

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOLUME XI.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1885.

NUMBER 36.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Cleaned by Telegraph and Mail.

WASHINGTON NOTES.
At the request of the Secretary of the Interior the Commissioner of the Land Office has caused an investigation to be made into the merits of the Gervacio Nolan land grant in New Mexico, and has reported that in his judgment all of the lands claimed (about 575,000 acres) should be restored to the public domain, with the exception of eleven square leagues for which a patent has been issued.

The members of the Cabinet have decided to follow President Cleveland's example hereafter and receive no visitors on Saturday.

Secretary Whitney has designated Admiral J. W. A. Nicholson, relieved as the naval member of the prize court to be appointed by the United States District Judge at New York, to examine the officers of the Ambrose Light, recently captured by the Alliance, for alleged violation of the neutrality laws. Five prisoners, including the Captain and mate, were captured by the Alliance.

The Secretary of the Treasury has received from the Board of Managers of the World's Industrial Exhibition at New Orleans a statement of their indebtedness, of which the following is a recapitulation: Undisputed indebtedness, \$233,345; disputed claims, \$150,337; rejected, \$72,132; admitted, \$77,583; premiums, \$66,288; total, \$397,398; appropriations, \$335,000; deficiency, \$62,318.

The Department of State is advised that the Government of Guatemala is now collecting an additional ten per cent. on appraisements of imported merchandise, and has added ten per cent. to the contracts made with merchants who loaned money to the Government.

A. G. THOMPSON, Inspector of Public Buildings of the Treasury Department, has resigned by request of Secretary Manning.

GENERAL ROSEGRANS has been appointed Register of the Treasury, vice B. K. Bruce, resigned.

HERBERT FOOTE BEECHER, son of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, has been appointed Collector of Customs for the District of Puget Sound.

The injunction suit of R. C. Lewis et al. vs. the Western Union Telegraph Company and the District Commissioners at Washington, to restrain the telegraph company from erecting a pole line on Seventh street, was decided in the Equity Court in favor of the plaintiff.

THE EAST.
OVER one hundred railroad laborers, Hungarians and Italians, employed on the Reading & Pottsville Railroad north of Harrisburg, Pa., struck for an increase of twenty-five cents per day in their wages recently.

The Boston publishers, Osgood & Co., recently assigned, have made arrangements with their creditors by which the business will be continued under the name of Tychnor & Co.

C. D. KEEP, editor of the Wall Street Daily News, has just been arrested on complaint of the Western Union Telegraph Company, for alleged libel of that corporation.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR was said to be quite sick with Bright's disease. He was about to take an ocean voyage for the benefit of his health.

GENERAL GRANT was reported recently as restless but getting the usual amount of sleep. He will not drive in the park again.

The last of the marines sent to the Isthmus of Panama during the recent troubles returned to New York on the 3d.

The New Hampshire House of Representatives organized on the 3d by the choice of Edgar Aldrich, Republican, as Speaker. Governor Currier was inaugurated on the 4th.

MUDGE & COMPANY'S large shoe factory at Danvers Center, Mass., and three stores, burned early the other morning. Loss, \$75,000; fully insured. Two hundred hands were thrown out of employment.

A TYPE setting contest between Joseph McCann of the Herald and Ira Sommers of the World, at New York recently.

The Delaware peach growers were reported uneasy at the great fall of young fruit, resulting from wet weather. They fear the crop will be greatly curtailed.

An attempt was made the other night to blow up the private car of Superintendent Cummings of the Texas Pacific Railroad, at Marshall, Tex. Three nitro glycerine cartridges were placed on top of the springs near the floor.

JOHN H. AUFDAMBLE, for seventeen years a confidential redemption clerk in the United States Subtreasury at New Orleans, has absconded with several thousand dollars of the Government's money.

The strike on the Kentucky Central Railroad ended on the 5th, the engineers having agreed to accept a ten per cent. reduction, being satisfied that the state of business justified it.

GENERAL.
A LOT of carriages imported from the United States were recently seized at Ottawa, Can., it having been discovered by the Board of Appraisers that the axes used in their construction were the product of prison labor. The consignment came from Cincinnati.

The total exports of mineral oils during the ten months ended April 30, 1885, were 468,766,148 gallons, as against 416,974,435 gallons last year.

The English Derby race was won by Lord Hastings' bay colt Melton.

A DISPATCH from La Libertad, San Salvador, says: The natives are flying to the mountains to avoid being taken for soldiers. The British residents at Serinagar telegraphed that no Europeans were killed by the earthquake.

THE WEST.
SAM LANG, an aged Chinaman, threw poison into the face of a boy named Love, at Grand Rapids, Mich., recently. He had previously had an altercation with the boy's father. The boy's life was barely saved.

DR. E. E. LAY, who killed Henry Champlin, his brother-in-law, at Cincinnati, was discharged in the police court, the Judge saying, the testimony made out clearly a case of self-defense.

THE Beaver Park reservoir, near Longmont, Col., burst recently, carrying away houses, barns and everything it came in contact with. The reservoir contained an immense body of water.

THE murderer of the Chinaman, Lou Johnson, at St. Louis, was Chy Pock, who was arrested in Murphysboro, Ala. Chy Pock confessed the deed. He had been paid by his countrymen at St. Louis to put Johnson out of the way.

TWO citizens were reported recently murdered by horse thieves in Powder River Valley, Oregon.

THE Apaches on the San Carlos (A. T.) reservation were reported as peaceable. They had commenced harvesting.

THE stock of flour in Cincinnati June 1 showed a greater amount than at any corresponding time during the past ten years. The figures were: Wheat flour, 47,819 barrels; rye flour, 1,322 barrels; total, 49,241, against a total last year of only 37,435.

EARLY on the morning of the 4th, burglars were discovered breaking open the safe of Barley & Co., at Sedalia, Mo. In attempting the arrest of one of them a policeman named Fifer was shot through the mouth and neck. Fifer succeeded in shooting the burglar through the heart. The dead man was discovered to be Edward Kerfoot, formerly of Ottumwa, Mo.

In the Illinois Legislature on the 4th, the bill was passed providing that after 1889 members of the Legislature should be paid for the session \$1,200, with ten cents mileage and for the extra session five dollars per day for the first thirty days and three dollars per day thereafter; any member absent from the house to forfeit ten dollars per day.

MYRIADS of young grasshoppers, evidently just hatched out in the warm sand, have made their appearance on the south side of the Arkansas River, at Canon City, Col.

DR. CRAFTS, a physician of Kansas City, committed suicide recently by taking morphine. He was in domestic difficulties, having a divorce suit pending.

TWO men named Hainberger were lynched recently at Eldora, Iowa. The affair grew out of a feud in Hardin County, in which a man named Johnson was murdered. The murder spirit was reported very rife in the county.

GENERAL CROOK recently telegraphed that the Indians had killed seven men near Alma, five near Silver City, two near Old Camp Vincent, and three near Grafton, N. M. It was also probable that the Apaches had killed others.

THE SOUTH.
A RAILROAD man named Maloney was killed by lightning recently at Chattanooga, Tenn.

A COLORED man named Townsend Cook was lynched at Westminster, Md., recently, for an outrage committed on Mrs. Knott near Mt. Airy.

THE Texas State rangers recently had a battle with a band of marauding Mexicans in Dimmitt County. The rangers came upon the band and demanded their surrender when the band suddenly opened fire, killing Lieutenant Seider and mortally wounding two privates. The marauders then fled. The rangers, numbering only a few men, pursued but were forced to retire, the marauders being largely reinforced by their Mexican friends.

THE strikers on the Kentucky Central Railroad recently stopped the freight traffic at Covington, Ky., cutting the engines loose.

The killing of Lieutenant Seider and two other Texas rangers turned out to be due to a deplorable mistake. The killing was done by Gonzales and his son, well-known trail riders and scouts, who mistook the rangers for marauders.

The trial of Thomas Jefferson Cluverius, at Richmond, Va., for the murder of his cousin, Varney Lillian Madison, which lasted an entire month, ended with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

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FIRE in the Philadelphia colliery, near Durham, Eng., recently imprisoned 150 miners. They were all rescued except thirteen.

The window glass manufacturers have decided to commence the annual summer shut down two weeks earlier this year on account of the dullness of trade.

The corporation of London will present ex-President Arthur with an address and a gold casket upon his visit to London, and the Lord Mayor will give him a banquet.

CAPTAIN SORENSON, of the bark Finn, which arrived at Quebec the other day, reported having met large quantities of wreckage off the banks of Newfoundland, composed of doors, cabins, masts, etc., which appeared to belong to a ship of large dimensions.

ADVICES from Zanzibar state that treaties of commerce have been concluded between that country, Italy and Belgium.

The Cologne Gazette affirms that agitation has decided that all the financial circles in Germany are in favor of bimetalism, but that the support of the Government cannot be counted upon.

The French Assembly refused to impeach the Ferry Ministry by a vote of 322 to 153.

BIG BEAR recently sent in a flag of truce to General Middleton. The bearer was, however, killed by a shell. Big Bear was reported as going north, having had three skirmishes with the Canadians under General Strang.

The Parisian newspapers made a violent attack upon the aldermen of London for refusing a vote of condolence upon the death of Victor Hugo. Rochefort called the aldermen a "band of ignorant, jealous, and spiteful men."

The weekly statement of the Bank of France shows an increase in gold of 12,910,000 francs, and in silver of 4,769,000 francs.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE recently returned home to Dublin. Replying to addresses of welcome at Kingston, he said he wished to see Orangeism broken down and the green flag floating over a prosperous people. Irishmen, he declared, would never rest until they obtained rights to which they were entitled.

A CYCLONE, disastrous in its consequences, struck Adea on the 25th. The damage done was estimated at \$250,000.

It was reported at St. Petersburg that Count Tolstoy, Minister of the Interior, was about to resign, and that the Minister of the Imperial Domain would succeed him.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, the noted composer, died in London on the 5th. He was born in Stuttgart, Germany, November 27, 1804, of Jewish parents.

BUSINESS FAILURES for week ended June 4: United States, 197; Canada, 126; total, 223; compared with 206 the week previous. The failures in every section of the country were comparatively light except in the South, where the number noted, 67, was far in excess of the average.

THE young Earl Cairns (Lord Garmoyne) of the celebrated breach of promise suit of Fortescue vs. Garmoyne, assumed his place in the House of Lords on the 5th, as his successor to the title of the late Earl Cairns.

CONSUL MACKAY, who got into a scrape with an editor at Rio de Sul, Brazil, was acquitted by the jury.

