

tify myself that he was taken from a grave on which the grass was growing luxuriantly, and before my eyes was raised from a dead man to one who still steadily away with his friends. More than this, he had foretold that he would do that very thing, setting the date for his burial and resurrection and himself appearing to his friends and associates who were to bring back the vital spark when the allotted time had expired.

I was told that there are many well-authenticated cases like this. I myself witnessed that many of the Hindus are capable of lying either dead or with suspended animation for months and of then resuming life as if they had but slept for a night.

But all this is of the strange Eastern magic, it is too wonderful for our poor Western ideas. We cannot understand it, and so try to find a loophole for doubt to creep through to explain how death might have been practiced in the cool of evening was more silent and thoughtful than that of the morning had been, but in time we reached the city and soon after stood on the grassy hillside deck of the forest before the massive mausoleum which had been raised since last I stood on that safe deck, and privately I rejoiced that my lot had been cast for a land where people die and they stayed dead. I am glad that I witnessed the strange resurrection, but I do not want to witness another.

MABEL H. CLOSSON.

**THE BOSS FARMER.**

**Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture.**

**HOW HE LOOKS AND TALKS.**

**He Says the Farmers of the Country Are Prosperous, Not Poor.**

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

One of the most interesting characters in President Cleveland's Cabinet is the Hon. Julius Sterling Morton, the new Secretary of Agriculture. He has come to Washington with a brain well sharpened by its contact with the business of the West. He brings new light into the Agricultural Department, and he promises to turn some of Uncle Jerry Rusk's institutions upside down. I spent an evening this week with him in his quarters at the Cochrane Hotel. He is, you know, a widower, and he lives very quietly, though he is not averse to society, and is one of the most companionable of men. Let me tell you how he looks. Governor Morton is about 5 feet 7 inches tall, and he weighs just about 150 pounds. His shoulders are broad and his limbs are clean out. He does not look to be more than 50 years of age, but he is over 60 and is still in his prime. He has a light complexion, light gray hair and a gray mustache, with the shadow of a gray goatee shining out from under it. He has a high forehead, a strong nose and a pleasant mouth. He dresses more like a New York club man than the



Secretary Morton.

typical farmer statesman, and he would not be out of place in any crowd of gentlemen in New York or Chicago. When I called upon him he was dressed in a well-cut business suit, with a pair of fashionable light shoes and a pair of his well-creased pantaloons. A diamond sparkled in a ring on one of the fingers of his left hand, and a costly watch chain was in his pocket. The contrast between him and Uncle Jerry Rusk, whom I saw just before he left Washington, was striking, and as I said "Good-day" I thought his appearance gave the lie to the statement that "there is no money in farming in Nebraska," and asked:

"Mr. Secretary, is it true that the farmers are ruined in the West and the days of money-making for them have gone forever?"

"I think not," replied the Secretary of Agriculture with a smile. "Of all classes in the United States to-day it seems to me that the farmers have the best outlook. They are not so badly off as they have been painted, and many of them are making money. Of course there are failures, but of all the businesses of the United States farming is the least liable to fail, and the most successful. Take the dry-goods business; 97 per cent of the men who go into it become bankrupt, and the proportion of failures in all mercantile trades is very large. As to farming, I know hundreds of instances of success around me in Nebraska. One of my neighbors came out West with only 75 cents. He bought his land on time, and he now owns 1800 acres. He is the president of a bank and is rich, and he has his possessions carried out of the soil. Around him you will find many poor farmers. They came to the same place with more money and better prospects, but they were shiftless. They have not stuck to their work. They have left their farms to sell patent rights and have been inveigled into schemes to make money fast without work. No business can succeed without thrift, energy and brains. Pure success will not make a good farmer, or a good farmer will not make a success. The land has to be managed with the brains of the owner in order to make it pay. The average farmer is better off now than he has ever been, and I believe he will continue to improve."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"It is only a logical conclusion," was the reply. "The Government lands are nearly all taken up. Slovenly farming is wearing out some of the best farms of the country, and the value of the remaining farms has been nearly reached. We double our population every twenty-five years. In a quarter of a century we will have 130,000,000 to feed instead of 65,000,000, and their food is all to come from the soil of the farmer. The result is that lands must rise and farm products will increase in price. The law of supply and demand makes it certain that farm property will be the most valuable of all property in the future, and the farmers will be the nabobs."

"Will we have large farms or small farms in the future, Mr. Secretary?" I asked.

