NOVEMBER.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

When thistle-blows do lightly float
  About the pasture height,
And shrills the hawk a parting note
  And creeps the frost at night,
Then hilly ho! though I sing so,
  And whistle as I may,
There comes again the old heat pain
  Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree
  And nods the fading fern;
The knolls are dun as snow-clouds lie,
  And cold the sun does burn;
Then ho, hollo! though calling so,
  I cannot keep it down;
The tears arise unto my eyes,
  And thoughts are chill and brown.

Far in the cedars' dusky stoles,
  Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
The partridge drums funeral rolls
  Above the fallen leaves.
And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
  It still no whit the pain;
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
  I hear the last year's rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,
  And call the wet sheep in;
And let their stamping clatter fill
  The barn with warming din.
And ho, folk, ho! though it is so
  That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind,
  Around the fire at home.

AN ALLEGORY.

"Isaac" and the Prophet of Baal.

Mark Twain in the Atlantic for November.

There was a good deal of pleasant gossip about old Capt. "Hurricane" Jones, of the Pacific Ocean—peace to his ashes! Two or three of us present had known him; I particularly well, for I had made four sea voyages with him. He was a very remarkable man. More than fifty years of his sixty-five were spent at sea. When his spirit was in repose he was as sweet and gentle as a girl; when his wrath was up he was a hurricane that made his nickname seem tamely descriptive. He was formidable in a fight, for he was of powerful build and dauntless courage. He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore like a fish-woman. He considered swearing blameless, because sailors would not understand an order unilluminated by it. He was a profound Biblical scholar—that is, he thought he was. He believed everything in the Bible, but he had his own methods of arriving at his beliefs. He was of the "advanced" school of thinkers, and applied natural laws to the interpretation of all miracles, somewhat on the plan of the people who make the six days of creation six geological epochs, and so forth. Without being aware of it he was rather a severe satire on modern scientific religionists. Such a man as I have been describing is rabidly fond of disquisition and argument; one knows that without being told it.

One trip the captain had a clergyman on board, but did not know he was a clergyman, since the passenger list did not betray the fact. He took a great liking to the Rev. Mr. Peters, and talked with him a great deal; told him yarns, gave him some toothsome scraps of personal history, and wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neutralities of undecorated speech. One day the Captain said: "Peters, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Well—yes."

"I judge it ain't often, by the way you say it. Now, you tackle it in dead earnest once, and you'll find it'll pay. Don't you get discouraged, but hang right on. First you wont understand it; but by and by things will begin to clear up, and then you wouldn't lay it down to eat."

"Yes, I have heard that said."

"And it's so, too. There ain't a book that begins with it. It lays over 'em all, Peters. There's some pretty tough things in it,—there ain't any getting around that,—but you stick to them and think them out, and when once you get on the inside everything's as plain as day."

"The miracles, too, Captain?"

"Yes, sir, the miracles, too. Every one of them. Now, there's that business with the prophets of Baal: like enough that stumped you?"

"Well, I don't know but"—

"Own up, now: it stumped you. Well I don't wonder. You hadn't had any experience in airing such things out, and naturally it was too many for you. Would you li e to have me explain that thing to you, and show you how to get at the meat of these matters?"

"Indeed, I would, Captain, if you don't mind."

Then the captain proceeded as follows: "I'll do it with pleasure. First, you see, I read and read, and thought and thought, till I got to understand what sort of people there were in the old Bible times, and then after that it was clear and easy. Now, this was the way I put it, concerning Isaac and the prophets of Baal. There were some mighty sharp men amongst the public characters of that ancient day, and Isaac was one of them. Isaac had his failings—plenty of them, too; it ain't for me to apologize for Isaac; he played it on the prophets of Baal and like enough he was justifiable, considering the odds that were against him. No, all I say is, 'twa'n't any miracle, and that I'll show you so's't can see it yourself.

