

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS,
G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Terms, One Dollar per Year. Three months on trial, 25 cents. Campaign rates, five copies three months \$1.00. Four page edition, 50c a year. For the campaign, 10 copies \$1.00.

Prohibition Party National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JOHN BIDWELL,
OF CALIFORNIA.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
J. B. CRANFILL,
OF TEXAS.

Prohibition Party State Ticket.

For Governor,
I. O. PICKERING.
For Lieutenant Governor,
H. E. DOUTHITT.
For Secretary of State,
H. W. STONE.
For Auditor,
GABRIEL BURDETTE.
For Treasurer,
JOEL MILLER.
For Attorney,
R. H. NICHOLS.
For Superintendent Public Instruction,
MISS IDA HODGDON.
For Associate Justice Supreme Court,
C. P. STEVENS.
For Congressman at Large,
REV. J. M. MONROE.

The republicans hope to save Wyoming out of the general wreck by the vote of the women, altho woman owes nothing to the national party.

As between L. D. Lewelling and A. W. Smith every consideration favors Lewelling, whether it relates to moral worth, ability or general malignity.

Gen. A. B. Campbell is again sprouting up in politics. We believe this is the republican prohibition leader who some months ago took an outing on a Kansas City roof garden, in a robe de nuit, under circumstances that have kept his light under a bushel for about two years.

A. B. Jetmore does not want to go to the legislature. Jetmore sought the prohibition party nomination for governor in 1884, and when he got it, went back to the republican party. In more ways than one he resembled the cow who gave a good bucket of milk and then kicked it over.

The prohibition party is the only one that will put an end to the political game of see-saw. Both old parties are on the same plank, one at each end, with the people in the middle underneath. The prohibition party will make kindling wood of that plank and set the people free.

About fifty years ago there was a popular negro melody called Jim Crow. One chorus refrain was We wheel about and turn about and do just so, And every time we turn about we jump Jim Crow.

We suggest the revival of this melody as a union campaign song by republicans and democrats at their joint discussions. They have done nothing but turn about and jump Jim Crow for twenty-five years, and the thing ought to be popular with them.

Grand Opening Rally.

In Topeka, at the Capitol Building, Monday evening, Aug. 15, ex-Gov. S. John will fire the first gun. It will be loaded to the muzzle. Hon. I. O. Pickering, Rev. J. M. Monroe and other candidates on state ticket are expected to be present. Let every prohibitionist and all others in the state who can, be present and enjoy this feast. There will be a meeting of the State Central Committee at three o'clock p. m. Monday. W. J. NEWTON, State Chairman.

The solid south is broken.

Prohibitionists are the ones who now keep in the middle of the road.

If Jerry Simpson gets back to Congress he will travel over a Long road.

Farmer Smith will hang his harp upon the willows, when the returns come in.

A republican landslide is at hand. The poor old party will be buried in the crash.

When the rascals are turned out see to it that another set of rascals do not get in.

The people's party managers have polled the state and affirm that they will sweep it clean.

The wild November winds will say to Mr. Harrison that a latch string hangs out at Indianapolis.

The people's party ought to give the prohibitionists credit for their platform, even tho they have left out the best part of it.

Farmer Smith is asked to explain how he made it all right with the Leavenworth resubmissionists, at a late conference in that city.

A. J. Troutman wants to go to the legislature from a Topeka district. He is a sincere republican prohibitionist and it would not be necessary to hedge on liquor question in his district.

The democratic party is getting into its second childhood. As evidence of it one of its leaders was overheard mumbling an old nursery rhyme, a few days ago, something like this: "Goosey, goosey, gander, where shall I wander?"

Put full tickets into the field in every county where there are enough prohibitionists to fill the places. Now is the time to keep up organizations, ready for any change that may come about in the political wreck soon to take place.

Farmer Smith seem to think that if Leavenworth beer will save him from a political bier, it will be used for medical purposes, and so not be inconsistent with his teachings to his Sunday School class. Farmer Smith is evidently a religio-medico-scientific philosopher.

Dedicated to Prohib-Repubs.

Deep in Topeka's classic shade Where rings abound and slates are Where politicians, old and sly, [made, Mark out the lines which you and I Must follow, as they vainly think, Tho leading to destruction's brink, The demo-pops and dem-repubs, Both in the quicksands to the hubs, Acting in a strange collusion, Seeking each a sort of fusion, Deny to one and all, forsooth, The plainest facts of simple truth, As both, in voice of loud pretense, Claim each to be the sole defense Of Kansas homes and Kansas men, Those of the plow and upper ten.

The demo-pops and dem-repubs, The demo-strights and repub-subs; And dead thereto prohib-repubs To fill the list of party grubbs. And thus we find the strongest mess That yet the state may curse or bless.

The demo votes for whiskey straight, The repub-sub's his running mate. And so for twelve conflicting years They held prohib-repubs by the ears; Played them fast or played them slow, Gave them meat or fed them crow,— And crow they took without sniffin' From Milner down to Albert Griffin.

The people's party now booms high, And demo-pops come on the sly To form anew in party ranks The whiskey dems and former "cranks." No more of whiskey will they prate. The liquor evil—it can wait.

Transportation, interest, land, These are evils now on hand; Money, labor, corporations, These are agitating nations. These far outweigh the liquor evil, Tho born, it may be, of the devil.

Such a reform, mere sounding brass, A tinkling cymbal which, alas, May serve to aid the demagog, To keep the voter in the bog, Is like Hamlet with Hamlet gone: A creature fleshless, without bone.

And so in Kansas, grandest state, With constitution broad and great, With law sufficient at its back To close each joint and whiskey crack, Must idly sit, while pot-house crews See gin shops run quite as they choose; And drug stores sell their vilest stuff As probate judges take their snuff And wink to know how men will take A dose of beer for their sarache.

The demo-pops for money cry, And drug store men do not deny That whiskey selling helps them out; And probate judges join the shout With county lawyers, as may seem, For demo-pops or repub's theme.

One little party, true and tried, Which never yet has aimed to hide Its shining light or its volition, Remains yet true to prohibition. As granite wall this party stands, With David's sling within its hands, And pebbles from cold water brooks, And teachings from the Best of Books, With truth triumphant as its mail, "Good will to man" writ on its sail, Dares the Goliath Rum to brave,— Hopes e'en the drunkard's home to save.

The youth that brought the braggart down, The Christ that wore the thorny crown, The heroes who have dared for right To stand against mere brutal might, Have marked the eras in the world Where Freedom's flag has been unfurl'd. So will the nob'ly banded few, [ed. Who stand united, strong and true, Tho beaten oft, and crushed to earth, Rise up again as new in birth; Till they shall see an epoch mark That lights the world with brightning [spark.

The Shawnee County farmers' alliance passed resolutions favorable to the Homestead workmen, and asking that general discrimination be made against all the iron and steel products of the Carnegie works. In other counties it is proposed to make up car loads of grain and ship to the Homestead men. A movement is also on foot to secure united action of the federated unions, together with the National Farmers' Alliance, Knights of Labor, etc., to severally boycott all Carnegie products, and all those who handle or sell the same.

'WELL BRED, SOON WED.' GIRLS WHO USE

SAPOLIO

ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING.

The recent Alabama election is significant of impending political changes. The democratic majority is reduced about 90,000. It indicates a break in the solid south. This state, Georgia, North Carolina, and some others, possibly, will doubtless leave the democratic column in November. The republican column in the north is already broken. Several more states will break away this fall. Sectionalism is to come to an end. This is what the prohibition party has been trying to accomplish for the past eight years. Sectionalism has kept the two antagonizing parties in existence when there was no use for either of them. When the republican party, soon after the war, showed it was incapable of becoming a national party, it proved clearly that it was unequal to the work before it. No political party ever more cruelly deserted its post, or was ever more criminally negligent of duty, than was the republican party, after the triumph of the north over the south. There was an utter want of magnanimity, of chivalry, of manhood. Not even good business sagacity prevailed—nothing but sordid, ignorant partisan motives seemed to inspire the political bigots of that day. It was nothing but this that drove so many of the founders of the party, the men of sentiment and principle, out of the party and into the democratic party, or into retirement as independents. The early republicans recognized two leading national evils—slavery and the rum traffic. War was waged upon both these evils by the pioneers of the party. Circumstances brought the slavery evil forward more rapidly and the war resulted. Patriotic republicans had no resentments against the south. Their antagonism was to the slave system, and when that was destroyed were willing to turn in and help to a new material prosperity. It was also their belief that the party should then and there grapple with the liquor traffic, which had gained new impetus, as one of the evil results of the war. It was one of the twin evils left on their hands, and which through the neglect of the republican party has now grown to be of greater magnitude in every way, than African slavery ever was to our country. An intelligent party, pretending to recognize ordinary Christian obligations—professing to regard the common welfare of citizens—claiming some regard for the intelligent and moral needs of the people, that could so utterly ignore all these wants, and labor solely to build itself into a heartless political autocracy, is beneath the respect of all good citizens, and deserves the defeat and all the humiliation that seems to be

impending over it. Prohibitionists who have been republicans, are not exultant over the humiliation of the once great party. They regret that it was not equal to its occasion, but stand firmly by the conviction that because of its moral weakness it needs to be overthrown. It rejoices, therefore, in the prospect of its early downfall.

A. W. Smith is something of a twister. He twists his texts to suit his several sects.

Since the Advocate came under the management of H. A. Heath of the Kansas Farmer, it is improved in many respects.

The people's party boasts that they are going to knock the republican party into Smith-ereens. Let'em knock; then if they do not do the right thing the prohibition party will gather up the pieces and give the people's party a whack.

If Judge John Martin should be nominated for district judge in Shawnee county by the people's party, it will only be necessary to reproduce articles in his favor from the Topeka Capital. He was the first judge to uphold the prohibitory law, and the Capital boomed his re-election.

Major J. Arrell Johnson of the Sixth Kansas Cavalry, has made arrangements to have eight tourist sleepers at Lawrence, Kansas, where the Sixth Kansas Reunion will be held on September 12-14, to go to the National Encampment to be held at Washington, D. C. on September 18-21, thereby insuring full accommodations for the entire trip, without dependence upon hotels. Entire cost of the trip from Kansas City and return \$24.50. Lawrence to Kansas City \$1.15. From all interior points in Kansas to Lawrence one fare. Ten days sleeping car, \$4.00. Total from Lawrence and return, \$29.65. Said cars engaged for the Sixth and Ninth Kansas Cavalry, Blue, Topeka and Lincoln Posts. There may be room to spare for any old soldiers and families. While at Washington the Sixth Kansas Regiment will be presented with a regimental battle flag of 1861 to 1865; also the regimental watchword of 1862, and regimental flags of 1892, with a regimental veteran watchword of 1890, by John W. Foster, Secretary of State, U. S. A. Then the regiment will be presented to President Harrison. W. D. Disbrow, crier of Judge Guthrie's court, will enroll all who want to go.

When Knights Were Bold.

Everybody remembers the old song, about: "In days of old, when Knights were bold."

If you will as carefully recollect the fact that the Santa Fe Route is the best line to Kansas City, for the Knights of Pythias Encampment, Aug. 23-27, it will be fortunate for all concerned.

Our track is only two blocks from the grounds. Tickets at one fare for the round trip. Call on local agent A. T. & S. F. Ry, for information about dates of sale, etc., and write to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., Topeka, or Geo. Stansfield, North Topeka, for free copy of circular containing engraved map of Kansas City.

THE SPIRIT

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS

To do increases the capacity of doing; and it is far less difficult for a man who is in a habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself in motion for the same end. This is owing to a principle of our moral nature, which is called the vis inertia—literally, the strength of inactivity. To set a child's hoop rolling requires a smarter stroke at starting than to keep it in motion afterwards. There is a reluctance in all things to be set moving; but when that is over everything proceeds smoothly enough. Just so it is with the idle man. In losing the habit, he loses the power of doing; but a man who is busy about some regular employment for a proper length of time every day can very easily do something else during the remaining hours; indeed the recreation of the weary man is apt to be busier than the perpetual leisure of the idle.

AS HELPLESS as men stood in the old days before what they called visitations of God, but what we have since learned to meet and conquer, do the people of this century stand before the demon of the storm. We cannot think that it will always be so. The human intelligence has measured itself against manifestations of nature apparently as incomprehensible as this, and has wrested from them their secret and their mastery. The tornado may yet be compelled to yield to the patient study and prevision of man. And in view of its horrible work each season, in all sections of the country, it would seem as if investigation should attack it as persistently and audaciously as the other great problems of nature that have yielded to assault. Against this one chosen agent of death we are as yet defenseless. The tornado mocks our helplessness, and leaves to us nothing but mourning and sympathy.

The only conclusion that can properly be drawn in regard to school work is that the instruction should be made as complete and thorough as possible in each grade that those who go no further may have as much of an education as it is possible to give them in the limited time. Nobody is likely to disagree in regard to the abstract statement of what should be done, but the practical application of the principle is not so simple. One educator might think it best to give the pupil a survey of a wide field of knowledge, while another might spend all the time on one study. The course actually followed is a compromise, giving as many subjects of importance as it is considered will benefit the child, and each subject as thoroughly as the understanding of the young can absorb it. Any system of education must necessarily be a compromise. No man in this day of the world can take all knowledge for his province, or even know all that may be known about any one department of knowledge. Whether he tries to learn many things or only one thing, he must still fall short of perfection.

