

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household

VOL. XX.

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NO. 20

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

BY THE
Kansas News Co.,
Sole proprietors: One Dollar per Year. Three Copies
\$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00.
Three months trial subscriptions, new, 25c.
The Kansas News Co., 835 Kansas Avenue, Topeka,
Mo., is the publisher of the Western
Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other county
weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list, received at lowest
rates. Breeders and manufacturers' cards, of
10 or 12 lines, or less, (25 words) will be printed for
"one year," \$1.00. No order taken for less than
one month.

The deep water convention will be held
in Topeka, October 1.

Figuring on the school census, Horton
claims a population of 6,000.

Glen Miller, Sol Miller's nephew, who
has been traveling in Europe, is to lecture
at Horton.

The bridge across the Wakarusa at Bel-
voir in Douglas County was washed down
stream Friday night. It was an iron
bridge and cost \$3,000.

The lightning killed a horse at Topeka
on Kansas avenue Wednesday morning.
It demolished a large cottonwood tree and
shivered two city electric light poles.

Joe Ort, who was struck by lightning
near St. Mark, Sedgewick county, was
terribly mutilated. His body was almost
split in two pieces and his features were
unrecognizable.

The state tournament of volunteer fire
departments takes place at Ottawa Sept.
17-19. There will be horse races, coupling
contests, hook and ladder races and ladder
climbing.

The insurance companies carrying the
insurance on the Topeka sugar works,
which burned on the 4th day of August,
made a settlement, the companies paying
a total loss under their policies of \$40,
000.

Four white caps have been arrested
near Marian, Ind., charged with assault
and battery upon a woman and her
daughter. Other arrests will be
made.

Russian kerosene has been introduced
into China.

Cotton manufacturing in Japan is
rapidly increasing.

Warren street in New York had a
\$60,000 fire yesterday morning.

Chicago's world's fair scheme has
been incorporated at \$5,000,000.

The chances are that many rail-
roads will be built in China within
the next few years.

A state convention of the Farmers'
Alliance met in Newton this week
with about 200 in attendance.

On Wednesday Governor Humphrey
signed five pardons upon the
recommendation of the state board of
pardons for convicts now imprisoned
in the penitentiary at Lansing.

The recent heavy rains have put
the rail road track between Lawrence
and Topeka in a very bad shape.

Douglas county is doing this year for
the State fair what she has done in the
past for Bismarck, and will give Kansas
counties a tussle for the blue ribbon on
fruits.

A collision on the Rock Island
about a mile west of the Topeka
station, occurred last Sunday after-
noon. By some blunder a locomotive
and pile driver started west just in
time to meet the passenger train.
Express Messenger Courter, of St.
Joseph, was killed, and Fireman Pat
Barney was fatally hurt. Lon Bailey,
a laborer, lost a leg. The damage to
property will amount to \$35,000. The
passenger train was running on time
and the pile driver was "wild."

Judge David S. Terry, who killed
Senator Broderick in a duel in Cali-
fornia, nearly thirty years ago, and
who lately gained some notoriety by
marrying Senator Sharan's divorced
wife, "Sarah Althea Hill," was him-
self shot through the breast in a de-
pot dining room, in Lathrop, Cal.,
Wednesday morning by Deputy U. S.
Marshal Nagle, who was in company
with U. S. Supreme Court Judge S. S.
Field. Seeing Judge Field, Terry ap-
proached him while at a table, and
slapped him in the face, when he was
instantly shot by Marshal Nagle.
Terry's murder of Broderick was se-
verely condemned at the time, and
now he dies as a fool dieth.

GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR.

The Kansas News Co., 835 Kan-
sas Avenue North, publishers of city
and suburban newspapers, are
now proprietors of and are publish-
ing the following weekly papers:

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS, an agri-
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circulation, established twenty years.
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RICHLAND NEWS.
TOPEKA NEWS.

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Family Recipes, or a copy of Scrib-
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our compliment. If ordered by
mail send five cents extra for mailing
the book.

We lead, and don't you forget it.
KANSAS NEWS CO.,
835 Kansas Avenue,
North Topeka.

The State Temperance Union met
this week, but its action carried no
weight. It ought to be disbanded.
Its days of usefulness are over. The
attendance consisted of a few Topeka
citizens. When one remembers
what the State Temperance Union
was, and then sees what it is, the
comparison is so painful that one can
only wish to see it drop into forget-
fulness.

Mr. Marriot, a gentleman living
about two miles west of Lawrence
met with an accident Monday
evening which came near ending his life.
He was crossing the Baldwin bridge
on Mud creek and had passed the
bridge in safety, but the water had
overflowed the banks and there was
a strong current sweeping over the
approach to the bridge. In this the
horse and buggy were carried off but
lodged against a fence and here Mr.
Marriot managed to seize a post and
kept from being carried further down.
He called for help but it was an hour
before he was heard and another
hour before the neighbors in the
vicinity could rescue him. By means
of ropes he was at last pulled out of
his perilous position.

A tramp emptied two revolvers at
an old merchant named Pego, at Ad-
mar, Neb., in an attempt to rob him.
A posse of twelve men has gone in
pursuit, and a reward of \$300 is of-
fered. Pego has a bullet in his skull
but is likely to survive.

Preserve the Woodland.

Our country is notorious for wasteful-
ness. One of the most evident and inex-
cusable of these wastes is so common
that one cannot avoid seeing examples of
it on looking out over the fields almost
everywhere through a car window. The
timber is cut off a piece of land with
the intention, perhaps, of seeding the ground
with grass for pasture until the stumps
rot. But the brush remains and L. soon
overgrown with briars and weeds, while
cattle find nothing eatable but the sprouts
from the tree stumps, which they soon ef-
fectively suppress, leaving a hideous
waste, a disgust to the owner and a blot
on the landscape. If a wire or two had
been stretched around the "chopping,"
there would soon have been a thick,
handsome piece of woods again, annually
increasing in value and feeding the soil.

A late writer commenting on the de-
plorable destruction of all undergrowth
and young timber on so-called timber
land, by giving cattle the run of it and
exposing the surface to wind and sun, so
that little or no water of rains is ab-
sorbed, puts in a plea for the boys, the
best of all the crops of the farm, who
find interest and enjoyment in having
now and then some sport in hunting
small game in well preserved woodland
full of underbrush shelter. Preserve the
woodland.—Vict's Magazine for August.

CIRCUS EXPENSES.

What It Costs to Run a Show Like
Adam Forepaugh's.

R. C. Campbell, the veteran theatrical
and circus agent, now in command of the
Forepaugh's Wild West advance forces, in
conversing about the cost of conducting a
circus, at a popular downtown resort,
last night, remarked:

"Fifteen years ago the transition from
traveling with wagon to traveling by
rail began in earnest, and to-day there
are no wagon shows of any importance.
All big circuses travel now entirely by
railroad, and whereas before they trans-
ported their outfits on eight to twenty
wagons, to-day they own from 30 to 60
cars and employ from 200 to 1,000 men.
It would be a difficult matter for a
wagon show to exist now, the
public has become so accustomed to
the multiple ring circuses and
hippodromes—shows like Forepaugh's.
There are now invested in the circus
business about six million dollars. To
purchase a show of the size of Adam Fore-
paugh's would cost in round numbers a
million dollars, and a half million more
would be needed for the three railway
trains and the winter quarters plant,
and then \$4,000 a day would be necessary
to defray the running expenses. When
the Forepaugh show traveled with wag-
ons—and in those days, as now, it was
the largest on the road—its daily ex-
penses were not over \$700, but the receipts
were correspondingly small; then one ad-
vertising wagon was sent ahead, and not
over three or four men went with it; they
carried all the printing and did all the
advance advertising; now we send in
advance four advertising cars, specially
constructed for the work, each car carry-
ing twenty men, and thousands of dollars
worth of elegant and expensive pictorial
working. In a city like Philadelphia, for
instance, the cost of the printing used ex-
ceeds four thousand dollars, and the cost
of bill-boards, etc., will amount to as
much more. Newspaper advertising and
railroad transportation are heavy items
in the current expenses; we make con-
tracts with the roads at so much a run,
and outside of New England aim not to
exhibit at points within fifty miles of
each other.

"Yes," concluded Mr. Campbell, "of all
forms of public amusement none require
so much capital as the big tented aggrega-
tion, like this, and when the cost, magni-
tude and variety of the exhibition are
taken into consideration, there is no form
of amusement that gives so much in quan-
tity and quality, and a dozen old-fashion-
ed museums and shows combined cannot
produce an entertainment equal to an
exhibition of the huge Forepaugh-Wild
West combination.

In Topeka August 29.

While Professor Hayden was ex-
ploring the land of the Sioux Indians
some years ago, he once wandered
away from his party; he had loaded
himself down with large specimens
of mineral, and while tramping along
in his absent-minded way the Indians
captured him. They hooped and
yelled at their prize at first, but upon
seeing all the "rocks and worthless
stones" which the poor man was
staggering under, and his composed
abstracted manner, they decided that
he was "afflicted with a foolish mind."
They took him without protest
on his part, which only confirmed
their fears; and after a few hours'
captivity the old scientist with "his
rocks" was led to the nearest point
of civilization, and "turned loose"
lest the Great Spirit should punish
them for "any harm done the fool-
ish or simple-minded."

Senator Ingalls does not publish
that original letter that would show
just how great a change was made in
it, but he writes another one trying
to explain matters, which will be
hardly more satisfactory than the
first one. It will not pay for the
Senator to hedge.

The latest swindle upon the unsuspect-
ing farmer is worked by a gang of swin-
dlers who ask permission to store a quan-
tity of pitchforks, and such permission
being granted, ask for a receipt, just to
show their employers where they are
stored, you know. If the farmer gives a
receipt he soon finds out that he has
contracted to buy the forks, which are of
a poor quality, at an exorbitant price.—
Holt's Signal.

TOPEKA BUSINESS COLLEGE
SHORTHAND
INSURANCE

321 & 523 QUINCY ST.
E. ROUDEBUSH,
BUSINESS MANAGER.
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Send at once for Journal and Catalogue.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

Why It Failed.
Mr. Charles J. Murphy who pro-
posed to erect a corn palace at the
Paris exposition to be devoted to a
display of the various uses of In-
dian corn as a food article, writes
from Paris under date of August 1
explaining why the exhibition failed
of success. Mr. Murphy says:
"Ever since the Paris exposition of
1878, when the United States made a
very poor agricultural showing, I
have waited for an opportune time
to exemplify to the world what could
be done with our Indian corn as a
human food. I concluded the time
had come for this display at the Paris
exposition. I laid my plans before
the New York produce exchange,
the president of which appointed a
committee with Ex-Mayor Franklin
as chairman to further my plans.
I then went west and made appeals
to the produce exchanges of the corn
growing states to help us with sub-
scriptions. Circulars were also sent
by the New York committee to some
eighteen of these commercial bodies,
including Baltimore and New
Orleans, urging assistance. The
principal produce exchange and
board of trade in the west appointed
committees to solicit subscriptions,
and the only money raised was \$350
at Buffalo, which was afterwards re-
turned. New York City subscribed
\$1,050. Congressman Townshend
of Illinois, introduced a bill in Con-
gress proposing to grant a special
appropriation, but Congress adjourned
without acting. Similar bills
were then introduced in the legisla-
tures of Ohio and Illinois, but they
too, failed of passage. I then came
to Paris in hopes that Gen. Franklin,
the U. S. commissioner would at
least erect the building at a cost of
\$25,000 out of the \$250,000 appro-
priated by Congress, but he refused
to give one dollar for the exhibit
which would have been of more
practical value to the farming interest
of the U. S. than all the other Amer-
ican exhibits (such as they are) com-
bined.

The French authorities generously
gave the site without charge which
they valued at \$12,000. It is to be
regretted that a movement should
fail which if successful, to use the
words of the United States com-
missioner of agriculture, would en-
hance the value of every acre of the
land in the corn belts.

In conclusion I would like to make
my last grateful acknowledgement
to the press of the whole country
who gave the movement their heart-
iest support.

A large, illustrated cata-
logue of the Lawrence Busi-
ness College, containing com-
plete information regarding
the institution will be mailed
to any address Free.

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WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair faces are de-
clined in beauty owing to undeveloped
features, flat busts, etc., which can be
remedied by using

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It is impossible to give a full descrip-
tion in an advertisement. Send for
stamp for a descriptive circular, and
receive "Beauty," a Monograph, with
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MENTION THIS PAPER

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More kinds and sizes of Mills and Evaporators,
for Sorghum and Sugar Cane, are made by The
Hymyer Iron Works Co., of Cincinnati, O.,
than by any other works in the world. They are
the sole makers of the Victor, Great Western,
Niles Mills, the Genuine Cook Evaporator, and the
Automatic Cook Evaporator. Send for Catalogue,
Prices, and The Sorghum Hand Book for 1889.

FRUIT QUEEN
STEAM EVAPORATOR
For Cook Sorghum. NEW NOVEL. PERFECT.
THE ZIMMERMAN MACHINE CO., Cincinnati, O.

An Artistic Number.

This week's Frank Leslie's Illustrated
Newspaper shows a strong artistic taste.
Its pictures and letter-press are equally
interesting. The Highland Light, a most
picturesque light-house; a splendid like-
ness of Mrs. Byles, a leading New York
society lady; President Harrison's visit at
Bar Harbor; an old Jinksman, drawn by
Sheppard; the Cricket Plague in Algeria;
these illustrations, with the answer of Dr.
Deems, make it the best number under
the new proprietors.

A medicine prepared for the general
public should contain nothing harmful in
any dose. Such a medicine is Shallen-
berger's Antidote for Malaria; it destroys
Malaria as water puts out fire, and is just
as harmless. Sold by Druggists.

IN THE DARK.

O, in the depths of midnight,
What fancies haunt the brain,
When even the sigh of the sleeper
Sounds like a sign of pain.
A sense of awe and wonder
I may never well define,
For the thoughts that come in the shadows
Never come in the shine.
The old clock down in the parlor
Like a sleepless mourner grieves,
And the seconds drip in silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.
And I think of the hands that signal,
The hours there in the gloom,
And wonder what angel watchers
Wait in the darkened room.
And I think of the smiling faces
That used to watch and wait,
Till the click of the clock was answered
By the click of the opening gate.
They are not there now in the evening,
Morning or noon—not there;
Yet I know that they keep their vigil—
And wait for me somewhere.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FATHER AND SON.