THE LATEST.
LANSING, MICH., June 5.—The Hon. George V. N. Lothrop by invitation addressed the Legislature in joint session yesterday afternoon. The Governor, Justices of the Supreme Court and State officers, as well as a large number of citizens, were present. Mr. Lothrop returned thanks for the honor done him by the Legislature. He referred to his mission and spoke of the firm friendship which Russia had exhibited toward the United States during the critical period of the war of the rebellion. After his address Mr. Lothrop met the members of the Legislature in the executive parlors.

A Gigantic Meteor.
VINNENES, ILL., June 5.—The trainmen on the Chicago, Vinnenes & Cincinnati Railway brought in a wonderful story yesterday concerning the falling of a gigantic meteor in a field near that railway at Newburnside, Johnson County, Ill., Wednesday night about midnight. The weight of the meteor is estimated at about a ton and a half, and was embedded in the ground several feet. The phenomenon excited the citizens of the village to a high degree and created a great sensation. Hundreds of people visited the spot yesterday.

Corrupt Wardens.
LONDON, June 5.—It is rumored that the Government is about to institute an inquiry into numerous cases of corruption which have been alleged to exist in certain prisons. The accused wardens are charged with black-mailing prisoners who have money until they are compelled to pay exorbitantly for special food and for indulgences which are contrary to prison rules. They are also charged with shortening the quantity and debasing the quality of the prisoners' food and pocketing the difference in cost.

A Broken Trail.
HARRISONVILLE, MO., June 5.—Yesterday afternoon about four o'clock a switch engine on its way to Rich Hill from Sedalia, where it had been for repairs, went through a bridge about two miles south of here on the Lexington & Sedalia Railroad, killing the fireman, named Constance, and smashing up the engine and tender. The engine went down with his engine, but escaped unhurt. The accident is attributed to a broken rail.

Snake Poisoned.
SAVANNAH, GA., June 5.—Recently Mr. James Branstun, his entire family and a hired laborer, of Jonesville, Liberty County, became death-sick. Suspicion was aroused that the well had been poisoned. On examination four snakes were found carefully tied together and anchored in the well. Mr. Branstun was an important witness in a case in court.

Cholera Increasing.
MADRID, June 5.—The cholera is increasing at Valencia. Forty-five per cent. of those attacked die. The utmost alarm is felt among the inhabitants, who are fleeing

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

The General Assembly of the United Prosynterian Church of North America met in Topeka on May 27, with 290 delegates present. The opening sermon was delivered by Rev. W. S. French, of Cincinnati, who took as his theme, "There is a strength in looking to the Church which it is our duty to put on." The Assembly was in session several days. Rev. William Johnson, of College Springs Presbytery, was elected Moderator.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of the State of Kansas filed its charter with the Secretary of State recently. Its business is to be transacted in Topeka.

WILLIAM BIMS, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, states that he has received reports from over one hundred of his correspondents, many of them in Western Kansas, and not one refers to the reported grasshopper plague. He says that any extraordinary appearance of the pests or even any appearance at this time of the year would be noted and he would be informed immediately. He does not believe there are any within the State. Other sources of information were sought and all with the same result. The sender of the original Chicago dispatch has been run down, and it is believed there is no foundation for such a statement.

At Leavenworth the other morning Ella Lafove, the two-year-old daughter of Louis Lafove, was killed while in a cave near the river. Two children were standing on a plank above her when it broke, striking her in the breast, killing her instantly.

The Railroad Commissioners have recently been considering a number of complaints and decided the petition of the Mayor and citizens of Clinton for a depot and side-track at that place reasonable and the company was recommended to build a side-track and station. The petition of 151 citizens of Penfield, Osage County, asking for a side-track and station at that place and by 221 persons asking for the same privilege at Aurora, just east of Penfield, was granted, and the building of a side-track and depot recommended at some place near by, but whether at Penfield or Aurora is left to the determination of the railroad company.

The complaint of the St. Louis, Fort Scott & Wichita, and the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroads signed by J. W. Smith & Co., in regard to the supply to them of coal cars and of discrimination was held to be frivolous, the board finding nothing for correction.

It is stated that corn will have to be replanted in many localities, the seed having rotted in the ground.

CHARTERS lately filed: Leavenworth Athletic Association; Walnut Valley Land, Loan and Investment Company, of Larned; Banker Hill Cemetery Association; Saline County Horsemen's Association; Elk Falls Improvement Company.

The hired girl of Mr. Bradley, of Topeka, recently attempted to fill the tank of a gasoline stove while one of the jets was burning. Result: An explosion, the severe burning of the girl and destruction of all the household goods by fire.

At the old Shawnee Mission, in Johnson County, on Decoration Day Miss Standish, aged twenty-three, was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol with which her nine-year-old brother was playing unobserved.

The other night the Dodge City post-office was entered by burglars, the safe blown open and about \$900 in cash taken besides a large number of registered letters.

JAMES BELDEN, a bachelor about forty years of age, was recently found at his home about fourteen miles north of Saratoga, Pratt County, with a bullet through his brain. The man had been missing for some time, but nothing was thought of his absence, until the day of the discovery, when a man by the name of Williams, appearing to be in the immediate vicinity of his home detected a peculiar odor and upon breaking down the door found the body of the dead man. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide, but as the man was known to have had considerable money, the impression is strong in the minds of the people that he was murdered for his money. He was known to have received a considerable sum about the time of his death.

The United Presbyterian Assembly in session at Topeka adopted the report of the Committee on the Board of Foreign Missions. It appropriates to the Egyptian mission for its use \$38,000; India, \$31,300; and \$6,000 for the other expenses of the board. The indebtedness of the board is \$238,881.

At Emporia the other night Miss Eva Bailey, a young lady twenty years old and highly esteemed, attended a small party of friends and returned to her home early in company with a young lady friend. She entered the house and conversed with members of the family a few minutes, and placed her hat and wraps on the table. About half past nine o'clock she went out into the yard, and not returning search was instituted, but she could not be found. Searching parties were out all night, but were unsuccessful. The next morning the two girls were rung and the people generally turned out. Later in the day she was found wandering around in a demented condition. Otherwise she was unharmed. It was thought that a failure to keep up with her class, which was soon to graduate, caused her mental trouble.

NICHOLAS B. LITERA, a restaurant keeper, suicided at Wichita on the 2d by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. The cause is supposed to have been financial embarrassment and despondency. He leaves a wife and child.

A MOUNTAIN lion was killed in Sherman County, near the State line, the other day. It measured eleven feet and weighed 213 pounds.

The jury in the case of Marcus A. Jostes, tried at Oswego for the killing of Mayfield Carr in February last, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree.

THE WORST EVER KNOWN.

The Failure of the Kansas Wheat Crop Reported as Complete.

TOPEKA, KAN., June 5.—The Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture said yesterday that this would be the worst failure in wheat that Kansas has ever experienced. There was no use in disguising the fact that in several localities farmers would not get their seed. A large area of wheat which at the last report was considered promising was now either being plowed up or cattle had been turned in upon it. Mr. Branen, manager of the largest mill in the city, said that he had just returned from a tour of wheat districts, and that in his opinion the entire harvest would not exceed 15,000,000 bushels. Last evening the Secretary gave out the following statement: "The injury to the wheat crop from the severity of the winter, insect depredations and other causes is now found to be much greater than appearances indicated one month ago. Many fields which at the date of our last report gave promise of a fair yield, now have none chest than wheat, and will yet be ploughed up and seeded to millet. Of the 1,613,298 acres sown to winter wheat in the State in the fall of 1884, at least forty per cent. or 645,319 acres have been abandoned and the ground seeded to spring crops and the work of destruction continues. The present outlook clearly indicates that the harvest this year will prove the most disastrous failure known in the history of wheat culture in the State, and warrants the belief that the total product will be required for seed and bread within the State during the year. From a careful compilation of the information received at this office the condition, May 30, of the area then remaining—967,979 acres—is found to be 56 per cent. as compared with the condition one year ago—a loss of 23 per cent. from the condition shown by the report of this board April 30. I therefore estimate that the product of wheat in the State this year can not exceed 12,000,000 bushels—a small fraction in excess of 25 per cent. of the product of last year's harvest and about 39 per cent. of the average annual product for the last five years. The spring wheat in the State is found to be about equal to that sown in the spring of 1884. The condition has improved since the date of our April report, and as compared with the condition one year ago, is 101.56 per cent. which, with favorable weather until harvest, would indicate a product of 1,590,592 bushels, a promised increase over last year of 21,482 bushels. The estimated acreage of corn is 4,962,828 acres, an increase of 356,930 acres over the crop of 1884. The condition as compared with last year is 84 per cent. The probable product is 166,712,000 bushels, a shortage of almost 30,000,000 bushels as compared with the crop of 1884. The general increase of the oat crop throughout the State gives an increase in area as compared with last year, of 72,725 acres, which with the improvement in condition reported, indicates a product of 33,924,000 bushels, an increase of 4,837,000 over the yield of last year. No material change since our April report has occurred in rye, though there has been a falling off in acreage as compared with last year of about twenty-eight per cent., and in condition of ten. Reports indicate a large crop of all kinds of fruit except peaches in all sections of the State having trees, bushes and vines old enough to bear. The prospect is good for an abundant peach crop in the south central portion of the State. In other sections the crop is a failure."

A SEDALIA SENSATION.

Desperate Fight With Burglars—Officer Shot and Burglar Killed.

SEDALIA, MO., June 5.—At three o'clock yesterday morning the police were notified by the night watchman at Zimmerman & Harter's mill that burglars had broken into the office of Barley Bros. machine shop, which stands on the northwest corner of the block. Officers George Fifer and C. E. McGhee hurried to the place, Fifer going around the block to the rear. When McGhee crossed the street to the corner by the office he saw a man lying on the ground beneath the window. He ordered the man to drop the pistol which he held in his hand and throw up his hands. The man, who had partly risen, kept his hands down, but begged McGhee not to shoot. The man, who was about fifteen feet from McGhee, then suddenly wheeled around and started to run. In the same stooping position, just as he turned he met Fifer, who by this time had come up from the rear. When he saw Fifer he began to shoot at him, not being over ten or fifteen feet from him. The first shot passed through Fifer's hat and the second took effect in the left side of his chin, ranging back into the neck. Fifer fell on his knees and as he rose tried to get up, but McGhee, at the same time firing himself, hit shot passed through the man's heart, killing him instantly. The other men, three of whom were in the building, escaped while this was going on, and ran up the street firing back. They turned the first corner and escaped. Fifer is in a serious condition. The bullet can not be extracted now, and it can not now be told whether he will recover. The man was taken to an undertaker's and an autopsy held at ten o'clock. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. The four men had been seen about town since last Friday. They slept in a deserted house near the gas works for several nights, and are described as follows: One tall, with black mustache and blue suit; another short and heavy set, with light mustache; the third, medium sized with brown mustache and brown stiff hat, and the fourth, about five feet eight inches in height, with light mustache, a well worn suit and a new black hat. He was about twenty-six years old. On the dead man's person were found \$15.00, a man of Missouri, a lot of burglar's keys and tools, silver watch and a flask and bottle of powder. He is thought to have been the leader. The men inside had bored party through the safe near the lock, and had powder and a fuse ready to blow it open. The safe contained no money, only books. The dead man, who was buried at six p. m., has been identified as Edward Kerfoot, formerly of Ottumwa, which place he left with a bad character named Mollie West, several years ago. The men were noticed hanging around the freight depot last Friday and it is thought they had designs on it but found that a night crew of hands were run which would frustrate their plans.