"Well times had been getting rougher and rougher for prophets—that is, prophets of Isaac's denomination. There was 450 prophets of Baal in the community, and only one Presbyterian; that is, if Isaac *was* a Presbyterian, which I reckon he was, but it don't say. Naturally, the prophets of Baal took all the trade. Isaac was pretty low-spirited, I reckon, but he was a good deal of a man, and no doubt he went a-prophesying around, letting on to be doing a land office business, but 'twa'n't any use; he couldn't run any opposition to amount to anything. By and by things got desperate with him; sets his head to work and thinks it all out, and then what does he do? Why, he begins to throw out hints that the other parties are this and that and t'other,—nothing very definite, may be, but just kind of undermining their reputation in a quiet way. This made talk, of course, and finally got to the king. The king asked Isaac what he meant by this talk. Says Isaac, 'Oh, nothing particular; only, can they pray down fire from heaven on an altar? It ain't much, may be, your majesty, only can they *do* it? That's the idea.' So the king was a good deal disturbed, and he went to the prophets of Baal, and they said, pretty airy, that if he had an alter ready: and they intimated he had better get it insured, too.

"So next morning all the children of Israel and their parents and the other people gathered themselves together. Well, here was that crowd of prophets of Baal packed together on one side, and Isaac walked up and down all alone on the other, putting up his job. When time was called Isaac let on to be comfortable; told the other team to take the first innings. So they went at it, the whole 450, praying around the altar, very hopeful, and doing their level best. They prayed an hour,—two hours,—three hours,—and so on, plumb till noon. It wa'n't any use; they hadn't took a trick. Of course they felt kind of ashamed before all those people, and well they might. Now, what would a magnanimous man do? Keep still wouldn't he? Of course. What did Isaac do? He graveled the prophets of Baal every way he could think of. Says he, 'You don't speak up loud enough; your god's asleep, like enough, or maybe he's taking a walk; you want to holler you know,'—or words to that effect; I don't recollect the exact language. Mind, I don't apologize for Isaac; he had his faults.

"Well, the prophets of Baal prayed along the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tuckered out, and they owned up and quit."

"What does Isaac do now? He steps up and says to some friends of his there: 'Pour four barrels of water on the altar!' Everybody was astonished; for the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got whitewashed. They poured it on. Says he, 'Heave on four more barrels.' Then he says, 'Heave on four more.' Twelve barrels, you see altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads—'measures,' it says; I reckon it means about a hogshead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray; he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those in authority in the government, and all the usual programme, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then all of a sudden, when nobody was noticing, he out with a match, and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and puff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of *water! Petroleum*, sir PETROLEUM! that's what it was!"

"Petroleum, Captain?"

"Yes, sir: the country was full of it, Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how it was done."

The Perfect Saddle-Horse.

Col. Waring, in Scribner for November.