An Incident in Real Life.
One night last winter, while pursuing my way along one of the most obscure streets in Boston, I was aroused from the reverie in which I was indulging by hearing light footsteps close by my side. Turning quickly, I beheld a young girl, apparently not more than twelve years old, following as if she was anxious to speak to me, and when I observed by the dim light of a neighboring street lamp, that she was poorly-clad, trembling, thin and pale, I asked her, in a tone of kindness, what she wanted.
"If you please," she replied, in a voice that was almost choked with sobs, yet struck me as peculiarly soft and silver-toned, "if you please, sir, will you go back with me just a little way, and see my father, who is very sick?"
"What is the matter with your father?" I asked, fearful of being deceived.
"Oh, sir, I don't know," she answered, in the same tones as before, "but I fear he is going to die."
The earnest manner of the broken-hearted girl made me ashamed of having doubted her at first, and I resolved to comply with her request. I was in just the mood for some adventure where there was an opportunity of accomplishing an object of benevolence, and I willingly followed my timid, sorrowful little guide back to her home.
The girl led me into a small and somewhat dilapidated house, and invited me to ascend a small and narrow staircase. At the head of the stairs I heard her groping about until her hand touched the latch of a door, which she opened, asking me in a low voice to follow her into the room.
I did so, and found myself in a humble apartment, where scrupulous neatness seemed struggling against absolute want. The dim light of a flickering lamp which stood on a small table near the door, revealed to me the scanty furniture, which I found to consist of a few chairs, the table already mentioned, and among other articles of minor importance, a bed in the most retired part of the room.
The girl stepped along before me and pointed to the bed.
"Come this way, sir, if you please," she whispered; "here is father."
As she turned to approach the bedside of the sufferer, to apprise him of my presence, I silently brushed away a tear which the sight of her grief-worn, pallid cheeks, and eyes red with much weeping, caused to start through my eyelids.
My youthful guide bent over the sick man, and laying her cheek close to his, while her arms encircled his neck, whispered something in his ear. A moment after she arose, and placing a chair at the bedside, begged me to approach.
Seating myself in the chair she placed for me, I took the hand of the invalid, and gazed for the first time full upon his face. I shall never forget the spectacle. Although much emaciated, his features betrayed the spirit of pride in the midst of poverty, of resolution in adversity, and of the stern endurance, during his moments of agony, which dwelt within his breast.
I was about to address him, when he cut me short by speaking first.
"You find me in a bad condition, sir," said he, with a smile I thought rather bitter. "I can't deny that I am actually crushed by sickness and misfortune; this you will readily believe, for I could never have stooped to ask assistance of any one, had I not been perfectly helpless. And even now, sir, I doubt whether I would not have died before asking a favor of anyone, had it not been for the broken-hearted girl who conducted you hither."
I cannot describe my sensations on hearing these words, so full of pride and candor, fall from the lips of a man who might be dying. It was plain to be seen that the invalid had once seen better days, and moved in circles of refinement, and I was sure that his intellect was of the finest order. It was owing to these peculiar circumstances of the case, that I became deeply interested in my new acquaintances, and felt anxious to relieve them, and at the same time to learn something of their history. After conversing with the invalid for a few moments he intimated to me that he would willingly let me into the secrets of his history, provided the girl was not present to listen.
Accordingly, I directed "little Hetty," as the old man called her, to go for a

physician of my acquaintance, telling her I would stay by her father until she returned. The night was not cold, and I felt that it would benefit her body and divert her mind to take a walk in the city, with the ways of which she was very well acquainted.
Hetty had scarcely left the house, when the door-bell rang. The sick man said the lower part of the house was not occupied, and requested me to see who was at the door.
Carrying a lamp in my hand, I proceeded down the stairs. I found a well-dressed gentleman at the door, who seemed surprised on seeing me in such a place.
"Does Mr. Farley reside here?" he asked.
"I don't know that he does," I replied.
"Well, then, is there more than one family living in the house?"
"There is only one family, I believe."
"And you don't know whether the name of the family is Farley or not," said the stranger, with a smile.
I saw the drift of his remark, and replied that I was not acquainted in the house, never having been there before.
"The name of the family may be Farley," said I, "but I have not heard it. All I know is, there is an old man and his daughter, and he calls the girl 'Hetty.'"
"The same," said the stranger; "he is the man I would see."
Hoping he might bring relief to my new acquaintances, I readily conducted him up the stairs, and into the apartment I had left.
On approaching the bedside, I found that Mr. Farley had fallen asleep during my absence from the room.
"Let me sit here," said the stranger, quietly seating himself at the foot of the bed, shading his brow, which I observed betrayed some emotion, "and do not tell the old man I am here. It is the girl I would see, and I will wait here until she returns."
Scarcely was the stranger seated, when, as I approached the bedside, the invalid awoke.
"You must know," said he, continuing the subject of his history in a manner which showed that his slumber had been light, "you must know that I have not always been in the condition of poverty in which you now see me. I was once in excellent circumstances, and enjoyed a high standing in society."
"How did you become reduced?" I asked.
"By a series of misfortunes, of which I need not to tell you. By degrees I lost, until I became quite fortuneless—quite friendless."
"Is the girl who brought me here your only child?" I inquired.
"Ah! it is of that I would speak," sighed the sick man, pressing my hand. "I had another child—a son."
"And he is dead?"
"No—but he is dead to me. I lost him through my pride—my worse than folly."
"Where is he now?"
"Alas! I know not!"
"He has deserted you?"
"No—I drove him from my door. It was in my days of pride and influence that I disowned him and cast him off penniless."
The old man pressed his feeble hand upon his brow, as if to still its throbbing, and closed his eyes with a suppressed groan.
"I loved my son," he continued, after a pause—"I was proud of him, too, but even he could not change the firmness of my will. It is that which has estranged us."
"In what manner?"
"Can you not guess?" Had you known William, you would have discovered before this. His generous soul, so unlike my own, was totally free from family pride and prejudice to which I owe my ruin. He had no idea of the aristocracy of wealth, and when he found among the laboring classes a maiden whom he thought might make him happy, he cared not for her humble condition, but resolved to win her heart and hand."
"And you opposed him?"
"Firmly—bitterly—blindly opposed him!" exclaimed the old man. "He was a major, and I could not enforce my commands, but I threatened, little thinking my threats were vain. I told him in a moment of calmness that the hour which saw him united to the poor girl he was wooing, saw him no longer my son. But his soul like mine, was above compulsion; and unlike mine, it scorned the allurements of wealth. He believed that toil and poverty were honorable, and that 'worth was oftener found with them than with luxury and riches. He trusted that he had found a priceless jewel in the person of the humble girl he loved, and he boldly and unhesitatingly offered her his heart and hand, although he knew I would disinherit him!"
"And he married her?"
"Yes; and from that time I have never seen him! He provided a home for himself and wife in Boston, and wrote me a letter. In that he begged me to excuse—he did not say forgive—his acting against my wishes, but said not a word—not a syllable about being received once more as my son and heir. He ended by inviting me to visit him in his new but humble home, and expressed a desire that we might live on friendly terms. I was too proud to visit him, and he never saw fit to cross my threshold again!"
"And he continued to reside in Boston—in the same city with you, his father?"
"Yes, for a time; but he was poor, and could not bear, I presume, the sight of those of his old associates who ceased to know him when he was no

longer able to live in style. He scorned them, it is true; but he hated the sight of them, and therefore removed from the city."
"And he never came to you or wrote to you afterwards?" said I.
"Never. The last I heard of him he was in New York, and in tolerable circumstances. Oh, what a triumph it would be to him could he see me thus reduced—shorn of my pride and former wealth!"
"You see I am now left alone in the unfriendly world with the child who brought you hither. As my riches failed me, being swept away by misfortunes, my old friends dropped off one by one; and now sickness has reduced me to the helpless, miserable condition in which you behold me. There is not an individual living who cares for me or mine! You have already shown some kindness to us—for which heaven reward you! but you are the only one—the only one!"
The sick man turned his eyes upwards, then closed them with a sigh.
At this moment I observed that the stranger, who at first seemed to take no interest in the old man's story, had at length drawn his chair close to the bedside, as if to listen.
"My pride is humbled now," resumed the invalid, after a long pause. "I think I might be brought to ask relief of the very son I have disowned. O God! how just has been my punishment! to think that he, whom I cast off, is now, in all probability, able to laugh at my fall in the midst of his growing prosperity. But think you he would do it? Think you my William, who was once my joy and pride, would have the heart to triumph over me in my misery?"
"No, he would not," said a deep, earnest voice behind me, which made me start.
On looking around, I saw the stranger or I had admitted approaching the bedside. As the light fell upon his brow, I beheld it was dark with agony, and there was a tear glistening in his eye.
"Who spoke? what voice was that?" demanded the invalid, turning on his pillow.
I made way for the stranger, and he drew near the bed. He bent over the form of the old man, and their eyes met.
"It was I who spoke," said the stranger, in hurried, husky tones; "it was my voice."
The old man stared at him wildly.
"And who are you?" he demanded.
"Do you not know me?" murmured the other. "O God! that it should come to this—that I am forgotten by my father!"
"William! my son William!" sobbed the invalid—"Oh, my injured—my noble and forgiving boy!"
The old man's voice was choked by sobs, as with his feeble arms he drew his son more closely to his bosom. I turned away to dash aside the tears which came to my eyes, dimming my sight; and when I looked again, near a minute after, I beheld the father and son still locked in each other's arms. As I contemplated that silent, heart-felt embrace, I felt my eyes fill again and my bosom heave with sympathy.
"Oh, my son!" murmured the invalid, at length, "what good angel has brought you hither? I am no longer what I once was, but a humble, miserable wretch. Adversity has taught me a deep and holy lesson; and it is now with joy, and not with pain, that I ask you to forgive me."
"Father! father!" interrupted the young man, in a voice of agony, "speak not of the past! Let us forgive and forget! Both of us may have been in fault, but the days of our estrangement are past now; we are father and son once more!"
"God bless you! oh, my child!" murmured the old man. "God bless you!"
"I am come," resumed William, "to repay the debt of gratitude I owe to you."
"The debt of gratitude!"
"Yes; for what does not a son owe to his father—especially to such a father as you were once to me? My mother was taken away when I was young and Hetty but an infant; but you filled her place. You educated me—you did everything in your power to make me happy. Now I am come to repay the debt as freely. I have a dear happy home in New York, to which I will remove you and Hetty, as soon as you are able to leave your bed. Till then, I will see that you are made comfortable here. Oh, I thank heaven for putting it into my heart to come back to Boston and search you out!"
The old man strove to reply to these words of kindness, but could not speak for sobbing. He wept like a child.
My situation during this interview was painful. It was a relief to hear footsteps ascending the stairs, and to see little Hetty enter the moment after.
Seeing two strangers in the room with her father she started back surprised, for she was far from recognizing her brother. The old man saw her, and called her to his side.
William uttered not a word, but stood regarding her in silence.
"My child," said the old man, "do you remember your brother William?"
"Oh, yes," replied the girl, quickly. "I remember him—he was always so kind to me. Don't you wish he was here now, father?"
"My child, he is here!" exclaimed the old man. "This is your brother William."
The girl turned, and when she saw her brother regarding her tenderly and kindly, open his arms to receive her, she flew to his bosom and flung her arms wildly about his neck.
At this moment, my friend, the physician Hetty had gone for, having followed her almost immediately, rang at

the door, and I hastened to conduct him up the stairs.
He gave the sick man encouragement of affording him immediate relief, and having prepared some medicine for his use, took his departure.
Thinking it best to leave the new-united family alone, I rose to depart. The old man and his son thanked me warmly for the interest I had taken in their affairs, and the little girl, as she conducted me to the door and bade me good-night, besought me with tears in her eyes to visit them again.
That night I went home a better man than when I left a few hours before. The lesson I had learned had a peculiar effect upon my mind, teaching me, as it did, the folly of family pride or the pride of wealth, and the divine beauty and sweetness of forgiveness.
When I visited the house again I found a coach at the door, and being admitted by a servant, met little Hetty in the hall, dressed ready for a journey.
The little creature flew to welcome me, and fairly wept with joy.
"Where are you going?" I asked.
"Oh," said she, "father and I are going to New York with brother William. Father has got almost well, so that he can travel. We are going to live with brother, and we shall be so happy!"
At that moment William and his father came down stairs, being ready for a start. Although the old man was leaning on the arm of his son, when he saw me he sprang forward to grasp my hand. William did the same, while Hetty stood by, laughing and weeping by turns, for joy.
I saw them depart; and once more I re-traced my steps homeward, filled with admiration of the old man's proud, stern but generous spirit, the candor, beauty and single-heartedness of the child—but above all, of the young man's nobleness of soul, and of his spirit of true Christian benevolence and forgiveness.—J. T. Trowbridge, in Yankee Blade.

HAVING THE EVIL EYE.

A Familiar Superstition Among the Italians.
Shortly after his election Pius IX., who was then adored by the Romans and perhaps the best-loved man in Italy, was driving through the streets when he happened to glance upward at an open window at which a nurse was standing with a child.
A few minutes afterward the nurse let the child drop and it was killed. No one thought the pope had wished this, but the fancy that he had the evil eye became universal and lasted till his death. In Carniola, if you tell a mother her baby is strong and large for its age, a farmer that his crops are looking well, or a coachman that his team is good, all three will spit at your feet to avert the omen, and, if you understand the custom, you will do the same as an act of politeness.
A person who wandered through Upper Carniola and praised everything he saw would soon come to be considered the most malevolent of men. In Naples the same feeling exists. The terms of endearment which mothers of the lower class used to their children and the pet names they call them by are often so indecent that it would be impossible to reproduce them in English and always so contemptuous that they would be offensive in any other relation.
The well known habit of Neapolitans to offer a guest anything he may praise has probably the same origin. It is, of course, now to a very large extent only a form of courtesy; but even now another feeling lurks behind, at least in a good many cases. Your host has been delighted at your admiration of his possessions; he would have been disappointed if it had not been so warmly expressed as it was; but still he is a little afraid of the ill luck the kind things you have said may bring. By offering the objects you have liked best to you, and receiving your certain refusal to accept them, he puts them in a bad light, and thus counteracts the evil effects of your praise. He says to fate, you see their value is not great, after all.
This superstition, however, is by no means confined to Naples or Italy; it is said to be common in China and Japan, and among negroes and red Indians. Even in England it is not unknown. In fact, in all countries when visiting a sick acquaintance it is better to say, "I am glad to hear you are a little better to-day," than "I am glad to see you looking so much better." Nor is the belief by any means confined to the lower classes. A person who is highly educated, very intelligent, and by no means prejudiced in religious matters, was once asked whether the words acted as an evil charm or whether they merely foretold evil. The reply was: "I don't know; but I do know from experience that whenever anybody tells me I am looking well I fall ill within three days; and the more intimate I am with the person that says it the worse the illness is." There may be a connection between the superstition and that of the evil eye—we are inclined to think there is—but they must not be confounded, as one is often found in districts where the other is unknown.—London Saturday Review.

