary hours smoking and playing seven-up.

The evening of the 10th of December, after a whole day of card-playing, old Dave bade "the Colonel" good-night and started for his lonely home on snowshoes, carrying nothing with him but his inseparable rifle and two pounds of candles he had bought. It was snowing hard when he left, and as was very correctly supposed, when he entered the gulch in which his cabin was located, he encountered a double avalanche—one from each side of the canon—covering him and killing him instantly.

It was not until the middle of the following June, when the miners had all returned and the snow had melted that the remains of poor "Old Dave" were found. The body was brought to the store and decently laid out in the assayer's office. The snow had preserved it as perfectly as if embalmed, and there was a smile on his wrinkled face, indicating that his death had not been a painful one. A large crowd had gathered to take a last look at the old miner, among whom was "Colonel" McLeod. Old Dave's praises were tearfully recited, particularly by the Colonel, to whom he had been closer than the rest. He said: "Dave was a good man and I was the last that ever saw him before he passed away." So he went on for a few moments, when he suddenly turned to one of the clerks who stood near, while a peculiar expression came over his countenance, and forgetting the surroundings, the corpse and all else, slapping his thigh at the same instant he blurted out in his high falsetto voice:

"Great Scott, the old rascal owes for them candles yet!"—*Kansas City Star.*

An Unkind Question.

"See that notch on my finger nail?" said one gentleman of leisure occupying a seat in City Hall Park to another equally tranquil person.

"Yep."

"Well, I made that when I borrowed the last V. It's the only way I kin remember. When I borrow a V I cut a notch close down at the bottom of my finger nail, and when the notch grows up to the top I pay up."

"Yep."

"An' don't that allow me time to consider? Don't it show me about when it's a-goin' to come due? An' ain't I always got it before me? It's better'n any memorandum book, ain't it?"

"Yep, only—"

"Only what?"

"When their notch gets to the top does yer allus pay up?"

There was a moment's silence and then, with a scathing look of indignation, the first gentleman of leisure arose, put his digital memorandum book in the remnant of a pocket, and with cold contempt spread upon his countenance strolled away.—*N. Y. Times.*

"They talked that way of me; they called me an ass and a donkey," cried the lawyer to his clerk. "Why didn't you take it down in writing? 'I'd have made them prove it.' 'O, I thought their word of mouth sufficient.'"—*Philadelphia Times.*

STORY OF A TYPEWRITER.

How a Girl in Boy's Clothes Imposed on a Real-Estate Man.

The "pretty typewriter" has become a feature in the business life which can not be ignored or lightly treated. She is here to stay and in her own sweet way knows she is a power in the land. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, real-estate dealers, brokers, and business men generally are under her gentle sway. They may not acknowledge it; indeed, may hardly realize it, but they can not get along without her. In her demure eyes is seen no evidence that she knows this, but she does all the same.

A certain real-estate broker, who lives with his wife at a certain fashionable hotel on the South side, knows it, too, and knows it so hard one can almost hear him think about it. Recently he decided to be in the business swim and was thoughtless enough to tell his wife all about it. That man, a Chicago real-estate dealer and presumably one of the smartest men in the world, actually told his wife that he wanted to employ a pretty typewriter.

Did Mrs. Real-Estate Broker cotton to the idea, and meekly say that he knew what was best? Hardly. She is the wife of a Chicago broker, and naturally knows a thing or two when she can think of it. She thought of one of 'em when he spoke about the girl typewriter. To herself she said: "No, you don't; not if I can stop it, and I rather think I can."

Parentetically it may be observed that if she hadn't tried to stop it the subsequent adventures would never have happened. To her husband she said: "Wouldn't it be better to employ the elevator boy? He's a bright, handsome fellow, very smart, and would soon learn. He asked me only a few days ago if I knew of a position he could fill. He could run errands, and a girl couldn't, you know."

Now, this particular boy ran the ladies' elevator at that particular hotel and was the pet of all the ladies. The real-estate broker knew his wife. He knew it would not be wise to hire a girl under the circumstances, and so a few days afterward Harry, the elevator boy, was struggling with a typewriter and running errands at his office.

A few days later the office-boy happened to draw out his trousers to button his shoe and the gentleman was surprised by a vision of silk-clothed stockings, gay with brilliant stripes, and a limb very shapely for a half-grown boy. The real-estate man didn't say anything, but he was rather surprised—for a real-estate man. Not long afterward "Harry" returned from a hurried errand all out of breath? Who ever saw a messenger or an office boy out of breath?

Harry wrote many letters during the days which followed, and everybody knows that "vidders" are "wery dangerous." A few days ago he was very busy writing a letter, when the broker intentionally interrupted him by sending him upon an errand. Between the sheets of blotting-paper upon "Harry's" desk was found a most erotic note.

An hour later "Harry" was in tears, confessed her sex, and left. There's a nice position in that office for a pretty typewriter.—*Chicago Times.*

Newspapers.

From a "Topic of the Time" in the *Century* on "Journalists and Newspapers," we quote as follows: "No doubt the present tendency towards trivialities and personalities will continue until private rights and public morals are better protected by the laws, and until the acme of size and profit in newspapers has been reached. In the race for expansion and power, the leader who has adopted the readiest means has often imposed his methods upon men who would choose the best means. The fault of a lower tone, here and there, is not chargeable to the great body of workers, for in the profession will be found to-day a high average of ability, and a conscientious performance of duty; and never before our time have newspapers been able to command the trained intelligence and taste to enable them to do all they are now doing for the development of art and literature; all that the newspapers of to-day are doing for every good cause, and notably at this moment for that of good government. Capital and financial success are of course essential for the production of a great modern newspaper; but the public has a right to demand that those who bear the highest responsibilities of the profession should issue newspapers which, as private individuals, would be willing to endorse, in every part, as men of character, refinement, and self-respect."

Bacteria.

The nature of bacteria was for a long time doubtful, but it has recently been determined that they are vegetable rather than animal, occurring in four forms—spherical, ovoidal, rod-shaped, and spiral. So minute are they that 1,500 of them placed end to end would only cover a space equivalent to one-quarter the head of a pin. They are composed of a granular watery mass surrounded by thickened walls. A drop of water is the ocean in which they live. Among their various functions is included a marvelous power of reproduction; in twenty-four hours one bacterium will produce over 16,000,000.

The table upon which Oliver Cromwell signed the death warrant of Charles I. was sold recently to a London antiquary for \$710.

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 8.

Now is just the time to begin the
work of reform.

D. R. Anthony was defeated for
representative in Leavenworth.

Robinson came out of the race as
tail-holder, the third in the contest for
governor.

Are you quite certain that you cast
an honest, candid vote, free from the
influence of prejudice?

Some men in Judge Foster's place
would feel as contemptible as if they
had been stealing sheep.

Dryden did his best work in his
old age, in which he was not like the
present democratic party.

If you are rejoicing over the result
of the election, are you sure that you
are inspired by the purest motives?

The resubmission republicans
should now stay with the whiskey
democrats, where they properly be-
long.

What is the lesson to be learned
from the late election in this state?
It need not be said that it means no-
thing.

You who were so badly beaten in
Tuesday's contest, are you not more
than half satisfied that it may bring
about good results?

The new tariff has given a boom to
the egg business, and all along the
line hen houses perch on every hill
top and nestle in every valley.

It really has been our opinion all
along that all the three candidates
for governor would get a large vote,
and now we feel quite sure of it.

Fortunately the saloon will not re-
turn to Topeka. A very mean war-
fare was made on county attorney
Welch. There is work for him to do
and he will do it.

Now that the campaign is over, it
may be asserted that the tactics re-
sorted to by all three parties, cannot
be too severely condemned. Nothing
is too low for politics.

The prohibitory amendment was
defeated in Nebraska. It is now
quite time to make this a national is-
sue, and any party that refuses to
take it up should be defeated.

It was a very contemptible trick to
report on the very eve of election that
there is no such a person as Ives,
the People's democratic-resubmission
candidate for attorney general.

The next reform movement that
makes a campaign in this state will
not put Mrs. Lease on the stump nor
make any bid for anarchist support.
Kansas farmers are not anarchists.

