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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTH.

A Point at Which the Demo-Reps Tried to Insert a Wedge.

Every reader of both Republican and Democratic papers, says the Topeka Advocate, north and south, has not failed to observe the tremendous effort everywhere put forth to inculcate the idea that the people of the south have no sympathy with the People's party—that they are Democrats and will remain so. If they feel perfectly sure upon this point it is difficult to see why they should devote so much space to the effort to prove it. When it comes to be known that there is a perfect understanding between the Alliance people of the north and south upon this as upon many other questions they may readily see what consummate asses they are showing themselves to be. When the question of organizing a new party was considered at Ocala, it was decided, after many consultations, that a convention should be called some time in the future for the special purpose of considering its feasibility. The date was at one time fixed, but afterwards reconsidered, and February 22, 1892, finally agreed upon. The Cincinnati conference had nothing whatever to do with that convention. It was called by an industrial organization that was not in existence at the time the convention of February 22, 1892, was agreed upon. It very wisely shaped its policy so as to co-operate with the February convention; but the great mass of those organizations which had fixed upon that date as the time for considering the organization of a new party regarded the Cincinnati meeting as premature, and did not therefore choose to participate in it. Nobody in the north has at any time expected the southern states, that were not represented at Cincinnati, to ratify the People's party this year. There is, in fact, no particular necessity for it. We care nothing for the manner in which the southern states conduct their local elections. This is a matter in which we are in no way concerned. If the Alliance brethren of the south choose to capture the Democratic primaries and conventions and elect their men through these means it in no way concerns us. The only point in which we are interested in these local elections is that they shall elect Alliance men, and this they are doing with remarkable unanimity.

When it comes to a national election the case will be quite different. Success in a national conquest requires a union of the west and south, and this can only be brought about by a total abandonment of the old parties. This the people of the south understand as well as the people of the north; and on February 22, 1892, they will speak upon this subject in language not to be misunderstood. Before that time Alliance men of the north are not expecting them to officially declare for the People's party, though whenever the subject is mentioned in southern Alliance meetings the enthusiasm with which such references greeted clearly shows that the masses of the people are ripe for it. In fact they cannot be kept out of it. It is as impossible as to turn Niagara up stream. The current of public sentiment is as irresistible as that of the great estaract. It should be understood, however, that when the Alliance moves it moves in a body; and it will not do this until the time appointed, nor do we expect it to. All this tremendous effort of the plutocratic press to prove the south is not "in it" is therefore labor lost. It is a useless expenditure of wind.

Violent Thunderstorms.

French Guiana is said to have the most violent thunderstorms in the world. The thunder is almost deafening and the peals come in quick succession.

A Short Chapter on the Fallacies of Such a Doctrine.

There is an old-fashioned, flea-bitten, toothless saying that "supply and demand regulate the price of everything." It is true only when applied to both sides of the question. I have wheat, and want pork. Wheat is very plentiful and there is not much demand for it. Will I have to trade a large amount of wheat for a small amount of pork? That depends upon the demand for pork. If there is a large amount of pork and not much demand the exchange will be even. Now, suppose I wish to trade wheat for pork and find that I will have to give a large amount of wheat for a small quantity of pork, would I be right in asserting that there is too much wheat in the country? May be so; but, on the other hand, may be it is because there is not enough pork in the country! We generally exchange our produce for money. Those who so blatantly assert that supply and demand regulate the price always wind up by saying that the low prices are due to there being too much produced—"over-production." Was it over-production of wheat or scarcity of pork? Is it over-production of produce or scarcity of money? The surest way of answering the questions correctly is by comparing the amount of wheat and the amount of money in the country during the time of low prices, with the amount of wheat and money in the times of high prices. As we have not before us any reports later than 1888, we'll compare '88 with '68, a period of twenty years. In 1868 the country produced and imported together seven and one-half bushels of wheat to every person in it, and the amount of money in circulation was \$21.47 to every person; the price of wheat was \$1.42 a bushel. In 1888 the wheat produced and imported together amounted to less than seven bushels per head, and look at the price, 87 cents a bushel. Was the low price of 1888 due to too much wheat, or too little money? Not only does this apply to wheat, but to every other crop. This year money is still scarce, but corn and oats are scarce too; hence they bring better prices than when they were plenty; but let wheat, corn, pork and beef get scarce and high, and the same scarcity of money to buy them continue, and we may expect distress and trouble of the worst kind. Of course if there was a scarcity of all things which money buys, and a like scarcity of money, the price would not change, but a scarcity of bread and meat only will raise the price of them, and unless there is plenty of money in circulation, the poor must suffer. For instance, a short crop of grain and meat will not raise the price of metals, wood or earthenware; hence the millions of workingmen in factories will not get higher wages, yet it will cost them more to feed themselves and families. We have now seen that the amount of money in circulation has as much to do with prices as the amount of the produce of labor. As we have seen that money represents the produce of labor, it is only natural and reasonable for this to follow. Go back to our first test and put all of the money in one pile and the produce in another. If you add to the produce only, prices will fall. If you take away from the money pile only, prices will rise. If you add to one pile you must add the same to the other; if you take from one pile you must take from the other. The laws of supply and demand must be applied to both sides alike.—Alliance Farmer.

Atchison Champion: "It is a remarkable fact that a large proportion of the masters of the money question have accumulated but little money," remarks an eastern cotemporary. How about the Wall street lights, who, last fall, after denouncing our western demand for more money, concluded it was necessary for the treasury to issue more money for the benefit of Wall street? To be sure just before they reached that conclusion they had not been accumulating very much money either.

A POOR TEACHER.

An Incident So Common That Its Realism Will Delight You.

Jonathan Briggs is the father of a bright little boy, five years of age, and he naturally takes a great deal of pride in the child and has a deep affection for the little fellow. About a week ago the idea got into Briggs' head that it was time for the child to commence on the foundation for an education.

"Maria," said Briggs to his wife, "Does little Henri know his letters?"

"What letters do you mean?" asked his wife innocently.

"The alphabet—does he know the alphabet? Can he say the letters a, b, c, d, and so on, like I could when I was his age?"

"No, of course he doesn't know the alphabet; he's never been taught it, the little dear."

"I am surprised my dear, that his education has been neglected. I shall commence at once this evening, when I come home, to teach him the alphabet."

That evening, after tea, Briggs called the child to him.

"Now, Henri, papa's going to teach you the alphabet, so that you can learn to read pretty stories. Here is a pretty book, and all these are the letters of the alphabet. This is A," pointing to each one, "and this is B, and this is C, and this is D. Now, remember them as I tell them to you." He named over the balance of the letters and returned to A.

"Now what is that?"

Henri looked at it a moment, dubiously. "I don't know."

"What! Don't know?"

"N-o-o-o."

"Well, I declare! It isn't five minutes since I told you that was A. Now, what is the next one?"

"Don't know."

"What! forgotten that, too? Don't you know what this is, nor that?"

"N-o-o-o."

"If that don't beat all! Here I've just told the child what those letters are, and he doesn't know one of them."

"My dear, did you expect him to learn the alphabet in five minutes?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but I expect him to remember what I tell him. I begin to fear that the child has no memory. Now, sir, I shall tell you what each of these letters are, and I expect you to remember their names."

Briggs repeated the alphabet over and again pointed to A. "Now, sir, what letter is that?"

"I don't know. Boo-hoo-oo."

"See here, Jonathan Briggs," cried his wife, "you've made the child cry, and you stop tormenting him this minute and let him come to me!"

"Mrs. Briggs, I propose to teach this child the alphabet, if he is capable of learning it, and I do not want you to interfere."

Henri wept.

"You shall do nothing of the kind, you big brute! Let me have that child!"

"Mrs. Briggs!"

"Mr. Briggs!"

Henri wept.

"You give me that child this instant, Jonathan Briggs! and I shall at once go home to my mother, and perhaps my father will have something to say to you, sir, about treating his daughter so!"

"Hang your father! Take the youngster, he's just like your folks, anyhow," and Mr. Briggs relinquished the now screaming child, put on his hat and went out, slamming the door so hard that it woke up a policeman.

In about half an hour Briggs cooled off sufficiently to see that he had made a fool of himself, so he sneaked back home. His wife and child both bore traces of weeping, and his wife refused to notice him. A very humble apology and a promise of a cloak settled it with her, and some candy won back the child.

Henri now attends a select school, where for five dollars per term a sad-eyed girl is teaching him the alphabet.

A REFUTATION.

Compare the Platforms Which Show No Affiliation.

Under head of "Farm School" in the Enquirer some one said: "The Democratic and People's parties are as one." This is a very broad misrepresentation of the People's party, writes J. B. Romine in the Chicago Sentinel, and in the minds of persons who do not know the demands of the People's party it simply qualifies the cry of the Republican leaders that "it is a Democratic side-show to catch Republican votes." Take the two national platforms as they stand to-day and compare them. The People's party platform demands:

The abolition of National banks.

The free and unlimited coinage of silver.

The election of President and United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

The surrender of the railroads and telegraphs to the government.

The loaning of money by the government to farmers on land security.

The levying of a graduated income tax on corporations and individuals who are amassing great wealth, to be used to pay the expenses of the general government.

That eight hours shall be a day's work when employed by corporations.

Now, take the national democratic platform, and if there is a single plank in it corresponding to these demands let them tell what it is. The People's party is the first and only political party since the war that has put out a platform that corresponds with the present high state of Christian civilization, art, science, progress, and reform.

It is the only party to-day that demands reforms that will give the laboring man and producing people a just compensation for their work.

It is the only party that is fighting the corporations, combines, and trusts, the untaxed bond holders and the national banks, who are fast monopolizing every avenue to wealth and power, which they are using to fortify and perpetuate a system of corporation, despotism and tyranny that is denying to honest labor the right of the products it has earned by the sweat of its brow, and the enjoyment of the many blessings to which it is entitled through the possession of the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, all of which is produced by the poor and enjoyed by the rich.

It is the only party that has championed the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed masses of people in this country; that will make this a republic in fact as well as in name, and will so reconstruct our constitution and our laws that the combined money power of the world can never undermine and destroy that which will then be the only absolute and complete republic on earth—the land of the free and home of the brave—a government for the people and by the people—to be perpetuated for the benefit of our children and their posterity, who will in the distant future live to bless the name and erect monuments to the memory of those who are now battling for the inalienable rights of generations yet unborn.

Are these grand attainments worth your vote? If so, cast it for the People's party.

Always Harping.

The papers are always harping on the number of aspirants in the alliance for public office. With about two-thirds of the voters of the state members of the alliance, it would be a reasonable estimate to make that there are two-thirds of the candidates who are members of the alliance. There are not relatively that number. But who is it that is making this herculean kick about alliance office-seekers, except the men outside of the alliance who want office? They are making the racket because they see their old game of securing office frustrated. Watch these whiners and it will be seen that they will be bobbing up serenely in a very short time with an announcement.—Alliance Herald.

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A Pathetic Letter.

Dear Aunt Charitie: I hear that your paper—the Vidette—is published to tell people how to save their homes, and I do wish you would tell us how to get ours back. It was such a pretty home, and we all loved it so much, and mamma grieves about it all the time, and often cries because we had to give it up and live in this old rented house.

Papa is a farmer and worked hard to pay his debts, but could not, so he mortgaged our home, and thought he could make money enough to pay it up, and we all staid at home and worked hard, and did not even go to church on Sundays. I was kept home from school to help work, but still he could not pay up. So one day papa came home looking pale like he was ever so sick, and told mamma that the man who had the mortgage on the place was going to take it from us, and we would have to move. Oh! Aunt Charitie, if you had seen us that day you would have thought some of our family were dead, we were all so grieved at the thought of losing all our work on our pretty home. We moved and papa is hired to a man and works away from home, and mamma is sick nearly all the time and says she has no heart to work. We still do not attend church or school because we have no good clothes to wear out in company.

Mama used to play on the piano, but she is not able to own one now, and all of her music books are piled up in one corner of the room, and are right dusty, she does not even sing now. I wish you could see her and say a few cheering words to her, for she needs comforting. I am only a little girl, but I do all I can to cheer her in heart. I live in North Louisiana, and when Mr. Tetts was up here last April, the people all went out to hear him and Mr. Adams speak. There was a heap said about the homes being mortgaged in Kansas and other places, but nothing was said about people losing their homes in Louisiana. I suppose it was because they did not know of any in this state, was why I write to speak of them. I write this to let you know that there is such suffering here. My papa don't drink whisky, nor play cards, and works every day but Sunday, and it looks like we ought to make a good living.

Yours affectionately,
LITTLE NANNIE.

Look To It.

So long as there are women in the cities who are forced to buy their bread only by selling their womanhood, so long as there are men in the rich coal fields of Illinois that must stand without, shuddering at the door with pick in hand and muscle ready for work, while wealth locks the coal fields up against them and a shivering population; so long my hand and heart are enlisted in any and every movement that gives fair promise of the emancipation of man by the emancipation in industry.—Luman Abbott.

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 payment of the postage and for the refusal to take the paper and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

The skilled workmen who come to the United States in such large numbers from European countries would find it to their advantage to learn the English tongue and to make themselves familiar with American ways and American ideas. Unless they do this it is easy for them to be misled.

OF COURSE, under our form of government, the most the general government could do in the matter of road-making would be to enlarge the functions of the department of agriculture, to the extent of securing so far as practicable its co-operation in the building and maintenance of good roads in all cases where the state governments naturally reach the limits of their jurisdiction, and for the state governments to establish either a separate board of highways, or to arrange in connection with the boards of county commissioners under a special act covering this purpose.

WHEN the people once thoroughly understand that in securing good roads they are adding to their wealth, comfort, and happiness there will be an era of roadmaking in the United States such as has never been witnessed on so immense a scale since the days of the Romans. The national government once undertook this work, and had it not been for the invention of the railroads the country roads of the United States would now probably be among the best in the world. But the railroads can never supply the place of good wagon roads, and the development of a system of good roads in any state will demonstrate that fact so clearly that the example would soon be followed by other states.

THE sweating system has no advocates who have publicly espoused its cause. Unlike many other things, involving human want and sin, it is a matter that admits of no discussion; it is absolutely without mitigating attributes; there is but one side to it. The most that can be claimed in its favor, even by the sweater himself, is that it affords him a living; for to the poor wretches in his employ, it offers only a slow death. And it may be seriously questioned whether, if the abolition of the system meant also the extinction of such men as had used it as a means of subsistence, that were not, in itself, a benefit to the world at large. As a system, this hideous scheme of human greed cannot be supported by a single argument.

WHEN the rulers of Europe had settled themselves firmly on their thrones once more after the remarkable revolt of the people in 1848 the United States became the asylum of numerous distinguished refugees who had led in the abortive movement for free government. To these strong men this nation owes much, for they were in accord with all its institutions save that of slavery. As citizens of the republic they worked manfully for the overthrow of the traffic in human beings. There can be no doubt that the tonic quality of the fine European thought brought to the United States by the scholarly men who had struck so bravely for freedom at home did much to correct the vicious sentiment concerning slavery then prevailing in this country and to prepare the north for the great events which crowded upon it a decade later.

THE greed of avarice has encroached upon the churchyard and "God's acre," and civilization has permitted the sacrilege of the removal of the dead to make way for commerce; but sometimes sentiment has been stronger than the lust of gold, and in the city of New York there is nothing more exalting of the better nature of man than old Trinity's churchyard, with its age gray tombstones, peaceful and holy in the very heart of Broadway. When the earth cries out against the burden consigned to her restless bosom, we may adopt the plan the people of New Orleans were compelled by their shallow soil to put in operation. We may build above ground hermetically sealed chambers as repositories for the dead, and these even better than the retort will conserve the laws of sanitation without outraging the nature of those millions of people who are not now and never will be educated to an appreciation of the advantages of cremation.

THEIR NATIONAL HYMN.

THE FRENCH "MARSEILLAISE" AND ITS TRIUMPH.