A TERRIBLE AFFAIR.

Jealousy Drives Robert Broadbent to a Most Fearful Deed at Leavenworth—He Shoots Frank Johnson and Then Kills Himself.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., June 1.—A few minutes after six o'clock Saturday evening Mr. Frank Johnson was walking down Shawnee street in company with Misses Daisy Wood and Nellie Moonlight, teachers in the public school, and had reached the corner of Fifth and Shawnee streets, when Robert Broadbent, superintendent of Scott's stock farm, rode up on a Texas pony. As he caught sight of Johnson and his lady friends, Broadbent reined up his horse and drawing his revolver fired at Johnson. The whole party took refuge in Umethum's drug store. Broadbent dismounted and followed. Johnson ran behind the counter. Broadbent began firing as he entered and Johnson turned and faced him and placing his hand on his breast, where one shot had taken effect, he cried: "Stop, if you are a man; I am unarmed." Another shot was the only reply. Johnson ran to the best of his diminished strength would let him out of the door and across the street and fell.

FADING FROM LOSS OF BLOOD.

In the office of the Free Press, as Mr. Johnson passed out of the store, two more shots were fired which took effect in his back and shoulders. As he passed beyond range Broadbent turned and fired the remaining shot in his revolver at Miss Wood. This fortunately missed. The murderer then rushed out and mounted his horse and galloped out of town at breakneck speed, brandishing his revolver as he rode. Marshal Shalcross and other mounted police went in hot pursuit. Drs. Neely, Thomas, Carpenter, Love and Mathis were promptly on hand and dressed the wounds of the unfortunate man. Dr. Thomas diagnosed the case as follows: One wound in the right lung; one wound on the point of the right shoulder; one back of left shoulder. The caliber of the bullet was .38. The condition is very critical with chances against recovery. The trouble was the outgrowth of jealousy. Miss Daisy Wood, the daughter of Judge N. H. Wood, had up to a few months ago been receiving the attention of Broadbent. About a month or six weeks ago

she married a man named Johnson, and in the meantime has received more or less attention from Johnson. J. H. Atwood, Johnson's most particular friend, says he knew of nothing further than friendly relations existing between Johnson and Miss Wood, and nothing to give rise to the jealousy that caused the tragedy. Johnson is a native of Dundee, Scotland, where his brothers are engaged in a large spinning business. He came to this country and city about two years ago. He is an architect by profession, and as a designer and draughtsman undoubtedly stands at the head of his profession in the city. His character is without reproach. He is very handsome in appearance, is five feet ten inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. Broadbent is a medium sized, well built, young man with brown mustache and hair, with face deeply tanned with exposure to the air. He has for some years been superintendent of Mr. Scott's fancy stock farm. Public feeling runs very high against the would be murderer, and had he been caught on the ground, he doubtless would have paid the penalty of his crime. The first words spoken by the wounded man after his wounds were dressed to his companion, J. H. Atwood: "Don't let them hurt the poor fool. He is crazy!" After shooting Johnson, Broadbent mounted his horse and rode down Shawnee street and out Broadway to Salt Creek valley where his widow lived.

LIVES ON A HANDSOME FARM.

On arriving at the house he dismounted and entered the residence, but his mother was absent from home. The only person about the premises was the wife of the man who lives on the farm and has charge of affairs. To her he handed a ring, which he drew from his finger, and requested that it be given to his mother. He then the wretched man went into the front yard and, placing the revolver close to his head, fired and fell to the ground. The woman heard the shot, and running out, found Broadbent expiring. He told her to tell his mother that he had come home to die and bid them good-bye. It is said that up to this time Broadbent had been an exemplary young man, and he had always the respect of all who knew him. It is believed that he was crazed to desperation because the young lady refused his further association, though Johnson was not the cause of the trouble between the young people. The two young ladies, Miss Nellie Moonlight, daughter of Colonel Thomas Moonlight, and Miss Wood had themselves a very narrow escape, and both are quite ill from the shock they received. Especially is this the case with Miss Wood. The wounded man was resting easy yesterday, but the physicians think that the chances for

RECOVERY ARE NOT VERY GOOD.

The death of Broadbent makes the second in the family in a short time from the effects of a pistol bullet. A year or two ago the older brother, Joel Broadbent, who was traveling for a cattle firm, was found dead in a room in a Denver hotel, with a bullet in his heart. It was reported that the death was an accident, as a valve half open lay beside the pistol, as though that weapon had dropped from it, but there have been rumors that the unfortunate young man had run behind in his accounts, and that the death was a suicide. The family is one of the best in this section, the eldest brother of the dead man being a prominent cattle dealer, and other relatives being of the very best.

Dinner to Boyd Winchester.

LOUISVILLE, May 30.—A public dinner was given to Hon. Boyd Winchester, the new Minister to Switzerland, last evening at the Galt House by 100 of the leading citizens of the city and State. Ex-Mayor Jacob presided, and speeches were made by Judges Barr, Humphreys and Pope, Colonel Robert M. Kelley of the Louisville Commercial, General Duke, Henry Watterson, and others. Letters of regret, extolling Minister Winchester in warm terms, were read by Vice-President Hendricks, Secretary Bayard, Senator Beck, Governor Knott, ex-Governor Stevenson, and many prominent Kentuckians. The dinner was without distinction of parties.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

WE TWO.

Ah yes, it was years and years ago,
When life to us had no care or blight,
That we watched the white ships come and go,
As we sat together each summer night.
We climbed the hillsides hand in hand,
With joy within us and a view,
And drank from Nature's sweetest spring,
We Two!

My swain he was noble, brave and strong,
With love as boundless as the sea,
And so I was all the world to him,
And he, too, was all the world to me.
Though clouds obscured the glorious blue,
With joy within us and a view,
We Two!

We met when the breath of morn was sweet
In the shady lane where the robins sang;
And one blessed dawn we pledged our troth
In a little nook where the bluebells hung.
Where the roses blushed as the winds swept
By.
And hills bowed 'neath their weight of dew,
We walked and talked till the sun was high,
We Two!

Ah yes, it was years and years ago
Since the wedding bells rang sweet and clear;
And our boys and girls are gone—all gone—
Some far away, some buried here.
Now we sit with thin and whitened locks,
And our days below we know are few,
But we love with a deep unchanging love,
We Two!

—Democrat's Monthly.

UNDER FIRE.

Dangerous Target-Practice of New York Artillerymen.

Some time before the war a Presbyterian clergyman from New Hampshire went South, with his family, for the benefit of his health. He purchased a little farm in Virginia, about three miles from Washington, access to which was had by the way of Georgetown and the Aqueduct Bridge. He gradually failed in health, however, and died, leaving a widow—Mrs. Gayes—and two girls and two boys. At the breaking out of the war in 1861, after the Confederates were driven back a few miles, fortifications were constructed around Washington for the protection of the National capital. They consisted of a chain of forts arranged in nearly a circle. This line crossed the Potomac near Chain Bridge above Georgetown, extending thence to Arlington Heights and some distance below, recrossing the river between Long Bridge and Alexandria, and so on around until the circle was complete. With this line, and about a mile and a half from Fort Smith, situated on a little eminence, was Mrs. Gayes' modest home, protected now from the Confederates, but suffering more, perhaps, from the Union troops. Many regiments were encamped near by, and little by little her timber and fences and stock and crops disappeared, until there was scarcely anything left save the house and the land. Even the cook-stove was missing one morning. Very frequently at night she was aroused by the beating of "the long-roll," the shouting of words of command and the tramping of regiments as they swiftly formed in line of battle to meet the expected enemy.

It was a midsummer morning in 1864. Out in the fields and over in the city it was scorching hot. But in Mrs. Gayes' house, protected as it was from the rays of the sun by the abundant foliage of the great oaks which surrounded it, the heat was not oppressive. Mrs. Gayes was in the sitting-room reading a paper. The elder daughter was in Washington. Charley, the elder son, who was then near twelve years of age, was playing with the dog on the porch. It was a peaceful, quiet picture of Virginia country life. Suddenly there came a loud, whistling, screaming sound, followed by a terrific explosion directly over the house.

"Why!" ejaculated Mrs. Gayes, as she started from her seat, "what a heavy clap of—" thunder, she was about to say, but the unmistakable humming, twanging sounds which followed close upon the explosion, with the falling of leaves and broken branches from the trees, told her it was a shell from some heavy gun.

"Is it possible they are making an attack?" she said.

The children now came running in from their play, and one of them cried out: "Oh, mamma! the lightning has struck the trees!" Mrs. Gayes went out on the porch and looked and listened, but nothing unusual could be seen or heard.

"It was a shell," said she. "I expect a gun at one of the forts went off accidentally."

"Well," said Charley, "when they load their guns I wish they'd point them toward Richmond. They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"I don't think we shall be troubled any more," said the mother, as she returned to the sitting-room followed by the children. She had but just resumed her seat when another shell buried itself in the earth a few rods from the house and burst, throwing up clouds of dust and dirt.

"What can it mean?" said Mrs. Gayes.

"I know what it means, mamma!" cried Charley. "That New York regiment which has just been sent over to Fort Smith has put a target in our field, and the fellows are firing at it. I wish I was a General. I'd put every one of them in the guard-house!"

The boy was right in his surmise, and in a few moments another missile thrown from one of the huge siege guns with which the fort was armed struck a quarter of a mile away and came bounding ricocheting toward the house, striking the ground at intervals in its mad course, something as a stone when thrown violently upon the water skips along the surface. With a shriek like a demon it plunged through the garden, destroying everything in its path, filled the air with dust, gave two or three more screeches, and finally burst over near the road. Mrs. Gayes turned pale.

"Come down into the cellar with me, all of you," said she, and they obeyed with alacrity. After she had quieted Eliza, the negro servant, who was alternately praying to "de good Lord" and to "Missus Gayes" to save her, she said:

"Charley, you must run up to Mr. Pierson's just as fast as you can, and ask him to go around to the fort and have the firing stopped. And you remain at Mr. Pierson's until I send for you. Don't come back. You are not afraid to go, are you?"