It is not easy to describe the perfect high-bred saddle-horse so that he will be recognized at sight by the uninitiated, and the initiated need no such description. His characteristics my be thus sketched: He should have, first of all, large, sound, open-heeled feet, with the frog well defined, the pasterns neither so long as to be weak, nor so steep as to give an unyielding action,—rather of medium length and sloping backward a little more than the front line of the hoof; the legs, between the pastern joints and the knees and hocks, cannot be too short, and the back tendons should be so large and full as to give them the appearance of width and flatness. The knees cannot be too large and full, nor can the hocks be too large and bony. The fore-arm, from the knee to the point of the shoulder and the hind leg from the hock to the stifle joint, should be very long, and muscular, and quite free from fat or flabbiness. The shoulder must be very sloping,—the more so the better,—and overlaid with tense and prominent muscles. The hips and thighs should be well loaded with muscle, and if there is to be a fleshy condition at any point let it be here. Owing to the slope of the shoulder, and the height of the withers, and to the prominence of the muscles over the hips, the back should have the appearance of extreme shortness, with a slight—but only slight—downward curve: "hardly room to carry a saddle" is the form in which the horseman expresses his highest praise. This is the preferable form of back, but very many thoroughbreds are deficient in this respect. Largely as a matter of beauty the spine should run back nearly level from the hips, and the tail should be carried high (the Kentucky blood horse is often very defective here); the neck should be long and lean, well arched, but not beefy at the crest, and furnished with a large, loose-hanging wind-pipe below, well defined even when the horse is at rest. The ears must be quick, small at their setting-on and thin,—there is no objection to their having a good length; the head may be, but not necessarily, small, but it should be well shaped, and it *must* be as bony and as free as possible from flesh; it should be so wide and clean between the jaws as to give ample space for the windpipe; the nostrils must be capable of great distension, to allow free breathing during exertion; the skin should be soft, the coat fine and silky, and the hair of the mane and tail, although it may be somewhat wavy should be free from anything like curliness, and rather scanty than surperabundant. After severe exertion, full veins should show over the whole body. The distension of the veins which are generally invisible in the cold-blooded horse, give the thoroughbred one of his greatest advantages by affording relief to the pulsation during the strong action of the heart. The horse above described is quite sure to have the deep chest and heart-place which are so important to strenuous exertion; but many of the best thoroughbreds are deficient in that round, barrel-hooped form of the ribs which is necessary to the roomiest accommodation of the lungs and the abdominal viscera. A sound horse having these qualities and whose sides, back of the girth, project beyond the line of the shoulders and hips, may be relied upon for the most arduous work.

A Theory of the Deluge.

One of the wildest of theories, I fear, is the Astronomer-Royal's, that the deluge was simply a great rise of the Nile. Sir G. Airy is so confident respecting this that he says: "I cannot entertain the smallest doubt that the flood of Noah was a flood of the Nile," precisely as he might say, "I cannot entertain the smallest doubt that the earth moves round the sun." On one point we can entertain very little doubt, indeed. If it ever rained before the flood, which seems probable, and if the sun ever shone on falling rain, which again seems likely, nothing short of a miracle could have prevented the rainbow from making its appearance before the flood. The wildest theory that can be invented to explain the story of the deluge cannot be wilder than the supposition that the rays of sun light shining on falling raindrops could have ever failed to show the prismatic colors.—*Belaravia.*

MODERN REVIVAL HYMNS.

The Remarkable Spread of Moody and Sankey's Songs.

From the Galaxy.

A distinguishing feature of our great religious revivals of the past half dozen years has been the important part which singing has played in them. Not only has a singer accompanied the preacher—as Mr. Sankey accompanied Mr. Moody, as Mr. Bliss accompanied Maj. Whittle, as Mr. Bentley accompanied Mr. Hammond, as Mr. Hillman accompanied Mr. Graves, and as Mr. Johnson accompanied Mr. Needham—but great local choirs in each city have aided the evangelists by an impressive service of song.

The extent of this hymnal service has not been more remarkable than its excellence, both as regards words and melodies. Its leading trait has been hearty hopefulness, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm. The key-note of old-time revivals was there; that of modern revivals is persuasion. And this difference appears more clearly even in their songs than in their sermons. Moffat and Cartwright, Flinney and Knapp, draw awful pictures of the fate of the impenitent; but the modern evangelist paints rather the hopes of heaven, and the glories of belonging to the noble army of Christian workers on earth. Hence a genuine martial ring is heard in the popular revival melodies. There is a thrilling quality in "Only an Armor-Bearer," or "Hold the Fort," or "Pull for the Shore," which seems to be almost a modern characteristic. It is true that some early popular revival melodies had that trait: "When I can read my title clear," and "Canaan," and in general the "Jerusalem" styles of ditties, not to speak of the grandly sonorous tunes, like "Coronation," being quite as rapturous as anything in more recent hymnalogy. But in the earlier hand-books of rival music the proportion of "awakening" that is to say, mournfully startling hymns, such as, "Oh, there will be wailing, wailing, wailing, wailing, at the judgement-seat of God!" was much greater than the modern.