WITH regard to architecture, we have yet far to go, and that we have certain buildings, that are rich in composition, spirited in design, and well adapted to the purposes for which they were built, is much to be thankful for. We may look ahead to a steadily increasing improvement in this direction, and to a day when beauty and utility shall be yet closer bound than now. But the thought that the omnipresent scenic advertisement, with its concentration of abomination, is a present shame and a future dread. From the hideous vulgarity of the pills and potions whose virtues are emblazoned in the sublime fastnesses of nature to the stupid handiwork of the man who designs theatrical bill-poster, there is no virtue in them all, either for the proprietor of the thing advertised or for the public. The only man who gets anything from it must be he whose base existence is spent in sitting, brush in hand, on some presumptuous staging, or who dabbles paste on the city bill-boards, already deeply hidden, with its successive strata of "attractions." This man it is to be supposed, turns an ignoble penny for his pains, and is enabled to keep a roof over his head and so to prolong a life ill-spent.

THE FARM AND HOME.

WINTERING CATTLE PRINCIPALLY ON CORN FODDER.

Where the Profits Go—Hay Grades—Long-Legged Tomato Plants—Care of the Dairy Cow—Stock Notes and Hints.

The Value of Corn Fodder.

To a gardener who depends largely upon corn fodder for the winter feed of two horses and three cattle, it seems that R. G. Risser, who gave his experience in feeding cattle, might have entirely saved his hay and added \$168.80 to his profit by cutting up and using his corn fodder, writes L. B. Pierce in the Country Gentleman. Cut, before frost and placed in shocks, I think 40 acres would have kept his cattle in rough feed, and the other 20 acres fed to something else would have paid for cutting up and binding the whole. With hay at \$8 per ton, corn fodder saved in good condition is worth at least \$5 per acre, and both cattle and horses relish it in autumn and early winter, and thrive as well as on hay. Cattle, I think, do better than on hay. Last year I had two and one-half acres of corn cut into 169 shocks, and as near as I can get at it, it would have fed two horses and two cows two months, or been equal to three tons of hay. Hay is worth here \$10 per ton, and this would make the value \$12 per acre. The corn was planted in drills three and one-half feet apart, and rather thicker than it should have been for the best results—the yield of ears being 150 bushels.

The time of feeding is partly estimated on the basis that the fodder from thirty-one stacks fed the animals eleven and one-half days. I have fed cornstalks for nineteen years, and have very little patience with a system of farming that wastes the corn fodder. In this section there is occasionally a field of corn frost-bitten and left uncut, and I would not give fifty cents an acre for the good an animal gets from it as it stands in the field brown and dead and tasteless.

A Nebraska man told me once as we stood watching a herd of cattle "rustling" in a large field of corn stalks, that the principal value cattle got was from nubbins and ears skipped in husking.

Mr. Risser does not tell whether the cattle were sheltered or not, but I presume they were housed in true western fashion under the broad canopy of heaven subject to all the capricious changes which take place under that far-away roof. It makes me tired when I read inquiries as to profits from men who make a creature's hide do duty as a shed, and its stomach serve as a stove. Perhaps I do Mr. Risser injustice, but according to his statement his cattle did some roaming over a hundred acres of clover and corn stalks.

On the Western Reserve we think it pays to keep fattening animals warm, quiet and sheltered from the storm, and a large part of the profits come from a careful use of all the farm products saved in the best manner. The farmers of Northern Ohio would as soon let go to waste good timothy meadows as to waste, or what is about the same thing, leave them uncut. On nearly every farm is a dairy, fully one-half of them winter dairies, and the principal food of the cows until February 1 is corn stalks.

I have a friend in the western part of Ohio who raises annually 140 acres of corn, feeding it to steers, and this is all cut up near the ground. Feeding sheds 18 feet wide and 100 feet long are provided with a 4-foot manger running through the center. In this the stalks are fed without husking, the steers being admitted on either side. The best ears are snapped off before feeding to equalize the ration, that is, to preserve a due proportion between the grain and roughage. No hay is fed while the corn stalks last. In this connection it might be of value to mention what I did in a small way with sweet corn fodder.

On the 26th of June, 1891, I planted 143 rods (exact measure) of new land plowed for the first time, and containing over 40 stumps, with 7 rows of Egyptian and 24 rows of Evergreen sweet corn. It was planted with a hoe, 18 inches apart, three kernels in a hill. The seed, procured of a neighbor, was shrunk somewhat, and he thought it probable that not more than two-thirds would grow, but it all grew making the seeding too heavy. The ground was rich, the season favorable, and I got an enormous growth. I did not expect much in the way of ears, but finally sold over 340 dozen, all but 11 dozen bringing 10 cents per dozen.

The fodder was cut immediately after a slight frost, and put into 61 shocks. I think, in a green condition, these shocks would have easily weighed 400 lbs. each, making over twelve tons on the place when cut up. Many of the stalks had nubbins ears on, and I never fed anything that cattle ate so voraciously as this.

The first 10 stacks fed, lasted two cattle 35 days and could it all have been fed in December, it would have fed four cattle one month; 22 stacks remained in the field up to the middle of January, and of course deteriorated.

I was forced to leave it out, as in the open weather we had in December it spoiled in the barn, even when set up close together on the barn floor.

Of the cattle fed, one was a seven-year cow which came in a few days before the corn was planted, and the other a large three-year-old heifer in calf. The cow, without any mess of any kind, made $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 lb. of butter per week in January, besides milk and cream for a family of four and considerable company. The sweet corn was fed morning and night; at noon they were fed 4 or 5 lb. of good hay apiece.

Hay Grades.

The different grades of hay, as generally understood by the trade, are as follows:

Choice Timothy.—To be timothy, and not more than one-eighth of other tame grasses mixed; good color, well cured and free from must.

Strictly Prime.—To be timothy, and not more than one-fifth of other tame grasses mixed, good color, well cured and free from must.

Prime.—To be sound, well cured, good color and free from must, and may contain three-fourths of tame grasses and one-fourth timothy.

Mixed Hay.—To consist of tame grasses, mixed, good color, well cured and free from must.

Fancy Prairie.—To be purely upland hay, from swale grasses, well cured and free from must.

Choice Prairie.—To be upland and midland hay, good color, well cured and free from must.

Prime Prairie.—To be a mixture of upland and midland hay, with about one-eighth mixture of swale grass, good color, well cured and free from must.

Common Prairie.—To consist of swale and slough hay, mixed with upland and midland hay, good color, well cured and free from must.

All kinds of hay badly cured, stained, or in any way out of condition, are regarded as No-Grade.—Coleman's Rural World.

Care of the Dairy Cow.

By our urgent advice a farmer who was not noted for enterprise, purchased a small herd of pure bred Holstein-Friesians. We thought at the time that the fact that he had good cows and the expenditure for the same would be sufficient to lead him to mend his ways so far as the care of his stock was concerned. We were mistaken. He gave the splendid animals scrub care, and what was the result? In a few years' time he had a herd that was much inferior to scrub herds that we have known, and then he blamed us "for recommending a good for nothing herd." The herd was all right and so were the individual animals of his herd. But he was not all right. It was a case of pure herd owned by a scrub dairyman. Care is the very first element of success in dairying, after selecting a good cow, of course.—Farmers' Voice.

Long-Legged Tomato Plants.

To be profitable for planting tomato plants should be short and stocky, with plenty of roots branching out on every side. The overgrown, top-heavy plants, with long stalks drawn out by growing too closely together are not worth much. Some of these have even blossomed in a vain attempt to produce seed before they leave the bed in which they were grown. Still, if no better can be had, take the tall plant, dig a shallow trench at an angle of 20 or 25 degrees, and plant the stalk in that nearly up to the branches. Roots will then push out from the under side of the stalk, and if all the blossoms are plucked off, as they should be, the plant will take a new start and produce a fair crop. Where the plant reaches the surface the stalk should be turned upward and firmly tied to a stake.—American Cultivator.

Stock Notes.

A calf should never be checked in its growth.

The calf should be fed so as to make the growth a healthy one.

There is no year that pays better for feed and care than the first.

Cattle, no more than any other class of stock, will thrive best on one kind of feed.

Full feeding of sweet, wholesome food, adapted to growth rather than fat, is most desirable.

The condition of the steer when marketed has much to do with the percent it will dress when killed.

Home Hints.

Tar may be removed from either hands or clothing by rubbing well with lard and then thoroughly washing with soap and water.

The addition of lemon juice to the water in which rice is boiled will increase the whiteness and the grains will readily separate when thus treated.

Take two pounds of apples, pare and core them, slice them into a pan, add one pound of loaf sugar, and the juice of three lemons; let them boil about two hours, turn into a dish and serve with thick cream.

For use as a disinfectant mix carbolic acid with boiling water. This promptly overcomes the usual antagonism between the acid and water and converts them into a permanent solution which will keep for weeks.

LIKE THE CATACOMBS.

PARTS OF ST. LOUIS HONEY-COMBED WITH VAULTS.

They Were Built by the Brewers for the Storage of Beer, But Have Long Been Unused and Are Almost Forgotten.

St. Louis has quite a number of Mammoth caves of her own, announces the Globe-Democrat, and, while not furnished with stalactites, stalagmites and dark lakes filled with eyeless fish, they merit far more attention than they have received. Some portions of the city are literally honey-combed with large, cool, rock-walled caverns, situated at a distance of twenty-five to forty feet from the surface, all carved out by men. They consist of long arched passages, with well cemented floors, and chambers twenty-five to thirty feet in height, as many broad, and in many instances extending under entire blocks. Many of these mighty caverns, which resemble in some respects the famed catacombs, were constructed half a century ago, and that so solidly that if left undisturbed will outlast the Chinese wall and Roman aqueducts. They belong to bygone times and in many instances their very existence has been forgotten. Many a costly business block and palatial residence is reared above old caverns of whose existence the occupants are profoundly ignorant.

In some of these mighty subterranean halls wild revels were held when the present patriarchs of St. Louis were giddy youths. In some of these gigantic chambers, ever cool, even in dog days, grand balls were given and the granite walls resounded to strains of music and the laughter of merry maidens, while hundreds of light feet tripped it over those smooth, hard floors. In those long corridors the story old as our primal parents, yet ever strangely new and sweet, has been oft told. Far beneath where electric cars now rush to and fro many a St. Louis maid was wooed and won, a few were wed, and, if tradition be not astray, several found a fate worse than death or were started on that downward road, whose goal is far, far beneath those subterranean halls. Banquets were spread in those granite chambers, speeches were made, toasts were given and songs were sung.

Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of merchandise has been piled up in those caverns and brawny workmen toiled year after year in their lofts. But they are for the most part silent enough now, deserted, given over to solitude.

Sometimes, indeed, they are visited by the venturesome small boy or made the hiding-place of criminals, and good hiding-places they are. A malefactor who can effect an entrance into one of those deserted graves might lurk there unsuspected until he succumbed to the dampness or died of utter solitude.

Even if discovered, it would be no easy matter to capture him were he well acquainted with all the multiform windings of this subterranean abode.

It is said that men have been decoyed into some of these local caverns and robbed, even murdered; that women have been dragged into them and held at the mercy of their British captors for days, while the policeman paraded his beat and the great tide of humanity ebbed and flowed not a dozen yards away. There is a tradition that in one of those half-forgotten caves, not long ago, two St. Louis exquisites fought with rapiers by the torch's red glare, for a lady fair, and that one was wounded; also, that two gamblers repaired thither one winter's night, unattended, to settle a feud, and fired a dozen shots in the darkness, each firing at the flash of his opponent's pistol, but without effect. Cocking mains and prize fights with bare knuckles were of frequent occurrence in one of these old caverns until the owner of the premises, a godly man, discovered it and walled up the entrances.

For what were these subterranean chambers constructed with such infinite toil? Were they the rendezvous of a mighty band of robbers who there did congregate in days gone by, obtaining entrance by means of a mystic open sesame?—the dungeons of some great bastille, long since swept away and forgotten of men? Oh, Romance, hide thy dejected head! They were made by patient Germans for the cool storage of lager beer.

St. Louis has long been a city of breweries, and before the days of artificial ice-making and cold storage warehouses it was necessary to place the foaming beverage in underground vaults, where it might be kept cool until it ripened or was required for summer consumption. Hence these mighty excavations that have now passed into desuetude. It is estimated that of the breweries antedating surface cold storage there were some forty or fifty in St. Louis, and all of them were provided with sub-cellar of greater or less extent, many of which long since passed out of use and were forgotten.

Burmah's Caves.

The question has been raised whether the limestone caves in

British Burmah have been explored for archaeological remains. Many of these caves were known to have been used by the Buddhists of former generations, as Buddhist idols were found in them, and it is probable they were inhabited by men in the early time.

AFRAID HE WOULDN'T PASS.

A Man With a Bad Family Record in Quest of a Life Insurance.

He was a man well along in middle age, and was willing to be insured. The agent had prepared his "application" and turned him over to the searching scrutiny of the accomplished medical examiner.

"I might as well tell you doctor, right to begin with, that ours has been a family of fatalities and sudden deaths," said the applicant.

The examiner looked serious as he replied: "Why you seem to be in excellent physical condition. What did your father die of?"

"Heart disease."

"That's bad." How old was he?"

"Ninety-two."

"Um! And your mother?"

"She's gone to. Killed at a railroad crossing."

"And her age?"

"Mother was a little over 70."

"Do you know the age and cause of both of your grandfathers' deaths?" continued the examiner.

"Yes, indeed. Father's father died just a week after his ninetieth birthday. They said he used too much tobacco. Mother's father was only 88. Falling down stairs finished him."

"And your grandmother?"

"One of 'em had consumption at 86 and died of it in no time. The other was nipped by sun-stroke at 84. Oh, they all went quick."

The examiner did not seem so grave as he asked, "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"One sister and two brothers," was the answer. "John went out into the mining country when he was 72; got into trouble there; called a drunken man a liar and got shot. Henry was drowned at 69 trying to help save two young fellows that couldn't swim. Sister's alive. She's awfully careless; ate a lot of green stuff the day of her golden wedding, then danced in the evening with all the old fellows out on the lawn, even after it was raining; took her two days to get over it. She'll go in a hurry like all the rest some of these times."