"I think the tendency is toward small farms. Our farms will be more like those of France. The land will be better tilled and the deserted farms will be bought up. Take the abandoned farms of New England. I believe that the next great emigration of our farmers will be to the New England States. I think that in certain parts of these States so that you can buy tracts which were once cultivated for \$5 to \$7 per acre. The lands have been abandoned by their owners going to the West. They have an idle for years, and nature has been fertilizing them. They are now covered with undergrowth and they will have to be cleared again. But, well farmed, they will again bring them into bearing. In past years capitalists and others have been buying them. I know a number of rich men who have large tracts in New England. Austin Corbin recently bought 3000 acres and Morrison, the famous bridge-builder, has just purchased a large tract. Yes," concluded the Secretary, emphatically, "I look for the resurrection of New England and it will again blossom as the rose."

"How about the lands of the South? I suppose many of them have been killed by bad farming?"

"No, they are not killed," replied Secretary Morton, "and proper fertilization and work will again bring them into bearing. Speaking about killing the soil makes me think of an old Missourian who came up into Nebraska to buy some land. He looked about with doubting eyes on the different farms of my neighborhood until he saw one of the agents wonder whether he knew anything about land, and they asked him whether he had ever farmed. He replied, 'Yes, I have averaged the soil for

nigh onto thirty years.' This is the trouble with the South, the soil has been so overgrazed, though it has not been killed."

"Do you think the South will ever equal the North as an agricultural country?"

"I doubt it," was the reply. "Climatic influences are such that the people of the South will not work like we do in the North. They can get along with less work and they will do it. Immigration won't change this, and the Yankees who go down there lose their grit in five years and are as good as dead. The Southern people have a great deal to do with the making of men and beasts. Sometimes I think it has everything to do. Take the cattle of Texas; I was down there not long ago, and I saw some of the best of the old bones and horns. They are so smart that you can scrape their bones and put all the meat into their horns. As I looked at them I asked the people why they did not raise Durham cattle. They replied that they had tried the experiment, but that the old cattle quickly died, and that their offspring grew to be like the others in a year or so."

"By the way, Mr. Secretary, where does your own meat come from? You are Scotch, are you not?"

"I come of Scotch-English ancestry," was the reply. "I was just looking over my 'erd book' at the department to-day—I mean a genealogical record. It makes me really sorry to hear that you are a herd book. Well, I found that one of my ancestors sold the Mayflower to the Pilgrims and became over himself on the next ship. The family drifted from New England to New York and my father came from New York to Michigan and settled in Detroit."

Secretary Morton is a well-educated man. He talks fluently, using the best of English, and any chat with him shows that his studies had covered a wide range. During it I asked him where he had gone to school and he replied:

"The first part of my education was acquired at the Michigan University at Ann Arbor. I was there for two years, and then left on account of the action of the college as to fraternities. The faculty decided to wipe out the Greek letter societies, and in wiping them out they wiped out the fraternities. I then went to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and I finished my education there."

"How old were you when you went West?"

"I was just about 22," was the reply. "I went West on my wedding tour, and the trip to Nebraska at that time was a far greater undertaking than it is now. We went by rail from Chicago to Alton on the Mississippi River. There was no such a thing as a sleeper at that time and we had to sit up all the way. From Alton we went to St. Louis, and from St. Louis we went to the Missouri to St. Joseph by steamboat. Here we got a stage and rode on to Council Bluffs. The trip took about eight days and nights and it was full of hardships. It could be made now in about a day."

"We settled first at Bellevue, and the next spring we moved to Nebraska City, where we took up the quarter-section on which I now live. I have added a little to it, but it is the same ground that I got from the Government thirty-eight years ago. We began life in a log cabin, and my boy, by the way, has just had a picture of this cabin made in connection with some others on a sheet advertising his cereal and starch manufactory. Under the cabin he has put the words 'The house in which the president of the company began business.' As I looked at it I asked him what he had carried in the cabin and he replied: 'I suppose you might call it a milking business.'"

I doubt whether there is a man in the country who loved his wife better than Julius Sterling Morton. All these are his husbands who have been devoted to their memories. I heard something of the story while I was in Nebraska this summer, and his wife since she died has been buried in his grave. She was married to him at the age of 21, and their married life was one long honeymoon of twenty-seven years. She bore him four sons, and she died in the arms of her husband. During my talk with Secretary Morton I spoke of his wife and asked him if he had a picture of her. He took a lock of hair from his left breast and handed it to me. On the back of it was the face of a very pretty woman, and as I looked at it the secretary told me that it was the picture of his wife, and he feelingly referred to her influence over his life and her character. He had a picture which was published at the time of her death, and he told me that this lock had never been out of his hands since that time. She was, indeed, the best half of the secretary's soul, and his life since she died has been wrapped up in his children and grandchildren. The four Morton boys are all married and the secretary has a number of grandchildren.

