

TALES FROM KANSAS.

CROPS OF LARGE PROPORTIONS LOAD THE RICH SOIL.

Wheat Stacked in the Roads—Corn Has to be Cut From Balloons.

Every one who comes to Kansas City from Kansas these days has his own particular stock of stories to tell about the wonderful crops in that State. Among the Sunflower pilgrims who landed in the city on Saturday was Charley Barrett, the good-looking and talkative travelling passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific. He had spent four or five days in Southern Kansas, and his mouth was going at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute about crops, when he was flagged by a Times man on Main street.

"Wheat!" he exclaimed. "You never saw the like! The farmers down in Southern Kansas had to rent the public roads to get room enough to stack the wheat. Wasn't room enough in the fields to hold the stacks. I saw one—"

"How is the fruit crop?"

"Fruit! You never saw the like! Apples as big as cannon balls growing in clusters as big as haystacks. I saw one apple that—"

"Don't the trees break down?"

"Trees! You never saw the like! The farmers planted sorghum in the orchards and the stalks grew up like telegraph poles and supported the limbs. I saw one stalk of sorghum that was two feet—"

"How is the broom-corn crop?"

"Broom corn! You never saw the like! There hasn't been a cloudy day in Southern Kansas for a month. Can't cloud up. The broom corn grew so high that it kept the clouds swept off the face of the sky as clean as a new floor. They will have to cut the corn down if it gets too dry. Some of the broom corn stalks are so high that—"

"How is the corn crop?"

"Corn! You never saw the like! Down in the Neosho and Fall River and Arkansas bottoms the corn is as high as a house. They use step ladders to gather roasting ears."

"Aren't step ladders pretty expensive?"

"Expensive? Well, I should say so, but that isn't the worst of it. The trouble is that the children climb up into the cornstalks to hunt for eagle's nests and sometimes fall out and kill themselves. Fourteen funerals in one county last week from that cause. I attended all of them; that is why I am so sad. And, mind you, the corn is not more than half grown. A man at Arkansas City has invented a machine which he calls 'the solar corn harvester and child protector.' It is inflated with gas like a balloon and floats over the corn tops, and the occupants reach down and cut off the ears of corn with a cavalry saber. Every Kansas farmer has a cavalry saber, and—"

"Do they make much cider in Kansas?"

"Cider! You never saw the like! Oceans of it! Most of the farmers in Crowley County have filled their cisterns with cider. A proposition was made a few days since to the water works company of Arkansas City to supply the town with cider through the mains, but the company was compelled to decline because they were afraid the cider would rust the pumps. They were sorry, but they said they have to continue to furnish water, although it cost more. I saw one farmer who—"

"How is the potato crop?"

"Potatoes! You never saw the like! A man in Sedwick county dug a potato the other day that was so big he used the cavity it grew in for a cellar. I saw one potato that—"

"The people must be happy over their big crops?"

"Happy! You never saw the like! I know men in the Arkansas Valley who were too poor to flag a bread wagon, and now they have pie three times a day. One fellow that—"

But the reporter, just at this point, had a pressing engagement elsewhere. —Kansas City Times.

A Millionaire's Floating Palace.

A strange looking craft appeared off the ocean one day or two ago, being pulled along at a slow pace by a tugboat. The fog was so dense that not even the many seafaring people around could make out what it was. Some suggested that it might be Noah's ark, sent here by the Almighty in anticipation of a flood; others said it was the floating palace from Coney Island, and others even made the foolish remark that it was one of the houses carried away by the Johnstown flood. It finally reached the bar buoy and was brought into the inlet on the flood tide, when its true character was disclosed to the curious throng in waiting. It is a magnificently appointed floating boathouse, on the lower floor of which is resting a very handsome steam-launch, which can be run out at pleasure. The name of this floating palace is the Falcon, and it is owned by Mr. Alexander MacGaw, a prominent and wealthy bridge-builder of Philadelphia. It was brought here from New London, Conn., and left Sandy Hook last Saturday in tow of the tugboat Alert, Capt. Scott, who reports having had a very rough passage. She is now lying opposite Pium's Pavilion wharf, and will remain in these waters for several weeks. Mr. MacGaw's two sons accompany him on board the Falcon and are ever ready to inform the curious as to the "why and wherefore" of their craft.—Ex.

The Fountain Head.