"Well," said the medical gentleman, smiling, "I think I'll chance you, and don't believe your application will be turned down" at the home office. Only you must look out for yourself. Be careful about catching hard colds after you are 80 years old."

RIVERS.

Their Power of Cutting Through Walls of Solid Rock.

We frequently see statements and estimates of the amount of sand and mud that is annually carried into the ocean by the great rivers of the world. No one who has seen a suddenly-formed rain torrent cut a deep channel in a roadway can doubt the power of water to wear away the features of the globe. In fact it has been estimated that in about 6,000,000 years, if the present rate of denudation be continued, the whole surface of the earth will be smoothed off to one general level.

But while it is easy to see how a river and its tributaries can readily cut their way through ordinary soil and sand, it is more difficult to conceive the remarkable effects produced by water which runs over a bed of solid rock.

The Colorado river, for instance, flowing between lofty walls of rock and upon a rocky bottom, is still deepening its channel.

The explanation of the cutting power of the water of the Colorado lies, as Rev. Dr. Hutchinson, the geologist, has pointed out, in the fact that it is charged with sand, brought to it in great quantities by its tributaries. This sand, being swept down the steep gradients of the river, wears away the rocky bed as emery dust wears stone.

Thus nature assists nature on all sides, says the Youth's Companion, and the sand that frost and wind and water have formed out of the exposed rock of the mountains becomes, in turn, an instrument for channeling and wearing away the better protected rock of the valleys beneath.

Lions Made Useful.

The mountain lions were the scavengers of the camp where I lived while away. All the gravy, meat and fried potatoes that were left from a meal were thrown out in front of the tent, and every night the mountain lions came prowling to eat what we had left over. One night I saw one and fired at it three times, but missed it although Brooks held a coal-oil lamp to enable me to see the sights of the game. They are the greatest cowards in the mountains, although people who are not familiar with them believe that they stretch out on limbs of trees and pounce upon unsuspecting travelers. I will guarantee to take an ordinary hickory club and chase any lion in the mountains, although I have one hide at home measuring nine feet from tip to tip.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

HOW A NEW YORK VIDOCA CAUGHT A HOTEL THIEF.

Says Wig, False Beards, and Things of That Kind Are Not Essential to Good Work, But Sometimes Prove Useful.

"If you ever attempt to write a sensational novel of the latter day variety, young man," remarked the head of one of the greatest detective organizations in this country to the awed representative of the Chicago Mail, "take a good, steady look at the real flesh-and-blood detective before you get him into type. The detective found on the stage and between the covers of the summer novel exists nowhere else. People in general do not come in contact with men in our line of work, and hence the stage caricatures and the wild imaginations of penny-a-liners are accepted in good faith by a too-credulous public. So far as my observation goes, secret service men do not wear cape coats, slouch hats and false beards and carry gold-headed canes or dark lanterns. They do not stand behind trees and in a hollow voice exultantly cry, 'Ah, ha!' just at the most exciting stage of the game. They do not drag their toes when they walk, nor do they ejaculate 'Demnition!' whenever they are 'folled.'"

"I've been in this business for the past twenty years, and my work has taken me all over the world. I have personally met and worked with the operatives of the best detective agencies in this country and in Europe, and in all my experience I never saw any sort of disguise used but once."

"When I first began detective work I was attached to the New York city force. One day I was sent over to one of the large hotels to investigate a series of mysterious robberies which had been committed there. The proprietor told me that the guests of the house had been missing valuables during the past two months. Watches, valises, and in short all sorts of things had disappeared. He was utterly unable to locate the thief, but all indications pointed to the conclusion that the work was done by an employe of the hotel."

"I was inexperienced then and this led me to do what I would not do now. I cross-questioned all the employes. After I had gone through the list I was pretty well convinced that I could pick out the guilty man. As soon as I questioned one of the night porters the fellow began to explain to me how easily a sneak thief could enter the hotel, do his thieving and escape without detection. Every thing he said seemed to point to an outsider as the culprit and this made me suspicious. The more I questioned him the more firmly convinced I was that he was the man I had to deal with."

"After leaving the hotel I tried to outline the plan of action. I wanted to catch the fellow myself, but he would recognize me the next time he saw me. So I decided that unless I disguised myself in some way I would have to surrender the case to a new man. It was my first important case and I wanted to win. So I went to a costumer and had him fit me out with a false beard and a wig."

"That night about midnight I had a friend of mine call a cab, put me in it and send me to the hotel. Just before I entered the cab I took a drink of whisky, poured a little of the liquor over my shirt front, disarranged my clothing and smashed my hat. At the hotel I was unable to get out of the cab. The driver opened the door, dragged me out upon the sidewalk and turned me over to the night porter—the man I was after. He summoned another porter, and between them they carried me upstairs to a room. Throwing me on the bed, my man promptly went through my pockets, securing a gold watch and \$60 in bills. Then he locked me in and withdrew."

"Early next morning, before the night force went off duty, I rang the bell. The porter himself answered it. I asked him where I was. He told me. I inquired how I came there. He explained."

"What time is it?" said I. Just look at the watch in my vest pocket on the chair there and find out."

"The porter fumbled over my vest. 'There's no watch here,' he said."

"What's that?"

"Your watch is gone."

"Where did it go?"

"How should I know. You've been robbed."

"Robbed? Don't sh-ee how could be robbed. Never mind. You'll find roll of bills in my vest pocket. Take it and go down and send me up a quar of w-whisky."

"After another moment of searching he said: 'But there is no money here, either.'"

"No money? Thash queer. Had some money. Go down and bring up the clerk."

"He did so. Before the clerk I had the porter tell of his visit to my room and his discovery that I had been robbed. Then I pulled off my false whiskers and called the turn. The fellow weakened at once and made a full confession."

"That was my first and last attempt to use a disguise and it also was the only time I ever knew one to be used successfully."

FOR A LIAR.

Comment Us To the Man Who Wrote This Story.

The Southern Pacific Overland train was rumbling along between Colton and Pomona the other evening. A party of half a dozen commercial drummers in the smoking-car were telling yarns and interesting the other travelers. "I want to tell you a little story about my boy out purty near onto the desert in San Bernardino county," said an old sunburnt rancher who sat near and had been hearing the drummers tell some pretty tall stories. The old man removed a pipe from his mouth and began; "My boy is purty smart in his way, lemme tell you, and none of 'em gets ahead of him. T'other day he rigged up a kite. It was the biggest kite I'd ever set eyes on. It was six feet wide an' twice as long, an' on the top of it my boy placed a few green branches which he'd cut from an oakwood tree. 'What's them for?' I inquired. 'Never you mind, dad,' says he; 'I know what I'm about.' And, by gosh, he did. He flew that kite up in the air an' stood watchin' of it fer a long time, when I says to him: 'You'd better pull that thing down now an' get to your work.' 'Lemme alone, dad,' he replied, 'I'll git thar yet.' And, by gosh, he did. The next time I took a look at him he was a-hauling in on the kite line with a smile on his face as big as a furrer. When the kite came down near the ground I saw what he was a-smillin' at, and it was enough to make a body smile, too. Any you fellers want to guess what was on that kite?"

None of the drummers wanted to guess, and the old man continued his story:

"Wall, sir, a-setting on the top o' that kite was eleven of the purtiest wild geese ye ever saw. Yes, sir, eleven on 'em. You see the geese was flyin' north purty thick this month, and my boy had got up this scheme to catch 'em. There ain't many trees out our way, an' after a fat goose has been flyin' purty steady all day he gets kind o' tired like an' looks around for a place to sit down an' rest. That's just what my boy was countin' on when he built that kite. By offerin' the geese a place to stop an' rest, an' by smearin' the top o' the kite with tar so their feet would stick so fast they couldn't get away, he did the business. By gosh! but it was pulling them geese in. Just as fast as we could send the kite up and pull her down again we got from ten to a dozen geese, and in four days we captured six car loads, an' I'm takin' 'em to Los Angeles now to sell. None o' you smart story tellin' fellers don't happen to know what wild geese is with now in the Los Angeles market, do ye?"

WONDERFUL STRENGTH.

A Beetle That Propelled 112 Times Its Own Weight.

"Mr. Goose, in his 'World of Wonders,' relates the following remarkable story of the strength of a beetle, and gives some ingenious comparisons: 'The three-horned beetle has just astonished me by proving its wonderful bodily strength. When it was first brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put him until I could find time to kill and preserve him. At last a happy thought struck me. There was a quart bottle of milk sitting on the table, the bottom of the bottle having a hollow in it and large enough to allow my prize to stand erect in it. I soon put him in his glass prison and turned to my work. 'Presently, to my great surprise, the beetle began to move slowly and then gradually settled down to a smooth, gliding motion across the table. I instantly divined the cause. It was being propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect beneath. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three and one-half pounds, while the weight of the beetle could not have been any near half an ounce.'

"Thus I was watching the strange sight of a living creature moving 112 times its own weight under the most disadvantageous circumstances. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of 12 years to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's cathedral, London. The bell weighs six tons. If a boy of the age mentioned could push within and cause the strength would not be equal in proportion to that of the beetle under the bottle."

Pat's Reply.

A one-legged political orator named Jones, who was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, was asked by the latter "how he had come to lose his leg." "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it all settled in that left leg, I had it cut out at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it 'ud ev' been a deuced good thing if it had only settled in yer head."—Drake's Magazine.

GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.

TALMAGE PREACHES IT IN SCOTLAND.

"He That Cometh From Above Is Above All"—The Most Conspicuous in History, and Exquisite Mingling of Lights and Shades.

LONDON, July 31.—Since his return from Russia, Dr. Talmage has been literally flooded with invitations to address congregations and pulpits on the subject of his journey to the land of the Czar. Dr. Talmage has been compelled to adhere to his original program. During the week he has been preaching in the leading Scottish cities. The sermon selected for this week is entitled "Pre-eminence," the text being, John 3:31, "He that cometh from above is above all."

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events, all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the svartopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climates, the dome of all cathedral grandeur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters and all letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly, Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the plants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; seraphim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might all well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are also many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the end-les changes on a few phrases. There are those that think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that, therefore, it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have no right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the dove, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sabbath school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words.

"Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and Heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than a hundred, and that makes us so stupid.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitfield, with the manner and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can scythe them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all the enthusiasm. Complete pardon for greatest guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of Heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wane and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"O, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is, that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we who have been such very awful sinners praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us a receipt.

And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite, lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark, that Christ is above all in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should come and consult him about his tombstone that after a while he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands to sing praises with all; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

UNEXPECTED PASSENGER.

A Curious Incident Related By a River Captain.

The Brahmaputra is said to be an extraordinary river. It has no permanent channel, and as it overflows its banks at certain seasons its vagaries are sometimes peculiar. The uncertainty of the channel naturally makes the navigation of the river a difficult and dangerous matter. During the inundations the islands are frequently drowned out, according to the Youth's Companion, and wild animals are caught in the floods and forced to swim for their lives.

A passenger upon one of the river boats relates a curious incident told him by the captain.

During an inundation the man who took the helm of the steamer at daylight was astonished to see a large tiger sitting in a crouching attitude upon the rudder, which was seventeen feet in length. A heavily laden flat or barge was lashed upon each side of the steamer, and the sterns of these vessels projected beyond the deck of the steamer right and left.

The decks of the barges were only three feet above the water, and the tiger, alarmed by a shout from the helmsman, made a leap from the rudder to the nearest vessel.

In an instant all was confusion. The terrified natives fled in all directions before the tiger, which, having knocked over two men during its panic-stricken onset, bounded on the flat and sought security upon the deck of the steamer alongside.

Scared by its new position and by the shouts of the people, it darted into the first hole it could discover. This was the open door of the immense paddle box. The captain rushed to the spot and closed the entrance, thereby boxing the tiger completely.

The door being well secured, there was no danger, and an ornamental air hole in the paddle box enabled the captain to obtain a good view of the tiger sitting upon one of the floats. A shot through the head put an end to his career, and as the men who had been knocked over were more frightened than hurt, the affair was concluded in a way to satisfy all parties—except the tiger.

NOVELIST AND COOK.

Even a Delicious Dish Did Not Keep Balzac From His Work.

When Balzac, the famous French novelist, was actually engaged in the work of composition he lived in the most frugal manner, absorbed in work, and neglectful of the table. Rose, his cook, used to fall into despair when her master, during these months of production, neglected her dainty dishes. One of his friends writes: "I have seen her come into his room on tiptoe, bringing a delicious consommé, and trembling with eagerness to see him drink it. Balzac would catch sight of her; then he would toss back his mane of hair with an impatient jerk of the head, and exclaim in his roughest and most surly voice: 'Rose, go away! I don't want any thing; let me alone!'

"But, monsieur, will ruin his health if he goes on in this way; monsieur will fall ill!"

"No, no! let me alone. I say," he would thunder. "I don't want any thing. You worry me. Go away." Then the good soul would turn very slowly, muttering: "To take such pains to please monsieur! And such a soup! How good it smells! Why should monsieur keep me in his service if he doesn't want what I can do for him?"

This was too much for Balzac. He called her back, drank the soup at a gulp, and said, in his kindest voice, as she went off radiant to her kitchen: "Now, Rose, don't let this happen again."

Yet it did happen again whenever the stress of composition began, says Youth's Companion, for so beloved was the great worker by his servants that they would brave abuse and displeasure for his good.

Detecting Crime.

A paper published by Dr. Jerisch on the application of photography to the detection of criminals proves, among other interesting facts, that by means of the camera not only erasures in a document which can not be detected by the eye, but the minutest difference in the inks employed can at once be demonstrated in an enlarged copy of the writing.

Of Two Evils Choose the Lesser.

"I told you," said the teacher, apologetically, to Tommy, "that I should whip you if you didn't tell your father you had run away from school, didn't I?"