On the evening of 1890 the Secretary held a party of Morton reunion at his home, and photographs were taken of the little Mortons in all shapes and in all sorts of groups. A book has been made of these pictures and the dignified Secretary appears in many of them. The book is the children have their heads ornamented with leaves and feathers, and one of the pictures represents a wrestling match, in which one of the participants looks strikingly like the Secretary. The book also represents Wirt Morton, a lusty, laughing baby, with his finger in his mouth, and the subscription states that the infant is aged six months. I noted at the first of this book that the Secretary is the Secretary of Agriculture. It consists of a scroll and under it, in which are printed the words, "Plant trees." Below this is the inscription "Arbor Lodge" and Secretary Morton's name, which he parts in the book. I think that the Secretary of Agriculture is a very good name for a man who has planted in Nebraska since he inaugurated the institution of Arbor day there in 1872.

The conversation here turned to the Department of Agriculture and I asked the Secretary whether he was making any changes in the methods of running it. He replied:

"I am making a great many, and I am trying to bring the department down to a practical business basis. I believe in spending money where it should be spent, and I have already found a number of big leaks, which I am stopping. One is in these experimental stations which have been established by the department over the country. There are of no good whatever. Why, I found one at Garden City, where the business of which was to evolve a grass which would grow on the arid plains of the West. Twenty thousand dollars have been spent on it in five years, and it has not done a thing. Land has been bought, water or oil—a sort of grass which would grow on the arid plains of the West. I presume, from what inquiries I made I found that this Professor Veay had a home address in Denver, and he seemed to be only heard from at the times when his salary was due. I stopped the appropriation and I suppose he will now materialize in some shape or other."

"Kansas always gets a share of the appropriations," continued Secretary Morton. "In looking over the State I find that Plumb and Ingalls have patched it all over with just such jobs, but similar to the one at Garden City. I have already found a number of big leaks, which I am stopping. One is in these experimental stations which have been established by the department over the country. There are of no good whatever. Why, I found one at Garden City, where the business of which was to evolve a grass which would grow on the arid plains of the West. Twenty thousand dollars have been spent on it in five years, and it has not done a thing. Land has been bought, water or oil—a sort of grass which would grow on the arid plains of the West. I presume, from what inquiries I made I found that this Professor Veay had a home address in Denver, and he seemed to be only heard from at the times when his salary was due. I stopped the appropriation and I suppose he will now materialize in some shape or other."

**THE FANCY-WORK MAIDEN.**

An' so you kinder want know why I broke out with sal?

Purty?

For there ain't a blessed star in heaven shines brighter than her eyes.

An' her cheeks are just like peaches on the trees or paradises!

An' her smile is like the sunshine spilt upon a flower-bed.

An' her like apron's sunbeams on the garland of her head.

An' her hair is like a singer's brook that bubbles as 't passes.

Thro' the stuck-up tiger lilies and the purty-smellin' grasses.

An' I told her that I loved her much as forty times a day.

But she had a much time to bother an' kept on with her crowsay.

When I pumped right down afore her—pump upon my very nose.

She said: 'Oh my ricar, and you're rumpin' up my frizee.'

An' I tried to talk of love an' things, an' I told her I would marry her.

Unless she smiled upon my suit. She simply said, 'Oh my!'

You've got my purty tiny dand, an'—ain't that got no eyes?

You've planted them big feet of yours on them air apertises!

An' she wore in big flamingoes, snipes an' turkeys on her rick.

An' she painted yaller puddles on her mother's lasses jugs.

An' she had purple angels on majenta-colored plaques.

An' she had colored cherubs, with blue wings behind their backs.

An' when I talked of love an' stuff, she'd talk of 'squares' lace.

An' she said I take my feet from out of that 'tubby vase.'

I'd say: 'My heart's love, O, be mine, be mine—be wholely my ricar.'

She'd say: 'You've got your elbows mixed in that silk skein or twine.'

Now I'm goin' to Arizona far to do a cowboy's work.

Driven forth from civilization by the cuss or fancy work.

But her smile will still haunt me—silus in my visions.

Framed in latest styles of ricar, with a background of crowsay.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

**THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.**

**Items of Interest to Members of Many Denominations.**

The entire debt of \$18,000 on the First Congregational Church in Tacoma was raised before Dr. and Mrs. Halleck left for their vacation.

A company of lads known as St. John's Cadets has been organized in connection with St. John's Episcopal Church, Los Angeles, by Major Chaffee, U. S. A. Some twenty-five boys have already enrolled. The company may eventually co-operate with the Boys' Brigade.