Some of the late Topeka saloon
keepers would now rather stand upon
David Overmeyer, than upon his legal
opinion in regard to the Wilson
law, even when backed up by Foster's
decision.

The Farmers' Alliance is an insti-
tution that will yet do much good.
Its growth was very rank, and it soon
needed pruning. It has not been set
back, but next time it will appear a
little more stocky.

The tariff is a tax and the con-
sumer must pay it. There is no
sense in fooling with the truth, and
this is truth whether one believes in
a tariff or not. And a tax is a ne-
cessity and something that all should
be willing to pay.

Sympathy for the defeated polit-
icians will be thrown away. The
whole state campaign was wanting in
fearness and honesty, and if all the
parties could have been defeated it
would have served them right. Next
time let it be a fair contest for prin-
ciple.

Some National Savings.

Mr. J. Stephen Jeans, writing in the
London Nineteenth Century shows
that the reduction in railroad freights
by the lines in the United States
has been so remarkable in twenty
years, that the savings in amount
paid for freight for 1888, at the same
rate as was paid in 1869, would have
been \$960,000,000. That is, the
figures show the amount saved in 1888
for the same service over that paid
for 1869.

The result has been the cheapening
of food supplies throughout the world,
and a complete revolution in the agri-
cultural interests of Europe. Eng-
land can no longer afford to raise
breadstuffs, although by their superior
cultivation they can raise two bushels
of wheat where we raise one. The
English farmer, and the same is true
of France and of other continental
countries, can no longer compete
with this country in raising the ordi-
nary food supplies. Hence, they have
turned their attention, in England, to
raising fine blooded stock, and on the
continent, either to stock or such pro-
ducts as we do not raise. According
to the figures of this writer this is not
likely to change. The railroads in
the United Kingdom cost about four
times as much to build and equip as
in this country, and then cost more
to run, and can do about three-fourths
the service. And this cannot be
remedied without a complete change
in their railroad system.

This saving of railroad freights,
this English writer goes on to say, is
too marvelous to be taken in at a
glance. It is sufficient to pay our
National debt in one year. It is six
times the annual net earnings of the
entire railroad system of Great
Britain, and is more than the present
gross aggregate income of the roads
of the United States.

This saving, be it remembered, is
on the assumption that we paid the
same rates in 1888, that we paid in
1869.

Twenty years ago we had many
new lines in unproductive sections,
as indeed we have yet, and it
might be inferred that rates were
then abnormally high. But the rec-
ords show that on the whole, the
freight rates then, as now, were less
in this country than in England. It
seems to be true that the American
railroad system has extinguished the
profits of European agriculture. It
was inevitable that this should
be the first result. Agricultural in-
terests are the first to be affected by
great commercial revolutions. Meth-
ods of production have been
the great factors of civilization since
the earliest dawn of history, changing
the great living centers as circum-
stances give advantages to one lo-
cality over another.

The next revolution that is to come
will affect the manufacturing in-
terests of the old world. Manu-
factures cannot survive where food
products for the workmen must be
imported and where all the incidents
of living are artificial. It is not cer-
tain that the lowest profitable rate of
freight on our railroads has yet been
reached. A wide spread clamor still
exists for reduced rates, and with the
multiplication of industries it is prob-
able that reductions will still be
made, especially in the western and
southern states.

There are other factors that will
cut out no inconsiderable figure in the
early future. While European farm-
ers are turning their attention to
the raising of blooded stock, and the
cultivation of semi-tropical products
to supply our markets, we are rapidly
growing to be independent. Agri-
culture in Florida, Louisiana, Texas
and California, promises to give our
people a full supply of every product
that can be grown upon the Mediter-
ranean shore; and these may yet even
be shipped to the markets of north-
ern Europe, as our grain products
now are.

Who can say what effect this is to
have upon the over-peopled nations
of the old world? When labor is
taken from their hands and food from
their mouths, will America be willing
to receive them and to divide its
blessings with them; or will the wilds
of Africa afford them an asylum and
the means of new life? Who can tell?

Refreshing Democracy.

It is truly refreshing to hear good,
sound, democratic talk in these days
of democratic, if not of general, po-
litical degeneracy. Hence, we pro-
duce the following from that fair
minded and intellectually strong
Lawrence democrat, Judge J. S.
Emery. It does not matter if it was
delivered before the campaign closed
It is good at any time.

He read the resolution in the Dem-
ocratic platform at Wichita about de-
ploring the tendency of the preacher
in politics and said that he was sorry
when he read it. "When you and I
were boys this wall about the preacher
in politics was prevalent. The war
came afterwards. Then it was that
Abraham Lincoln turned his hopeful
face to the pulpits of the country.
When I read that resolution I thought
it looked like going backward."

"I am here on a free platform. I
hope I will utter no words of unjust
criticism of any party or sect. I am
here to tell the truth about the issues."
"The Democratic speakers on this
that must be settled next Tuesday. * *
platform a week or so ago talked a
great deal about the tendency to des-
potism in the national administration.
They spoke of the rulings of Speaker
Reed. I like Mr Reed's position.
What do you send Funston from the
second district to Washington for?
You send him there to vote and speak
if necessary and not play the part of
an obstructionist. I want to say to
my democratic brethren that Mr
Reed's rulings will never go back.
It is a step forward." * * "I don't be-
lieve this stuff about the rich becom-
ing richer and the poor poorer." * *
"The republican party has passed
a tariff law and it will remain on the
books for several years at least." * *
"We are living under a law of supply
and demand. We have passed Eng-
land in the race for commercial
supremacy." * * *

"At the Democratic meeting in
this house I waited for three hours to
hear something about the saloon. I
heard resubmission instead." * * *

The speaker then read the resolu-
tion in the Democratic platform in
regard to sumptuary legislation, and
said: "That resolution was written by
a Leavenworth man. Every plat-
form since I have been in the party
has been written by a Leavenworth
man."

The speaker then read from the
resubmission republican platform
and asked "what do you want of high
license? I come back to my proposi-
tion—let us be honest. There is not
a democrat in Lawrence who would
discuss the question of whether the
saloon shall come back or not." * * *

"The tariff is a secondary issue
with the people of Kansas. Prohibi-
tion is the main issue."
Judge Emery then proceeded with
a good sound prohibition talk. He
referred to the struggle that is going
on between the saloon element and
those who favored prohibition in Ne-
braska. He held the attention of the
audience for more than an hour.

The farmers of Leavenworth coun-
ty will receive \$175,000 for 70,000
barrels of apples this season. Atchi-
son county farmers will do as well.

Chancellor Snow says that October
was warmer than the average, with
more than the usual rain-fall, and the
first killing frost in this section did
not occur until the last week of the
month.

Veterans of the war of the rebellion
will be interested in the act establish-
ing a National Military Park at the
battle-field of Chickamauga. This
Chickamauga and Onatannaoga Na-
tional Park will contain about 7,600
acres and will be under the control
of the Secretary of War. The affairs
of the park are to be in charge of
three commissioners, each of whom
shall have actively participated in
the battle of Chickamauga or one of
the battles about Chattanooga.

An expert directs attention to the fact
that in the design for the Grant Mon-
ument it is stated that either granite
or marble may be used, and says that
the influence of the atmosphere in this region
upon marble is highly unfavorable.
The deteriorating effect of salt air and
moisture upon marble may be observed
on many monuments. This phase of the
subject is so important that it ought to
be considered in time to prevent any
mistake in a monument so conspicuous
as that in honor of General Grant will be.
In this expert's opinion, the finest qual-
ity of granite is the best material for the
purpose.—[N. Y. TRIBUNE.

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

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R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.

Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,
Gearing 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."
"Well, we all want something more than we've
got. Don't you?"
"Yes; but I guess 'want' will be my master. I
started to keep down expenses; 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 the 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 so that 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 she gets all her patterns for nothing, with the
Magazine; and we saved Joe when he was so sick
with the croup, by doing just as directed in the
Sanitary Department. But I can't tell you half!"
"What wonderful Magazine is it?"
"The Queen's Family Magazine, and—"
"What! Why that's 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 your 'sub,' right here,
on my wife's account; she's bound to have a china
teaset in time for our 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 club members. If you don't see in it
what you want, you've 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
part cash. 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 Demorest, 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 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
Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere
Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle Cloaks,
and many other useful and valuable
articles will also be awarded in order of
merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin
Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Snet-
land pony to girl or boy (delivered free
in Canada or United States) sending the
largest lists. 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.