"No, mamma, I'm not afraid," answered the brave little fellow, as he clasped his mother's hand a little tighter.

"I knew you would not be; and now as soon as the next shell comes I want you to go." When it came she kissed him, and said: "Now, my brave boy, run!"

She would gladly have gone herself, but she thought it better to remain that she might be with the other two children in case the house should be struck and burned. It cost her a struggle to send her son forth on such a perilous errand, and her face was very pale as she kissed him. Away sped Charley through the garden, glancing with wonder at the great furrows the shells had plowed, climbed the fence and started to run with all his might toward Mr. Pierson's house, which was half a mile distant. He had scarcely left the garden fence, however, when another shell came tearing through the shrubbery he had just passed and burst close to the house. The mother's heart stood still for an instant—and there was cause for it. One of the flying fragments struck poor Charley, and he fell to the ground with a cry of "Oh, mamma!"

Down in the cellar the mother heard the cry of her wounded boy, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side. It was a sad sight for a mother to look upon. The cruel piece of iron with its ragged edges had stripped a great piece of flesh from the back of his ankle upward, completely severing the cord and laying bare the bone. He was lying upon his face, and the blood was already staining the green grass where he had fallen. Speaking words of encouragement, she removed his shoe and the fragment of stocking, and hastily bound up the wound with strips torn from her clothing. In this way she stanching the flow of blood and quieted his fears, though she could not alleviate his pains.

"Now, Charley, I must go up to Mr. Pierson's myself, for a shell may strike the house, and then Mary and Robby will be burned. I'll put you behind that tree, and you will not be in much danger."

"But you'll run, mamma, won't you?"

And the tears trickled down Charley's cheeks, though he tried very hard to keep them back. The tree was a large chestnut, and its generous trunk afforded a pretty ample protection against the shells, two of which had struck near by while Mrs. Gayes was binding up the wound. Arriving at Mr. Pierson's she dispatched him in great haste to the fort, while she with swift feet returned to Charley. Becky and Berty Pierson, aged seventeen and eighteen, with true girlish heroism, returned with her notwithstanding the bursting shells.

On the way they passed several negroes sheltered behind stumps and stones, and Mrs. Gayes vainly begged them to follow her and assist in the removal of the wounded boy. They found Charley behind the tree, and he said: "Oh, mamma! I am so glad you've come back." He could not walk at all, and he was weak from pain and loss of blood. So his mother and the two girls carried him in their arms as best they could. Down the hill, half-blinded by the smoke and stunned by the awful explosions, slowly moved the strange procession. They waded the little stream in the hollow, stopping a moment to bathe Charley's face and hands, and carried their burden up the hill to Mr. Pierson's house.

By this time Mr. Pierson had reached the fort, and the firing ceased. The other children were sent for, and in a few moments the regimental surgeon and hospital-steward came galloping down to express their sorrow at what had happened and to render assistance. The surgeon's proffered services were most gladly accepted. When he was ready to examine the wound, the mother said:

"Now, Charley, it will hurt you to have the wound dressed, but it must be done, and you must try and bear it. It will soon be over."

"I'll try," said Charley, "if you'll be sure, mamma, and not let my leg be cut off."

She pressed him to her heart, and assured him with loving words that there was no occasion for so serious an operation.

"Sing to me, mamma. Sing to me!"

"Why, Charley—I—I—don't believe I can sing now," she faltered.

"You must, mamma, you must! Please sing to me just the same as you always do, and I'll keep awful still." And he reached up and put his arms pleadingly around her neck. There was a silence in the room as the little sufferer persisted in his strange request. Then the mother closed her eyes and tried to sing. Her voice was tremulous at first, but by a mighty effort she expelled from her mind every thought save the remembrance of her love for her wounded child; and she was soon able to sing to him almost as sweetly and softly as if in her own quiet home. The boy's arms gradually relaxed and he lay back again quietly upon the blood-stained bed, with his head resting half upon his pillow and half upon his mother's lap. His eyes were closed, and his pallid face had lost something of the roundness and fullness which marked it in the morning. The mother was bending over him with one of his hands in hers. On the other side of the bed sat Berty Pierson fanning Charley's face. At the foot stood the surgeon and the steward. Clustered around the room were half a dozen neighbors looking on with sympathetic, awe-stricken faces.

When the mother began to sing the song she knew he loved there was a solemn hush in the room and every eye was filled with tears. Even the rough old surgeon as he cut away the bloody bandages was seen to turn away his head and hastily draw his sleeve across his eyes a number of times, and the steward was hardly able to distinguish his instruments. Under the soothing effect of his mother's voice the boy allowed the wound to be dressed and the cruel stitches to be taken. Later in the day he dropped asleep and awoke considerably refreshed. He was uncomplaining through it all, and the fortitude with which he bore his

sufferings excited the admiration of every one.

In the cool of the evening Charley was taken home in an ambulance, sent for that purpose from the fort. The officers did everything in their power to atone for the suffering he had so carelessly and unintentionally caused. The surgeon and his assistants attended him tenderly and carefully until he was well.

The surgeon offered to procure his mother a pension, but Mrs. Gayes declined, saying that she was too thankful that her boy was alive to think of asking aid from the Government. Charley was soon able to walk with the aid of crutches, but could not dispense with their use for many months.

Mrs. Gayes, now an aged woman, loves to tell of those perilous times. One of her daughters, a lady of rare qualities, fills one of the highest positions allowed to her sex in the Government departments at Washington. She has in her little cabinet at home the very piece of shell which did its cruel work that day. It is rusty, and when picked up was blood-stained. Charley is a florist, and brings his flowers regularly to one of the Washington markets. He limps a little, and will always have cause to remember the summer morning when the New York regiment in Fort Smith burned his mother's house.—N. Y. Tribune.

EDISON.

The Alleged Misfortunes Which Have Overtaken the Electric King.

Although the system of lighting New York houses with the incandescent electric light has made great strides during the last three years, and although we now have one whole district of nearly a square mile partially lighted by the Edison system, it can not be said that the business has been a bonanza for any one concerned, not even Edison himself. It has been generally supposed, however, that the wizard of Menlo Park has so managed things as to derive considerable personal profit out of his patents. Consequently I was somewhat surprised to-day to learn upon good authority that Edison is now far from a rich man, and has very little authority even in the company of which he is supposed to be the head. Like all inventors, he believed that there were millions in his patents, and although he got enough ready money out of the company to enable him to live comfortably, he took most of his pay in stock. Now, while the Edison Company has done a tremendous amount of work in making the lamps, laying mains, and introducing his system, the expenses have been enormous. It is a new business, and every step was more or less of an experiment; much work had to be done over two or three times, and many costly blunders were made. The result has been that the stockholders have not seen much money in the shape of dividends, and Edison, relying largely upon his stock for reward, has practically nothing.

Besides, there has been a good deal of disappointment in the company over this state of things and an attempt was made nearly six months ago to turn Edison out, at least, to render his position of no authority. It was claimed that he was no business man, which is probably true, and that the company could get on better without him, which is probably untrue. For a time Edison succeeded in beating his opponents. I hear now, however, that they are getting the upper hand, and that Edison's voice in the management of the concern which bears his name is seldom heard.

Out of the quadruplex apparatus for sending four messages along one wire at the same time Edison made the money with which he began his electric light experiments. He was sufficiently well known in 1877 to attract the attention of capitalists to his schemes, and the stock of the Edison Electric Light Company, after the tremendous newspaper advertising he got in 1878, rose to fabulous prices. I remember that early in 1879 Edison's stock was quoted at \$2,000 for each one hundred dollar share. If Edison had not had faith in his own scheme, he might have sold out then and have been a rich man to-day. He kept his stock, and worked night and day in the service of the company.

Like most new things, there were difficulties, delays, and expenses of which no one dreamed. It took him a year more than he calculated to get his system in operation, and it was double the estimates. It had been announced that the new light would cost far less than gas. As a matter of fact it costs far more, and it was not long after the company got its works in operation that the stock fell in value and Edison found himself with a good deal of fame to show for his eight years' work, but with very little money.

Since the first station was opened, two years ago this coming summer, very little money had been made, and the work of extending the business has been slow. In the way of putting in isolated plants some money has been made, but not by Edison personally. Of late matters have gone from bad to worse, and I am sorry to say that the famous inventor shows signs of being bitterly disappointed. He is no business man, and spends more money on experiments than would suffice to support five ordinary families; hence his present financial depression. Fortunately, he is likely at any moment to bring forth something new, and there are always plenty of men ready to put money into his schemes. He is now living quietly in a little flat off Broadway in Eighteenth street, for which he pays a thousand a year, and working hard at a device for telegraphing between a moving train and stations along the line. There is already one company with a similar project and an apparatus for achieving this result, but Edison thinks he can do better.—N. Y. Cor. Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

The reported saying of Dr. J. P. Newman, General Grant's pastor: "Great men can gain nothing from religion, but religion can gain much from great men." is pronounced untrue by Dr. Newman, and he gives authority for this statement: "Great men can gain much from religion, but religion can gain nothing from great men."—N. Y. Tribune.

—Broom-corn toothpicks are manufactured extensively in Kansas.

FOUL CELLAR GASES.

Methods That May Be Relied Upon to Secure Purity.

Ordinarily, those who are intelligent and thoughtful will have looked after the cellar, removing decayed vegetables and the like, early in the season. Indeed, most of this class will wish to ventilate the cellar often during the winter, that the gas which flows down from the sleeping apartments, etc., may be removed about as fast as it accumulates.

It should be remembered that breathing and combustion, as well as fermentation and decay, evolve this deadly gas, which is heavier than the atmosphere, flowing like water, into the lower rooms and cellar, there to be disposed of in the best possible way, or it will prove a source of harm to the family. At this season of the year, when the usual warm weather materially hastens decomposition and putrefaction, these gases are rapidly emitted, and in their most deadly forms directly producing croup, diphtheria, fevers, malaria, and later in the season, aided by green fruits and vegetables, it may be, the dreaded cholera. As strange as it may seem, in Massachusetts, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, cellars may be still found that have received no special attention up to this time, cellars which have not been cleaned, it may be for years! We should not be surprised to learn that there are cases of sickness most of the time, not as the result of a mysterious dispensation of "Divine Providence," but of a want of decent cleanliness—"next to godliness." If we attempt to make a trip to such a reconnaissance we shall find it needful to take a light, for there is not a single window—darkness and filth prevailing.