The Hymn Which Inspired the Revolutionists of 1792, Now the National Anthem—The German "Wacht am Rhein."

Paris was the scene of great excitement on Aug. 10, 1792. News of the defeat of French troops, sent out to meet the armies of German defenders of hereditary monarchy at the frontier, had reached the capital and the fury of the mob against royalty broke loose over the city like a terrible storm. Men and women, goaded on by frenzied agitators, gathered about the Tuileries, the royal palace, whose inmates sought safety in flight, while the faithful Swiss guards retarded the progress of the mob with the sacrifice of their lives. But no human power seemed to be capable of controlling the plebeians of Paris on that fateful day, and soon a motley crowd disported itself within the walls of the royal palace such as had never before been seen or heard there. It went through the building like a cyclone, leaving cruel destruction in its wake.

Scavengers and ragpickers dressed themselves in kingly robes, says the Chicago News, paraded through the saloons and held mock court from thrones which had been sacred to royalty. Men and women who for months had had no food but the remnants from the tables of the rich reveled in the contents of the royal pantries and wine cellars. Debauch was the order of the day and royalty had to be dispensed of its glory to furnish the trappings for the feast. They were not men and women any longer. The sight of the luxurious surroundings in which their oppressors and the friends of the nation's enemies had lived made them frantic with rage and turned them into mad beasts, bent upon ruin and desolation. The worst drags of Paris society made the almost sacred precincts of the Tuileries resound with a revelry whose principal programme was the destruction of everything beautiful and refined and the degradation of the home of royalty to the level of the lowest hovel where vice and misery abound.

When the shameless orgie was at its height one of the young members of the mob, a professional musician whose business it had been to entertain the audiences of low resorts with ribald song and play, espied a beautifully decorated clavichord whose tiny, delicate design suggested the music of the comic opera and the charming dance tunes of the age of the stately minuet. Caught by an inspiration, he opened the instrument and standing before it hammered out the tune of the "Marseillaise," then a brand-new composition. The mob, drunk with frenzy and with the wine from royal cellars, joined the young singer in the fiery, tyrannical words of the text. The song of the revolution became the death knell of royalty, and its history became entwined with memories too terrible to be ever effaced by time.

The "dawning of the day of glory" which the "Marseillaise" announces to the children of France was the downfall of that royalty which had kindled love of glory to make France forget the misery to which royalty and aristocracy had condemned her toiling millions.

All Europe became terrorized before the use made of royal and ecclesiastic heritage in the words and the music of the "Marseillaise." Never before had music been used as a weapon against the throne or against secular or ecclesiastic aristocracy. Music had been one of the most loyal of all the arts, and now it had become the ally of the bloodthirsty revolution, which did not rest until it had steeped the soul of Paris and of France in the blood of royalty, of aristocracy, of priests and even of its own devout followers.

No wonder that with the revolution the "Marseillaise" also was put to sleep. It was tabooed by all government authority, and in France it was considered too dangerous a monster to be permitted to be abroad. It was sung in 1830 and again in 1848 on the barricades which revolution attempted to build in Paris, but it was speedily suppressed as soon as public order was restored.

In July, 1870, the "Wacht am Rhein," a song of German defiance hurled against Gallic schemes to despoil the German people of the river Rhine, and which had been sung mechanically for thirty years without any particular effect, made all Germany rise in arms against France. Then the people of the latter needed a similar incentive, particularly after the defeat of the empire. The "Marseillaise" was brought out again; its terrible appeal to the sons of France to "steep the soil of their country in the foreign invader's impure blood" was sounded once more, but it had a powerful adversary in the German "Wacht am Rhein," which, aside from the "Marseillaise," is the only European national song not tainted with dynastic loyalty. It succumbed for a time but it proved its old power of creating terror during the days of the commune. The republic, after the

suppression of the commune, wisely took the "Marseillaise" into its service and made it the official French national hymn.

Since then the "Marseillaise" has made conquest after conquest. It was given full sway at a banquet where a cardinal presided and the song of the revolution received, indirectly at least a recognition from the same Roman church which for nearly a century had aided in its suppression. It has become the hymn of social progress, but it has also remained the battle song of social revolution all over the civilized world.

A BALD HEAD.

How It May Best be Had—Simple Instructions.

Perhaps you may desire to keep your hair on your head—it would be very reasonable in you—and are not seeking a means of getting bald expeditiously, says the Phila. Times. If so, you may still find food for thought in what follows. It comes from a man that believes bald heads a sign of civilization. Read it:

The first good rule is to keep the head warm. In summer, if you wish to become bald, do not wear a straw hat. On the contrary, let your headgear be a felt or a cloth hat, a derby or a stovepipe. In winter always wear a fur cap. While in the house at all times of the year do not fail to wear a fez or an oil cap.

Women, whose light hats do not wear off the hair rapidly enough, may accomplish the end by using heavy switches of false hair. A roll of false hair will work more rapidly than a fur cap, as the hairs will fall out by the hundreds when the roll is heavy enough. The beloved nightcap so dear to our grandmothers is to be highly recommended also. The helmet of the officer and policeman is also a splendid invention. What is the effect of these head coverings? They make the head perspire. Moisture is the deadly enemy of hair.

On the temples and the back of the head, near the neck, usually untouched by the hats and caps, it is seldom that one sees baldness. On the other hand, the hair usually falls out on the parts of the head that are covered. A bald ring often marks the position of the hat or cap.

As perspiration destroys the hair, frequent use of steam baths is to be highly recommended. The habitues of the Russian and Turkish baths can show, almost without exception, beautiful bald pates. As stated above, moisture is the deadly enemy of the hair. Consequently, diving, when one is in bathing or swimming, is a praiseworthy practice. The douche is even more effective. I cannot praise it too greatly.

When you go to the seaside or any bathing resort, never think of taking a water-tight bathing cap. The bathing caps are always objectionable. The head must be dipped in the sea water frequently. It will be seen soon that the hair becomes dark and sticky and falls out in great quantities.

The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light,
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who know what secret strength may be
Hidden within their clasp;
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain,
That has not learned to plan!
What'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"
—Somerville Journal.

How to Get a Hair Mattress.

An Augusta, Me., man who is the proprietor of a hair tonic, is getting up some testimonials to spring upon the suffering public. One of his friends who loves a joke sent him this very sweeping indorsement, which may be printed on the outside of the book cover and may not: "Dear Sir:—A few days ago I accidentally spilled some of your hair hatcher on the straw mattress at my lodgings, and when I returned home I found a hair mattress."

The Shortest Speech.

What the Detroit Free Press thinks must be the shortest speech on record—and that, too, made by a woman—is heard of in Indiana. A woman walked seventy miles to hear a sermon, and the pastor was so pleased at this appreciation that he called upon her to tell the congregation how she came there. Rising slowly, she looked them over with great solemnity, and said: "I hoofed it." Then she sat down again.

HARA-KIRI IN JAPAN.

PRACTICAL OPERATION OF THE ODD INSTITUTION.

It Has Finally Been Abolished, However, Except in Case of Persons With Certain Traditional Beliefs.

It is generally understood that hara-kiri, or haro-wo-kiri, is the solemn practice of suicide among Japanese noblemen—a practice most deeply rooted in their ideas of honor and faithfulness, says C. Sadakichi Hartmann in the New York Sun.

The hara-kiri was first practiced on the battle field. If the defeated did not wish to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, they thrust their swords into their mouths or their breast or cut their own throats. Later the hara-kiri became an institution of honor. Whoever knew his cause to be lost either executed himself with his sword, or allowed his companions to do it for him. It often happened that when a feudal lord had performed his self-execution his vassals followed his example, to show their loyalty beyond the grave.

My mother, who was a Japanese of rank, often related to me a case of hara-kiri which took place not so many years ago in her own family. The nobleman, occupying a government office, had killed his bitterest enemy and was sentenced to the hara-kiri. If he had not belonged to the caste of warriors they would either have beheaded him or sentenced him to be nailed to the cross, which would have brought dishonor on his family, besides resulting in pecuniary disadvantages. The hara-kiri, however, attached no dishonor to him or his memory. The condemned man was committed to the surveillance of a nobleman in whose mansion the solemn self-execution was to take place. Day and hour were appointed, and the witnesses elected by the government arrived. The condemned man had begged three of his friends to render him the last service and they consented.

Subordinates called on the prisoner to tell him of the arrival of the witnesses. They brought him robes of hemp on a tray. He donned them quickly and hurried to the reception room of the palace, where the sentence of death was read to him. The prisoner listened to it without moving a feature. Then he retired once more to his chamber to change his dress for the last time. Attired in white robes he was led by a solemn procession to the room where the self-execution was to take place. A large piece of cotton cloth was spread on the mats. It was already dark, and a candelabrum giving a faint light was placed in each corner. Behind two white screens a pall, a wash basin, a censer, a tray, and a sword lay hidden. According to prevailing rules, the prisoners present stepped into the semi-dark room and took their places.

Then the duties of the three assistants of the prisoner began. The first brought him the sword on a short-legged table, the hilt being wrapped in paper. The prisoner received the weapon with reverence, lifting it with both hands to his forehead to express his esteem. Then he laid it back on the table and bowed to all present. He let his upper garments fall down to the belt and stuffed them firmly under his knees to prevent him from falling backward, which is looked on as a disgrace. Then, while with a firm hand he seized the sword and with a quick movement cut open his stomach, the second assistant, who stood on his left side, with one fierce blow severed the head from the trunk. After rendering his friend this terrible service he retired behind the screens, drew some white paper from his belt and wiped the weapon. The third assistant then grasped the head by the tuft of hair and presented it to the principal government witness to show that justice had been fully satisfied. This was followed by deep silence. All present retired quietly. On the floor lay the body of the nobleman. Four servants appeared and carried away the body and cleaned the room. The memory of the nobleman remained unstained. He had remained loyal to his rank in death.

In 1869 a private secretary to the privy council proposed the abolition of the hara-kiri. Two-thirds of the deputies were against the proposition, and in the speeches held on that occasion they praised the institution as indispensable to preserve the honor of the aristocracy, and as a spur to morality and religion. The man who advanced the proposition was, as was expected, murdered not long afterward.

Of course all Japanese do not share the opinion of those deputies. In the last change of government, when the shogun, completely defeated, had no other alternative than to flee to Yeddo, one of his councilors advised him to have recourse to the hara-kiri as the last means of saving his honor and that of his family. The shogun ridiculed the advice and left the room in a rage. The faithful councilor retired to another part of the palace and dis-embodied himself in proof of his earnestness. The shogun is still living and enjoys a fat income.

So much about the essential charac-

teristics of the hara-kiri. The changes which this old national custom has undergone cause the particulars concerning it to be somewhat contradictory. By the introduction of a new code of laws the hara-kiri has been abolished, and only noblemen who still believe in the traditional code of honor of their ancestors may select it as a mode of death.

A HOME WEDDING.

It Wasn't a Grand One, But It Was Prettier Than If It Had Been.

"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates, and she asked me to come on an early train and help her mother through the day. It was nine in the morning when I stepped under the thick woodbine that grew about the door of the angular little house on the edge of a New England village. She had a broad hat on and she said, 'Come.'"

"We went into the pasture land beyond the village and we filled our arms with goldenrod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house of her mother, fetched jars and vases and big bowls, and we put our flowers about the rooms.

"He came on the noon train and she went to the gate in her print dress and broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he, she and I.

"Then she went to dress and came down stairs again in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was 2 o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things.

"Then by and by the minister said: 'Are you ready?' And she said: 'Yes,' and then the two of them stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and into the hand of her mother, who sat just there on the sofa. And when the minister began, 'Will you,' she said, 'I will' before he got half through.

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that we all had cake and ice cream. Then when it was time for her to go away she changed her dress again and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came puffing up she turned to me: 'Stay with mother till to-morrow, and I'll get a letter to her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'

"I never expect to again attend so pretty a wedding."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Choice of German Wit.

Lieutenant (looking in a hand mirror). "Ah, the poor girls. Heaven help them. Handsomer than ever."

Judge. "You have already been punished many, many times, I see."
Accused (modestly). "Yes, your honor, but please don't forget that I have also been several times acquitted."

A. "I asked you for a hundred marks and you sent me only ninety-eight."

B. "Oh, you see, I kept back two marks to pay for the stamps I'll have to use sending you letters requesting you to pay up."

"Just look, Mr. Register," said the waiter to the old customer of the establishment, who loved the daily journals so, "just look how it blows and storms outside."

"That's all right," he remarked, never raising his eye from the column, "I can read all about it to-morrow at my leisure in the papers."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Editor.

He can live without towels,
Live without soap,
Breakfast on vowels,
And dine upon hope;
He can live without galluses,
Live without shirts,
Keep a kicking despite
All manner of hurts;
He can manage to get on
Without advertisements,
But the editor cannot
Survive without scizzors.
—The Sunny South.

A Perfumed Caravan.

Every one knows how subtle, penetrating, and permanent is the rich perfume of attar of roses. The larger part of the world's supply of this delicious scent is made in Persia, where there are many hundreds of acres devoted to the cultivation of roses for this purpose.

At certain seasons of the year long caravans of donkeys, laden with the attar, and under guard of soldiers to protect the rich booty from attack by robbers, journey from central Persia to the little port of Bushire, whence it is exported to Bombay. Other donkey trains similarly escorted proceed to ports on the Caspian sea, whence the attar is conveyed to Turkey and Russia, which, after Hindostan, are the largest consumers of the costly luxury.

When the wind is in the right direction the approach of one of these caravans is announced by the scent long before it can be seen, and the line of its progress can be traced by the odor for days after it has passed by.—Harper's Young People.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

VALUABLE INFORMATION CONCERNING POULTRY.

Some Old Hens Are Very Profitable—Marketing Honey—Hints About Rennet—Farm Notes and Domestic Dots.

Habits Fowl and Fowl.

While it is true that a hen is unprofitable after two years old, as a rule, yet there are exceptions to this, and it is best to be so well acquainted with your flock that you know the disposition of each hen; sometimes you will find it best to keep a certain hen during her natural life and find her doing good service. I have such a one now and consider her profitable, even though she has laid very few eggs in the past two years. She makes a most excellent mother and chicks grow faster under her care than any other, and she very seldom loses one. During her four years of life she has raised six broods of chicks and three of turkeys. I count that paying her way. Up early in the morning and off in the fields, coming in for breakfast as soon as she hears me, she will gather her flock about my feet and stand guard to keep the other chickens away until her own are satisfied. She is highly prized, I assure you, and will never die from dislocated neck. Last summer, while raising a flock of turkeys, she was disturbed at night by rats, and on the next evening she came to the house and spent the night under my bedroom window. I call that sagacious.

Other hens are worthless as mothers and should be disposed of as soon as they fail to lay regularly. You will find the intervals between their wanting to sit will get shorter and they will be more persistent in wanting to sit. This time will probably come during the third summer, and then is the time you will find them fat and tender if made into a potpie or roasted. Left to live longer, they become an expense.

On the farm it is not always possible to keep the young and old chickens separate, although they would be better so, as the young should have more feed, and finer, than the old ones. But you can manage this by getting up early in the morning, as the young ones will be out one hour before the old, and may be fed by themselves, and perhaps the early rising will benefit you, too, though as a rule, we farmers are inclined to make the days too long always. Then in the evening you will find the old hens going to roost by sundown and the young ones not until nearly dark, which gives you a chance to feed again.

There are just lots of things about the care and habits of chickens that are interesting and best learned by experience, and yet we may often avoid loss by taking heed to the advice of those who have already learned them.