A French Juryman in England.

It is the immemorial privilege of an alien domiciled in England, if he be arraigned for a criminal offense, to demand that he shall be tried by a jury, one-half of which shall consist of foreigners. In the jury which tried such a man a few weeks ago it was discovered near the end of the trial that one of the foreign members, a Frenchman, could not really understand English at all, and the proceedings went for naught.

SET A BEAR ON FIRE.

The Bear Set a Creek to Blazing and There Was a Fiery Time Generally.
"Folks may not know it," was the remark of a man from the oil regions to a New York Sun man, "but bears can swim like ducks. I don't know whether they can dive or not, but if they can one bear that I remember made the mistake of his life once by not diving, and that not only but in not swimming under water from one bank of the stream he was in to the other bank before he came out again. The fate of that bear was a fearful one and a warning to all of the bear family to stick to terra firma in the oil regions."
"I was one of the first seekers after riches that went up along the Cherry Tree run in Venango county to put down oil wells. Good paying territory been found and a number of wells put down in the vicinity of Cherry Tree. Trout fishing was excellent in those mountain streams then, oil not having yet been produced along them in sufficient quantities to mingle with the water and spoil it for fishing. I was an enthusiastic trout fisherman, and one day in June, early in the days of the rush to the Oil Creek valley, a friend of mine and I went very near to the headwaters of one of the small creeks that emptied into Cherry Tree run for a big day's fishing. It was getting along toward dark by the time we had fished to the mouth of the creek, and we were loaded down with trout, and about as near tired out as two vigorous young men could well be. In fact, we were so near tuckered out that we concluded to camp at the mouth of the creek for the night, although we were within three miles of the shanty where we were sinking a well. We ate a hearty supper of trout, built a big camp fire, and lay down on the ground by the side of it to sleep. The fire threw a glare clear across Cherry Tree run, which was wide and deep there.
"I wasn't long in falling asleep. I never knew what woke me up, but I awoke suddenly in the night, suddenly and wide. The camp-fire was still burning brightly, and as I lay there looking at the broad pathway of light it cast across the run I saw the water where the light rested upon it suddenly become agitated, and I soon became aware that some big object was swimming the stream and coming directly toward where we were lying. It was a spooky sort of situation, and, to tell the truth, I was scared, so much so that I couldn't stir. I lay there scarcely daring to breathe, with my eyes fixed on the approaching object. It pulled deliberately across the creek, and as it crawled out on the shore I discovered that it was an enormous bear. He didn't pause for a second, but slouched right on toward the fire, evidently prompted by genuine bear curiosity. The spot where he had camped wasn't more than twenty feet from either stream. The appearance of the big bear and his advance upon our camp broke the spell under which I had been lying and I sprang to my feet, grabbed a blazing stick from the fire, and hurled it at the approaching animal, which was then almost an arm's length of me. The brand struck the bear. If I had been frightened at the first appearance of the animal in the run I was simply terrified when the burning stick hit him, for like a flash of gunpowder the poor beast burst into flames from snout to tail.
"With a howl that filled the woods with frightful echoes and brought my sleeping friend to his feet in terror, the blazing bear turned and fled to the creek and jumped into the water. If he had expected to find here he was woefully mistaken, for in an instant the creek from bank to bank and far above and below us became a line of leaping fire, lighting up the gloom of the forest for rods on either side and forming one of the most awful spectacles I ever witnessed and such a one as I never hope to witness again. There came from that roaring stream of flame one long, unearthly wail of agony. For a second we saw the blazing form of the wretched bear writhe in torture in the burning creek. Then we saw and heard him no more. The terrible heat from the fire drove us back into the woods, where we remained for an hour or more, two terror-stricken, trembling spectators of that sudden apparition of flame. Then it died gradually away and became extinct, leaving upon us such a sense of gloom and ghostliness that neither of us had the courage to remain longer on the spot, and we lost no time in making our way in the darkness to our shanty up the creek.
"We learned, on reaching there, that an oil tank had sprung a leak that evening, and before it could be stopped a great quantity of oil had run into the stream and floated down on the surface. The unfortunate bear had struck this inflammable stuff when he swam the creek, and his fur had become saturated with it. My firebrand had ignited it instantly, and in jumping back into the creek, all ablaze, the bear had set the whole oily surface on fire, and met his frightful fate."

Storing Water in Montana.

It is a problem in Montana how and where to procure and stow away for summer use sufficient water for mining and irrigation purposes and the national government has undertaken to solve it. A corps of engineers has been sent to survey and examine the facilities for building reservoirs and estimate the water supply. The rainfall this season has been very small and placer mining has been almost abandoned.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Good Farm Teams.

No good farming is possible without good teams. The attention given to horse breeding must, therefore, be the basis of any attempts to improve farm methods. So large a part of farm work is now done by horse labor that the efficiency of farm help is necessarily measured by that of the teams they use. It does not pay to employ men at high wages to follow teams unable to do a full day's work. Some of the improved agricultural implements are very heavy, and some of them require three strong horses to draw them. Even in lighter work there is an advantage wherever possible of using two horses in place of one, or three in place of two. Western farmers who have little turning about to do cultivate corn with two horses, the team straddling the rows. In this way the frequent resting required when only one horse is used is avoided. Plowing should be done with plows adapted to three horses. On naked stubble the surface may be cultivated rather than plowed, and a strong team will enable the driver to take a broader sweep across the field.

Strength, however, is not all that is required, else we might find it in oxen. Activity and what may be called nerve force tells in hard work whether for men or horses. It is not always the largest men who can do the most manual labor. Great size may be fat rather than muscle, and in muscle even there is a wide difference in character and fibre. An active, intelligent man will endure greater hardship and accomplish more than one who may look to the unpracticed eye much stronger. It is so with teams. While popular fancy just at present seeks extra heavy horses of the Percheron or Clydesdale breeds, a reaction is surely coming which will require less bulk and more nerve vigor and toughness. The very heaviest horses are the most apt to go wrong in their feet. Their weight unfits them for service on hard roads. The Morgan breed of horses are excellent for farm work, and some of the best of them will outpull much larger animals of breeds good for nothing except for draft.

No idea can be more mistaken than is the one held by some old-fashioned farmers that the race horse is necessarily worthless except for his own specialty. Great speed means immense muscular power, and also the nervous energy to give it greater effectiveness. There may be too much nervousness in the best trotting stock to take kindly to the steady pull of hard farm work; but the ability is there if rightly trained. It is easily possible that good trotting stock may in a few years be used as sires on the heavier breeds of draft horses, to make a grade better adapted than any we now have for ordinary farm work, a horse that combines more of nervous energy with all the strength possessed by the present average horse kept for draft purposes. American Cultivator.

Pigs in Manure Beds.

The Live Stock Journal says: "Men who erect stables with a projection over a side-wall of the basement under which they keep the manure, and give the swine access to this as a sleeping place at night, or, for that matter, at any time, may as well erect a dead-fall, to besprinkle when they are fairly under. Such a hot-bed for a sleeping place should be fenced against as you would fence them from a pit having death damp at its bottom. Pigs and dams raise from such a place in the morning coughing. Congestion of the bowels, with mucous discharges, follows, or congestion of the lungs and bronchial cough, comes as a natural consequence. We have had personal knowledge of many such cases of mismanagement, resulting as stated, in one of which a breeder lost \$2,000 or more in value of breeding swine within a period of three months.

"Hence, while sows and pigs are given the range of pasture or a shaded timber lot, which latter is infinitely better than an unsheltered pasture although containing the best of clover or other feed, care should be taken that they have a home to go to at night where they will be sure of a dry nest in any weather. This means, of course, shelter of such kind as will turn rain, while it also means that the surface to lie upon, be it plank or earth, is clean and dry, and covered with dry straw. After pigs attain the age of a few weeks, they should have the liberty of a run to grass or timber. On this plan the milk of the mother will be healthy, and under any reasonable care in the general conditions as to shelter at night and in bad weather, good water, and suitable food, the pig stock should go through the fall in good shape and enter upon the wintering in every way suited to meet the winter's conditions."

Farm Notes.

If there is only a small patch of quack grass or Canada thistle, mulching heavily will suppress it better than cultivation. Do not try to destroy the top that may have grown. If this is well covered it begins to rot, and this decay rapidly extends toward the root. Whenever more green appears above the surface cover that also. One season of this treatment will destroy the weeds and enrich the soil.

The case cited by the Western New York Horticultural society of black rot, caused by the application of barnyard manure, is probably a mistake. The ferment of the manure might well aggravate the spread of the fungus which causes rot, but cannot itself produce injury. Barnyard manure has never been used without injury. Now

perhaps it is well to be careful in its use and apply mineral manures more liberally.

We do not wish to discourage the canning industry; but it is absurd to put up so much fruit in summer as to neglect having an abundance of it on the table in its season. Most fruits are better uncooked than cooked, and this is especially true of those ripening in summer. It is harder to keep these summer fruits through the year, and with the best of care a larger proportion will ferment than of those put up after colder weather comes in the fall.

The value of skimmed milk for feed is much better understood than it used to be. Once it was fed almost exclusively to pigs, and that with little other food. It made the pig grow, but not better than ground corn and oats mixed with wheat bran. A more profitable use of milk is to feed it to hens for egg production. If kept sweet, the milk may be more profitably fed to cows, who soon learn to like it. It is also good for growing calves and heifers up to the time they come in milk themselves.

There is a wide difference in the breeding capacity of sows. Perhaps they vary almost as greatly as do cows in their milking capacity. This is largely the result of feeding and breeding. Too much corn feeding tends to fat, and this is one reason why, before western feeders learned what was the matter, they had to replenish their stock from the east, where less corn and more milk and bran was the staple feed. After the milk tendency is established it is undoubtedly hereditary. A sow from a good mother with a long body will herself be, with due care, probably a good mother also.

The area in which barley can be successfully grown is smaller than is supposed. It is a very uncertain crop in most parts of the United States. When it entirely succeeds, barley pays better than oats, but in most localities its proportion of failure is much larger. The barley from Presque Isle in Canada is generally heavier and of better quality than that grown here. Some years the Canadian barley is badly stained, and then resort is had to California, where a wet harvest is never known. Occasionally the wet season is shortened too much, and this lightens the crop, but as a rule, on rich, well-tilled ground free from weeds, barley is better without rains the last three weeks of its growth. If it can have cool weather for filling it will be better than moisture even for weight of grain.—American Cultivator.

The Household.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Warm the fruit, mash it well in an earthen jar, and boil twenty minutes. Then to every pound of fruit use three-fourths of a pound of sugar. After this is put in, let it boil till by taking some out on a plate to try it no juice gathers about it. Then it is ready to put away, as you would jelly, in glasses or stone jars. Seal with paper dipped in the white of an egg, when it is quite cool.

GREEN PEA PANCAKES.—A cup of boiled green peas, rubbed smooth with a teaspoonful of butter and season with salt and pepper; should have been put aside after dinner yesterday for this purpose. Mix with it now a cupful of milk, two beaten eggs and three tablespoonsful of prepared flour. Beat to a soft batter and bake as you would griddle cakes.

PICKLING BEANS.—Let the beans get quite large in the pod, but not so old that the pod is hard. Boil till tender, but not enough to go to pieces. Pour the water off and place the beans on end in the can. Add salt and pepper and bring the vinegar to a boil; pour over them and seal up.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Pick the gooseberries just as they begin to turn. Stem, wash and weigh. To four pounds of fruit add half a teacup of water; boil until soft, and add four pounds of sugar and boil until clear. If packed at the right stage the jam will be amber colored and firm, and very much nicer than if the fruit is preserved when ripe.

Sweet Little Somebody.

Somebody crawls into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day,
Snuggles up and whispers loud,
"Somebody's come to stay."
Somebody rushes through the house,
Never once snuts the door,
Scatters her playthings all around
Over the nursery floor.
Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes—
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate and makes mud pies—
Who can somebody be?
Somebody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair;
"Somebody's me," she says, "but then,
Somebody doesn't care."
—Albany Journal.

Mistaken Anyhow.

"Will you pass me the butter, please?" asked a seedy-looking stranger of a snob at a restaurant table.
"That's the waiter over there, sir," was the supercilious reply.
"I beg your pardon," returned the stranger, "I did make a mistake!"
"You're only adding insult, sir," broke in the snob; "nothing could induce me to believe that you mistook me for a waiter!"
"Certainly not," returned the stranger, "I mistook you for a gentleman!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Worried to Death.

A woman at Ephratah, Pa., has died from brain trouble occasioned by worry over reading about the Johnstown disaster, though she had no friends there.

THE SEXES NORTH AND SOUTH.

Some valuable Statistics in Regard to Men and Women.

In 1880 there were 50,000,000 people in this country, and about 882,000 more males than females. That was only because more males were born; the females live the longest. Of the centenarians 1,400 were men and 2,907 were women. The boys start out nearly 1,000,000 ahead, and remain in the majority until the sixteenth year when the girls are a little more numerous. Sweet 16 is a numerous age anyhow. After the first one and then the other is in that majority, the girls gradually gaining after 36 and leaving the men far behind after 75. To balance this longevity of the females in almost every state a few more boys are born; not many more, but always a few. It is astonishing to see when the census gives thousands and hundreds of thousands of boys and girls under 1 year old there are, with one or two exceptions, always a few hundred more boys, and only a few hundred more.

In only six of the forty-nine states and territories are more girls born, and in these states they are slightly in excess from eleven to eighty. These exceptions are Arizona, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Montana and North Carolina. The fact that the females are in the majority in all the original thirteen states but Delaware and North Carolina, especially in Massachusetts and New England, has created the impression that there is something in the climate or in the people that produces more women than men. This is a popular but egregious error. In Massachusetts there were in 1880, 437 more boys than girls under one year of age.

The males are in the minority in almost all the eastern states, because many of the young men go west. All over the west there is an excess of men, and those who are not foreigners have been withdrawn from the states farther east. In the new states and territories this is most noticeable. In Idaho, for instance, there are twice as many males as females, but the male infants are only a little in excess of the females. The west is drawing heavily on the manhood of the east. From this all the old states have suffered. Massachusetts seems to have lost more than any.

There are parts of northern Ohio which are portions of New England removed. Massachusetts shows the loss and Ohio shows the gain. Another curious fact is that while over the country more boys than girls are born, in the cities and towns there are more girls. Between the ages of 5 and 17 inclusive there are 4,680 more girls than boys in New York county, 1,708 more in Kings county, 2,725 more in the city of Baltimore, 1,013 in Suffolk county, Mass. (Boston), 2,009 more in Cook county (Chicago), Ill., 2,131 more in the city of St. Louis, 2,971 more in Philadelphia county and 2,633 more in the parish of Orleans. All these cities, except New Orleans, are in states where more boys than girls are born.