The head may scarcely reach the upper stratum of the so-called air of this place, where the most of the family food is kept, before a tingling sensation in the nasal passages and throat will convince us that there is ammonia here. A little farther on we are reminded of the odor of very stale eggs, and we feel sure that sulphureted hydrogen gas has, in some way, found its way here, while the dimness of the light of the lamp indicates the presence of no small amount of carbonic acid gas! Where shall we find the sources of these deadly gases? On our right a part of a barrel of decayed apples may be found, left in the early part of the winter, when the best ones were used in cooking, while on the left is a quantity of potatoes, in a similar plight, a heap of decaying cabbages, turnips, beets, etc., saturated with filth. In other parts are pieces of mouldy bread and cake overlooked months since—bones and pieces of stale meats, taken out of the pork barrel last fall, the remains of a few rats, poisoned soon after they came in the cellar in the fall, all in the active process of decay and putrefaction, filling the cellar with the seeds of disease and death! Yet, here in this pest-vault, this poisonous, crowded, filthy place, the family milk and cream are kept, the bread, cake, cooked meats, puddings, even the more liquid foods, those more easily absorbing these foul gases, the family literally living (sickening and dying) on filthy and poisonous foods, wondering perhaps why they should be so fearfully cursed by a bad climate and fickle weather.

What shall be done? Prepare a place for at least two windows, and open the doors on the first windy day, allowing the pure air to rush through for two days, when it may be safe for the men to commence a general renovation, with hoes, shovels, rakes, removing everything that the light of the sun may scatter the foul gases, every box, barrel and dish to be thoroughly aired.

The scrapings from the bottom will make excellent fertilizing garden materials, while the older and more filthy boxes, etc., may be burned. Then the walls, posts, all should be thoroughly whitewashed twice, the beautiful alabaster serving a similar purpose in the upper part of the house. The bucket of whitewash serving a good purpose, occasionally changed, kept in the cellar at all times, as a means of keeping it pure, absorbing these gases. Pure and free air, by the great law of diffusion, serving to attenuate and dilute foul gases, robbing them of their potency, the light of the sun, and whitewash or slacked lime in the cellar are the more valuable and cheap means of securing purity on favorable terms.—Golden Rule.

PERSIAN POETRY.

Its Characteristics Pointed Out and Their Relations.

Persian poetry had its birth in a country conspicuous for natural advantages; a country distinguished for the mildness of its climate, the clearness of its streams and the perpetual verdure of its plains a country of lofty mountains, inland seas and rolling rivers; the land of the gazelle, the camel and the caravan; a land abounding in fruits and flowers, full of pleasant gardens and enlivened with the songs of innumerable birds; a land where millions of butterflies of the richest colors were wafted through the summer air. In this land of the olive, the date, the pomegranate and the fig, where the palms of the South met the pines of the North, was reared a race of men combining in a rare degree ingenuity, vivacity, intellectual force, subtlety and refinement of manners. The Persians early acquired a reputation as a people of taste, invention and artistic skill. The finest silks, the richest velvets, the costliest brocades, the softest and rarest carpets and the most splendid tissues were of Persian origin. The art newly discovered in America and Europe, how to combine great variety of colors with perfect harmony, and to delight the eye with soft and pleasing gradations, producing a rich composite effect from the simplest elements, was original with the Persians centuries ago. The very figures of floor cloth on which the Shah Mahmood walked in the tenth century, the shawl patterns that adorned the heroines of Jamini and Haliz are imitated in the looms of England and the United States to-day. In architecture and the fine arts, as in decorative art, the Persians of the middle ages achieved a notable success. Their chief cities showed splendid palaces, filled with gems of art and sparkling with jewels, and stately mosques with white or azure domes.—North American Review.

CHANGE OF SCENE.

Advice to Invalids Which Is Well Intended, but Often Efficacious.

That is indeed a strange idea that the sick, simply on account of invalidism, should take himself away from home influences, pleasant relations and cheering companionship and his accustomed climate, for the sake of securing a "change of scene." It may have originated in the distracted brain of some disheartened and unsuccessful medical adviser, as the most available means of having a patient of a very critical character in the hands of a stranger, in some different climate, advising "traveling for health." Home is the place for the sick, where loved ones may sympathize with them and attend to every want. Aside from circumstances and conditions unconnected with illness, severing the pleasant relations of the sick, condemning them to hotel life, among strangers, is unnatural, unphysiological, not to say cruel! The sick can not well tolerate excitement, the unrest which is necessarily connected with a life among strangers, while it is often true that the changes are too abrupt, seriously affecting the health.

If there are any unfavorable natural circumstances, if the climate may prove unfavorable to some particular form of disease, rarely true, it may be well to make a slight change, one of latitude rather than of longitude. It is generally injudicious to remove to any locality in which the temperature differs widely from that in which one was born. It is still more injudicious to remove to a much warmer climate, where the enervating influences must reduce the recuperative powers, lessening the prospects of a recovery. Modern science has demonstrated the fact that it is safer to remove to a colder climate, rather than a hotter one, though all abrupt changes, in all respects, are to be avoided. If one is the constant victim of foul miasms, breathing the noxious gases of some filthy district, a change of the latitude is imperative, if the locality can not be renovated, made inhabitable. When one has only an unpleasant home, if he is denied the ordinary comforts of life, has only unpleasant companions, a "change of scene" may be desirable, an ordinary boarding-house being an improvement. Even in such a case, constant travel is unfavorable to a restoration, since there are not many of the robust who are improved in health by such travels. If one is bereft of pure air and sunlight, if he has no companionable society, if he is constantly irritated, he may safely "change the scene," but never simply for the sake of a change.—Golden Rule.

BUDDENSIK MORTGAGES.

A Warning to Those Who Advance Money to Builders.

The Sanitary World offers a warning to persons who are in the habit of advancing money on mortgage to builders without examining the structures intended to secure the loan, which derives additional emphasis from the recent fall of one Buddensiek block in New York and the enforced rebuilding of others, which is now going on by direction of the Building Bureau. In the English case to which the Sanitary World refers, a builder of the Buddensiek sort of work erected in London two houses, the workmanship of which was far from satisfactory to the district surveyor, who complained against him for using bad mortar, and had him fined for the offense, and ordered to change his method of building forthwith. The builder took no notice of the order, but completed the houses ready for occupancy, and they managed to obtain, as builders know how to do, a large loan upon them, giving a mortgage in return. The Metropolitan Board of Works, whose mandate he had disobeyed, had in the meanwhile, however, instituted legal proceedings against him, and obtaining a verdict, with the necessary authority from the court, it proceeded, after ordering out the occupants, to demolish both the houses, and with them the security of the unfortunate lender, who had really bought the houses at a high price from the builder, without troubling himself to inquire about defects, which, as it proved, made them worse than worthless. The Sanitary World, while deploring the success of the trick by which the rascally builder shifted the consequences of his misdeeds upon the innocent mortgagee, points out that the latter, by taking the precaution to inquire of the district surveyor as to the character of the houses, might easily have ascertained that they were not only defective but had been actually condemned and ordered to be taken down, and would thus have been warned against throwing away his money in a loan upon them, and truly says that notwithstanding the hardship to the mortgagee, his want of prudence should not be allowed to interfere with the public welfare, which unquestionably demanded the destruction of the buildings.—American Architect.

PUTREFACTION.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Philo-sophical Society Prof. McKendrick and Mr. J. J. Coleman gave an account of some recent experiments on the effect of low temperatures on the putrefactive process and on vital phenomena. They found that the continued exposure of putrescible fluids to a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees below zero did not prevent the micro-organisms causing putrefaction and not killed even by this extreme cold, a temperature probably lower than any prevailing in the Polar regions, so that micro-organisms might exist even there. They hoped to continue their experiments with an atmosphere at a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees below zero.—N. Y. Post.

—Boston girl (to Uncle James, a farmer)—Do you like living on a farm, Uncle James?—Yes, I like it very much. Boston Girl—I suppose it is nice enough in the glad summer time, but to go out in the cold and snow to gather winter apples and harvest winter wheat I imagine might be anything but pleasant.—N. Y. Times.

BEEF BRAINS.

They Are in Demand Just Now—How They Are Procured.

"These are the brains of Colorado cattle, just slaughtered and fresh," said a gray-haired man to the keeper of a restaurant on Madison street yesterday. "I've sold all but this dozen, and you can have 'em for \$2." The restaurant-keeper showed a disposition to purchase and asked the man to disclose his wares. In a short time the brains were removed from a bucket and placed on a large platter. They were covered with coagulated blood and looked anything but palatable, but the seller said that a wash in warm water and salt would remove the objectionable features and impart to the brains a wholesome odor. He was given his price, and was told that the restaurant was a ready market for all such viands.

"Yes, the brains of cattle are a treat at this season of the year," said the caterer, "but we have difficulty in securing a supply. A great many people are infatuated with sweetbreads, especially those whose stomachs are of the weak sort. Now, the brains of cattle are in greater demand than sweetbreads, and when it becomes known that the dish can be secured here epicures from all parts of the city will pay me a visit. Moreover, the dish is a nutritious one, and when prepared by a French cook is fit for the gods. Yes, I'll sell those at sixty cents per order, and you can see that there is quite a profit in them. The cause of the small supply is attributed to the manner in which cattle are killed in Chicago. One would think that where thousands of cattle are slaughtered daily there would be an abundance of brains, but such is not the case. Some of the butchers slaughter their cattle by stoving in their skulls with a sledge-hammer. Others shoot them through the brains, and when cattle are killed that way the brains are unfit for food. The blood coagulates there, and besides the brains are smashed into a jelly. They have to be taken out whole and handled carefully in order to dispose of them to customers."

The little man who makes a living by supplying restaurants with brains was seen, and he agreed with the caterer. He said: "Packers have no use for the brains of cattle, and, in fact, it is the only part of the beef that is not used. As a dish it is the finest in the restaurant line, but it is hard to get 'em. When the butcher severs the head from the body and removes the tongue, I take the head one side and with a chisel remove the front of the skull. A couple of twists of a knife blade remove the little chords and out it drops. Without much difficulty I can get two down a day. I sell them for two dollars per dozen, so you see it's not a bad business."

"Do you have to pay anything for them?"

"Not a dollar to speak of. Maybe I buy half a dozen's worth of beer for the butchers at dinner time. I can well afford to do that."

"You enjoy a monopoly of the business?"

"A what?"

"You have the business all to yourself."

"Yes, kind of; there were some fellows who 'fished for brains' for a while, but they looked upon it as a dirty business and quit."

The men who entertained such opinions were correct. The "brain man," as he is called, was not attractive in appearance, his clothing being bespattered with blood from head to foot.—Chicago Tribune.

A NOBLE BOY.