While the fruit supply of Kansas,
especially of apples, has been very
generous, it has been the most dis-
astrous for Northern fruit growers,
on record, taking the northern states
as a whole. Kansas apples have been
shipped largely to the east and the
west.

A Matter of Taste.

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

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The Place House,

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

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

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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.

THE STARK HOUSE

Perry, Kansas.

J. R. PENDROY, PROP.

A Good Table, & Clean, Com-
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 tearer.
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, of go
To Messrs. C. E. Hudson & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

P. S.—This is the machine used by fruit drivers
all over the country. It pares, cores and slices the
apple at one operation. It is so simple a child can
use it. Agents wanted in every State. \$2.00
per day can easily be made. Send 75c. and I will
forward to any address, one sample machine, free
paid. Regular price, \$1.00. 10,000 machines
already sold. Call for the "Little Star" Pam-
phlet.

The winter apple crop of Michigan is little more than a quarter of an average crop.

The value of the exports of beef and hog products exported from United States during September was \$10,795,597.

Now that the government seems to have become interested in one department of agriculture—sugar production—the interest in the sugar beet revives.

The Hessian fly was introduced into the United States during the Revolutionary War by Hessian soldiers in the pay of Great Britain, in forage.

There is no sound reason why cattle, American-bred and reared, may not, in every respect, be fully the equal of those bred and reared in a foreign clime.

California is the first State in the Union for Angora goats. Texas is next. The wool of average grades, crossed on common goats, sells at about 35 cents per pound. Average clip, three and one-half to four pounds each.

Farmers and grain growers of Missouri and Kansas report that the Hessian fly has made an attack upon early sown winter wheat, and that the wheat sown during September is ruined by the insects. Reports of severest damage come from Ottawa county, Kansas, and Lafayette, Cass and Jackson counties, Missouri. It is believed the damage is general and that all fields sown in September will have to be plowed up and the grain put in again.

It is an error to suppose that eggs have no considerable use except for food. They are employed in calico printing, and photography, in gilding, in clarifying various liquors, and in bookbinding. A large business has sprung up in the preparation of photographic paper with salted albumen, and one establishment alone is said to have used more than 2,000,000 eggs in six months for that purpose. Many attempts have been made to find a vegetable or animal substitute for albumen of eggs, but in vain. A prize of \$2,000 offered thirty years ago by an English society for the discovery of a material or process for replacing albumen in calico printing still remains untaken.

The American Federation of Labor will hold its tenth annual convention at Clatsop's Hall, 97 1/2 Miami Ave., Detroit, Mich., commencing December 8.

The National Orange Patrons of Husbandry, will meet in Atlanta, Ga., November 12 to 20th. Thirty five States will be represented. Delegates and visitors will foot up about 400.

Commencing November 23 and continuing until November 22, the American Fat Stock, the Live Stock, the Poultry and the Dairy Shows will be held in the Inter-State Building, Chicago.

The Russian Minister of Finance has submitted to the Council of the Empire a proposal to increase the number of yards along the whole western frontier.

The German Government will erect 4,000 houses for workmen in North Berlin. Emperor William is agitating a cheap railway fares for workmen living in that section.

A boy should learn the habit of easy politeness in all circumstances, but if there be no place on earth where one should use freely his very best manners, it is his own home.

To the average reader, Iceland is as little known as the interior of Africa. Yet Iceland is a famous country, famous for the achievements of its heroes, for the poetry and prose it has given to the world, and above all for the education that pervades all classes.

Catarrh Can't Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh 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 tonics 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 catarrh. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Oh Hicthe 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.

Poultry Notes.
Prevention is better than cure—this is especially true of the diseases that are liable to attack fowls.

During the moulting season, poultry should be warmly housed and abundantly supplied with strengthening food and drink.

Clabbered milk is a very nutritious article of food for hens and growing pullets. It is usually fed with bran, well mixed together.

Let fowls now have full away among the grass, shrubs and orchards. They will enjoy the exercise and make havoc among the grubs, slugs, worms, and other insects that are injurious to vegetable life. Moreover the diet is cheap and healthy.

It is essential that a certain amount of some kind of sharp, gritty material be supplied poultry in winter, as it is impossible for the hens to prepare their food in the crops without the aid of grit, and it is equally impossible for them to procure grit in winter unaided.

Autumn is usually a non-producing season in the poultry yard; a few eggs, and that is all. Good care now will receive its reward in the spring, when the hens become active and are laying well. Don't neglect your stock at this season. Winter is a hard season for them, and good care is necessary.

The Muscovy duck has not been very extensively bred by farmers and breeders; nevertheless, it is good for crossing with the large breeds of ducks, making a fowl that meets the demands of our markets. Muscovy ducks weigh from ten to fourteen pounds each, and ducks from seven to ten pounds.

Raising broilers is a profitable business down in New Jersey. The chicks are marketed when ten or twelve weeks old and weigh about one and one-fourth or one and one-half pounds. There is in the above state a man who by raising broilers clears over \$1,000 a year and that too with less than an acre of land.

Kafir corn is said to be an unequalled food for poultry. It is an excellent grain for growing fowls and laying hens, says the Germantown Telegraph. Experiments have proven that it is not only egg-producing, but will put bone and muscle in the growing bird. Chickens shoot right ahead with such feed.

If chickens have been properly fed the past six weeks, they should not look plump and be in prime condition for marketing. None but select birds should be offered. Poor prices will usually predominate, and if very choice and attractive fowls are offered, they will sell much better than the ordinary kinds.

Any one who doubts the strength and vitality of incubator hatched chicks should visit some one who hatches by artificial means, or should get an incubator and try it. Chickens hatched artificially seldom have a bug or insect upon them. This alone makes them build up strong and vigorous chicks. Never condemn artificial hatching; it is doing more for the poultry industry than anything else has ever done.

To make a wire-bottom nest-box, take pieces of board about fifteen inches square, or better, two corners rounded for partitions, round side down, and then for sides and bottom use wire netting, three feet wide, any length required. Light strips can be nailed along the upper edges; the front may then be fastened up easily on books. It can be cleaned very thoroughly; all dirt and filth falls through the wire, leaving a clean, well-ventilated nest.

If you have not thoroughly cleaned out the poultry house do so at once. Take out all the nests and after removing all stuff and before putting them back give them a rubbing of coal oil. Give the inside of the poultry house, roosts, nests and all, a good coat of whitewash. Put the required amount of lime into a barrel. After it is slacked add to the mixture coal oil in proportion of a gallon to a barrel of lime. Put in also ten pounds of salt and a little carbolic acid. The lime will dissolve all. Put it on so thin that it will find its way into every crack and crevice. Remove the top dirt from the house and put in new dirt to the depth of about six feet. Fill the dust boxes with dry road dust and throw in a little sulphur. All this will be to the benefit of the hens and to your pocket this winter when eggs are high.

Hints to Housekeepers
Salt eaten with nuts aids digestion. Milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.

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

Keep a little beeswax tied up in a cloth to rub your flatirons with, and you will find that when a white shirt is to be done up it will soon become a pleasant work.

To remove fruit stains from linen rub the part on each side with yellow soap; then tie up a piece of soda in a cloth, and soak well in hot water; afterwards expose the stained part to the sun and air until removed.

Cold baked potatoes, which are often thrown away, may be utilized by peeling, chopping fine and warming in hot milk or cream, with pepper, salt and butter, making an economical and palatable breakfast dish.

The largest exhibit ever made of sheep in Ohio was at the late State Fair there. The quality was also most superior. There were 450 head shown.

There are few business men who would think it wise to allow their work to go on many weeks without keeping a set of books. The best farmers make strict account of all income and all expenditures.