In Georgia there are 137 counties, and in all but twenty-six of them there are more boys than girls. These twenty-six counties include the eleven large towns and cities. Strange that not one of the cities should be left out. Strange, or still the excess of girls is about in proportion to population. Savannah leads off with 528 more girls than boys; Atlanta, 385; Augusta, 303; Macon, 154; Columbus, 131; Cartersville, 122; Rome, 50; Athens, 50; Albany, 16; Griffin, 11, and Americus, 7. Savannah, though she has a somewhat smaller population than Atlanta, has a larger excess of girls. This seems to be peculiar to old cities. It is so with Baltimore, New Orleans and New York. The excess is greater in New Orleans than anywhere else. Is this a peculiarity of the French? The facts present a fact worth studying. Are there fewer men in the cities than in the country?—Philadelphia Times.

Bridge Over the Indus.

The Sukkur or Lansdowne bridge, recently erected over the River Indus, has a main span made up of two cantilevers of 310 feet each and a suspended truss of 200 feet making a total span of 820 feet, the longest of its character in the world. The Indian Engineer says that in this long span, weighing 3,300 tons, the expansion between the abutments amounts to nearly 8 inches, and the nose of the cantilever moves horizontally up and down stream about 2 inches in the course of each day as the one side or the other of the bridge is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. This bridge has, beside the great span, three others of 278 feet, 238 feet, and 94 feet respectively, of ordinary girders resting on piers founded on the rock. Work was commenced in 1883-4, and all except the main span was finished in March, 1885. The staging for the main span was started January 18, 1889 and was finished January 30; erection was commenced February 5. The engineer was Sir A. M. Rendel, and the builders were Westwood & Ballie, of Poplar, London. The total cost of the whole bridge was \$1,528,800. It carries the Indian State Railway over the Indus River.

An Important Discovery.

Bliffers (reading)—"Science now recognizes a condition called 'intoxication by radiation.' Many cases of drunkenness are cited in which the victim had touched nothing alcoholic, but had simply been in the company of drinkers."

Whiffers—"Gee Willikins! Cut that out. I want to show it to my wife."
—New York Weekly.

Suicides.

A recent case of great public interest and now of great notoriety, in which the question of self-murder comes up most prominently, directs much general inquiry to the matter of suicide.

It has been said that the idea of self-destruction has at some time or other presented itself to many persons who would never be thought of in that connection, and a Paris professor once, in lecturing on the subject to a Parisian audience, challenged any person in the assemblage to aver that he or she had never contemplated the probability of committing the act. No contradiction was offered.

Some of the noblest of the ancients committed self-murder when their underlings failed, or to avoid capture by hostile nations. They seldom resorted to it to escape the exposure of their crimes.

The most common cause for suicide among women is the realization that they have been ruined and abandoned by the man to whom they had trusted everything. Nothing is more terrible than this sense of shame aggravated by base desertion. No innocent woman who has been betrayed through her affections can well survive such a blow. But it is a fact that there are three or four times more suicides among men than among women. Women are more religious than men; they are more hopeful; they possess infinitely more fortitude, and when their misfortunes are from no fault of their own, they are far less humiliated and chagrined. Nothing can equal the courage and hopefulness of a good woman in supporting a husband or son who is overwhelmed by misfortune or unmanly by the failure of his plans.

Men, on the contrary, are less spiritual; they are more gross; they are more devoted to material interests and they are more given to an outward show of respectability. A man who has been guilty of a long course of dishonesty without a qualm of conscience will commit suicide at the shame of being found out, especially if the act of exposure should accomplish his pecuniary impoverishment. A man who has wrecked his constitution by excesses and debauchery often resorts to self-murder to escape the mysteries of the physical helplessness he has brought upon himself, otherwise he may be entirely willing to live a wretched invalid and a burden to his friends. Men sometimes die for love lost, but women seldom unless they have been basely betrayed. A woman's pride and fortitude will usually bear her up against a heart-sorrow, however keen if there be no humiliating features. The world is full of patient women with unworthy husbands, but they live on and die and make no sign of their wretchedness. Affection glorifies a woman, and is pardonable, even if wrongly bestowed. Lust debases the sex beyond all the disgrace man can reach. Suicide is quite common to the female victim of ill-placed love, but to the creature of lust it is impossible. A woman whose object in life is pleasure and excitement is scarcely capable of self-murder, save as the termination of a long course of indulgence when life offered nothing more.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Hole in the Wall.

"Tell me about the hole in the wall."
"Well, it was one of the famous institutions of our early days. I'll give you a full history of it—something that has never been told in print. It had its origin in ham and bread. One of the senators suggested to John Beall, who was sergeant at arms away back in the thirties, that it would be a good thing to have a little luncheon set near the hall where hungry Senators could run out and get a bite to eat. So Beall's wife boiled hams and made bread and Beall brought them down and set them up in a circular room just north of the rotunda and on the east side of the corridor. Soon he added pickles, nuts, salads and such little delicacies, and the place became very popular. Then somebody suggested to Beall that there ought to be a bottle of whisky there, and after the whisky had been procured there came a demand for gin, rum, brandy, wine and all sorts of things. In a little while the place became a regular saloon. There was no bar, of course, not even a sideboard, the bottles and demijohns being set in rows on the shelves. For a long time the senators used to go in there and help themselves to whatever they wanted, and the expense was run in under the contingent account, as horse hire or something like that. After a time the stock got so large and popular that it was no uncommon thing to see a dozen senators and their friends in there drinking and having good times. The little room, not more than twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and taking its name from the fact that it was simply a hole in the wall lighted only by one window, was often badly crowded, and a good deal of confusion resulted in the arrangement of the stock, so that the senator who had a favorite brand of liquor had much trouble in finding it. Thus it became necessary to put a man in charge, and after a time the expense became so great that it was not easy to work it off in the contingent account. Then the senators were required to pay for what they got, and after this was done the popularity of the Hole in the Wall fell off very rapidly. But it was kept up until some years after the senate moved into its present chamber in 1859. It is a good thing, I'm thinking, that the walls of that dark little room are dumb!"
—Ohio State Journal.

The "Hicker" is a great moral instrument, and must not be suppressed. It transforms gambling into "business."
—Puck.

A FRENCH FERDINAND WARD.

Jacques Meyer, After Stealing \$1,000,000, Gets Off With a Year in Prison.

A notable trial in Paris has just ended in the conviction and sentence to imprisonment for one year and a fine of \$1,000 of Jacques Meyer, now known as a thorough rascal, but not long ago classed among the most popular and successful financiers of the French capital. The charge against him was the embezzlement of 4,379,921 francs, or nearly \$1,000,000, which had been intrusted to him by some 1,800 different people for investment, and which he had lost in speculations on the bourse and in reckless and extravagant living.

Meyer was the son of tradespeople, his mother keeping a dry-goods shop, but he aspired to other things, and, after getting an education in the higher normal school, he became a tutor. He fought awhile in the war with Germany, and then turned his attention to journalism, writing for various Paris papers. From this he went into finance, and although without capital, managed to secure the place of secretary in the Banque de Paris & des Pays-Bas, with a salary of \$15,000 year. By the time that institution collapsed Meyer had accumulated an indebtedness of \$60,000, a very fair start for a young man who began with out credit enough to get a week's board on tick. Promptly upon the failure of the bank he borrowed \$10,000, more, and with that and his debts for capital he founded the Societe Mobiliere. He hired a certain Baron Chatelain to be the nominal head of his concern and issued circulars promising 3 per cent above ordinary interest upon money intrusted to him. Cash came in so rapidly that he quickly moved from his first modest quarters to a fashionable business locality and established two newspapers, the *Eclair* and the *Echo*, which boomed his bank in discreet but enthusiastic style. More and more money kept coming in and as long as this kept up Meyer was able to meet all his obligations to old depositors with the cash received from the new ones, taking, meantime, liberal toll for himself. He spent vast sums on women and horses and was able to lose \$5,000 at one sitting at baccarat. He was deep in the swim of Paris fashionable life, with entree at all the clubs and opportunities on every hand to rake in new victims for his bank. His reckless speculation on the bourse made him as notorious in financial as he was in fashionable circles, but he bore all his losses without a quiver, and his prosperity seemed on the increase.

One day some one started a suit for breach of trust against him, and as soon as he heard of it, Nov. 14, he fled. The Societe Mobiliere bubble burst in a moment. His bank was a sham. No regular books had been kept, and from the memoranda left behind all that was ascertainable was that he owed nearly a million and had about \$6,000 of assets. There was 25 centimes in his money drawer.

Detectives followed the financier through Guernsey, Liverpool, Manchester, London, Geneva, and Strasbourg, and finally ran him down, thanks to one of his female friends, in La Hulpe, Belgium. There was a long fight in the Belgian courts before he was extradited, but he had to go to Paris and stand trial.

His victims included persons of all classes, with many women and a number of priests. Mme. Archambault had given him \$140,000; Mme. Ladmiral, a Parsian house-owner, lost nearly as much; Christine Nilsson had placed in his hands ninety-one shares of the Northern railroad of France worth over \$50,000; Mile. Nixan, an actress, contributed \$20,000 to his liabilities; the Abbe Robert, incumbent of Mount St. Michael, put his loss at \$11,000; Michel Erlanger, a former tutor of the swindler, had let him have \$34,000 worth of bonds. Victorin Joncieres, the composer; Gen. Turr, M. Gerameng, an engineer, and scores of other persons well known in Paris, with a drove of provincial notaries, priests, doctors, and farmers, were other victims of the affair. So completely had many of these been hoodwinked by the clever and affable swindler that they testified at his trial that they had no doubt of his honesty, and believed that if he had been let alone he would have repaid them all their money with interest. The prisoner himself claimed that he had never meant to swindle any one and that even yet he would be able to pay all he owed; he tried to deny that he had lived extravagantly and claimed that he had resided continuously in his mother's house. When letters from his mistresses and proofs that he had maintained separate establishments for some of them were produced he had nothing to say.

The sensational feature of the trial was the production, by counsel for the prisoner, of letters alleged to have been received by Meyer in Belgium from the proprietors of a certain organ devoted to put a man in charge, and after a time the expense became so great that it was not easy to work it off in the contingent account. Then the senators were required to pay for what they got, and after this was done the popularity of the Hole in the Wall fell off very rapidly. But it was kept up until some years after the senate moved into its present chamber in 1859. It is a good thing, I'm thinking, that the walls of that dark little room are dumb!"
—Ohio State Journal.

An Infallible Sign.

He—"I wonder which of those two young ladies is his sister?"
She—"Why, the brunette, of course. Didn't you notice that she had to put on her wrap herself?"—Somerville Journal.

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—THE KANSAS NEWS CO.—
G. F. KIMBALL, Manager.
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Payments always in advance and papers stop
ped 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 17.

The Topeka pension office is the fourth
in amount of money distributed.

While the Republican party, as a party,
has given the colored race all the favors
they have ever received, yet few voters
can be made to believe that the freedom
of the colored race meant the liberty to
hold office—Wichita Republic.

We are glad to see farmer boys patron-
ize commercial colleges, especially if
they return to the farm. The ideas and
training they get at the commercial
school prove very valuable to them on
the farm—it makes them business men;
business rules and ideas, too few on our
farms, are put to use by the graduates
from a commercial school.

It is quite ridiculous to hear one
paper complain that it does not get
credit for a little reading matter,
worked over from some other paper,
which does not contain a single new
idea.

The Topeka Republican Flambeau
club has just received a communication
from the French legation at Washington
asking them to immediately name a sum
for which they will go to Paris with one
hundred men and give a series of displays
during the closing week of the great
world's exposition. The management of
the exposition have determined to make
the closing week replete with attractions
and immense displays of fire works will
be made nightly. A Flambeau club in
Paris is as rare as an Eiffel tower Topeka
and the French legation has decided that
they must have one and the best one in
the United States. The club will consist
of the proposition. It is thought that
\$25,000 would be the least sum for which
the trip could be made and as the
exposition offers to furnish all fire works
and pay other expenses in Paris, the club
would probably consider the matter seri-
ously if \$25,000 was offered.

It is just as easy for a doctor to be
a simpleton as for any other man.
Now there is a medical man from
Cincinnati, who pronounces the new
"elixir" by Dr. Brown-Sequard, a
fraud. The result, if any is produced,
he says comes from the mind. Every
one knows that many times mental
influence does have much to do with
cures. Sensible doctors know this,
and practice it when they give bread
pills. It does not follow, however,
that this medicine or that is a fraud.
Certain substances applied to some
soils as fertilizers, are perfectly inert.
Some medicines in some systems are
the same. One feature of medical
skill lies in knowing what form or
modifications of medicine to give.
It is not easy to do, hence the
medical field is wonderfully prolific
in blunders.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost says:

"And as between the Socialists and
the so called 'society saviors' my
reason, my conscience and my sym-
pathies are unhesitatingly and decided-
ly with the Socialists. If I must go
with Edward Bellamy, Edward Ever-
ett Hale, T. W. Higginson and Law-
rence Gronlund—Nationalists and
Socialists—or with Benjamin F. Har-
rison, James G. Blaine, John Wan-
maker, Glover Cleveland, David B.
Hill, Samuel Randall and Charles A.
Dana—Republicans and Democrats—
I will go with the former. Because,
as compared with the Republicans and
Democrats the Socialists and
Nationalists are truer patriots.

But I am not obliged to go with
either, although I certainly think the
present tendency of society is toward
Socialism and will continue in that
direction as long as land is monopolized
and so many industries are con-
ducted under public franchises.
And under present circumstances the
tendency is as hopeful as it is natural.
If land cannot be free for use during
occupancy it would be better to have
all ground rents paid to the Govern-
ment. If money cannot be taken out
of the control of the bankers, it is bet-
ter to have it issued by the Govern-
ment only. If it is a question wheth-
er the railroads run the Government
or the Government runs the railroads,
the Government would much better
run the railroads.

But I am not sure that the people
cannot be made to see that there is a
better and shorter road to freedom
than by way of Socialism, viz.: by re-
moving present restrictions and not
putting others in their places. That
is to say, by abolishing statute laws
and trusting to reason, conscience and
fraternal love as the strongest possible
laws for the government of society.

Already the tide has begun to set
in that direction in the Church. The
tendency to-day in the Church is away
from creeds and toward the absolute
freedom of thought. Why may we
not hope that before long the tenden-
cy of the State will be away from
force and toward freedom, away from
law and toward love, away from stat-
utes and toward the rational recogni-
tion of natural rights and natural du-
ties."

Kansas Sugar Industry.