Rev. George Hodges, D. D., of Pittsburg, has been elected Moderator of the Synod of the Episcopal diocese of Oregon.

The Jewish infant school in Vienna has just celebrated its jubilee. The institution stands under the direct patronage of the Empress of Austria.

There are in Spain 18,629 churches and 435 priests, 15,392 nuns, 1614 monks and 11,202 convents, monasteries and other houses of a religious character. The clergy is maintained by the state.

Monday and Tuesday, which is to represent the English hierarchy at the Chicago Catholic Congress, was formerly the chaplain of the Manchester prisons, and he attended the Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, in their last moments.

Bishop Isaac W. Joyce of the Methodist church lives in Chattanooga, Tenn., and a few days ago he assisted at the dedication of a colored Methodist church in Cleveland, Ohio. The Bishop of the same denomination accepted the hospitality of the colored pastor, even to the extent of eating at his table and sleeping in one of his beds. The people of Chattanooga are very much interested in the Bishop with social ostracism.

The Rev. J. Will M. Jones, secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist church, with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., has been elected to the office of Bishop of the Virginia for the coming year.

Twenty-five weeklies in English, two in German, two monthlies, Hebrew and Judeo-German, Jewish papers, without number, are sent to the Jews in all parts of America. It is capable of doing much good, is the opinion of an Eastern contemporary.

Bishop Chapella of Santa Fe, N. Mex., was recently made cardinal by the Archbishop Salpointe of that diocese, makes the fifteenth Catholic Archbishop thus far appointed in the United States.

Rev. William Hall Moreland has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, San Francisco, and will enter upon his duties about September 1.

The Most Rev. Christopher Augustine Reynolds, D. D., Bishop of Adelaide since 1873, and Archbishop since 1887, died on June 12, after a long illness. He was 69 years of age.

Rev. E. M. Charropin, S. J., for many years professor of astronomy, chemistry and the higher mathematics in the Jesuit College, St. Charles, Mo., has been removed to St. Ignace college, Chicago.

At a meeting held June 27 the Congregational Church in East Los Angeles voted to ask Rev. D. Lloyd Jenkins to withdraw a resignation and continue as its pastor. It is not known what answer he will give to this request.

The West End Congregational Church, Los Angeles, calls Rev. A. B. White to the office of pastor. It is understood that he accepts the call, and that the building he made to secure a church lot, so that the building be not hereafter on leased land.

no control. I think that the seeds could be distributed through these experiment stations, and not by the Congressmen. It costs \$135,000 a year to send out seeds from here. I am going to recommend Congress to abolish this part of our business. As the seeds are now sent out they do not reach the parties they should nor do the proper kind of seeds get to the proper localities."

"What are you going to do as to the meat inspection, Mr. Secretary?" I asked.

"I am going to abolish a good part of it," was the reply. "Our meat exports to Germany last year amounted to only \$2,000,000, and I find that the Germans reimported all the meat that came in. We sent \$34,000,000 worth to England, where there is a great inspection. The inspection costs a vast deal more than it comes to, and in eleven months it has footed up a total of about \$200,000. Why, during that time we paid out \$4000 to inspect the meat at the Indianapolis abattoirs, and how much meat do you think was exported from there? Just \$351.50. For every dollar's worth of pork sent to Germany from Indianapolis we paid more than \$10 for inspection. It isn't good business."

"How about American corn in Europe? Is Cornmeal Murphy going to revolutionize the Continent?"

"I think not, though he is still in Europe. More of our corn should be used in Europe, but I believe that we can create a greater market for it by getting the Germans to use it in the making of beer rather than in the making of bread. Most of the beer in the United States is made largely of corn. The Milwaukee brewers will tell you they don't use it, but they use a mixture, which is the same thing, and the greatest per cent of our beer comes from corn. Milwaukee turns out a hundred carloads of beer every day the year round, and our brewers have a great influence on the prices of corn. The Germans use vast quantities of beer. Bavaria alone turns out 9,000,000 barrels a year, and the other German provinces have vast brewing establishments in all of their large cities. Corn makes a very good beer, and I think we can get the Germans to use it. I have selected a bright, well-educated brewer to go to Germany to look into the matter. He is now studying at the Brewers' College in Chicago and is getting the scientific knowledge, which, added to his practical knowledge, will make him a strong man for the place. His name is John Mattes, and he is the head of a brewing company in my city. At this college in Chicago they have some of the finest chemists in the country, and they graduated last year forty-five brewers. They have good laboratories and the best of professors. They make three barrels of beer a day, and their experiments are as carefully made as those of any college in the country."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Washington, July 6.