A simple remedy for round shoulders is to stand facing a corner of the room, and with hands extended on the wall in either direction, and the feet firmly placed, to move the body slowly toward the corner. This exercise faithfully repeated every morning, will make the form beautifully erect.

A scientific ration for cows in milk is all very well where the farmer understands the subject well, and has time and money to devote to it; but it cannot be left to servants, and the rank and file of dairy farmers can hardly be expected to take it much in hand. The farmer who feeds his cows liberally is usually on the right track for profit.

Always water the horse twenty to thirty minutes before feeding and see that it is not overcooled, for if so it may produce colic. In winter the water should have the chill taken off, and if made blood-warm it will be all the better, for the horse has to expend heat internally to make it so after drinking. On finishing his eating he may have more water if he craves it.

The beef animal is a machine to change grass and corn into meat. The better the machine, the more profitable the results. The grower of common and inferior animals stand no better chance in the meat markets of the world, in competition with the growers of superior grades, than does the farmer using a wooden mold-board plow in competing with the best steel and gang implements.

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

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.

With the November number of THE ART AMATEUR, three color plates are given according to the new departure inaugurated in the October issue. The eight-page supplement of working drawings is a crowded one, being full of original designs for embroidery, china painting, carved wood and repousse brass work. Professor Ernest Knauff continues his "Pen and Ink Drawing." The article on Jutes Breton (with a double page sheet of valuable studies besides two illustrations in the text) is concluded. "Art at Home," by W. J. Loftie, and the articles on Portrait and China Painting are continued. There are special designs for church decorations; a beautiful full page design for an embroidered portiere; some very graceful embroidered patterns for table linen by Mrs. Barnes Bruce, a full sized drawing for a Fan mount by Marian Reid, and some charming designs for Fruit bowls and Butter plates by Patty Thum. How to arrange Door Harps or Door Zithers is a novel subject with two illustrations. An exquisite reproduction by Kurtz, of a lead-pencil study by J. Carrol Beckwith, forms the frontispiece. The three color plates include: (1) A large landscape (20 x 14), a River Scene, by H. Laurent, the well known French artist—a plate probably destined to be as popular and exhaust the edition in a week, as did the September "Kittens"; (2) A wonderful fac-simile of a delicately painted figure subject in water-colors, entitled "Going to Market," by Maximillienne Guyon; (3) "Cactus" Plates, the first three of a set of six designs by H. H. Croby, in gold and colors for china painting. The text is plentifully interspersed with illustrations, and has among articles a very interesting one from Paris, by Theodore Child, and an amusing sketch "How I made a Plaster Cast." My Note Book, the Reviews of new books and the correspondence, are especially interesting this month, and the programme of The Art Amateur for 1891 will be found set out therein. Altogether the number may be fairly claimed to be the fullest yet issued. (Price 35 cents.) Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York City.

Weather Report for October.
By Prof. F. H. Snow.
A delightful autumn month, with temperature slightly warmer than usual and the rainfall nearly double the average amount. The cloudiness and wind velocity were slightly below the normal values. The first severe frost of the season, when the mercury for the first time fell below the freezing point, occurred on the 27th—one week later than the average date. The long absence of freezing temperature from the air above the ground explains the unusually long continuance of the bright autumn foliage.

Announcement.
The UNION PACIFIC "THE OVERLAND ROUTE" has completed the widening of the gauge between Ogden 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,
Butte.
GEN'L PASS. AGT.

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This is the most equitable Town Company ever organized. Prices will be kept moderate.
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It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the DOUBLE CASE ODELL.
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Local Agents Wanted.

A Grievous Complaint.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day, with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are 'most worn out."
They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole,
And I never have more than three;
And there's always coming a mean little hole
That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nills and maybe a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,
And shells and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends—yes, honest, that's
all!"
You can see for yourself 't is n't much

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long;
Above and below and before and behind,
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at;
And I should be perfectly happy, I know,
With a handy knife like that."
—Eudora S. Bumstead, in St. Nicholas.

THE BEAUTIFUL CLAUDINE.

Along the dusty highway, still brilliant with the setting sun, the evening mail man passed in a jolting rattle of wheels from his ancient carriage, and a ringing of hoofs from his meagre mare. Then it was that Claudine, the "beautiful Claudine," as the villagers called her, showed herself at the sill of the little white cottage, her hand above her eyes, her elbow elevated. She stood there silent and motionless, like a picture in lighter tints against the darker background of the chamber, but with a joyous expectancy dawning in her eyes.

Far away over the peaks, the sun was sinking to rest, its last rays climbing slowly from horn to horn of the wooded hills, lighting up the sombre verdure of the oaks with points of brilliancy, quivering like flame against the blue horizon and enveloping, as with a parting caress, the rounded summit of a naked hill, whose long slopes ended at the turning of the road that stretched into the shadow, a strip of dull greyness, soft as a ribbon.

From among this chain of hills, extending as far as the eye could reach in the gathering evening light, rose the deep and sonorous cry of the carters, urging on their beasts, engaged in hauling the stone from the quarries which gnawed out the heart of these same peaks, still touched at the crest by the dying sun. It was here that Claudine's thoughts were roving in search of her man.

In her mind she saw him plainly, this toiling quarryman, young and handsome as herself, perched aloft on a frail scaffolding and working at the quarry's roof in the tremulous light of lanterns like twinkling stars, the monotonous clink, clink of the hammers repeated by the drip, drip of the subterranean waters. But now, since the evening postman had gone by, Claudine knew that the day's work was ended, her man descending with others and arranging his tools—quickly, too, thinking of her and impatient for her kisses.

In fact, some of the men, in gaudy belts and with coats thrown over their shoulders, had begun to appear, climbing briskly the steep white road, their voices mounting higher and higher, like the waves of sunlight, and rough and rude as the country. All at once, even whilst she searched with her gaze the fast crowding pathway, a cloud of dirt and debris leaped high in the air, followed instantly through the valley by a crash like thunder. The quarry had blown up. And Claudine lay senseless on the ground.

Under the gutted earth, covered with crumpled houses, cracked and crushed as by a monstrous hammer, deep in the black and inaccessible depths of the buried galleries, fifty or more of the quarrymen were buried also, despairing, hopeless of rescue, dying perhaps if not already dead. At the point where the engineers worked with heart and soul to pierce an entombed gallery, Claudine knelt beside them, eager, heart-sick, refusing to stir a step and still awaiting her man.

For eight days she had remained there, unable to believe in the disaster, unable to be consoled, her burning eyes stubbornly riveted upon the opening, little by little growing larger. But these efforts provoked new crumbling—the waters flooded the passages, the work had to be stopped. Then and not till then did she climb the hill to the place where the men who had escaped the disaster strained at the pumps.

But soon the pumps, too, gave out, choked, doubtless, with the rubbish that refused to flow. The rescuers, white, haggard, helpless, sorrowfully disabanded and turned away. Claudine remained alone by the ravaged earth, the abortive, abandoned work, crushed, inert, feeling in her anguished soul but a single desire—to be herself at rest.

"Claudine!" murmured a voice at her ear.

She raised her eyes. It was a quarryman by the name of Pierre, whom she had noticed toiling with the others. She saw his blistered hands, the soil on his clothes, and suddenly, without a word, before the pitying sorrow of his gaze burst into a storm of tears.

As for Pierre, he, too, found no word to say, but sitting beside her allowed her to cry on, stroking her hand tenderly at every sob, an answering grief dimming his own eyes. Gradually as the grew calmer Claudine knew that Pierre was talked to her of things whose sense still escaped her, but whose soft, soothing monotone quieted her to the docility of a child.

She listlessly permitted him to draw her with him, scarcely conscious of what he did, whilst he with a gentle,

solicitous care that one shows to a sick mind and fancy coaxed and persuaded her homeward, as from time to time she stopped with long sighs and renewed tears.

The long days passed; the imprisoned men were lost, unfathomable, dead, they declared, crushed by the falling rocks or thrown out by the enormous force of the air from the crumbled caverns. To hear this was a relief to Claudine's strained nerves and senses; they were not tortured, and in the long unoccupied hours when they talked and speculated thus she listened sadly and in silence, but finding a certain pleasure in this envelopment of neighborly pity.

