

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

HEW TO THE LINE. LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOLUME XI.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1885.

NUMBER 47.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gleaned by Telegraph and Mail.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

THE resignation of W. H. H. Llewellyn, agent for the Apache Indians at Mesquero, N. M., has been accepted by the Secretary of the Interior. He has been there several years, was wounded twice in controlling the Indians.

THE Marine Hospital Bureau has, through the Secretary of State, called on the Canadian authorities for more detailed information concerning the character and extent of smallpox at Montreal and other cities near the border.

A DISPATCH received at Washington recently confirmed the report that Anfinn, the New Orleans defaulting sub-strategy clerk, was arrested at Monterey, Mexico.

THE following additional fourth-class Postmasters were recently appointed: Missouri: John H. Bolthoff, of Kingston, Caldwell County, vice Anson B. Mills, resigned; C. C. Van Arsdale, Little Osage, Vernon County, vice Harrison Jones, resigned; William L. Shuker, West Line, Cass County, vice Robert E. Karr, resigned; George B. Field, Summit, Barton County, vice Charles Purce, resigned.

THE EAST.

AT Dover Plains, N. Y., recently, in a quarrel as to the location of a line fence William DeGarmo and his son attacked Theodore H. Boyce viciously. The latter shot and killed DeGarmo. He claims to have acted in self-defense.

THE Boston Manufacturing Company of Waltham has shut down its cotton mill for an indefinite period, thereby giving about 600 employees a forced vacation.

EXPERIMENTS were recently made at the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., with a movable 15,000-candle power electric Zsch light for use at sea. It was found to work perfectly, minute objects being discernible at a great distance.

AMONG the suggestions to those in charge of the New York Grant monument fund was one from Dr. George L. Ditson, of Cleveland. The writer would have the monument erected "to our second Washington," and wholly of glass, vari-colored and of temple architecture, and surmounting this an angel pointing heavenward.

ABOUT fifty persons were dismissed from the Philadelphia mint recently.

A CASE of yellow fever was discovered in New York City the other day.

THE Bureau of Contagious Diseases of New York City state that the nature of the illness of Otto Roach, who was removed from a house in the Bowery recently, was not yellow fever, as was thought, but intermittent fever and jaundice.

ED. CORRIGAN'S famous horse Freeland, after winning two victories from Dwyer's mare, Miss Woodford, was defeated in a race at Monmouth Park the other day amid the wildest excitement.

LYNDON CENTER, Vt., is a village of 300 inhabitants and is about 100 years old. The first fire there since its foundation occurred the other day. The loss was small.

A MATCH has been arranged between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan. The match will be with small gloves to a finish, revised Marquis of Queensbury rules. Both men are in strict training. The locality is not announced.

LIGHTNING struck the residence of Samuel Chambers, near Titusville, Pa., recently, instantly killing Mrs. Chambers and seriously burning a small child. The husband, at work not 300 feet distant, knew nothing of the catastrophe until he went to his supper five hours later, when he found his wife lifeless on the floor and the creeping infant moaning piteously.

HON. D. J. MORRELL, General Manager of the Cambria Iron Company, and for many years Representative of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania District in Congress, died recently at Pittsburgh.

THE WEST.

ANN HOGAN, colored, died at Vicksburg, Miss., recently, at the age of one hundred and twenty. Her peculiarity was her hair, which was three feet long, a sample of which was on exhibition at the World's Exposition.

REV. FATHER JARDINE, of Kansas City, created a sensation on a Missouri Pacific train the other night by taking an overdose of chloroform. The belief generally prevailed among the passengers that he attempted to commit suicide, but the reverend father denied this, and says he took the drug to produce sleep, as he is troubled with insomnia.

THE Knights of Labor, believing that Manager Talmage, of the Wabash System, was discriminating against members of their order and endeavoring to break up their organization, asked for an interview with him a few days ago, which he refused to grant, whereupon they ordered all members of their society in the employ of the company to quit work. The order was generally obeyed, but there being only a few Knights of Labor working for the company, little inconvenience was experienced by the strike.

THE fifteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Betsche, of Chicago, a prepossessing girl, was reported as missing recently. From letters left behind by the girl, the mother supposed she was enticed away by two circus men.

IT was reported the other day that the British ship Haddingtonshire ran on the rocks off the coast of California and eighteen were lost.

THE Ohio Democrats have renominated Governor Hoadly and Lieutenant-Governor Warwick. Charles D. Martin was nominated for Judge of the Supreme Court.

THE Democrats of Iowa have nominated Hon. Charles E. Whitney for Governor, Hon. E. H. Gillette for Lieutenant-Governor, and Hon. W. F. Brannan for Supreme Justice.

THE yellow fever has become epidemic at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and is rapidly spreading.

ALL the Peoria whisky detained in Philadelphia by direction of Commissioner Miller, of the Internal Revenue Bureau, has been released.

A FEW weeks ago, in Nevada, a Pinto Indian was killed by a Washoe Indian, which, at the time, it was believed would certainly lead to a war between the two tribes. The matter was, however, amicably arranged. A few days ago a Pute, relative of the man killed, was beaten to death during a fight with a Washoe brave. The excitement among both tribes now runs high, and a sanguinary outbreak is expected at any time.

A MEXICAN came into Lanoria, Ari., recently bringing intelligence that a band of hostiles had attacked a party of three prospectors, fifteen miles from Santa Cruz, killing two and wounding the third, Louis Salgarte, in the leg.

THE extensive wool, hide and tallow house of Obeane, Hosick & Co., of Chicago, was set afire by lightning recently. The top floor was stored with wool and the flames spread rapidly. The fire was, however, confined to the upper floors with damage to stock and building of \$75,000. It was fully insured.

H. A. SMITH, a traveling agent for the Mayor Pottery Company, of Beaver Falls, Pa., recently, at Cleveland, O., by jumping into the Cuyahoga River.

THE Inter-State Fair to be held at Kansas City September 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 promises many attractions to visitors this fall. The premiums aggregate \$40,000 and blooded stock will be on exhibition from all parts of the country. New arrangements have been made for the display of farm machinery, etc., and all railroads will issue half-fare tickets during the fair.

THE SOUTH.

IN Webster County, Ky., recently, Boyle Baker shot and seriously wounded J. B. Curtee. Baker was pursued by friends of Curtee and exchanged shots with them. On emptying his revolver he jumped into the river and was drowned. Baker and Curtee quarreled about a trivial matter.

WHILE cars were ascending and descending the inclined railroad at the Cabin Creek coal mines near Charleston, Va., the other day, the loaded cars broke loose and collided with a car in which were Layton Oakford, President of the road, Thomas Peacock, Amos Mitchell, Joseph Hall and Thoman, killing the four first named and seriously wounding Thoman.

THE striking street car drivers of Memphis have returned to work, having accepted the terms offered by the company.

A FIRE at Sherman, Tex., recently, destroyed the grain warehouse of O. T. Wells and the residences of Edward Dwyer and E. Aldrich. Total loss, \$60,000; insurance, \$40,000.

IT was recently discovered that John Nichols, late teller of the City National Bank of Fort Worth, Tex., who died suddenly in the bank not long since, was short in his accounts one hundred thousand dollars.

A BAND of masked men recently entered the town of Dalton, Ga., and severely lashed a number of bad characters, nearly killing a woman, and beat and tortured a negro thief so that he died in a few hours after receiving his lashing.

A QUARANTINE force was put on duty recently at El Paso, Tex., against all ports of Mexico which are infected with yellow fever. The guard inspects all trains from Mexico and California.

FIRE at Texarkana, Tex., recently, destroyed the Arlington Hotel, the telephone office, the post-office, the Pacific & Southern Express office and the Western Union Telegraph office. Two squares on the Arkansas side were also destroyed. Loss, \$150,000.

IN St. Charles Parish, Louisiana, recently, a lot of colored field hands took refuge under a tree during a storm, when lightning struck the tree, killing three of them.

IT is stated by the passengers who arrived at El Paso, Tex., recently, from the City of Mexico, that Mormon agents have succeeded in concluding arrangements with the Government for the cession of an extensive tract of land in Chihuahua and Sonora, which will be settled at an early day by Latter Day Saints.

WILLIAM T. HUDSON, of Bosque County, Tex., was arrested at Fort Worth recently charged with swindling V. T. Randolph, of New Jersey, out of \$30,000. Hudson contracted to deliver to Randolph 5,500 head of cattle, but it is alleged failed to deliver a single head, notwithstanding the advance payment of \$30,000.

ALEXANDRO VIDOURA, a wealthy Mexican, was mysteriously assassinated a few nights ago near Carrollita's ranch, Zavala County, Tex.

STATE SENATOR JOHN P. ROGERS, of Union County, Ky., was arrested recently, charged with violating the United States revenue law, and given a hearing before United States Commissioner Green. Mr. Rogers is a prominent member of the Maynardville, Tenn., bar. He was appointed United States Commissioner by Judge Baxter in 1882. He was elected to the Legislature and in 1884 returned to the State Senate.

THE body of the unknown woman found in the river near Louisville, Ky., recently was identified as that of Mrs. Johnson of Madison, Ind., but the manner of her death was not solved.

GENERAL.

AN action for libel has been begun against the leading foreign newspapers in China for alleging the reported sale of the Chinese merchant fleet to an American firm for \$2,500,000 tael, at the outbreak of the hostilities with France. It is a bogus transaction.

THE police recently raided Socialists' houses in The Hague and Amsterdam. A man was arrested in the latter place for placarding a wall with Socialistic circulars. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Hundreds of sympathizers followed him to prison. The crowd carried with them and displayed fearfully numerous red and black flags.

THEY entered the room of William Flanagan, an American cotton merchant, at Liverpool hotel, the other night, and robbed him of a large sum of money and some valuable jewelry.

IT is announced by a high official of the British Foreign Office that the reports of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between England and China are untrue, but that England, China and Japan have arrived at a satisfactory understanding as to the course to be pursued by each power in the event of war between England and Russia.

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THE boiler of a steam thresher exploded near Wyoming, Ont., recently, instantly killing James Duncan and mortally wounding Isaac Maw. Maw's nephew had a leg broken and was dangerously scalded. The engine was lifted bodily from the trucks and thrown through the side of a barn into a grain mow.

A DISPATCH from Calcutta announces that the ship British Statesman was foundered. The Captain and twenty-two of the crew were lost.

KING ALFONSO was so incensed at the unwarrantable seizure of the Carolina Islands by Germany that he resigned his Colonelcy in the German Uhlan regiment, conferred upon him during his visit to Germany a few years ago. His acceptance of this at the time greatly incensed the French.

A GIRL seven years of age recently died at Widnes, England, of Asiatic cholera of the worst type.

A RICH maiden lady of Paris named Mentracy recently disappeared. A female servant named Mercier told the neighbors that the lady had entered a convent, leaving her to manage the property. The servant brought her own relatives to the house to live. Suspicion being aroused the police entered the premises and discovered the lady's body buried in quick lime in the garden. The servant and her companions tried to escape but were arrested.

THE reports of the wreck of the German corvette Angela was confirmed. Her crew of 238 officers and sailors were lost. Her value was \$1,750,000. She was lost in a cyclone in the Red Sea.

SIX old United States war vessels, the Minnesota, Susquehanna, Congress, South Carolina, Iowa, Lottia Grant and Gibraltar, burned to the water's edge off Long Island recently, causing a loss of over one hundred thousand dollars.

KING ALFONSO instructed the Spanish Ambassador at London to proceed to Berlin and entreat Emperor William to delay the occupation of the Caroline Islands. He feared that he would be deposed by his subjects.

THE LATEST.

JACKSON, TENN., August 22.—Tuesday night a mob in the Seventeenth District of this, Madison County, went to the house of William Cooper, colored, fired at him several times, five shots passing through his body, killing him instantly. Jack Allison, a young white man, was shot in the arm and lungs with buckshot by the mob, either accidentally or through mistake, and will die. The first chapter in this sad affair occurred a few weeks ago, when Cooper, who was a desperate negro and is said to have killed one or two men, chased his employer, J. A. Whitton, out of the field, and went to the house that night and called him out. He made a motion as to draw a pistol, and Whitton shot him several times, severely wounding him. Cooper recovered and threatened as soon as he was well to kill Whitton and all his family. The whole community became aroused and the mobbing was the result. No arrests have been made. It is hoped matters will be settled without further bloodshed.

MEADVILLE, Pa., August 22.—The freight train on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad was wrecked this morning about one o'clock, two miles below Shenandoah. John Berry, a brakeman, was instantly killed. Halley Thomas and Linde Shered, brakemen, were badly, probably fatally injured and seven cars were badly wrecked and the track was torn up for a quarter of a mile. The accident was caused by the train parting and coming together again on a heavy grade.

SEDALIA, Mo., August 22.—William Usher, a German farmer living seven miles south of Sedalia, was arrested yesterday for incest. About a year ago his wife died and since then his niece, Maria Hoffart, has kept house for him. Last week they were married, the girl being about to become a mother. Usher was released on bond. He formerly lived in Lexington, and is a hard-working but ignorant German.

CHICAGO, August 22.—The extensive wool, hide and tallow house of Obeane, Hosick & Co., located at the corner of La Salle and Michigan streets, was set afire by lightning at four o'clock this morning. The top floor was stored with wool and the flames spread rapidly. The fire was, however, confined to the upper floors with damage to stock and building of \$75,000. It was fully insured.

ST. LOUIS, August 22.—A special to the Chronicle from Syracuse, Mo., says that William Arnold, a farmer, was stabbed and killed early this morning by Charles Hardy, a barber, who stabbed Arnold eight times with a pair of shears. Hardy is still at large, with a party in pursuit. If caught they will likely make short work of him.

Alexandro Vidoura, a wealthy Mexican, was mysteriously assassinated a few nights ago near Carrollita's ranch, Zavala County, Tex.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

The School Fund.