I am afraid some of our poultry fanciers are not as careful as they should be about the quality of the eggs they send out for hatching. I recently purchased thirty Plymouth Rock eggs at six and two-third cents apiece and gave them the most careful attention during incubation. There were twenty chicks hatched. One was crazy and only lived two days. Of the others, one was a Brown Leghorn, one a dark Brahma and one mixed with Wyandotte. I was not at all pleased with the result, as I do not want those strays. Then how am I to know that any of them are pure? Really, it is unnecessary to have such mistakes occur, and as a rule we want what we order and pay for. Upon meeting the fancier of whom the eggs were purchased and telling him the result of the hatch, he simply remarked, "that it was a pretty good hatch." What do you think about it? Again it would help us if poultry writers would always tell whether the advice they give has reference to farmers' fowls or to those kept in confinement as the treatment must be very different, I should think. My experience is with those having freedom all or most all of the time, and of course I need not bother with green food, shells, etc.—Ohio Farmer.

Marketing Honey.

To raise a good crop of honey cheaply, and to sell it to the best advantage, are two quite distinct processes requiring greatly varying qualifications. Seldom do we find all these qualifications in the highest degree combined in one person. I believe the majority of bee-keepers are better bee-keepers than they are business men—perhaps salesmen is the proper word to use. Many of them cannot get far enough away from a beehive to sell the honey that has been stored in it, or think they cannot. Every energy is lent to the securing of a great crop; having secured it, many a bee-keeper is actually puzzled as to how to put it on the market in the best shape, or how or where to sell. Mr. McKnight of Canada says, "the product of no other industry is put upon the market in such a cumbersome, uncouth and slovenly form." This may seem a little overdrawn, but it is worth thinking of. The improvements in the last few years, however, have been very great, and I think the remark of Mr. McKnight could not be applied to the

honey put up at present by many of our bee-keepers.

Let us suppose that the honey is all ready for the market, put up in the most approved style, considering the market to which it is to go—how shall it be sold and who shall sell it? Some men are born salesmen. To these there is no question as to who shall sell their honey; that is, if they are so situated that they can visit personally the market in which they wish to sell. If a man is a poor salesman, the best thing he can do, unless he can learn to sell honey, is to employ some expert to sell his honey for him. This means that some commission man will handle it, or else that it will be sold so cheaply that the buyer can afford to spend his time in finding customers.

Dr. A. B. Mason of Ohio once told at a Michigan State barkeepers' convention, how two men and a woman sold thousands of pounds of honey in large cities. One man, provided with a map of the city, systematically canvassed with samples of honey, taking orders and marking on the map the location of each sale. The other man, guided by the marked map, delivered the honey. When not delivering the honey he assisted the woman in liquifying and putting up honey for delivery. Here was a work entirely distinct from honey production. Here was *specialty*. Not only the specialty of selling honey, but each had a special part to perform, learning it to perfection.—Country Gentleman.

Hours of Farm Labor.

The management of machinery requires more brain work than handicraft, and this is one of the reasons why the long hours for labor formerly common cannot in these times be kept up. The same cause is now operating as regards farming. Once, all a man had to do was to get in a rut and plod ahead without further thought where it was leading him. The rut was his guide and obviated all need of thinking. Now, there are very few ruts in farming. The introduction of machinery is only part of the new farm conditions that require thinking. Every farm operation demands thought. When a man thus works with brain and hand together it is easy to see why he cannot work as many hours as was possible while he worked with the hand alone.

Farm Notes.

Weak fences spoil many a cow. Do not feed hogs on the dusty ground. Wool alone does not always pay; breed for mutton also.

Sheep will not thrive in filthy quarters or eat filthy food.

Breeding a sow too young stunts her growth and development.

Whenever the fowls do not feed well it is almost a sure sign of disease.

In nearly all cases some mill feed can be used to good advantage in fattening hogs.

Cattle and hogs are the mainstays of any country that grows much corn and grass.

Oil meal can in many cases be used to a good advantage in fattening the hogs; it is a good fattening food and adds to the variety.

While it is always best to push the fattening, there is nothing gained by feeding stock at any time, more than they will eat up clean.

It always pays to feed poultry sufficiently to fatten well before marketing. A few days good feeding will add considerably to their weight.

Domestic Dots.

To clean ceilings that have been blackened by smoke from a lamp, wash off with rags that have been dipped in soda water.

Washing the hair frequently is about the only harmless way of keeping it light. Soda is apt to make the hair stiff and wiry.

A very good authority gives as a very simple remedy for hiccup, a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases, tried as an experiment, it stopped hiccup in nine.

Oyster shells are good to clean the firebrick of the stove. Lay a number of them on top of the hot coals, and when the fire burns down it will be found that all the clinkers have scaled off the bricks.

Canned sardines make very nice sandwiches. Remove skin and bones and rub the fish fine. Mash the yolk of a hard boiled egg, add a little melted butter and lemon juice, and mix to a paste with the fish, then spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

For scrap book use a clean and most satisfactory paste to use is gum tragacanth. A half-ounce with a cup of water added to it will make a cupful. To keep it a long time, add a few drops of oil of cloves. Gum tragacanth will not soil the clothes, and if smeared over the page will leave no mark.

Flour cannot be too cold for pastry, cookies or kindred doughs, while for yeast bread it should be warm enough to favor the growth of the yeast plant. For the same reason warm water should be used with yeast, while with cream tartar and soda it would hasten the escape of gas, and cold liquids are only allowable.

To clean silk that is considerably soiled, the garment must be first ripped and brushed. Spread on a flat board an old blanket covered with an old sheet; then sponge the silk on both sides, rubbing any dirty spots particularly with this mixture: One-half cup gall, one-half cup of ammonia, and one-half pint of tepid water. Roll the silk on a stick, an old broom handle will do, being careful that no wrinkles are left on it. Let it dry without ironing. Woolen goods may be treated in the same manner. In the case where the silk is little soiled, black silk, any color unaffected by water, may be treated with water alone.

SIGHTS IN DUBLIN CITY.

INTERESTING SKETCHES OF THE IRISH CAPITAL.

Kind Greetings to Courteous Strangers—Where Irish Statesmen May Meet Again—Phoenix Park's Tragical Spot.

How great is the difference in the characteristics of the Irish and the English people can only be fully realized by those who, having lived for some time in England, come across to sojourn for a few days upon this side of the narrow arm of the sea which divides the Celt from the Anglo-Saxon. A stranger might reside in London, for example, for months and even years and never make the acquaintance of his next door neighbor, but in the Irish capital a visitor, if he be only courteous and agreeable, may find himself quite at home in a few hours. As we sat at breakfast in our hotel, where the service was quite as good as could be obtained in even the most pretentious of London's caravansaries, says a very interesting letter in the Chicago News, the jovial Irish gentleman opposite us, who has been visiting the horse show, opened a conversation by some casual remark about the weather, and learning that we had come over on a flying visit, launched off into an enthusiastic discussion of the merits of the horse.

We turned into the smoking room and were cordially greeted by an Irish commercial traveler, who opened the ball by observing: "Good morning, gentlemen. I hope we have at last got rid of the rain and the storms." After some further conversation our new acquaintance proceeded to give us details as to the passing events in the Irish capital, the places best worth seeing in the short time at our disposal, and proved himself to be a perfect walking encyclopedia upon every thing connected with the past and present history of the city.

The moment we emerged from the hotel we were espied by a group of "jarvies," whose jaunting cars were in a line upon the cab rack opposite the edifice. Half a dozen rushed over, waving their whips and offering to drive us to all parts of the city and suburbs, and when we indicated our inclination to hire one of their vehicles there ensued a lively competition between the various jehus as to which of them would secure our custom. After a good deal of rather warm discussion we selected a well appointed carriage, drawn by a spirited young horse, which the owner assured us with much enthusiasm was the "fastest thing on four legs in Dublin."

Driving down Grafton street we meet beves of charming Irish colleens with peach like complexions, pretty features and lovely eyes, all arrayed in their prettiest costumes. Strange to say, these bright-eyed, rosy cheeked daughters of Erin dress with much better taste than their English sisters of the same station in life and display almost an artist's appreciation of the colors most suitable for their respective types of beauty, from the purest blondes to the most pronounced brunettes.

Many of the old Dublin landmarks are fast disappearing under the destroying hand of time and the improving hand of the modern builder. Most of the old characters whom an American would expect to meet in an Irish city are also gone with a past generation. The familiar irieze coated individual of the stage, with his pipe in his hat, his knee breeches and his buckle shoes and shillelagh, has also gone and is not to be found outside of Connemara or the western islands. Phoenix Park looks as gay as it did in the days when the young sparks of the capital in the olden time went there to settle their affairs of honor with pistol or rapier. Duelling died with the O'Gorman Mahon, the famous veteran of Clare, a contemporary of Daniel O'Connell, the liberator, who, after the tragic duel with D'Este, resolved never to fight another. The lately deceased member for Carlow on hearing this is said to have exclaimed: "I made no such resolution—God forbid."

The chief point of interest for modern tourists is the fatal spot where Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Bourke were butchered by the "Invincibles" on the very eve of the former's official entry as chief secretary into Dublin. The spot is now simply marked by a small cross of rough white stones and the grass all about is tramped away by the thousands of footsteps of those who have visited the scene of the tragedy.

Rain.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 227 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One-hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre.

ON MEN.

A Veracious and Instructive Composition on the Subject.

An exchange recently printed the following composition on men which many women of experience will heartily approve: Men are peculiar; they wear number ten boots and snore. This is what makes it so easy to recognize a man when you see one. Men wear hats they are careful of, and carry umbrellas they are not careful of; when not losing them they are always poking them into somebody's eyes. Men don't gossip, but they talk over the news at their clubs. Men don't paint or powder (often), but they raise whiskers that make them look like Scotch terriers, and coax little hair moles to grow on their chins. Men are not vain, but they never like the young lady who says they are not handsome.

Men are consistent. They like to see the dress of a lady plain and simple, hate furbelows and flummery; but let a lady in plain clothes enter a car where these men are seated, and she may stand an hour and not one of them will offer her a seat; but when a lady enters arrayed in the height of fashion, every one of them will spring to his feet and glory in the honor of standing for her sake, or rather for the sake of her clothes. Men never find fault with themselves, not if they can help it. Adam showed them how they could help it, and they profited by his instruction. Men take cold and think they are going to die, and when you carry them a bowl of herb tea, they turn pale and ask if it is bitter, and if you don't suppose it would do just as well to take it next week.

Men don't lead around a poodle dog with a blue ribbon, but they chew tobacco and perfume their clothes with a pipe. Men are always wanting a shirt, and when they get one they are always ready to swear that there is not a button on it, when all the time the buttons will be there, only they don't find them. They pull off their boots and forget where they put them, and pretend they know all about it, and after they have rummaged around and turned everything upside down and looked on all the shelves in the pantry, in the sewing machine drawer, and upset your work basket, sit down and remark that this is a deuce of a house, a fellow never knows when he gets out of a thing when he is going to set eyes on it again; and when you bring his boots that you found right where he left them he hands you his slippers and asks if you can't "jab them in some out of the way corner where old scratch would never find them."

The Victory of the Vanquished.

Granted the odds are against us; granted we enter the field. Fate has fought and conquered, broken our sword and shield. What then? Shall we ask for quarter, or say that our work is done? Say, rather, a greater glory is ours if the field be won!

'Tis war with the wrong of years—with prejudice, pride and hate; Against the world's decree, and a frown of an evil fate.

A crown to the one who wins! and the worst is only a grave, And somewhere, somewhere still, a reward awaits the brave.

A broken shield without, but a hero's heart within, And, held with a hand of steel a broken sword may win!

—Boston Transcript.

IN THE DOMAIN OF SCIENCE.

A careful examination of the aqueous humor of the eyes of cattle will determine whether they are suffering from tubercle or not. The bacilli will be found there in all cases where the disease exists.

A vast "banyan" tree covering between six and seven acres, has been discovered on the tiny Lord Howe island, 300 miles from Port Macquaire, in Australia. It is surpassed in size only by the greatest of those in India.

A deposit of what is known as "fossil flour" has been recently discovered in Maine which will resist the action of acids, alkalis and oils, and is a remarkable non-conductor of heat. It will be used in the manufacture of rubber goods. It contains 95 per cent of pure silica, and when mined it comes out as a fine powder.

The new departure in photography, as recently applied to telescopes, has extended our information to a most wonderful degree already, especially in the delineation of the moon's surface and has opened a wide field for astronomers. Many points are clearly shown on the negative which can not be seen with the human eye even when using the powerful Lick telescope.

A new scientific instrument has been gotten up by Prof. Bigelow, which is called the aurora-inclinometer. By extensive researches he has found that the same law which underlies the working of electricity and magnetism is operating on the sun, and that sunlight is a magnetic field in which the magnetized earth rotates as does the armature of a dynamo. The instrument will be sent to Alaska, where it will be used in the study of the aurora, as it is there seen in the best conditions.

The geographical congress recently held in Switzerland recommended the universal adoption of the metric system and also the Greenwich meridian for the reckoning of longitude and time. It is doubtful if this will be done, however, by all nations, for, although a standard in both cases would be beneficial to the world at large, France naturally desires Paris time, and England would never surrender her prime meridian and adopt a revolution in her system of measurements unless the new measure was examined and based upon intrinsic merit.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A Truthful Tale That Smacks of the "Salt Sea Brine."

Away down in the south harbor district the big British ship Kilbrannan is busily engaged discharging a cargo of sulphur at Freemont street dock, says the San Francisco Examiner.

Among her crew is an apprentice William Galloway. He is a brown-faced Scotch laddie who says "mither" for mother, and everything about him, from the frayed bottoms of his jeans trousers to the wiry-looking tufts of hair which peep from beneath the front peak of his little fore-and-aft cap, betoken the rollicking, happy-go-lucky nature of the deep-sea sailor-boy.

There is a story connected with young Galloway and it is more wonderful and thrilling in details than many of the tales of marine disaster evolved from the brains of latter-day writers of fiction. He was lost overboard from the Kilbrannan on a wild winter night 600 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, and his subsequent rescue at a time when search for him was about to be abandoned gives color to the old forecastle legend that there is "a cherub sitting aloft who looks out for the life of poor Jack."

"It was 8 o'clock on the evening of Feb. 28 last," said First Mate William Coalfleet. "We were fifty-five days out from Philadelphia, bound for Hioga, Japan, and when Capt. McCallum took the sun at noon on the day mentioned we were in latitude 44.01 south, longitude 14.44 east. At the time the accident occurred there was a strong westerly wind blowing. It was dark and bitter cold and the sea was running very high.

"Galloway was half way up the ratlines, unhooking a block from the main sheet, when the vessel gave a lurch and he lost hold and fell into the sea. The captain, who was standing aft near the wheel, observed the accident, and threw a life-buoy to the lad as he was being carried past the stern of the vessel on the top of a big wave.

"The ship was brought up in the wind as quickly as possible and a boat lowered and manned. I took command of her and away we went as fast as we could in the direction we supposed the lad to be. We heard him shout several times as we were lowering the boat, but he had yelled himself hoarse and we had nothing to guide us as we pulled aimlessly about in the heavy sea.

"We pulled around for over an hour, and as we lost sight of the ship several times and the night was getting rougher and thicker I was about to give up the search in despair, when suddenly we heard a feeble moan, and, straining our eyes, we descried Galloway clinging to the life-buoy in the trough of the sea almost under our bow. We soon had him on board, and it took some slapping and rubbing to put warmth in his rigid limbs."

Galloway left his work on the forecastle head when called by the mate, and told his fearful experience to the reporter:

"When I rose to the surface after falling the ship's lights went away from me like a flash. I heard something splash in the water beside me, but I could not see what it was. I knew afterward it was the life-buoy Captain McCullum threw to me. I am a good swimmer and managed to ride the big seas that came along, but it was terribly cold and my legs began to feel like lead. The water was as black as ink, and when I sank every now and again between two big seas I thought the big walls of water would meet over my head and never let me get to the top again.

"It was a good job for me that the water was so black. I think, or I never would have seen the white life-buoy as it came to me on the crest of a big murky sea. I reached out and rested my hands on it, and it turned over quite naturally and fell down on my shoulders, and I got it under my arms and stopped paddling. It came none too soon, for I was tired out and from the waist down I felt like a dead man. I shouted as long as I could, but my voice grew husky and I wasn't able to make a sound above a whisper.