**WOMEN AND HOME.**

**Costumes of Fashionable Designs.**

**NEW IDEAS IN FANCY WORK.**

**A Neat Costume for City Wear.**

**Another Cozy Corner - Veils Designed for Travelers.**

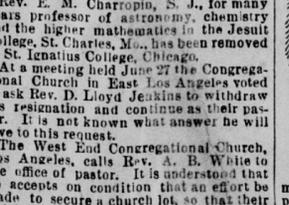
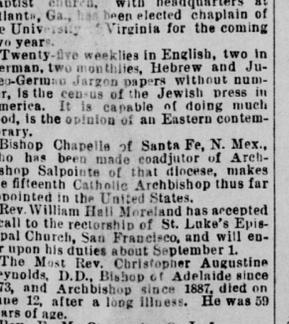
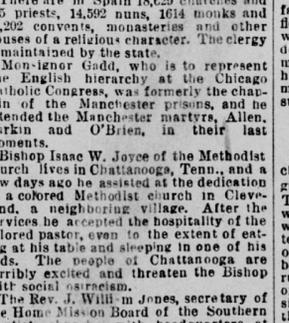
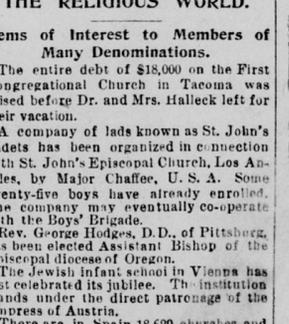
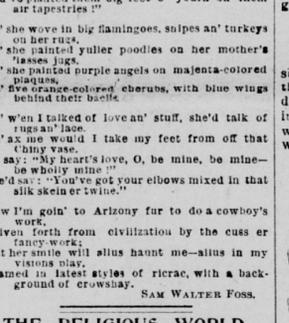
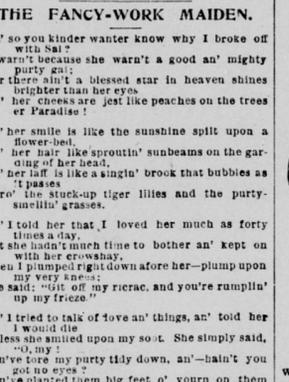
A strikingly novel bodice of pink and white nainsook, arranged with a very deep waistband and a full-gathered shoulder frill, the latter ornamented with a narrow piping of plain pink cambric. Above this frill there is a pointed yoke of striped white embroidery, the collar being also white.

**NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.**

An easel and fan of carved and gilded wood is one of the latest ideas for a photograph holder.

**A SUMMER CORNER.**

An ideal summer corner is made in the simplest way and with the simplest things. An ordinary clotheshorse is first draped with soft India silk in cool, winding curves, then made fast against the wall. Above it is a narrow shelf, on which rests a few works, a bit or two of



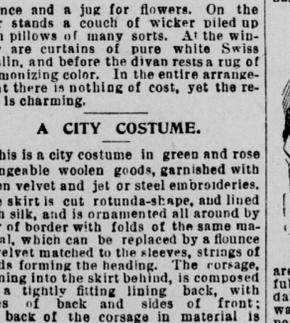
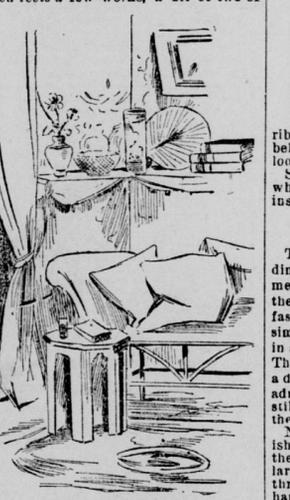
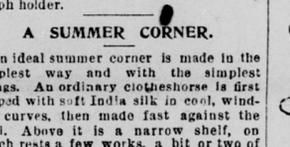
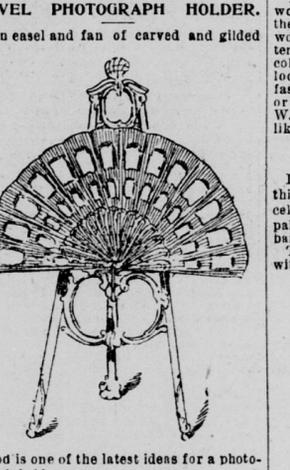
the shoulders and closing at the side by clasps. The fronts of tightly fitted lining close in the middle. Puffed sleeves in green velvet and collar of same material. Entre-deux in steel beads and round set-in piece garnishing the corsage. Shower of beads falling as far as the waist. Hat in lace, garnished with bouquets of cherries and a fancy piece. Parasol matched to the costume and bouquet of cherries. Materials—Six and a quarter yards of wooled goods, eight yards of velvet, a garniture of beads, four and a half yards of strings of jet or steel.