"That's all right," responded Thomas. "I didn't tell him. One of your lickin's is a picnic by the side of one of dad's."

Christianity in India.

Native Christians are increasing in India, at least in the northwest province of Ouda, for which we have statistics. There are 22,665 this year, against 18,264 at the last census. More than half belong to the Methodist Episcopal church. The church of England has only 5,018 and the Roman Catholics 4,916.

Payments always in advance and papers stopped promptly at expiration of time paid for. All kinds of Job Printing at low prices. Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13.

Van Bennett is engaged to make sixty speeches in Pennsylvania.

Denver raised over \$100,000 to entertain the great Knights Templar conclave.

Republican managers ask for twenty speeches in this state from the biggest party speakers in the nation.

The prohibition party is the only one that really stands up for Kansas. With the other parties the cry is simply a political gag.

Gov. St. John will make eight speeches in the state this month, going from Topeka and speaking at Holton next Tuesday.

The democratic majority in Alabama has been reduced from 97,000 down to 10,000. The republicans fused with the people's party to produce this result.

Everything indicates that Colorado and Nevada are hopelessly lost to the republicans. It is well, even though caused by the silver craze—a purely local and personal matter.

It is now conceded that the Homestead affair will have a marked effect on the Pennsylvania election. Many intelligent republicans admit there is danger that the state may go democratic.

Forty-six licenses are issued by the United States government to persons to sell liquor at Topeka. At Leavenworth 155 licenses are issued, in Junction City 18; in Abilene 14; in Clay Center 15.

The deaths in wine making and wine drinking France are now 40,000 a year in excess of births, and this fact is attracting the serious attention of both scientists and government.

A Missouri saloon keeper was killed in his saloon in Granby Saturday night, while resisting arrest. He was the terror of the neighborhood and had recently been acquitted on trial for murder, when he was plainly guilty. He had killed at least twenty men, and was wanted for murder in Colorado.

The amount of beer produced in this country last year was 31,475,519 barrels, an increase of 1,453,519 barrels over that of the year before. Kansas made 1650 barrels on which internal revenue tax was paid. Maine produces none, neither does Florida, Arkansas, Mississippi, North Carolina or Vermont.

Of course you should spend a few weeks of summer in the mountains or by the sea. You can do this by proxy, as many do. Publish in the papers where you purpose going. Then go to some quiet spot a few miles from home and remain. You save your reputation, considerable money and much inconvenience and trouble. We guarantee this. It is popular. But keep it to yourself.

The venerable mother of Miss Francis E. Willard died at her home in Evanston, near Chicago, last Saturday, August 6. She was eighty-eight years of age. On account of the feeble condition of her mother Miss Willard has not ventured far from home, when it could be prevented, for several months. Mrs. Willard was an active partner in her famous daughter's work, and an able supporter to the last. Miss Willard will have the sympathy of the entire temperance and christian world in her loss.

The Carnegie Co's iron should be allowed to rust in their yards.

Prof. Hicks says we are to have a very hot August. So far he hits it.

Ex-Gov. St. John will open the Kansas campaign in Topeka on Monday next.

Stand up for Kansas. No better way to do it than by patronizing Kansas institutions, building Kansas towns and by keeping on the prohibition track.

H. L. Moore, democratic candidate for Congress, will not buy off King nor any one else. He would much sooner sell off, and his figure, as usual, will be five per cent. a month.

A fruitless session of Congress has adjourned. It would be well if members were paid for so many days, as the Kansas legislature is paid. If there is then anything to do, it would perhaps be done.

Mr. John E. Rastall, formerly of this state, is now editing a paper published at South Waukegan, Ill. Mrs. Rastall is meeting with much success as head of the W. C. T. U. Publishing Association, of Chicago.

The people's party claims to be in the interest of reform. It claims to favor labor, the home and the weak. Yet it dares not condemn the greatest single evil that afflicts mankind. It can throw its bomblets at minor evils, but hedges when Apollyon stands in its way. There are wrongs connected with land, interest, and transportation. They are not total evils in themselves. So far as they are evil they are incidental. They are such as must be controlled and regulated. In regard to the liquor traffic there is nothing about it that needs regulating. It is a total evil, affecting human happiness and prosperity in every conceivable direction. It has no redeeming features. It needs, not regulation, but to be suppressed, prohibited, annihilated, as we would a plague. There are individuals in the people's party who comprehend this. So there are in the other parties, but the managers of all have not the moral courage of their convictions, if they have any. Politicians are not usually overburdened with convictions.

Anarchism must be put down and kept down. It is growing. Its latest marked attempt was at Homestead, Pa. No attempt has yet been made to check it. The Homestead anarchists thought they were above all law,—that they could be a law unto themselves. A fight was expected and they prepared for it. Fortifications were erected and port-holes prepared through which Winchester rifles were to be used. It was not the purpose to appeal to law, but to act independently of law. Sheriffs and constables were looked upon with contempt. These anarchists proposed to have a little army of their own. Like rebel knights of medieval times, they secured retainers of their own, and armed them with Winchester rifles. It was a bold conspiracy, and like all anarchists they took great risks. H. C. Frick and all the Carnegie anarchists knew there was to be bloodshed, and they prepared to do most of it through their Pinkerton mercenaries. Their avowed aim was to make war upon labor, not lawfully, but by force. It was not a question of wages. This is understood now better than it was a month ago. It was simply an attack upon labor. It was nothing less than tyranny, and tyranny, says Burke, proposes to beggar its subjects into submission. This was what Frick purposed doing with his hired army of Pinkertons, while his men were quietly at work. The people of Homestead put down Mr. Frick's attempt at anarchy, and drove his retainers into surrender. They did well.

To Prohibition Republicans.

II.

Let us see what kind of a vehicle the republican party has been in suppressing the liquor traffic in this state. It was not the republican party that submitted the prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Had it been a party measure, there were enough republicans who voted against it to have prevented its passage. It was saved by the votes of prohibition democrats. It was in fact due to a change in the vote of George W. Grover, who met with an accidental death in Tonganoxie a few weeks ago, that the amendment was submitted. So far, then, no special credit is due the republican party.

The amendment was adopted by a vote of the people, republicans, the democrats and greenbackers, the latter party then having considerable strength, and really the first political party in the state to take party action in favor of the suppression of the saloon. There is nothing to show that more republicans in proportion to their party strength, voted for the amendment, than of the other parties. So, again we find no reason to give the republican party especial credit, up to the adoption of the amendment.

The first statutory enactments under the amended constitution were ineffective. Gov. St. John was sincere and active for the enforcement of the law, but he was not supported by his party. The issue was made in the campaign of 1882. The majority of the republican party, were, as it has been ever since, in favor of prohibition. The party leaders were not. They have always been as they are now, ready to sell out every principle to the liquor interest in order to secure their own personal ends. St. John was defeated in 1882. The saloon seemed to triumph. Prohibition was declared a failure. Republican politicians had traitorously deserted to aid and assist the whiskey democrats, while many prohibition democrats had voted for St. John. For two years more prohibition was a failure. Then came the campaign of 1884. The republican platform was less satisfactory to prohibitionists than that of 1882. The nominee for governor, John A. Martin, had not been noted for his support of prohibition. The demand for resubmission rapidly grew. Col. Martin refused to give a word of encouragement to prohibitionists. As a result of the situation a prohibition party state convention was held in Lawrence on September 2, when a full state ticket was put into the field. St. John had been nominated for president at the national convention in Pittsburg in July. The party in state and nation developed great strength. As a consequence the republican national ticket was defeated. In this state the republican party was really frightened. Until then the saloon had remained practically unharmed. The necessity for a change was seen. Republican prohibitionists were clamorous. Party leaders felt satisfied that either the saloon or the party must go.

Then was concocted one of the most infamous of laws. It was decided by the party leaders that the saloon should die. In its place the saloon drugstore was substituted. A hundred of them sprung up in Topeka alone. Saloon keepers became druggists. Permits were granted to all who put in their windows a few bottles of colored water. Probate judges reaped a rich harvest, shouted for prohibition, and the state house politicians winked with one eye and pointed significantly over the left shoulder. The whiskey seller and the prohibition republican fanatic were harmonized. But soon the latter began to see that he had been fooled. In 1886 he asked for a change in the law, but was hoodwinked into waiting two years more. It was never difficult to doubt a good many republican prohibitionists. They are such party worshippers that

fall easily into the snares of the wily demagog. But the sham became too apparent, and the next legislature enacted the Murray law.

For eight years, then, under republican party management, for Gov. Glick's two years was simply a result of republican treachery, prohibition had failed.

The passing of the Murray law was a confession of this fact. This law is stringent enough to secure prohibition if enforced. It was believed at the time, that the party leaders had at last yielded to the demand of the people and accepted the principle of the prohibitory amendment as the policy of the party. Many third party prohibitionists believed this. Some of them frankly argued that finally there appeared to be a law that was all they had asked, and that further opposition would be factious and unreasonable. This law gave to the governor unusual power, especially in the larger cities, and herein was its weakness. With a governor like Humphrey his police commissioners were only figure heads. Manipulated by politicians evasion of the law was found to be easy. Again it seemed that prohibition had been trifled with, and more shrewdly than before.

Then came the revolution of 1890. A new power had arisen. The farmers had come to see the duplicity of the party leaders, not only on this but on other questions. The great republican majority was almost wiped out. Alarm and consternation followed. Republican resubmissionists had revolted and had voted for Robinson, the democratic candidate for governor. Thousands of republican prohibitionists had gone into the people's party. It was necessary that heroic action be taken. Resubmissionists must be brought back into the party. Enforcement of law ceased. The saloon reappeared in all the larger cities outside of Topeka, and even there innumerable joints revived. The people's party soon came to ignore the whole question, and this only made it easier for republicans to do the same. Prohibition is not an issue with either of the other parties in this campaign. The late resubmission editor of the Topeka Democrat, one of the most bitter of anti-prohibitionists, has started a new daily paper, supported, it is currently stated, by a contribution of \$100 a week from the republican treasury. It advocates the whole republican ticket.

Thus the saloons are restored with impunity. The resubmissionists are brought back to the party. No one cares for the slight recognition given to prohibition in the platform. It was only for effect, drawn for that purpose by an avowed resubmissionist. Meanwhile the democracy, always anti-prohibition, has dissolved into nothingness, the parts going like Tomlinson into the republican party or into the people's party.

Resubmission is now claimed by both parties as a result of their success. It is believed that the people have become wearied out by the delays and failures of prohibition, notwithstanding enough has been done to prove the beneficial effects of the law, if enforced. It must be noticed that republicans no longer force this issue. They expect the support of a strong democratic contingent, and besides they hold in dread the liquor element in their own party. The prohibition element in the party is completely subdued.

And so again it must be said that republican prohibition, after twelve years, is a failure. Not because the principle of prohibition is weak. Even republican prohibition has proven the contrary. Enough has been demonstrated amid all the conflicts of these twelve years to show the grand possibilities of the reform when sincerely adopted.

The course to be taken by prohibitionists of all degrees would therefore seem to be clear. Certainly there is not one single question before the nation of more importance.

Granting the wide significance of the labor question, and it is one of the greatest questions, it is so related to the saloon system that it can never be settled to any advantage to the home, until the saloon itself is suppressed. The greatest enemy to labor is the drink habit. It gives to the Fricks and the Carnegies more leverage upon labor than any other one thing. It enslaves and impoverishes labor. This robs it of its independence and power.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A bill to extend suffrage to unmarried women is before the English parliament.

The West Side Prohibition club had representatives at the eastern club meeting Monday night, when arrangements were made for St. John's Opening Prohibition Rally at the south steps of the state house next Monday night.

One cannot speak very definitely of politics just now, in this state or elsewhere. Certainly there is a mighty stirring up of the elements. Something is going to happen. What ever it may be, it is not likely to be entirely satisfactory to any party. After the battle there must be a readjusting of things, and no party is in so favorable condition to be benefitted as the prohibition. Many a fragment will fall to its lot.

It has been suggested that the iron and steel workers should unite and establish works in which they would be workers and owners. If they have not capital enough, it is said that it could be had without trouble. The practical difficulty is found in the fact that the Carnegies, Fricks and others have bought up or control all the coal or iron mines that supply the raw product. Hundreds and thousands of acres of mineral lands that they cannot use, they force to lie idle and unproductive. It is monopoly in its worst form,—a monstrous dog in the manger monopoly.

In Pennsylvania and other states among the great coal and iron mines, and in the great manufacturing districts, may be seen one feature of the liquor evil quite distinct from that in the slums of the large cities. When Burke declared that tyranny accomplishes its work of oppression by first making beggars of the oppressed, he had no idea of the extent to which it would be carried one century later. Making beggars of workmen is now one of the most cruel levers in the hands of tyrant capitalists. Many instruments are used to beggar workingmen, but none of them equal the saloon. The common corporation stores where workmen are expected or forced to buy their supplies, on a credit or order system, is one way. In some states this has been suppressed or regulated. Where this has been done, or where liquor is not sold with other goods, the saloon is encouraged or at least tolerated. In too many cases the men themselves demand it. The result is the same. Almost, or quite, before their money is earned it is spent for liquor. They are kept beggars and dependents. Whether they earn much or little, it goes back to the capitalist or to some favorite of his, save a small portion that goes for the meager support of the family. Worse still, these men are made to believe that prohibition would be to them a cruel wrong; that it would be an insult to their manhood; that it would deprive them of liberty; that it assumes that they are not capable of taking care of themselves. Who has not heard demagog labor agitators, when recounting the wrongs that would be done the poor laboring man, tell of the crime of depriving him of his right to his glass of beer? The penniless worker is a harmless striker. None know this more certainly than the tyrant employer, if he is inclined to be such.

KANSAS.

Her Resources, Her Pride and Her Opportunity.