The "Sugar Beet" is a Philadelphia
journal devoted to the beet sugar
interest. In its devotion to that
interest it finds it necessary to decry
the sorghum industry. For example
the last number has this:

We have received from time to
time circulars respecting the certain
future of the sorghum sugar industry
in Kansas. (?) It is stated to be
"the most certain crop that can be
grown in Western Kansas and Colo-
rado. When planted and properly
cultivated the drouth and hot winds
do not effect it, and its maturity is
an absolute certainty." (?) Past
experience differs somewhat with
these assertions.

In another column it says:
"In many of our past discussions
about sorghum, we have strongly
urged that attempts at its utilization
in the Northern States should be
abandoned; that concentrated efforts
for introduction of the plant into a
Southern climate, where frosts were
not to be dreaded, would certainly
result in a larger yield of sugar than
any quantity obtained in Kansas or
other States supposed to be so well
suited for its development."

No one pretends that the sorghum
industry in Kansas is yet an assured
success. But after most careful ex-
periments by scientific investigators
capitalists have felt warranted in ex-
pending large sums of money in works,
and a very encouraging degree of suc-
cess has attended their efforts. It
may be said that more money has been
lost, even in this country, experiment-
ing on beet sugar than on sorghum.
In California it has finally been
brought to success, while it failed in
Illinois. As illustrating the differ-
ence of opinions, we take the follow-
ing from the American Economist of
Washington:

"The cultivation of beets on the
Pacific coast seems to be increasing
satisfactorily, as far as an increased
area planted goes, and the entire
Gulf coast is making large expendi-
tures for improved machinery, in
spite of the threatened adverse legis-
lation of the last congress. A certaint-
y that there would be no interference
against even the present duty, would
doubtless double the amount of sugar
produced on the borders of the Gulf
of Mexico.

"But it is to Kansas and sorghum
that we are looking for the greatest
and most promising results. That
vigorous and enlightened young com-
monwealth, disregarding the precepts
of economists which would confine
all industries to the locality where
they first started, determined to in-
duce "an unnatural and therefore an
unhealthy development of a new
enterprise" in the state, by paying a
bounty on all sugar raised in it. Last
year their two or three mills were
moderately successful. This year
ten new mills, costing \$750,000, are
going into operation and twenty-five
are expected to be erected in time to
handle the crop in 1890.

"Some of the new factories are
getting their machinery in Cleveland,
Ohio; others are buying of Kansas
manufacturers, and an industry in
making sugar machinery is springing
up in the interior of our country that
may yet make some Kansas town as
noted for sugar making machinery as
St. Johnsbury is for scales."

The total expense of running the schools
of Lawrence last year was \$25,402.54.
The amount of money received was \$25,
761.42 and \$35,000 is the amount ap-
propriated for the new high school building.

The liquor rebels are yielding. In
Cincinnati they combined to defy the
Sunday law. A case was made against
one saloon keeper, John Warfinger, but
when the case came up Mr. Thomas, his
attorney, addressing the Court, said:
"Mr. Warfinger is one of these men who
met and openly agreed to violate the law.
They were men who had money invested,
and they thought they were justified in
trying to make money and they were in
some measure excusable. But they were
wrong, and before a week had passed,
they knew they were wrong. They
saw their mistake, and last week another
meeting was held, at which these men,
in the presence of their counsel, by a
unanimous vote, agreed to obey the law
hereafter, and to do everything in its
support that was possible. Now, having
seen the error of their way, they ask for-
giveness and as their representative I
ask the Court to meet them half way by
indefinitely postponing the cases now
pending against them, not to be revived
so long as they obey the law."

Prosecutor Corcoran was glad to hear
this proposition, but suggested that the
suspension be for thirty days, unless there
were further violations. Judge Ermon
was apparently pleased with the course
taken. He made a long address concern-
ing previous efforts to enforce the law,
and concluded by saying: "This law is
a restriction on a business out of which
no good ever came. Its good effects
have been seen by its enforcement, and
now the great body of the people favor
it. We have shown that the law can be
enforced. I am glad to see these men
come forward and ask forgiveness. A
week ago Sunday they almost produced a
bloody riot in this city and would have
done so if it had not been for that gallant
soldier, Chief Deitch and his efficient,
well-disciplined force. These men admit
conspiracy, but they were mistaken and
they acknowledge it. I propose to meet
them half way. I adopt the prosecutor's
suggestion; but add that, if there is no
further violation, there will be no further
prosecution."

When the branches of the tomato
vines look as if the leaves had been
stripped off, make a close search for
the green worm, which is about two
inches long and half an inch in di-
ameter. Unless the worm is caught
it will eat up all the foliage, and as it
is nearly of the color of the vines it is
not easily detected.

Opposition is still made to the ap-
pointment of Prof. Canfield as
Chancellor of the State University on
account of his alleged free trade
ideas. It is not denied in any quarter,
that in other respects the appoint-
ment would be one of the very best.
This seems to be conceded. Now we
ask that the Board of Regents at once
throw aside all consideration of Prof.
Canfield's views on the tariff. They
have no place there. If protectionists
have a right to insist that one in favor
of tariff reform shall not be chancel-
lor, others have the same right to de-
mand that no high tariff advocate
shall have the place. The whole
discussion is out of place. When
President Harrison wanted a man for
Commissioner of Education, he took
W. T. Harris. He could have done
no better. But what if some one had
set up the cry that he has no religion,
—that is not orthodox. The cry
would have been as senseless as that
against Prof. Canfield. At the very
outset some one did claim that no
preacher should be appointed, but that
cry was silenced. Let this equally
absurd nonsense about Prof. Canfield's
tariff views be silenced also. If not,
let it be understood that the free traders
of the state have a right to demand
a chair in the faculty of the
University. If there is to be a
handle on one side of this jug, there
must be one on both sides. If there
is to be none, then let none of these
questions be raised, and let us have
the best Kansas Chancellor for the
Kansas school, and let the very small
side issues take care of themselves.

The talk of the prohibition defeat
in Pennsylvania still continues. If
the liquor interests can find any con-
solation in the result they do well
to make the most of it. Prohibition-
ists are also pleased with the
grand result. A vote of 300,000 in
favor of the amendment has a world of
significance. It means death to any
party that dares to advocate even
high license. There are not an equal
number of open advocates of the
saloon in the whole state. A number
outside of these two classes, far
greater than the 189,000 majority
against the amendment, are not liquor
men. They stand responsible for the
defeat, but they prefer to see the
saloon closed. They belong simply
to that class who having eyes see
not, and having ears hear not.
In other words they mean well but
know not what they do. Many of
them are church people, good, well
intentioned people. The world is
full of such. The truth never breaks
upon their minds with dazzling
brilliance. Gradually they come to
see it. The whiskeyite keeps a cer-
tain distance in their rear, or they
keep just ahead of the whiskeyite.
When one asks for the free right to
make and sell, the other would re-
strict by license. When this freedom
becomes untenable ground as it now
has over nearly the entire land, the
liquor man is content with high
license. Only for a short time can
these well meaning men be willing to
occupy the same platform. That
189,000 majority in Pennsylvania, and
their brothers in other states will get
more light in time. They will grow sick
and weary occupying equal ground
with the saloon keeper, licensed
though he be, and will advance some
steps further. True their responsi-
bility is now great. It was not their
purpose to do so, but actually they
stand as betrayers of home, religious
influence, and the very cause they
desire to serve, all because through
prejudice and blindness "they didn't
believe prohibition was the way to
reach it." In these cases there is
nothing to do but to wait, provoking
though it be.

Ingalls' Folly.

The following is the letter written
by Senator Ingalls in regard to his
Forum article. Such trifling with a
great question is unworthy of a Kan-
sas Senator. It ought to need nothing
more to prevent his return to the
United States Senate:

Atchison, Kan., Aug. 2.—Dear—:
Your favor concerning my recent
article in the "Forum" received. I
am sorry you do not like it. I cannot
say that I think very much of it my-
self, but it is the very best I could do
under the circumstances. I have just
received a satisfactory check for the
same from the editor of the "Forum,"
who wants me to write an article on
the "Race Problem" for the Septem-
ber number. A correspondent to-
day says in his P. S.: "I have read
your article in the 'Forum' and like
its straightforwardness, clearness,
etc., etc.," while another correspon-
dent thinks it admirable and fully
agrees with me in everything, but
would like to know on which side of
the fence I am. So you see opinions
vary. Yours truly,
JOHN J. INGALLS.

Western Foundry —AND— MACHINE WORKS. R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r

Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,
Gearings and Fittings, Etc.
WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans

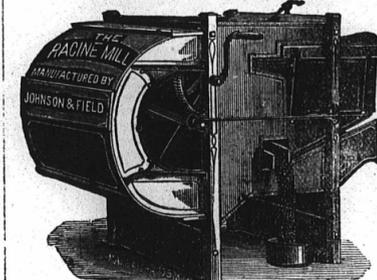
INTER-OCEAN MILLS. FACE, NORTON & CO., —NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.—

Millers and Grain Merchants.

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

JOHNSON & FIELD. RACINE, WISCONSIN.

MANUFACTURERS OF
"THE RACINE" FARM AND WAREHOUSE FANNING MILLS
DUSTLESS GRAIN SEPARATORS AND LAND ROLLERS.



These Mills and Separators have
long been used by the Farmers,
prominent Millers, Grain and Seed
Dealers throughout the United
States, who highly recommend
them as being the BEST MA-
CHINES ever made for cleaning
and grading Wheat, Rye, Oats,
Corn and Seeds of every descrip-
tion. They do the work more thorow-
ly, have greater capacity, built
stronger and heavier and better
finished than any other Mills.
Six different sizes, two for Farm
Use, four for Warehouse, Elevator
and Millers use.
The Land Rollers are the BEST
and CHEAPEST for the money.
ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.
Write for Circulars and Prices
before buying.
We can vouch for the reliability of this
firm.—EDITOR.

FAT will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.
per month without injury to health.
Send 5c. in stamps for sealed circular
covering testimonials. L. S. MARSH, CO.,
2815 Madison St., Philada., Pa.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply stoppage the fat producing
effects of food. The supply being stopped,
the natural working of the system draws
out the fat and reduces weight at once.
Sold by all Druggists.

The Farmers' CALL does not favor
the Department of Agriculture going
into the book publishing business.
Instead of distributing such books
among farmers where they might do
good, the CALL says they would go to
political favorites to secure their in-
fluence in favor of certain congress-
men. Pity 'tis that political influence
is so cheap as to be bought with
garden seeds, pamphlets and public
documents of all kinds. But it is so.
Political influence is the cheapest
stuff in the United States. If we
could only get "Protection," right
there it would be a blessed good thing.

During the fiscal year which ended
June 30th, last, 4,864 persons in the
Kansas district were allowed pensions.
Six hundred and fifty of the pension-
ers on the rolls of the Topeka office,
died during that time, 150 remarried
and the legal limitation of 123 minors
expired. The total loss to the rolls
from various causes, was 1,289. The
rate per month of 710 pensioners were
reduced. The highest rate was paid
to the widow of General F. P. Blair,
who now lives at St. Louis. She re-
ceived a rate of \$166.66 monthly from
the Topeka office. Mrs. James Shields
widow of Gen. Shields received \$100
per month. She lives at Carrollton,
Missouri.

The German prune and plum are
so nearly allied that they should not
be grown in the same orchard, or
they will hybridize in fruit.

Among the new Kansas sugar mills
which will soon begin the manufacture
of sugar from cane, are those at Liberal,
Arkaton, Meade and Minneola. At the
Meade mill over 3,500 acres of cane will
be consumed, at Liberal, 2,800 acres, at
Arkaton, 2,600 and at Minneola, 1,500
acres. The Rock Island railway company
is interested in each of these mills and
it is largely due to the efforts of that
company that they were established. Each
one is located on the railway and numer-
ous sidetracks and switches have been
constructed to accommodate the freight
which will accumulate at the mills.

FOR SALE.

Second-hand school books for sale
at Stone & Son's, 410 Kansas Ave-
nue. Also books and music of all
kinds for sale, rent and to buy.
STONE & SON,
410 Kansas Ave., Topeka.

G. A. R.

The National Encampment of the G. A.
R. will be held this year at Milwan-
kee, Wis., Aug. 26th to 31st. Agents of
the Union Pacific Railway will sell tick-
ets to Milwaukee and return at the lowest
one way first class fare in Nebraska and
Kansas August 21th to 25th inclusive; in
Colorado and Wyoming August 20 to 27th
inclusive; limited to return leaving Mil-
waukee August 27th to September 5th,
final limit September 10th. For those
who desired to return later than Sept. 30th
on application to the joint agent of ter-
minal lines at Milwaukee, Nebraska,
Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming should
be well represented at this encampment
and all should go via "The Overland
Route." For further information apply to
any agent of this Company or
E. L. LOMAX,
G. P. A.,
OMAHA, NEB.

Marketing Ungraded Fruit.

We agree with the Orange County
farmer upon the subject of grading fruit.
The following hits the nail on the head:
"It don't pay to raise pears," said a
farmer to us a few days since.

"Why not?" was the answer and question
combined.

"Because I cannot get a good price. I
brought three bushels of Bartlets to town
to-day, and I could not get more than
forty cents a bushel. That price don't
pay, but I let them go."

Our friend went out of the market
where the above conversation took place,
and we turned to look at the fruit. He
had been paid all they were worth. The
fruit was brought in large baskets hold-
ing one and a half bushels, and was evi-
dently just as it came from the tree.
Some were large, some medium and some
small in size. Some were smooth, others
gnarly and rough. Some were sound,
others wormy. In short, it was a most
unattractive looking lot of fruit. Our
friend made a mistake which is continually
being made by many farmers who
have fruit to sell. They should assort their
fruit. Had this man picked out two
bushels of the finest fruit, rejecting
every irregular shaped and all small and
worm eaten, he would have had no diffi-
culty in getting one dollar per bushel.
He would thus have received eighty cents
more for two bushels than he got for
three and would have had a bushel of in-
ferior pears left. These again assorted
would have produced a half bushel of fair
pears, the remainder he should have
given to the pigs, or used for drying.

It is so with all fruit. It pays to assort
closely and to make two grades. Every
defective specimen damages sound fruit
in value. Only fine goods are wanted in
the market—none others pay.

The Lawrence city tax levy this year is
10 mills for general purposes, 5 mills
for interest, 2 mills for sinking fund
and 4 mills for street improvements.

Growing pigs may be fed butter-
milk and whey, but the principal food
at this season should be grass.

TO ADVERTISERS!

