

A SAD MISTAKE;

Or, Deceiving Appearances.

Miss Nixon had just been listening to her neighbor, Mrs. Poppleton, relate how she had been bothered by a persistent chromo man, who could not be persuaded to go until he had sold something, and she made up her mind to make things warm for that man if he ever attempted to show himself in her house.

When she got home, however, she had forgotten all about her conversation, being so interested in fixing up her dress that she was to wear to the parsonage on the morrow. There was going to be a high old time there in honor of Mr. Todgilt, the missionary from Japan, whose motive in returning to this country was partly to get himself a wife.

Miss Nixon was in the midst of a delightful reverie, when a hoarse cough suddenly interrupted her thoughts.

A neatly dressed individual, with a round face and bald head, was bowing in the doorway.

"The chromo man," she exclaimed, half to herself.

"Madam," he began.

"No, I don't want anything. Go away!" she cried, angrily, stamping her foot.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but—"

Miss Nixon bothgave herself a ruse.

"Here, Bose! Bose!" she called, whistling to an imaginary dog. "If you do not leave at once I will set my dog on you!"

And then, fancying that she still discerned in the intruder's dilatory air an intention of remaining to dispute the point, she caught up a broom that fortunately hung in the corner and made toward the front door in such a resolute manner that the chromo man turned and fled.

"There!" said Miss Nixon, aloud, as she saw him hurry through the garden gate without even stopping to latch it behind him. "I only wish Mrs. Poppleton could have been here to see how promptly I disposed of him."

She went over that afternoon to Mrs. Bruce's, who lived in the next farm-house, to get her to make but-toholes in the new dress.

"Did the chromo man come here?" said she.

"To-day?" asked Mrs. Bruce.

"Yes."

"No, I haven't seen any chromo man."

"I guess I frightened him out of the neighborhood," chuckled Miss Nixon. "He was beginning his importunities when I went at him with the broom and chased him out of the house."

Mrs. Bruce laughed heartily at the idea of her sparrow-like little neighbor frightening any one by such manifestations as she had described.

"But I'll tell you who I have seen," said she. "Mr. Todgilt stopped here to inquire the way to the parsonage."

"Dear me, did he?" said Miss Nixon, with great interest.

"And I gave him a glass of my gooseberry wine and a slice of cake," added Mrs. Bruce.

"Entertaining angels unawares," sighed Miss Nixon. "Oh, how I wish it had been me! Do tell me how he looks. Is he tall?"

"No, not quite what you would call a tall man," said Mrs. Bruce, "and I think he is elderly, and he doesn't dress much. But he is a dear, godly man, with a fine flow of language."

"I will meet him at the parsonage to-morrow," said Miss Nixon, complacently.

"How I envy you," said Mrs. Bruce.

Miss Nixon, dressed all in her best, went to the parsonage the next day, and Mrs. Hall, the parson's wife, came running to meet her.

"My dear Martha," she said, "I was so afraid you were not coming. He's here! Such a dear man! Come right into the parlor. Mr. Todgilt, let me present you to Miss Nixon, Miss Nixon, this is Mr. Todgilt, from Japan."

Mr. Todgilt's bow checked it elf half way in a stare of astonishment.

"As-ton-ish-ing!" said he.

Miss Nixon turned very red.

"Well, I do declare!" she faltered.

For in Miss Nixon, the lady who had been especially recommended to him as a saintly and appropriate help-mate the missionary beheld the very female who had ignominiously pursued him from her door with a broom when, the previous day, he had stopped to ask directions as to the right road. And in Mr. Todgilt Martha saw the personage she had repelled as the obnoxious chromo man.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said she, "but I mistook you for some body else."

The missionary burst out laughing.

"No harm done," said he; "no harm done."

And fortunately he spoke the truth. Miss Nixon's genuine good sense and good feeling soon effaced the disagreeable first impression which she knew her broom had made. And Mr. Todgilt's second call was longer than his first.

To make a long story short, Mr. Todgilt married Martha Nixon, and to this day in America-Japanese circles, the good missionary's sides will shake as he tells how, on his first meeting with his wife, she pursued him off the field of Cupid with a broom.

"Wasn't I a brave man to take her after that?"

And Mrs. Todgilt only smiles and says:

"Jeremiah, how can you?"

A Boom in Whitewash.

A missionary stationed at one of the South sea islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was confusion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the cosmetic. To quiet the hub-bub more whitewash was made, and

in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, nor a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had his skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitewashed; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously and yelling with delight in the contemplation of the superior beauty of their whitewashed babes.—Missionary Chronicle.