**TRAVELING VEILS.**

The tourist veil is plainly for use. Women are not willing to sacrifice the delicacy of their complexions when they are compelled to face the dust of the cars and the steam of boats, and so they go thickly veiled. None of the traveling



narrow piping of plain pink cambric. Above this frill there is a pointed yoke of striped white embroidery, the collar being also white.



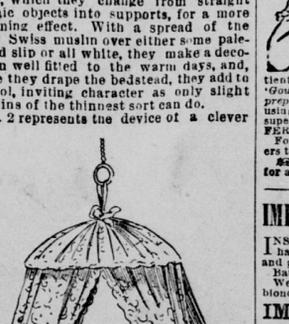
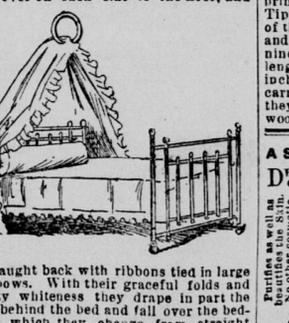
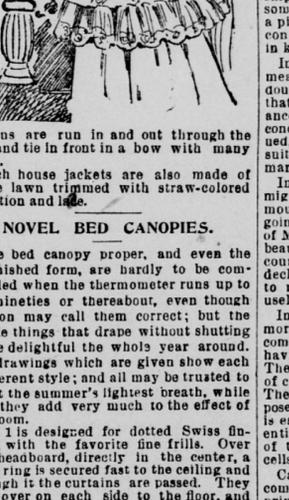
the shoulders and closing at the side by clasps. The fronts of tightly fitted lining close in the middle. Puffed sleeves in green velvet and collar of same material. Entre-deux in steel beads and round set-in piece garnishing the corsage. Shower of beads falling as far as the waist. Hat in lace, garnished with bouquets of cherries and a fancy piece. Parasol matched to the costume and bouquet of cherries. Materials—Six and a quarter yards of wooled goods, eight yards of velvet, a garniture of beads, four and a half yards of strings of jet or steel.

**TRAVELING VEILS.**

The tourist veil is plainly for use. Women are not willing to sacrifice the delicacy of their complexions when they are compelled to face the dust of the cars and the steam of boats, and so they go thickly veiled. None of the traveling



narrow piping of plain pink cambric. Above this frill there is a pointed yoke of striped white embroidery, the collar being also white.



ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The crew files at the rate of but twenty-five miles an hour.

Iron steamships were first built in Great Britain in 1843.

Women have abandoned spoon collecting for hat haps.

One-half the world's tin is mined in the Straits Settlement.

France is believed to be the best-cultivated country in Europe.

The fattest man ever known was Daniel Lambert, who weighed 730 pounds.

The first illustrated paper published was the Nuremberg Eibis printed in 1476.

Rice paper is made from a fishy plant called from a netting of the most conventional sort. The fine meshes of the lace effectually keep the intruders out, while they allow free passage of all needed air, and in the day, when the bed is not in use, the drapery is a unique and altogether delightful effect.

The Panama Canal swindles is estimated at \$200,000,000.

It is estimated that there are 62,000,000 horses in the world, 135,150,000 cattle and 434,500,000 sheep.

A Nebraska paper has been forced to suspend publication on account of the Illinois suit for only a few days.

Gutta serena was introduced into Europe from Malaga in 1852. The annual consumption now is 4,000,000 pounds.

"Baby," a cat belonging to Mrs. Cragin of Worcester, Mass., is believed to be the giant of the domesticated feline race. It is 18 inches long, 16 inches high and weighs 30 pounds.

Spanish Hebrews always purr out all the water contained in the vessels of a house wherein a person has died, fearing that the angel of death may have swished his sword in some of it.

Statistics of the Wesleyan Methodist church in Great Britain show a membership last year of 427,773, an increase of 2780 over the previous year, and 22,916 members on trial, an increase of 4476.

Some faint idea of the distance of a "fixed star" may be had from this calculation: Light passes from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes and 13 seconds; from the earth to the star in three years.

The materials of the sculptor comprise almost every substance capable of being carved, such as marble, granite, alabaster, soapstone, marble, alabaster, bone, ivory, granite, basalt and porphyry have all been used from time immemorial.

Although whales grow to enormous size, 80 and even 90 feet long, the throat of the common whale is so small that it cannot swallow a site as large as a sea scull. The sperm whale has a mouth large enough to swallow a man.