For a check for \$20.00 will print up the ad-
vertisement in One Million issues of leading Ameri-
can Newspapers and complete the work within ten
days. This is at the rate of only one-fifth of a cent
a line, for 1,000 circulation! The advertisement
will appear in but a single issue of any paper, and
consequently will be placed before One Million
different newspaper purchasers; or FIVE MILLION
readers. If it is true, as is sometimes stated, that
every newspaper is looked at by five persons on
an average, ten lines will accommodate about 75
words. Address with copy of Advt. and check, or
send 25 cents for Book of 25 pages.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

We have just issued a new edition of our
Book called "Newspaper Advertising." It has 256
pages, and among its contents may be named the
following Lists and Catalogues of Newspapers:
DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY,
with their Advertising Rates.
DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING more
than 50,000 population, omitting all but the best.
DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING more
than 20,000 population, omitting all but the best.
A SMALL LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN which to
advertise every section of the country; being a
choice selection made up with great care, guided
by long experience.

ONE NEWSPAPER IN A STATE. The best one
for an advertiser to use if he will use but one.
GAINS IN ADVERTISING IN DAILY NEWS-
papers in many principal cities and towns, a List
which offers peculiar inducements to some adver-
tisers.
LARGEST CIRCULATION. A complete list of
all American papers having regularly more than
500,000 copies.
THE BEST LIST OF LOCAL NEWS-PAPERS, cov-
ering every town of over
1,000 population and every
important country seat.
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL
NEWS-PAPERS, in which
advertisements are placed
at half price.
400 VILLAGE NEWS-
PAPERS, in which adver-
tisements are inserted for
less than one cent per line
in the whole lot—one half of
all the advertisements in the
book sent to any address for FIFTY CENTS

Western Farm News.

King Kalakua is writing a book.

Queen Victoria will come to America.

Topeka is agitating the market house question.

The Minnesota wheat crop is estimated at 90,000,000 bushels.

Topeka added, last week, 800 acres of well built additions to its territory.

The doctors have about decided that ice water is not so bad after all, if the ice is only pure. Ah, there's the rub.

Benjamin Franklin began the study of Greek after he was fifty, and at a much greater age, Julia Ward Howe has begun the study of Russian.

Railroad travel is getting pretty cheap when round trip tickets from Pittsburg, Pa., to Denver sell for \$36, as they do on the harvest excursions this year.

The Topeka pension agency is the fourth largest in the United States, and the least expensive, the cost of disbursement being about \$2.35 per \$1,000.

Oskaloosa Independent: An old gentleman passed through town the other day on his way to Michigan in a one horse buggy. He had made the trip between the two states, he said, four times in that manner, had just been visiting a daughter in Topeka and was on his way home.

The regents of the State University have agreed to elect a chancellor at the regular September meeting. Several learned educators of the East have been recommended and the regents have spent several months in endeavoring to find a suitable man. Of the various Eastern gentlemen who have been under consideration no one seems to fill the bill, and there is now a very strong feeling that Professor J. H. Canfield will be the choice. His ability to fill the place has never been questioned, and the only objection to him in any quarter has been his position on the tariff question. This opposition is disappearing since it has been learned that he has never taught free trade in the college. It is believed that one or two regents who were against him on this ground are now quite favorable to him. Prof. Canfield is not a candidate for the place and has made no effort to secure the appointment, which is so much more in his favor.

At the last meeting of the Douglas county Farmers' Institute the relative value of the small farms was discussed. Harvey Stanley, a farmer of twenty years residence in the vicinity of Hesper, opened the discussion. He believed in forty acre farms instead of larger ones. A rotation can more easily be performed from year to year on a farm of forty acres than on a large one. He would divide a farm of this size in five acre lots. This would give each lot a chance to change off to different crops every other year and then leave space enough for pasture. The value of rotation in crops was appreciated by all. Dr. Leary remarking that dry season of ten changes rules and regulation thereto. Mrs. E. L. Johnson, of Lawrence, read a paper on "Co-operative Laundries and Bakeries for Farmer's Wives." The paper presented something new to many, and was the subject of not little thought and comment after adjournment. The matter of holding a county fair was postponed for a year.

The prohibitionists, in their irritation over the defeat of the constitutional amendment in Pennsylvania, announced that the Republican party would feel the heel of their displeasure. Threats are ugly things to carry about. Suppose the Republicans make a good showing this autumn in the election for state treasurer; the prohibition wrath would then not inappropriately be described as impotent. It cannot have escaped their notice that the strife of Republican factions in Pennsylvania has ceased. Matthew Stanley Quay has already selected Henry K. Boye, as the Republican candidate for treasurer, and harmony is the word being passed round. Quay is giving his personal attention to the prohibition threat.—Leavenworth Times.

The Times makes a great mistake. The truth is that the prohibition party cannot be irritated over the defeat of the amendment in Pennsylvania. It was in no sense a party fight with them. No one pretends there were 300,000 party prohibitionists in the state, but the amendment received that vote. It is fair to assume that a large majority of that vote, mostly republican, will not submit to have high license be made a part of the republican policy. But that is the tendency. If carried out the prohibitionists, or Third party, if that is what the Times means, will only have reason to be thankful for the Pennsylvania result.

Set out celery plants as soon as they are large enough. There is nothing gained by growing three plants where there is only room enough for two.

The Interstate Soldiers' reunion will meet at Sabetha next month, September 17, 18, 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Interstate Reunion association of the old soldiers of Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri.

We have a copy of the Printer's Quarterly, issued by the State Journal Co., of Lincoln, Neb. The company represent Farmer Little & Co., and one of the oldest and most skilful type foundries in the west. The Quarterly is very neatly gotten up.

The Emporia soap factory has closed with a large stock on hand, because the local merchants do not buy of him. And the leading hotel has been closed because the city refuses to provide any sewerage system. Emporia must be fond of dirt.

Mayor R. L. Cofran, proprietor of the Topeka Western Foundry and Machine Works, has placed an order with Hill, Clark & Co., Boston, for a corrugating machine for corrugating mill rollers. The machine will be the eighth one in use in the United States. The nearest one now in use in the west, is at St. Louis. The only other in the west is in San Francisco. The machine weighs 16,000 pounds. The large roller milling industry affords a large amount of business for the machine, and it is at the instance of the home millers that Mr. Cofran has ordered this very expensive piece of machinery. There is also a large amount of business of the same kind furnished by other mills in the state.

The Indian commission, consisting of A. D. Walker, of Holton, A. J. Aten, Hiawatha, and J. B. Horton, Lawrence, appointed by the government to treat with the Kickapoo and Pottawatomie Indians concerning their lands in Brown and Jackson counties in this state, recently met the Kickapoos in council. It is the aim of the commissioners to induce the Indians to take lands in severalty and by this means break up the tribal relations. The Indians strongly oppose the plan. Some years ago a small number of them took allotments of land but they were easily induced by speculators to part with their interests and soon had nothing left. They went back to live with the tribe on the reservations, and now exert a powerful influence in opposing the commissioners. It is the plan of the government to give the Indians allotments and then place it beyond their power to dispose of their land for a period of twenty-five years. There is a small number of progressive Indians who cultivate quite large tracts of lands and have great influence. To change the condition of affairs would make their farms smaller and reduce their income. It seems somewhat doubtful if the commissioners will be able to accomplish their purpose, although they still have hopes.

The Twine Trust.

Governor Glick having got the big report of the pension agency off his hands, has time to talk of other things, and while waiting for his train he discoursed upon the subject of the twine trust.

"The binding twine combine," said the governor, "has laid a monstrous tax on the farmers of Kansas, which they have been forced to pay this year to save their crops. The farmers were helpless this year, but the thing to do now is to provide or devise means to defeat the trust or combine, and protect ourselves in the future. I think this can be done if our legislature will provide by law for the manufacture of binding twine in the state penitentiary. This work would not come into competition with any labor in this state. Experimentation with flax straw, cotton and other substances, perhaps, could be carried on at a minimum cost to the state, and it might be developed that we could entirely dispense with the use of sisal and manilla in the manufacture of binding twine. The state could furnish the twine to the farmers at actual cost and thus protect our farmers from the wrongs of the binding twine trust and aid in killing off one of the meanest trusts that has put its fangs in the farmers' pockets."

Continuing, he said: "There is another thing the farmers or perhaps the Farmers' alliance ought to look into, and that is this: Some of the harvester machine companies furnish twine (at trust prices) for their make of machine, and there is no doubt that some of these companies are partners in the twine combine, (one company at least has sent out a circular justifying the twine trust) and if this is found to be the case, farmers ought by all legitimate means in their power to discourage the purchase of machines made by the company or companies aiding or abetting this binder twine trust. The alliance should investigate this matter and advise the farmers against the purchase of machines made by companies that are aiding the twine trust."

Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, Editor.

Apply sulphur at the first appearance of mildew on grapes.

Picking up all the fallen fruit will materially diminish the number of apple worms.

In making a fence do not forget that the zigzag fence leaves many corners for harboring weeds.

A row of raspberries 100 feet long will give an abundant supply for an ordinary family. Plant a few red raspberries this fall.

To secure flowers successively the bushes and vines must be kept in flowering condition by not allowing the flowers to remain and go to seed. When a plant produces seed it has accomplished its object, and every seed pod formed lessens the number of flowers. All flowers should be cut off before they begin to fade or change color.

Strawberry beds that have not been kept clean since the berries were off will be quickly overrun with grass and weeds. If the weeds are in possession of the bed they may be mowed down. Grass will be more difficult to remove, and the best that can be done is to clean between the rows thoroughly in order to allow room for the new runners to root and grow.

Late Planted Strawberries.

The other method for obtaining a good supply of fruit next year is by late planting. This is done in July and August, using potted runners, which are to be set out eighteen inches apart in very rich and freshly ploughed land, and all new runners clipped.

This is the method by which the best fruit for exhibition is usually grown, and some nurserymen who have plants to sell will try to persuade you that it is also economical, but as long as potted runners cost from \$10 to \$20 per thousand and they must be set out at eighteen inches apart, we believe this method will be confined mostly to the gardens of the wealthy with whom expense is no object of consideration, and to a few growers of prize fruit for exhibition.

Where a few plants only are to be set out and they are growing near by, they may be taken up with a trowel with a ball of earth and carefully transplanted without potting, but upon a large scale spots are more satisfactory.—Mass. Plowman.

Douglas Co. Convention W. C. T. U. will be held Aug. 27.

A sun-struck cow is ruined as a milker for one season at least.

Secretary Moon states that applications are being received daily for space and stalls at the fair. At this time last year not a single application of the kind had been received.

The Topeka CAPITAL thinks the DEMOCRAT very indiscreet for publishing Ingalls' trivial letter, and the DEMOCRAT thinks the CAPITAL indiscreet for publishing Mrs. Canfield's letter, and both are correct for once.

The Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania have organized a Union Prohibitory League, which has already 30,000 members, and will hold a state convention on September 26. The purpose of the league is to procure amendments to the Brooks law making it more effective, and the enactment of progressive temperance legislation.

The president of a powerful branch of the Liquor Dealers' Association in South Dakota recently said, despairingly: "Prohibition may carry, because its friends have secured the favor and aid of every five-year-old boy and girl, of every Sunday-school teacher, and of every pastor; all of whom are yelling their heads off for prohibition. Meantime, because of this state of public opinion, we cannot get anybody to speak in our behalf!"

No insect that crawls can live under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, bed bugs, and all the myriads of crawling pests which infest our houses during the heated term. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve in three quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the stove until the alum is all melted, then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, etc.

Don't forget that a little change of scene and rest are good for you and for your wife and children. Take a trip with them to the seashore or to the mountains for a week and see what is going on in the world, or if you can hardly afford the time and expense for so long a journey you can certainly afford to hitch up your own team and drive around for a few days, and visit the best farms there are within twenty or thirty miles of your home, and if you have good eyes and ears you can hardly fail to learn enough by observing the ways of other men to pay you many times over for your time and trouble. Farmers are usually cordial and informal people, and always glad to see and talk with others of their calling and can usually learn a good deal from visiting each other in a very pleasant and inexpensive way.

Remedies for Cattle Lice.

Prof. Gillette of the Iowa Experiment Station reports as follows:

Kerosene and lard, kerosene emulsion, potato water and pyrethrum were experimented with upon infested animals the past winter with the following results:

KEROSENE AND LARD.

Three parts of lard were melted in a dish, and then one part of kerosene was added, and the mixture thoroughly stirred. With a rag this was rubbed while warm, not hot, thoroughly into the hair along the back of an infested animal. An examination the following day showed that all of the lice were dead.

KEROSENE EMULSION.

An eight per cent. emulsion was applied to ten three-year old animals kept in a barn. The application was made by using a small force pump with a few feet of hose attached and a nozzle. This method was found very desirable, as the application could be made more thoroughly, quickly and easily in this than in any other way. One man worked the pump, while two others with their finger tips vigorously "shampooed" the animal as the liquid was forced into the hair through the nozzle. The time required to treat the ten animals was fifty minutes, and the amount of the emulsion required was less than eight gallons. When cloths were used it was found much more difficult to thoroughly wet the hide, as the hair would mat down and shed the emulsion. The next day after making the above application the animals were examined, and it was found that the lice were all dead. As an eight per cent. emulsion costs less than two cents a gallon; and as it takes so little time to make the application, it seems needless that any one should allow his stock to become seriously lousy.

POTATO WATER.

A number of animals were treated like the preceding with potato water. Seven bushels of potatoes were covered with water in a large caldron, and boiled until thoroughly cooked. The amount of water poured off after the boiling was eight gallons. This was used like the kerosene emulsion, except that it was applied to the animals with cloth, the water being too dirty to admit of the use of the pump and nozzle. Examinations of the cattle the first, second and third days after the application showed no lice but plenty of living ones. About two weeks after this I was told by the man that cared for the stock that the lice had nearly all disappeared from these animals, and on examination I found such to be the case.

Capt. R. P. Speer, who requested that the above experiment should be made, says he has repeatedly freed his young stock from lice by two or three applications of potato water made at intervals of about one week. Those who use this remedy do not claim that it will destroy the eggs.

Pure pyrethrum was dusted upon the back and neck of two young animals where the lice were very numerous. The following day the hair was full of dead lice, and no live ones could be found about the treated parts.

Of other remedies that are often recommended, probably a strong decoction of tobacco and a mixture of sulphur and lard are two of the best. A solution of corrosive sublimate or a mercurial ointment will kill the lice, but these are dangerous to use. Carbolic acid soap, sulphuret of potassium and ashes all have their advocates, and probably are useful in destroying vermin on domestic animals, but I cannot speak of them from experience in this connection.

Every man, says The American Agriculturist, ought to be heartily ashamed of the gall on the shoulder of the animal he drives.