The Motive for Johnny's Self-Abnegation.

There was no doubt but that Johnny Fizzletop was the laziest and most mischievous boy in the whole school. Whenever anything went wrong Johnny was sure to be blamed for it. One day the school-teacher missed his spectacles. He remembered having put them on the desk but a few minutes before. He threatened to punish the whole school in case the spectacles were not forthcoming.

"Now, boys, for the last time I tell you whoever took those spectacles to come forward and own it he did it. If he doesn't the whole class will be kept in for an hour after school," he said, excitedly.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Johnny held up his hand, and asked, in an uncertain sort of voice, what the boy who took the spectacles would get.

"A good sound licking," thundered the teacher.

"Please, sir, I took the spectacles," said Johnny.

A painful scene ensued. At last the teacher got through, and out of breath, was about to take his seat, when the door opened and his servant entered, bringing the spectacles.

"You left the spectacles at home," said the servant, "and I thought I would bring them over, as you can't see well without them."

"What! The spectacles?" exclaimed the school-teacher, very much astonished.

Yes, there were his spectacles beyond a doubt. Just at this moment Johnny broke out into a dismal wail, saying, between sobs:

"O, Lord! O, Lord! and I have been licked for them very spectacles!"

"But, Johnny," said the astonished school-teacher, "how did you come to say you took the specs? It is a noble trait in your character, my boy, to sacrifice yourself for the good of the whole class, particularly when you are innocent."

"That's not why I said I took the specs," exclaimed Johnny.

"What is the reason?" asked the teacher.

"If I hadn't said I did it," explained Johnny, "I would have been kept in with the whole class, and when I'm kept in I don't get any dinner, and we've got pudding for dinner to-day."

—Ginger Sponge Cake: One cup molasses, one cup butter, two cups sugar, four eggs, three cups flour, one cup milk, teaspoonful soda and ginger.—The Household.

Chase County Court.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.

THE COMING OF THE ROSE.

The star-gowned girls, which are never seen except by eyes on the daisy green. Were rolled apart at a touch to-day. And all the roses are on their way. Coming to fill the land with light. To crown the summer with garlands bright.

Sweet within sweet and fold on fold. Crimson and white, and cloth of gold— This with its fiery heart aglow. That with the luster of falling snow. See them toss on the prickly hedge. See their foam on the meadow's edge.

Blooming as fair by the roof of thatch As when a princess may lift the latch. Scattering odors pure and sweet On the dusty road or the throbbing street. Baffling the grasp of a rude desire. By the jealous watch of the sentry brief.

Everywhere is the fragrance poured: Earth is a garden of the Lord. The rose is tuned to a merry strain. Music and perfume, joy and June— Nothing is jangled or out of tune.

Bird still on the jeweled spray Weaves the rose in his rollicking lay: Child at sport by the eucalyptus door. Never was half so glad before: Little wren in the hidden nest. Chirps of the pleasure that fills her breast.

Which is the lovelier, bud or rose. The clasp that hides or the bloom that grows. Fairer and braver hour by hour. Till we gaze entranced on the perfect flower? Somebody wiser than you or I. Dear little questioner, must reply.

As I stoop to your rose-bud lips. Gates through which inebriated lips— I, as I bend with a kiss to meet. The wistful eyes in their candor sweet— Know that the bud so fresh and true. Is the dearest thing in this world to me.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.

CUPID AND CUT RATES.

A New York Scalper's Romantic Love Story.

THE SCALPER'S NARRATION.

They say that "all is fair in love and war." The railroad companies have found out that there is a good deal that is not fair in this war of cut rates. You may think this is a joke. If you've got any such foolish idea as that into your head, just tackle the first stockholder you meet and see if he don't tell you it's cold, hard truth. This sort of funny business between the trunk lines— you cut my throat and I cut yours, so to speak—has made it lively for us. Too lively, to be honest with you, when we come to figure up the profits. I'd rather see less people here in my Broadway office and more money. Don't you see for yourself that it is less wear and tear on the nerves, not to speak of the furniture, to sell twenty tickets a day at a clean commission of three dollars a ticket, than to sell one hundred on a fifty-cent margin, not to speak of having to turn ourselves inside out as a universal railway guide and bureau of information for two hundred more people, who finally go to some other fellow's shop to buy their tickets?

The theory of our side of the railroad business and the basis of our success— when we have any— is that half the world wants to get something for nothing, something for less than it is worth, something cheaper than the market price. So you see, we don't have any very altitudinous opinion of the class of folks who mostly patronize us. Our best customers are fellows who could just as well afford to pay full rates and never know the difference. Of course, though, a good many poor people come here, and in helping them save a dollar or two dollars, I feel as though we are regular out and out, died-in-the-wool philanthropists.

Funny customers? Do we have any? Do we have anything else? I would like to ask you. Some of them are regular, but mostly transient. I'll tell you about one of my regular customers if you'll keep it to yourself. If it should get out the boys would have the grand laugh on me, from Canal street to the Astor House. It was about six weeks ago— just six weeks ago to-day if you are so particular about dates—that a young woman came in and asked: "What does a ticket to Chicago cost?"

"Seventeen dollars," I said. "Without another word she walked out— except, I believe, she did say: 'Thank you' in a very low tone. The next day she came again and asked the same question, and got the same answer. The third time she came, which was the day following, I noticed her more closely. She was very plainly dressed, but somehow her dry goods looked better than some that cost a pile of money. She knew how to wear things like a lady. She might have been a saleswoman or a school-teacher or anything of that sort that a lady might be who was down in her luck. She looked pale and sad, but there was something brave in her eyes that made a fellow respect her. At any rate, it made me pull off my hat and lay my cigar down— and there are mighty few folks I ever do either for in business hours.

"What is the price of a Chicago ticket to-day?" "Sixteen dollars," I said. There was just a little glad streak came into her tired face at the drop of a dollar that made me wonder how glad she would look if the tumble had been five times as large. But she only said "Thank you," and walked quietly away as before. I wondered if she would come again, but the next day she was here at about the same time. Prices had stiffened up again, and I felt like a brute when I had to say "Seventeen dollars" instead of "Sixteen," which I would much rather have said, and I believe I should, and pocketed the loss, if so many other people had not crowded around.

She opened her large, blue eyes at me as though she thought I must be mistaken. After she had repeated the question to make sure, and had received the same answer— I hadn't the courage to look her in the face when I said "Seventeen," and so made believe I was terribly busy with some letters— she walked away more slowly than usual. The next three days running the rates stood still at seventeen dollars, and "My Customer"— I'd got to calling her

so in my mind— came and went regularly at the same hour. Then early the next morning we got news of a big break. Prices were all at sixes and sevens, but we started in at fourteen dollars to Chicago. When she came— I suppose it does not cost any more to put in a capital than a small "s"— I felt a little nervous about telling her. To tell the honest truth, I was afraid she would buy a ticket and that would be the last I would see of her. Then I thought to myself: "It's none of your business, anyhow. What do you care— what right have you to care?" And I had to answer back: "Not any." And besides, it was evident she was so anxious to go that I would rather she would go if it would make her the least bit happier. It was rather a lost-used-to-being-disappointed sort of a tone in which she asked her regular question, but there was plenty of life and snap, and it sounded good to hear the way in which she said: "Oh, I thank you!" when I told her "Fourteen," just as though I was responsible for it and made all the rates for the whole country. But she didn't buy any ticket all the same, and it may be foolish for a scalper to say— and a scalper who is not in the habit of getting left— to own up, fair and square, that I was downright relieved when she did not plunk down fourteen dollars on my counter.

It was fourteen dollars the next day, and she asked me if I thought it would go any lower. I told her everything was so mixed up it was impossible to tell, but the chances were that tickets would yet sell for twelve dollars and perhaps less. "Do you think they will get as low as ten dollars?" she asked. And then I knew her figure and what she was waiting for, and I was glad to size up her pile at last. "I wouldn't wonder if it got down to ten," I said, "but I don't know how soon it will be, and I hope you are in no hurry about going."

When that fly clerk of mine heard what I had said about hoping she wasn't in a hurry, having seen her coming in or going out every day for two or three weeks, he thought I was trying to be sarcastic, and the continental idiot laughed. First she looked at him and then at me with those great, blue eyes, and then, without a word, she walked away, and somehow I felt as though I would not see her again. I haven't got the ugliest disposition in the world, but I believe I would really have enjoyed choking that fly clerk until he was half dead. As it was, I told him in eucalyptus the profits would not allow the luxury of two clerks, and as he was the last to come he should be the first to go, and that he could look for another place at the end of the week. When he turned pale and said he had a sick mother and two little sisters to support on his ten dollars a week, of course I could do nothing but keep him; but I gave him some advice about laughing in the wrong place that he went forget to his dying day.

She didn't come the next day, nor the next, nor the next. I was getting nervous and too cross for any earthly use when, on the fourth day after my fly clerk laughed— I say the fourth day after, because he hadn't laughed since— in she came at the usual hour. "Tickets are eleven dollars to-day," I said, before she had time to ask her regular question, and I could not help showing that I was glad to see her again, although for the life of me I dared not say so. And then, without giving her time to speak, I rattled on: "You've had so much bother and trouble waiting, though, that I will make it ten to you if you are in a hurry to go."

I did this to make up for the rudeness of my fly clerk, but it was an effort that took nerve, I tell you, for I was sure this would be the last of her, and that, of all things, was what I didn't want to see. "I thank you very much," she said, "but I am able to pay the full price when I buy a ticket." When she was gone I was rather glad to know that her pride had prevented her accepting my offer of a dollar's discount, for it gave me still another chance of seeing her even if ten dollars should be the next day's rate.

It was selfish, I know, and I own up to it, but I felt as near like a fellow who is sentenced to be hanged and then gets a reprieve for twenty-four hours as I hope I ever will feel when I found the next day's rate was twelve dollars. For two days this was the ruling price, and then the cut rate fell to ten dollars. And now my only thought was: "Will she come here once more, or will she buy her ticket of some one else?" She did come.

"I see by this morning's paper that the price of a ticket to Chicago to-day would be ten dollars," she said, very demurely. "Is that correct?" She handed me ten dollars in silver, mostly dimes, and it took me a long while to count it. I knew I would not see her again, and I was in that state of mind that I wanted to do something for her which she could not refuse. "You have made a mistake," I said. She turned pale, and I saw her little hand tightly grasp the edge of the counter as she asked: "Is there no money enough? Is there not ten dollars?" "Oh, yes, enough, and more than enough; here at a twelve dollar— see?" Then I counted out before her the ten dollars she had paid me, and the two dollars in quarters that I had hastily slipped in with her money, and then handed back to her two dollars. She was about to say something further, but I said: "Excuse me, but I am too busy to bother about change. What train do you wish your ticket for?"