Every state in this union should have a metropolis within its borders—natural advantages determining the location—in which its citizens can take pride in making their commercial center.

With what pride do the people of Massachusetts point to their Boston, of New York to its namesake, of Illinois to their Chicago and of other states to their business centers.

While in Kansas—one of the foremost states in advanced thought, moral power and natural resources, its people have with singular disregard to their own interests and until within four years, been foremost in building a city in an adjoining state, until such city, bearing the name of their state and having grown fat on their trade, seems willing to absorb all the products of their toil.

No wonder Kansas City, Missouri, is jealous of her four year old foster sister; so large is she of her age, that stretching her arms and with a loud voice, proclaims that she is the legitimate heir and justly entitled to bear her mother's name and fortune and demands that she be given her birth right of which her bastard sister has so long wrongfully usurped.

The young giantess, Kansas City, Kansas, situated at the junction of the Kaw and Missouri Rivers, practically at the head of navigation with a water-course uninterrupted to the sea, with her

- 100 miles of streets and avenues, 70 to 100 feet in width.
40 miles of paved or curbed streets.
60 miles of side-walk.
5 miles of sewerage.
13 bridges across the Kaw.
60 miles street railways.
\$2,500,000 expended for street improvements in 5 years.
\$500,000 in church property.
12,000 school population.
130 teachers.
46,000 in population (including suburbs.)
\$10,000,000 assumed valuation.
6,500 people employed in different industries.
\$3,600,000 annual pay roll.
\$15,000,000 invested in manufacturing industries.
\$48,000,000 raw material annually worked up.
\$15,000,000 annual output.

Eight steam railway systems having terminals in our city, with mileage centering at this point aggregating 50,000 miles, being the greatest railway center west of Chicago, employing 1600 men in our railway shops, annually paying workmen more than One Million Dollars. The Argentine Smelter, just in sight, the largest of its kind in the world, employing 600 men, daily working up 45 cars of material, smelting one fifth of the entire product of silver and lead in the United States. Kansas City, Kans., is now second and will soon take first place as a world wide packing center. Seven of the eight packing houses at the mouth of the Kaw are here located on Kansas soil. Since our stock yards were established, stock to the amount of over \$600,000,000 have been handled. During the past year our packers have slaughtered over two million head of cattle, hogs and sheep. When the new Armour Plant, costing \$1,250,000 shall have been completed (30 days hence), the capacity of the Armour Packing Company alone will reach 10,000 head per day. The number of people here directly dependent on the packing and dressed beef industry will reach over 25,000.

This gives one in brief some idea of Kansas City, Kans., and its future possibilities, and should impress the people of the great state of Kansas—a state containing 80,000 square miles, 1 and 1/2 million population, the first producer of wheat, second in corn, the granary of the nation, among the first in stock raising and well up in manufacturing industries—of the importance of helping in all ways to build her metropolis here at the mouth of the Kaw, the natural gateway for not only her products, but largely of those from adjoining territory.

As a milling point Kansas City, Kansas, is making great strides, commanding as she does the trade of 100,000 square miles of territory, embracing the richest acres on the earth, only one third of which are under cultivation, with the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, as well as numerous great railways to carry produce to the seaports that they may find access to the markets of the world, offers a field for the investment of capital in mills and factories that can be found nowhere else. In order to stimulate their coming, a bonus of \$25,000 each for the first two flouring mills, with a daily capacity of 5,000 barrels each, which shall be erected here prior to January 1, 1894, is offered by our citizens.

Our six elevators have a capacity of 2,000,000 bushels with daily receiving and discharging capacity of 550,000 bushels. Two other elevators will be completed this year. The people

of Kansas and throughout the Missouri Valley, mindful of their interests, must storm Congress until the necessary and continuous appropriations for the improvement of the Missouri River, and it shall be made available to the commerce of the great West.

As the water transportation via the great lakes regulates the cost of transportation by rail from Chicago to the Atlantic Coast so the Missouri River, if its waters are properly utilized, regulates the cost of transportation by rail to the Gulf.

Prior to the passage of the Kansas Inspection law, enacted in March 1890, the producer and dealer in the state, who shipped their grain to Kansas City, Mo. found shortages to be the regular order, loss after loss occurred until shippers felt that they were being robbed. Therefore the law which was enacted in the interest of the producer and dealer was hailed with delight.

Mr. W. W. Haskell, the state grain inspector appointed under the law by the governor, is the right man in the right place, doing his full duty without fear or favor. The inspectors and weighers acting under him in the different cities are also sworn officers of the state under bond, not one of which have any interest directly or indirectly in the grain business and the same can be said of the nine directors of the Board of Trade of Kansas City, Kansas.

Under this law over one hundred thousand cars of grain has been inspected in Wichita, Atchison, Winfield and Kansas City, Kansas.

Complaint has never been made by interior shippers of shortage, while many have been the testimonials received to the effect that the operation and management under the law was satisfactory. But four appeals have been taken, only two of which were sustained. The Board has sought to employ only competent and reliable inspectors and weighmasters. Others when employed have been replaced. Under this law, managed by our best citizens, redress in case of error or fraud can be brought before a legal tribunal and all wrongs righted. Quite a contrast to the Missouri management where the producer and shipper were and still are at the mercy of the dealer.

The Kansas producer and shipper will consult his best interest by consigning his grain to Kansas City, Kansas and insist on Kansas inspection. Those who have done so have little cause for complaint and this can not be said of the bucket shop fellows across the line who are still trying to have things their way in Kansas, as well as Missouri. However the people of our state are fast learning that it pays to ship their grain and produce to the city on their own soil and that Kansas grades of grain are eagerly sought after by Eastern and Foreign buyers, who before Kansas inspection went into effect were distrustful of Kansas City grades, and that the managers are sparing no effort to build up at this point a market where the grower and shipper of grain will be protected.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment, Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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This hitherto inaccessible region has just been opened for tourists by stage line from Flagstaff, A. T. on the trans-continental highway of the A. T. & S. F. R. E. The round trip can be made comfortably, quickly and at reasonable expense.

Nearest agent of Santa Fe Route will quote excursion rates, on application. An illustrated pamphlet is in preparation, fully describing the many beauties and wonders of the Grand Canon. Write to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., A. T. & S. F. R. E., Topeka, Kan., or J. J. Byrne, Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr., Chicago, or Arnold & Stansfeld, agents, North Topeka, for free copy, which will be mailed when ready for distribution.

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This map is Rand, McNally & Co.'s new reversible chart of the United States and the world, and gives on front side the latest general map of the United States, size 66x46, new, thoroughly corrected, shows all railroads and important towns, counties and rivers. Each state is colored separately and each county outline plainly marked.

The back is covered with large scale map of the world, in the ocean spaces are given large maps of Germany, Norway and Sweden, and the British Isles; also comparative diagrams of rivers and mountains of the world; also descriptive sketch of every country on the face of the globe, with its area, population and location shown upon the map.

The map is really an atlas, condensed and compiled in the most comprehensive and ready reference manner, all printed on one sheet.

This map sent prepaid and The Prairie Farmer one year for \$1.75. So liberal an offer is seldom made, but this can be depended on, and any one getting the map will at once perceive its superiority.

The Magazine of American History for August contains several illustrated articles, the first being a sketch of the "Historic Tea-Party at Edenton, North Carolina, in 1774," by Dr. Richard Dillard, with a queenly, full-page portrait of the president of the tea-party, Mrs. Penelope Barker. "The Ends of the Century, How They Differ and How They Blend," by Miss Jane de Forest Shelton, is a charming paper, with descriptions of old time manners and customs, with fac-similes of invitations to balls, curious bath tickets, and racy anecdotes of courtship and marriage in the early days. "The Chicago Massacre in 1812," by Joseph Kirkland, contains fresh and authentic material concerning that tragedy in our country's history which will be widely read and treasured. "The Successful Novel of Fifty-six years ago, Horse-shoe Robinson," a work that has been out of print for forty or more years, is brought into fresh notice through a brief summary of the exciting story. Its historic features are its chief charm, as it unfolds a vast amount of information about the revolutionary war in the mountainous regions of the Carolinas, and the character of the people in those rural districts. "Sabbath Breaking and the Clash of 'Theological-Steel'" is a striking incident of travel in Kansas to the land of gold. \$5.00 a year. 743 Broadway, New York City.

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A WESTERN ROMANCE.

STORY OF BEAUTIFUL INEZ AND HER ADORERS.

A Duel to the Death Between the Combatants—From Being Warm Friends Two Men Become Implacable Enemies.

Years and years ago, back in that distant period known to history as early days a duel was fought in Stockton which resulted in the death of both of the combatants, says the San Francisco Examiner. The cause of the duel was a love affair, the men being rivals for the affections of a Spanish girl who lived here, and who had a reputation for beauty that stretched as far as Lodi on the north and French Camp on the south.

The fame of her loveliness spread even to Union Island, and the haughty pioneers were not averse to feasting their eyes on the senorita's charms. There was not a man in Stockton in those days—date uncertain—who was unwilling to admit that her black eyes were more lustrous, her drooping lashes longer, her instep more neatly arched and her form more undulating and graceful than that of any girl he had seen in those parts or even hoped to see. There was a softness in her glance and a luxury in her movement that were worth going blocks to get an opportunity to behold.

The spell that her loveliness cast on the men who were here then was no whit less than that which the music of the Pied Piper of Hamelin exerted on the children. She did not, like the piper, lure all those who followed her to their deaths, though she probably could have done so had she been so minded. She did, however, cause the death of at least two, and the pioneer, who told the story late, pointed to the sabers which were taken out of the ground by the workmen on Market street. In order to prevent the temporary stoppage of business on the channel whenever the boat came in the wharfinger had to finally beg Inez to remain away, and, as she was a good-hearted girl, who was willing to oblige anybody with anything but her heart, she readily consented.

Three men who had seen military service in some foreign country (the pioneer's memory had become so cobwebbed that he could not recollect just where they came from) arrived here when Inez was in the zenith of her glory. Two of them were young men, and the third was in the prime of life. Two of them became smitten with the girl, and, being of hot, impulsive temperament, each sought to win her for himself, and take her away. Curiously enough, the man of the three who retained his composure, even when Inez flashed on his eyes, was one of the younger ex-soldiers. They were soldiers of fortune, such as are not as often seen nowadays as of yore. The two rivals quarreled over the girl, and then their dispute turned to a question of honor, the lie having been passed and a challenge for a bloody encounter given and immediately accepted.

They fought on a spot which is now on Market street, between Cedar and El Dorado streets, as was shown when the sabers were dug up by workmen who were excavating there for the main sewers. Near the two sabers was a brighter sword. Two skulls and human bones had been dug up by the workmen before reaching the swords.

These were the evidences of the pioneer's romance. The duel, he said, was attended by the third member of the military party and by a few friends whom they had made here. The antagonists from being warm friends had grown to hate each other intensely. Such is the effect of a woman's influence on men sometimes.

The conflict consequently was not a formal affair merely to technically wipe out a grievance of one of the antagonists. The bloodletting was done in earnest, and so furious and evenly matched were the rivals that when one of them dropped and expired the other one was done for, too, and there they both died within a few minutes of each other.

There were no facilities for confined burials in those days such as there are now, and in this case a funeral of that sort was not deemed necessary. A grave was dug by their friends, one deep and wide enough for them both, and they were laid with the sabres which they had used in letting out each other's life. Their friend and companion was so much affected by their death that he threw his own sword into the opening. The mound was heaped up, but time leveled it, and there was no mark to tell where the rivals for Inez's smiles lay.

Difficulty for Female Auctioneers.
Miss Elder—Well I maintain that women can do anything men can.

Mr. Gazzam—Oh, no. The auctioneer's business is one women cannot go into.

Miss Elder—Nonsense. She'd make every bit as good an auctioneer as a man.

Mr. Gazzam—Well, just imagine an unmarried woman getting up before a crowd and exclaiming, "Now, gentlemen all I want is an offer."

RIVERS IN THE PLANET MARS.

Wherein They Differ From Those to Be Found on This Earth.

The first sight of Mars through an observatory telescope is almost terrifying, according to the Chicago Herald, even for a person of good nerves. It is as if one saw the whole earth, with its icy poles as a solid globe, floating overhead. One distinguishes clearly the dark blue seas and the brilliant, beaming, many-hued dry land—and on this the dry beds of a multitude of lakes, bays, gulfs, streams and canals, these latter either parallel to each other or crossing one another at right angles. As you continue to look, you note the variations of color and of light and shades; and, further, that the outlines on one edge of the disk pass out of sight, while on the other the landscape expands; you see that Mars revolves on its axis and that the ends of the axis are frozen poles, as with us. There is a further resemblance in the inclination in the axis, which provides that on this planet also the seasons follow each other in regular succession. The ice crust at the poles diminishes in summer, and Westermann's Manot's-Hefte claims that this affords demonstration not only that Mars is influenced by the sun's rays precisely as we are, but also that the air and water are identical with ours. In fact the meteorology of Mars is now being reduced to a science. Judging the two planets by superficial characteristics, however, one must admit a condition implying a higher degree of development in Mars. The continents of the earth, seen from a distance, present a very torn appearance, and occupy scarcely a third of its surface, while Mars is girdled on both sides of the equator by one continuous mainland, intersected by a network of canals and rivers, the land occupying approximately three-fourths of the whole area of the planet and the water only one-fourth, as a consequence of which it may be that its atmosphere is less cloudy and vapour laden than ours. Peculiarly characteristic is the arrangement in which the geological nature of Mars has laid the streams (canals). All our streams, without exception, are tortuous, and all increase in width as they near the ocean.