She seemed to herself to be awakening from a long sleep, to be returning from a distant journey; at the same time, though unconscious of it at first, the exigencies of the present and of the coming life began to present themselves to her mind. She had her life to take up again and, perhaps—with a progressive growing of a slow fear—to take it up with want and solitude added.

She began to feel more interest in the things about her; in the success, above all, of the subscriptions to be raised to alleviate the disaster, and she felt a great peace, almost a joy, the day when Pierre returned from the adjacent city to tell her that the widows were truly to be cared for—that she was down for six hundred francs.

Then without occupation and in the patient waiting for the relief to come she every day returned to the quarry. Frequently Pierre accompanied her, always with his gentle courtesy, and there they talked together in lowered tones as if respecting a tomb. In these visits to the cemetery, through the melancholy of the thick woods to the eternal stirring of the same thoughts, the tears of Claudine by degrees ceased to flow.

They arrived soon at talking freely, then at reveries, walking slowly, picturing, perhaps, the awakening of new possibilities. The weight seemed to lift from the breast of the young woman, the horizon so long closed about her to widen and open, and in the trembling dawn of the rising future there was a new, an indefinable charm, growing and deepening in these mutual silences. Sorrow had run itself out and as the spring sap mounts in the fibres of the tree trunks, a new love—of which as yet they did not speak out of deference to this tomb before which they wandered and which had brought them together—grew with the passing moments.

"Claudine," said Pierre at last, "why should we not marry each other?"

"It is not two months yet," she answered, suddenly saddened.

"I know that, but I would not hurry you. I spoke to be in time?"

"What say you, Claudine? Yes or no?"

"Yes," sighed she, "later on."

It was close to evening; Claudine and Pierre as usual rambled among the stones of the quarry.

All at once a singular sound arrested their footsteps. It was the soil beneath them, the scratching or moving of some beast, doubtless at the end of his hole. They bent above the crevasse by which they stood; there the sound was plain, more distinct, like the despairing struggle of something in a narrow place, the rattling volley of rolling debris.

A strange, sudden terror nailed them motionless, then at the same moment the same thought came to both; the quarrymen inclosed in their living tomb were not all dead; some one was mining through the mountain.

And from the depths now came a feeble call, faint, smothered, scarcely more than a gasping sigh.

"It is—it is he!" breathed Claudine, her knees knocking together.

Pierre leaped to his feet, livid also. He! The dead, already so far away, already lost in the gulf of irremediable things! This return was for him, Pierre, a shattered love, a broken future, that smiling broken future over which the six hundred francs of his Claudine spread a radiance like the sparkle of a fortune!

What right had he to return, this dead man, whose face no longer appeared to him irradiated with friendliness and grateful memories, but with a menacing spectre erecting itself from a crumpled dream?

Meanwhile, a new call came from the depths, in which one plainly read the torture of that imprisoned wretch, trapped under the earth for two long months, supporting life on roots and water, grovelling in blackest night, but stimulated, urged to the battle for existence by the perfume of the sunny woods that, doubtless reached him through the crevices of the crevasse.

Pierre uttered a responsive cry and threw himself backward, the prey of a poignant struggle. But the call came again—lamentable, sinister, pleading; he could bear it no longer; a wave of pity flooded his soul.

"Wait!" he cried; "wait but a little; I will run; I will return at once with a cord; the hole is just big enough; wait, wait!"

And Pierre, without a single word or glance at Claudine—did he fear that his purpose would fail him?—took the hill at a mad run.

Left alone—with him—Claudine's eyes clung as if glued to a heavy boulder that overhung the edge of the crevasse; yes, the very edge, poised like a bird ready to spring. She trembled convulsively; a breath almost would detach that stone, would send it crashing to the bottom of that flume whence came that wailing moan; the cry of a man for succor.

God in heaven her man!
Swiftly as Pierre had leaped she, Claudine, now leaped; but how she

staggered, how her legs bent under her as if she were drunk! But no matter; she must reach that boulder; she had reached it—it stirred, turned, engulfed itself in the hole. There was a thud, a strangled cry, then—silence; blank, dead silence, soundless as the quarried stone.

Silence and solitude both, for Pierre had not had time to return from his errand of mercy, and Claudine—with clasped hand and eagerly listening ears—Claudine was now in truth—alone.

MEERSCHAUM IN CHUNKS.

It Comes From Turkey, and is Chiefly Used for Pipes.

The meerschaum comes from Turkey in boxes. A box holds about fifty pounds, and is worth from \$20 to \$300, according to the size and quality of the pieces. It looks like plaster of paris smoothed off and rounded. The amber looks like beeswax or large pieces of resin. It comes in pieces, and is worth from \$2 to \$20 a pound. Meerschaum to make a five-dollar pipe costs about \$2.50. The amber tips raw costs about one-quarter or one-half as much.

When an order comes for a pipe the proprietor goes through the stock of meerschaum to get a piece out of which the pipe can be cut with as little loss as possible. Four-fifths of the meerschaum is wasted, though the chips are often saved and made into imitation meerschaum pipes.

The meerschaum is first cut on a circular saw into a piece a little larger than the pipe. If the cutting shows holes or cracks, the piece is cast aside. Then it is soaked in water for fifteen minutes and cut the rough shape with a knife. Then a hole is drilled through it, and it is turned with a half motion. After the turning the stem is inserted. It is smoothed off when dry, boiled in wax and polished, then it is ready to be sold.

The amber is worked with a chisel and turning wheel. The chisel is sharp and razor-like. A clumsy operator would cut his fingers off with it. An old operator takes the piece of amber in his hand and rounds it with the chisel, the forefinger of the left hand serving as a guide for the chisel to play. When it is rounded it is held against the face of a roughened wheel until it is turned to approximately the required size. Then it is put in the same turning wheel and a hole is bored through it.

This is for the more common and cheaper amber stems, the same kind that are put in briarwood pipes, which sell for 50 and 75 cents. It does not take more than a quarter or a half-hour to finish one of these stems. A stem for a more costly pipe will take a day. The shortest time in which a good meerschaum pipe can be made is three days. That is for a plain pipe. If the pipe is to be carved that time has to be added. Workmen have spent months on carving one pipe.

The dust and chips from the amber and meerschaum are saved. The amber dust is melted and made into amberine. The meerschaum dust is chopped up and worked into a paste, from which the imitation meerschaum pipes are made. It is a common idea that real meerschaum can be told from imitation meerschaum by the fact that real meerschaum floats on water, but imitation meerschaum can be made to color better than real meerschaum though it does not last so long, and the color is likely to come in streaks. It is hard for a man who is not in the business to tell a real from an imitation meerschaum. The best quality of meerschaum frequently has air-holes and cracks in it.

Some Warm Weather.

It will perhaps assuage the discomforts of the summer to read some past experiences with heat, compiled by a German statistician. In the year 627 with the springs dried up and men fainted with the heat. In 879 it was impossible to work in the open fields. In the year 993 the nuts on the trees were "roasted" as if in a baker's oven! In 1000 the rivers in France dried up, and the stench from the dead fish and other matter brought pestilence into the land. The heat in the year 1014 dried up the rivers and the brooks in Alsace-Lorraine. The Rhine was dried up in the year 1182. In the year 1182 the heat was so great that eggs could be cooked in the sand. In 1227 it is recorded that many men and animals came by their death through the intense heat. In the year 1508 the waters of the Rhine and Danube were partially dried up, and the people passed over on foot. The crops were burned up in the year 1594, and in 1558 the Seine and the Loire were dry land. In 1556 a great drought swept through Europe. In 1614 in France, and even in Switzerland, the brooks and the ditches were dried up. Not less hot were the years 1646, 1679 and 1701. In the year 1715 from the month of March till October not a drop of rain fell; the temperature rose to 88 degrees Reaumur, and in favored places the fruit trees blossomed a second time. Extraordinarily hot were the years 1724, 1746, 1756 and 1811. The summer of 1815 was so hot that the places of amusement had to be closed.

A Handy Cigar.

An English officer in India was seized by a tiger while smoking a cigar. As the beast was carrying him off he touched his lighted cigar to his side, and presto, change! he was dropped like a hot potato, and got up and returned to his friends.