"Then I heard big wings flapping over my head and I knew that the albatrosses and molly-hawks had found me. They swooped down again and again, and I kept waving my arms, thinking every moment that one of them would drive its beak through my skull.

"I lost all hopes of being saved, and I thought of my mother and sisters in Glasgow. It seemed to me that I had been hours in the water, and that the end must soon come. Then suddenly I heard the splash of oars, and there right on top of a tremendous sea, was the white hull of the mate's boat. It looked as if it was going to jump clear over me, and I tried hard to shout at them. They heard me, and the boat dropped down beside me, and I was soon hauled on board. I could not bend my legs, but when we reached the ship the captain gave me medicine, and with plenty of warm blankets and hot coffee I soon began to feel myself again. I was only laid up for twenty-four hours."

Never Begun Until Forbearance is No Longer a Virtue.

It is hard to believe that the quiet, long-suffering and conservative farmers are ever revolutionary in their ideas and methods, says the Atlanta Constitution. They submit to a good deal of oppression and plundering, but it is dangerous to crowd them to the wall. In at least two great modern revolutionary movements the farmers took the lead, and came out on top. In England, in 1381, the farmers and the masses generally had scarcely any rights that were respected by the governing classes. The story is too long to tell in detail, but something like a Farmers' Alliance was organized, with Wat Tyler at the head. The movement spread to the towns and cities, and the people were soon banded together to resist unjust taxation and oppressive laws. The countrymen with their town allies got together in a compact body and swept over the land like a prairie fire. From county to county and from town to town, they pushed their rapid march until they reached London, where, after losing their leader in a skirmish, they dispersed when the king had made them certain promises. The government succeeded in punishing many of the prominent ringleaders, but the solid fruits of victory rested with the revolutionists. From that time for about a century English farmers and workmen had the use of as much land as they could cultivate, and were free to combine together for self-protection. That period was the golden age of England. Then there was no poverty. All were well fed, well clothed, and well paid. After that, in the sixteenth century, the monopolists of privileged classes, forcibly gained control, and the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few plunged the many into poverty. Another farmers' revolution was the one in France in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The French countrymen were as much oppressed as the English brethren were in the fourteenth century. The organized local societies with a central society, and in the course of a bloody carnival of several years' duration brought their king and queen and thousands of their oppressors to the guillotine. Generations of suffering made them unreasonably violent, and they gave France what is known in history as the "Reign of Terror." Yet this revolution was a great triumph for democracy. It greatly modified monarchical rule in Europe, and paved the way for the present French republic, under which the farmers are the most prosperous people on the face of the earth. These two revolutions were essentially farmers' movements. There is much in them that will shock the readers of this paper, but it is not to be forgotten that those days the people did not have one ballot to right their wrongs, and they had to resort to force. In both England and France these popular upheavals resulted in substantial victories for the farmers. The uprising in this country at the present time of the agricultural population recalls the historic events which we have briefly outlined. Like the tillers of the soil in England and France, our farmers are kept down by unjust taxes, oppressive law and monopolists, who, in their way, are as dangerous as the feudal barons of old. But our people, armed with the ballot, understand the power of organized action, and they know the full significance of the supremacy of numbers. Yet, while this great struggle for reform is thoroughly peaceful and in the interests of peace, it bids fair to be as sweeping a revolution as the others that we have mentioned. The cause of the united farmers is the cause of democracy. It is an effort to restore a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, with equal rights for all and special privileges for none. It is a cause that will win, and its triumph will be all the more glorious because it will be a victory of peace, a victory of honest labor, won through ballots instead of through bayonets, won at the polls and not on battlefields. This hurried glance at the past is suggestive. It shows what organized farmers have done, and fore-shadows what they will do.

An Allianceman's Duty.

One of the unquestionable duties of the Farmers' Alliance is to keep its members alive to their own interests? A very good way to succeed in this is to have a speech or essay from some one of the members previously selected for the purpose. Take up the Ocala demands one at a time, and study them thoroughly that you may be enabled to come before your Alliance and intelligently discuss and defend the propositions set forth in the order. Prepare yourselves for the vicious attacks that are sure to be made by the partisan press and orators during the campaign of '92. Educate yourselves to a thorough understanding of our principles, and thus qualify to effectually refute all the false and malicious charges which the opposition will heap upon the order. It is the duty of each of us to contribute our mite to the success of the organization. Without a solid and united front progress would be slow, with it the day of our emancipation is close at hand.—*Warrens Bulletin*

The schools of McLouth have been closed on account of diphtheria.

WHEELING THE FARMERS.

Rich and Aristocratic Agricultural Papers Do It.

There is an old and rich and aristocratic class of agricultural papers in the East that have fallen in with the plutocracy, and when not directly opposing the farmers' movement for reforming old abuses they resort to wheedling and tell him how bright prospects are growing and promising for the future. The American Agriculturist is conspicuous as one of this class, and the following is a specimen brick from its pile: "The new wheat is looking promising, and it looks as though we should be able to put our own price upon the crop," says the editor. "This means higher prices for everything the farmer produces and immense business for the railroads. When the farmers and railroads are both happy at receiving good prices, prosperity is insured for every industry." "Farmers and railroads" is good! This is a fair specimen of the taffy this class of agricultural papers are dishing out to the farmers. The farmers should mark these wolves in sheep's clothing and send out protests from every association against their double dealing. They should be driven to openly espouse one side or the other. "Prices are jumping up daily, but dealers and speculators both home and abroad are buying freely at the advance," continues this cheerful agricultural paper. Not a word is said about the process these speculators employed to bear down the price till all the crop was out of the hands of the farmer, and now he will be compelled to pay double the price he got for his wheat for the flour he must buy. And the big crop in prospect which ought to rejoice the farmers to see it grow, when it begins to turn yellow for the harvest will be cited as an evidence of "overproduction" and low prices in the fall. Money scarce, farmers must sell, prices low, speculators will buy up the crop, and railroad and speculators, not farmers, will be happy, while this class of agricultural papers sit like dumb dogs on the walls of Zion, and never raise voice or pen against the outrage that is yearly practiced on the farmers by railroads, speculators and the government.—*Midland Journal*.

Trusts and Combines.

The Alliance is studying the subject of trusts and combines, it would seem, from the numerous schemes which have been advanced by its different members. Some of these are chimerical and impractical, but all of them furnish the basic idea upon which to build a superstructure that will stand and bring success. The Alliance is opposed to all trusts and its members, like all other people who are damaged by anything, realize that there is only one successful way to fight them, and that is to fight them with a trust, it is very probable that they will adopt that plan. This would not be the proper thing, but there is so much human nature in a man that its members may be expected to do what other men would do under similar circumstances. The Alliance is for relief from debt and redemption from serfdom. It has its plan adopted to accomplish these purposes, and they will be adhered to; but it may supplement them and adopt further efforts in the same direction. So it is not improper to promulgate the ideas upon which they will be founded, if they ever have an existence.—*The Alliance Herald, Montgomery, Ala.*

Stick to the Ship.

The Alliance is now on trial before the bar of public judgment, and every individual member is responsible for the faithful discharge of the particular task assigned to him. The responsibility is a common one and rests on all alike. The great work that is going on may not come before your view every day—and your sub-Alliance may not be all that you would have it be, but stand to your colors. Results may not be reached as fast as you had expected, but stick to your crowd. Your leaders may not be as brilliant nor as aggressive as you would wish them, but abide your time and continue the struggle. Resolutions never go backwards; if you hold up you are left. Nothing human was ever perfect and never will be, but stick to your order and be steadfast to the end. It may require personal sacrifice of opinion, but that is but a daily occurrence in life. It may demand inconvenience and recognition, but stick together. Don't give up the ship.—*The Alliance*.

Why Not, Indeed.

The Colorado workingman very sensibly says: The Western Union Telegraph Co. has cleared \$100,000,000 in the past 25 years, and the common people paid it. Why can not the government do this work and leave this \$100,000,000 in the people's pockets? And yet there are newspapers who try to make their readers believe that cheap telegraph rates are an advantage only to business men and wealthy people. Suppose that sum had remained in the possession of the people instead of being concentrated under the control of Jay Gould, what a benefit it would have been to the business, industrial and agricultural interests?—*Jeffersonian*.

CENTRAL MILL AND ELEVATOR.

J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor

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

SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

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

Western Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS.

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

WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans.

INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

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Millers and Grain Merchants.

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

SURGERY'S LATEST TRIUMPH.

A Remarkable Operation Performed at a Hospital.

A remarkable surgical operation was performed recently at the Howard Hospital, Broad and Catharine streets, says the Phila. Press. Joseph S. Ball, a veteran of the late civil war, and who has passed his 60th year, visited Dr. Edward Martin, who is surgeon-in-chief of the institution, several days ago for malignant cancer at the base of his tongue. He was in a pitiable condition when examined by the doctor. The cancer had been slowly but surely eating the flesh away. The tongue was perforated from the effects of the disease. Ball could articulate only with great difficulty, and could not eat solid food of any kind.

The doctor after consultation with the rest of the staff, concluded to make an operation as it was the only way to save the man's life. The patient was informed of the extremely hazardous nature of the operation, as the deviation of the fractional part of an inch almost would cause instant death. After some hesitation Ball consented to submit to the ordeal.

Several days later the patient was laid on the operating table and etherized by Dr. Wood, Dr. Martin's assistant. Dr. Martin then carefully made two longitudinal incisions in the patient's throat, one on each side of the maxillary bone, and then secured with silk thread both lingual arteries. This was a necessary process to prevent the patient bleeding to death.

The patient's head was then firmly fastened and Dr. Martin sawed completely in two the inferior maxillary, or lower jawbone. Each half was separated gradually, but surely, until the gaping aperture was big enough to place two clenched hands within.

Even the impassive physicians were now thoroughly on nettles over the spectacle presented. At this moment the patient showed signs of heart failure, and the operation was suspended for a moment while hyperdermic injections were administered.

Dr. Martin grasped the patient's tongue firmly with his left hand and drew it through the aperture in the left side of his throat. The tongue was then entirely removed at the hyoid bone, together with a number of diseased glands and tissue. After the bleeding was stopped by the usual medicaments and an antiseptic dressing applied the two halves of the jaw were brought together and fastened with silver wire.

The wounds on the neck were then sewed up, after which the patient was gradually resuscitated, while the assembled physicians watched with anxious interest for any signs of a surgical shock, but to the surprise of all Ball's temperature and pulse were about normal.

The patient was removed to a room specially prepared for his reception, and two nurses and the physicians alternated on noting the symptoms. He is now doing well, and the physicians express confidence on his complete recovery.

As the tongue has been entirely removed, the patient will never again be able to utter a sound or partake of any solid food. Liquid nourishment will be administered by means of a large silver tube, which will be inserted in his throat through the mouth. In taking his meals hereafter Mr. Ball will be compelled to throw his head far back on his shoulders while the food is poured down the tube.

The operation lasted two hours, and is said to be only second on record in medical science.

CANCER and Tumors CURED; no knife book free. Drs. GRANTON & NORRIS, No. 133 Elm St. Cincinnati, O.

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

The Romance of the Life of the Author of "John Halifax."

I was walking along Regent street this morning when there was pointed out to me a young woman. There was nothing about her manner, dress or appearance to attract one's attention, and yet her life holds one of the prettiest little stories on record.

Many years ago there were united in marriage a far-famed authoress and the man she loved. The man was a cripple but the couple lived an idyllic life not far from London town. One day the literary woman heard, quite incidentally, that a baby had been found on a stone at the cross roads; that it had been taken to the town hall, and that all the gentry about were going to look at it because it was such a sweet little child. So, following the example of her neighbors, she went, too. Looking up into the sweet, sympathetic face of the famed authoress the little lady smiled and put out its wee hands. The woman could not resist this, so she determined to take the child for her very own. Quickly it was wrapped up and then it became her baby. Devoted to it, she was yet determined, as it grew older it should never have its heart hurt by being told the story of its birth and adoption. So, as soon as the little girl was able to understand it, it was lovingly whispered to her that she had been found on the large stone which stood in the center of the hall and which always was decorated with flowers, and that God had put her there that her mother might find her. As soon as she grew old enough, it became her daily duty to cut the flowers and arrange them to make beautiful this great rock that had been dug up from the cross roads and brought there. To her it represented the place where the hands of the angels had rested when they laid her down. Curiously enough, this child became very proud of the way in which she had reached the dear mother, who cared for her as lovingly and as tenderly as if she was of her own flesh and blood. Her birthday was the day on which she was found, and when the tenth one came around, and a child's party was given her, she was heard asking one little girl, "How old are you?" The other one answered, "I was born nine years ago." "O!" answered the baby, "you were born like other children, but I am better than that; I was found just where God had placed me." The childish pride was as amusing as it was pathetic.

The years have gone by, the eyes of the good mother are closed forever to the sights of the world; but the child she cared for lives in the great town of London, and remembers. The child was the young woman I saw on Regent street this morning. The authoress? She was Dinah Mullock Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."—*London Letter*.

Atchison Champion: "It is a remarkable fact that a large proportion of the masters of the money question have accumulated, but little money," remarks an eastern cotemporary. How about the Wall street lights, who, last fall, after denouncing our western demand for more money, concluded it was necessary for the treasury to issue more money for the benefit of Wall street? To be sure just before they reached that conclusion they had not been accumulating very much money either.

Fewer hours of labor and more recreation and study would improve the condition of wage workers.



COLLINS & BURGIE CHICAGO.

A THIRD OF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE AND CONTINUED PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT IS REPRESENTED IN THE "LEADER LINE" OF STOVES AND RANGES.

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FOR WOOD AND FOR COAL.

LEADER COOKING STOVES

FOR WOOD AND FOR COAL.

LEADER HEATING STOVES

FOR ALL USES, FOR WOOD AND FOR COAL.

ALL MODERN AND IN GREAT VARIETY.

If your dealer does not handle the same to Collins & Burgie, Chicago, Ill.

PLEASURE BOATS



CANOEES.

Oars, rowlocks, paddles, masts, spars, seats, blocks, cleats, anchors, etc., etc.

\$30 A BOAT FOR TO \$300

THE PLEASURE BOATS OF AMERICA

Don't buy elsewhere until you see my catalogue for 1891; send 5 cent stamp for it.

J. H. RUSHTON, Canton, N. Y.

N. Y. CITY SALESROOM,

H. C. SQUIRES, 179 BROADWAY.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.

S. S. HUGHES, PROP.

118 West Sixth Street, TOPEKA.

The best \$1.50 a day house in the city. First Class in every respect.

REMEMBER KLINCK

IS THE NAME OF THAT

Wonderful Remedy

That Cures Catarrh, Hay-Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Canker, and Bronchitis.

The testimonials to these FACTS are NUMEROUS and STRONG, similar to the following: From the Hon. Harvey D. Colvin, Ex-Mayor of Chicago:

CHICAGO, July 24, 1890. S. H. KLINCK—DEAR SIR: I am pleased to say that I consider your remedy the best medicine in existence, for the human afflictions you claim to cure. I suffered from catarrh with bronchitis for many years. During that time I employed physicians and faithfully tried many so-called remedies advertised to cure this disease, without any material benefit, when a friend induced me to try your remedy, claiming others had been cured by it. The first bottle gave me the most pleasing results. I have continued its use and I can not say too much for it. It found me too near the grave for comfort and restored me to health again. It adorns my toilet stand and by using it occasionally I am kept well.

I would not be without it if it cost \$25 per bottle. I earnestly recommend it to all my afflicted friends.

For sale by leading Druggists.

PINT BOTTLES \$1.00

Klinck Catarrh & Bronchial Remedy Co., 82 JACKSON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

DENTISTRY

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

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

—EASTERN PRICES.—

J. K. WHITESIDE,

(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental School.)

East 5th st, TOPEKA, KAS



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Pants to order, \$3. Kansas Pants Company, 530 Kansas Avenue.