RESIDED IN A CAB.

How an Eccentric German Did the Sights of His Country's Capital.

Professor Heinrich Burgsch, of the university of Berlin, the most distinguished of living Egyptologists, is publishing "My Life and Wanderings," which are interesting, not only on account of the revelation of the author's personality and the reminiscences of celebrated scientists of the earlier half of this century, which they contain, but also by the anecdotes which the great savant has a happy faculty of relating. One of them quoted by the Philadelphia Ledger, may furnish a hint to some of our own "globe trotters." On Professor Burgsch's first visit to Alexandria he lodged with an original by the name of Bauernhorst, by birth a Mecklenburger, and a man of gigantic strength and stature, who combined the office of Prussian vice consul with the conduct of a wine shop. He was generally known by the sobriquet of "Father Langfeld." He rendered important service in many ways and Professor Burgsch made him promise that if ever he came to Berlin again he would visit him.

Several years afterward Father Langfeld appeared one morning at the professor's rooms in Berlin. After the customary greetings Professor Burgsch inquired:

"Where are you staying, Father Langfeld?"

"Here, below."

"What! In the same house with me? That's a curious coincidence."

"Not at all. In a cab."

"Ah, you have just come from the station and are looking for a hotel?"

"On the contrary; lived in the cab since yesterday."

"What in the name of common sense do you mean? And your luggage?"

"Carry it with me," and with his right hand he patted a small bag slung on his shoulder by a green strap. "Here are brush, comb, soap and money."

"But please explain yourself more clearly; I don't understand at all."

"Not much to explain. Live day and night in the cab; sleep perhaps a couple of hours in the stable, covered with a horse blanket. Summer you know! Cabman shows me everything worth seeing—intelligent fellow—saves me the expense of a valet de place. Eat and drink well, see everything, hear everything, know everything. Cab stops, I get out, receive instructions, and explore; cabman waits till I get back; cabman gets all that I cast off. Quite content. No extra luggage to pay for, no hotel bill, no tips, no bandages, no questions; everything all right. Stay three days longer. Now, Herr Doctor, put on your coat and visit me in my hotel. Let the cabman drive us whither he will. Very convenient!"

Father Langfeld had already "done" Trieste, Vienna and Prague in the same fashion, and firmly believed it was the only way to see the world. He subsequently applied his system with equal success to Paris and London. It has merits; whether they are or not counterbalanced by its disadvantages each individual must determine for himself.

A False Prophet in Jamaica.

A false prophet has arisen on the island of Jamaica. He teaches that God has given him power to make a new Bethesda of a small river on the island. Every Wednesday he stands on a rock in the stream and blesses the waters, which are then supposed to have the power of healing any disease. The natives are crazy in the fanatic belief in the new prophet and 20,000 pilgrims a day bathe in the waters. It is feared that a pestilence will thus be spread, but the government is unable to control the converts.

A Vindication of the Bloodhound.

There is a mistaken impression in regard to the nature of the bloodhound. Most people imagine this species of canine to be very ferocious, when, on the contrary, the dogs are as docile as most any other breed known. While they are very keen of scent, nowhere in their history have they made a record for ferocity. The pointer inherits his nose from the bloodhound and his other qualities from the bulldog.

The Armenians.

The Armenians are the most intelligent of the Transcaucasian race, and, unlike most Orientals, they educate girls as well as boys. Even the humblest classes have a thirst for education. Poor washerwomen will sell the clothes off their backs to educate their daughters, and little swineherds may often be seen practicing writing with a stick on a sheet of birch bark while they tend their pigs.

Change of Climate for Troops.

The sudden changes of climate necessitated by the moving of troops from one quarter of the world to another increase the annual mortality of Europe by 50,000 men.

Sad Commentary on Tourists.

In some of the hotels of Lucknow and Cawnpore, much frequented by foreign travelers, there are signs which read thus: "Please do not strike the servants."

FOUND AN EASY ONE.

The Danco Man saw That He Had too Many Names to Tackle.

"Isn't this my old friend," Gabriel Comstock, of Franklin Furnace," said the smiling young man approaching the stranger and extending his hand. "No sir," replied the stranger. "My name is Thomas Easley, and I'm from Wheelersburg."

"I beg your pardon," rejoined the other politely, "but the resemblance is so extraordinary, that I thought I could not be mistaken."

"That's all right. There's no harm done," said the stranger, passing on.

A few minutes later he was accosted by another smiling young man who met him at a street corner and stopped in great apparent astonishment.

"Why, how are you Tom? Bless me who would have thought of seeing you here?"