Many a good book has been written in prison. Socrates, Cervantes, Bunyan, Defoe, Lovelace, Tasso, Beranger, Raleigh, George Wither and James Montgomery all continued their literary labors while suffering from a curtailment of liberty.

Russia has still many old and curious marriage customs. One is for the bride and bridegroom to race madly down the aisle of the church, the bride leading. The King places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master of the household.

A story has been circulated that the Emperor Nicholas recently returned from Turkey by the first-rate artists of all the warships of the Russian Black Sea fleet. In some quarters the reported act is thought to have been a mistake, while in others it is considered an insult, to which a rejoinder in kind would not be difficult.

In the middle ages pepper was by no means a thing to be sneezed at, although, doubtless, people were sometimes taken ill by its fumes. In the King of Denmark, with what was a very excellent condition. Indeed, so greatly was it valued, that a small packet was considered a suitable present for a noted person on his marriage or some other great occasion.

Such house jackets are also made of white lawn trimmed with straw-colored insertion and lace.

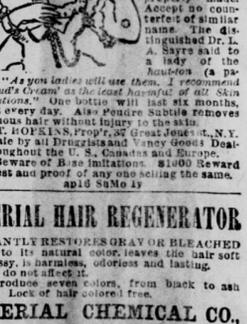
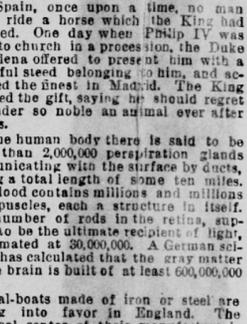
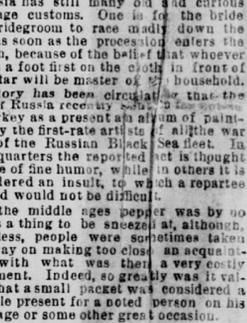
**A HOUSE JACKET.**

Insertion is popular this summer. In this dainty house jacket it is shown to excellent advantage. The jacket is made of pale blue lawn trimmed with diagonal bands of Valenciennes insertion. The skirt is very full and is finished with a ruffle of the lace. Narrow pale blue

wood is one of the latest ideas for a photograph holder.

**A SUMMER CORNER.**

An ideal summer corner is made in the simplest way and with the simplest things. An ordinary clotheshorse is first draped with soft India silk in cool, winding curves, then made fast against the wall. Above it is a narrow shelf, on which rests a few works, a bit or two of



**WILES OF WOMEN.**

**Various Ways of Getting Their Bills Paid.**

New York Advertiser.

"Humph!" ejaculated the woman with the lace cape, "why, my husband threatens to get a divorce every time my dress-maker's bill is presented."

"Do you cry?" asked the other woman breathlessly.

"Not at all; I tell him there is nothing which would please me better."

"But you don't mean—"

"Of course I don't, but he is so contrary that he wouldn't do it then for the world, so he just pays the bill and says no more about it."

"Oh! Now my sister Julia has an excellent plan—you know she is a really extraordinary. Well, when she comes in that horrifies even her she lets down all that velvet hair of hers, and when her husband comes in, he finds her weeping bitterly."

"Yes, yes; go on," cried the other woman, eagerly.

"Of course he asks why she is crying, and she says, 'Oh, Harold, I am such a wretch; here is Soandso's bill, and it is awful. You are so generous that I know you'll pay it without a word, but I just hate myself for costing you so much money.' Then she cries and tears her hair."

"Well, he says the bill is not so large after all, kisses her, comforts her and pays it without another word."

"What an awful nice man her husband must be. Now, there's Cora; her husband has to take like a madman her bills, though he has plenty of money. Finally Cora determined to stop it. Oh, it is too good! What do you think she did?"

"I don't know. Tell me quick."

"She laid all her plans, and one day her husband brought home a small friend to dinner. As they mounted the front steps an errand-boy with a huge bundle came up also. Cora met them at the door."

"What is this?" asked her husband. You see I thought she had been buying dry goods."

"Yes, I know; go on."

"Well, he says the bill is not so large after all, kisses her, comforts her and pays it without another word."

"What an awful nice man her husband must be. Now, there's Cora; her husband has to take like a madman her bills, though he has plenty of money. Finally Cora determined to stop it. Oh, it is too good! What do you think she did?"

"I don't know. Tell me quick."

"She laid all her plans, and one day her husband brought home a small friend to dinner. As they mounted the front steps an errand-boy with a huge bundle came up also. Cora met them at the door."

"What is this?" asked her husband. You see I thought she had been buying dry goods."

"Yes, I know; go on."

"Well, he says the bill is not so large after all, kisses her, comforts her and pays it without another word."