Special bargains in ladies' and children's hats and bonnets, representing the choicest and most novel designs, by R. I. Armstrong, 815 Kansas Avenue, north.

Important to Ladies Only.

We want a woman to every county to establish a Corset Parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichol's Celebrated Spiral Spring Corsets and Clasps, warranted never to break, will outwear any three ordinary corsets. Wages from \$40 to \$75 per month and expenses. Position permanent. \$3.00 outfit free. Inclose 18 cents stamps to pay postage etc. address with references, G. D. NICHOLS & Co., 25 East 14th St., New York

Genuine bargains in ladies' and children's millinery at A. O. Elder's. Don't buy a hat until you see this select stock. All the latest novelties are here shown in the most correct shape and style, at the very lowest prices. Now is the time to buy. You can make your selection from a large assortment, confident of getting the latest styles and newest fashions and have your trimming done in a first class manner without extra charge. 610 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas. 1st door north of Crawford's Opera House.

Our pants to order. Fit always. Kansas Pants Company, 530 Kansas Avenue.

Deafness Can't be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATION; as they can not 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 druggist, 75c.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Kansas Equal Suffrage Association.

The eighth annual meeting of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association will be held in Topeka, in Hall of the Representatives, on November 18, 19, 20, 1901, beginning at 7:30 p. m., on Wednesday, November 18.

The Executive Committee will meet at 4 p. m. of November 18, in Representative Hall.

Members of the State Association are entitled to seats in the Convention. Membership tickets are equivalent to credentials. The President of each local or county auxiliary is entitled to a seat in the Convention, but any member of her auxiliary, may act as her proxy. Each Local is entitled, besides, to one delegate for every fifteen paying members.

Entertainment is generously proffered by the hospitable people of Topeka. Delegates and members intending to avail themselves of this hospitality should, as early as possible, write to Mrs. M. A. Cornelius, No. 2081, Kansas Avenue, Topeka, informing her of the fact, and, if possible, of the time at which they are likely to arrive.

The Convention will be addressed by Kansas men and women. Among the speakers which are expected are Miss Amanda Way, of Pleasanton; Mrs. Ella W. Brown, of Holton; Mrs. Jennie Shelley-Boyd, of Kansas City; Mrs. Sara L. Stoner, of Seneca; Mrs. May Bellville-Brown, of Salina; Chief Justice Horton, and Hon. C. S. Glead, of Topeka, and others.

On the afternoon of the 20th the convention will resolve itself into a Kansas Constitutional Convention, go into Committee of the Whole, and discuss and report a model Article on Suffrage for the possible new Constitution of the State.

All friends of the suffrage movement are cordially invited to attend all the sessions of the Convention.

Mrs. LAURA M. JOHNS, President.

Mrs. SARAH T. TOLER, Vice President.

Mrs. ANNA C. WAIT, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. ELIZABETH HOPKINS, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. MARTHA L. BERRY, Treasurer.

Dr. Franklin's Code of Morals.

The following list of moral virtues was drawn up by Dr. Franklin for the regulation of his life:—

Temperance.—Eat not to fulness; drink not to elevation.

Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order.—Let all your things have their place; let each of your business have its time.

Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; keep out all unnecessary action.

Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting benefits that are your duty.

Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanness in the body, clothes, or habitation.

Tranquillity.—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

Hymn of the Crusaders.

[Written in the twelfth century and sung by the armies that sought to recover the holy land.]

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of nature! Jesus, of God and of mercy the son! These will I cherish These will I honor, Thee my delight, and my glory, and crown. Fair are the meadows, Fairer the woodlands, Robed in the flowery vesture of spring. Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer, Making my sorrowful spirit to sing. Fair is the moonshine, Fairer the sunlight Than all the stars of the heavenly host; Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer Than all the angels in heaven can boast.

Method In It.

"But are you not taking considerable risk in letting your young men owe two or three weeks' board?" "Yes, there is some risk," answered Mrs. Husheroff. "But then, you see, they worry over it so they lose their appetites. So I save money in the long run."—Indianapolis Journal.

A. H. SHARUM. A. H. SHARUM.

Do you want to save money in Millinery?

You can save from 20 to 60 cents on the dollar by buying your hats at Sharum's Cash Store.

Trimmed Hats.
Trimmed hats at \$1.25, worth \$1.75; trimmed hats at \$1.35, \$1.45, \$1.50, worth \$2.00 each; trimmed hats, special line, worth \$2.50, at \$1.83; special line at \$2.19 value \$3.00; special line at \$2.87, worth \$3.75 each.

Untrimmed Hats.
Wool felt hats at 38c each and 45c each. Best wool felt hats, sold elsewhere at 90c to \$1.00 each, at 65c each. Best fur felt hats, sold elsewhere at \$1.75 to \$2 each; our price, \$1.00 to \$1.15 each.

Feathers.
Tips 35, 55, 75, 80, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

\$1.65, \$1.75, \$1.90, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3.00 a bunch, worth 25c to \$1.00 a bunch more.
Fancy feathers, aigrettes, &c., 10c, 15c, 25, 35, 45, 50, 60, 75, 90, \$1.20, \$1.35, \$1.50 each. Usually sold elsewhere twice as high.

Ribbons.
Large assortment in plain and fancy ribbons, of every color and width, at low prices.

Dry Goods.
Good cotton flannel 5c a yard. Best cambric shirt lining 4 cts a yard. Best indigo blue prints 6c. a yard. A Great Bargain! Extra large 11-4 all wool scar-

let blankets at \$2.35 a pair, worth \$3.50 a pair. Cashmere and Henrietta cloth 13 cts., 19, 21, 24, 32, 35, 48, 49, 50, 54, 63, 72, 75, and \$1.00 yard—low prices. Ladies' cloth and flannel 17c, 18c, 20c, 23c, 25c, 32c, 35c, 40c, 41c, 44c, 47c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 79c yard—bargains.

Shoe Department.
Ladies' shoes, heavy or light, from \$1.00 to \$3.25 a pair, worth 50c to \$1.00 pair more. Men's shoes and boots from \$1.00 to \$4.00 pair, worth 10 to 20 per cent more. Children's and youth's shoes from 33c to \$1.79 pair—good shoes at low prices.

Boys' suits from \$1.13 to \$4.50 a suit—here are great bargains.

We have the best 69 cent overalls in Topeka.

A. H. SHARUM, 515 Kansas Avenue.

Pants to order, \$3. Kansas Pants Company, 530 Kansas Avenue.

Fine Wool Carpets at 50 cents a yard beautiful patterns. STONE & SON, 410 Kansas Avenue.

Our \$4 00, \$5 00, and \$6 00 pants are the best on earth. Kansas Pants Company, 530 Kansas Avenue.

The largest line of Stoves in Topeka, Carpets and Furniture at STONE & SON'S 410 Kansas Avenue.

Give us a trial order for a pair of pants. If they don't fit and please you, don't take the goods. Kansas Pants Company, 530 Kansas Avenue.

Special sale of all kinds of millinery and notions, at 815 Kansas Avenue, north. R. I. Armstrong.

We make to order more pants than any house in the state of Kansas. Join the procession. Kansas Pants Co. 530 Kansas Avenue.

Special sale of trimmed and untrimmed millinery, ribbons, feathers and tips, by R. I. Armstrong, 815 Kansas Avenue, north.

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no knife, no book free. Drs. GRANTON & NORA, No. 143 Elm street, Topeka, O.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c, and \$1.00 a Drugist.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE? Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 25c.

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Real estate	5,156.88
Furniture and fixtures	19,657.11
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United States bonds on hand	1,277.76
Other bonds and stocks at their present cash market value	10,000.00
Time certificates	431.26
Checks, and other cash items	1,666.19
Clearing-house items	13,883.00
Current	1,302.00
Gold coin	1,540.70
Silver coin	130.07
Residual currency	63,533.18
Due from other banks, sight exchange	199,364.18
Total	\$199,364.18
LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 38,000.00
Surplus fund on hand	323.82
Undivided profits	1,467.01
Interest	118.32
Exchange	
Dividend declared, but not paid	140,694.24
Individual deposits	5,151.50
Banks and bankers' deposits	13,507.29
Demand certificates	
Time certificates	
Bills re-discounted	
Bills payable	
Total	\$199,364.18

I, PETER SMITH, cashier of said bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

PETER SMITH, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 24th day of October, 1891.

H. C. MCKINLEY, Notary Public.

Commission expires on the 1st day of Sept. 1892.

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WHEN STARS SHINE.

Look! Daylight's faintest glimmer
Pales out of sea and sky.
The scurried cliffs wax grimmer,
Then into darkness fly,
And all the sea's white shimmer
Has dimmer grown and dimmer,
And darkened far and nigh,
But yonder, yonder, yonder,
Blooms forth each golden star;
Flushing the night's summer,
God lights them thick and far.
While all the heavens wonder,
And all the beings under,
Because such glories are!

Ah! when joy's sun is going
And darkness downward rolls;
When sorrow, blacker growing,
The lives of men controls,
Then in God's heaven glowing,
Their tender fierceness showing,
Bloom out his star-like souls!

—Chicago Herald.

MARION'S YELLOW DOG.

"He's such an onery-looking cur," said Marion's father.

"He's a plumb disgrace to hev around," said Marion's brother.

"I think he's beautiful, and I love him," said Marion, with her arm around the yellow neck.

"That settles it," laughed her father as he picked up his dinner bucket and started off. "Marion don't love every houn' cur that comes loafin' around, so I reckon he'll hev to stay."

"Thank you, father," said Marion. "He'll be company for me, while you and brother's in the gulch. You'll say he's worth his weight in gold some day."

"Well, he's considerbul on the same shade now," said father finally, as he sauntered off, followed by Tim, grumbling; but then, Tim nearly always grumbled.

Marion, left alone in the mountain cabin, felt lonely and companionless enough, so it was with a feeling of relief that she patted her dog friend's head, and felt that he was alive at any rate. Though Marion had grown to love the mountains like human beings, into her speech had crept a little refinement not apparent in Tim or her father's. "I live with kings and queens, and if I did or said horrid things they would crush me to death," she said one day when Tim was teasing her about putting on lady airs. Whereat he had, all uncomprehending, looked at her in blank amazement.

Marion's mother, dying when she was a tiny child, had left her in the care of her father and Tim, who, if they did not always understand the little maid's quaint speeches, were wonderfully proud of her nevertheless, and were trying to dig a golden fortune for her out of the mountains.

Marion stood watching them out of sight, and then lingered a moment as a rosy flush crept over the snowy peaks and told her the sun was coming up and the wonder of the day beginning. The rosy peaks dazlingly contrasted with the sharp shadow of their sides and clad them in the purple of kings.

"Oh, ain't it beautiful, though?" said Marion, her hand still on the yellow head of the stray dog; and he, with wistful eyes intent on her face, rapped his tail sympathetically on the porch floor.

"Good-by," she said finally, before she went inside. "You're so lovely, I'd like to watch you longer, only my dishes is to do. Come on, old fellow, you must have your breakfast, too," she continued, turning to look at the dog so intently watching her every motion. "I reckon we'll call you Waif, cause you came to us like a waif I was reading about in father's paper the other night. After we get things rid up we'll go over to where father'n Tim's workin'. I want you to learn the way so I can send you there in case I need."

As time went on Marion found Waif a great comfort, because Tim and father were getting discouraged, and Tim's grumbling, steady and monotonous, was hard to bear, while father pulled at his pipe and said little, a bad sign for father who dearly loved to talk.

One day Marion and the devoted Waif started over to where Tim and father were working. The mountain path was bordered by purple and golden daisies, and Marion, gathering her arms full, sat down and made a great wreath of them for Waif's neck, whereupon his sheepish air of being agreeable to anything and trying to appear quite natural and easy in his magnificence, caused Marion to scream with laughter.

They had left their usual path and were walking along on the side of Brown's canon. Below them was the railroad track. The down express had passed and the engineer had waved his hand and smiled at the pretty picture of the little maid with her arms full of blossoms and the long, lean, yellow dog garlanded with the same blossoms, barking furiously at the train winding below them.

It was only half an hour before the up express for Salt Lake was due. Marion knew; and while she stood watching the down train disappear an ominous rattling sound over her head sounded in her ears. Looking up, to her horror she found she was in the path of a rock-slide. As quick as thought she flew out of the dangerous way, but she was one instant too late

or else she stumbled and fell, she could never tell which, but at any rate she found her legs pinned fast by falling rocks. She could move her arms and head a little, she found, and looking down on the track she saw it was covered with rock. "Oh, the train! The train! What shall I do?" she cried. Then she thought of Waif, who had escaped entirely, and who was now crying and pawing around her. "Come here, Waif," she called, and he at once trotted around where he could look in her face, his own honest countenance expressing grief in every hair. "Now, Waif, dear old fellow, don't fail me," she gasped, for the pain in her pinioned legs was almost more than she could bear. "Go bring father 'n Tim here, and be quick, Waif, be quick."

Waif was off almost before she had finished, and she could only pray that they might be in time. They were only a little distance from there, she knew, but would they understand? A panting yellow dog with a dilapidated daisy chain around his neck, flew straight for Tim and father, who, when they saw him coming, looked up beyond him for the little blue sun-bonneted figure usually close behind. When they failed to see her they naturally supposed that she was hiding somewhere, and at first paid no attention to the frantic brute leaping and barking around them; for, alas! he was a dog much given to demonstration when nothing at all was the matter. But father, who was resting and smoking, at length regarded Waif with attention.

"Look here, Tim, I believe there's summut gone wrong with the gal. Look at the brute, he's tryin' to tell us," he said. "The fool dog's allus up to his monkey-shine; you don't git me off on no wild goose chase, gal," shouted Tim, "so you might's well give up."

But father, glancing at the setting sun, and feeling that his pipe was out, said:

"Come along, boy; it's time to lay off, any way, and I don't feel easy about the gal." So saying he started after Waif and Tim, with a mighty yawn and stretch, followed slowly, saying: "Might as quit this mornin' or a month ago, fur that matter, fur all the good it's done us workin' here."

All at once a mighty shout struck fear to Tim's heart and he ran with great strides to where he found his father working like a madman, pulling rocks and debris off of what? Ah, that little blue sun-bonnet lying so still—was she? Tim groaned and hid his face, while his father at the sound cried: "Hearten up, boy; she ain't dead, but she fainted like, arter she told me 'bout the Salt Lake express. Run, boy, as you never ran before, and tear up your red shirt while you're goin' to stop 'em, else the curve in the track will hinder the engineer from seein' it. Run!"

And off sped Tim. And when he and the engineer came back, there sat father crying like a baby with Marion in his arms, who was kissing his rough, wet cheeks, and trying hard not to groan, while Waif with one ear up and one down, looked both anxious and delighted. "One of my lamb's legs is broke," said the old man lifting his head.

"Thank God it ain't her tender little body," said the engineer, with a glance at the scattered rock. "Her leg'll mend, and we've got a whole carload of doctors goin' on a tower to Frisco, who'll be glad enough to help mend it," so saying he walked hurriedly away to get a doctor.

Tim was watching Waif, who was scratching in the loose gravel and rocks scattered about. All at once he stopped and picked up something, and, rubbing it on his sleeve, handed it to his father, saying: "What's this, d'ye reckon?"

"Gold-bearing quartz, by gum; and rich, too. 'Where'd you get it?"

"Waif scratched it up," said Tim.

"Wal, he's found one mine, I reckon!" said father.

And Marion, from her father's shoulder, said, triumphantly: "Didn't I tell you he'd be worth his weight in gold, father?"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

"He and Dad."

A correspondent in the Sun thus relates the lesson given by a New England matron of olden time to her numerous offspring. Her husband had that day been elected as corporal in the local militia company. Both father and mother, especially the latter, seemed greatly elated with the new dignity that the family had secured. After the worthy pair had retired for the night, they continued to discuss the all important subject. The wife, as might be expected, did most of the talking. She dilated especially on the fact that, as her husband was corporal, the children should no longer associate with those of the neighbors. The children in the trundle-bed hearing their names mentioned, began to call out to the chief talker in the other bed: "Ma! Ma! Be we cokerels, too?" "No," came the response; "hush your noise and go to sleep. It's only me and your dad."

The Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, has the largest bell in America. It weighs 24,780 pounds, is eight feet seven inches in diameter and six feet high.

ALL ABOUT "BRER COON."

A NOCTURNAL PROWLER OF THE WEST AND SOUTH.

The Structure and Habits of the Raccoon Which is Common in America—Kindred Animals in Other Countries.

The raccoon, absolutely peculiar to North America, is a stoutly built quadruped, says the New York Sun, although its coat of long coarse hair makes it look yet stouter than it really is. It is about the size of a badger, and has a sharp-pointed muzzle, rather short ears and a moderately long, bushy, but cylindrically shaped tail, marked with black and white rings. The general color of its hair is grayish brown and there is a light-colored patch over either eye and on the side of the muzzle. The limbs are of medium length and each paw has five toes. Those of the forepaw can be stretched wide apart, and all the digits have arched and pointed claws which are not retractable, like those of a cat. When standing, the soles of the feet are wholly applied to the ground, so that the animal is what is called plantigrade, although in walking the heel is somewhat raised. Its grinding or molar teeth are mostly broad and rather flat, with moderate prominences, and no remarkably sharp blades adapted for cutting flesh. Its name of raccoon, familiarly abbreviated into coon, is a corruption of its Indian designation, arath-cone. Its natural range extends all over the United States, both north to Alaska and south to Costa Rica, attaining its largest size in the South.

It stirs but very little by day, and only when the weather is dull and cloudy. No North American animals are more strictly nocturnal, except bats and flying squirrels. And it not only sleeps by day, but also during the winter. Yet it makes no specially comfortable nest wherein to repose, but only coils itself up in the hollow tree, for it chooses, no doubt for greater security, an elevated position. There is a Southern species called the crab-eating raccoon, but, as we see, that term could, in fact, also be applied to the Northern kind. The Southern one has, as might be expected, shorter fur, and it has also stronger teeth, but otherwise is very like the Northern kind, both in structure and habits. It is to be found all over South America as far south as the Rio Negro.

Two beasts, closely allied to the raccoon but more slender in build and with larger tails, are found—one in some parts of the United States and in Mexico. It has been captured in Ohio, and in Oregon northwest of Jacksonville. The other comes from Central America. Catamitzli was a name applied to this kind in Mexico, and it is also called cacomistle and the cat squirrel by the Texans. Its real relationship to the raccoon was long unsuspected, as it was taken to be one form of the very different group of civets. These two beasts go more on the tips of their toes than do the raccoons. They are readily tamed, and are made pets of by the miners of California. They dwell in woods, and make a moss-lined nest in a hollow tree, and are often betrayed by chips of wood which they will gnaw off round the mouth of the hole they inhabit. Their food consists of small kinds of beasts and insects. They are useful for destroying mice and rats, but are very destructive to poultry, and are naturally bold, and will fight furiously with claws and teeth. They prefer to inhabit woods traversed by water courses. Two more species of animals, also entirely confined to the new world, are known as coatimundis, or coatis, one of which is confined to Mexico and Central America, and the other to South America, from Surinam to Paraguay. They are not so thickly built as are the raccoons, and have longer and more slender and tapering tails, but their main peculiarity consists in the possession of a very elongated and mobile snout or short proboscis. The coatis live mainly in trees, going about in troops of from about eight to twenty individuals. They are, also, like raccoons, indiscriminate feeders, eating fruit and insects as well as birds and eggs.

South and Central America produce another kindred animal, though very distant in aspect and organization. This is the kinkajou, or poto, a strictly forest creature, found in the warmer parts of South and Central America. It has a long body but short limbs, which are well fitted for clinging to the trunks and branches of trees by the very strong and sharp claws with which all the toes are provided. But it is still better fitted for arboreal life by means of its tail, which is very long, and also strongly prehensile, like the tails of so many American monkeys. The kinkajou is of about the size of a rather small cat, and is clothed with short, dense fur of a uniform pale yellowish-brown color. It has a broad, round head, with very short ears and an extremely long and very extensible tongue, which is, no doubt, of much use to it in eating honey, of which it is very fond, although it will also devour eggs and small birds and beasts. It is a nocturnal animal of rather a gentle disposition, and it is easily tamed. In captivity it will live on

oranges and bananas, which it eats greedily. It is not uncommonly found in holes of trees, where it lies concealed by day, issuing forth at night in pursuit of prey. Its woolly fur is much valued, and its skins are brought to market. Dampier in his "Voyage" says: "The flesh is good, sweet and wholesome meat. We skin and roast it, and then we call it pig, and I think it eats as well."

MORE WOMEN, LESS MEN.

A Condition of Affairs Existing Throughout the Civilized World.

One of the curiosities disclosed by recent census statistics is the fact that, as a rule, and barring exceptional circumstances, the male population is falling farther and farther behind the female. Thus in the last British census, says the Providence Journal, the excess of women and girls over men and boys in Great Britain was found to be about 900,000, or 200,000 more than ten years ago. The German census places the number of females about 600,000 above that of males in the Kingdom of Prussia, which is nearly three times the excess of twenty years ago. In the whole German empire there are 1,000,000 more females than males. In Sweden and Norway the "weaker" sex is in the majority by 250,000, in Austria-Hungary by about 600,000, in Denmark by 60,000, and in fact in every European country women and girls outnumber men and boys. The conspicuous exceptions elsewhere are the United States, Canada and Australia, in each of which the males are in the majority, though, comparatively speaking, not largely so. These exceptions, however, are evidently owing to immigration, which naturally brings more men than women. Had there been no immigration, it is probable that each of these three countries would have shown the same excess of women which is found everywhere else in the civilized world. Thus, although in the United States as a whole the excess of males is about 1,200,000 by estimate, in New England, whither the tide of immigration has not flowed strongly in recent years, there is a large preponderance of women. In less civilized countries, however, where women are lightly esteemed, it is quite otherwise. In India there are 6,000,000 more men than women, and in China, too, the males largely preponderate. So we may conclude that as a rule the higher civilization is the more favorable to the increase of the female sex, but we may well question whether this result is a wholesome one. An excess of women in a country must have an unfavorable influence on the marriage rate and so, of course, on the birth rate; and, besides it may lead to moral consequences of a grave nature. Yet it seems natural for women to multiply faster than men; and the means that are taken to produce a contrary result in the less civilized countries are such as civilization could not countenance.

A PHOTOGRAPH WARDROBE.

Some of the Fine Portraits May Not Be What They Seem.

"What do you use that lace curtain for?" asked a visitor in a photograph gallery.

"That isn't a curtain," said the photographer as he folded up the coarse length of cheap lace; "that's classic drapery for my lady sitters who pose as beauties. Look at this, and this."

He pointed to several pictures in the show-case, where girls who were gotten up to look like actresses or professional beauties had their photographs on exhibition.

"These girls haven't enough money to buy a piece of lace even as cheap as that. They are all employed at the very humblest and poorest paid work, but you would never guess it to look at their pictures. After Miss H., my assistant, has draped them in that lace, they look as if they had just stepped out of a ball room, or a picture frame. Here is one coming now. Look at her."

She was a bright-faced, olive-skinned foreigner, dressed in a light brown alpaca dress that was hideously unbecoming. Her black hair was strained away from her face in hard braids. She disappeared with Miss H. into a retiring room, soon to emerge another person. The tight coat sleeves of her dress were pushed up to her elbow, and her high corsage so folded in as to show a round slim throat. The lace was belted at the waist-line and puffed on the shoulder. The hard braids were let out and left a fluffy effect of crimped hair, transferring an ordinary girl into a very pretty one. The operator then took her in hand to pose for her picture.

"She will send that picture home to her friends in Norway or Sweden, and they will see how improved she is," said the photographer with a pardonable glow of pride, "and it doesn't cost them a cent extra for all that fixing up. I have an old fur-lined circular of my wife's that I use as a background for a winter picture. It looks as if the girl has just unfastened it, and comes out splendidly, and it gives them an air of comfort and elegance combined. It's a great scheme and sells lots of pictures, but don't give it away. The girls might not like it."

Detroit Free Press.

A BENEVOLENT PUBLISHER.

And the Experience He Had with a Struggling Young "Author."

There recently died in Paris a famous publisher, Monsieur Calmann Levy, who had sent into the world a vast number of printed volumes, good and bad, and in doing so had acquired a great fortune, says the Youth's Companion. Many anecdotes have been told of him since his death, illustrating his sagacity and his positive character. None of these anecdotes is more amusing, perhaps, than the following, about a struggling young "author."

One day a very young man came to Calmann Levy, with an introduction and a frank, manly air, and offered him a novel in manuscript. It was entitled "Father Caesar."

"A capital title," said the publisher. "Contrary to my usual custom, I will read the manuscript myself. Come back in a fortnight."

At the time set, the young man returned.

"It's pretty good," said the publisher, returning the story, "but very immature. Sorry I can't accept it."

The youth looked so heartbroken that the publisher slipped a 50-franc note into his hand. The young man went away and two months after came back with another story, entitled "Aunt Giroflee."

"Good title," said Calmann Levy, again. "Come again in two months. I'll tell you what I think about it; and I like your perseverance."

In two months he came back, and was told that the story had strong points, but was on the whole unavailable. Then the publisher gave the young author another 50-franc note.

Three months went by, and the author again returned, this time with a novel entitled "Uncle Epaminondas."

"Good for you," said the publisher. "I think I can read your story in about a week, this time."

In a week the young man returned, looking haggard and worn.

"I am sorry that I cannot accept your story," said Calmann Levy. "But what's the matter with you?"

The young man told him that he was very ill, and that the doctor had told him that if he did not have two months' rest in the country he would die. The publisher gave him a bank-note and sent him away.

Two months afterward the young man came back, much refreshed, and with him he brought another novel, entitled "Cousin Cerisette."

"I have been so careful with my style this time," he said.

"Very well," said the publisher, looking a little wearied, "this will be read."

"No, it won't," exclaimed the author, bitterly; "you won't read this any more than you did the others!"

"See here, young man," said Calmann Levy, "you have made a great mistake. I did read the others, and here is the proof: All you have done with your remarkable stories is to change the title each time and replace the first page. But though you have not yet used up the family, I'm afraid it is much too large to interest me any further. But never mind the money I have given you. I saw you were poor, and I wanted to try you. I have tried you all I wish to now!"

CHESTNUTS.

Not the Slang Phrase, But the Delicious Nut.

The supply of chestnuts never equals the demand in this country, and many districts in which the trees are abundant derive a very respectable income from the sale of the nuts. This industry might be made far more productive and profitable than it now is by some little effort toward cultivation. The chestnut cannot be grown successfully on heavy clays, wet soils or limestone land. It prefers loose, sandy soils, or such as has been derived from the decomposition of slates and shales. It is grown readily from the seed, but the greatest care must be taken not to let the nuts become dry. They should be planted as soon as gathered or kept in moist sand until ready to plant. The nut should be planted where the tree is to stand, as the long tap root makes transplanting difficult. The European chestnut is not much larger and finer than the American, but has produced, under cultivation, a number of varieties, some of which are highly esteemed for the superior quality of their fruit. The trees do not grow so large as the American, but come into bearing more quickly; the latter does not generally fruit until 10 or 12 years old. A Japanese variety has been lately introduced into the states, which, though not very hardy, is quite dwarf in habit, and, while beginning to fruit at 4 or 5 years, produces nuts larger even than the European. These two characters—small size and early fruitfulness—give them special value, and if they can be worked upon stocks of the American species, trees can be secured which will bear earlier and produce larger nuts than our native species.—Chicago News.

Well Up.

Maiden Aunt—If your mother had charge of you now she'd have made you go to bed before this.

Young Nephew—Not much she wouldn't. Ma's in London and it's broad daylight there now.—Truth.

"THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

I hold it truth, the truest joy
That may on earth be had
Arises from the sweet employ
Of making others glad.
If there be selfishness in this,
It hoards no secret self,
But welcomes still to share its bliss
Another as itself.
Its dearest treasures it would give,
Nor stay to count the cost;
If others on its bounty live,
Then nothing it has lost.
This love is lavished—never sold;
Its honor knows no stain;
There is no canker on its gold—
No mildew on its grain.
Be mine the happiness to know,
If rich, how best is he,
Whom God Himself has honored so,
His almoner to be;
But, if it be the Master's will
That I should daily fare
Through narrow ways, a toiler still
For all I eat and wear,
Then be it mine with grateful heart
Such blessing to receive
As I would willingly impart
Another to relieve.

ABOVE PROOF.

I don't like Menken.
Undoubtedly he is clever—almost a brilliant clever—man, but he is, to my mind just a ruffie too unconventional in his ideas.
He is, however, very good company, and I have passed a good many evenings with him over a pipe, and will acquit him of ever having bored me.
I went to his lodgings with him a few nights ago from the club, and soon found myself seated in an arm chair by the fireside. We talked of many things, till at length, I forget how the conversation turned on murders and murderers.
"After all," I said, "in ninety-nine murders out of a hundred circumstantial evidence and motive are the only helps to conviction. No one in his senses commits a murder if there is any one looking on."
"No," said Menken, slowly, "people prefer doing these things in private, if possible. But sometimes they are not aware that there are witnesses."
He paused and filled his pipe.
"It is not every one," he went on, "who has been a secret witness of a murder; but I have."
"Was he convicted and hanged?" I asked.
"It wasn't a 'he,' but a 'she,'" said Menken, smilingly. "And 'she' was not convicted and hanged, or even tried."
"But surely you—" I was beginning, when Menken broke in.
"My dear fellow, nothing I could have said could have convicted the woman. It was a very odd case altogether; one of the most ingenious things I ever heard of. I will tell you the story, if you like; it will be simpler than your getting it out of me by cross-examination. About four years ago I was traveling in Switzerland. In the course of my rambles I reached Tauserswald. I was much taken with the place; the scenery was superb, the hotel old-fashioned but delightfully comfortable.
"After I had been there about a fortnight, on entering the dining room for dinner, I noticed some new arrivals. Among them was a party of three English—an old gentleman, his young wife, and a daughter of the old gentleman by a former marriage. The daughter, poor girl, was blind. She was about twenty and looked delicate. I cannot say she was pretty, but yet she was not unpleasing. The old boy, her father, was just like other old English gentlemen you see about.
"The wife was decidedly pretty; she was about eight-and-twenty, fair, with gray eyes, and a most undeniable figure. They seemed to be well off, but they did not hold much intercourse with the rest of the inmates of the hotel.
"I was not long in finding out three facts. First, that the old gentleman was madly fond of his wife and indifferent to his daughter; secondly, that the daughter adored her father and did not like his wife; thirdly, that the wife hated them both.
"One morning after the party had been in the hotel about a week, the old gentleman did not appear as usual at breakfast and, in reply to inquiries, his wife said that he was not feeling well. In the course of the day the doctor, an Englishman by the way, was sent for, and in the evening the landlord, who was as angry with the old man as if he got his illness on purpose, told me confidentially, with tears of rage, that the old gentleman had been pronounced by the doctor to be ill of gastric fever, and that the case was serious. The landlord's anxiety was not without reason. The fact could not be concealed, and visitors began to leave in haste. Only a few besides me remained on. I am not in the least nervous about illness, and I had no intention of leaving the place, for such a cause, a resolve which raised me greatly in the landlord's esteem.
"One morning the French maid came running down to the family with great excitement in her dark face, and in broken English informed them that 'Madam had slept not in her couch, nor could Celeste find her anywhere,

though she search, she search everywhere!"

Then Henry recollected all at once that he had rather neglected his mother lately. Mrs. Henry forgot her "cultured" calmness and joined in the search, weeping bitterly. Jane came running in with reproaches for herself and all the others. Joe left his desk for once and set telegraph wires to work, and confusion and grief reigned supreme, while the sons and daughters found their minds wandering back to childhood and "mother," as they had not done for years, and I think they learned over again, and far more perfectly the lesson of filial love.