On Mars, on the contrary, the streams flow in straight lines, and are of uniform width from the source to the mouth. These streams, from seventy to 100 kilometers apart, have their banks so well defined as to suggest the idea that they are subject to intelligent regulation. It is hardly possible to conceive that two parallel canals, intersected at right angles by a third, as in Ophir land, can be the work of the elementary force of nature. The question suggests itself again by the two canals which flow from ocean to ocean through the island Heliad, crossing each other at right angles in the center. Not less questionable is the origin of the great blue lake of the sun in the center of Kepler land, with its three rectilinear canals connecting it with the ocean.

But what most excites our astonishment in connection with these canals is that almost every one of them is double, i. e., it has a parallel canal alongside of it, but visible at intervals only. This has thoroughly perplexed all investigators. The earth has nothing analogous to aid us to a solution.

Apart from the scientific interest which attaches to these observations, it is an immense gain to our intellectual culture to overthrow the pride, born of ignorance, which in earlier centuries prompted man to regard this earth as the one inhabited sphere of the universe. Equal rights for all planets appears to be the law of nature, which certainly has not expended all her force on this dark clod of ours.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A new material for paving is now being introduced in London. It is composed of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks, which are laid like bricks or wood paving. The special advantage of the material lies in its elasticity. When used for pavement, recalling the feeling of a carpet.

Among the experts employed at the Bath, Me., iron works is a talented copper worker who is foreman of a copper shop. Not long ago he took a small copper cent, hammering it into a miniature tea kettle. The words "one cent," occupy all the space on the bottom. There are a swinging handle and a movable cover, while the kettle is hollow and the nozzle, too. Water can be boiled in it. Eight hours' labor was given in the making. The artist's name is Robert Ducker and he receives \$27 per week.

In France the entree of a fat customer is hailed with great joy in the Turkish baths. When his kneading, pommeling, pinching, punching and pulling are over the smiling attendant deals the plethoric patient three heavy and sonorous blows with the flat of the hand. "Mille tonnerres!" the victim cries; "what do you strike me for?" "Ah, monsieur, don't let that trouble you," is the reply. "It is only to let the other man know that I have done with you, and that he is to send me the next customer. You see, we haven't a bell in this room."

IT IS PLEASANT TO DIE.

WHAT A PHYSICIAN SAYS OF THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

All the Pain and Agony Come Before the Last Act—Officers Testify That the Last Moments of Soldiers Are Easy.

I know that a human being's death was formerly considered a great struggle; and vivid, almost shocking, descriptions of the phenomena of dying were given in such exaggerated forms that none cared to think of the supreme moment death should come to them. Euthanasia, or the pleasure of dying, takes the very opposite view and proclaims death to be easy and almost painless, writes Dr. W. B. Atkinson in the Chicago News. As the end of life approaches, nature often brings her peculiar anesthetic, and the person passes off without suffering half the agony that the sickness causing the death brought to the patient. Even men meeting a violent death in the jaws of wild beasts have a few seconds of calm preparation before dying, which brings relief and a certain degree of pleasure.

The great trouble in death is the sickness and pain that carry us to the door of death, and it is at such moments that one suffers all the torment and agony of a dozen deaths. The pleasures of dying can be likened only to those of the dreamy morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semi-conscious state where everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet and unexcited. The imagination plays fancifully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is of pleasurable exaltation.

The drowning man experiences the same relief and pleasure when the struggles are over and the cold limbs grow stiff and numb. Persons frozen in blinding snow storms have reported their sensations accurately, and they all agree that after a certain amount of suffering, which every one feels at first in extreme cold, they enter into a blissful state, from which they do not wish to be aroused.

Morphine, cocaine, ether and laudanum bring to the patient this same mental and nervous condition, and patients resent any attempt to rouse them from their dreamy state. Nature supplies her own anesthetic before the important moment has arrived. Before the death rattle is heard the convulsed frame relaxes, the signs of pain and suffering on the face disappear, and often a smile partly opens the lips. The whole body shows signs of a painless moment, and if the mind wanders and the tongue utters words, they are all words of pleasure and joy.

Those that have watched at hundreds of death-beds have noted that death was easy, and officers in battle have testified that the last moments of dying soldiers were painless. People that have been in the jaws of wild beasts in India, and have been rescued at the last moment, testify that a numbing calmness was experienced after the first sharp, painful snap of the teeth upon them.

In fact, the approach of every creature's fate brings with it a kindly preparation when life is blissful and full of pleasure. The last sensation in this world is then one of joy and not excruciating pain. The pleasures of dying may remove a great burden from the minds of hundreds who are inevitably approaching death. The old-fashioned notion that death would be terrible had a baneful influence upon those that were fighting insidious diseases, and many aggravated their complaints by feverishly dreading the pain of the last struggle. In this way a great deal of harm was done and many sufferers hastened their own end.

Even in the case of poisoning, the pain suffered is only when the system combats against the desire to yield to the influence of the drug. Sleep generally steals over the person, and only the dreamy pleasure caused by the poison and of dying are again experienced in this world. The greatest pain felt is that of the stomach pump, which may be applied in time to recall the suicide to life, and in every case they rebel against this most emphatically.

Caught at Last.

A dog-using sausage maker has been caught at last. A man named Rason and his wife have been tried at Lille on a charge of systematically dealing in sausages made of dog-flesh. Suspicion of Rason's business led to the investigation of his shop, and the health inspector of the town of Roubaix found there a regular slaughter house containing thirteen dogs' carcasses and other living dogs waiting for conversion. The prisoners were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

The Longest Canal.

The longest canal in the world is the one which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg. There measures in all 4,472 miles. There is another canal running from Astrakhan to St. Petersburg which is 1,434 miles long. Both of these were begun by Peter the Great.

A GIRL WHO KILLS SNAKES.

Not Afraid of Them Even When She Is Barefoot.

Clara Greth, a fifteen-year-old girl, living with her parents on the outskirts of Reading, Pa., who had some thrilling experiences with rattlesnakes and copperheads last summer, was sitting on the front steps the other morning when she spied a big copperhead sunning himself on the sloping bank opposite the house. She was plucky and self-reliant, and without telling anybody she determined to kill it. Taking up a shovel from the coal shed, she ran over to the bank, where she found three copperheads instead of one, and they all showed fight. She quickly dispatched two of them, but the third and largest one repeatedly leaped up at her. After a short struggle, however, she succeeded in stretching it out dead with its companions.

As soon as she recovered her breath she examined the ground carefully and came to the conclusion that the snakes must have come out of a large hole beside an old fence post. So she kept an eye on the place during the rest of the morning, and late in the afternoon was delighted to see a big copperhead come up and coil itself in the sunshine near the post hole. She crept up behind it noiselessly and contrived to place herself between it and the post hole before the reptile was aware of her presence. She struck at it with a heavy stone, but missed her mark, whereupon the snake sprang wickedly at her bare feet. She jumped back lightly, just in time to escape the blow. Then, before the enraged reptile could strike again, she hurled another stone at it, this time with truer aim, and broke its back.

But no sooner had she made sure of that snake than a fifth one, bigger than any of the others, made its appearance. It fought hard, but she attacked it fearlessly. No more stones of effective size were near at hand, so the brave girl picked up a stout stick, and with this she tackled her adversary at close quarters. In a short time she came out best with it, too. Then she proceeded to lay the snakes out in a row, with their heads sloping down the bank. When her father, David Greth, returned from work that evening and saw the five reptiles lying there he was thunderstruck, and could scarcely believe that his little daughter had effected the slaughter alone.

MONKEY PIANISTS.

"Mlle. Folichone of France," and "Joker of North America."

At least two monkeys in this big world are good pianists. One is named Mlle. Folichone and the other Joker. Joker is the pet of an American boy named Harry, and this is the way Joker learned to play: Harry took Joker to a concert advertised by a Frenchman. The Frenchman came out and introduced "the chief performer, Mlle. Folichone." Lo! Mademoiselle was a monkey. She wore a low-cut ball dress, and around her neck was a string of beads. Upon her long white arms jingled a row of silver bangles; upon her head was a white toque, adorned with a long plume.

At a signal from the manager mademoiselle drew off her gloves, gave a little hop, skip and jump and landed on the piano stool. She opened a music book, found her place and struck the keys of the piano, stopped, rolled up her eyes to the ceiling in an affected manner and played a tune. Then she slipped down and again ran behind the scenes.

Harry laughed and clapped his hands and Joker tried to do the same, relates Our Little Men and Women.

The little musician again came out. Once more she sprang up—Harry could hardly believe his eyes—this time she alighted on the keyboard and began to play a duet all by herself. That is, she played with her feet as well as her hands or rather with her four hands, since a monkey's feet are really only an extra pair of hands. When the end of the page was reached mademoiselle looked toward the audience, paused, bowed and then turned over the leaf of her music with her tail.

Harry said: "Joker, don't you wish you could play as well?" Joker sulked, but from that time on no one dared to leave the piano open in the house where Joker lived, and Harry was sorry he invited him to go to the concert.

Peersesses of the Realm.

Peersesses of Great Britain, Scotland or Ireland, by birth marriage or creation, are free from arrest or imprisonment on civil process; and in the event of a peersess being charged with a criminal offense she would be tried by the house of lords.

Jacob in Clover.

Jacob Gegley, living along the Perkiomen creek near Quakertown, Md., gathered enough feathers to make four good-sized feather beds after a flock of about 500 wild geese had spent the night in a swamp on his place on their way north.

The Child of Giants.

The largest child ever born, it is said, was the son of Bates, the "Xenotucky giant," and his wife, the "Nova Scotia giantess." This infant Hercules weighed twenty-three and three-fourths pounds.

OLD-TIME CLOCKS.

Wonderful Time-Pieces That Have Been Owned by Nations.

Many authorities ascribe the invention of clocks to Pacificus, archdeacon of Verona, in the ninth century, while others accord the invention to Boethius in the sixth century. Whichever of these sentiments is true, we see how long people of culture and learning were dependent upon sundials. Hour glasses—which measured time by sand—were found upon almost all the desks of the students of the fifth and sixth centuries. Alfred the Great measured time by the burning of a candle, and was very careful to trim the wick himself, that it might burn steadily. Little instruments for measurement of time, called clepsydre, were filled with water, the measured dropping of which marked the minutes and the hours. Clocks moved by weights are said to have existed first among the Saracens. The most ancient clock of which we have any record was erected in a tower of the palace of Charles V. of France, in 1379, by Henry de Wyck, a German artist. Shortly after that period clocks were erected at Strasbourg, Courtray and Speyer. The use of the pendulum was suggested very much in the same way that the thought which led to the theory of gravitation began in Newton's mind. Galileo, when only 20 years of age, was standing one day in the great church of Pisa, and observed a lamp suspended from a ceiling, as it swung backward and forward. To Galileo's mind the regularity of the movement suggested a train of thought which led to the perfection of the method now in use—the measuring of time by means of a pendulum. Like every other invention, improvements came with years, until the force of ingenuity seemed unable to go further, and wonderful clocks have been possessed by all nations. A town-hall clock in Liverpool has kept its works unimpaired for 100 years, accurately measuring time. A clock in the castle of Edinburgh is controlled by a clock in the observatory on Calton Hill, and neither varies from the precise indication of the hour. One of the most beautiful pieces of workmanship is to be seen among the historical relics of England—a clock presented by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn.

Watches came after clocks, says Harper's Young People, and first made their appearance at Nuremberg about the year 1477, and were called Nuremberg eggs, from their shape. Some were made in form of a pear, and were frequently fixed in the head of a walking cane. As the pendulum wrought the perfection of the clock, so the watch was not completed until the invention of the spiral spring as the regulator. This was done by Dr. Hooke about the year 1658. These egg shaped, pear shaped watches were hung from a girdle, and soon all sorts of shapes came into vogue. An Englishman, Morgan, a collector of curiosities, has a watch in form of a golden horn, which discharges every hour a diminutive pistol. The earl of Stanhope has a watch in shape of a jacinth and set with diamonds. Lady Fitzgerald has in her possession a watch which is said to have been a present from Louis XIII to Charles I of England, ornamented with a picture of St. George and the dragon. A very beautiful watch, said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, is in form of a duck, ornamented with scrolls and angels' heads, the wheels working on rubies. In the reign of Henry II of France it became the absurd fashion to wear watches ornamented with skeletons and deaths' heads and other frightful shapes, a fashion set by the famous Diana de Poitiers. In 1620 watches began to assume the shapes now universally worn, although in the seventeenth century it became quite the fashion to wear watches in the form of a cross.

What He Should Do.

A recruit of a Highland regiment which was stationed at Malta, went out to see the town the first night he joined, and remained absent. He was brought before the commanding officer, a Highland gentleman of the old school, next morning, who said: "This is a verra fine thing, Lindsay, tae be absent tae verra first night you join the corps."

"Beg pardon," said Lindsay, "but I lost myself in the streets of the capital, and could not get back in time." "A'ill tak' yer excuse," said the officer, "but ye mun mind that ye'll ha' tae bide in barracks till ye ken the toon."—Dundee News.

From the Backwoods.

Two companies of the famous "Bucktail" regiment in the union army came from the lumber regions along the west branch of the Susquehanna river. They built two large, long rafts, hoisted a flag at both ends and sailed down to Harrisburg upon these primitive crafts. A small portion of one raft is still at Harrisburg.

The Heart of the World.

The ancients believed Delphi to be situated in the exact center of the land surface of the world. Anzon's classical dictionary, in article "Delphi," says: "The ancients claimed that the temple of Delphi stood on the navel of the universe."

TWO RARE MONKEYS.

WHITE BEARDED MEMBERS OF THE SIMIAN FAMILY.

How They Live in Their Wild African Abodes—The Short Thumb Specimen—The Sacred and the Guerza Monkey.



THE SLENDER and the short-thumbed monkeys belong, in the truest sense of the word, to an old simian family. The fact is demonstrated as to the Indian slender monkeys, for indubitable representatives of this genus (the Semnopithecus) lived in the Tertiary period.