Perhaps in the effort to be bright and encouraging some of the revival tunes have gone to the extreme of liveliness, and are too much like a jig for decorous and solemn worship. By giving a little extra speed and trippingness to "Hold the Fort," it has been used for dancing. But there is no denying the power or the popularity of these gospel tunes, often called the "Moody and Sankey tunes." They have gone to every home; they are sung in camp, on shipboard, on the railroad train; the very street-organs grind them out; and the other day they even got into the witness-box, for a witness in a Pennsylvania law suit, an Englishman, began his testimony, "As I was walking along, singing 'What shall the 'arvest be?'" etc.

Diving Head Foremost Over a Seventy-Foot Fall.

From the Herkimer (N. Y.) Herald.

The train arrived at Portage at 11 a. m., and it was announced by Captain Rhodes that he would dive over the falls at 3 p. m. At the stipulated time Capt. Rhodes and lady appeared at the falls, the Capt. being clad in his favorite suit. While Mr. Metcalf, the civil engineer of the bridge, was testing the depth of the water preparatory for the Captain's descent, train No. 9 came along, and Capt. Rhodes desiring to give the passengers the benefit of a sight as a complimentary, dove from the highest point of the rocks into the unfathomed deep, seventy-feet below, before Mr. Metcalf could test its depth.

The Captain's aim was to clear the rocky cliff by at least fifteen feet, but the height being twice what he judged it to be, the line of descent brought him within four feet of the edge of the seemingly perpendicular ledge. The Capt. struck the water like a dart, head foremost, and after going down about twelve feet, both his hands struck a smooth rock, which glanced him into deeper water; by the sudden change of his course on striking the smooth rock, it caused a snap in his back, which he did not seem to notice at the time. His wife was ready on the ledge below the falls. He swam with her into the canon of wild water, and after enjoying (?) a ride in the icy water for a few minutes, she was safely landed on shore without her head or shoulders being wet, which proved conclusively that the Captain's company would be desirable in case of a marine disaster. After coming out of the water Capt. Rhodes ascended the embankment and walked along to the Cascade house, where every attention was paid himself and lady by Mr. Williams. Capt. Rhodes and lady took the evening train for this place, and since then have been stopping at the Osborn house. On retiring Saturday night Capt. Rhodes did not feel that he had sustained any material injury, but on waking in the morning he found that he was unable to turn himself over in bed, but by thorough rubbing and a spirit bath he was able to get up at 2 p. m. He is inclined to believe that discretion is the better part of valor, and in all future dives into the unknown deeps thinks it advisable to fathom the water before complimenting passing trains.

Americans in Paris.

Paris Correspondence Washington Capital.

Americans make the best Frenchmen of all the foreigners who flock here. The Russians, a large colony always, are always Russe, extravagant, barbaric in splendor, and gross to excess in carriages, women, wine and diamonds. A pet monkey showering about a casket of the Esterhazy diamonds is a good illustration of a rich young Russian *boyard* scattering his first crop of wild oats on the fruitful soil of Paris. The English are always English wherever you find them, and will want some little isle of light to themselves in the next world. Egotistical, selfish, economical to parsimony, fault-finding and supercilious, they are the *betes noir* of the continent. The German rarely travels, wastes no money, assimilates with nothing but beer. The American, after a brief residence, waxes his moustache, wears lacquered boots, swings a cane as slender and delicate as a lace thread, drinks black coffee in tiny cups on the boulevards, says, "Pardon Monsieur," twice a minute, and places his right hand on his heart when bowing to a lady. What endears him most to the Parisian's heart is the noble disregard of cost which characterizes the American sovereign abroad. If the Duke of Hamilton has a fine suite of rooms, *au premiere*, at the Hotel St. Germaine, the bonanza king wants the whole of the first floor. If Prince Paul Demidoff has a salon box for his mistress at the new Opera House (which will have cost the nation $20,000,000 when finished), some lucky Baldwin of the Best and Belcher mine takes two boxes and fills them with diamonds and questionable women. That's the sort of man the American in Paris generally is, to the extent of his means.