"Eight o'clock to-night," she said, hesitatingly, still holding the two dollars in her hand. I made a memorandum of the number of her ticket— 3,684— as I stamped it, put it in an envelope and handed it to her. Still she hesitated and was about to say something more, and again I said: "Excuse me— your ticket is all right— please don't bother me about that change again. I wish you a very pleasant journey and hope I may have the pleasure of selling you a ticket again some time."

Without waiting to hear a word I rushed out, catching one farewell

glimpse as I passed, and dropped in at the r-val cut-rate office next door to talk over the situation. But for the life of me, if I were called into court to testify, I couldn't tell one single word that was said. When I went back to my office she was gone, and I didn't care whether Chicago tickets sold for ten dollars or ten cents— or didn't sell at all.

Now I am a business man, a practical man, a cut-rate man, a scalper, but a sudden inspiration dawned on me when I looked at the number of the ticket she had bought. I knew the train on which she was going, I too, would go to Chicago on the same train and if in any way I could serve her— if I could win her confidence to the extent of being allowed to do something for her there would be bigger and more comfortable than any profit my box could show. I had to rush around lively in order to get away, for it was the worst possible time for me to leave, and when I got to the station the train was just pulling out and it was a close call that I caught it at all.

THE CONDUCTOR'S CHAPTER.

Queer experience a conductor has? You are just right he does. There are cranks of assorted sizes on every train till it makes me tired, and I ain't one of the tired kind. I've been railroaded— train boy, brakeman and conductor— twenty-two years, and I've seen things to make a fellow laugh till he split and tragedies— real tragedies— to make a white man's heart ache. But I ain't glad, first and last and all along between, I have never had anything strike me more in a heap than the other night when I had one of them Broadway cut-throats— I mean cut-rate, scaping fellows— on my train. He swung on just as I did, as she was pulling out, and went direct to the smoking car and took a seat, although he had a whole section in the Chicago sleeper and is well fixed. Our Pullman conductor put me on him as a scalper or I wouldn't have known who he was from a side of Illinois sole leather. When I came through punching tickets the scalper says to me in an off-hand sort of a way: "Conductor, keep an eye out for ticket No. 3,684, and when you come back let me know where it is located," handing over a first-class cigar as he spoke.

"All right," said I, thinking there's a woman in the case, or else some fellow has put up a job on him about that ticket and he is laying for him. When I found 3,684 it wasn't any woman or any job— only a poor, hump-backed cripple, fit to make your heart ache to look at. A bright face and all that— too bright for the kind of a body it was hitched to— just the sort of a face to make a fellow want to kick up a row with all creation that such things could be. He wasn't in a sleeper, neither, but in a day car, all wrapped around with shawls and made comfortable-like as though somebody loved him, and had fixed him to go through with as little bother and shaking up as possible. Well, I went back after I'd been through the train, and said to the scalper, who was pulling away nervous like: "I have found your 3,684."

"She's in the Chicago sleeper, ain't she? She's comfortable, isn't she?" "Well," I said, "you'd better see for yourself." She is in the fifth seat from the front, on the left-hand side in the next car back. He threw his cigar away and hurried into that car. A moment later he came back, looking black and ugly. "What do you mean by monkeying with me?" he said. "Where is the young lady with Chicago ticket No. 3,684?"

"I don't know your racket," said I, "but if you think I'm fooling about it just walk back with me and I'll soon convince you." He followed, and when we had reached the cripple's seat I said: "Excuse me, sir, but is your ticket for Chicago?" With that he reached down, and hauling out his pocket-book handed me ticket No. 3,684. The scalper stood close by and I held my lantern up while I looked so that he could see plain at the same time. There was a vacant seat behind the cripple and the scalper, without a word, sat down in it. I went ahead to smoke. When I came through next time the scalper had the cripple in his arms and was carrying him back to his own section in the Chicago sleeper, while the train boy followed with the cripple's things— a shawl, a bag, a pillow for his back and a big convoluted full of lunch. The cripple was put into the scalper's lower berth, while he himself climbed into the upper, and that's all I know about them, except that I ain't ashamed to say it, that whoever and whatever that cripple was, it was a kind act the way that Broadway scalper treated him.

THE SCALPER RESUMES AND CONCLUDES.

It was a great piece of good luck on my part, as I am sure that you will agree, that I found Her brother on the train. He is unfortunate in having a crooked back, but his head is so level and his brain so bright that no one ever thinks he is deformed. At first I was disappointed in not finding Her; but after all it was better in every way that I met Her brother. It was for him she had saved up money that he could go to friends in the West who are able and willing to help him, and not for a trip for herself. He was good enough to take pity on me, because I was so homesome, and consent to share my sleep-gar section with me. I never rode with a more agreeable fellow in my life, and we parted grateful when I finally was obliged to leave him in Chicago and come back. He also sent a message to his sister here in New York, which he said I must deliver personally, and as he made such a point of my doing it in person I couldn't refuse.

Now it just occurs to me you have been too inquisitive all along, and I didn't stop to think who I was talking to; and so I will not, under any consideration, tell you who she is or what a grand, brave struggle she has been making for her invalid mother and her unfortunate brother. But having thoughtlessly gone on as far as I have,

I don't suppose it can do any real harm to say that, whatever her name may be now, a week from to-day it will be the same as mine, and I'd like to give everybody a free ride to wherever they want to go, or do anything in reason to make everyone as happy as I am now, regardless of the fact that if cut rates save money to some people, they have given me— or will in a few days give me— a mother-in-law and a lame brother-in-law to care for, not to mention a wife too good for the best and squarest scalper who ever drummed up business on Broadway, and so I go in for cut rates to the end of the chapter. —Detroit Post.

LATE FASHIONS.

Some Interesting Intelligence Concerning Dresses, Bonnets and Other Female Varieties. Watered Irish poplins are displayed. Brocade moire antique is again a fashionable fabric for elegant toilets. In white these superb materials are much used for bridal toilets.

Some of the new bonnets and hats of cactus-lace straw are wonderfully light and comfortable, and so loosely braided as to show the gay linings beneath. In other fancy braids are heather-mixed straws, with brims studded with mock pearl, sapphire, opal or jet beads.

For traveling and riding the camisard, or French refugee wrap, made of dove-gray ponce, dark cardinal surah, fawn-colored vigogne, or cashmere, is considered very stylish abroad— so reports an importer recently returned. A silk embroidery in one color, or rows of narrow silk braid, is the usual decoration of these long protective mantles.

A pretty change easily afforded to those who already possess a dress of plain white veiling or cashmere made last year is the purchase of about five yards of double-width goods matching the hue and fabric of the skirt portion, but embroidered or brocaded with small dots or other figures in mauve, pale blue, brown, etc. The costume as a whole will look a rich and dainty one, while the cost for sufficient quantity of the new figured material to make a waist and apron over and over and over long polonaise, will be really very little.

Some of the newer fishwife poke bonnets are more rounding in shape, and not so narrow about the ears, or so high and peaked in the crown as formerly, making them much more becoming to the generality of faces than the towering peaked shapes as first introduced. These bonnets are now chosen and appropriately worn by ladies of every age, and they are shown in every size. The more exaggerated shapes give a quaint and piquant look to the faces of pretty blooming young ladies, while the larger modified styles impart a certain stately and high-bred appearance to matrons of mature years. Altogether, the fishwife bonnet is a favorite.

Over many of the white toilets of silk, satin or materials of lighter, diaphanous material are draped very beautiful hand-embroidered scarfs of silk, etamine, canvas, crape, grenadine or tulle. These are very wide and form the drapery in the back. Some of these scarfs are embroidered with pure white silk alone; others are richly wrought with small flowers and foliage in Oriental colors in which shades of pink, orange and pearl, ruby, amber and emerald beads are deftly intermingled.

Bodices of lace, high in the neck, to be worn over low-necked waists of silk or satin, promise to be a leading fashion for dressy toilets the coming summer. The sleeves to these are half long and lace-edged. This style of corsage is far prettier and more becoming than the regularly low-cut bodice which displays the bare neck and arms, and added to its graceful effect it is a fashion which will prove most comfortable during the sultry summer season.

New Jersey bodices are imported, made of chenille and silk canvas, with glints of gold showing the wool. A handsome dancing dress was a pale blue silk and chenille jersey attached to short skirts of soft blue Ottoman. A Louis Quinze scarf of silvery blue silk etamine bordered with an elaborate embroidery of golden wheat heads, sprays of forget-me-nots, and convolvulif, is added. The skirt is covered with fan-plaited flowers, veiled with narrower plaitings of the silk canvas. The bodice is cut square in the neck and trimmed with the embroidery. A very narrow strap of this canvas answers for a sleeve, and the strap is edged with dainty double frills of pale gold lace and soft blue lace, laid one above the other.

The new Russian riding boot, which has become very popular, is made of soft black kid with patent-leather tops. They are cut to reach about three inches and a half above the ankle, and are fastened with tiny round buttons of French gold.

A new variety of costly lace is imported, which very much resembles the designs of Duchesse lace, except that around the edges of the filmy leaves, flowers and delicate vines is a hand-wrought tracery of fine silk cord, which veils the leaves and outlines each exquisite bud and blossom. The narrow fringes of this lace are sold at eight dollars a yard, and the wider patterns for flouncings cost forty dollars a yard.

Some of the new French polonaises of plain Lyons satin, Victoria silk, or heavy Ottoman cord, are fashioned in front to form a slender vest. The sides lengthen into wide panels, which reach quite to the bottom of the dress skirt, and the full drapery falls in rich, untrapped folds in the back. One handsome costume of bronze brown satin shot with gold, shows the panels bordered with a rich passementerie of arnasse, tufts of silk chenille, and shed-silks in gold and bronze. This is a shilly-trimming also covers the front vest and adorns the sleeves and high standing collar. Summer silks of every description are also made in this style, the trimmings being bands of velvet ribbon laid in straight rows. —N. Y. Evening Post.

The planting of our native trees to a larger extent is recommended by *Viv's Magazine*. The value of these trees, it says, in their ornamental aspect, is sufficient to warrant a considerable effort to procure and plant them.

TWO CENTS.

They found us only two cents short! They thought to catch us, did they, hey? Our statement of the Robeson sort. Who safely stored the swag away. Who left the lean and took the fat. Were quite two cents outside for that.

Where are the millions that we got Through whisky rings, refunded debt, a Star routes the navy, and what not? All far beyond their reach, you bet. The nice that can evade the cut Are fully wise enough for that.

The money that we said was there Was there; we did not need to lie; Nor did we strip the Treasury bare, The campaign charge to justify Which fails so very flat; For we were much too sharp for that.