Lewis Ralston, a Cherokee was the first Indian to be granted citizenship under an act of Congress approved May 22, 1890.

FOR THE LADIES.

A CHAT WITH MARRIED AND UNMARRIED FEMININITY.

The Chief End of Woman—The Girl Who Wooses—Newspaper Notes, Pithy Points, and Interesting Items.

Periodical literature for women concerns itself so largely with her new successes in the business world, is so taken up with chronicling her achievements in commerce, in literature, and in art, that the casual reader might be persuaded to believe the good old-fashioned occupation of motherhood had fallen into disrepute. Surely whatsoever the female hand finds to do, let it be done with all the might and skill possible; but let the woman not forget in her new delight in the discovery of the wide range of her powers the dignity and majesty of her ancient and primal mission. Let her remember that in all ages she has stood at the altar of life, the high-priestess of humanity; that in the face of all accusations of weakness and inferiority she has gone with dumb lips and brave eyes again and again into the shadow of death to make her sacrifice for the race; and that in these later days of knowledge, biologists, after profound study of the phenomena of being, announce that it is she who is the trunk of the tree of life, and the males but a subsidiary force in the world of genesis. The scientific data from which such conclusions have been drawn have not been entirely hidden from popular apprehension, for certain facts of heritage are matters of proverbial acceptance. The sons of great men are rarely great. Great men have nearly always mothers of powerful character and mind. The dignity, freedom, and strength of a nation are usually in direct proportion to the liberty and dignity of its women, and so on, with like facts all tending to the same conclusion. It is undoubtedly proven that in America, where the women are famous for their originality and the freedom of their intelligence, the men are noted for the highest development of the same qualities, and the nation moves with prodigious strides toward the full perfection of existence. Men of races may be destroyed and obliterated by lower forces, but woman is eternal. War and barbarian influx pass by and spare her, and whatever social or political convulsion may attack our present civilization, it cannot be wholly destroyed, like those of old time, since this one woman holds the secret.

The Girl Who Wooses.
I may as well be frank at once and say I do not like the maid who does the wooing. She is usurping the privilege of her knight, and if I were he I should turn and flee. "But," says Ethelinda, "he needs encouragement!" Perhaps he does. But not too much of it. When you want to give an invalid something to increase his appetite you do not offer to eat for him; instead you offer a dainty bit, a little spicy morsel, or a little acid that quickens the taste and makes a great hunger come. Treat your sweetheart in the same way. Let him be conscious that you are pleased with his liking; but do not for a minute take away his prerogative and do the wooing. No man has a true appreciation for good things too easily obtained. Man is yet a little bit of a savage, and the hunt is always a delight to him. Your eyes may reflect his love, but they need not announce your's first, thereby sending out an invitation. My dear girl, ask almost any man you know what his favorite flower is, and after he has thought, he will tell you either the violet or the rose. One grows surrounded and protected by green leaves, and to get it perfect—that is, with a stem—you have to reach down and pluck it carefully, but in a determined way. The other is guarded by sharp thorns, and though it stands up in a most dignified way, it resists, except by its encouraging sweetness, the one brave enough to take it from the parent tree. You can learn a good lesson in a flower garden; you see the holly-hocks plant and know that they are the forward beauties of the world of flowers; you see the lilies with their bowed heads, and are convinced that beauty without faith is of little worth; you are aware of a dainty perfume, and know that the little lady, whose qualities surpass her charms—the mignonette—is near; you can see the masculine girl in "Johnny-jumpups"; you can see the positive one in the gaudy sunflower; you can see the aggressive one in the scarlet geranium, and you can think of them all and conclude this, the ones worth having, sweet of perfume and restful in color, are not the ones that protrude themselves on your vision, and say, as do some flowers and some maidens, "Take us."—Ruth Ashmore.

Ignorance of Girls.

If a girl never hears a word about economy from her birth, and is conscious that to secure the means to gratify her slightest wish she needs only to stretch out her hands and they will be abundantly filled, how can one

expect after marriage that she can have the faintest knowledge of the duties that belong to her in the care of her household? She has never been called upon to know anything about her own expenses. What she fancied she wanted she bought without a thought that it might be well to learn whether she could afford the money. How money came, how it was always ready for her when she asked, were questions she had never been taught she ought to ask and understand the answer. As far as any teaching she ever received is concerned she might imagine that money grew in the woods, and that her father had it gathered for her as wanted—and of course her husband would do the same. No education before marriage ever taught her anything more rational.

With such a girlhood, free from every thought save that of her own personal gratification, what reason can there be for surprise if she makes many mistakes—well for her if they are not irremediable. Duty was something never mentioned to her when a girl. After marriage her husband gives her no insight into his business affairs, no cautions as to the expenses, never talks to her or consults or advises with her about their mutual expenditures. The same cruel love and indulgence—or it may be indifference—surrounds her in her new home, and thus she continues to be left in utter ignorance of all practical knowledge, simply a toy, a butterfly, seeking only sunshine and personal enjoyment.

And yet under proper training, what a noble specimen of woman she, perhaps, was capable of being made!—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

Girls as Pack-Horses.

No sooner are the Swiss girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords, says a traveler. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature, but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer.

I have seen sweet little girls of twelve or fourteen staggering down a mountain side or along a rough pathway under the weight of bundled fagots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for others. I have seen girls of fifteen years bare-footed and bare-headed in the blistering rays of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swinging mattocks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man.

I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted that it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but she must do it.

And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-limbed guide is protected by the law, so that he cannot be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds, but the limit of the burden put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearer, till by the time the girls have come to womanhood there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand.

Fashion Notes.

Light colors are still in great favor, and black is gaining prominence in contrast.

The newest and most unique idea of a dressing gown is a monk's robe with a knotted robe girdle.

Mechlin lace is used for trimming costly lingerie, to which its fine delicate mesh is well adapted.

All women wear lightly clinging gowns and bodices that mould the figure. Few women look well in them.

New lack-trimmed handkerchiefs have quarter-inch hems, and are edged with inch-wide Valenciennes lace.

Cotton and muslin balayouses are to be replaced by silk or a thick colored zephyr embroidered in white.

Among the most popular wedding presents are vinaigrettes, with large dull gold tops, bearing the bride's monogram set in diamonds and rubies.

Woolen muslins are taking the place of the organdies. Some resemble Nottingham lace, others are striped or plaided. All are stylish and durable.

The new make of skirt is more lady-like than the stiff mannish front, and is arranged all over with small inch-wide box pleats, drawn in at the waist beneath a belt.

Corsets are made in Swiss belt fashion with slight points below the waist, and much longer points rising on the chest in front and between the shoulders in the back.

Choice of Evils.

Horrified Mother—"I just this minute saw Mr. Nicofello's arm around your waist. It's perfectly awful."
Repentant Daughter—"Yes, mother, but it would be a good deal more awful to see his arm around some other girl's waist."—New York Weekly.

The Sweet Summer-Girl.

On the coast of the Atlantic, In a manner quite romantic, By each shore, and bay, and inlet, where the waves beat and swirl...

Oh, she loves the fickle ocean, But she has a secret notion; That there's something even better than the sunning, breezefull sea; 'Tis the masculine new-comer, Be he lawyer, clerk, or "drummer," Who may pay her daily homage and become her bliss part.



MORNING—NEWLY INTRODUCED.

In Bar Harbor and in Newport To see this girl is the sport, At Cape May, Long Branch, Long Island, and the N. rragansett Pier, And a thousand other places, You shall see how dear her face is, And can woo, and woo, and court her—go ahead and do not fear.

Yet, returning to the city, (This an everlasting pity), She won't know you in the autumn, or in winter's social reign; But so long as she is charming, This should not be too alarming; You can find her there next summer and da capo all again.



AFTERNOON—BECOMING ACQUAINTED.

But she sometimes makes you frantic, This sweet girl of the Atlantic, For she holds the captured arrows Cupid packs up in his bow; And, in bathing or in dancing, She will set your heart a-prancing, And suggest a score of fancies that were better not to know.