"Guess you're mistaken, young fellow."

"Mistaken? Not much! I'd know you a mile off. You're Thomas Easley of Wheelersburg. Used to call you Tom when we were boys together."

"No you don't. My name isn't Easley and I don't know where Wheelersburg is."

"You're not Tom Easley?"

"No, sir. I never heard of Tom Easley. My name is Absalom Reinhart, and I live in Greenup."

The smiling young man withdrew in evident perplexity.

"Must have got switched off on some other fellow," he muttered, as he turned another corner. "But it's all right. Mr. Reinhart will do just as well."

Meantime the stranger pursued his way leisurely down the street, and five minutes later he was confronted by a third young man with an engaging smile.

"Hello! Why, this is my old friend, Absalom Reinhart. How are you Ab? How are things in Greenup?"

"I don't know you, sir. My name is not Absalom Reinhart, and I don't know anything about Greenup. Never heard of it in my life."

"Say, who are you, anyhow?"

The stranger handed him his card. It bore the following inscription:

REV. BEN TRAYER,
EVANGELIST,
AND
REFORMED CONFIDENCE MAN.

Another Kind of Medusa.

Most people have heard of the Gorgon Medusa, a sight of whose face and snaky locks turned men to stone, but comparatively few inlanders know anything of a fish of the same name which is often seen along the sea coast. It is shaped like a mushroom, except the stem is divided into a number of snaky tentacles, covered by thousands of suckers. The body of the medusa is sometimes quite small, and sometimes a yard in diameter. Sometimes it is clear as crystal, and sometimes beautifully colored, but so fragile that when washed ashore it melts in the sun almost like a soap bubble. During their life these creatures swim along the surface of the sea in vast numbers, but when anything touches them they fold themselves like umbrellas and sink out of sight. The tentacles are so poisonous that the strongest men become paralyzed when touched by them, and it is believed that many so called drowning accidents are due to their attacks.

A New Grain in Tibet.

A traveler in the Himalayan mountain region has discovered that the natives of that country cultivate a grain hitherto unknown in civilized agricultural operations, which has something the look of wheat but has very much longer ears, and which has a peculiar inward curve. The shiny, brown grain, unlike wheat, is, on the other hand, much smaller than wheat grains should be for so large an ear. But the interest is that a cereal of this character should yield such heavy crops in so high an altitude, where the seasons are necessarily short and the temperature low. The natives call the grain kownee.

Artillery During the Crusades.

"One of my ancestors won a battle during the crusades by his skill in handling his artillery," said the baron. "But my dear baron," said his friend, "at the time of the crusades gunpowder had not yet been discovered." "I know that as well as you do, and so did my ancestor."

"How did he win the battle then?"

"He brought his artillery to bear on the Saracens, and the stupid fools, seeing the guns, supposed that powder had been discovered and fled in dismay."—Texas Siftings.

India's Population.

The census of India just published, gives the population as 287,000,000, about one-fifth of the entire population of the earth. Nearly three-fourths of the inhabitants are engaged in agriculture. The birth rate is higher than that of any European country, except Russia, reaching forty-eight in a thousand, and the death rate forty-one per thousand. About twenty-six per cent of the children born die during their first year.

The Ringing of a Bell.

There is a mill in Lawrence, Mass., where the bell rings at 9 p. m., which is the signal for the girls employed at the mill to retire. Any of them seen in the street after 9 o'clock are liable to discharge.

The Largest Magnet.

The largest magnet in the world is at Willet's Point, L. I. It is made of condemned Dahlgren guns, each 15-inch caliber, wound with eight miles of heavy cable and charged with electricity.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

EASTERN LESSONS FOR WESTERN FARMERS.

Fertility of the Soil Must Be Preserved—Cream in the Kitchen—Cheapest Ration for Poultry—Notes for Beekeepers—Household Hints.

Save the Fertilizers.

It was the boast of many early settlers of Kansas that the soil was so rich that manure was an actual injury to it making crops grow too rank, writes Professor S. C. Mason in the Industrialist. If we may judge by the care which some farmers take to keep manure from their land, that opinion must still prevail in the state. Not only do we see manure left in the yards to leach and waste, often for several years, before any attempt is made to haul it on the fields, but the location of the yard is often on the bank of some ravine or stream so that the drainage and wash from the stables and manure piles is at once carried away by rains and the land deprived of even this chance of getting back a part of what has been taken from it.