Night Signaling at Sea.

From the London Times.

Some experiments with Silber lights for naval purposes have recently been conducted on board one of the ships of the Channel fleet, (her Majesty's ship Black Prince,) with the result that the Admiralty has directed lights of the same description to be supplied also to the Minotaur and the Inflexible, in order that the experiment may be continued on a more extended scale. The chief object of the experiments has been to obtain more effectual lights for night signaling by flashes from the masthead, and Mr. Silber has succeeded in constructing an argandlantern for this purpose which burns colza-oil without a chimney, is impervious to wind and weather, burns for 18 hours without trimming and without important diminution of light, and which, with the aid of a reflector and a cut-glass lens, is visible in clear weather for eight or ten miles. Port and starboard lanterns on similar principles have also been supplied, together with modified forms of the same lamp for lighting side passages, engine gauges, and other parts of ships. In these modified forms chimneys are used for the sake of economy of construction; but the chimneys are of such a shape, and so secured in metal collar, that they are not likely to be broken by any ordinary use or handling. The same results which have been obtained with colza-oil can also be obtained with petroleum; but this is objectionable on shipboard, on account of its tendency to saturate woodwork by spilling and leakage, and thus to make ready the way for accinedtal fires. For railway stations, however, for railway signal lamps, and for all domestic purposes, petroleum is perfectly applicable, and its comparatively small cost renders it advantageous. Mr. Silber has applied the construction which prevents his masthead lights from being affected by wind or by oscillation to petroleum lamps for household purposes, either for carrying in draughty passages or for use with open windows or on lawns or gardens. The burners of these lamps have also been in many respects improved and simplified.

Swindling Hotels.

A London newspaper of a recent date says: "There are at the present time two gentlemen, one in London and the other in one of the large northern towns, (Liverpool or Manchester,) who are carrying on a system of hotel swindling; and up to the present time there seems but little chance of their being detected. Birmingham and other midland towns have been visited, and from the inquiries instituted respecting them it appears that they are reaping rich harvest. One is much younger than the other, and styles himself Mr. Hartland, Mr. Hamer, and other aliases, and represents himself to be a commercial traveler. He is about 30 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, has dark hair and moustache, and is of insinuating manners and address. Putting up at a hotel he seems energetically engaged in the service of his employers. He runs up a small bill, and on the second or third day of his arrival receives by the morning's post a letter from his 'firm' in the North containing the half of a £20 bank-note, with his employers' request that he will 'wire' immediately the safe arrival of the same, and that the remaining half of the note shall be dispatched to him by the night post to the hotel. He applies to the proprietor of the hotel for a telegraph form to 'wire' the safe arrival of the half note, (especial care being taken that the proprietor shall see the message.) During the day the swindler informs the hotel-keeper that he is in urgent need of £20 until the following morning, being disappointed in only receiving half the note, and laying it upon the table for security asks a loan upon it, until the morning, of £20, when the remaining half will arrive (per letter.) In nine cases out of ten the hotel-keeper falls into the trap, considering himself safe with the half note, and advances the cash required, seeing no danger. The 'commercial, goes out on his rounds, and the victimized hotel-keeper sees him no more."

Opposition to Potatoes.

The London *Spectator* says: "Archdeacon Denison, on the occasion of his twenty-first harvest-home, made the other day a speech on the food and drink question. There were some odd things at this festival—a loaf of 94 pounds and a cheese weighing 90, for example—but nothing quite so odd as what the Archdeacon himself said to the Somerset folk. He fiercely fell foul of the potato, and rated it as if it were no better than a Low Church Bishop. He had made up his mind not to plant another potato as long as he lived. 'To do so was simply to waste the seed and poison the ground, and the more they planted that tuber the more would they poison the ground, until it stank in their nostrils.' People ought to plant, instead of potatoes, peas, beans, and beetroot, which were not subject to disease. He did not go with Cobbet in praising beer, which made people's faces red, but he recommended as a substitute for cider 'a delightful beverage, consisting of oatmeal and water, flavored with a little acid.' We do not mind his praising this 'delightful beverage,' which will be sure to be appreciated as it deserves; but it is a little too bad in the Archdeacon, in responding to the clergy, to go over, horse and foot, to the side of the Colorado beetle."