The following is the apportionment of the school fund of the State for the present year:

Allen	2,224.25
Anderson	2,029.29
Atchison	2,323.15
Barber	542.25
Barton	1,594.25
Bourbon	4,139.55
Brown	2,434.35
Butler	3,722.40
Cherokee	1,129.40
Chautauque	2,443.95
Clay	2,486.55
Cloud	3,031.20
Coffey	2,486.70
Crawford	4,343.40
Cowley	3,963.30
Davis	1,294.65
Edwards	382.55
Dickinson	3,078.00
Doniphan	2,274.30
Douglas	2,553.45
Ellis	2,300.40
Ellsworth	691.20
Finney	1,410.20
Ford	169.75
Franklin	3,274.45
Graham	306.90
Greenwood	2,388.50
Haskell	1,529.25
Harvey	2,432.50
Hodgeman	181.80
Holt	2,493.90
Jefferson	2,811.15
Jewell	3,050.10
Johnson	2,445.80
Kingman	1,124.90
Labette	1,555.45
Lea	5,533.45
Lincoln	1,278.90
Linn	2,928.00
Lyon	3,432.10
Marion	2,561.50
Marshall	3,163.20
Martin	2,432.10
Miami	2,951.35
Mitchell	1,180.90
Morris	4,029.90
Morris	1,672.20
Nemaha	2,758.50
Ness	2,973.45
Norton	961.10
Osborne	1,963.20
Ottawa	1,970.25
Phillips	1,551.25
Pottawatomie	2,822.25
Reno	2,432.10
Republic	1,963.20
Rice	1,924.20
Riley	1,966.20
Rooks	1,000.00
Rush	97.15
Russell	916.10
Saline	2,528.10
Schickel	3,432.10
Shawnee	5,766.30
Sheridan	1,900.00
Smith	2,230.00
Stafford	723.90
Sumner	4,415.70
Texas	2,528.10
Wabunsee	1,709.40
Washington	3,217.95
Woods	2,528.10
Wyandotte	1,426.20
Wyandotte	4,171.05
Total	\$185,040.45

These moneys are the interest on funds arising from the sale of school lands.

Miscellaneous.

WILLIAM WILLIS, a young man, was recently found dead at Leavenworth. The deeds for the six hundred and forty acres of land for the State Reformatory have been placed on record at Hutchinson and everything is ready for the commencing of the work. The land cost \$25,000, and was paid for by subscriptions from the people of Hutchinson.

THE number of children in the State of school age—between five and twenty-one years of age—is 411,200, and the apportionment of the State School fund per capita is fifty-five cents.

POST-OFFICE changes in Kansas for the week ended August 15: Established—Green Ridge, Stafford County, William H. Beardsly, Postmaster; Happy, Graham County, Mrs. Mary J. Van Dyke, Postmistress; Paxson, Pratt County, George H. Hoffman, Postmaster. Discontinued—Oregon, Jefferson County. Names changed—Baltimore, Cowley County, to Gregory; Holmwood, Jewell County, to Gregory; Olivet, Osage County, to Penfield; Zamora, Hamilton County, to Kendall.

THE following County Institutes recently reported their attendance to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction: Washington County, 113; Cloud County, 5; Osborn County, 99; Ellsworth County, 7; Wyandotte County, 137; Sedgewick County, 170; Elk County, 107; Kingman County, 68; Hodgeman County, 50; Barton County, 55; Doniphan County, 104; Woodson County, 100.

CHARLES VERTREES, fourteen years old, while examining a target rifle at Atchison a few days since was shot and killed by the accidental discharge of the weapon.

BAXTER SPRINGS is jubilant because Lyon Township, in that county, voted \$15,000 in bonds to the Denver, Memphis & Atlantic Railroad. The proposition carried by only eleven majority.

A MAN registered at the Windsor Hotel in Atchison the other night and when called to breakfast the next morning promptly answered. Soon after he had been called, the guests seated at breakfast heard the report of a pistol from his room, and on looking over the transom, the clerk saw him lying on the floor apparently dead. An investigation showed that he stood in front of the mirror by the side of the bed and shot himself in the right temple. He had no money and was out of work, and it is supposed that sickness and despondency led to the suicide.

ARTICLES of incorporation of the Nickerson & Panhandle Railroad Company were filed with the Secretary of State recently. The purpose for which this corporation is formed is to construct a railroad commencing at Nickerson and running southwesterly through the Counties of Reno, Stafford, Pratt, Comanche, Clark and Meade. Estimated length of the road 270 miles; capital stock, \$2,000,000. The Kansas, Nebraska & Dakota Railroad Company also filed its charter. The charter gives the length of the road at 1,000 miles, and starting near the line of the Indian Territory its course is north through Kansas, thence through Nebraska and terminates at Bismarck, Dakota. Capital stock, \$5,000,000. MAJOR W. C. RANSOM, formerly Treasurer of the L. L. & G. Road, is at present one of the Railroad Commissioners of Michigan.

NATIONAL ITEMS.

THE Hibbs Extradition Case—Suggestions by Judge Crease, of the Supreme Court of British Columbia—One Phase of Human Character—A Remedy for Questionable Recommendations.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 20.—The full text of the decision of Judge Crease, of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, in the Hibbs extradition case, has been received at the Post-office Department. In his preamble Judge Crease says: "It is a case of considerable importance because the complaint is for an offense which has no exact parallel in the history of extradition cases, and the danger that would arise of repetition, should it not prove to be an extraditable offense. That will be easily understood, when it is considered that there are 15,000 Postmasters having the same facilities as the prisoner in the issuance of money orders in the United States, and if one such can with impunity unblushingly confess to having abused his trust by embezzling \$20,000 in three days and then avoid all punishment by merely skipping across an imaginary boundary line; it is a mere rule of three sum to ascertain the mischief such an example to even a few of that army of Postmasters might do." Judge Crease pays a high compliment to Solicitor-General Goode and to the officers who traced Hibbs and brought about his arrest. He concludes as follows: "While I can not conclude with any knowledge the assistance rendered to the court by Mr. Solicitor-General Goode, I trust it will not be inappropriate if I echo the words of the learned Judge in the Windsor case. While I deal with the law as it is, I may wish that the Government of the United States may see its advantage in adding to the catalogue of extraditable crimes all those offenses which have been for some time pressed upon its attention from this side, and I do so with the object of saving endless time and expense to both countries. It would be most welcome to those magistrates on both sides whose duty it is, under the Washington treaty, to carry out the law."

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 20.—"There is one phase of human character," said Commissioner of Patents Montgomery, "which one doesn't meet until he enters a Government office. People come and beg and beg until you give them some sort of employment, although you would rather give them a hundred dollars out of your own pocket. In a week they are looking for promotion in another department, and they complain that they are underpaid, and before a month they are claiming holidays. If, at the end of a year, you find you can not retain them any longer, and tell them so, their grievance manifests itself in a terrible rumpus. They will stare in astonishment and anger and point to their service. 'You must not forget,' they say, 'that we have been serving the Government all this time for half pay.' They will tell you and they will show you how they feel that any promotion not in the way of promotion to them is ingratitude in the Government and impudence in the official."

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 19.—A leading department officer said to-day: "The number of cases where it appears that unfit men are appointed on recommendations is small. We examine papers as well as we can, and often revoke a bad appointment even after it has been made, though the fact doesn't get into the newspapers. We have been so annoyed and embarrassed by insincere endorsements that the administration is going to adopt a new policy. If the error is discovered in time, and the claimant does not get his piece, we shall simply notify the indorsers of the facts in the case and urge upon them the importance of greater care in the future; but if a bad appointment is made, and leads to criticism and a public scandal, we shall take pains to publish all the names of indorsers, as our vouchers, so to speak. Of course, we understand how difficult it is for a man to refuse to sign a petition for a fellowtownsman and friend for office. But these written endorsements are all we have to go on in many cases, and citizens must feel their responsibility in the matter."

GROWING PROSPECTS.

Reports Showing a Flattering Outlook for Crops in the South—Cotton, Corn, Sugar, Tobacco and Rice All Give Promise of Bountiful Returns.

BALTIMORE, Md., August 20.—The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record of August 22 will give nearly five pages to special reports, showing that the South will this year make the largest crops ever produced in that section, and at the lowest cost. The corn crop, which is now safe, is reported by the correspondents to be "the best for twenty years," "Best ever known," etc., and it is believed that the aggregate yield will be 50,000,000 bushels more than last year. In South Carolina an increase of 4,000,000 bushels is counted upon, while in Georgia the State Agricultural Department estimates an increase of 9,000,000 bushels over 1884 and 15,000,000 bushels over 1883.

The reports are equally flattering from the other States. While the cotton crop is still liable to be damaged, it is believed that this year's will be much the largest crop ever produced, the average being greater than ever before at the corresponding time in past years. In tobacco, fruits and vegetables the prospects are that the crops will be very large, while rice promises a big yield and sugar a much more profitable crop than last year. From an agricultural point of view the prospects from the South could hardly be better. In trade and manufactures there is already a decided change for the better, and every thing is promising for great activity in business this fall and winter.

THE WABASH STRIKERS.

No Serious Results Yet Visible—The Resolution Calling for the Impeachment of United States Judges to be Carried Out—St. Louis, August 20.—The action of the National Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor in issuing a general order to the Knights employed upon roads west of the Mississippi, prohibiting the handling or repairing of Wabash rolling stock has been followed by no serious results to-day.

The members of the Wabash Committee, which is in session here, are of the opinion that the full force of the order will not be felt by the railroads for several days yet. Telegrams have been received by them from different parts of the State, from branch assemblies of the national organization indorsing the issuance of the general order and indicating their intention to stand by it. Meetings of the Knights all over the West will be held as the order is received by them, and it is expected that concerted action will be taken by the 21st at the latest.

T. J. Russell, of the committee, says that the resolutions calling for the impeachment of United States Judges Brewer, Treat and Krekel, will be carried out, if possible. Congressman Warner and General Palmer will draw the articles of impeachment, which will be introduced into Congress and pushed with all the influence which the Knights can command. Trouble is expected at Kansas City shortly. A number of the yard and train men at that point are Knights, and in obedience to yesterday's order it is thought that they will refuse to handle Wabash cars, in consequence of which all the Wabash freight will be side-tracked.

1:30 p. m.—Nothing yet has been received from any point in the State or beyond of any trouble growing out of yesterday's order, and in all likelihood nothing will occur for a day or two, or until the order shall have reached at least the principal points on the roads named in the order. The National Executive Committee having turned the whole matter over to the district committees, with power to act, they will issue no more orders, and started this morning for the East, where they have some other matters to look after. Members of the committee representing the Knights on the Southwest System left for their homes last night, and will more fully explain yesterday's order to the various assemblies. The Wabash committee will remain here and transact such business as may be necessary. There has been no delay to passenger trains so far and none seems to be apprehended immediately, although it is understood that the order applies to passenger coaches as well as to freight cars and other rolling stock. Nor has there been any detention to freight. The movement of trains in the Union Depot yards has in no wise been disturbed as yet. Up to a late hour to-night there was no strike news, either local or from outside points. The order of yesterday, it appears, was not mailed until to-day, therefore it will be a couple of days before any action can be taken by the various assemblies at points on the roads involved. The Wabash Executive Committee is still here, but it did nothing to-day of public interest nor did it receive any advice outside. Several assemblies of Knights of Labor held meetings to-night, at which the order of the National Executive Committee was presented and discussed. The order will be posted in conspicuous places in the railroad shops and yards to-morrow, and all Knights will hold themselves in readiness for anything that may turn up.

A STRANGE FATALITY.

Three Brothers Accidentally Killed Within Twelve Hours.

MARTIN'S VALLEY, Pa., August 19.—Mrs. Sarah Truby, of this place, is an aged widow. Her son John, aged thirty-four, worked on the East Branch Railroad. Jason, another son, aged thirty-six, was employed in the slate quarries; Wyman a third son, thirty-eight years, was a miller. They lived with their mother, having no families of their own. On Friday night last John, while running to turn a switch, fell into a cattle guard and broke his neck. Saturday morning, before the news of John's death reached home, Jason was drowned in a pit in the quarries. James Whitaker arrived in the village on Saturday with the news of John Truby's death, and met William Jackson, who was bearing the tidings of Jason's fate at the same time. The two walked together to the mill where Wyman Truby worked to break the news to him first. There was a crowd about the mill, and as the two messengers arrived on the scene, men were carrying Wyman Truby's dead body out of the building. He had been suffocated in a grain bin. Less than twelve hours intervened between the death of the first brother and the last one. The news of the death of her three sons so prostrated Mrs. Truby that her life is despaired of. The three bodies will be buried in one grave.

THE CHOLERA.

Latest Reports of the Ravages of the Dread Disease in Spain.

NEW YORK, August 19.—A Marseilles cable special to the Herald says: Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, the situation remains much the same as it was yesterday. Several fatal cases of malignant cholera are noted, but not as occurring among the wealthier classes as in the list of yesterday. The Mayor acknowledges to twenty-eight fresh cases of cholera to-day, and it is rumored that four deaths have occurred in the Pharo Hospital, where sixty-five patients still remain. Since the 10th inst. one hundred and thirty patients have been admitted to this hospital. Of these fifty-five have died and ten have been discharged as cured. Six temporary hospitals have been opened. Expressions of strong indignation are used against the Mayor, who is openly charged with using the credit of 100,000 francs recently voted by the municipal Council for sanitary purposes and pay the medical staff in these temporary hospitals. Several foreign navigation companies, among others the Kubanka Florio Line,

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

WOTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

The farmer leads no E Z life;
The C D snows will rot;
And when at E V rests from strife
His bones all A K lot.

In D D has to struggle hard
To E K living out;
If C D crops do not rotard
His crops there'll B A drought.

The hired L P has to pay
Are awful B K when he away
They C K rest when he's away
Nor N E work will do.

Both N Z can not make to meet
And then for A D takes
Some loans from the B K eat
& E no money makes.

Of little U C finds this life:
Sick in old A G lies;
The debts he O Z leaves his wife
And then in D D dies.