In feed lots where large numbers of cattle and hogs are fattened, manure of the most valuable quality is produced, because of the highly concentrated nature of the food consumed; yet these yards, for convenience in keeping them clean and because of the better shelter afforded, are often located on a bank where all of the valuable fertilizing material produced is swept away. If we add to such waste the burning over of stubble fields that a furrow may be turned for the next wheat crop and the burning of straw-stacks as soon as the thrasher is clear of them, we will only make a beginning at summing up the sins which the average farmer is guilty of against the soil he believes to be proof against exhaustion.

One great source of waste occurs in nearly every town in the state from the hauling of manure from public and private stables to some common "dumping ground" either on the river bank where the next high water washes it away or to some vacant tract where it either remains to become a nuisance or is occasionally burned. The sandy soil of the bottom lands near the rivers, when heavily manured, affords the very best trucker's soil, and a few market gardeners are taking advantage of such opportunities. So far there is still a great opportunity to utilize what is wasted. While the supply of vegetables is usually equal to the demand, small fruits as a rule are scarce, except in the very Eastern counties, and much greater area might be grown with profit. Large quantities of vegetables might be raised and canned to the exclusion of canned goods from other states. Canning establishments conducted on business principles and not as a "boom" have proved a success in a number of localities, and have contributed greatly to the prosperity of their communities. With the establishment of many more, the industry of vegetable and small-fruit gardening could be greatly extended, and the waste of stable manure from our towns become a thing of the past.

Seed farming, or the raising of vegetable seeds under contract with large seed houses in the East, has proved a source of profit to a number of growers, and is a business that is capable of great extension. Where land can be rented at reasonable rates and plenty of manure secured for the hauling, a business of this kind might be built up that would give a handsome return.

If farmers and gardeners alike will learn in advance the lessons which are the very elements of agriculture in the Eastern states, the fertility of Kansas soils may be preserved from exhaustion. At present much of our farming is but drawing upon the capital which should be the inheritance of future generations.

Cream in the Kitchen.

On many farms where the dairy is not made a prominent feature it is a matter of some difficulty to handle the milk and cream during the winter months. While we believe that dairying is the most profitable industry on the farm at present, and that it will continue to be so if managed in a thoroughly intelligent manner, yet we realize that thousands of our readers are so situated that they do not care to make a specialty of dairy work, although they milk enough cows to furnish milk, cream and butter for their own tables. Because a man is interested in some subject only in a small way is no reason why he should not study that subject, and the farmer who makes only a few pounds per week ought to make it according to the most improved methods. For lack of a better place much of the milk and cream is kept in the kitchen during the summer. Under such conditions it is impossible to get the greatest amount of fat out of the skim milk, and impossible to make butter of the best quality. It is well known that cream readily absorbs odors, good and bad, and if kept in such a place as the farm kitchen, it will become in odor like Joseph's coat in color. Nor is this the only trouble.

In order to get all the fat out of the butter milk the cream must be ripened evenly. To ripen evenly it must be kept at an even temperature; it is impossible to secure the latter in the farm kitchen. So, whether the amount of butter is large or small, we strongly advise against keeping either the milk or cream in the kitchen. Keep it in a room where the air is pure and the temperature low. Neither milk or cream should be allowed to freeze. Freezing in-

dures the butter. But the lower the temperature until the freezing point is reached the better. When enough cream has been selected to make a churning, remove it to some other room where the temperature is sixty to seventy—not the kitchen; better the sitting room than the kitchen. When the cream has acquired a slightly acid taste and smell and is just beginning to thicken it is ready to churn.—Homestead.

Cheapest Ration for Poultry.

A few weeks ago the Rural New Yorker sent out the following list of questions to parties who have been feeding raw cut bone to fowls:

1. Do you still consider cut bone an economical food for poultry?
2. How do you feed it—mixed with other food or alone—and how much per 100 hens?
3. Have you ever tried steaming or cooking it after cutting?
4. Have you ever fed it to other animals besides poultry?
5. What do raw bones cost you, and is it possible to develop a trade for the sale of this product?
6. What do you consider the cheapest ration you can get up for your hens?

Several answers were received. All responded in the affirmative to the first question. All, except one or two, make a practice of feeding either alone or mixed with other food. The general opinion concerning the third question was that it was unnecessary to cook or steam and that practice had not been followed. One man cooked it in summer time because it would not keep raw.

In reply to the fourth question only one answer in the affirmative. He feeds it to his pigs and says they do well on it. Another man thought it would be a good feed for dogs. The price paid ranged all the way from 40 to 75 cents per hundred pounds.

In reply to the sixth question, one man said that the cheapest food he has found for hens for the production of eggs is cut bone. Another's plan was to feed whole wheat at noon and cracked corn and oats at night. Early two or three times a week for a change, he thought good. A New York poultryman said that the cheapest ration is oats in the bundle cut fine with a straw cutter for winter feed. In summer let them go to grass.