How she throws herself before you? At the sea she'll not ignore you— Only ask her to go sailing, to take a ride, or eat ice-cream; And you'll find her true and steady, Never faltering, ever ready, And she'll make your life ecstatic beyond your utmost dream.



EVENING—JOLLY GOOD FRIENDS.

Never mind the mere tokens Of your heart, if you have "shekels," She will take a whole year's earnings, without sorrow or ado; For this wonderful creation Fills a fellow's brief vacation, And you'll only have to labor and get back your cash anew.

If you're poor you need not tarry, 'Tis not you she wants to marry— She's only made for pleasure, just to put your heart a-twirl! Do not mind the worldly scoffers, Take the game for what it offers, And you'll have fun enough to pay you with the luscious seaside girl! —JOHN BENTON.

COSTS PILES OF MONEY.

CONGRESSMEN WHO FIND \$5,000 A YEAR TOO SMALL.

Apartments That Cost Twice What a Member Can Earn—Expenses of Entertaining Constituents.

"Nine hundred dollars a month and we will give you a suit of rooms for your family of four."

This was the answer that startled a newly elected Congressman when he consulted the proprietor of a fashionable hotel in Washington in relation to suitable apartments for a man of his position. As the figure was twice the amount that the Congressman received as salary he looked elsewhere.

To the country constituent, to whom a ten-dollar bill is a semi-occasional pos-

session, his Congressman's salary of \$5,000 a year seems actual wealth—a magnificent income on which he ought not only to fare sumptuously every day and be clothed in fine linen, but also to save money. To the Congressman himself at Washington, obliged to "keep up his end" among men to whom \$5,000 a year means decent poverty, with unexpected expenses cropping up on every hand, with landlords, boarding-house keepers, tradesmen and caterers of all kinds regarding him as their legitimate prey, the said salary is apt to prove an uncomfortably inelastic quantity.

Living in Washington per se is perhaps cheaper than in any other city north of the Potomac. Rents, except in the fashionable quarters, are not high; provisions, especially meat, fish and green vegetables, are cheaper than in either New York or Philadelphia, and servants' wages outside the select circle who consider themselves reserved for Senators and members of the Cabinet are 20 per cent lower. The department clerk who is not responsible to society with a capital account, can take a pretty house in the suburbs within easy reach of the street cars and live in comfort inside his salary of \$1,800 a year; the Congressman, on the contrary, is more or less fettered by the exigencies of his position, and finds any such living forbidden by the law of "noblesse oblige."

Should the country constituent in



NINE HUNDRED DOLLARS A MONTH!

question visit the capital and find his member—far worse his Senator, though their salaries are the same—living up a back street and keeping only two servant girls, he would probably go home in disgust to dilate on the meanness of such parsimonious living. The man of affairs is forced to keep in the swim, and to do so, in Washington as elsewhere, requires money, and plenty of it too. If the member is a bachelor or comes to the capital without his wife and family, he may easily maintain the proprieties of his position and keep within his income, always provided that he has no unduly extravagant habits. From \$50 to \$100 a month will provide him with handsome rooms, and his meals—unless he insists on champagne at dinner—should easily come within \$4 a day. The keeper of the restaurant at the Capitol makes a specialty of 50-cent lunches for "members," and many pay still less, some taking merely a slice of pie and a glass of milk as they stand in the corridors.

The Congressman who brings his family to Washington has need to have a wife who is a practical economist, unless indeed he is a man of means outside of his salary. The rent of a good house in an eligible neighborhood ranges, furnished, from \$125 per month to ten times that amount, or more for very elegant quarters; unfurnished, if you do not insist upon a swell neighborhood, you may get as low as \$65; still \$200 is not an unusual price and some desirable residences are leased at fancy figures. Add to this the necessary cost of food, fuel, lights, servants' wages, &c., and the amount left, even if the rent be within \$150 a month, will scarcely be found a too abundant allowance for clothing and living expenses.

Landlords in Washington, like their brethren at watering places, make their hay while the sun shines, and the rent of a house or an elegant suit of rooms for the season is nearly if not quite as much as for the whole year.



TAKES HIS PIE AND MILK AT LUNCH-COUNTER.

Fairly good board in a respectable boarding-house may be had for from \$10 to \$20 a week, but, as already said, Congressmen are generally expected to pay more than other people. Half the advertisements of rooms and board say "Member preferred," and the presence of such a one is supposed to give social status to his dwelling place. The least expensive mode of living is to take a suite of rooms and get one's meals outside, provided, of course, the "one" is unnumbered with womankind. The cost at a swell hotel is enormous. One wealthy Senator pays \$600 a month for

himself and wife for a suite of three, with board, after having offered \$700 for an elegantly furnished house for which the owner asked \$1,000 a month.

If there be a wife and daughters they must, perforce, be well dressed and always make an appearance creditable to the husband and father. Moreover, the question of carriage-hire is an important one.

Washington is the city of magnificent distances, and to pay the numerous calls which are obligatory upon the wife of every member of Congress a carriage is an absolute necessity. Possibly one day in the week, if she lives in the centre of fashion, her calls may be made on foot, but ordinarily that is impossible. If you own a horse and brougham you must pay at least \$20 a month for his board—\$40 if you keep a pair. Add to this the cost of a coachman and the wear and tear of the carriage, &c., fully \$80 more, and even then the expense is less than constant hack hire, unless, indeed, you can make a special arrangement with a small livery-stable keeper for horses and driver, having your own carriage.

This matter of calls is a very serious business in Washington. The wife of a Representative, unless her husband be the Speaker or a very prominent man, is obliged only to observe regularly the "days" of Senators' wives, of the wives of members of the Cabinet, and to keep in touch with those of the members from her own State, but the wife of a Senator must retain on all calls made on her, observe carefully the etiquette of the diplomatic circles and, in short, keep her long visiting list as carefully as a merchant keeps his ledger.

"Mrs. Blank is not very well, thank you," said a Senator recently in response to an inquiry for his wife. "La grippe? No, she is simply worn out with calling. It takes five days of every week, her reception day, and Sunday only excepted, to keep up her visiting list."

The cards for all this ceremonious visiting are of themselves no infinitesimal item of expense. The funny newspaper "fake" about the huge stationer's bills presented to Chief Justice Fuller and Senator Everts for cards for their numerous daughters; of how Mrs. Senator and Mrs. Justice met in council, and in each household the cards left by the others were gathered up, each returning a wheelbarrow load, and it was mutually agreed that in future one card should be considered sufficient for each interchange of pasteboards, instead of, as hitherto, each girl in the two families leaving one of her cards for each and every one of the other, was by no means so impossible a story as it may have seemed to the uninitiated.

"It is dreadful, my dear, positively dreadful," said a lady who had been spending the season in the capital. "You know I am a mere nobody and go and come when I please. I haven't a house, nor a reception day, and yet I assure you I have used six packs of cards in less than two months, and those I have received would fill a half-peck measure."



CHAMPAGNE COSTS HIM \$4 A DAY.

The item of postage is still a more serious one. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, who never neglects to answer even a postal card, probably spends hundreds of dollars a year on postage, and from 50 cents to \$1 a day is an ordinary average during the actual session of Congress.

The constituents are themselves a considerable source of expense, increasing in direct ratio to the proximity of the member's district to the capital. Of course, each one who comes to the city expects to be shown some attention, greater or less in proportion to his importance, and this attention, be it a lunch at the Capitol, a dinner—and dinners are of all sorts—a bottle of wine, a drive, or merely a drink and a good cigar, counts something on the sum total of legitimate expenses.

Too Much.

One of the New York city enumerators for the district embracing a certain portion of Baxter street relates the following experience:

Pulling the bell of a low brick house it is answered by a shrewd looking foreigner, to whom are put the usual questions.

"What is your name?"

"Moses Lavinsky, aus Posen in Poland."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, six years. Mine wife's name is Rachel and I have nine children."

"Your business?"

"I am a second-hand clothing dealer."

"What is your religion?"

"The man stared blankly at the enumerator for a moment and then turning he called inside:—

"Ra-a-chel, I tells him all I am, but he wants to know my religion."