Johnnie has lately taken root rapidly in the educational line and thinks there is nothing quite so grand as studying the big dictionary. But this doesn't offset his appetite for watermelon, and one day his sister became alarmed at the amount of this vegetable he was getting away with. "Don't eat any more of it, Johnnie," she said; "you'll be sick." "Won't you please look in the dictionary, and see if I've had enough?" A fact.—Buffalo Express.

The Waiter Confers A Title.

An American visiting English clubs (says Marshal P. Wilder, in his book, "The People I've Smiled With") is sure to be surprised at the number of titles he hears. Besides the nobility, nearly every one seems to have a special handle to his name. Colonels are not quite as numerous as in Kentucky or Georgia, but for captains and majors we can't hold a candle to them. But it was reserved for me, an American, to "knock them out" on rank in a most unexpected manner. An old waiter—an ex-soldier at the Savage called me Marshal several times one evening, and was reprimanded by one of the members for addressing a guest by his first name. "His name!" exclaimed the old fellow, looking astonished—and then, turning, said: "Why, your honor, I thought Marshal his rank!" General Grant prophesied that I should be a general, but the old waiter went him one better, and the title stuck to me for awhile, too.

Spitting Diamonds.

Hatton Garden (the great diamond district of London) had quite an unpleasant experience last year. All the dealers lost a great number of stones, and they couldn't understand how leakage occurred until about Christmas. After sorting out the stones they would put the stones in the usual parcels with the weight marked. When they sold the parcels they would find that the weight had decreased and that one or two of the stones had vanished. Many small dealers, who never let the stuff go out of their sight and who had no assistants, suffered as well as the others, and for months it remained a mystery of the deepest kind. Everybody was afraid of everybody else; some quit coming to the diamond exchange, but whether they came or not their losses went on just the same. At last almost by accident the mystery was solved, and the solution was simple enough.

There was a small dealer who lived in Clerkenwell. He wore glasses and professed to be very short sighted. This gentleman bought sparingly last year, but he did a tremendous amount of going around and examining. An employee of a large Hatton Garden firm became suspicious of this small dealer and had a talk with his employers. The next time the eyeglasses came in, before the safe was opened and anything handed out, two men were posted where they could watch every movement of the visitor. He opened a paper of stones (about 1-1-4 carat apiece) with ninety-six stones in the parcel. He put them quite close to his eyes and then lowered them a little, as if he wanted to damp them.

Damping, it may be stated, is breathing on the stones. Most dealers do this when examining a parcel, as any flaws or faults can be better observed as the moisture evaporates.

JERRY RUSK IN BATTLE.

HOW HE CARRIED A CROSSING IN A STORM OF SHOT AND SHELL.

Complimented by General Mower. A Man who wasn't Easily Scared.

Uncle Jerry Rusk, now Secretary of Agriculture, had his share of experience during the war. At the battle of the Twenty-second of July, when the heroic McPherson fell, Rusk was in command at the front, and lost one-third of his men. During the battle he was once fairly cut off from his command and surrounded by Confederate soldiers armed with sabre bayonets. His sword was seized, and he was ordered to surrender; but, drawing his pistol, he used it with such deadly effect that he broke through his assailants and escaped with a slight wound in his leg and with the loss of his sword and horse—the animal being literally riddled with bullets.

At the battle of Jonesboro, Colonel Rusk followed Hood back into Alabama, then returned to Atlanta; and in Sherman's "march to the sea" he had the command of the advance of the Seventeenth corps, having the skirmishers, pioneers, engineers and the pontoon train under his charge. In the Carolina campaign, from Beaufort Island north, he was brevetted colonel, to date from March 13, 1865, and on the same day he was brevetted brigadier-general for his gallantry in the battle of Salkahatchie, in February previous. A very exciting occurrence attended the crossing of that river. General Mower was in command of the division which was the regiment commanded by Colonel Rusk.

The division was moving north from Beaufort directly toward the river, while the remainder of the army of Sherman was converging toward the same point. Where the crossing had to be made the enemy was in strong force on the other side, and defending the crossing with a heavy infantry column and batteries of artillery. The only approach to the ford was along a narrow road through a swamp which was then covered with water too deep to permit the movement of cavalry or heavy guns. It was a position almost as strongly protected and as difficult to capture as the celebrated bridge of Lodi.

There was a race among all the divisions to first reach the crossing, and on the morning just before the point was within attacking distance Mower's division was in the lead, and the brigade in advance of the division was that which Rusk's command was attached. Mower rode up with his staff and could not find the commander of the brigade. He inquired of Rusk where the officer was, to which the latter replied that he did not know, but that he was ready to move at once. Mower replied that he could not wait for the return of the officer, but would move another brigade. Rusk was indignant that he should be ignored.