—H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.

A MODERN PARIAH.

How Commenda le Arabition Found Its Own Reward.

"I s'pose you'll have to come and stay with me, now, Lisbeth, yer father's gone an' yer brother Joe bin an' got married."

The speaker was a tall, gaunt woman, whose expressionless face seemed cut out of solid rock, without one softened line, even in this hour of trial. Lisbeth Morton looked up quickly. "No, thank you, aunt Rachel, you have no work for me, I am sure, and I should not like to be a burden. I am going to the city, and intend to get a situation as housemaid. I'll work a little cheaper than the others do, if I can have time to go to the Art School one day in the week and some of the evenings."

"Going out to service?" the hard voice answered, sneeringly. "It's just like you, anyway; you always was cranky; but I didn't think yer brother's darter 'ud stoop so low. What'll Jim Downing say?"

"I haven't asked him," replied the girl, with a proud lifting of her head and a vivid color in her cheeks. "Well, you'd better," advised Aunt Rachel, "and if he doesn't put his foot down on that, my name isn't Rachel Jones, that's all."

"I shall do as I think best for myself," answered Lisbeth very quietly, and left the room to attend to some household duties. The gray evening came slowly on. Brother Joe and his new wife took Aunt Rachel to her dreary home on their way to spend the evening with a neighbor. Lisbeth sat down to her sewing with fast beating heart, listening at intervals for a step she knew so well, that might at any moment be heard on the gravel walk beneath the window. She had not long to wait, for a gentle knock was followed by a quick opening of the door in country fashion, and a young man, with close-cropped yet dark-curling hair entered without further ceremony. He took her hand and attempted to draw her down to a chair beside him, but she sprang lightly up under pretense of turning down the wick of the lamp for fear it might crack the glass, and then seated herself on the opposite side of the fire-place. Yet the tones of her voice were tender, even trembling as she talked of every day affairs; at last with some hesitation she said: "I wanted a chance to tell you that I am going to the city to stay."

The young man looked surprised, and there was a protest in his voice as he said: "Why, Lisbeth, isn't it rather sudden? You surely don't mean to do that?"

"Yes I do," she answered, dearly. "I'm not wanted here. Maria takes my place already and it's right she should, but it cuts me up dreadfully. I've been head of the house, and all Joe had to depend on so long—I can't get used to it."

"It is only till next year," he protested. "Then my apprenticeship is finished, and you might take me for better and for worse."

There was a minute's pause, and then she spoke slowly but with an air of conviction. "I couldn't, my clothes would wear out; my temper would be soured; I should not be worth taking. I am not fit for anything but housework, father never thought it mattered for girls. Now I must begin my life and it will be hard at first. But I have just got so far with my studies in art, I want to get further, so I shall get a housemaid's place, and can save over \$100.00 by the time you are—"

She never finished her sentence, for he broke in—"You, a servant, Lisbeth Morton, you will not degrade yourself so."

"I do not think it degrades me, trying to earn an honest living, any more than if I was a dress-maker or music-teacher," she answered with spirit.

His face paled with passion, his dark eyes glowed. "If you go to service I have done with you," he said finally.

"You have, James Downing!" said Lisbeth in cool, calm tones,—"and there is the door—good evening."

His manner changed. "Oh, Lisbeth, be persuaded," he said imploringly, with a sound as of tears in his voice. But she shook her head and did not speak, as he picked up his cap and fumbled for the latch, evidently blind with grief and anger. Neither of them remembered in after years just how they parted, but the sad break never healed, and during the weeks that she remained at the old homestead, Lisbeth did not again meet her old lover. Miss Arabella Downing was strong in her denunciation of the young girl's project. "To think our Jim had an idea of marrying her once," she said in a moment of confidence, "a common servant. It's a shame for her. She might have taken in sewing, or trimmed hats, or had a strawberry bed, that's fashionable now, anything but that, well, she's lost caste any way and Jim will likely marry Amelia Blakely, who has a little money, though she isn't as pretty as Lisbeth Morton. But then beauty's only skin deep anyway," which must have been a consolation to her if her glass was faith-

ful. And so in this small village, where every one did their own housework, where every farmer's wife was "nurse, seamstress, housemaid, cook," all in one, our little forlorn girl was an outcast from society because she chose to do whatever her hands found to do well. Aunt Rachel, in a fit of spasmodic generosity, made for her twelve large aprons, of the coarsest crash toweling, suitable for a scullery maid in her pot washing moments, and Lisbeth thanked her for them with a good grace. But all these petty trials made the parting from the old home less severe, and it was almost with a sigh of relief that she bade farewell to her early associations, and after planting a rose bush on the graves of her parents, stepped out into the world without further regret, than to be so far from those grassy mounds.

Mrs. Lyster was a widow with two unmarried daughters who were just out in society, and spent all the time they could spare from that arrogant mistress in the pursuit of art, with a little music and embroidery that was also artistic. Maud was not more than "seventeen," but "tall and stately," with a hauteur of manner that was not so pleasant as the affectionate disposition of Mignon, the younger. They were good girls, brought up in a gay, thoughtless manner, without troubling their heads over any social problems. In fact, they considered all women out of place who asserted their rights, and believed those socially beneath them to be of a different caste altogether. "Isn't it curious, mamma?" said Maud, one morning, as she dilly out the leaves of the latest fashion magazine. "Our new housemaid, Lisbeth, wears gloves, and such pretty ruffled aprons, and neat dresses. I wonder if she wants to save her hands, or what is the reason?"

Mrs. Lyster smiled. "That is no fault, my dear child, the girl does her work well, and is a treasure. She is rather superior and is ambitious, goes to the Art evening class, and gets one afternoon in the week as well. I got her for two dollars a month less than the last maid on that account, and she is far more deft and handy."

Maud looked her astonishment. "The Art class? why she's only a housemaid, and it's really too bad. Rene Lindsay, and Tom Davis belong to that very class, if it is Prof. Pontelle's. I shall be very much surprised if they stay when they find out servants go there."

"Nonsense," answered the mother, "it is no one's affair who goes, so long as they pay and are admitted. The girl is thoughtful, and hopes to become an art teacher, by and by, she told me, and I am sure it is much nicer to have a girl with artistic tendencies; she dusts and arranges the parlors with exquisite taste, every caller notices it, and thinks you girls do it for me, and she handles the choicest bric-a-brac carefully. I really never had such a faithful girl."

So Lisbeth continued to attend the classes and worked in the early mornings in her tie bed-room, as soon as daylight came in, and if her pictures were "skied," it mattered but little, for no one saw them but herself, and the glimpses of the early sunlight, the first glow in the east, that she watched in those working moods, formed a picture that always remained in her memory as long as life lasted.

Lisbeth won the hearts of her fellow servants by many little acts of kindness, till Kitty, the parlor maid, told her one day in confidence that she was trying to study arithmetic and book-keeping, so as to take a situation in a store some day as saleswoman.

"Could she make more money and be as comfortable?" Lisbeth ventured to ask.

"No," answered Kitty, sturdily, "but I shall be treated as a human being in the house where I board, and be independent. I don't mind the work, that's easy, but it's having Miss Maud look at me as if I was a post, and talking to other girls about 'the servants,' as if we were not of the same flesh and blood. She doesn't even wait till our backs are turned, but treats us like the dirt under her feet," and Kitty's democratic little head gave a toss of scorn as she spoke.

Lisbeth often saw the young ladies busy with their desultory drawing, but they never seemed to consider her as a human being, with thoughts and feelings, or capable of observing. Her training in early life and at the Art School fitted her to be their companion in everything but money. Yet, there was a great gulf between them socially, because one had to earn her daily bread by the labor of her hands.

Prof. Pontelle was very much interested in his quiet scholar, her high grave, pensive face, the deep thoughtfulness of her pure gray eyes, reminded him of the wife of his early manhood, who was taken from him during the first year of their married life. It was ten years ago that she died, and he had never since seen a woman on whom he cared to bestow a second glance; they were so frivolous, many of them, and studied art only for fashion's sake, forsooth, but this young girl seemed to enter into his methods and understand his moods. He watched her closely; saw how lonely she appeared, and apart from the rest, even penetrated the feeling that was to be seen among some of his fashionable pupils, who seemed not to care about making any social advances toward her. Was she not their equal in position? He curled his lips in scorn. His own father had been a blacksmith and peasant before they left Europe; he was alone and could snap his fingers at the world if this sweet girl would consent to be his wife. And all the while Lisbeth labored on in silence; serene, ambitious and hopeful, determined to master the art of teaching as well as the teaching of art, and fit herself for more congenial employment.

The closing of the summer term came in June, and a reception was given to the pupils and their friends. The rooms were crowded; fashion smiled on anything artistic and delighted to honor the handsome Professor who presided over the school.

Foremost among the gay groups were Maud and Mignon Lyster who enjoyed such gatherings, but wished particularly to see and criticize Lisbeth's work. After some music, it was announced that an essay would, as usual, be read by one of the pupils, and when Lisbeth appeared in her simple white dress, with no ornament but a bunch of pale roses at her throat and belt, the audience listened attentively to her words. Calmly, and in rich, deep

tones, she spoke of "Simplicity in art," and when the last eloquent words were said, was greeted with rapturous and well-earned applause. As she stood alone the pleased Professor gave her his arm and escorted her down the long room, stopping now and then to introduce her to some gentlemen who wished to congratulate the fair essayist.

A few minutes passed in pleasant conversation, when suddenly there fell upon her ears the voice of Maud Lyster, sharp and clear. "Didn't you know, Mr. Wilburn? why she is our housemaid. Mamma indulgently allows her time to attend the evening school, but I think there ought to be rules to exclude that class."

The young man addressed was a dandy of the first water, and put up his eye-glasses to stare at Lisbeth's pale face, but the Professor had heard the words, too, and he hurried her to a quiet corner, and procuring a cup of tea, gave it into her trembling hand, as he commenced an argument on the taste and culture of the age with a rival professor who stood near. The whispered insinuations of the thoughtless guest did not prevent the sensible part of the large-hearted crowd from congratulating Lisbeth upon her success; her fair face and gentle demeanor favorably impressing the thoughtful artists who were assembled. And so the time passed, though a sting had been planted in the young girl's heart that rankled sorely.

"I wish to see you home," said the Professor, with an sudden imperious manner, when she spoke of leaving, and she folded her hands in her lap and quietly awaited the leave-taking of the rest. It was over at last and he stood in the hall as she came out of the cloak room. The moon shone brightly, and the scent of roses was strong in the little park they had to cross to reach Mrs. Lyster's.

"Child, I want to know your history," he said when they started, and in a few sentences she told him all, and he in turn talked of his lonely home, his dead Anna, and all his past. "I have been loving you for a long time, my Lisbeth, but only to-night found courage to speak."

"But," she said, shivering in the warm, sweet air, "you can not marry me—I am only a housemaid."

He stopped and turned to her. "You are all the world to me," he said simply, "and I need you."

Her clear, deep tones broke the silence. "Then if you need me, my master, I must be yours, and—with you I feel so safe."

They had reached the front steps, he put his foot on one of them. "Not there," she said appealingly, "I go in by the area steps. Do you repeat?" Her voice had taken a joyous ring, almost a laugh, and in the midst of her confusion she kissed her with sudden passion.

"There is no one to consult," he whispered, "and I shall come for you to-morrow. My home is ready. Sister Greta will welcome you, she knows my wishes. Good night, dear one."

He was gone, and she entered the dark hall in a whirl of amazement. To be married to-morrow! Yet it seemed as if she had known him all her life, and now she remembered many things that proved he loved her; she had always felt that he was her friend; she would yield heart and soul to be safe in his keeping, and as she groped her way towards the upper hall, the voice of Miss Maud called over the balustrade: "It's not proper, Lisbeth, to be talking to a young man and laughing on the area steps."

"It shall not happen again, Miss," said Lisbeth, as she made her way for the last time to her attic studio.—*Annie L. Fack, in Woman's Magazine.*

ROTATION.

The Key to the Whole System of Crop Renovation.

If one will observe how nature provides a succession of crops, a rotation, in fact, of pines after hard woods and of hard woods after pines, he may learn the necessity of following this example of nature and of himself practicing a regular rotation of crops. And the farmer is bound to practice this natural law of rotation, and in the practice the leguminous crops play a most important part. Then we have to consider where clover or peas, which are the most useful of these crops, come in to the best advantage. And as a rule it must be just preceding the most exacting crop.

With some farmers this is wheat, with some it is corn, and with some one of these is as important as another. But clover comes in just at this point, and, in fact, it is the key to the whole of the rotation. All that is to be considered, then, is how to get it in, because, as a rule, the clover is sown down with the wheat. Where peas are a successful crop there is no trouble, because peas can precede wheat, clover can follow it, oats or barley can follow clover, roots or potatoes can follow the oats or barley, and peas can follow the roots. Where corn is grown this can follow clover or a mixture of grass and clover; roots can follow corn, oats or barley can follow roots, clover and wheat can follow the clover, and clover and timothy can be sown with the wheat, or grass of some kind alone. In the rotation there will be five crops and in the other eight. We mention roots because this crop is as indispensable as clover for its beneficial effect in cleaning the soil of weeds, and this operation is as absolutely necessary or good farming as good soil and good culture are.—*N. Y. Times.*

—On investigation the alleged finding of a bird in the middle of a boiled potato by a lady at the Highlands, turns out to be something like the old story of the "Three Black Crows." The lady who was named as the finder was called upon by a Journal reporter, to whom she said that the substance found in the potato was not a bird, but was in form very like one. There were no eyes or feathers, but the general outline of a bird was reproduced in such a way as to make an object so strange in itself as to need no exaggeration to make it interesting.—*Boston Journal.*

—Dromedaries were expected to make rare sport in races with horses in Vienna, but they proved so slow that the nearest cart drivers brought in from the street beat them easily.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

Reminiscences of the Late Distinguished Naturalist.

At Winchester "Fat Buckland," after attaining the dignity of "rod-maker" and "basin cleaner," was permitted to settle down to his chosen avocations.