The form of the skull gives the slender and short-thumbed monkeys a peculiar appearance. It is roundish, the snout advancing but little in front of the forehead, and the bony crests and edges, which often give the skull of the male an appearance like that of a beast of prey, are hardly distinguishable. In a corresponding way the jaw is relatively only slightly projecting, and less obvious in the slender than in the short-thumbed monkeys. The entire skeleton in both groups is distinguished by the slenderness and lightness of its form from which the slender monkeys get their name. The name of the African short-thumbed monkeys relates to a peculiarity of their bony structure, in that the thumbs of their fore limbs are not visible externally except as stumps; and, while in the slender monkeys, too, the thumb is behind the other fingers in development, the complete arrest of it in the others has been held sufficient to mark a distinction between the two families. On the other hand, I find a peculiarity of the skeleton of the slender monkeys mentioned in only a few descriptions, and in those casually, which appears to me as doubly striking in the monkeys as climbing animals, and is not elsewhere repeated in them, at least in those of the Old World. It is that the slender monkeys have much longer and thicker hind legs than fore legs; the development of the hind limbs evidently surpasses that of the fore limbs; and this occasional characteristic deviation in the attitudes and movements of the animals, as I have observed daily with my pets. The slender monkeys run half erect with their hind legs bent up, and make great leaps from this position direct. Thus, notwithstanding their great agility, they have something hasty and angular in their motions, and maintain so peculiar a gate that any one who has studied them continuously in living specimens can distinguish at a glance whether a picture of them is made from life, or whether it has been constructed by adding a few special outward marks of the slender monkey to the figure of a common monkey. In their inner structure the slender monkeys and the short-thumbed monkeys have a peculiarity, unique in its way, in the shape of a composite, divided stomach, suggestive of the ruminants, or rather of the kangaroo, which is sufficient, in my opinion, to characterize them as closely related. This peculiar structure of the stomach, unprecedented in a monkey, naturally induces the presumption of a peculiar method of feeding, and indeed shows indubitably that the slender monkeys and short-thumbed monkeys, are exclusively vegetable feeders, or, to be



THE WHITE-BEARDED SLENDER MONKEY, more exact, green-eaters, than the other monkeys.

They are White-bearded Slender monkeys (Semnopithecus leucopyrinus, Desm.) of Ceylon, the single species which has been brought to Europe with considerable frequency, and which is therefore easily found in the zoological gardens. This harmless, quiet, gentle animal is easily distinguished by its external appearance, which is felicitously in harmony with its name. It has a white cheek-beard, with the tips of the hairs turned forward. The lower part of the back and the tail are grayish white. The rest of the body

is brownish black, while the hair on the head is longer and more distinct. Sailors can always buy these monkeys cheaply in the port of Colombo, and they are probably common on the island.

The sacred monkey of this trite is accredited with having performed great acts of heroism in primitive times. It is in the Indian mythology a kind of Perseus and Prometheus in one, inasmuch as it delivered a goddess from captivity to a giant, and used its opportunity to give to India, not fire, but the mango. It extinguished the funeral fire on which it was to have expired its rash adventure, and therefore appears now with singed face and black hands. The rest of its body is colored a whitish gray; on its forehead, cheeks, and chin it wears long, stiff, bristling hairs, out of which, as from a frame, peers the round black face with a lively and peculiarly droll expression. The pious Hindu, who will kill hardly any animal, of course does as little harm as possible to his ardently revered monkey-saint, but gives it freely of the fruits of his gardens and fields. He even in a literal sense lets it take the already prepared meal from his own mouth. Through the credulous simplicity of men, which has permitted them in quiet acquiescence from time immemorial to do their pleasure, the hulmans have become so bold and impudent that they go into the houses as well as into the gardens and steal, plunder and destroy at their heart's desire.

The most prominent members of the group of South African short-thumbed apes is the guerza (Colobus guerza, Rupp). This monkey is one of the most famous animals, and one of those which are most fully and imaginatively described in all special works and portrayed in plain and in fantastic styles; so that every owner of a natural history knows it by name, but nobody has seen it living.

The picture makes a more detailed description of the coloring of the guerza unnecessary; and I will only say that the way in which the white appears, as in a certain sense a border and trimming of the dark ground color, varies somewhat and might probably afford a means of distinguishing between the geographical varieties of a species that is distributed over the whole of interior Africa. Hans Meyer, the hardy conqueror of Africa's giant mountain Kilima Njaro, found in that region a form which he named caudatus, in which the whole tail is white; our specimens belong to a variety called occidentalis in Rocheprune's monograph on the short-thumbed monkeys. A considerable number of species of monkeys of western and central Africa are pictured and described in this special work; many of them, including the bear short-thumbed monkeys (Colobus ursinus, Waterh.) look much like a guerza without a side-mane; others, like the devil-monkey (Colobus santanae, Og.), are described as black; and still others are red. Of all these we know little except concerning the skins and the skulls, for they reach us living only exceptionally. I return to the guerza, the handsomest and most interesting species.

The guerza is not one of the hated field robbers, and has therefore been hunted in Abyssinia only so much as is necessary to get material for the adornment of the small, round leather shields formerly in use there. These shields have gone out of use since the style of armor has been changed, and it is now molested but little, and leads a peaceful life away from the dwellings of men. In Gallaland, whence your specimens have come, the guerza lives in the thick woods, especially in deep, moist, and warm mountain gorges. It prefers a home in the giant sycamore trees, or wild figs, the fruits of which constitute its principal food. The Abyssinian jumper, which is from twenty-five to thirty metres high, and forms whole forests there, is also much resorted to by it. Brehm, relying upon the unanimity of the accounts which have appeared since the discovery of the guerza by the Abyssinian traveler Ruppell, of Frankfurt, enthusiastically praises the beauty, gracefulness, and elegance of the outward appearance of the animal and the agility and grace of its motions, especially its colossal leap, in which the body seems to be carried along by its waving robe. Hans Meyer unconsciously complements this sketch with a description of the quiet, still life of the societies of four or five members in the secure height of their tree-top, and in connection with it mentions a habit not observed before, by which the presence of a band of guerzas can be recognized from a distance. It is a monotonous, singsong humming, with an alternating crescendo and diminuendo, proceeding from the members of the families sitting lazily together, and to all appearances expressive of complete satisfaction. Perhaps it was because of the absence of this satisfaction that I never heard this humming from my pets. They usually kept themselves quite still, and were accustomed only to greet their beloved greens with a peculiar cry toned between the whimper of the capuchin and the crowing of the mandrill. With this we have come to the end of our observations on these two peculiar families of monkeys which have been crowded away into the background in our zoological gardens by their livelier, more striking, and more hardy congeners. But we hope that what we have said of their remarkable organization will be enough to make them seem worthy of some attention from the animal-loving reader.

RATS AND RHINOCEROS.

RODENTS MAKE TROUBLE IN THE NEW YORK ZOO.

Fleeces Eaten Out of "Smiles" Body During Her Sickness—A Colony of Rats That Give the Keeper No End of Trouble.

For many years the Central Park menagerie has been overrun with rats—not the inoffensive household article but the big, bold, gray rat that inhabits the warehouse and the wharf, some of which are larger than full-grown gray squirrels. They came as soon as the zoo was established years ago, states the New York World, and after the present carnivora was finished ten years ago they took possession, burrowing deep in the ground beneath the building like so many rabbits.

For a long time after the building was finished Director Conklin tried every means in his power to get rid of the pests, but had to give up the job. They burrowed deeper, multiplied faster than rabbits and now, after years of undisturbed domesticity, they number thousands and thousands.

The carnivora has been their camping ground for so long that the wood work and flooring is honey-combed with their tunneling. Two-inch planking and portions of the floor beams are perforated by thousands of circular holes. Rats love fresh meat, the sight and smell of which sets them crazy. As all the animals in the carnivora are fed on raw meat, this explains the presence of the rats in such great numbers. After the building has been closed for the night they swarm forth, seeking bits of meat to eat and bones to gnaw. They annoy the animals, too, and sometimes they have been known to attack the beasts and severely bite them.

At other times two or three of them in a single night have been crushed by Caliph, the hippopotamus, who in going to bed throws himself upon the hay where the rats take refuge.

Keeper Downey relates that there is one old rat—a female, which has to his knowledge been a resident there for three years—that is an especial friend of Caliph's and often climbs up on the big fellow's back and plays about his body. Downey for a number of months kept an air gun, and each night he stayed at his post and popped off hundreds of them, but this warfare made no impression on their number.

Just previous to the removal of Smiles from the carnivora to the elephant house it was noticed that she had been bitten all over her body. Her ears were nibbled and scalloped until they resembled the edges of old-fashioned pie crust. Her legs and body were covered with scars and sores. Several mornings the keepers found dead rats under her body.

One night Keeper Downey set a watch on the animal. She was sore and stiff from a severe attack of rheumatism and could only move with great difficulty and pain. Lying upon her side, sick and feeble, she was an easy prey to the blood-loving rats. Before Downey had been there ten minutes he saw a horde of rats attack Smiles. With a broom he drove them off, but they returned a moment later and renewed their attack.

For an hour Downey worked without making any impression upon them. Smiles struggled and groaned and tried to get upon her feet to fight her enemies off. They would not go, however, and as the keeper could not remain with her night and day she was an easy victim for a week or more. Then she began to improve, and as she grew stronger she had the strength to repel the attacks of the rats.

When she was moved, however, she was in such shape that Director Smith had to use a composition of sulphate of zinc and sugar of lead, which was rubbed into her running sores and raw spots. Since her removal her improvement has been marked.

There are no rats in the elephant house, because the animals are all hay-eaters and there is nothing to draw them. Smiles' sore spots are healing fast, but she looks as much like a half and half zebra as a rhinoceros.

When Conklin was a director he had a sick alligator on his hands—one of the large ones. Alligators naturally are sluggish, but when they are sick they are perfectly helpless. One morning when the carnivora was opened the sick alligator was found dead, with his stomach all eaten away by rats. As the alligator's stomach is the tenderest portion of its body, the rats, besides liking fresh meat, knew exactly how and where to get it.

Men of Great Height.

Turner, the naturalist, declared that he once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race of gigantic savages, one of whom was 19 feet in height. M. Thonet, of France, in his description of America, published in Paris in 1875, asserted that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American which was 11 feet 2 inches in length. The Chinese are said to claim that in the last century there were men in their country who measured fifteen feet in height.

Josephus mentioned the case of a Jew who was 10 feet 2 inches in height. Fliny tells of an Arabian giant, Gabara, 9 feet 9 inches, the tallest man in the days of Claudius. John Middleton, born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the time of James I., was 9 feet 3 inches in height; his hand was 17 inches long and 8½ inches broad, says Dr. Platt in his "History of Staffordshire." The Irish giant, Murphy, contemporary with O'Brien, was 8 feet 10 inches. A skeleton in the museum of Trinity college, Dublin, is 8 feet 6 inches in height, and that of Charles Byrne, in the museum of the College of Surgeons, London, is 8 feet 4 inches. The tallest living man is Chang-tu-Sing, the Chinese giant. His height is 7 feet 3 inches.—Tid-Bits.

A CITY OF PIGMIES.

When Did the Little People Live and What Was Their Doom?

In a quaint old geography which I once had the good fortune to own the western coast of South America was decorated with tiny figures of men and women among whom meandered the words: "The land of the Pigmies." More modern maps make no mention of such people, says a writer in Youth's Companion, and I had forgotten that I had believed in their existence, when I happened lately to come across them again.

A few months ago, perched on the summit of one of the highest of the Peruvian Andes, were discovered the ruins of a wonderful pigmy city, the home of a race of dwarfs; and some of its most interesting relics—all that were transportable—are now on their way northward, to find a resting-place in our national museum at the Smithsonian institution at Washington.

From these discoveries it appears that the old belief in a tiny race, inhabiting the lowlands on the Pacific coast, was well-founded. There the little people lived, unmolested, so far as we know, for an indefinite time, till they were at last driven back upon the mountains by a larger and stronger race. Then they built and occupied the deserted city which today excites our wonder.

This city of the past is built with great care, 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by a wall twelve feet high and three feet thick. In its center is a high rock, crowned by the citadel, which is still in a fair state of preservation.

The houses were all flat-roofed, covered with flat pieces of stone, overlaid with earth to keep out the rain. Each stood distinct from its neighbors, and opened into the common courtyard, which had a single gateway into the nearest street. The street was about two feet wide. From three of the courts openings have been found, leading down into round rooms six feet in diameter, unlighted and dreary, which may have been used as dungeons.

In another part of the little city have been found several mummies of adults. One of them is twenty-seven inches tall—an acknowledged chief and ruler, perhaps, by virtue of his majestic height and bearing.

When did the little people live? How long ago did their carefully built homes fall into decay? What was their doom? How strange it seems, that after—it may be—thousands of years, they should live again for us and the last tokens of their existence be brought to excite the attention of the newest nation of the world.

TRITE AND TRIVIAL.

"See here, waiter, this pie hasn't any apples in it." Waiter—"I know it, sah, it am made of ewapawated apples."

Conductor—"Tickets, please!" Tramp—"Me face is me ticket, pardner."

Conductor—"All right, then I'll have to punch it."

Teacher—"No living being can read your writing. Why don't you try to learn?" Little Boy—"No use, I'm going to be a doctor, like papa."

Dimling—"It is said that kangaroos can develop more anger than any other animal." Mrs. Dimling—"You don't say!" Dimling—"Yes, they get hopping mad."

Wife—"I'm tired to death. Been having the baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process." Husband—"How long did it take?" Wife—"About four hours."

A man feels pretty badly scared when his heart is in his throat, but he feels a great deal more scared when his stomach is there. That is one of the signs of dyspepsia.

Mrs. Totling—"I'm going to make me a bath robe." Mrs. Dimling—"Are you?" Mrs. Totling—"Yes; I have bought the loveliest piece of watered silk for the purpose."