Hard-Up in the Black Hills.

From the Nevada Chronicle.

A resident of Virginia has just received a letter from the Black Hills. It runs as follows:

DEADWOOD CITY, Sept. 15.—Deaf Brother: I've been spending the last week trying to think of some plan which will enable me to get home. If I only had $500 I could get to Cheyenne, and then it would be easy sailing into civilization. If you send the money by express the Indians are sure to get it as they split open a Wells-Fargo coach every few days. If you send it by mail I wouldn't get it for months, as the postmaster is off on a big drunk most of the time, and can't read anyhow. Don't send a draft on the bank as it is liable to bust. If you know some friend coming to the Hills dont trust him with the cash as he's sure to gamble it all off at Cheyenne or get robbed at Custer. If you can think of some way of sending the money that it will be sure to get here, send it right away; but unless you are sure don't risk it. Perhaps you had better come yourself and bring it. Yours,

BILLY B.

P. S.—Now be mighty careful or we'll slip up.

The following reply was sent:

Dear Brother Bill: Just borrowed $12 to settle a board bill. Yours,

DICK.

SHORT TAKES.

Weather profits—the sale of ulsters and umbrellas.

Russia is going to let another loan. She should have let Turkey alone in the first place.

A Yankee editor, in his financial article, says, "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

I never had a man cum to me for advise but before he got thru he had more advise to offer than to ask for.—*Josh Billings.*

There are beautiful warm soda springs in Colorado, and people who go bathing in them at once exclaim: "Oh, but this is soda-licious!"

If you have no cold victuals for the poor, hungry tramp, don't send him away without giving him anything. Give him your mother's recipe for making oyster-dressing.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of a country editor. "I make bold to ask it because I know the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

A patent has been taken out for a protecting stern for the use of book agents and lightning-rod men. It is automatic and spreads out a double row of spikes, like and inverted peacock's tail whenever the wearer turns to leave the house.

"Yes, gentlemen, certainly, of course," said a Seventh-street clothier; "if you want a pair of pants, step right into my pantry; if a vest, walk right up to my vestry; and if a coat, here, Jacob, show this gentleman into the coterie. This way, this way, gentlemen."

Mothers.

That wasting form; that glassy, expressionless eye! That fitful starting sleep! That picking of the nose with the thin fingers; all tell in plainer language than pen can describe, that worms are killing your child, whom you can save by the timely use of Van Deusen's White Worm Confections, and for which we give you five good reasons for using:

1. Children eat them as they do candy.
2. They drive out worms thoroughly without pain.
3. Cleanse the stomach completely.
4. Cure bowel and teething complaints.
5. Restore health and vigor—give lustre to the eye and cheerfulness to the spirits.

NEVER give your children COLORED worm candy.

If the merchants in your place have not Van Deusen's Worm Confections, insist upon their sending to us or where they purchase their medicines and get them, as they will save the lives of your darling children.

VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS, Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y.

Price, 25 cents a box. Sold everywhere.

Merchants can get them at wholesale Drug Stores.

COMMISSION.

Where to Send Your Fruits, Vegitables, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Etc.