He made plum-puddings in his neckcloth and ate them; kept ferrets in his cupboard, and sometimes added a snake, a mouse, a guinea-pig or a hedgehog to his domestic establishment. His rat suppers were the despair of the masters and the delight of the Chambers, and his maceration pots at Amen Corner, with heads of hares, rabbits and cats being reduced to skulls, something to be avoided. At Oxford it was the same. His rooms had "an odor of physical science about them." They swarmed with living creatures, and his breakfast table was alive with adders, dormice, tortoises and other disagreeable things. His pockets were filled with slow-worms, and as likely as not, a harmless snake would be produced from the same quarter. Tigliath Pileser, his bear in cap and gown, grew to be such a scandal that when the question came to whether he or his master should go "down," Tigliath was sent to Isis, with an eagle and a monkey which had also been rusticated, after scaring several tutors half out of their wits, and committing misdemeanors which no Don could overlook. But the marmoset still hibernated in the cellar, and at Buckland's wine parties, a chameleon, which used to stand upon an inverted glass, with his tail round the stem, convulsed the undergraduates, especially when it concluded his performance by tumbling head foremost into the preserved ginger.

At Giessen, to which this wayward undergraduate went in the Long Vacation, he studied chemistry with vigor, but was always, as he was everywhere, buying snakes, or frogs; or fishes, or storks, raising the wrath of the "Philistines" by letting his frogs croak in railway carriages, or by unwittingly allowing the red slugs which he was conveying to England to escape and crawl over the bald heads of the hapless sleepers in the same post-wagon. In London the ruling passion was never asleep, for whether as student, or Guardsman, or Fishery Inspector, Buckland was as eager as ever in the study of nature. Nothing came amiss to him. His sympathies were unbounded, whether it was for an owl with a broken leg, salmon who could not get over a weir, birds in their migrations, fish poisoned by factory refuse, lobsters suffering under a ruthless herodias, oysters over-dredged, or a weak-kneed giant who had to be taken out of a caravan and put in a better way of business. He was never weary of experimenting, easting and dissecting. "Where's the surgeon?" demanded the Colonel of his regiment one day. "Inside your charger, your honor," was the sentry's prompt reply, and the ready laugh told that the surgeon was a privileged person. The charger had in fact died, and the surgeon was dissecting him.—*London Standard.*

JAPAN.

The Cause of the Financial Distress in the Country of the Mikado.

There is undoubtedly much misery throughout Japan at the present time. The newspapers continually report extreme cases of it, people in some provinces being obliged to live in caverns, while others are dying for want of food. With poverty, lawlessness increases, and the jails are filled with offenders, many of whom are more desperate than criminal, and go there for the sake of the prison fare. Riots occur frequently, and the tax-gatherer is often resisted with violence. When it is considered how patient and peaceable the Japanese people generally are; with how little a family of the lower class may be supported; how deferential they habitually are toward the law, and how wretched their condition must be when they arm to resist it, or court prison fare for subsistence, it must be admitted that the existing state of things is not only deplorable, but ominous. Since the opening of this country to foreign intercourse nothing like it has been witnessed.

It is in the character of the Japanese to spend all they have in hand, taking little thought for the morrow. This trait has probably much to do with the pleasing impressions they make on most foreign observers, and we are far from wishing them to become heavy-hearted and penurious. Philosophers outside of Japan have called economy "a questionable virtue," and it may no doubt be carried too far. Still, when one comes to deal with economical questions, the frugal or lavish disposition of a people becomes an important consideration; and, in these modern days when capital is power, even more than knowledge used to be, frugality and industry, which are the roots of capital, are practically indispensable to the national welfare. For indolent and extravagant communities have no chance in the race with those who gather and honor wealth. But the Japanese, as we have said, made little provision in their prosperity for possible adversity, and the consequence of this want of foresight became apparent and troublesome when the Government decided at last to call in the paper money. Prices then began to fall, and debtors to feel the pressure, and when poor crops came, and the value of Japanese products in foreign countries also declined, the effect proved very severe. This, too, is traceable in the statistics of foreign trade.—*Japan Mail.*

—A Southern physician has studied the subject of the difference between the complexions of Northerners and Southerners. In tropical countries the complexion of the people is that of convalescing from fever, and indicates that the conditions of the blood are no longer susceptible to febrile influences. The number of red corpuscles in the northern blood rapidly disappear in tropical regions subjected to malaria.—*Chicago Times.*

—Labor for others' comfort and they will seek you. Otherwise you can drink life's gall unobserved.

CONCENTRATION.

An Important Element of Success in Every Occupation.

Among the powers of the human mind that seem of themselves to make life worth living, that of concentration occupies a prominent place. To be able to fix the thoughts or the attention exclusively upon one subject, and to keep them there without wavering as long as is necessary, is a most important element of success in every occupation. It is a common mistake to think that although this ability is essential in professions, in literary pursuits, in the management of large enterprises, or in any position involving the laying of plans or the carrying out of systems, for the ordinary and common place worker, especially if his work be chiefly manual, it is of little consequence. This is one of those fallacies which lie at the root of much of the poor, inefficient, and inferior quality of work which is offered to the world in quantities far exceeding the demand. It is a well known fact that while hundreds of unserviceable men and women stand idle, waiting for employment which does not come, every one who is able and ready to do superior work in any department is eagerly caught up, and may almost command his own terms.

One of the most radical differences between these two classes of workers is the very power of concentrating the energy and strength of both body and mind upon the work immediately at hand. Two men, working side by side in the field or the factory, may be equally competent as far as knowledge or physical strength or previous training go, to perform the labor before them. They begin with equal promise of good success, but in a short time, while one is persisting, the other is relaxing in interest. One pursues his work with unremitting zeal; the other spasmodically, with intervals of wandering thoughts and flagging attention. It is already an assured fact that the one who has acquired the habit of concentration will be the successful competitor. He will be anxiously sought for and re-engaged, while the other will soon go to swell the ranks of the unemployed. It matters not what is to be done; from the simplest mechanical work to the most abstruse and complex mental operation, the power of putting all the thought, energy, and attention on that and nothing else for the time being, will very largely determine the quality and amount of labor performed.

To some extent this is a natural gift. We see children at play who, without other motive than their instinctive tendencies, persist continuously in any effort they make, or purpose they form, with a perseverance and earnestness which may well shame many of their elders, while others will be distracted by every passing object, and forget their determinations as soon as they are formed. Yet here, perhaps more than in most tendencies, culture and practice come in to strengthen what is lacking. The discipline of the schools is most valuable in developing the concentrative power in the province of thought, and it would be a blessing to every child if, in some way, a like discipline helped him in the work of his hands. Like every other faculty, this, too, is strengthened by exercise. Each time we recall our scattering energies and wandering thoughts, and force them resolutely in one direction, we increase the power and develop the habit, and the exertion, at first painful and laborious, becomes in time easy and agreeable.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison attributes his success as an inventor largely to this faculty, which he gained by steadfast exertion, once being able only to think upon a given subject for ten minutes before something else would come into his mind, but gaining by long practice the power of continuous and uninterrupted thought for hours on a simple topic. At one time he worked with his assistants in trying to connect a piece of carbon to a wire. Each time it would break, and they would spend several hours in making another, until after working in this way one day and two nights they finally succeeded.

This habit does not necessarily make a person so absorbed in one thing as to become narrow and one-sided. He may become so by yielding wholly to a native impulse of dwelling on one thing; but the same self-control that concentrates his energies at will can also divert them at will into another channel when the prop'r time arrives. Many things rightly claim our attention, but none of them will receive it aright if our thoughts aimlessly wander from one to another, without compass or guide.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CHEAP MEALS.

The Profit the Vendors of Indifferent Spreads Realize.

"Yes," said the proprietor as the newspaper man complimented the meal in the hope of getting a cigar in reciprocity, "I call that a good spread for the money, and I allow it's a good thing for fellows that hain't got much stuff left. When they's get hungry and they has only twelve or fifteen cents left the first thing they do is to go into a free lunch place and buy beer. They's get a little something to eat, but it hain't enough for a man to live on, and lack of nourishment breaks 'em down an' makes 'em take to drink all the stronger. Yes, I call that a good spread for twelve cents. Some days I has a bit of vegetables an' drops the pie. Don't see how I kin make money on it? Well, that soup costs me next to nothin', of course, though it's good. The bread and butter is less than a cent. The coffee and sugar costs me about a cent. You had about one-third of a pound of beef that cost six and one-half cents a pound. The piece of pie costs a cent and a quarter. Put in the potato and figure it up, and you'll see the whole thing didn't cost me five cents for raw materials, leaving me seven cents for rent, fuel, help and general expenses. I tell you it's surprising how much to eat can be bought for five cents when you don't have to pay twenty cents for style and ten cents for food, and all I want is plenty of customers at fifteen cents a dinner. Will you smoke with me? Don't mention it. Call again."—*Nashville (Tenn.) Union.*

THE DAIRY.

—Good butter may be made on the farm if the temperature of the dairy room can be measurably controlled, and it can be with a sweet, ventilated, drained cellar, a well of cool water and a cabinet creamery. One of them will accommodate the milk of twenty cows.

—Elbridge Cushman, President of the Plymouth County, Mass., Agricultural Society, thinks that milk can be produced on a farm at a little less than three cents a quart. In his calculations he allowed for all expenses and for the value of manure made from the feed.

—F. D. Curtis, in *Our Country Home*, says, "In some of the cheese factory regions the farmers only get one cent a pound for milk!" Quite so, and they think it pretty profitable business, says the *U. S. Dairyman*, if they can get a cent a pound for their milk at that, and away ahead of wheat growing.

—Setting milk in open pans at the natural temperature of the season has truly been denominated "a sun-roast of the weather, the different qualities and colors telling plainly of hot, 'muggy,' cool, cold and freezing weather; and the texture of the butter, being also an index of the food consumed by the cows, from grass, 'scant picking,' corn-stalks and a hay and straw diet, down to starvation," says the *Dairy World*.

SALTING COWS.

A Dairy Authority Which Does Not Believe in the Practice.

If it is true, as most men assert, that all animals must have crude salt as part of their rations, and it is a fact that all must admit that it is extremely hard to find even salt water inland, then why did not all the wild animals or most of them crowd to the seashore, where they could get a taste of salt water when needed. The "salt licks" were visited, it is said, by those animals that could reach them, and many persons contend that the neighborhoods of these "licks" were always crowded by these animals; and yet we do not learn that the seashore was a sort of "Coney Island" for wild beasts in the early days when our forests were overrun with wild animals. On the contrary, there were probably a dozen deer on the prairies of the West to one in the woods of New Jersey or Maine in those days. Bison, the largest of our wild animals, preferred the open plains of the West, without salt but more grass. Fishes in fresh water seem to flourish quite as well as those that enjoy the salt of the ocean. Has it ever been proved by experiment that horses and cows really suffer or fall off in flesh when deprived of salt, when fed ordinarily mixed rations. What proof is there that crude salt is necessary or even good for domestic animals under ordinary treatment. Mr. Blood, of Chautauque County, N. Y., tried raising bunches of calves with and without salt, and his neighbors decided, without knowing which were the salt-fed, that the lot not receiving the salt was the better of the two. This was probably only a coincidence, but at the same time it goes pretty far to prove that it is at least a useless trouble and expense to feed crude salt to calves. The man who trusts his animals to the care of ordinary hired help often finds that the salt business has been grossly neglected, and yet no apparent harm has been done. At least that has often been our experience. We believe in mixing salt with the mixed ration, to make it more palatable, but that has nothing to do with feeding crude salt to cows; and, after all, is it not simply a stimulant to make them drink more water, which does not add to the richness of the milk?—*American Dairyman.*

CHEESE.

Curing Cheese in Boxes Better Than on Open Shelves.

Professor L. B. Arnold, who is good authority on all dairy matters, has been experimenting in curing cheese in boxes, and with satisfactory results. When taken from the press the cheese are laid on top of the boxes till the surface moisture is well dried off, and then with scale boards under and over them are laid in to close-fitting and well-seasoned boxes and the cover put on without cutting the top of the box down to the level of the cheese. This leaves a little air-space above the cheese, which is useful. In this condition the boxes are set on the curing room floor or piled one above the other in any place where there is a favorable average temperature. After standing for ten days the boxes should be turned over to prevent the moisture from settling to one side of the cheese. Afterward they will need turning only a few times at intervals of three or four weeks. When going to market they should be taken from the boxes and the mold, if any has formed on them, brushed off and the surface brushed up, then with new scale boards put back into the boxes, which should be cut down to fit the cheese, and they are ready to ship.

The Professor says he has kept cheese in this condition from six to twenty-four months with very little accumulation of mold on the outside and without ill effects in other respects. The advantage of this mode of curing are that there is twenty per cent. less shrinkage and fifty per cent. less rind than when cured on shelves in the open air. It also protects the cheese from wide and sudden changes of temperature, and makes the curing even and safe under conditions that would otherwise do serious injury to the cheese. It also saves a vast amount of labor in daily turning, rubbing and greasing to keep the surface from drying and cracking, and from danger of flies and of sticking to the shelves, and it almost entirely overcomes the imperfect construction of curing rooms. Cheese are much better off in good boxes than on shelves in an open curing room where they feel all the changes of the weather.

One of the most important points in the manufacture of cheese is the curing process, and it also involves a great deal of labor which may be avoided by curing in boxes. Professor Arnold's experience is perfectly safe to follow, and the discovery will doubtless result in much profit to the cheese maker.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The distance from New York to London is 3,856 miles.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

THE SUN-STROCK NEWSBOY.