"I say," said the old subscriber, "what has become of the man who used to get up all those presidential tickets that would be sure to win for your paper?" "We had to give him a vacation," replied the editor. "He's been taken with a lucid interval."

Miss Parker—"And so your engagement with Mr. Backbay is at an end. How did it happen?" Miss Lakeside—"Why, he said he wanted to have a grand wedding, as it was an affair that comes only once in a person's life." Miss Parker (indignantly)—"The idea!"

THE SPANISH SOLDIER-NUN.

Strange and Romantic Adventures of Catalina de Erausa.

A very famous heroine in her day was Catalina de Erausa, still remembered vaguely as the "Spanish Soldier-nun." She left memoirs which have been translated or summarized or "romanced" in most European tongues. The truth of them has been disputed; but upon the other hand, popes and kings, nobles and savants accepted every word, while evidence remained to support or question the statement.

Catalina, the Cincinnati Enquirer tells, ran away from a nunnery in San Sebastian at the age of 15, transformed her conventual habiliments into doublet and hose, and found employment as a page in the household of a noble at Valladolid. Driven from this refuge by the appearance of her father—who had no suspicion, nevertheless—she joined an expedition, sailing to Peru under charge of Don Ferdinand de Cordova. Her ship was wrecked off Paiza, and she alone refused to desert the captain, who stood by his vessel. Catalina then built a little raft, broke open the treasure chest, took as much gold as she could carry and set out for the shore; but the captain was drowned in embarking. She reached the town and accepted an engagement as manager to the tailor who made her new clothes. Complications of business and passion—for a great lady fell in love with her at sight—led to a first duel, killing her man promptly. The great lady smuggled her out of prison, but Catalina found it necessary to repay this service by pushing the dame down stairs, probably breaking her neck. Then she jumped into a boat, put to sea and was picked up by a Spanish vessel bound for Concepcion.

At this place her own brother was secretary to the governor, and he, unconscious of the relationship, got her a commission in the army. Very soon afterward she distinguished herself in an engagement, and for twelve years ranked as one of the most brilliant officers in the Spanish service—living mostly with her brother, but keeping the secret. This happy time came to an end in a midnight duel, when she killed a man unknown, who proved to be this same brother. Flying for life once more, Catalina crossed the Pyrenees. All her companions perished, but she reached Tucuman after terrible adventures. Another love affair, all on one side, and another fatal duel brought her literally to the gallows, but with the rope around her neck she escaped. Traveling on to Cuzco she joined an alcaide with a pretty wife, and a gentleman, his friend.

In a very few days Catalina perceived that these two had an understanding. The alcaide would have murdered his wife, but Catalina snatched her to the saddle and rode furiously for Cuzco. The alcaide pursuing, she ran him through, but received a desperate wound. The fugitive got safe to the bishop's palace. Catalina knew, however, that her secret must be discovered now. She had just strength to reveal it to the bishop before fainting. That worthy man reported the whole story to the king, who sent orders that Catalina should be despatched by the next ship. All Spain declared for the heroine. At her arrival Count Olivarez himself, the prime minister, met her; the king kissed her; the pope sent for and forgave her; Velasquez painted her portrait.

A Nice Legal Point.

A negro whose bruised and swollen face and tattered clothing bore evidence of rough handling recently limped into the presence of a Southern magistrate.

"I want you ter arrest Sam Johnson foh batt'ry, sah," he exclaimed.

"For assault and battery, you mean," suggested the dispenser of justice.

"No sah. Jess foh battery, sah."

"How can that be?"

"Well, sah, it wuz jess dis way. Mah mowl bruk intoh Johnson's cohn patch, an' w'en Johnson druv 'im him he call me a no good, fool nigger."

"Yes."

"I w'ant gwine toh stan' dat now, so I ups an' guff him a whack with a fence stake, sah."

"Why, then you assaulted him!"

"Yes sah, I did, sah. But he dun de batt'ry. He mos' battered de life outen me, sah!"—New York Herald.

For London Laborers.

The London county council has passed this resolution: "That all contractors be compelled to sign a declaration that they pay the trade union rate of wages and observe the hours of labor and conditions recognized by the London trades unions, and that the hours and wages be inserted in and form part of the contract by way of schedule, and that penalties be enforced for any breach of agreement."

In the Fowl's Gizzard.

A fowl's gizzard, where so many lost articles turn up, is a curious trap as well as a necessary vital organ of the fowl. Diamonds, pearls, coin, buttons, tacks, orange peel and about everything else save dynamite has been found in the gizzard of fowls.

A CASE OF CHILLS AND FEVER

Of Long Standing Finds a Cure.

Extract from a Medical Lecture by Dr. S. B. Hartman.

Several years ago a man forty-five years of age, from a malarious district, came a long distance to consult me for a chronic malarious affection for which he had doctored without intermission for over ten years. The treatment which had been mainly relied on by the various doctors he had consulted was quinine and other derivative of chinchona bark. Of these preparations he had taken many pounds, and during several intervals had taken a great many chill cures, but nothing seemed to have any permanent effect.

His complexion was of that dirty yellow so characteristic of old ague patients, and his sunken, lusterless eyes, surrounded by dark circles, indicated how completely his health had been undermined. The tongue was heavily furred with a thick brown coating, breath very offensive, and he complained of a constant dull headache. A poor appetite, indigestion, biliousness and constipation completed a tale of woe so commonly heard in a malarious locality.

The chills came on at irregular intervals. Sometimes he would not have one for a month; then again every day for a while. For this man I prescribed Peruna and Man-a-lin as directed on the bottles, the Man-a-lin to be used until the bowels became regular and digestion good. A few weeks after I received a very enthusiastic letter from him, in which he declared himself nearly well, and better than he had been in ten years, and had taken no quinine since beginning my treatment. I instructed him to gradually leave off the Man-a-lin, which he did, but continued the Peruna a few months longer, and make a complete recovery, continuing to enjoy the best of health.

This case is one of which there are thousands in every malarious district who have been many years and still are searching for something to bring relief to their miserable condition. I am positive that Peruna and Man-a-lin would cure every one of these, for I have watched its effect a good many years, and I do not know a single failure.

For a complete treatise on Malaria, Chills, and Fever and Ague, send for The Family Physician No. 1. Sent free by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, O.

The August Century has a handsome new white and green cover marked "Midsummer Holiday Number." It is notable not only for its midsummer characteristics, but as celebrating the centenary of the poet Shelley by the poet George E. Woodberry, who is one of the chief Shelley scholars of America. Mr. Woodberry gives a very high estimate of Shelley's work in the line of modern civilization, and says that "those to whom social justice is a watchword, and the development of the individual everywhere in liberty, intelligence, and virtue is a cherished hope, must be thankful that Shelley lived." In "Open Letters" Mr. John Malone gives the interesting result of a patient "Search for Shelley's American Ancestor." The number is gay with pictures and with stories, serial and short. The first article is a fresh account of the ascent of Japan's sacred mountain

Toilettes for September is enlarged, it now having twenty pages, in place of sixteen. The price is the same, 15c a number, or \$1.50 a year. All newsdealers have it on sale. Published at 126 W 23d street, New York.

In the August Eclectic the discussion of British politics by St. Loe Strachey, deals with that side suggested by the title, "Ulster and Home Rule." In "Authors, Individual and Corporate" readers will find an interesting study. Mrs. M. E. Sandford tells about French Girl's Schools, and Dr. Farquarson sets forth The Case for Moderate Drinking, with the dexterity of a barrister and the resources of a scientist. Sir Herbert Maxwell is the author of a paper on "Speech," which will be read with keen attention. Arminius Vambery analyzes the political situation in Central Asia with acumen. Edward DeLille writes of The American Newspaper Press. There is a dramatic story and a number of short papers and poems. E. R. Pelton, New York; \$5 a year; 45c a number.

The World's Columbian Exposition Send 50c to Bond & Co., 576 Rookery, Chicago, and you will receive a 400 page Guide to the Exposition, with engravings of the grounds and buildings, portraits of its leading spirits, and a map of the city of Chicago; all of the rules governing the exposition and the exhibitors, and all information which can be given out in advance of its opening. Other engravings and printed information will be sent you as published. It will be a very valuable book and every person should secure a copy.

A PURPOSEFUL NOVEL.

In the Arena for June Mr. Flower gives the following pen picture of the new novel by Helen H. Gardner:

"Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" Such is the striking title of Helen H. Gardner's new novel, a story which, in my judgment, is the most finished and, in many respects, the strongest work which has yet come from the pen of this gifted lady. Helen Gardner possesses, in a rare degree the power of holding the interest of the reader, while she emphasizes in a most telling and effective manner truths of vital moment to the age of purposeful fiction. Against this innovation conventionalism has raised its voice. The old slogan cry, "Art for art's sake," is being drowned in the new and vital watchword, "Art for truth." The great political, social, economic, and religious problems of to-day are being most effectively presented under the veil of fiction. Few writers, however, possess the power of subordinating the lesson to the story in a sufficient degree to hold the interest and thrill and impress the average reader, who is merely looking for something entertaining. Thus many writers of modern fiction in this new age of unrest and growth defeat their purpose by preaching where they should practice. The story deals with expanding womanhood. It is the legitimate product of the present growing age. It is in perfect touch with the thought of the hour. Incidentally the cause of the very poor in our great cities is touched upon, and in one chapter we have a prose etching of an apartment in the slums, which is painfully true to life. The great cardinal thought, from the de' of utility, is the picture of the crime against girlhood tolerated by our present "age of consent laws." In Victor Hugo's masterpiece it will be remembered that he sought to picture man's struggle with unjust law. In Miss Gardner's new book she paints most vividly the struggle of girlhood with unjust social conditions. Like Hugo, Miss Gardner also deals in types. Gertrude Foster, Frances King and Ettie Berton are types, but they possess nothing of the colossal nature of Hugo's or Shakespeare's great creations. Dickens also dealt in types, but he intensified them until they often resembled caricatures. Not so with Miss Gardner. While typing young womanhood of to-day, she does so with such perfect naturalism that one feels that the story is something more than fiction. Each character lives, and we feel while reading that we are being acquainted with the happenings of real persons. This, of course, is the art of the realist; and, indeed, while Miss Gardner is in no way writing history in "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" she is narrating episodes and incidents which are happening every day in every great centre of life.

There is no plot in the story; but the interest of the reader is held from cover to cover. The most delicate subjects are dealt with; but they are so handled as not to offend any healthy imagination, while the atmosphere is pure and lofty. In Gertrude Foster we have a magnificent picture of the modern girl; free, educated, untrammelled, with strong and positive individuality; the broad-minded, noble-souled modern girl, who dares to think and to act up to her highest convictions of right regardless of consequences. There are to-day hundreds of Gertrude Fosters, and they are the advance guard of the twentieth-century womanhood. I wish every young woman in America could read this book, if it were for nothing else than to catch inspiration from this splendid creation. In the other two typical girls, Ettie Berton and Frances King, we have strong, natural, life-like reproductions of thousands of young women who may be found to-day in every great city. Beautiful, ill-starred little Ettie! How the heart of every true man and woman will go out in love and sympathy for her and in her fate it should not be forgotten that we read the fate of thousands of maidens, who, through accused laws, fall victims to something far worse than death while they have scarcely crossed the threshold of womanhood—laws originated by moral lepers for the protection of the most heinous forms of licentiousness, and from year to year discussed in secret sessions in various legislatures, where systematic attempts are constantly being made to lower the age which renders a moral leper exempt from a crime far more colossal than murder. Even this year a bill was introduced in the New York legislature to lower the age of consent from sixteen to thirteen years! and had it not been for the vigorous efforts of some stalwart friends of purity, doubtless the measure would have passed.

"Pray You, Sir, whose Daughter?" is far more than an intensely interesting novel; it is a brilliant appeal for justice and purity; a protest against one of the most glaring crimes which blisters the brow of nineteenth-century civilization. It is pure, wholesome and inspiring. If the white ribbon army should make it the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of their noble crusade, it would, I believe, accomplish more in one year than their present efforts will realize in a decade. The price also of this volume is within the reach of all, being only fifty cents per copy. It is published by the Arena Pub. Co., Boston, Mass., and is one of the handsomest books of the year.

The August Romance contains a large proportion of the light and bright stories which are most appropriate to the season. There are sketches of adventure, love stories, ghost stories, and descriptions of curious and amusing episodes in many lands, besides a strong and characteristic story of the supernatural. The authors represented include Tolstol, Octave Thamer, H. Rider Haggard, Guy de Maupassant, and Ouida, besides new American writers. The Midsummer Number fully justifies the remark of a discriminating critic, that "as a companion for the hammock, canoe or piazza, Romance cannot be excelled." Romance Publishing Company, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York. 25 cents a number; 2.50 a year.

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The August Arena contains the second instalment of Mr. Reed's Brief for the Plaintiff in the interesting discussion of Bacon vs. Shakespeare. Whatever may be said of the abstract merits of the case, no one can fail to be impressed with the ingenious and powerful array of evidence thus far adduced in behalf of Lord Bacon as the author of the plays. Perhaps the most startling as well as the most interesting disclosures, however, are yet to come. In the September number Mr. Reed will answer objections, not only those that have been brought forward in previous public discussions of the subject, but others advanced in his own private correspondence with scholars and literary men on both sides of the Atlantic. Other leading papers in the August Arena are by United States Senator James H. Kyle, Hon. Geo. Fred Williams, M. C., Hon. Wm. T. Ellis, M. C., Gail Hamilton, Mary A. Livermore, Louise Chandler Moulton, Helen H. Gardner, Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace, Frances E. Russell and the Editor of the Arena. In addition to these papers, there is a brilliant symposium on Women's Clubs in America, to which eleven leading American women contribute.

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