A Pennsylvania duck raiser said that feed should consist of fifteen per cent green bone, twenty per cent bran, twenty per cent No. 2 flour, fifteen per cent crackers, thirty per cent corn meal. To this should be added green food of some kind, such as corn, rye, etc., or clover hay cut fine and steamed for some time in quantities equal to the ration first given. Another answer was: Fresh cut raw bone, oats, corn meal, wheat bran and middlings, whole wheat, corn in ear and buckwheat varied for a change. A Massachusetts man said he considered bran, middling and corn meal the cheapest ration for fowls or hens. One part meal to two parts bran and middlings. Another feeds wheat boiled with beef heads in the morning, and dry wheat in the evening. Another preferred to feed cooked cut bone, bran, meal and potatoes in the morning, wet, a little green bone at noon and mixed grain at night.

Notes for Beekeepers.

Pine is much the best wood for bee hives.

If honey is heated too much its flavor will be destroyed.

Comb honey will often have a blue or mouldy color in cold weather.

Unite all weak colonies that will be unable to build into strong stocks.

Bees secrete wax only when necessary to make storage for honey or brood.

To increase the stock of bees as much as possible manage to have a surplus of queens as early as possible.

An oversupply of drones is objectionable, as they consume honey and do not lay up any stores. The number can be controlled by using worker comb.

As with many other kinds of work it requires experience to manage a large number of bees properly. A beginner without experience should start on a small scale.

One advantage with closed end frames is that a hive may be handled as though it was a single piece and one is not obliged to stop and space the frames every time the hive is handled.

Household Hints.

If through any blunder in cleaning a fowl the gall or other entrails are burst the taint which affects the meat may be easily removed by soaking for half an hour in cold water in which a little soda has been dissolved.

One can test a cake's baking by drawing it to the edge of the oven and listening for the faint, sputtering sound which will continue until it is ready to take out. This is a better trial than the broom splinter thrust into the dough.

A spoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water will remove mildew from linen. Strain the solution after it has stood long enough to thoroughly dissolve, and dip the cloth into it. Repeat if a first application is not sufficient, but wash the mixture well out of the goods, when your object is accomplished.

A warm foot bath, with an ounce of sea salt, is almost as restful as a nap. Paddle in the water until it cools, dry with a rough towel, put on fresh stockings, have a change of shoes, and the woman "who was ready to drop" will feel much better in ten minutes. Another tonic for the sole is a handful of alcohol. This is a sure way to dry the feet after being out in a storm.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

The new "Duplex Typewriter" which carried off highest honors at World's Fair, and which is destined to revolutionize typewriting, is a remarkable machine. It is a new invention, manufactured in Des Moines, Iowa; is neatly and compactly built and so strongly made as to insure a long service.

Its mechanism is of special interest. As suggested by its name, it is a double writing machine that will write two letters of the alphabet at the same instant, and yet it is lighter and larger than other standard typewriters.

The World's Fair Examining Committee reported the following points of superiority over all other typewriters as conclusive reasons why the "Duplex" should receive the highest award in preference to other typewriters, to-wit:

1st. Because it is a successful attempt to double the speed now attained by capable operators on other typewriters.

2d. Because this machine can print any two different letters of the alphabet at the same instant, and as quick as any one letter can be printed on other typewriters. This is consequently permitting both hands always to be at work.

3d. It has a double center, or two points of contact for type and paper.

4th. It is strongly built, with great probability of long service in its work.

The above points of excellence are not common to other typewriter hence the highest award was given the "Duplex" in recognition of its peculiar and ingenious mechanism, which gives it a capacity for speed greater than that of other machines, and makes it possible for an operator of few months' practice to write for dictation an average of ten letters every second of time—a speed greater than that attained by the average shorthand writer.

We are so pleased with the success of this western enterprise that we have secured a cut of this wonderful type and labor-saving machine to place before our readers.



Typewriter experts and general agents concede the great speed and durability of the "Duplex" and are plying for and securing general agencies. They say it is the coming typewriter and that it is only a question of time when shorthand will be laid aside and operators will write from dictation in about one-third of the time now required for typewriting from shorthand notes. It is a surprise to all who see it in operation.

A large dealer in typewriter supplies was heard to remark at the World's Fair that the Duplex Typewriter Co. of Des Moines, has the finest automatic machinery in the world for the manufacture of their Duplex typewriter. The factory is now crowded to the utmost to supply demand.

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