Hot, isn't it? Well, I guess so. That is, if you are sitting in the chair. There you may feel tempted to wink off these summer afternoons. Wouldn't blame you a bit. But if you're a barber, that's different. I'll bet you wouldn't go to sleep if you were a barber—not unless you wanted to starve. Barbers are honest, and they can't afford to sleep. They are square, straight-up, legitimate, and if they stop to snooze they get left. That's the way it goes, you know, in this world. The honest people work the hardest, and the people that cheat get along the easiest and have the most time to rest and enjoy themselves. It hadn't ought to be so, but it is, as sure as your hair is brown. Now, just put yourself in the barber's place a minute. Think how honest he has to be. He can't cheat if he wants to. In the first place, he has to be on deck all the time. If he goes to sleep or wanders over on State street to look at the ladies, or goes into a beer saloon and sits down half an hour, his customers go away. Now, people will wait four or five hours to see a lawyer or a doctor, or an architect or a pawnbroker, but they won't wait five seconds for a barber. No, sir, not five seconds. The barber has to give an honest shave, too. No slighting work will do. The face must be smooth and the towels clean and everything nice. The razor must be sharp as a woman's tongue between midnight and daybreak. You know just what you are going to get from the barber. No advertisement, no deception, no dishonesty. Now, it's different with other people. Go to the saloon and call for a beer. What are you getting for your beer? You don't know. Whiskey? Maybe it's whiskey. Brandy? Pretty surely not. Wine? Mixed. In ten seconds the bar-keeper will serve you with a drink which may have no more spirits in it than the barber rubbed on your face, and he charges you the same amount, though the barber was fifteen minutes in giving you his dose. That isn't right. Go to the restaurant. You pay ten cents for a cup of coffee made out of tan-bark, roasted carrots, acorns, chicory and a little coffee, sweetened with fixed sugar and enriched with whipped cream, as they call their carbonated and sweetened milk. Tea would be just as bad. Even the mustard for the sandwich is wheat flour colored with yellow ochre and made sharp with cayenne pepper. But that's nothing. Go to the drugist with a prescription and he'll bill it in half the time it takes to shave a man, though using no more material, and your bill is forty cents. Besides, you don't know whether the drugs are pure or not. You fare a good deal worse than that at the doctor's. He glances at you, feels your pulse, looks wise a second, scribbles a few words and in less time than it takes me to put the towel around a customer's neck he's all done. Bill, two dollars. The lawyer is worse yet. You find a notice on his door that he is "at court" back in ten minutes. You wait three hours and a half and then see him come out of the beer saloon across the way. He hears your tale as if he was in an awful hurry, looks at a law-book, says, "You're all right—trust in me," and takes ten dollars for a starter. The plumber's man comes to your house, goes down into the cellar, comes up, talks a few minutes with the hired girl, goes down cellar again, comes up once more, eats two mince pies he has coaxed from the cook, goes away, comes up, kisses the cook and goes away. Time, thirty minutes. Bill, \$17.40. Then there's the dentist. You go into his parlor and you've got to wait an hour and a quarter until he has ripped up some other flies. While you wait you over-

hear somebody groaning and screeching in the next room. This is by way of encouraging you, you know. Then when your turn comes to spit in the cuspidor the dentist seems to delight in making it interesting for you. He puts his selectors in and then his clip, and he gouges and crushes and harrows and rakes for about twenty minutes. If I should treat a customer of mine that way I'd be sued for \$10,000 damages. The dentist lets you off for eight dollars. If it's good, square work and honest prices you want you must come to the barber. As my wife says to me the other day when I told her she was the handsomest woman on the West Side: "Adoniram," she says, says she, "I believe you're honest, if you don't know much."

Well, you've been asleep, have you? Sorry to hear it. But that's always the way. That's the way our efforts are appreciated. When we try to keep a man lively by talking to him he closes his eyes and dozes off with a revengful expression upon his face that is quite aggravating. I assure you. Do people often slumber in the chair? Yes, indeed. Some customers never get into the chair but they go to sleep. Some of 'em get in the habit of dozing here, and the habit grows so strong that on those warm, sultry days they drop off just about as soon as they touch the chair. I've had dozens of customers drop off before they could tell me what they wanted done. What would we do in that case? Why, that would you expect an honest, conscientious barber to do? Wake the poor man up? No, sir, I just give him a shave, a hair-cut, a rub-up, a shampoo, a hair restorative, and have the boy black his boots. We do our duty by a man, sleep or no sleep, sir.

"One day a man fell asleep while I was shaving him, and his chin kept dropping down so low that it was with difficulty I could get at his face. 'My dear sir,' says I, giving him a shake, 'I guess I'll have to get the chin-rest for you.' He had been sound asleep, but he opened his eyes, gathered himself together in about four jerks of a lamb's tail, and replied: 'Don't bother; it'll be doing the most good if you will use it yourself.' That's what I call a pretty quick man."

"Another time a man was asleep while I was shaving him, and he twitched about a little as if he were dreaming. I asked him what the matter was, and he said: 'I've had a dream. It was awful.' 'Tell it,' says I. 'I will,' says he. 'I dreamed I was dead and had gone to heaven. St. Peter admitted me reluctantly and on probation, while they could look into my record. Finally Peter came around and told me they had a good deal of trouble in deciding my case, but had at last determined that I must move on to school. However, I could have my choice between taking the first train for sheol and remaining in heaven, only if I remained there I should be compelled to stay in the barber-shop all the time and listen to the barber talk.'

"'And you—,' I interrupted, 'and you—'

"'Took the first train for sheol,' he replied.

"Do people often dream? Oh, yes. You see, they have their clothes on, and are in an unnatural position for sleeping, the result being nightmares. One customer was sleeping away soundly, and I was working away for dear life, trying to beat another barber out so as to get the fat, baldheaded customer who was next, and who can always be thrust into a hair-cut—the softest snay in the shop—when the sleeper began to tremble all over like a ship in a storm and then he broke forth in a scream that startled the neighborhood."

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"'Nothin',' says he, 'except I dreamed that somebody had thrown a wildcat onto my face.'

"'Not another word was said, only I honed up my razor a little and he had no more dreams. But, as I said, we always treat a man well, and he can sleep if he wants to. One man gave strict instructions that if he went to sleep he should not be woken up until he roused of his own accord. He had been on a periodical and was trying to break up. After he had been asleep three hours we wheeled him into a corner of the room and hung a curtain around him. He slept for three days and nights, and the man that worked that chair took a vacation. Here's the check the man had to pay at the end of his nap:

Occupancy of chair 24 hours, equal to 300 shaves, at 10c	\$30.00
Extra for hair, shampoos, and "dips"	12.25
Extra for curtains	5.00
Total	\$47.25

"We might have charged a dollar for the curtain just as well as not, but we didn't. We believe in treating every man honestly and fairly. Did he pay the bill? Should say he did. He had just \$67.00 in his pocketbook and thirty-five cents loose change in his pockets, and we had his clothes. You see in sizing him up we left him enough for his car fare. That's more than the lawyer or the doctor or the dentist would have done. Will you come around some day and take a nap with us?"—Chicago Herald.

A NAP IN THE CHAIR.

Dozing While the Eloquent Barber Aims Himself.

The One Honest Man in His Own Behalf—No Advertisement or Deception in the Shop—An Expansive Lodging House.

"Sleepy place down here in the shop, you think? Well, I guess so. That is, if you are sitting in the chair. There you may feel tempted to wink off these summer afternoons. Wouldn't blame you a bit. But if you're a barber, that's different. I'll bet you wouldn't go to sleep if you were a barber—not unless you wanted to starve. Barbers are honest, and they can't afford to sleep. They are square, straight-up, legitimate, and if they stop to snooze they get left. That's the way it goes, you know, in this world. The honest people work the hardest, and the people that cheat get along the easiest and have the most time to rest and enjoy themselves. It hadn't ought to be so, but it is, as sure as your hair is brown. Now, just put yourself in the barber's place a minute. Think how honest he has to be. He can't cheat if he wants to. In the first place, he has to be on deck all the time. If he goes to sleep or wanders over on State street to look at the ladies, or goes into a beer saloon and sits down half an hour, his customers go away. Now, people will wait four or five hours to see a lawyer or a doctor, or an architect or a pawnbroker, but they won't wait five seconds for a barber. No, sir, not five seconds. The barber has to give an honest shave, too. No slighting work will do. The face must be smooth and the towels clean and everything nice. The razor must be sharp as a woman's tongue between midnight and daybreak. You know just what you are going to get from the barber. No advertisement, no deception, no dishonesty. Now, it's different with other people. Go to the saloon and call for a beer. What are you getting for your beer? You don't know. Whiskey? Maybe it's whiskey. Brandy? Pretty surely not. Wine? Mixed. In ten seconds the bar-keeper will serve you with a drink which may have no more spirits in it than the barber rubbed on your face, and he charges you the same amount, though the barber was fifteen minutes in giving you his dose. That isn't right. Go to the restaurant. You pay ten cents for a cup of coffee made out of tan-bark, roasted carrots, acorns, chicory and a little coffee, sweetened with fixed sugar and enriched with whipped cream, as they call their carbonated and sweetened milk. Tea would be just as bad. Even the mustard for the sandwich is wheat flour colored with yellow ochre and made sharp with cayenne pepper. But that's nothing. Go to the drugist with a prescription and he'll bill it in half the time it takes to shave a man, though using no more material, and your bill is forty cents. Besides, you don't know whether the drugs are pure or not. You fare a good deal worse than that at the doctor's. He glances at you, feels your pulse, looks wise a second, scribbles a few words and in less time than it takes me to put the towel around a customer's neck he's all done. Bill, two dollars. The lawyer is worse yet. You find a notice on his door that he is "at court" back in ten minutes. You wait three hours and a half and then see him come out of the beer saloon across the way. He hears your tale as if he was in an awful hurry, looks at a law-book, says, "You're all right—trust in me," and takes ten dollars for a starter. The plumber's man comes to your house, goes down into the cellar, comes up, talks a few minutes with the hired girl, goes down cellar again, comes up once more, eats two mince pies he has coaxed from the cook, goes away, comes up, kisses the cook and goes away. Time, thirty minutes. Bill, \$17.40. Then there's the dentist. You go into his parlor and you've got to wait an hour and a quarter until he has ripped up some other flies. While you wait you over-

Way to Enjoy the Watermelon.

If you don't care how you get a watermelon, and want it to taste as a melon should taste—as nature intended it should taste—you don't want to fill it full of ice and claret. A watermelon, to taste right, must be brought from a neighbor's melon patch in the dead of night, while the old man and his shotgun are sound asleep. In selecting one, take a half a dozen, and don't be too particular about the yellowish spot which hugs mother earth. Take them to the nearest woods and serve with an axe, if you have been out "coonin'."

There are thousands of boys from the cornfields of Michigan to the melon patches of Georgia who will abide in our style of serving the watermelon.—Hotel World.

Two locomotives built in Paterson, N. J., were recently put in competition on the Buenos Ayres & Pacific Railway, in the Argentine Republic, with two made in Newcastle, England. The Paterson locomotives, both as to speed and in hauling freight. The entire road, 500 miles long, will be equipped with Paterson locomotives.—N. Y. Herald.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed. We reach the greatest heights. One stroke at a time earth's hidden stores Will slowly come to light; One drop at a time, and the river flows Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book Is written and is read; One grain at a time, a palace rears A lofty stately head; One blow at a time, and the tree's clove thro' And an acorn will stand where the forest grew A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued, And the conflict will be won; One grain at a time, and the sands of life Will slowly all be run. One minute, another, the hours fly; One day at a time, and our lives speed by Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored, And more on them; And, as time rolls on, your mind will shine With many a gemmed gem. One thought at a time, and that done well, Is wisdom's precious rule. —G. G. Warren, in Golden Days.

A POOR RULE.

It Proved a Very Unpleasant and Disagreeable One When Worked Both Ways.

Johnny James had been growing sullen for some time whenever he was asked to do anything he did not exactly want to.

And when he once began yielding to the inclination to refuse obliging people, it was astonishing how the tendency increased to do less and less to help others.

Johnny's kind parents did all they could to make him happy, and his mamma especially tried every way she could think of, to show the little boy how wrong and selfish it was to want only to please himself. No matter whether little sister Mattie had a good time or not, Johnny didn't care so long as he enjoyed himself, and no matter how tired mamma was Johnny never could be made to feel it was his duty to help her.

And things went on from bad to worse, until actual disobedience began, which was so promptly punished that Johnny made up his mind it was no use trying to break rules, but he went as far as he could go without incurring punishment.

One night, Mr. James came home and found his wife very much discouraged. And to his kind inquiries as to what troubled her, she said it seemed utterly impossible to make Johnny do right. She had coaxed and punished him; she had read to him from the Bible showing how God hated disobedience, and how naughty, unwillful disposition had read and told him stories of children who were not kind and obliging, but it was of no use, Johnny pouted and muttered, and only obeyed when spoken sternly to and obliged to.

She had told him three times through the day to go to the post-office, and he declared he had forgotten it; and when sent for a dozen eggs, he had managed to carelessly break three, and didn't seem in the least sorry.

"Well," said Mr. James, "I'll talk to Johnny."

"That evening he took Johnny and said in a very kind but decided way: "Now, my boy, your mother and I have tried every way we could, properly, to make you a good boy, but, as all our efforts have seemed to fail thus far, I think we must try a new plan. Did you ever hear it said, Johnny, that it's a poor rule that won't work both ways?"

No, Johnny had never heard of that.

"Well, now that means," explained his father, "that it is a poor rule which will do for one person, but won't do for another. For instance, how do you think it would do for mamma and for me to treat you as you treat us? Suppose we disregard your wants, forget to do what you ask us and forget or neglect to treat you politely or with kindness, now do you think it would do?"

"Don't know," said Johnny, sullenly.

"Very well," continued papa, "now I warn you, my little son, that hereafter we may try what seems to be your rule, and if it doesn't please you, why there'll be only yourself to blame."

This talk set Master Johnny to thinking, and all the next day he took care and as he was really and really obliged any direct naughtiness. But he had habits are not easily conquered, and the second morning after the talk, papa called to him before breakfast and asked him to go and get a morning paper just in the next street.

"Can't Mattie go?" he whined. "I ain't got no boots on."