The New Era Exposition at St. Joseph, Sept. 3rd to Oct. 5th, offers seven cash premiums aggregating \$888 for best dozen ears of corn, plaited together in one bunch with the shuck. Also \$1,750 is offered for best three displays of agricultural products by counties.

The American Sheep Breeder states that "if a few dry cows or heifers are kept in the field with sheep, the dogs will seldom molest them. We have found sheep in the morning huddled so close around and under a friendly old cow that she could not get away from them; she had saved their lives."

Do not allow your horses to get into the habit of walking in a slow slovenly manner. Prompt, spirited action is most desirable under all circumstances, whether it be in the walk, trot, or gallop. There is a difference between a slow, sturdy walk and a lazy, "lubberly" walk.

The breeder of pure-breed cattle who gets scared at the low prices and sells his stock for what they will bring and invests the remnant in trotting horses will be a candidate for the poor house within five years. Those breeders of cattle who have well bred herds will reap a rich reward when the upward turn comes.

Keep chicks that were hatched very early, so as to have them fully matured. A male bird should be one year old, but the majority of them are seldom over eight or nine months old, and are usually mated with pullets, the result being that if the breeding stock is made of cockerels and pullets every season and no old birds used, the flock will degenerate. Properly the cockerel should be hatched in August and kept over a year, which will bring his age to about eighteen months the second spring; but this plan compels one to keep an extra yard for the occupancy of such cockerels, which they are not willing to do. The next best plan, therefore, is to select a cockerel that was hatched early and mate him with hens instead of pullets.

Something rather amusing is going on in Osage county. A petition is in circulation asking for the appointment of Mrs. Charity Kibbe as postmistress at Osage City, on the ground that she is as the petition states, "a prolific republican. Four years ago she gave birth to a pair of boys which were named Blaine and Logan and during the last presidential campaign she again presented her husband with a pair of boys who were christened Harrison and Morton.

A San Francisco dispatch says the Chinese are swarming in by every Hong Kong steamer, bound for Mexico. Not less than sixty came a week ago and sixteen arrived last night, all destined for Mazatlan and Panama. They are shipped here without landing. But once in Mexico there is no difficulty in smuggling them over the southern border. It is much easier to run them into San Francisco by way of Mexico than by British Columbia, as the British government collects a tax of \$20 per head whereas Mexico welcomes them.

"A Yarching Party," a beautifully executed water-color, is the fitting frontispiece for DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for September. This is followed by a handsomely illustrated article on Bar Harbor, which almost makes us feel the cool breezes. From the extreme East we are carried to the extreme West, and are treated to a very amusing account (to which illustrations greatly add) of how two women took up a quarter-section of land in Dakota, and successfully cultivated it. "A Voyage Through Space" to the sun, in an interesting way, tells all about the spots that appear on the face of the "god of day." Jenny June tells us, in the department for "Our Girls," when girls should marry; and the boys are not forgotten, for there is given for them a seasonable article (profusely illustrated) on "Swimming and Diving." "School Outfits," "The Chemistry of Bread-Making," and "The Complexion: How to Preserve It," are some of the other interesting articles, and a fine selection of stories.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
15 East 14th Street, New York.

Don't Miss The Opportunity To visit Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, or Hailey, Idaho

A Grand Excursion to the above named points will leave August 20th via the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," and for this occasion the exceedingly low rate of \$30.00 to Ogden and Salt Lake City and return and \$35.00 to Hailey, Idaho, and return, has been made from Missouri River terminals.

This excursion affords our patrons a magnificent opportunity to visit Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake, the finest bathing resort in the world, and also visit Hailey Hot Springs famous for their medicinal properties. Tickets good for medicinal properties. Tickets good for thirty days.

For further particulars address,
E. L. LOMAX,
G. P. A.,
Omaha, NEB.

Harvest Excursions via the Union Pacific Railway.

The Union Pacific R'y takes pleasure in announcing that it will run Harvest Excursions to Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana on the following dates:—August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th and October 8th. For these occasions a great reduction in rates has been made, thus giving you a splendid opportunity to visit nearly every place in the great west. Do not miss it. It affords the business men, stock raisers, mining prospector and farmer an unequalled chance to see the unlimited resources of the western country.

For tickets, rates pamphlets, etc., apply to your nearest ticket agent.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Established in 1875.

A DAY ON WILLIS FARM.

A Hawk, a Snake, a Ground-Hog, and a Bear Keep Johnnie Hustling.

"Johnny, git your gun!"

"That," said Miles Boyd, the gun man, to a New York Sun reporter, "wasn't any one singing the refrain of the popular but somewhat frayed comic song, but was the impassioned exclamation of Farmer John Willis of Sullivan county, at whose house among the hills I was a guest last week. Farmer Willis was doing his chores about the barn-yard one morning. His chickens were scratching and picking away in his immediate vicinity, confident, no doubt, in the fact of his protecting presence, when a cheeky hawk, unmindful of that presence, swooped down from somewhere and swooped away again with one of the overconfident chickens before the farmer's very eyes. To add to the audacity and aggravating nature of the act the hawk lit on the branch of a dead tree not 100 yards away and proceeded there and then to rend the still squawking member of the farmer's feathered flock and make a breakfast on it. The daring performance knocked Farmer Willis speechless for a moment, but when the momentary paralytic wave had passed and released his vocal organism he raised his voice and yelled:

"Johnny, git your gun!"

"Johnny is Farmer Willis's hired man, John Grimes. Everybody calls him Johnny. He has a gun. He keeps it ready to hand behind the kitchen door. Johnny at the time the farmer issued his startling order was greasing a set of single harness on the back stoop. He heard his employer's call and instantly obeyed it. He had seen the coming down nor the going up of the hawk, but he ran with his gun to the barn-yard.

"Yonder he is, goll ding him!" exclaimed the farmer, pointing to the feasting hawk in the dead tree. "He's got the dominick hen! Whang him!"

"The range was a little too long for the capacity of Johnny's gun, so Johnny attempted to creep up on the hawk and get a sure shot. But the hawk didn't have that proverbial eye of his for nothing, and before Johnny and his gun reached a point at which danger threatened him the hawk gathered together the remnants of the chicken and in a very short time was a speck against the sky, and a cannon-ball couldn't have reached him.

"Them ding hawks gits sassier and sassier every day!" exclaimed Farmer Willis. "We'll have to be chainin' the house down next, or they'll carry that off!"

"Johnny went back with his gun and put it in its place behind the door and resumed his work on the harness. Farmer Willis proceeded with his chores. His wife was weeding onions in the garden down back of the house. The excitement caused by the attack of the hawk on the poultry and his deliberate but masterly retreat with his plunder had passed away. A half-hour later up from among the green things growing there came a shrill and penetrating shriek:

"Johnny, git your gun!"

"It was the voice of Mrs. Farmer Willis. It was burdened with alarm. Johnny dropped his harness and once more snatched his gun. Down through the garden he sped, followed by Farmer Willis, who had heard his wife's shriek.

"Yender he goes!" screamed the excited farmer's wife. "Down yender he runs to'ards the brush lot! He's got one o' my old Seabright hen's chickens!"

"It's a ding funny hawk to be a-runnin'," said Farmer Willis, puffing hard.

"'Tan't no hawk," replied his wife. "It's a black-snake, and he's as big as any bean-pole."

"Johnny had hurried on with his gun, but the black-snake had escaped with his prize to his hiding-place and he couldn't be found.

"'Agriculturn' pursuits seems lively this mornin'," growled Farmer Willis, mopping his head with his bandana and walking back toward the barn-yard. "Specially in the poultry department."

"Mrs. Farmer Willis, bemoaning the taking off of her peeping pet, resumed her work among the onions. Johnny lugged his gun back and put it behind the kitchen door and busied himself in softening his harness once more. The usual calm rested on and about the farm and remained unbroken for an hour or so, when it was suddenly ruffled again. This time a piping alarm came from the meadow near the house. Farmer Willis's 12-year-old boy Tommy stood on the stone-wall waving his chip hat. It was his thin treble that set the household by the ears this time.

"Johnny, git your gun!" he piped.

"Johnny dropped his harness and grabbed his gun. Down toward the meadow he dashed on the double-quick. Farmer Willis dashed after him. Mrs. Willis brought up the rear.

"There's a big ground-hog got his hole in the medder!" said Tommy, when the family contingent arrived panting on the scene. "I seen him and he's eat up half an acre o' the best clover."

"Hawks, snakes, and ground-hogs 'll raise the price o' produce on this farm more than azzazin' if they keep on!" exclaimed Farmer Willis, and he told Johnny to find the ground-hog and kill it on sight. Then he and his wife returned to their respective duties. Johnny laid for the ground-hog until dinner time, but the ground-hog kept to his hole

his hole. Then Johnny raised the siege and went back to the house. After dinner the farmer and Johnny filled their pipes and were enjoying a consoling smoke on the back-stoop when they saw a man coming down the road toward the house on a dead run. It was Neighbor Sam Bush. Neighbor Sam paused at the farm gate a moment to catch his breath and then burst out with—

"Johnny, git your gun!"

"John jumped for the gun again, and the family followed him to the gate to hear what new danger was threatening the prosperity of Willis farm.

"A slamm'n' big 'bar has jest come outen your sheep pasture," said Sam, "and has gone inter the beech with one o' your lambs!"

"Well, there!" exclaimed Farmer Willis. "If nigh don't come pooty soon I wouldn't be willin' to give \$6 for all that'll be left on this farm when it does come!"

"Then Johnny and the gun and the farmer and Neighbor Sam started for the beech to get the bear. I had to leave for home and I haven't heard whether they got it or not."

The Late Mrs. Hayes.

During the war Mrs. Hayes now and then went to "the front" to visit her husband, who was colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio, says a Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader. She was an angel of mercy to the sick and wounded, often passing days and nights in ministering to their needs. She was well known to all the soldiers of the Twenty-third, and no favorite general ever evoked more tempestuous cheers than did Mrs. Hayes when she appeared in the camp. Whenever the soldiers wanted to express their esteem for anybody they didn't lift their rusty old hats and make graceful bows—they just yelled.

At one time, while the Twenty-third was laying in camp in western Virginia, a squad of recruits joined the regiment. One of them thought Uncle Sam's tailor didn't put pockets enough in the soldier's blouses, and could not be satisfied till he had another in his to carry the gimcracks which every veteran despised but which he had not yet learned to do without. The first day in camp he inquired of the boys where he could get it done. One of the wags of the company sized him up and saw at once a good chance to have a joke.

"Certainly," said he to the fledgling, "we have a regimental seamstress for doing just such jobs as that. There she is," and he pointed to Mrs. Hayes, who was sitting on a camp chair in front of the colonel's tent. "Just take your blouse right to her, and she'll do it up brown."

The innocent recruit stalked boldly up to head-quarters, threw off his blouse, and handed it to her, asking if she would put in a pocket for him, remarking with a patronizing air that he would pay her well for it.

Col. Hayes, who was writing in his tent, heard the young soldier and came out. Observing the new uniform and fresh face he took in the situation and his eyes twinkled with merriment, but he said nothing, knowing his wife was equal to any ordinary emergency.

"Of course I will," said Mrs. Hayes, who was as quick as her husband to "see through" it. "Come back in an hour and I'll have it ready for you."

She set to work with scissors and when the young patriot called for his blouse he found in it as nice a pocket as his mother could have made.

"How much?" he asked, taking out his pocket-book.

"Oh, nothing at all! I was glad to do it for you, and you are very welcome."

While the soldier was expressing his thanks Col. Hayes came out of the tent and thought he would carry the joke a little farther.

"Do you know me, my man?" he said, pleasantly, extending his hand to the soldier.

The latter, somewhat abashed by the official presence, said he did not.

"Well, my name is Hayes, and I am the colonel of this regiment. Allow me, sir, to introduce to you my wife."

The young man retired in great confusion—but he had the pocket in his blouse that he wanted.

A Tennis Costume Extraordinary.

A pair of green silk stockings, embroidered with buttercups and finished off with a little pair of pigskin shoes. After these are on the wearer will array herself in an undergarment of gray-green china silk, which looks like a petticoat, ruffled up to the waist, but which really consists of two petticoats, one for each limb, and fastened to one belt, which gives a freedom of movement she has never known before since she went out of short frocks. A little low-necked silk bodice goes with the divided petticoat, and this is frilled with lace and drawn up with little narrow green ribbons about the shoulders and arms. The tennis dress proper is of gray-green serge, laid in a deep hem about the foot of the skirt, and embroidered with a deep border of buttercups done in gold colored floss. The skirt is gathered quite full and falls just the fragment of an inch below the ankles. The waist is a loose blouse of the Garibaldi shape, made of white serge, with a turnover collar, under which is knotted a yellow silk scarf, the same color as the broad, soft sash, knotted about the waist. The sleeves are loose and full, and are gathered into a deep green cuff which reaches nearly to the elbow. Over this blouse goes a little green serge jacket, whose edges are embroidered with buttercups, which is lined throughout with silk of the same shade and has no sleeves.

—London Court Journal.

HER HAIR TURNED WHITE.

The Vision of Which Miss Johanson Tells in Accounting for It.

A young lady in whose face a look of perfect happiness always beams, and whose voice is always wonderfully kind, has been for some time a sort of sight and wonder of the world among those who have been associated with her in Minneapolis and have heard the strange stories which she tells. Marvelous it is, and many who have heard it believe that her experience has something of the supernatural about it. She is twenty years of age and her hair is as white as snow, silky, and so long that it falls in a braid well down toward the ground. Her name is Wendela Johanson, and she has been in Minneapolis for some months, living with friends, and, as they say, when not at work is "going about doing good." Like the prisoner of Chillon, she can truly say:

"My hair is gray, but not with age."

But that witness can not from long years of mental and bodily anguish, as did that of the one of whom the poet sang. It turned white in a single night while she slept and saw a vision, so she says. She believes that her snowy hair is the mark of Christ upon her and the seal of her own redemption. Those who know her say that her daily life is such as some might lead whose whole soul was wrapped up in the belief that she stood on the very threshold of the pearly gates. She has told her story to several reliable people who cannot account for the strange phenomenon on any natural causes. Miss Johanson stops sometimes with friends at 2,319 Polk street northeast, and while there she told her story to Mrs. Phoebe Dell Plain, who lives next door at 2,317. Mrs. Dell Plain is willing to be quoted to the effect that the young lady has hair of unnatural whiteness and a face that is always beaming with happiness. Mrs. Frank E. Rea, who lives at 710 Twenty-fifth avenue northeast, also vouches to the truth of the same statement. Others in the vicinity and in other parts of the city say the same. Clergymen have heard of the case and are puzzled over it, and physicians point to the book and say that such things have happened before.