Hours passed, and no news came of the missing, and fears grew graver and stronger till at last Henry, walking the floor in anxiety, exclaimed suddenly, as the idea struck him, "She's gone home!" and running to a drawer in his desk, where keys of every size and form lay bunched and singly, he turned them hastily over.

"Yes, the key is gone and she has wandered back home. I'm sure of it. Why did I not think of it before, I cannot think. Oh, mother! you never wanted to leave it, the dear, dear old house where we were born, and which sheltered us all so faithfully. And we dragged you from it, selfish dots!"

"Too impatient to wait for trains not due for hours, they set off across the country in carriages. As they drew near the old house they found news of the lost one. She had passed only an hour before, plodding wearily along the familiar road, so with lightened hearts they went on.

Leaving the carriage and horse at the village, they followed the rest of the way on foot. When they came to the swinging white gate through the wet grass they saw a pathway trodden by one who had visited the long mound, with the tiny one beside it, under the oak, but they also saw that she had gone thence to the house. So weeping softly, and not ashamed of the tears either, the party tip-toed like children up the low, wide steps, through the hall, and paused reverently at the door, with remorseful hearts that longed to tell the gentle old mother, as they once did over some childish disobedience, that they "were sorry, mother."

The stillness in the old house grew oppressive while they stood uncertain, and, though they listened, there was no faint footfall as if one going about after the fashion of one just getting home. They pushed softly open the door of the old sitting-room, and there, with her white head on the open Bible and a smile of joy and peace upon her dead face, knelt grandma, who had gone home to find a welcome from her John already there.—Philadelphia Times.

New York's Guide.

"Would you like to be shown over the city, sir?"

The question was asked in one of the most popular of up-town cafes by a young man who wore clothing of a fashionable cut, and wore it as if used to it, says the New York World. His face was honest and intelligent, and his manners, in spite of his abrupt question were those of a gentleman.

"I am a professional guide in New York," he continued, handing the writer an engraved card. "I take visitors to see anything there is to be seen in this town. If a man comes here and wants to see the 'good' places of interest, I take him, but by far the greater part of my income is derived from taking men to see the 'seamy' side. I do not charge much. Five dollars and whatever expenses a man wants to incur pays the bill."

"Where do you get your customers?" was asked.

"When a stranger comes to town he goes to a hotel. He has an evening or day to spare and wants to enjoy life. But he doesn't know where to go, and as a general thing he asks the advice of the hotel clerk. Then I am sent for and off we go. I don't drink. So one of us is bound to know where the 'other side of the street' is at any time.

"I have saved visitors to this city a good many dollars, and in many cases have got them out of tight places where they would have a lot of trouble alone. When they go with me they don't wind up in a police court."

"But there is another side of the business, isn't there?"

"Yes, and a much pleasanter one. I take patrons to the theaters, the park, Coney island, the big newspaper offices, and the Metropolitan museum of art. Lots of people like to go there. The big bridge seems to be the great Mecca, however. Some people want to go to the cemeteries. The cathedral is asked for very often.

"How did I get into the business? Well, it was laziness, I guess. I am a graduate of Harvard, and I couldn't bring myself to sit on a clerk's chair all day long. I can easily make \$35 a week, and gentlemen are frequently so delighted with their experiences that they give me \$15 or \$20 more than the original price agreed upon. I have made as much as \$115 a week—that was during the centennial celebration."

A female engineer, Miss Ida Hewitt, is regularly employed on the Cairo and Kenawha Valley railroad in West Virginia.

THE FARM AND HOME.

BEGIN NOW TO USE BUSINESS METHODS ON THE FARM.

The Only Way to Be Sure It Pays—Over Fatted Meat is Unprofitable—Sheep Pointers and Household Hints.

Business Methods on the Farm.

With all the exhortations to farmers to make greater use of business methods on the farm, we see very few of them explaining how such methods should be applied, or wherein they would be specially valuable. Generalizing is not the best way to make truths plain. To come down to the root of the matter at once, let me ask the readers how he is to know whether his hogs, his poultry or his cows pay him a profit, if he feeds each class of these animals from the same grain bins? The cows may be making a profit on their feed, and thus concealing a deficit that comes from unprofitable hogs and hens. Or, the cows and hens may be concealing the fact that the hogs are running in debt to the farm. It is the same with other kinds of stock, when all are fed from a common quantity of feed stuffs. Occasionally it is even worse than the case mentioned, the cows, hens, and hogs might each and all return less than the cost of their keep, and still the truth be undiscovered, provided some other branch of farm operations brought in sufficient revenue to make up the deficiency. How can it be told, whether a certain crop of corn, oats, wheat or potatoes, has been a profitable one to raise, if no account is kept of the cost of preparing the ground, dressing, caring for, and harvesting the crop.

I would have separate grain bins for each kind of stock; then upon the first day of January of each year, or upon the first day of one of the spring months, if one chooses, a large blank book should be procured, and every time a sack of bran or oats is put into the poultry house, its cost should be charged to the account of the poultry. If ground meal, bone or any other article of food is purchased for the hens, let the cost be charged to them, and whenever eggs or market poultry are sold, let the proper credit be given, together with a credit for the eggs and poultry used on the table. If the hens have eaten a certain number of bushels of vegetables, their value should be charged to the poultry account. At the end of the year it will be pretty plain how the fowls have paid.

The dairy will have charged to it the feed that has been placed in the stable bins, together with the value of the hay, ensilage and roots eaten; and credit will be given to the same, for the butter sold and eaten, the milk sold or used, and the estimated value of the skim milk fed out. The dairy should also be credited for the value of calves, when weaned, and for the manure that is made.

It is not necessary to go farther into details, to show that this is the only way by which we can tell whether the work is profitable or not. This is the only way, if it is not profitable, by which one can tell what branch is handicapping all the rest. It needs no great knowledge of bookkeeping, to classify these important facts. Anyone with good common sense can make such debit and credit entries, under the heading of each branch of his farm operations, as he can himself readily understand, when he comes to reckon up the cost and the value of articles sold and on hand. The great point is to begin keeping such accounts, and the sooner one begins, the better.—Practical Farmer.

Over Fatted Meat is Unprofitable.

Almost any sort of animal used for human food can, with greater profit both to the feeder and butcher, be made excessively fat than the sheep, though a superabundance of fat is not desirable, or sought after, by the average consumer of meat, whether it be beef, pork, veal or mutton; hence such goods are handled at a loss.

There is a medium line to be observed in preparing stock for the market that will insure better satisfaction to all parties concerned than the extremes of either over or under fattening, and while it is true the lean parts of very fat meat are always sweeter, more juicy and tender than when leanness predominates over the carcass, yet the proportion of this fine quality of meat is so small, compared with the aggregate weight of a very fat carcass, that butchers are shy except at low prices, knowing the large amount of unsaleable bulk it contains. Particularly is this true of mutton, and an excessively fat carcass of that class of meat answers more the purpose of showing the possibilities of the animal or breed to lay on fat, than any ends of profit reached, or satisfactory returns, to either the feeder, the butcher or consumer. A leading Birmingham butcher, who supplies me with the weekly market, writes to the English paper, touching this matter, and says:

"Advise your readers to avoid sending heavy fat mutton to market, there is no sale, and it is a waste of time, food and labor to grow, and is of small value when slaughtered. It cannot compete with the lean Australian mutton now offered." What more advice

than our correspondent has himself tendered is needed? His suggestion is well worth the consideration of breeders. There should not be much difficulty in adopting it. Upwards of a dozen different breeds of sheep should afford material enough for the production of lean mutton. Showyard attractions are not conducive of this result. Nor is the craze for early maturity. These objects are laudable in their way, but it behooves breeders to keep a close eye upon the demands of the age, in as far, at least as they concern their particular industry.—Coleman's Rural World.

A Good Mulch.

A western paper describes the way in which a crop of buckwheat is used as a mulch, which appears to answer well where land is cheap, and possibly in other places. An orchard of quite young trees for timber was set on clean, well-prepared and well pulverized land, and the ground was then sown quite thick with buckwheat. This grew and was left uncut and protected the ground as a mulch through the following winter, and during the freezing and thawing of spring. Another crop was allowed to grow, and was left on the ground as before. The buckwheat mulch smothered the weeds, and reduced the labor of cultivation. The superiority of buckwheat for this purpose deserves notice, the straw being less fibrous than many other kinds of straw, and rotting down more readily, while according to analysis, it contains more phosphoric acid and potash, an advantage which is not always known or borne in mind when used as an enriching crop.

Sheep Pointers.

Professor Penberthy, of England, claims there are six forms of foot-rot in sheep, and each, in a measure, requires special treatment.

Many have the mistaken notion that after shearing wool increases in weight. The opposite occurs. The more grease it contains the more it shrinks.

Strike for twins. Ewes which have good, sound udders, are docile and good mothers, and have produced twins, are the ewes to retain for breeders.

Merinos do not bear so many lambs as the coarser breeds, but they live and serve longer to compensate. Pampering the coarser breeds has probably impaired their constitutions.

Merino sheep do not contract scab one time in five as often as the coarse wools; in fact scab is a very rare thing in otherwise healthy Merino flocks. Their grease is antagonistic to the scab parasites.

Usually "show sheep" are not worth much for anything else, especially those of the fair sex, they are pampered, petted, powdered, painted, spoiled. These "ps" will ruin any thing.

Rules for Butter-Making.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England has published some excellent rules for butter-making, from which we make an extract, as they are also applicable in this country:

1. Rinse all dairy utensils in cold water.
2. Scald with hot water and rinse again with cold.
3. Always use a thermometer.
4. Churn the cream at a temperature of 58 degrees to 60 degrees in summer and 60 degrees to 63 degrees in winter.
5. Give the churn good ventilation, and churn at forty to forty-five revolutions to the minute.
6. Stop churning when the butter has formed in pellets the size of small shot.
7. Draw off the buttermilk, and pour pure water into the churn until it runs off clear and uncolored.
8. Make a strong brine and pour into the churn through a fine sieve.
9. Remove the butter and work it with a ladle or upon a butter-worker. Never use the hands. To these may be added the precaution to allow the butter to stand eight or ten hours, then work carefully to expel the excess of water and insure solidity, when it is ready for printing or the tub. If these directions are followed, streaks in the butter will never appear.

Hints for the Housewife.

- Salt will curdle new milk.
- To soften old putty, use a hot iron.
- Varnish is "rough on bugs"—bed bugs especially.
- You can clean mica, that has become smoked, with vinegar.
- Mix baking soda with brick-dust for scouring your knives.
- Raw beefsteak applied will remove the discoloration from bruises.
- Cistern water may be purified by hanging a bag of charcoal in the water.
- Laying tough meat in vinegar for a few minutes before cooking is said to make it more tender.
- Sweet oil will remove finger-marks from varnished furniture, and kerosene from oiled furniture.
- Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will remove paint from clothing, if it is often enough applied.
- A few drops of ether dropped into a bottle of oil will prevent it from becoming rancid for a long time.
- A pitcher of cold water placed in a room to absorb poisonous gases arising from the persons of those occupying it, is one of the absolute essentials.
- To cut off glass bottles for cups, mark with a file where the line is wanted, and then run around the bottle with the point of a red-hot poker.
- In preparing plaster of Paris for filling cracks in plaster, use vinegar instead of water in mixing it. The result will be a mass like putty, and it will not harden so soon.
- Glit frames may be freshened by dusting, and then washing them with one ounce of soda beaten up with the whites of three eggs. Scraped places may be touched up with gold paint.

A BLOOD-CURDLING STORY.

Told in Early Days About the "Man-Eater of the Mississippi."

Early writers and travelers in the Mississippi Valley tell blood-curdling stories of a terrible creature, part beast, part bird, part serpent and part man, which we are told formerly inhabited the bluffs and swamps of the Great Father of Waters between the mouths of the Missouri and Des Moines rivers. Most writers of later days are of the opinion that such a creature never existed, says the St. Louis Republic, in fact they put the paternity of the story on to certain Mulhattons who are known to have been fond of "giving to airy nothings a habitation and a name." For more than a century after the advent of the white man in the Mississippi Valley stories of the "Man-eater" were told and generally believed, but soon these were all to be denied and refuted. Then the very existence of such a creature was doubted, but there was Father Marquette's description of the creature to back those who still believed that such a monstrosity had at one time existed in what is now the Central United States. Then another class of wonder mongers sprang up who claimed to have seen a picture of the creature painted on the bluff near where Alton, Ill., now stands. As years went on even this story was denied. In 1838, when the question was up for discussion, J. R. Miles, of Miles Station, Ill., wrote an article for the Alton Telegraph, of which the following are extracts: "I first saw the animal, if animal it could be called, in 1833, and since that date I have seen it from time to time hundreds of times before it was destroyed by the elements or by the hand of man during the late civil war." "The enclosed is an exact picture of it." Following the last sentence quoted Mr. Miles gives a picture of the creature, which shows it with a body like a lion, except that the legs are very short and the body long and lithe like that of the panther. Wings of curious pattern with eight feathers at the points fasten to the shoulders and extend to beyond the root of the tail, which is long and slender, seeming to be made in imitation of that of a tiger. The neck is very heavy, well arched and full, surmounted by what I should take to be a good picture of the head of a buck deer of 7 or 8 years of age, but the horns being broad, each with four points. After giving his picture Mr. Miles goes on to say: "Many, many, times have I examined the picture closely, and I must say that it is a mistake for anyone to say that it was painted on the rocks. The bird or animal, was cut, chiselled, or picked into the solid rock, but how, or by whom I know not. It's body was that of a lion, its head and horns those of a deer, and its wings those of a bird. Draw your own conclusions as to what it was intended to represent, but I firmly believe that the above, a facsimile of the 'Picture on the Rocks,' was the handicraft and handiwork of man, chiselled or cut into that rock to commemorate some person or some thing. * * * Everybody believes that the sphinx was built to represent a personage. Why not believe that this mythical bird-beast was made to represent the noble deeds of some great person of pre-historic times in America."

With the article sent the Telegraph Mr. Miles also enclosed a picture of the creature described by Marquette, which is identical with that described above, with the exception that it has a man's head, its feet, four in number, much resembling bird's claws.

The Oldest Dwelling-House.

Kilian Van Rensselaer's house in Rensselaer county, opposite Albany, N. Y., is said to be the oldest inhabited dwelling-house in the United States. It stands near the Hudson river at the south end of Greenbrush, is of brick and has a gambrel roof. Two port holes out of which the early Van Rensselaers shot at Indians pierce the front walls, and a little plate in the rear, set up by the Albany Commemorative society, shows the edifice to have been erected in 1642. Behind this venerable mansion is a well, on the coping of which "Yankee Doodle" is said to have been composed during the French war preceding the revolution. In the old hall the Dutch reformed settlers had religious services. There were no Bud-densieks then.—Chicago Times.

No Public Speaker.

Richard Coleman, of Virginia, while yet a very young man, was made judge of one of the eastern circuit courts. Shortly after, he had to pronounce sentence upon a murderer. The criminal seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling, and apparently paying no attention whatever to what was being said. After he was remanded to jail, one of the young lawyers went into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when the judge was passing sentence upon him. "What do you mean?" asked the murderer. "I mean when the judge was telling you that you were to be hanged." "You mean when he was talking to me?" "Yes." "Oh! I never paid no'tention to Dick Coleman; he ain't no public speaker, no-how."—Argonaut.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Kansas has 12,000 school teachers.

Wage workers should join the People's party and help make it such a party as they desire.

The Faculty of the Presbyterian College at Emporia has squelched a fraternity which had organized there several weeks ago.

There is gold in the mountain,
There is silver in the hills,
We shall make them coin both
To settle up our bills.

The detailed plans for the reform movement have not yet been worked out and now is the time for you to join the People's party that you may help shape its policy.