"Put them on then," said papa. "I want you to go, not Mattie."

His papa heard the muttering and flinging of things around so customary when Johnny was displeased, and the moments went gliding by until the breakfast bell rang, and no Johnny had appeared.

Just as all were seated at the table, a cross-faced boy appeared, and serving breakfast all steaming on the table he asked, fretfully:

"Can't I go for the paper after breakfast?"

"No," said papa. "I'll get it myself after breakfast."

Johnny looked satisfied and went directly to the table.

"Why, where's my plate?" he whined again, "and my napkin, and—"

"Oh we didn't feel like giving you any breakfast," said papa, in so surly a tone that Johnny looked at him in surprise.

"I want my breakfast dreadful!" said Johnny, half crying.

"Well, you can't have it if you do! I don't feel like working all day just to buy breakfast and dinners and suppers for a little boy who never feels like doing anything for anybody but himself, so run away and don't bother us."

"But there's milk toast and omelet, my favorite," said Johnny, really crying.

"Well, so there was a speech from my favorite speaker in the morning paper," said papa; "but I've had to do without it. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, my boy, so now go into the library at once."

Johnny thought there never was such an abused boy as he, when he was actually obliged to make his breakfast on a slice of bread or nothing at all, but the lesson proved a good one, for Johnny remembered it for some time, then he began falling into the same trying old habits again.

Papa asked him to weed the flower pot one morning, but at night he said he had forgotten it. Mamma asked him to please stay in the house with Mattie, Wednesday afternoon, because she had a cold and couldn't get out, and at night he said he didn't stay in because he didn't feel like it, and mamma didn't say he must.

Then papa asked him another morning to weed out the lower bed, and at night when asked why it had not been done he replied: "Cause you didn't say I must, and I didn't want to."

Papa went into the house without saying a word, and Johnny somehow felt very uneasy. He followed papa around and watched him closely.

Just after supper papa remarked, quietly:

"I had a letter from your Uncle Fred this morning, Johnny, and your cousins Will and Joe have a birthday party to-night. They invited you."

Johnny's eyes surely would have made any one laugh to see how widely a boy's eyes could open, then he fairly gasped in astonishment.

"Why, papa—James! why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, I didn't feel like it," fretted papa.

"But I'm invited to the party!" cried Johnny, "and I must go. I wouldn't miss one of those parties for the world!"

"Well," said papa, indifferently, "yes, they invited you if I chose to let you go, but they didn't say I must, and I don't want to."

Well, it was a hard lesson, a dreadfully hard lesson was going to make any lasting impression on Johnny's mind or help him overcome his faults. Uncle Fred's house could have been reached by a ride in the horse-cars, and nothing could be more enjoyable than the birthday parties the cousins Will and Joe were often allowed to give. Johnny had attended two or three, staying all night afterwards, and always thought them the most delightful occasions imaginable.

In vain he coaxed, and cried, and promised: all he could get papa or mamma to say was that they didn't feel like letting him go, or didn't want to. Kind-hearted little Mattie tried to persuade papa to forgive Johnny, "just this once," but papa laughed and said Johnny had been forgiven "just this once" so many times, he should feel it was wicked to forgive him again. Besides mamma didn't feel like dressing him for a party.

But poor Johnny grew so thoroughly disgusted with a miserable rule which could only work two ways in such a wretched, disappointing way, that he finally grew wise enough to make up his mind to have nothing to do with such rules.

Then as soon as he showed a disposition to do right and began making real efforts to be a good, willing boy, his kind parents held him in every possible way, and he began to find how pleasant it was to be good and helpful, and so by degrees papa's experiment proved itself to have been an excellent one, for Johnny adopted rules which it was interesting to have both ways. —Faith Irving, in Golden Rule.

HOW TO BEHAVE.

Aunt Marjorie Present Gives Her Boy Readers a Bit of Good Advice.

I know perfectly well how ready you boys are to skip everything except the stories, but I positively can not let you skip this bit of advice. If it happened to meet your Aunt Marjorie on the street, you would not rush past her without lifting your hats. I am sure, and I do not think you will treat her less politely when she asks you to listen to her for a moment or two while she talks about behavior.

"What difference does it make," said Ned, the other day, "whether I understand all about etiquette or not, so long as I tell the truth, learn my lessons, and obey my father and mother?"

But, besides these qualities, a young gentleman—and that is what I hope every one of my boy friends desires to be—must be chivalric and courteous. He must take the part of those weaker and smaller than himself; he must be attentive to girls and ladies; he must bear himself with ease at the table and in the drawing-room.

If you are walking with a school-mate and he raises his hat to a lady whom you do not know, you should raise yours also. If your sister, or cousin, or a girlfriend, is about to leave a room or a house, allow her to pass out before you; do not go blundering in front of her. Never walk in front of a lady, except—note this, boys—in going up stairs; it is then your place to go first.

Should you see your mother coming from a shopping excursion with those little packages which ladies delight to buy and carry home in their own hands, I hope you will excuse yourself from the most fascinating game, join her and carry home her *baggage*. You know what that old Latin word means, do you not? It is what the Romans used to call baggage or luggage, and I think it is quite a picture in itself.

If you do not hear distinctly what is said to you, please don't turn around and say, rudely: "What?" but always say: "I beg pardon." This may appear a little hard to you, if you have not been in the habit of using the phrase, but it will soon grow easy.

The best manners spring from unselfishness. No thoroughly selfish person can be truly polite.

I need not remind you that you should not take the most comfortable chair in the room, and keep it when some older person has entered the apartment; nor that you ought not to seize upon the morning paper before papa has had time to read it; nor to begin a book which at present is in course of reading by any other member of the family.

Be manly, and be gentle, too. Then you will be that noblest of beings on earth, a gentleman.—Harriet's Young People.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

IF I COULD KNOW.

If by a wish I could withdraw From future's veil, to night— Could I know what God in tenderness Holds hidden from my sight—

I would not seek the veil to lift, Nor make that knowledge mine; I still would leave all in His hands, And trust His care divine.

Is some great sorrow waiting me? The better not to know; Why shadow all my happy days With dread of coming woe?

Of this I'm sure: If sorrow waits, God's love is waiting, too; I'll lean my weakness on His strength, And He will bear me through.

Perhaps some joy—some wondrous joy— Is held for me in store! Would daily blessings grow less sweet For knowing it before?

Then keep it safely hid, dear Lord, Until that blissful hour; When on my trusting heart is laid Joy's full and perfect flower.

It may be neither joy nor grief, 'Till long be mine to share; Could I with calm, untroubled soul This strange, sad knowledge bear?

Or should I shrink to find how near Death's waiting angel stands? I can not tell, but gladly leave All in my Father's hands;

Assured that, as the past has been, The future still shall be; Each day will bring its needed grace, 'Tis promised strength to me. —M. C. Beck, in Chicago Advocate.

WALKING WITH GOD.

What This High Attainment Means, and How It May Be Realized—A Glorious Privilege for All.

To walk with God is the highest spiritual attainment of the Christian. It means fellowship, intimacy and communion, as we have before pointed out. Noah walked with God, and had this testimony, that "he pleased God." No doubt there are many of us who would like to walk with God, or, at least, we think we would. If our Lord Jesus Christ should come down to the city or town in which we live, and select any one of us for His companion while on such a visit to the earth, to walk with Him over the mountains, or through the streets of the city, what an honor we would esteem it. How people would talk about it! How many people would say: "I do wish the Lord had chosen me for His companion." It would be known among all our friends and neighbors. It would be known throughout all the church; nay, we might say, throughout all the world. And yet this is the privilege of each one of us, not for an occasion, but for every day and for all time.

One of the favorite hymns of the church is:

"Oh! for a closer walk with God; And one of the chief complaints of the average Christian is that it is difficult to maintain a close walk with God. There are many of us who want the spiritual delight of walking with God, who fancy that such a walk would fill the soul with Heavenly joy; and no doubt it does, albeit the men who have walked the closest with God have had to walk with Him in the fire and through the flood, through the lion's den and many afflictions. In walking with God, Abel met his death; Noah had to contend with the unbelieving antediluvians; Abraham had to forsake country and kindred; Moses suffered afflictions with the people of God, choosing them rather than the pleasures of sin for a season; the prophets were despised and rejected of men. The most conspicuous example of all was that of our Lord Jesus Christ, who never for even one small moment lost communion with God, or parted company with Him. In one sense, He was the most lonely man who ever walked with God, because of that unbroken walk with God.

Yet we would not for a moment leave the impression that a walk with God is of necessity one of sorrow and affliction; for the highest expressions of joy of which we know anything are from those whose walk with God have been the closest. It is, indeed, only the Christian who walks with God who can say in his sorrow and afflictions:

"But to come back to the question, 'Why is it so difficult to find and maintain a close walk with God?' We think the answer to this is found in the fact that it is not so much that we want to walk with God as it is that we want God to walk with us. We are fond of our own way, even when it is not pleasing to God. We are not willing to give it up. But to walk in our own way, which, at the same time, is not God's way, is to lose His company. But to lose His company with God is to fill our souls with darkness and trouble. Our souls cry out for God, for the living God; but God will not walk with us when our way is not His way. If, therefore, we would resume our walk with God, we must abandon our way and go over to His way again. The whole trouble is in our indisposition to leave our own way, and always walk in God's way. 'This is to fear the Lord, to walk in His way.' It is not that God ever parts company with us, but that we part company with Him. It is not said that God walked with Enoch, but that 'Enoch walked with God.' God has His walk in this world; it is open and plain to any one who chooses to walk in it. 'He is not far from any one of us.' Who ever will may come and walk with Him. 'Master, where dwellest Thou?' was asked by two of the disciples of Jesus. His answer was: 'Come and see.' When He was on earth, He was always easily found. In the highway, in the temple, by the well, in the house of the Pharisees; eating with publicans and sinners; by the seashore; everywhere where the need of man called Him. If we have never found Him, He is within hearing of our call. If we already know Him, and are walking with Him in the way of His commandments, He is with us; for to such He says: 'Lo, I am with you always.' 'If any man will be My disciple, let him take up his cross and come after Me.' This is the way to walk with God. But to do this we must deny ourselves; and this is where the pinch comes. We would all be glad to have God walk with us in our own way, and so God walk with us in our own way, but we are not anxious to walk in His way, even for the sake of walking with Him.

It must not be supposed that walking with God will make ascetics of men. This was the mistake of some of the

earlier Christians who fled to the desert and the mountains, thinking that, in this way only, could they maintain a walk with God. But His delights are with the sons of men, not apart from them. To mingle with men for their good, to leave with them a testimony for God, is the Christian's high calling. To mingle with men, leaving God out of companionship, is the sure way of becoming corrupt. So jealous was Moses for the presence of God with him that he prayed that, if God went not up with him into the promised land, he might not be sent. And again, we find him praying: "Show me Thy way." A close walk with God is easy and practised to those who want God's way rather than their own. If in all our ways we will acknowledge Him, He will direct our paths, and thus we shall "walk with God."—N. E. Independent.

DAILY MERCIES.

Why They Are so Liable to Be Unacknowledged and Unappreciated.

The common mercies of our daily life are apt, I think, by reason of that very quality, because they are so common and familiar, to be unacknowledged and unappreciated. They do not announce themselves, when they enter into our experience, as special interpositions of the Divine love and care. They seem to belong to our very being as much as any of our natural appetites and adaptations, and so do not summon us to any emphatic thanksgiving.

Take the word just written, "appetite;" what a mercy is this common relish for food, this quickening of our step thrice a day toward the bounties of the table, and yet how seldom it is made a theme of praise! But bring in a state of health that repel these table bounties, and we begin to perceive what a mercy we have possessed with such insensibility.

The sleep of night—how seldom it inspires our gratitude when the day returns! Of course we expect to sleep through the hours of darkness. We lay our heads on the pillow on purpose to lose ourselves in slumber. This, indeed, then, is nothing to excite a thankful surprise. But bring upon us some state of the nerves, some disquieting sensation that forbids the closing of our eyelids from sun to sun, and we discern something of the preciousness of this common mercy of nightly rest.

The comfortable use of our limbs in walking or laboring does not so much as attract our attention. But give us a wound, or a strain, a rheumatic attack with one of those diligent servants, and we see how indispensable they are to our daily tasking, and how great the kindness that keeps them grided for a nation.

We open our eyes upon landscape, or page, or occupant on, with no glance upward of grateful blessing. But let some tiny shaft penetrate one of these orbs of vision, or some fretful mote settle there, and we begin to feel to what a mercy we have been blind.

In our moments of thirst we swallow a draught of water without acknowledging or invoking the favor of the Giver. But in a desert journey let that supply be suspended, or, as we drink in our ordinary condition, let a drop enter the windpipe, missing its way, and we see what mercy there may be in such a trifling dispensation.

So it is with us in going and coming in the vehicles of public travel, in riding or driving our own steeds over the pleasant highway, in crossing bay or river on strong and swift keels, in the prospering of our day's work with skill and dispatch, in unobstructed hearing and speech in social intercourse, in the clearness and force of our brain in all the problems of skill and study, and in the manifold functions of our whole complete manhood. Unqualified comfort and success are so common with us that we bend no knee in worship, and sing no song of grateful acknowledgment. We do not seem to know how great our debt for such constant favors is until some breach occurs in their regularity and continuity.

O, that our insensibility to this largest breadth of daily blessings were removed and succeeded by a quick and thankful and loving appreciation of such Heavenly favors.—Dr. A. B. Stone, in Pacific.

Given in a Message from General Grant While President of the United States.

While our hearts are heavy in a sense of loss, and while our hearts are warm with love, in the thought of what he was, and of what he did for us, we who sorrow together over the death of General Grant, and who rejoice together over his life-work, and over the lessons of his life, can not do better than to recall the words of counsel which he himself spoke to the readers of the *Sunday-School Times*, in his message to them in the centennial year of our Nation's independence. We reprint them, therefore, from our issue of June 17, 1876, simply adding that the words printed in small capitals were doubly underscored by him in his original manuscript.