"He did not wish," as he said, "to be cheated out of the lead." Going up to Mower, he said: "General Mower, I protest against being left behind, because it is not my fault that the officer is absent. I want the advance." Mower, however, would not listen. He went away, ordered the division forward and put the other brigade in the advance.

Later Mower seems to have recalled the protest. He found the route to the crossing an embarrassing one, whereupon he said to one of his staff officers, Captain de Grasse: "Bring up that Colonel who objected to remaining behind and we'll give him a taste of what he's yearning for." Rusk received the order from the aid, and rode up to Mower and asked him if he had any orders.

"None," he said. "Dneep right down there," pointing to the crossing; "throw your men in and clear that road. I wish to get the river. If you don't do it right I'll know it. That's all now go."

Rusk got his command in position and charged down the narrow causeway that led to the ford, and which was swept by the shell and snucketry of the enemy.

A Married Newport Belle.

Mrs. Robert Goelet has an income of \$500 for every day in the year, including Sundays, and her villa in Newport is valued at a quarter of a million dollars. She is a daughter of George Henry Warren, of New York, a man of great wealth and high position. She is tall and slender, with blue-gray eyes, and has a profusion of golden hair. Her manners are high bred and finished, though rather reserved. Notwithstanding her enormous income she keeps an account book in which are entered the expenses of each day. She dresses handsomely and her gowns seldom cost less than \$200 or \$300 each. Her jewels are exquisite. She has among other things a diamond necklace of which the centre stone is half an inch in diameter. She has also four diamond stars for the hair, a star pendant of diamonds and one of diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds, a superb necklace of sapphires and a set of rubies purchased of an Austrian noblewoman. Like the mother of Gracchi she has two other jewels—a little son and daughter, who are her constant companions and in whom she takes great pride.

Selling a Second-Hand Coat.

A Marietta merchant tells how he sold a second-hand coat that had been worn but a few times. He had repeatedly tried to sell the coat to different colored men, but always failed. So he tried a new scheme. He got a cheap pocketbook and stuffed it generously with paper and put the book in one of the pockets of the coat. He accosted a negro man and wanted to sell him the coat. The "colored man" said he didn't desire to buy the coat. "Yes, but you just try it on. It belongs to a man who has plenty of money but has no use for the coat." The negro put the coat on, put his hands in the pockets, and of course he felt the pocketbook. His eyes fairly dilated with an astonished but pleased expression. "Boss," he inquired, "what do you ax for dis coat?" "Three dollars and fifty cents." "I takes it, boss!" and with the satisfied air of a man who had just come into the possession of a fortune the darky took the coat and went on his way rejoicing.

Squatter Bees.

Honey bees are invading dwellings both in town and out in the valley. The new swarms are determined to find homes. The bees have taken a great notion to the residence of Rufus Kinney, in Truckee Meadows. They have literally taken possession of Mr. Linney's residence, transforming it into a vast apiary and compelling the family to vacate portions of the house. Every accessible part of the house is filled with bees; the walls are transformed into hives, and at least a dozen colonies have lodged themselves under the building. The chambers are alive with them, and the pugacious little rascals dispute with the owners every part of the house from cellar to garret. —Revs. Nev. Gazette.

Boomerangs.

More has been written, and less is understood, of the boomerang than of almost any other weapon. It is generally known to be a flat stick of wood bent in a shape which suggests a combination of a "V" and a "U," although with the extremities spread apart until they are at right angles with each other. In point of fact, boomerangs are of almost every shape from semi-circular to nearly straight, and seem to depend for their efficiency not so much upon the evident form as upon the curves which are shown upon their flat side. The boomerang maker knows instinctively just where his boomerang will go when he throws it, although he never seems to aim any two in the same way. More lies have been told about the boomerang than can be well enumerated. One hears of men who can so throw a boomerang that it kills an enemy behind a tree and then comes cheerfully fluttering back to its owner, who thereupon hurls it on a fresh mission of carnage. A flock of frightened cockatoos, speeding in intricate gyrations through the air to escape the attack of natives who want a bird for dinner, are pursued at every turn by these erratic weapons, which strike them down a dozen each, and so return to the hand that cast them. Old wives' fables, these, at which Australians laugh.

Hints for the Household.

To eat slowly, for both health and manners; not to lounge on the table, or sit too far back; to pay as little attention as possible to accidents; never to help yourself with your own knife or fork to any food; to indicate at once your preference when asked "Which part do you prefer?" all these go without the saying.