Something is said in response in a strange tongue, when Moses, with a twinkle in his eye, bends down to the census taker:—

"Don't git it away; I'm a Qu-va-ker."

—Philadelphia Times.

It is estimated that 90,000 pianofortes are manufactured every year in London.

HOW TO THROW A BASE-BALL.

The Natural and Acquired Methods—Short-Arm Throwing Considered the Best.

Now a few words regarding the objects to be aimed at in general practice. First, as regards throwing. Every one has what may be called a natural way of throwing the ball, but this so-called "natural way" usually means a perverted method acquired through carelessness, or attempts to throw too hard before the arm is sufficiently accustomed to the work. As a result of this, there are few boys or college men who may not learn a great deal in the matter of throwing by careful attention for a few weeks to one or two points. The first man to whom attention should be called is the man who takes a hop, skip, and jump before he lets the ball go. No man can run fast enough to beat a thrown ball and, consequently, it takes longer to carry the ball part way and throw it the rest, than it does to throw it all the way. Therefore, the first thing for the man who has acquired this trick to do, is to stand still when he gets the ball, and then throw it. The opposite fault to this, is that of leaning away when throwing. A man gets a sharp grounder, and throws the ball before he has recovered his balance, and the force of his throw is thereby greatly diminished. While this is not nearly so common as the other fault, it is quite as difficult to correct. The happy medium between the two is the man who receives the ball and, quickly straightening himself, drives it while leaning forward; and, as it leaves the hand, takes his single step in the direction of his throw.

So much for the feet and body, now for the arm, hand, and wrist.

The best and most accurate throwers are those who continually practice what is called a "short-arm" throw. To get an idea of the first steps toward the acquisition of this method, let the player take the ball in his hand, and bringing it back just level with his ear, planting both feet firmly, attempt to throw the ball without using the legs or body. At first the throw is awkward and feeble, but constant practice speedily results in moderate speed and peculiar accuracy. After steady practice at this until quite a pace is acquired, the man may be allowed to use his legs and body to increase the speed, still, however, sticking to the straight, forward motion of the hand, wrist, and arm. The secret of the throw is, of course, keeping the hand in a line with the arm and not swinging it out to the side and away from the head, where much of the accuracy and some of the quickness is lost. Certain catchers have brought this style of throw to such a pitch of perfection as to get the ball away toward second almost on the instant it strikes the hands. They aid the throwing by a slight twist of the body.

The quickness of this method of throwing is, of course, due to the fact that there is no delay caused by drawing back the arm past the head or by turning the body around, which lose so much valuable time. Its accuracy is due to the fact that it is easier to aim at an object with the hand in front of the eyes than when it is out beyond the shoulder. One can easily ascertain this by comparing the ease of pointing the index finger at any object with the hand in front of the face, with the difficulty of doing so when the arm is extended out sideways from the body. Still further, in the almost round-arm throwing, which many players use, the hand describes an arc, and the ball must be let go at the proper point in the swing—the throw is certain to be wild. In the other method, that of straight-arm throwing, any variation is far more likely to be a variation in height only, and in that respect the variation may be greater without serious error. A straight-arm throw sends a ball much easier to handle than the side-arm style. The latter is likely to curve, bound irregularly, and be more inconvenient for the baseman. In the field throwing should be on a line, as much as possible, and there are few distances to be covered there that require any "up and over" throwing. It getting a ball in from a deep out-field, the distance is sometimes so great that none but professionals or exceptionally strong throwers can drive the ball in except by giving it quite an upward direction; even then, however, one should be careful to keep the ball fairly well down, as it is far better to have it reach the catcher on the bound than to go sailing over his head. "Keep it down" is a cardinal rule when fielding at the home-plate for the field. If a low ball be thrown, it is easier for the catcher to touch the runner, who in a tight place will invariably slide as close to the ground as possible. A high throw gives the catcher almost no chance to recover and put the ball on the man, whereas a low throw brings his hands in the most advantageous position for touching the runner. The same is, of course, true in the case of the catcher's throws to the second or the other bases, to put out the runner.

The position of the fingers when throwing a ball is a point upon which there are individual differences of opinion; but the majority of the best throwers in the country use principally the fore-finger and middle-finger in giving direction to the ball.—Walter Camp, in St. Nicholas.

The Number Three.

There is much superstitious regard for the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. Thus, an article may twice be lost and recovered, but the third time that it is lost it is gone for good. Twice

a man may pass through some great danger in safety, but the third time he loses his life. If, however, the mystic third can be successfully passed, all is well. Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of Deity; thus, we might mention the trident of Neptune, the three-forked lightning of Jove, and the three-headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to christianity, but occurs in several religions.

In mythology also we find three Fates, three Furies and three Graces; and coming nearer to our times, Shakespeare introduces his three witches. In public house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with "Three Cups," "Three Jolly Sailors," "Three Bells," "Three Tuns," "Three Feathers"—in fact, that number of almost anything of which a fertile imagination can conceive a trio. In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown; and if we look back to the days of our childhood most of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham, who took a sea voyage in a bowl, not to mention the three blind mice that had their tails cut off by the farmer's wife. Perhaps there is some occult power in the number which governs the division of novels into three volumes and induces doctors to order their medicine to be taken thrice daily. It is said that some tribes of savages cannot count beyond three; but although they have no words to express higher numbers perhaps we should be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.

MAKING A SPEECH.

It Usually Involves a Very Serious Physical Strain.

It may look like a very easy thing for a member, having his speech written, to deliver it during the course of an hour in the House, but it is not such an easy thing as it looks. The average speaker gets a deal of athletic exercise in the course of an hour's speech. There are some members in the House who can stand and read a speech without lifting a hand except to turn the pages, and almost without changing position; and there are others who can talk all day without getting tired; but the average speaker perspires as if he were sawing wood. An off-hand speech of ten minutes does not hurt, but the man who throws his arms in the air as if whirling Indian clubs, hammers his desk like a blacksmith, and dances all around the place for an hour or more, is taking very violent exercise. Experience has taught some of them that it is not safe to make such a speech without taking extra precautions against cooling off too quickly afterwards.

I know several members who take extraordinary precautions. They do not speak often. They know for weeks beforehand that they are to speak, and after all preparations are made for the speech itself, and the day comes for the effort, they have a servant bring a complete change of linen and underwear, and wait with these things at hand until the speech is ended. Then the speaker, with the perspiration pouring off him, rushes to the cloak-room, where the servant stands with the coat ready, and throws it over his shoulders as soon as he comes within reach. Next, the member, with the collar of his overcoat turned up high, tucks his dry underclothing under his arm and makes for the bath-rooms. There he enters the waiting-room, where the temperature is high and there can be no draught, being under ground, and waits to cool off a little preparatory to a bath. There is no more work for him in the House that day. When he has got his bath, he makes for his lodgings as fast as he can, and stays there until thoroughly rested.—Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Cost of Newspapers.

From a suggestive article on newspapers, by Eugene M. Camp, in the Century, we quote as follows: "What is the total annual cost to the wholesale purchasers of news—namely, the publishers—of the entire news-product of the United States? An answer to this question would be of interest, but it has never been answered. For several years I have been gathering information upon which to base an estimate. Publishers have uniformly extended me every courtesy; nevertheless I find it an exceedingly difficult quantity to arrive at, and for my figures I do not claim absolute accuracy. Publishers in this country annually expend something near the following sums for news:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. For press despatches, \$1,620,000; special, 2,250,000; local news, 12,500,000. Total: \$16,570,000.

"The business of the Associated Press, a mutual concern which pays nothing for its news, and which serves its patrons at approximate cost, amounts to \$1,250,000 per annum; and that of the United Press, a stock corporation, is \$450,000 per annum. The former aims to provide news about all important events, in which work \$120,000 in telegraph tolls is expended; while the latter endeavors, above all else, to provide accounts of events occurring in the vicinity of the respective papers served."

Emin Pasha's Visiting Card.

A fashionable visiting card in Berlin is an African importation. It is a leaf of the silver poplar, which keeps its color when dried, and can be easily written upon. It delights fashionable Berlin under the name of "Emin Pasha's visiting card."