WISE COUNSEL.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1876.—To the Editor of the *Sunday-School Times*, Philadelphia: Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States, to accompany your Centennial number, is this moment received.

My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives.

To the influence of this book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

—S. S. Times.

The best law in favor of Sunday observance would be one that made railroad construction or demolition on the Sabbath a felony. More villainy has been perpetrated in this way than in any other. The legal injunction is a sacred privilege, and yet through the desecration of a sacred day that privilege is often swept completely away.—Current.

Daily Christian living is the true Pentecost.—Dr. George Dana Boardman.

THE KAW LIFE ASSOCIATION

Of Kansas City—List of the Sureties on Its Bond of \$50,000 to the State—Points About the Payment of Losses, Etc. [Fort Scott Daily Monitor, Aug. 8, 1885.]

Two or three weeks ago the Monitor published an article from the Chetopa Advance in which some pretty severe strictures were made upon the Kaw Life Association in Kansas City, and in a few comments made on the article from the Advance the Monitor stated that it intended soon publishing some facts regarding the operations of the company, its issuing policies and paying losses. We have investigated the standing of the Association to our own satisfaction. It is not the purpose of the Monitor to misrepresent any person or any company or make unfair comparisons of business operations unjustly. As stated, we have given this Association and all its operations considerable attention and care, and we are compelled to give the following as the result.

The company issues single and joint policies, ranging in amount not to exceed from one to three thousand dollars, (formerly they issued policies for \$500, and like all co-operative insurance companies the amount paid upon the policy depends entirely upon the sum collected from a single assessment. This is stipulated in the policy plainly, and any policy-holder can readily understand it by reading his policy over carefully. A co-operative association must of necessity require considerable time in which to grow into successful and strong association. Men take policies in a great many instances, expecting in case of death to receive the maximum amount stated in the policy, when, in fact, they are not paying assessments for so large an amount. Any and all can readily understand that inasmuch as the amount paid the beneficiary is dependent upon the amount collected, it is the rate of mortality lessened or increased by the actual number of members in good standing on the books of the association; hence the fact that while a policy-holder might receive \$1,000 in case of death, he would be paying for deaths on the actual membership necessary to produce that result or pay that amount. Our readers can readily see that if policy-holders do not stand fully the obligations of their policies, and do not expect more than the Association guarantees to give, and the affairs of the company are honestly managed, and assessments are properly levied, and members or policy-holders pay the assessments promptly, there can be no trouble.

We know that the Kaw Life Association has fully complied with the State law, filling a strong bond with the State Insurance Commissioner. The bonds for \$50,000, and the stipulation set forth in it is that the officers will make assessments as directed in the agreement of the policy, and faithfully pay over to the beneficiary all money collected from an assessment. This is certainly all that policy-holders can ask. We have before us a list of names and a letter from Insurance Commissioner Morris stating the company has complied with the law in every particular. The following is a list of the bondsmen with the amount of their names for which they have qualified:

Kaw Life Association, of Kansas City, Bondsmen—Savings Bank of Kansas City, \$25,000; R. W. Hilliker, \$10,000; E. T. Hilliker, \$10,000; E. Pollock, \$8,000; Charles Wilson, \$5,000; Samuel W. Day, \$5,000; Frank H. Bolton, \$10,000; T. A. Scott, \$25,000; W. H. Ryus, \$40,000; H. A. Miller, \$25,000; Frank S. Carroll, \$5,000; R. M. Spivey, \$25,000.

There are several of these bondsmen whom the editor of the Monitor knows personally, namely, Henry A. Miller, ex-Treasurer of Miami County, W. R. Hilliker, ex-Mayor of Kansas City, Kan., and Cashier of the Kansas City Savings Bank, Frank S. Carroll, Captain R. M. Spivey, of Newton, T. A. Scott, of Newton, W. G. Wyandotte, They are all shrewd business men, and we know them to be amply able to pay even double the amounts for which they have qualified. We know some of the other bondsmen by reputation, and we say without the least reserve that they are all unquestionably able to stand the payment of the bond if they should ever be called upon to do so. We know, moreover, they are sufficiently too smart to go upon such a bond did they not know it to be all right. This is all we can say about the bond.

In regard to the payment of losses, we take the following from the Kansas City Times of August 5th. We know Judge Herring, who signs the certificate. He is a reliable and honorable attorney of Kansas City, and formerly lived in Labette County, this State:

THE KAW LIFE ASSOCIATION. Policy No. 2,177, held jointly by Charles S. Pierson and Angeline Pierson, of Kansas City, Kan., became a claim by reason of the death of Mr. Pierson. Proofs of death were accepted by the Kaw Life Association on May 20. The beneficiary called upon the Kaw Life, through her attorney, on yesterday, August 5. The following statement shows the result:

KANSAS CITY, AUGUST 5. This is to certify that I have this day visited the office of the Kaw Life Association for the purpose of adjusting the claim of Mrs. Angeline Pierson, of Cherryvale, Kan., and had free access to the books and papers, and I am satisfied that all money collected for Mrs. Pierson has been paid over according to the contract, as shown by the books of the Association.

The Kaw Life Association is carried on and pays losses for assessment made upon her members, the amount always dependent upon the amount collected upon assessments. The officers in charge of the affairs of the Association gladly place all books and papers pertaining to any claims for settlement at the disposal of the beneficiary or attorney representing the claimant, and give them all necessary information that may be desired, and they are not in the least money due them. All claims that have been made and payable have been paid in accordance with the law and the policy, and the receipt of the policy to the Association, together with the necessary testimony that have been given to the Kaw Life Association, and published from time to time in the columns of the Kaw Life Association, and we are satisfied by the evidence to any and all that the great object of life insurance is fully exemplified in the Kaw Life Association of Kansas City, Kan.

In addition to the above we find the following in the Kansas City Journal of August 5th, written by that paper by the State Insurance Department and has evidently, from the letter, made a thorough examination of the company's affairs at Topeka and at the home office of the Kaw Life:

KANSAS INSURANCE. Since the passage, last winter, of the law requiring mutual life insurance companies to have their policies insured with the people of Kansas. The immediate result of this law has been to drive out several irresponsible companies that were taking our people under specious guise. Prior to the last session of the Legislature there were no safeguards thrown about mutual life insurance, and irresponsible men in almost every city in the State had companies and started out agents for the sole purpose of securing the policy money. The risks were taken, and thousands were insured who were not insured in any good, safe company.

Since a death knell came the passage of the co-operative insurance law, and in every large city were to be found the wrecks of companies that had been doing a heavy business, and policy-holders all over the State were left with nothing but bits of paper worth just about as much as a confederate bond and costing the holder good money and confidence.

THE POOR FARMER.

American Farmers Enjoying a Reasonable Degree of Prosperity. A correspondent in a late number of the New York Herald expatiated at considerable length and in a most pathetic strain on the wretched, poverty-stricken condition of the American farmer, and his letter is triumphantly quoted by a leading paper in Belgium as an indication that American agriculture is in a poor way, and that it by no means offers to the struggling farmers and peasantry of Europe the dangerous competition depicted so frequently by European statesmen, and concludes by challenging them to produce in the face of so competent an authority as the New York paper above quoted, the wonderful statistics upon which they base their jeremiads.

We have no desire to discourage the European farmers, or that the prosperity of the American farmer should be won at the expense of his European brethren, but we must utterly condemn the assumption by any European journal that the paper quoted is an infallible authority, especially on matters agricultural. Moreover, the sad picture of the American farmer, misery is drawn by a correspondent, whose statements need not necessarily be supported by the paper in which his communication appears. The truth is, that in spite of hard work, and in many cases, a great lack of wealth, sometimes even poverty, the American farmer, as a class, are well off. As a class, it must also be admitted, the farmers are given to publishing their straits and bemoaning their hard work somewhat loudly; they are, indeed, apt to imagine themselves worse off than they really are, and the passion for city life which is constantly growing in this country, furnishes, in the eyes of those of abandonment of farm life by young people in the country, an argument to prove the miserable condition of the farmer. As a rule, we contend the farmer is fully as well off as any other class of people in America, according to his industry and intelligence, and better off than a great many. It is easy to find poor farmers, of course, many of them being persons who have undertaken the business without capital or special fitness for the work; many of these are foreigners, who, had they remained in their own country, would never have owned a rood of ground, and would have lived their life in the service of others, and who, having acquired land in America, make up by hard work and the most rigid economy for their want of capital and skill. Moreover, even among a better class of farmers, the greed of land proves to be frequently an effective bar to anything like luxury, or even to what many people would regard as comfort, while others, as we have frequently pointed out, depriving themselves of many comforts, to improve their property, are apt to entirely under-estimate their yearly revenue, through omitting to properly charge this capitalization of their income. No, the American farmer is well off.—Weekly Live Stock Journal.

ANCIENT LIGHTS. A Recent British Decision Upon an Old Common Law Right. A new and rather surprising illustration of the common law relative to "ancient lights" is furnished by a recent decision in England, in the case of Bullers versus Dickinson. It seems that an old building, three stories high, stood upon a certain street, projecting some feet over the street line. The building, which was once a toll-house, had been altered into a shop, and a large window had been put in the front wall of the first story. The window was not high enough to have acquired a right to light under the ordinary rules, when the city authorities decided to buy and remove the portion of the building to which it belonged, in order to give the street in front of it the full width. The old wall was not parallel to the street line, and it was necessary to cut off a portion of the building four feet in depth at one end, and seven feet nine inches at the other; and the owner, rather than have his property so extensively mutilated, pulled the building down, and erected a one-story structure on the site, with a front on the new line, and a shop window in it. A large building, which was constructed on a neighboring lot, was then found to interfere with the light of the new window, and the owner of the shop brought suit to prevent the infringement of what he claimed to be his ancient right to unobstructed light. The proprietor of the offending edifice maintained that as the window for which his adversary claimed the protection of the court was a new wall, in a different position from the old one, it did not properly be regarded or entitled to all the rights which had been enjoyed by the window to which it succeeded; but the Judge decided that even such modifications in the circumstances as those which had taken place did not amount to an abandonment of any original right, and ordered a decree for the plaintiff.—American Architect.

CUT FLOWERS.

Some Suggestions Relative to their Preservation. An important rule, though seldom regarded, is never to cram the vases with flowers; many will last if only they have a large mass of water in the vase, and not too many stalks to feed on the water and pollute it. Vases that can hold a large quantity of water are much to be preferred to the spindle-shaped trumpets that are often used. Flat dishes filled with wet sand are also useful for short-stalked or heavy-headed flowers; even partially withered blooms will revive when placed on this cool moist substance. Moss, though far prettier than sand, is to be avoided, as it soon smells disagreeably, and always interferes with the scent of the flowers placed in it for preservation.

In the case of flowers that grow only in a cool temperature, and suffer when they get into warm and dry air, all that we can do is to lessen evaporation as much as possible; and when such flowers have hairy stems and leaves, to submerge them for a minute, so that they may themselves moisten and cool; but this is dangerous to table-cloths or polished surfaces, unless care be taken that the points of the leaves do not hang down to prevent dripping.

Another means of preventing delicate and sweet-scented flowers from flagging is to cut them with several leaves on the stem, and when the flower head is placed in water, to allow only this head to remain above the water, while the leaves are entirely submerged; by this means the leaves seem to help support the flower, which will then last for three days in a fairly cool room. Frequent cutting of the stem is of great use; but with all flowers by far the best plan is to put them outside, exposed to dew or rain, during the night, when they will regain their strength, and, particularly flowing acacias, are benefited wonderfully by this apparent cruelty and will even stand a slight frost far better than a hot room at night indoors.—American Gardener.

A Remarkable Incident. An extraordinary incident is reported to have occurred at Grenoble. As a torchlight procession, followed by a tremendous crowd, was passing before the quarters of General Chagrin de Saint Hilaire, the officer commanding the garrison, his wife, who was standing on the balcony, suddenly began to tear the flags with which it was adorned into shreds, and to throw the pieces among the people, whom she had at the same time harangued, crying repeatedly: "Down with the Republic!" The sensation produced among the large assemblage by this behavior may well be imagined. The mob replied with hisses and uncomplimentary expressions, and a very serious riot, which would, probably, have been accompanied with dangerous demonstrations, would have ensued had not the Mayor, promptly divining the true state of affairs, explained that Madame Chagrin de Saint Hilaire had been suddenly bereft of her wits. The unfortunate lady then locked herself up in her room, which she barricaded, and breaking up the furniture, threw it out of the window. She was about to set fire to the house when the firemen, who had been summoned to the spot, tore down the doors and held her until she was removed to an asylum.—Cor. N. Y. Post.

A gigantic stone spear-head has been unearthed in Northern Italy. It is too large to have been used in war, and archaeologists conjecture that the primitive people of the stone age employed it as a religious emblem.

A COLD WATER BOY.