**HARD WORK AND STUDY.**

**Congressman Breckinridge Mentions Two Prerequisites to Success.**

Kansas City Star.

In the forum and upon the rostrum the forensic triumphs of Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge have been many. He has for years been one of the prominent speakers of Kentucky and the nation. Whether in debates on political questions or addresses upon miscellaneous subjects he is a successful speaker, and one who carries an audience with him by the force, the vim, as well as the eloquence which marks his address. I ascribe whatever success he has had as a public speaker," he said recently to a Kansas City reporter, "to hard work—decided hard work. You may take any successful public speaker, whether at the bar, in the rostrum, in the lecture room or the pulpit, and you will find that he is a hard student and worker. Of course I mean one who has been successful for not two or three or four years, but for a term of years. I have no method, especially of preparing for public speaking, except that I always try to know more about the subject on which I am taking than any one who hears me, and I go into the subject as a worker would enter upon a daily task which was his interest to perform. I write little better and in a more workmanlike style than any of his co-laborers. I used to think that the late Senator Beck of Kentucky was the fastest speaker of more than 2000 names which I always roll a ball. Occasionally he would, in his eagerness, get a little ahead of the subject and would have to retrace his steps. We once spoke together in Kentucky and our speeches were reported in full. Beck spoke an hour, while I talked straight ahead for forty minutes. In the published reports my speech was a half column longer than his. In ten minutes Beck could say more than any living man, but in an hour I talk I was nearly 50 per cent the faster."

**Power of Telescopes.**

**In a recent statement by Professor Holden correction is made of some very prevalent errors concerning the distances of stars and planets and their size and visibility under the application of the telescope. Thus, he says, if the brightness of a star seen with the eye alone is one, with a 2-inch telescope it is 100 times as bright, with a 4-inch telescope it is 400 times as bright, an 8-inch telescope renders it 1600 times as bright, a 12-inch 6400 times as bright, a 16-inch 25,000 times as bright, a 20-inch 32,400 times—that is, with the latter the stars can be seen which are 30,000 times fainter than the faintest stars visible to the naked eye. Thus, while the magnifying power of a telescope can be successfully used on a single object, scope will permit a magnifying power not above 400, the thirty-six inch telescope will permit a magnifying power of more than 2000 times on suitable objects, stars, for example. But this power cannot be used on the moon and planets with real advantage for many reasons; but probably a power of 1000 or 1500 will be the maximum.**

power of a telescope can be successfully used on a single object, scope will permit a magnifying power not above 400, the thirty-six inch telescope will permit a magnifying power of more than 2000 times on suitable objects, stars, for example. But this power cannot be used on the moon and planets with real advantage for many reasons; but probably a power of 1000 or 1500 will be the maximum.

**Power of Telescopes.**

In a recent statement by Professor Holden correction is made of some very prevalent errors concerning the distances of stars and planets and their size and visibility under the application of the telescope. Thus, he says, if the brightness of a star seen with the eye alone is one, with a 2-inch telescope it is 100 times as bright, with a 4-inch telescope it is 400 times as bright, an 8-inch telescope renders it 1600 times as bright, a 12-inch 6400 times as bright, a 16-inch 25,000 times as bright, a 20-inch 32,400 times—that is, with the latter the stars can be seen which are 30,000 times fainter than the faintest stars visible to the naked eye. Thus, while the magnifying power of a telescope can be successfully used on a single object, scope will permit a magnifying power not above 400, the thirty-six inch telescope will permit a magnifying power of more than 2000 times on suitable objects, stars, for example. But this power cannot be used on the moon and planets with real advantage for many reasons; but probably a power of 1000 or 1500 will be the maximum.

power of a telescope can be successfully used on a single object, scope will permit a magnifying power not above 400, the thirty-six inch telescope will permit a magnifying power of more than 2000 times on suitable objects, stars, for example. But this power cannot be used on the moon and planets with real advantage for many reasons; but probably a power of 1000 or 1500 will be the maximum.

**IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR.**

INSTANTLY RESTORES ORAV OR BLEACHED HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. It is the most perfect and most reliable of all hair restorers and is perfectly harmless, odorless and lasting. It does not affect the scalp.

Baths do not affect it.

Its product never clogs pores, from back to front. Lock of hair colored from.

**IMPERIAL CHEMICAL CO.,**

202 FROST AVENUE, N. Y.

MESSRS. GOLDSTEIN & COHN, 287 Market St. STROZINSKI, 432 Eddy St. and GRAFF BROS. 12 Sutter St., San Francisco.

**SKIN PILLS.**

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. Taken according to directions restores the system and gives new vitality. Price 25c a box. Sold by all druggists. Oct. 17, 1892.