The story, as Wendela Johanson tells it herself, is full of interest and passing strange. She was born in Sweden and when fifteen years old she had a dream one night. She thought she was taken by a guide, who was an old man, homely in appearance and hateful to her sight, to the very brink of hell. All was darkness, more profound than she had ever known before, and there were sounds of the damned that filled her ears and frightened her so that she was dumb and ready to fall. It was as real as life to her. She could hear the moans and shrieks of the lost ones coming up from the bottomless pit. Some cried and cursed themselves and their Maker, others sent fearful shrieks up from the darkness, and some wailed as in utter woe. The noise was most terrifying, and as the dreamer thought she was about to be plunged down with the rest she shrieked:

"I was standing within just three steps of the brink," she said, "and my guide stood beside me in the darkness."

But she was not doomed to enter this dark abode even in her dreams, for soon there came the form of an old man, bent, and with flowing white hair and beard. He stood beside her, and the ugly one who had led her there fled at his approach. In gentle tones the white-haired man asked her if she would not go with him and look at the abode of the blessed, and she went gladly.

In her dream she stood within the city, "whose walls are set with precious stones," the new Jerusalem.

She saw the redeemed about the great white throne, and heard their songs in a tongue that was not her own. The light, she says, was not like that of the sun. It was a pure white light, that fell on everything with an effect that she could not describe. She heard little children singing praises, and saw angels of old saints falling down before the great white throne. In the dream, her white-haired guide led her to the Savior, and he said to her:

"My child, do you wish to dwell forever in this place?"

"I was so happy," said Miss Johanson, to get away from the dark place I had seen that I said I would be willing to endure anything if I might be allowed to stay there."

She says that the radiant figure before her said to her that he would put a mark upon her that she might be known of all who saw her for his own. And then he stretched out his hand and placed it on her head, saying that her hair should ever after be white as snow. Then her dream faded from her mind, and she slept naturally until morning. When she awoke her hair was as it is now—like snow, as she had dreamed it was to be.

"When my mother saw me that morning," said Miss Johanson, "she did not know me. My hair had always been brown before. When I spoke to her and she knew my voice she thought I must have been sick, but I had not. I felt perfectly well. I told my mother my dream, and at first she cried, but after awhile she stopped crying and was glad, because she knew then that I should always be a good girl. She was glad, and always believed that my hair turned white because I was marked for one of Christ's own."

This is the story of Miss Johanson's vision. She told it in a plain, natural

way, and as if she firmly believes that she bore the mark of the Savior on her hair. She has, so all who know her say, led a spotless life.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Lost Arts.

Wendell Phillips, in his lecture on the "Lost Arts," in speaking of malleable glass, tells of a Roman who, in the age of Tiberius, had been banished, and returned to Rome, bringing a wonderful cup. The cup he dashed upon the marble pavement, and it was crushed, but not broken, by the fall. Although somewhat dented, with a hammer he easily bent it into shape again. It was brilliant, transparent, but not brittle. He further states that the Romans obtained their chemistry from the Arabians, and that they brought it into Spain eight centuries ago. In the book of that age there is a kind of glass spoken of that, if supported by one end, by its own weight in a day's time would dwindle down to a fine line, so that it could be curved around one's wrist like a bracelet. The art of luminous painting was known to the Japanese 900 years ago, and an extract from one of their own writers has been translated as follows: "One Sug Ngho many years ago, had a picture of an ox. Every day the ox left the picture frame to graze and returned to sleep within it at night. This picture came into the possession of the Emperor Tai Tsung, of the Sung dynasty (A. D. 976-998, who showed it to his courtiers and asked them for an explanation, which none of them, however, could give. At last a certain Buddhist priest said that the Japanese found some nacreous substance within the flesh of a certain kind of oysters they picked up when the rocks were bared at low tide, and that they ground this into color material and then painted pictures with it which were invisible by day and luminous by night." The secret simply was that during the day the figure of the ox was invisible, and it was therefore said that it left the frame to go grazing. Many instances of remarkable mechanical ingenuity are related by various ancient authors. In the year 1578, the twentieth of Queen Elizabeth's reign, one Mark Scallot, a blacksmith, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass, with a hollow key to it, that altogether weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a gold chain composed of forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key. In the presence of the queen he put the chain about the neck of a flea, which drew it with ease, after which he put the lock and key, flea and chain, into a pair of scales, and they together weighed but one grain, and a half. This almost incredible story is vouched for by an old writer. Myrmecides, an ancient carver, was also so proficient in microscopic mechanism that he made an ivory chariot with four wheels and as many harnessed horses, in so small a compass that a fly might have hidden them all under its wings. The same artisan made a ship, with all her decks, masts, yards, rigging and sails, which took up scarcely more room than the chariot. An artificer named Cornelius van Drebbel once made an instrument like an organ, that, being set in the open air, under a warm sun, would play airs of itself without the keys being touched, but would not play in the shade. For this reason it is supposed that it was inclosed air, rarefied by the sun, that caused the harmony. The Damascus blades are marvels of perfect steel have long been famous, and even those used in the crusades are as perfect to-day as they were eight centuries ago. One on exhibition in London could be put into a scabbard almost as crooked as a corkscrew, and bent every way without breaking. The point of this sword could be made to touch the hilt. The poets have celebrated the perfection of the Oriental steel, and many famous writers have sung its praises. Scott, in his "Talisman," describes a meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin. Saladin asks Richard to show him the wonderful strength for which he is noted, and the Norman monarch responds by severing a bar of iron which lies on the floor of the tent. Saladin says, "I cannot do that," but he takes an elder-down pillow from a couch, and drawing his keen blade across it, it falls in two pieces. At this feat Richard says: "This is the black art—it is magic; you cannot cut that which has no resistance." Saladin, to show him that such is not the case, takes his scarf from his shoulders, which is so light that it almost floats in the air, and, tossing it up, severs it before it can descend. That Scott's story is not an exaggeration is proved by a traveler who once saw a man in Calcutta throw a handful of floss silk into the air and a Hindoo sever it into pieces with a saber.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Unexpected Revelation.

Young Man—"Ah! How do, Dick? Is your sister at home?"

Little Dick—"Which sister; the homely one what's goin' to have all of pa's money, because she's likely to be an old maid, or the pretty one what ain't goin' to have anything?"

Young Man—"Um—er—both of them."—New York Weekly.

A Costly Contract.

A fond parent in Massachusetts, wishing to assist his little son to make up a purse for the Fourth, agreed to pay him 1 cent for every potato bug he would capture. At the close of the first day the child had 640 bugs. The father paid the \$6.40, but the contract did not continue.

WINGED MISSILES.

In France they have applied electricity to the playing of organs.

There is a company organized in England which insures you against burglary.

There are no fewer than 28,729 known thieves over sixteen years of age in England.

Mormon converts are more plentiful than for five years past, but the double-wife business in Utah is played out forever.

About 5,000 people have received railroad passes to leave Johnstown. Some of them have been sent as far as New Mexico.

The Greeks combined the dance with their dramas; pantomime dances were introduced upon the Roman stage 23 B. C.

A medal illustrative of the 700th anniversary of the mayoralty of the city of London is to be struck in celebration of the event.

The parasols carried in the United States cost \$14,000,000 annually. Think how many cigars that money would buy for the men.

It cost \$1,923,346 to maintain the fire department of New York city last year. There were 3,217 fires and the losses were \$5,485,923.

A Boston man brags that he has lived on thirteen cents per day, but that isn't so extraordinary. They keep 'em at Sing Sing for less than ten.

There are only three men in this country who can make a circus pay, and it is a wise and beneficent move on the part of Providence that this is so.

Seven large whales were seen off the entrance to San Francisco Bay last week, but owing to the high price of real estate, none of them ventured in.

The girls at Vassar College are trying to figure out what would happen if an eighty-foot whale should run full speed into an iceberg as big as a mountain.

The failure of little Annie Davis, of Mansfield, O., to take a prize in school for the best composition so worried her that she committed suicide by drowning.

A Baltimore woman dreamed of finding a pot of gold in the cellar, and next day she went down and nosed around and found a jug of rum which her old man was keeping shy.

A horse lying down on a railroad track is a more dangerous obstruction than half a dozen cows, while the engineer isn't a bit worried over a dozen hogs or a score of sheep.

On a dead pull, being put in harness, one of Barnum's elephants lately drew a load weighing over four tons. If a coal dealer had him he could be made to draw six tons—of coal.

The railroads of India have almost done away with caste. All sorts of religions now have to mix up, and it hasn't hurt 'em a bit. On the contrary, fanaticism is fast disappearing.

Within the past year over 5,000 Russians liable to military service have been forcibly prevented from leaving that country for the United States. The czar knows when he has a good thing.

They are going to make another effort this summer to find that British treasure ship sunk off Long Branch in 1815. The reason they didn't find it last year was because it wasn't there.

Old John Cole, a stingy old farmer near Burlington, Vt., drew up valuable papers and used ink of his own manufacture to save expense. It faded away in a few days and he is about \$7,000 out.

The thimble is claimed by the Dutch as an invention of their country, but it is known that it was in use among the silk embroiderers of China hundreds of years before it was used elsewhere.

Massachusetts now has a state law against clipping horses or reducing the length of his tail until he can no longer use it as a fly brush, but horse owners will get some other hobby just as foolish.

A prisoner in a Kentucky jail attempted to commit suicide by eating two dozen blotting pads with a fire insurance advertisement printed thereon, but the doctors saved his life at a cost of five cents.

The first maps of Africa published gave that continent seventeen rivers where not one single stream existed. Geographers probably reasoned that the natives required a great deal of water to keep clean.

An eminent English surgeon says that a kiss on the lips ought to be felt for at least twenty minutes afterwards and that kissing produces a sensation which the system requires to keep it in a healthy state.

According to Prof. Thurston the engine of the future is that which ultimately can be made to work up at once to high temperature and to high pressures, and can be made at the same time to develop its powers in the smallest and lightest engine.

The bamboo tree does not blossom until it attains its thirtieth year, when it produces seed profusely, and then dies. It is said that a famine was prevented in India in 1812 by the sudden flowering of the bamboo trees, where 50,000 people resorted to the jungles to gather the seed for food.

The modern names of sizes of books are derived from the folding of paper. When the sheet is not folded it is called a folio, and this size was very fashionable throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The folio sheet doubled becomes a quarto; another double constitutes the octavo of eight leaves or sixteen pages.

There is in existence a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century, the blades of which have on each side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other side the grace after meat. The set of these knives usually consisted of four. They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather, and were placed before the singer.

A simple stove for warming rooms by means of solar heat has been contrived by Prof. E. S. Morse. It consists of a shallow box, having a bottom of corrugated iron and a glass top. This device is placed outside the building, where the sun can shine directly into it. The rays pass through the glass, and are absorbed by the metal, heating it to a high temperature and warming the air of the box. The air, which on sunny days rises to 90° F., is conveyed into the room to be heated.

Company Manners.

Do any of you hate to go into a room full of company? Do you hang about in the hall? Do you find your way in a corner and stand as still as if you were hung up under the picture? Do you wish you had never come? Do you find your hands and feet in the way? Are you uncomfortable, shy, awkward and angry, and longing above everything to get well out of the scrape? Well, here is a comfort for you from Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Follow it if the following requires all your will and perseverance: "Oh dear! I can remember perfectly the first formal evening party, at which I had a good time." Before that I had always hated to go to parties, and since that I have always liked to go. I am sorry to say I cannot tell at whose house it was, but I could tell you just how the pillars looked between which the sliding-doors ran, for I was standing by one of them when my eyes were opened, as the Orientals say, and I received great light. I had been asked to this party, as I supposed, and as I still suppose, by some people who wanted my brother and sister to come, and thought it would be kind to ask them without asking me. I did not know five people in the room. So it was that I stood sadly by this pillar and said to myself, 'You are a fool to come here, where nobody wants you, and where you did not want to come; and you look like a fool, standing by this pillar with nobody to talk to.' At this moment, as if to enlighten the cloud in which I was, the revelation flashed upon me which has ever since set me all right in such matters. Expressed in words, it would be stated thus: 'You are a much greater fool if you suppose any body in the room knows or cares where you are standing or where you are not standing. They are attending to their own affairs and you had best attend to yours, quite indifferent as to what they think of you.' In this reflection I immediately comforted and it has carried me through every form of social encounter from that day to this. I don't remember in the least what I did, whether I looked at the portfolios of pictures—which, for some reason, young people think a very poky thing to do,—whether I buttoned some fellow student who was less at ease than I, or whether I talked with some nice old lady who had seen with her eyes half of the history of the world which is worth knowing. I only know, that after I found out that nobody else at the party was looking at me, or was caring for me, I began to enjoy it as thoroughly as I enjoyed staying at home.

"As it is with most things, then, the rule for going into society is not to have any rule at all. Go unconsciously, or, as St. Paul puts it, 'do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think.' Everything but conceit can be forgiven to a person in society. St. Paul, by the way, high-toned gentlemen as he was, is a very thorough guide in such affairs, as he is in most others. If you will get the marrow out of those little scraps at the end of his letters, you will not need any handbook of etiquette."

General Rusk, in common with all intelligent people, finds southern agriculture an interesting theme to contemplate, and the problem it presents worthy of careful consideration, with a view to speedy solution. In conversation the other day, he said: "I can't understand how it is that farming in Virginia is not more profitable and that farm land is not more valuable. The lands are good, the markets are near, the climate is excellent for the crops, the land ought to be worth one hundred dollars an acre in places where it is worth only ten. I don't understand it and I am going to find out why it is."

When Secretary Rusk talks in this manner it shows that he has been thinking and that he intends to act to a purpose. It will be impossible to induce native southerners to work on the soil they own with the tireless energy of the northern laborers who dig out a living from between the rocks of the rough farms that they love.

It will be equally difficult to make the negro abandon his easy mode of life, which looks ahead to no future and is content with a supply of bread sufficient for the day; but the land is there, the laborers are there, and energetic investigation followed by the application of a rational system will make southern agriculture take a place in the country that it has never yet attempted to fill.

For a poultry house the best floor is cement; then use plenty of dry soil as a deodorizer. Or, if the dry soil has not been proved when winter comes, use sifted coal ashes.

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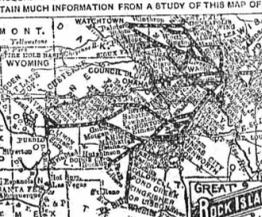
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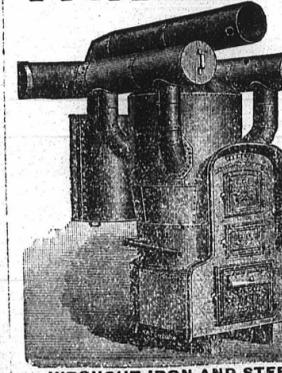
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