Many people think a cold boiled or fried egg unused must be thrown away but a boiled egg can be put into water again and reboiled and poached, or fried eggs may be minced and put on to toast, or warmed up with seasoned gravy or mixed with bread crumbs and fried in hot fat, or they may be mixed with salt fish and made into croquettes.

Always keep a clean dishcloth; dirty, ill-smelling dishcloths and towels have been known to create typhoid fever. It is a good plan to have three dishcloths, one for glass and silver, another for china and a third for the cooking utensils, keeping each one perfectly sweet and clean, washing, scalding, rinsing and drying out of doors after each meal; also the towels for drying dishes.

Legs of mutton, sirloin of beef, steak, veal cutlet, pork chop, contain as much as 70 to 75 per cent. of water.

There are some vegetables which contain much more water, viz., potatoes, turnips, cabbages and carrots; but there are other vegetables which contain less water. "Outmeal," for example, contains 5 or 6 per cent.; good wheaten flour, barley meal, beans and peas, 14; rice, 15; and good bread, 40 to 45 of water.

A small home is far more easily managed than a large one, and refinement and delicacy may be just as well displayed in the arrangement of the dishes on a coarsely covered pine table as in grouping silver and china on the mahogany of a millionaire.

Skill in cooking is as readily shown in a dish of oatmeal as an elaborate ragout, in a snowy pile of mashed potatoes as a roast canvas back duck. The charm lies in attention to little things.

While manners at table or elsewhere were made for the comfort and convenience of our fellow beings, still all social observances have some good reason and common sense back of them; therefore, why should they ever be omitted, or ever sought to be elaborated? If we remember that the source of all politeness is unselfishness and a nice perception of and consideration for the rights, feelings and even whims of others, one can never go very far astray.

A handful of wild flowers and grasses, common field daisies—anything almost the garden or hothouse, or even the fields and meadows, afford—will lend a charm to the plainest table. The capabilities of a screen are quite inexhaustible; it forms both a protection from draughts and a picturesque background for the mistress of the house—presumably young and fair—against its contrasting or harmonizing background. To make a good picture is always a great point gained in dress or furniture.

Just now one of the most important items about the whole household economy is cleanliness—absolute, uncompromising cleanliness in the kitchen, the chief feature of which is the sink. Wash it daily with soap and water, and rinse with boiling water. This cannot be insisted upon too strongly. Twice a week, all summer, pour hot water, containing a little chloride of lime, into the drain. This will prevent unpleasant and unhealthy odors. Don't use, or allow to be used, quantities of soap in washing dishes; instead, substitute washing soda, and see how you will like the change.

Look scrupulously after the refrigerator every morning. In thousands of families, cellar and storeroom are combined within its zinc walls. For Sunday's dinner (and I think the idea of a specially nice dinner on Sunday is lovely) I know it entails extra labor on the wife, but it pays—it certainly pays to note the enjoyment of our own especial lord of creation who has all the time he wants this one day in the week to enjoy his dinner and cigar. And by a little extra work on Saturday, it isn't so dreadful after all. It need be no excuse to keep you home from church unless your help is very inefficient—have pea soup, roast tenderloin of beef, new potatoes, stewed tomatoes, sliced cucumber. For dessert, pineapple pudding, ice cream.

What and Which.

"What are the four great lakes between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico?" asked a Lewiston mother of her youngest and only, whose geography she was coming. "Water," said the boy. The mother pondered a moment, and then looked into the geography again and found herself in error. She should have asked "Which are the four great lakes," etc. "Which question repeated, the boy answered correctly. It's a smart seven-year-old who knows the difference between what and which. —Lewiston Journal.

Celluvert is the name of a material which is being placed on the English market. It is prepared from cellulose or vegetable fibres. It is applicable for many purposes, such as the manufacture of baskets, dishes, roving cans, journal bearings, tubes, cylinders, gibs, cross-heads, washers, nuts, bolts, wheels, trunks, chair-seats, &c. Its strength is very great, both to resist tearing and crushing; a strap 1 inch wide by 1-4 inch thick stood a tensile test of 2,210 pounds. It is made with two different degrees of flexibility; it will take a high polish, and it can be filed, turned, sawn, planed, drilled and tamped. The ordinary solvents have no effect upon it, and acids and alkalis attack it but very slightly. Its resistance to the passage of electricity will make it useful as a non-conductor, and it is also capable of withstanding a high degree of heat without any injury.