The farmers and store keepers of this section have long known that Kansas City is their market, and being too remote to make a visit every time they wish to market their products it is necessary for the farmers to know to whom to ship their products and for the merchant to sell what he has taken in exchange for his goods that he has not a home market for. We can most cheerfuly recommend Mr. G. Yeoman, No. 125 East Fourth street, Kansas City, as the proper person to make your consignments. Mr. Yeoman has been in the Commission business for several years and has made for himself a very enviable reputation for honest dealings, and is noted for getting the height of the market and making quick returns.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

For November contains some highly interesting matter. It is full of variety, just what our readers delight in. It contains an excellent and very liberally illustrated article on the late M. Thiers, ex-President of the French Republic, one on "The Coast Fisheries of America," (about 30 illustrations); another on "The Artificial Production of Light" (30 illustrations), and several others. To these are added some very excellent short stories, continued a number of welcome paragraphs and anecdotes of tales, natural and political history, while science, art, poetry, wit and humor find their places among its many columns. The end of the year draws near and a subscription to the MONTHLY for 1878 would make a very desirable holiday present or a New Year's gift in the home-circle. The POPULAR MONTHLY is the best and cheapest publication of its kind in the world. Each number contains 128 pages, 100 illustrations, and an average of 150,000 words, and the price per year is but $2.50 or single copies 25 cents, free by mail, which is 16 to 22 per cent. cheaper than Harper's or Scribner's Magazines, which contain an average of but 148,000 and 142,000 words and costs $4.00 per annum. For the POPULAR MONTHLY, address your orders to FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

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Ask your commission merchant to send you the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE DAILY PRICES CURRENT published by Etue & Waters. It is the only reliable market report published.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the O K Scroll Saw, manufactured by the Great Western Saw Co., Leavenworth, Kas.

C. SCHMACK, Steam Dye House, 520 Main st., Kansas City, Mo. Silk, satin and woolen goods dyed and cleaned to look like new.

USE Peet Bros. & Co.'s Soaps. See adv.

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YOUR NAME 25 white and 25 all different. Agent's circular and 165 same box of type for 15 cents in stamps or silver. W. C. **ON 50 CARDS.** CANNON, 712 Washington st., Boston

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Artist's AND WAX FLOWER Materials. Pictures and Frames, Picture Cords and Nails, Card Photo Frames, Walnut Brackets, Cigar Splints, &c., &c. A full line of goods for Pedlers and Agents. Wm. E. THORNE, 778 Main st., Kansas City, Mo.

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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

NOVEMBER 9th and 10th.

Messrs George Hamilton & Son, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., C. C. Chiles and H. M. Valle, of Independence, Mo., Seth E. Ward, of Westport, Mo., W. W. Short, Bellevue, Kansas, S. D. Duckworth and Thomas C. Anderson, of Kansas City, will sell to the highest bidder, without bid or reserve, at the place and time above mentioned, 200 head of fashionably bred Short-Horn Cattle.

150 Females and 50 Bulls,

Of the well-established and justly popular families of Oxfords, Rose of Sharons, Young Marys, Pearlettes, Arabellas, Phyllises, Dulcibellas, White Roses, Miss Severs, Red Roses, and many other well known, as well as a few of the best

BRED AGED BULLS

ON THE CONTINENT.

Street Cars from any part of the City to the Park.

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Catalogues on application to Thomas C. Anderson, Kansas City, Mo. Capt. P. C. KIDD, Lexington, Ky., Auctioneer.

REDUCED RATES

On the several Railroads centering here have been arranged as follows: Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs; Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf; Leavenworth, Lawrence & Galveston; Atchison & Nebraska, one and one-fifth fares, good from the 8th to 12th inclusive. Kansas Pacific and Santa Fe Railroads, one-half fare, good from 6th to 12th. The Missouri Pacific at one and one-fifth fare from all stations from Sedalia to Atchison, good till the 12th. St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Railway, from Carrollton and intermediate stations, one and one-fifth fares, and same rates over Wyandotte, Kansas City & Northwestern Railway.

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Capt. P. C. KIDD, Lexington, Ky., Auctioneer.

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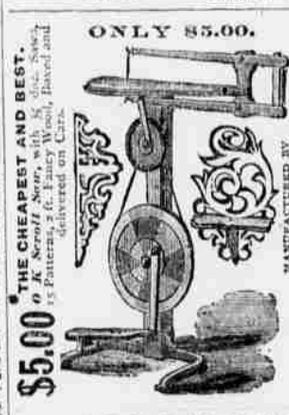

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