Just why farmers can be induced to go through the tomfoolery of carrying banners and marching up and down the streets is more than we can understand.—Capital.

Just so. We knew all the time that the Capital did not understand the political situation.

Money is required to employ labor. An increase of money therefore creates a greater demand for labor and raises wages. The People's party proposes to increase the money by coining more silver and issuing more greenbacks. Silver and greenbacks are good money, honest money. Wage-workers who desire higher wages should vote the People's party ticket.

There has been a reduction of currency equal to one sixth of its entire volume. What has been the result? It has increased the power of money and the value of money. Real estate has fallen fifty per cent. Since 1868, labor has been constantly depressed in our country. I believe that the legal tender currency is better and safer than the national currency; that the government is the best custodian of its own coinage and currency.—W. A. Phillips, M.C.

The growing extravagance of our public officials is appalling. The total expenditure of the national government exclusive of payments on the public debt, run as follows: 1889, \$299,288,978; for 1890, \$318,040,710, and the appropriation for 1891 and 1892 reached a fraction above the billion dollar mark. Is it not time to call a halt? Is it not time to rebuke this reckless waste of public funds?

A few days since two lady students of the State Normal School who had left everything nicely in order at their room in the morning, returned before noon to find it in flames, the fire company dashing water in at the windows, and all their clothing, worth from \$175 to \$200, burned to ashes. The origin of the fire is a mystery. They had no stove in the room and had left no fire burning. Pres. Taylor brought the matter before the school, and gave an opportunity for those who wished to help the girls in bearing their loss. \$115 was thus given in a purely voluntary way, a pleasant illustration of the good fellowship that prevails among the students.

The result of Tuesday's election was a complete triumph for the republican party in Shawnee county, and many others in the state. In this city the prohibition question was again the only real issue. Every effort was made to defeat Sheriff Wilkerson. Resubmission republicans vied with democrats to accomplish this end. Every thing and any thing was traded for this purpose. The result was that the people rallied again, as they will continue to do whenever this issue is made and as they ought to do. The people's party fought shy of the question and so drew nothing from either. There can be no people's reform while reform questions are ignored.

ELECTION DAY.

She Enlightens her Son.

"What is an election, ma?
Does papa always go,
And every rig and hack I see,
That's rushing to and fro?"

"A funeral? why, no, my son,
It never is in name;
Though each election proves to some
Too near that dreaded same.

"Elections, child, were meant to show
An office-seeker's friends;
But now he need not wait till then—
He counts the votes he spends."

"Well, will the men all run a race?"
"Yes, son, the time is one—
One time too many for the man
Who's left where he begun.

"Tis then he finds his bank account
Has run a swifter race;
His book is all he has in store,
Grim poverty to face.

"The polls, say, must they climb
Greased poles?"
"No, no, they could but slip.
And don't you see, on voters weak,
They'd lose their drowning grip?"

"It's dreadful, ma, but may I get
An office if I can
When I am grown?" "No, son, aspire
To be an honest man.

"Your purse an' all affairs would soon
Be told in every tongue
With tales attached no lamb would own,
They'd grace no scorpion.

The lyres of Egypt never charmed
As liars in politics have done.
"The coward politicians, spurn!
The serpents lie in wait.
With pleasant words and promises
They leave you to your fate.

"They gulp the good, send forth the bad,
In selfishness they roll.
May God forgive their wickedness
And save their perjured soul.

"The office used to seek the man,
But now the man must seek—
Seek first to fill his pocket book,
And then his vengeance wreak.

"My son, to make elections plain
Compare them to a bubble,
Or better still, a stubborn corn—
They drown all other trouble."

JUNIATA.

City Vote.

FIRST WARD.

Republican, 418. Loss, 118.
Democratic, 375. Loss, 214.
People's, Gain, 1.

SECOND WARD.

Republican, 517. Loss, 128.
Democratic, 568. Loss, 415.
People's, Gain, 4.

THIRD WARD.

Republican, 715. Loss, 224.
Democratic, 215. Loss, 145.
People's, Gain, 37.

FOURTH WARD.

Republican, 625. Loss, 135.
Democratic, 340. Loss, 179.
People's, Gain, 23.

FIFTH WARD.

Republican, 252. Loss, 105.
Democratic, 109. Loss, 108.
People's, Gain, 16.

Total Republican loss, 710.
Total Democratic loss, 1061.
Total People's gain, 81.

"Foreign money changers have dictated our financial policy long enough. At first we floated our war debt through the patriotism of the people, without interest, independent of these Shylocks. This floating debt was at their dictation funded into interest bearing tax-exempted bonds. Next came the National bank money monopoly. Then followed the contraction of our currency, demonitization of silver and other diabolical conspiracies by which we have been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy and ruin. Business men are suffering as much or more from this depression as any one else, hence we confidently expect them to rise in their might as sovereign voters and help us reverse the policy that has brought on our distress. Are we to sit idly by, suffering all the ills of a forced contraction, resulting in stagnant industries and universal distress, under the operation of a law so uncertain in its terms that a definition of its meaning must be left to the abolition of one man, the Secretary of the Treasury? We ask that Wall street, the Rothschilds and the Barings shall no longer have control of our financial legislation; and when I charge that our legislation has been in the interest of the capitalist and the dealer in money, I charge that which I can have from the record, and I challenge successful contradiction."—D. C. Haskell, M. C.

A Moneygratic Judge.

St. Louis, Mo., October 30.—Judge Thayer gave an opinion in the United States circuit court today in the thirty cases presented before him of violations of the alien contract labor law. His decision is against the government. The case is that of the United States against Wm. Pohlman and John H. Pohlman, jr. Last year young Pohlman went to Europe for some stock and brought three young men from Scotland to assist him in caring for the stock on the steamer while crossing the ocean, and, it is alleged, agreed to furnish them with employment after they had arrived in this country. The young men testified to this, but it was denied by young Pohlman. The court holds that all the penalties attached to the offense of violation of the contract of labor law are severe, being a fine of \$5.00 for each offense, that the testimony should be of the most convincing nature before judgment is rendered.

No amount of evidence will induce these hirelings of Wall street to give a decision favorable to the working men of this country. That contract labor law was not intended to be enforced. It was merely designed to fool the people.

Speculators and idlers get too much, and wage workers too little, under the present system.

A monument to James Morgan, who lost his life last winter while bravely attempting to save a drowning comrade, was unveiled at Winfield last Sunday. The money was subscribed by the citizens of Winfield, headed by the Courier.

"Prohibition has greatly reduced my expense account, when the saloons were running it cost me from one two dollars a day to treat the thirty democratic deadbeats who hung around the bar room waiting for some one to treat."

Now Judge didn't it strain your expense account a little last night to set up three kegs of beer to the Democratic Flambeau Club.

They are "Sowing the Wind."

Congressman Tillman, of South Carolina, is reported to have said in a recent speech that "Senator Peffer is an ex-chicken-thief." And this is a sample of the methods to be employed in the South for fighting the Alliance. To what depths have we fallen as a people? A member of Congress standing before an audience of American citizens and charging that a Senator is an ex-chicken-thief. And some politicians are fools enough to think that by such methods they will crush our organization. They think that by vilifying, abusing, slandering and lying on our leaders they can demoralize our forces and disrupt our order, but they may live to mourn their folly. Such conduct only serves to bind our people closer together and to make them more determined than ever to consign such blatant, sectional demagogues to a merited oblivion. They are sowing the wind and by and by they will reap the whirlwind.—Progressive Farmer.

Ananias Again.

"To assume that the United States alone can maintain silver at the old ratio of sixteen to one is a wilder delusion than ever filled the brain of a believer in fiat money. The fear that we would attempt it carried seven millions of gold from the country in four months."

In the above the cyphering Ananias of Chicago Tribune gets off "two more." There is no wild delusion in the United States thinking it can do with silver at 16 to 1 of gold, what France has, solitary and alone, done for many years, with silver at 16.5 to 1. "Fear of free coinage." Bosh! All the big wigs, here and abroad, are scratching their heads as to why the gold went abroad. No two of them agree. Most say it was European—and especially Russian—government need.

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ABOUT AXES.

The Processes by Which an Axe is Evolved From an Iron Bar.

The first step in the operation of making an axe is the formation of the axe head without the blade. The glowing flat iron bars are withdrawn from the furnace and are taken to a powerful and somewhat complicated machine, which performs upon them four distinct operations—shaping the metal to form the upper and lower part of the axe, then the eye, and finally doubling the piece over so that the whole can be welded together. A workman stands by, seizing the partially-fashioned pieces, one after another, with a pair of tongs, and hammering the lower edges together. Next the iron is put in a powerful natural-gas furnace and heated to a white heat. Taken out, it goes under a tilt hammer and is welded together in a second. This done, one blow from the "drop," and the pole of the axe is completely and firmly welded.

When the axe leaves the drop, there is some superfluous metal still adhering to the edges and forming what is technically known as a "fin." To get rid of this fin the axe is again heated in a furnace, and then taken in hand by a sawyer, who trims the ends and edges. The operator has a glass in front of him to protect his eyes from the sparks which fly off as the hot metal is pressed against the rapidly revolving saw. The iron part of the axe is now complete.

The steel for the blade, after being heated, is cut by machinery and shaped with a die. It is then ready for welding. A groove is cut in the edge of the iron, the steel for the blade inserted, and the whole firmly welded by machine hammers. Next comes the operation of tempering. The steel portion of the axe is heated by being inserted in pots of molten lead, the blade only being immersed. It is then cooled by dipping in water, and goes to the hands of the inspector. An axe is subject to rigid tests before it is pronounced perfect. The steel must be of the required temper, the weight of all axes of the same sizes must be uniform, all must be ground alike, and in various other ways conform to an established standard. The inspector who tests the quality of the steel does so by hammering the blade and striking the edge to ascertain whether it is too brittle or not. An axe that breaks during the process is thrown aside to be made over.

Before the material of an axe is in the proper shape, it has been heated five times, including the tempering process, and the axe, when completed, has passed through the hands of about forty workmen, each of whom has done something toward perfecting it. After passing inspection, the axes go to the grinding department, and from that to the polishers, who finish them upon emery wheels.—Manufacturer and Builder.

Dr. Franklin's Code of Morals.

The following list of moral virtues was drawn up by Dr. Franklin for the regulation of his life:

- Temperance.—Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.
- Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
- Order.—Let all your things have their place; let each of your business have its time.
- Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
- Frugality.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.
- Industry.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; keep out all unnecessary action.
- Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.
- Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting benefits that are your duty.
- Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.
- Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanness in the body, clothes, or habitation.
- Tranquillity.—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
- Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

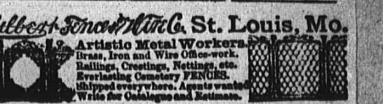
Hymn of the Crusaders.

[Written in the twelfth century and sung by the armies that sought to recover the holy land.]

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of nature!
Jesus, of God and of mercy the son!
Thee will I cherish
Thee will I honor,
Thee my delight, and my glory, and crown.
Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in the flowery vesture of spring.
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Making my sorrowful spirit to sing.
Fair is the moonshine,
Fairer the sunlight
Than all the stars of the heavenly host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels in heaven can boast.

Method in It.

"But are you not taking considerable risk in letting your young man owe two or three weeks' board?"
"Yes, there is some risk," answered Mrs. Hashcroft. "But then, you see, they worry over it so they lose their appetites. So I save money in the long run."—Indianapolis Journal.



BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD.

The November number of this favorite monthly contains, besides a large amount of interesting reading matter, a beautiful new song, entitled "Golden Rod" and four new piano pieces—"Will o' the Wisp" by Jungmann, "Cannonetta No. 3" by Hollander, "The Rose" by Lichner and "Recollections of Home" by Mueller. This music is alone worth \$2.00. Upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps a copy will be mailed to any address, or for 25 cents three back numbers will be sent, containing over \$5.00 worth of new music. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Elegant premiums for clubs. Send stamp for "Premium List," and full particulars. *The Musicians Guide*—212 pages of valuable musical information, choice music, etc., mailed on receipt of eight two-cent stamps. Address The S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE WESTERN RURAL AND AMERICAN STOCKMAN, one of the oldest farm journals in this country, is a journal of large size, and filled with literature which not only represents agriculture and its kindred interests in their highest sense, but devotes much space for the entertainment of the farmer and his family, on the ground that the farmer and his family are of as much importance as the urban.

We find in its columns, also, able articles devoted to the discussion of the economic and social questions of our times. THE RURAL has no hobby, but aids in the advancement of all the practical reform measures which are agitating the public mind at the present time. It believes in organization among farmers, and has devoted much time and expense to the end that producers might stand together for their rights, but above all it believes in education, and the general information in regard to public affairs which is necessary to fit the people for self-reliant citizenship. To this end THE RURAL has assisted in the establishment of a School of Agriculture and Manual Training for dependent street waifs of the large towns and cities. The subscription price of THE WESTERN RURAL is \$1.50 per year. Less in clubs. For particulars address MILTON GEORGE, Pub., 158 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

The contents of the November ECLECTIC are excellent reading, varied to meet all classes of the better intellectual taste. Charles Lowe contributes a readable article, "The New Emperor and his New Chancellor" on the present regime of the German Empire, and D. Christie Murray, the eminent novelist, has articles on Australia; Froude, the historian, is the author of a fascinating essay on "The Story of the Spanish Armada," told from the Spanish side, the first of several which will be found of interest. Prof. Geffcken writes about Russia under Alexander III, and in an article by Mrs. Andrew Cruse, "Science and Society in the Fifties," the reader will be interested in gossip of the notabilities of England half a century since. Mrs. Linton has a slashing and vigorous paper on "Wild Women as Social Insurgents," which will stir a breeze among the strong minded ladies. Other notable papers are "Impressions of England" by a Son of Adam; "Ernest Renan" by W. H. Gladwell, a critical appreciation of the great Frenchman, and Gladstone's scholarly article on "Ancient Beliefs in a Future State," another proof of the versatility of the English Statesman. There are many short articles; two stories, "The Story of a Violin," and "The Abbe's Repentance," by Ernest Dowson and Grant Allen; and a striking short poem by the new and brilliant singer, William Watson, destined, before long, to take a foremost place among English poets.

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The November Magazine of American History is full of interest. It opens with an illustrated paper on "Judge Charles Johnson McCurdy and his Home in Lyme, Connecticut," written by the editor. An admirable portrait of the eminent jurist forms the frontispiece, and four full-page pictures grace the text—three of the old colonial house and one of the old ornate Lyme church. The sketch of Judge McCurdy's well-founded life, extending over ninety-four and one-half years, from December 1797 to June 1891, is one of remarkable interest, as he was more or less a public character for nearly half a century, and his career is associated with historic events of the first importance. He was a gentleman of the old school, with means, leisure, taste and culture, and represented in his ancestry several of the oldest and strongest races known to history. Dr. Patton's terse and scholarly study follows, "One Hundred years of National Life; the contrast between 1789 and 1889," which all readers will find useful and informing. Hon. Horatio King contributes a pleasant anecdote, "General Holt's Unexpected Reply." Rev. Dr. Stakely discusses the "Introduction of the Negro into the United States," and in a thoroughly learned and comprehensive essay proves, conclusively, that "Florida, not Virginia, was the first state to receive him." In connection with the great topic of the hour, the World's Fair, appears a charming article entitled "The Fashion for Learning in Queen Isabella's Belm." Dr. Prosper Bender furnishes an exceptionally readable paper on the Historic Games of Old Canada. There is an amusing "Anecdote of College Life at Early Dartmouth," the "Story of a Journey to New England in 1831," by Hon. Wm. H. Seward; "Memoirs of the Siege of Quebec," by a French officer who participated; "A Tribute to the late Hon. Mr. Latrobe, President of the Maryland Historical Society," "President Harrison on Arbitration," and several short articles. The printing of this magazine is a delight to the eye; the type, paper and general effect is far ahead of any periodical of the age. Price, \$5.00 a year.