

but until the bugle notes of the millenium's dawn are sounded there will probably be tramps and people who will not work, and shanties inhabited by shiftless people who are quite happy in misery and who are apt to resent such assistance as Miss Clary would give. The lazzaroni are not all confined to Naples. The principles of the order are almost as deeply bred in the American branch as in the original body.

To the question "Does farming pay?" which was put to 1,918 farmers in Kansas by Commissioner Todd of that state, there were 41 answers in the affirmative, and 1,251 in the negative. No answer at all was received in answer to 626 of the notes. There is pretty good reason for believing that most of the 1,251 persons who answered "no" do not know what the word pay as used in this connection means, or that they are telling deliberate falsehoods. The money on deposit in the small country banks in Kansas, the payments that are generally promptly made on mortgages, the building of new houses, and the improvement that is constantly going on on the farms in the cornflower state are a fairly good indication that farming pays. A New York contemporary in commenting on Commissioner Todd's investigation remarks that nine-tenths of the Kansas farmers are always disgruntled for some reason or other, and when they declare that farming doesn't pay, they merely mean that they do not all become millionaires while the blizzard blows. This is the truth.

In Nebraska the farmers who have given their attention to the business of farming have succeeded in making it pay far better than many of the businesses of the town. Farming has paid so well in Nebraska that the labor and profit of past years have enabled the industrious farmer to pass through a twelve month of serious business and agricultural depression with little, and in many cases, no inconvenience, while the envid "merchant" has often been at his wits end to keep his shop open. The only reason that it should have occurred to anybody to ask if farming pays in the west is that in some instances farmers settled on land which never can be successfully cultivated until irrigation is provided, and failing to secure a good crop every year, they became discouraged, and went into a new political party founded on drouth and shiftlessness and manipulated by tricksters and demagogues. The wail of anguish sent up by this squawling organization attracted other and more prosperous farmers who thought to find a new and double quick route to success and wealth, and these men leaving the furrow for the corner grocery and the honest work of the farm for the folderol of the secret order of the Alliance, became less prosperous and finally were added to the class who claim that farming doesn't pay. Good honest farming in Nebraska pays—a great deal better than populist politics.

Whether Congressman Breckinridge will be found guilty by the jury, or be disciplined by the church to which he belongs, or be excluded from honorable society in Washington, or be subjected to the cold shoulder by his colleagues in the house of representatives, or be ruined as a politician, or be thwarted in his ambition for a renomination to congress, or be tabooed by old Kentucky, we shall know in time, says the New York Sun. But there is one punishment to which he has already been condemned, and it is one which, we may suppose, must be keenly felt even by a hypocrite. His once-honored Kentucky name is a quip, and his case is a subject of travesty on the stage of plenty of the cheap music halls in New York. Even in one of our respectable theatres he figures in an opera bouffe that is performed every night; and, as soon as his name is mentioned, the jeers of the spectators are heard all over the house. Surely, Breckenridge! you would feel dazed if you were present at any of these performances. We should suppose that though the Hon. William C. P. Breckinridge may be less sensitive than was "The Man of Feeling" in the old novel, he would realize the humiliation of his position, under the expressions of popular scorn. The hypocrite is more contemptible than the brazen-faced reprobate.

Baldness is either hereditary or caused by sickness, mental exhaustion, wearing tight-fitting hats, and over work and trouble Hall's Hair Renewer will prevent it.

Ladies French Kid crimp vamp, new narrow square toe, patent tip oxfords for \$2.99, that any exclusive shoe house asks \$4.00 for. Herpolsheimer & Co.

## ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

YES, my son, tobacco is a very poisonous weed. It used to grow wild in this country, and the Aborigines learned to smoke it to drive off the mosquitoes. When Christopher H. Columbus discovered this country, on his way to India, the savage people inhabiting the island of San Salvador visited by him taught him many new things, among others the elegant accomplishment of smoking a corn-cob pipe. People were ignorant then. They did not understand the laws governing life and health, and easily fell into error. On his return to Spain Colonel Columbus took back with him many specimens of the products of West India soil and climate. He plucked a few juicy specimens of the aboriginal inhabitants, together with fruits and flowers, birds and beasts; also a small cargo of natural leaf tobacco. As the poet says:

Vice is a monster of such hideous shape  
That he who sees it struggles to escape,  
But hurries back to view its ugly form,  
Then clasps it to his bosom safe and warm.

So it didn't take the people of Europe long to embrace the tobacco habit, after its endorsement by the example of one high in authority. Tradition informs us that Old King Cole was the first merry old soul to hit the pipe with regularity, and his example had the effect to give respectability to an otherwise disgusting and filthy practice. The epidemic of smoking spread with great rapidity. It infested every strata of society, and the contamination has kept spreading until now the appetite for the weed is transmitted by heredity, and the man who does not use tobacco in some disgusting form is the happy exception. Do you ask why it does not kill the people? Ah, my son, it does! I hold in my hand a death assessment in a mutual association. Out of sixteen deaths therein recorded three can be traced directly to the use of tobacco. It produces many serious disturbances, among which may be named insanity, apoplexy, paralysis, heart failure, palpitation, poverty, imbecility, bad breath, disordered stomach, nightmare, insomnia, amaurosis, vertigo, epithelioma and many other equally distressing and formidable maladies. The tobacco habit is the crying sin of this age, my son, and he who goes forth to do battle against it, is a greater and better man than the old abolitionist leader who suffered continually and had his linen decorated with damaged eggs in his efforts to liberate four million descendants of Mr. Ham, and bestow upon them the elective franchise. Chattel slavery is degrading enough, but the bondage of appetite, where the individual surrenders to a poisonous weed, is pitiable. No, my son, I had rather see you do most anything than use tobacco. Engage in the newspaper business and go hungry, if you will; study law and practice before a justice of the peace, buy a farm and run for congress, join the salvation army and beat the bass drum, but don't use tobacco.

Don't pray to be saved from the torments of hell  
When life over yonder begins,  
But ask the dear Lord to extend His strong arm  
And save you, today, from your sins.

A man may go cheerfully prancing to church,  
On sanctification intent,  
But if he goes home and belabors his kids,  
He hasn't been saved worth a cent.

Salvation, dear friends, is accepting the right,  
The good and the pure and the true,  
And doing to others as you would desire  
That others should do unto you.

Acceptance of Christ means desertion of sin,  
An earnest desire to do right;  
It beats all the forms of cheap show and pretense  
Immensely and way out of sight.

Go cheer the sad mourners, lend aid to the poor,  
And comfort the sick and distressed;  
Be just with your fellows, be true to yourself  
And God will take care of the rest.

Bix.

If in want of a fine or medium priced stylishly trimmed hat go to the Famous.

THE COURIER secures Mr. Bixby's contributions through special arrangement with the State Journal.