The Boy Who Drank the Water Tank Dry—A Railway Incident. Last winter—how pleasant it is to think of a time when it was cold enough for overcoats—as we sailed down the J. M. and I. Railway, known among the native Hoopsters as the "Jeff" road, there were several things to look at. There were two dramatic troupes on board and a boy from Indianapolis who had designs on the water tank. He began drinking before we fairly got out of Indianapolis. His whisky drink as long as he could hold his breath, and then put down the cup and sigh, and go back to his seat. When he felt a little rested he would march down to the tank again, and looking over the rim of the cup with an injured expression as he drank, gaze at the passengers as reproachfully as though it was our fault that he couldn't hold a tubful of water. Then he would sigh and go back to rest. Then he would come up again, a little bit groggy, but still in the ring, drink till the water stood in his eyes and go back to recuperate. Once or twice the brakeman drove him away from the tank. "Somebody else might want a drink before we get to Madison," he said, "and any boy that should succeed in drinking the water tank dry would be a disgrace to the vigilance of the careful brakeman, for drinking great quantities of aquapura, with brief intervals for rest. Presently the brakeman came in, after fighting with a man who didn't want his two dogs banished to the baggage car, and wrestling with an old lady who had got it into her head just because he told her that she couldn't go in there that the smoking car was just the very Alabazian car of all Alabazian cars, and fought to get into it. He was pretty hot because he hadn't whipped the man and couldn't rip out on the old lady, and he was just hungry for a chance to "blow off" somebody. The first thing his eyes fell upon was the boy at the water tank. He swept down upon him, grabbed him by the shoulders, shook the hat off and the breath out of him before the boy could lift, lifted him up in his arms, slammed him down on the seat with a Laggy bang that shook open the ventilators. "There!" he roared; "you drowsy little squab! If you want to make a millpond of yourself and be sick, you may as well do it now. The boy's face was purple with rage and he broke out into a torrent of profanity, abuse, defiance, threatening and slaughter in one awful breath. He danced into the aisle, shed his coat, beat his fists together and pulled a revolver. Everybody yelled and hollered and laughed and stood up on the seats and applauded the boy and encouraged the poor, dumb-founded, stammering, blushing, apologizing brakeman. Poor Tixton, in his blind wrath he had swooped down upon an irascible, cross-grained little wretch of a dwarf, forty-one inches high and fifty-two years old, belonging to one of the dramatic companies. It was too funny for anything, for the rest of us. And while the row was absorbing general attention, if that miserable boy with the hydrophobia didn't sneak up to the water-tank and drink it so dry that it warped.—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM. Some Information About Morning Dresses—Wrappers, Etc. The pleasantest negligé morning dress for summer consists of a skirt and half-long sacque called a matinee. The skirt is slightly gored in front and in the sides, and is quite full behind. The sacque is closely fitted in the back, but may be straight and loose in front, or else partly fitted to the figure by a dart on each side. White cambric, cross-barred muslins, and plain white linen lawns are used for these suits for general wear, and the trimmings are ruffles with wrought scalloped edges, or else strong linen laces, such as the Medicean lace, the Cluny patterns of linen thread, and the finer qualities of torcheon lace. Insertions of linen lace down the fronts of the sacque are used, and a double frill of the scalloped lace trims the neck and sleeves. At the back of the basque are some pleats laid smoothly upon each other, and linen buttons outline the waist and fasten the front of the garment. More fanciful matinee dresses for young ladies and as parts of trousseaux are of sheer mill-trimmed with jabots of Valenciennes lace in the pretty designs now made by machine to copy the hand-made laces. Loops, ends, and bows of satin ribbon of some becoming color brighten up these dainty dresses. Where warmth is required, and for sea-side wear, twilled flannel in cream, white or pale blue is used for matinee suits, and some white wool lace or else rows of braid are the trimmings. Many ladies use this suit in preference to wrappers of any shape, while others find the belt of the skirt objectionable in a dress made for lounging. White pique is also made up in this fashion, but the softer fabrics that are not easily rumpled are a better choice.

Wrappers made for comfort in the privacy of one's own room are in the Mother Hubbard shape, and are of inexpensive linen lawns, American cambrics, or Scotch gingham, with sprigs, dashes, bars, or stripes of color on a white ground. The yoke is tucked lengthwise, and the flowing breadths have tucks or two ruffles of the material at the foot; a Byron collar well turned over has small tucks on its edges, and the sleeves are tucked at the wrists, and edged with frill. These wrappers made of linen lawn are sold in the shops for \$3, which is much more than they need cost if made at home, and two of them are enough in any summer outfit. For those who object to full gowns the Mother Hubbards are shirred at the waist line in the back, and have strings of the material to tie in front. More dressy wrappers are in the long princess shapes with a Watteau fold from the neck to the foot in the back, or else they are cut off around the hips, and the skirt is sewed there with an upright frill. This design is appropriate for foulard or China silk wrappers, or those of surah silk made of white, pale blue, or rose pink, and trimmed with gathered frills of Oriental lace; a velvet collar, cuffs, and pockets add to the beauty of such a gown. The fronts of these wrappers hang straight from the throat to the foot, but the back is fitted to the figure, and sometimes a belt of velvet is added across the back between the under-arm seams. White mull or cambric wrappers are made with a vest of lengthwise tucks, and the middle forms of the back are also tucked from the top down on the tournure; the skirt is continuous with the waist in the back, and the tucks hold part of the added fullness. Embroidered edging is placed down each side of the tucking in front and back. Laces wear so badly that sheer embroidery is preferred for the trimming. Whole wrappers are now made of the all-over embroidered muslin or mull used for dress waists, yokes, etc. These are a simple shape, usually being a partly fitted sacque extending in length to the foot, and worn with or without a sash ribbon. Those who need wool even in summer gowns buy the inexpensive albatross and challi goods that may be had for 25 cents a yard and upward, and line the waist with the thin silesia that is now as light as satteen and as pleasant for wearing as a silk lining. Twilled flannels of light quality with stripes of china blue on white, or of paler blue with pink, make pretty wrappers that may be worn all the year around. The jersey flannels and those of Shetland wool with thick fleece are pretty for warm wrappers, that have darts and side forms to fit the close to the figure; these are lined in light blue or light green, and are so firm and substantial-looking that trimming is needed on them, though white wool lace is sometimes added.

Dressing sacques are always made of the muslin that are embroidered all over in patterns of sprigs, leaves and dots or stars. Nainsook and cambric sacques have lengthwise or crosswise tucks in front to represent a vest, and are finished with embroidery or frills of Valenciennes or Oriental lace. For real use white Irish linen sacques are made quite loose and of the simplest shape, with a row of insertion either of Hamburg work or of torcheon lace set in all around above a wide hem. These have the French back, which consists of only two pieces, and the fronts have no darts taken in them; and these, with a straight and wide, and the sleeves are a Byron collar, have an insertion band for trimming. White flannel sacques are made up in the same way, with wool lace or insertion for trimming, and if both the flannel and lace are shrunk before making, these sacques can be sent to the landlady as often as those of linen and need no special care.—Harper's Bazar.

General R. Reinkerhoff declares that we can not blink the fearful fact that the tide of crime is rising. He would gladly doubt it, and figure it away, if he could, but the statistics are pitiless. National, State and county statistics all concur that the flood of crime creeps upward year by year. "It must be checked or it will overwhelm us," he exclaims.—N. Y. Sun.

A Chicago hotel-keeper had a man recently arrested for stealing a cake of soap. The man pleaded, in extenuation of his offense, that he wanted it for his collection of curiosities, it being the first cake of soap he had ever discovered in a Chicago hotel.—St. Louis Post.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

One hundred and two ministers of the Presbyterian Church died last year. —Yale College has adopted the entire revised version of the scriptures for chapel readings. —The Salvation Army of England is to start an auxiliary branch under the name of the Salvation Navy. —There are at present in the United States 116 medical schools, and there is one physician to every 685 inhabitants. —In some sections of New Hampshire children of school age are remarkably scarce. In Warren there is one school district which contains but one pupil; four districts have but two pupils each, and two have only six between them.—Boston Globe.

A young lady teacher near Mitchell, D. T., on the approach of a storm, dismissed her school in a body to a neighboring tree claim and stationed each pupil at a stout cottonwood, with instructions to hold on in case of a blow.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An grove on the banks of the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Illinois River, has recently been established, at an outlay of \$50,000, an institution similar in scope and ends to the great Assembly at Chautauque. It is to be called the Fiss Bluffs Assembly.—St. Louis Globe.

According to the Moskov Viedomosti, only 21 children out of 100 attending school in Russia are girls. The proportion varies with the religion. Thus of Protestants the number was greatest, viz: 45.4 per cent., of Jews, 34.1 per cent. of Roman Catholic, 14.4 per cent. The number is lowest among Greek Catholics, viz: 12.3 per cent.

The Indian Witness says: "All friends of missions will rejoice if, by the terms of peace between France and China, the island of Formosa is left in possession of the Chinese. The English Presbyterians have flourishing missions on this island, and, strange as it may seem, the interests of these missions will probably be more secure under Chinese than under rule that under which the French term Christian."

Rev. W. De Witt Hyde, recently chosen, is Bowdoin College's seventh President, his predecessors having been Rev. Dr. Joseph McKeen, 1802-1807; Rev. Dr. Jesse Appleton, 1807-1819; Rev. Dr. William Allen, 1820-1839; R. V. Dr. Leonard Woods, 1839-1856; Rev. Dr. Samuel Harris, 1857-1871, and Hon. Joshua L. Chamberlain, 1871-1883. He is said to be the youngest college President in the country.—Boston Post.

Church-going in the South—The Catholic churches are well attended after the people have attended market and visited the grocery. With one or two exceptions the Protestant churches are sparsely attended, and the churches are antiquated and so are the sermons. The most thriving churches in the South are the colored churches, and in them I have heard some of the most earnest and practical sermons. It was not all about "Dem Golden Slippers" or "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," but real practical morality.—Cor. Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Men who have fallen from great heights and lived to tell of it agree that the fall is exhilarating. It seems as if one were floating about on a feather bed. Try one bottle and be convinced.—Detroit Free Press.

When a tramp sees a woman with a pistol or gun in her hands he goes right on without winking, but let her appear on the scene with a dipper of hot water and he makes tracks like a kangaroo.—Burlington Free Press.

A man may have a head so stuffed with knowledge that his hair can't grow, and yet have his feet knocked clear out from under him by a question or two from a little midget too small to know an idea from a gooseberry.—Chicago Ledger.

Wisdom will never recommend men to retire from any business that will benefit mankind. He who withdraws from the active business of every day affairs, and crawls into the slum of idleness or conceals himself in a hermit's cave, makes a sad blunder. No man is strong enough to resist the moth of sloth.—Tales of the World.

The only wit. When lovely woman pines in folly because her hair is turning gray, what charm can there be in melancholy? What art can drive her gray away?

The only art her woe to cure. To hide her hair from every eye, To come the gum-gum o'er her lover And make her happy—'tis to dye! —Boston Gazette.

Your poem, Vashit, would have been published but for the fact that its "words that burn" scorched the fingers of the printers so that they could not print it in type. Sorry, Vashit, but until we can secure a fire-proof type-setting machine, it will be impossible to ventilate your fervid thoughts in these columns.—The Hatcher.

Young artist (to friend who has recently furnished bachelor's apartments)—Charley, dear boy, I admire your taste. I see you have a little thing of mine hanging there. Friend—No, did you paint that? Young artist—Yes; I'm proud to say that it's from my brush. By the way, Charley, if it's a fair question, what did the dealer charge you for it? Friend—Well—er, to tell you the truth, old man, the dealer threw that picture in.—N. Y. Sun.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Evolution and Development. Johnny and his father had been having a difficulty in the woodshed, owing to some disrespectful remarks made by Johnny respecting his sire. "Now, sir," said the father, hanging the strap up, "has your opinion of your father changed?" "Yes, it has," sobbed Johnny. "Well, sir, what is it now?" "Why—why—I think any man that'll jump on a fellow so much littler than he is a coward and don't take it up. Why don't you tackle somebody nearer your size?" The old man grabbed for the strap, but the boy slipped out, and this summer he is a candidate for the Legislature.—Merchant Traveler.

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A Chicago hotel-keeper had a man recently arrested for stealing a cake of soap. The man pleaded, in extenuation of his offense, that he wanted it for his collection of curiosities, it being the first cake of soap he had ever discovered in a Chicago hotel.—St. Louis Post.

WIT AND WISDOM. —Men who have fallen from great heights and lived to tell of it agree that the fall is exhilarating. It seems as if one were floating about on a feather bed. Try one bottle and be convinced.—Detroit Free Press.

When a tramp sees a woman with a pistol or gun in her hands he goes right on without winking, but let her appear on the scene with a dipper of hot water and he makes tracks like a kangaroo.—Burlington Free Press.

A man may have a head so stuffed with knowledge that his hair can't grow, and yet have his feet knocked clear out from under him by a question or two from a little midget too small to know an idea from a gooseberry.—Chicago Ledger.

Wisdom will never recommend men to retire from any business that will benefit mankind. He who withdraws from the active business of every day affairs, and crawls into the slum of idleness or conceals himself in a hermit's cave, makes a sad blunder. No man is strong enough to resist the moth of sloth.—Tales of the World.

The only wit. When lovely woman pines in folly because her hair is turning gray, what charm can there be in melancholy? What art can drive her gray away?

The only art her woe to cure. To hide her hair from every eye, To come the gum-gum o'er her lover And make her happy—'tis to dye! —Boston Gazette.

Your poem, Vashit, would have been published but for the fact that its "words that burn" scorched the fingers of the printers so that they could not print it in type. Sorry, Vashit, but until we can secure a fire-proof type-setting machine, it will be impossible to ventilate your fervid thoughts in these columns.—The Hatcher.

Young artist (to friend who has recently furnished bachelor's apartments)—Charley, dear boy, I admire your taste. I see you have a little thing of mine hanging there. Friend—No, did you paint that? Young artist—Yes; I'm proud to say that it's from my brush. By the way, Charley, if it's a fair question, what did the dealer charge you for it? Friend—Well—er, to tell you the truth, old man, the dealer threw that picture in.—N. Y. Sun.

Evolution and Development. Johnny and his father had been having a difficulty in the woodshed, owing to some disrespectful remarks made by Johnny respecting his sire. "Now, sir," said the father, hanging the strap up, "has your opinion of your father changed?" "Yes, it has," sobbed Johnny. "Well, sir, what is it now?" "Why—why—I think any man that'll jump on a fellow so much littler than he is a coward and don't take it up. Why don't you tackle somebody nearer your size?" The old man grabbed for the strap, but the boy slipped out, and this summer he is a candidate for the Legislature.—Merchant Traveler.

General R. Reinkerhoff declares that we can not blink the fearful fact that the tide of crime is rising. He would gladly doubt it, and figure it away, if he could, but the statistics are pitiless. National, State and county statistics all concur that the flood of crime creeps upward year by year. "It must be checked or it will overwhelm us," he exclaims.—N. Y. Sun.

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