Those nifty coppers we will pay; But thank you we will lose our catch On swag with which we got away. Not if we know ourselves— not much. Even a modern Democrat Would be two cents outside for that.

NO MARGIN FOR MISTAKES. A Few Earnest Words Addressed to Virginia Democrats. The Democrats of Virginia carried that State for the Cleveland Electors by 6,141 majority in a total vote of 284,991, larger by many thousands than had ever before been cast.

Though the opposition was so divided as to appear before the Republican National Convention with two sets of delegates, and though there must have remained some bitterness on account of the nomination of a candidate who the other did not favor, yet the Mahoneites came out openly and boldly as the Republican party of Virginia, polled over fifteen thousand votes more than they had for the Legislature in 1883 and cut the Democratic majority from seventeen thousand down to six thousand in a single year.

There is no margin left to allow for incapacity, partiality or favoritism among Democratic leaders. It is too small to play with. The Mahoneites will fight harder this year than they ever have before, because they are fighting for their lives, and they will take every advantage of the slightest errors in policy of the Democratic leaders. If they lose their political power will be forever gone. If they win they will retain all they have lost in the last two years, together with that prestige which results from a restoration to political honors from which one has been in a measure dispossessed.

That there is some discontent prevailing among Virginia Democrats is not open to argument, though its extent and possible effect undoubtedly is. A part of it is due to the slow and conservative policy of the Administration, which allows the Mahone office-holders, whose appointments were wholly political, and made solely for partisan purposes, to remain for the present undisturbed. It is more than probable this state of things will speedily regulate itself; but whether it does or not, Virginia Democrats ought not to, however much they may be held responsible.

But there has been some criticism of the acts of Virginia Democratic leaders and office-holders which is certainly pertinent, so far as founded on facts. The Lynchburg Convention of 1883, in its platform of principles, has this to say among other expressions of its views: "We demand such real civil-service reform as will make merit the test of official fitness and exclude the system of bargain and sale of offices."

Objection is made to the plan by which the Democratic Congressmen have parceled out the Federal appointments that it militates against this resolution, in that it does not make merit the test, and that it is closely allied to the bargain-and-sale principle because it permits eight Congressmen to divide up the Federal offices in the State by agreement among themselves, from which their own constituents are excluded and in which the Democrats of the two Republican districts have no representative at all.

It is much more to the purpose to note the existence of the objection than to question its soundness. If the Virginia Democrats do not like the plan the best thing to do is to abrogate it and start over. Though it be not very bad, it is certainly not so obviously excellent as to warrant adherence to it in spite of the persistent opposition of men who have votes and who are not particular at times how they use them.

Another point made by criticising Democrats is that the young men of the party have not received the recognition which has been promised and so which they are entitled. This is no new statement. It was said four years ago that one reason for Mahone's strength was that he brought young men out and gave them opportunities for political preferment, which Democratic leaders had continued to deny them. Like the other complaint, its existence is of more importance than its soundness, and it should be put an end to at once.

In short, every Virginia Democrat ought to do all he can to maintain harmony and contentment in the party ranks. Good management, combined with unselfish purposes among the party leaders, ought to carry Virginia for the Democracy by thirty thousand majority. —Washington Post.

VILAS' LETTER.

A Letter as Happy as it Has Made the Republicans Unhappy. The circular letter sent out by the Postmaster-General to the Democratic members of Congress in reference to postmasters, has elicited an angry howl from the Republican ranks. Hatton, in the astoundingly novel position of pure, lofty etherealiser, above the low depths of partisanship, cries that it is the duty of all Republican postmasters to resign because the letter hits at that great ancient principle of self-respect which has invariably characterized the Republican office-holder, not excepting the Virginia Outcast and the odoriferous vermillion singer singing hallojays while they robbed the people.

Hatton himself resigned some months since, when he could not do otherwise, and several Republican postmasters have followed his example under similar circumstances. It is not probable that any of that late Republican campaign army will act hastily in getting out until they must go. Advice from a man who was forced to leave

can be given easily, but it can not be so readily taken by one who is in and hopes for retention. The Postmaster-General's letter is as happy as it has made the Republican party unhappy. Our Republican contemporaries think it has an assassin's aspect because it bears the mark "confidential." But the enlightened, unbiased public regard the private mark as imparting to the document that mysterious potency and poetically pungent aroma accompanying the swing of the unseen censor, which, no matter how dense and disagreeable the surroundings, will purge and purify the atmosphere. Mr. Vilas says of his plan, that it is, in short, to pick out the most obnoxious and offensive partisans in each county, to the number of a sixth to a quarter of all, and choose first-class men to take their places.

Virginians know what the term offensive partisan means, and how especially appropriate it is in connection with the post-offices in Virginia after they fell into Mahone's hands. The postal service must of necessity be well organized, and this organized force was hurried under the direction of a shameless adventurer against the free voters of Virginia. There were spies, bullies and workers in that force, which was made additionally strong by the aid of money. When here and there some poor negro rising superior to his fellow-white slaves sought to shake off the Mahone shackles and organize an independent movement whereby he could vote and act as his more manly impulses dictated, it was the post-office spy who first detected the effort, it was the post-office worker who surrounded the meeting, and it was the post-office bully who browbeated the timid into submission and forced the passage of the resolution of "confidence in our Senator for his noble efforts in behalf of Virginia. It was only by a general uprising of the people that a free expression of the voters was obtained and Virginia's true voice was heard despite the struggles of this postal-service army to prevent it.

The existence of such an organized force of partisans in this state is a lasting menace to Virginia. Simple justice demands its overthrow, and justice is what the Postmaster-General proposes to give a long-suffering people. It is for that Virginians have long, and until now, vainly appealed.—Richmond (Va.) State.

OVERHAUL THE BOOKS. The Necessity for This Clear to the Most Obtuse Intelligence. Republican exultation over the accurate balancing of the cash in the United States Treasury is too pronounced and loud to be wholly genuine. It deceives nobody, not even themselves. Nobody anticipated any shortage in the cash account, and there would have been just as much surprise among Democrats as among Republicans if a shortage had been shown.

The Treasury proper, that is, the cash room, is the last place where any stealing would be likely or practicable. It is one of the necessities of the business that the cash should be balanced and the balance verified daily; and until this is done the employes are compelled to remain in the office. Only by a combination of all the persons through whose hands the money passes or who have custody of it could any abstraction be made. Such a combination it would be almost impossible to effect. Every member of it would know that he was in the power of every other, and that any change in the official force would almost inevitably bring sure detection. A large combination, moreover, would mean small profits and division; and the minimum of results with the maximum of risk is not attractive to the dishonest.

It would have been safe to predict, then, at any time that the cash count in the Treasury would come out right to a cent as it has. If there has been any fraud in that branch of the Government it will be found in the books, where concealment is comparatively easy, and involves collusion on the part of but few. The accuracy of the cash count, and its correspondence with the figures shown by the books, is not at all conclusive as to the accuracy of the latter, or of the fact that they have been honestly kept. Still less is it conclusive as to the honesty of the "book-keepers" in other branches beside the Treasury.

It is a consideration of this fact which shows the Republican exultation unfounded. They misrepresent when they say that the Democratic cry was "count the cash." The Democratic cry was "overhaul the books;" and wherever that has been done thoroughly and impartially the necessity for doing it has been made clear. In the Agricultural Bureau, for instance, a mere surface examination of the books shows the most astounding mismanagement, if nothing worse. Of the \$100,000 appropriation for the seed division, which should have lasted till the 30th of June, every dollar was expended before May 1, or so shown to be by the books. The books also show the purchase of sorghum seed by the hundred bushels at \$2.35 to \$2.95 a bushel, when the same seed could have been bought at twenty-five cents a bushel. This may be mere mismanagement; but if it occurred in a private business there would be a very rigid inquiry on the part of those furnishing the funds to ascertain if there were nothing worse than mismanagement.

No private business house would accept as final the showing of the book-keeper and cashier accounting for the expenditures of thousands of dollars by the alleged purchase of goods at ten times the market price. Nor should the tax-payers of the country accept any such showing from the agents who have been disbursing their money and professing to keep an account of it.

This exhibit from the Agricultural Bureau illustrates very forcibly the folly of accepting mere accuracy of cash count or even an accurate balancing of the books as evidence of honesty and good management. It shows that the books may balance to a cent, as it is demanded they do in the Internal Revenue Department, while thousands of dollars have been squandered or misappropriated.—Detroit Free Press.

Two girls in Sacramento, Cal., who thought it would be fun to black their faces, unfortunately got a coloring preparation that won't wash off. It acts like dye on the skin, and chemists say it will probably not wear off for months.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1885.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

No fear shall awe, no favor sway; How to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

Terms—per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; after three months, \$1.75; after six months, \$2.00. For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 week, 2 weeks, 4 weeks, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year. Includes sub-columns for different ad sizes.

Local notices, 10 cents a line for the first insertion; and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion; double price for black letter, or for items under the head of "Local Short Stops."



TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for train routes: EAST, PASS MAIL, EM, FR, FR, FR, FR, FR. Lists times for Cedar Pt., Elmdale, Strong, and Safford.

WEST, PASS MAIL, EM, FR, FR, FR, FR, FR. Lists times for Safford, Strong, Elmdale, Clements, and Cedar Pt.

DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS. Governor—John A. Martin. Lieutenant Governor—A. P. Rice. Secretary of State—E. R. Allen. Attorney General—S. B. Bradford. Auditor—E. P. McCabe. Treasurer—Sam T. Howe. Sup't of Pub. Instruction—J. H. Lewand. Chief Justice Sup. Court—A. H. Horton. Congressmen, 3d Dist.—Thomas Hylan.

COUNTY OFFICERS. County Commissioners—A. E. Hunt, E. T. Baker, W. P. Martin. County Treasurer—W. P. Martin. Probate Judge—C. C. W. Massey. County Clerk—A. P. Gandy. Register of Deeds—J. H. Grisham. Clerk District Court—E. A. Kinne. County Surveyor—C. W. Griffin. Sheriff—J. W. Griffin. Superintendent—C. Davis. Coroner—C. E. Hatt.

CITY OFFICERS. Mayor—J. P. Kuhl. Police Judge—John B. Shipman. City Attorney—T. O. Kelley. City Marshal—Henry Bonewell. Councilmen—Edwin Pratt, G. P. H. H. H., J. S. Doolittle, C. C. Watson, W. E. Timmons.

CLERGY. Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. N. B. Johnson, Pastor; Sabbath school at 10 o'clock, a. m., every Sabbath; morning service, at 11 o'clock; evening alternate Sabbath, class meeting, at 12 m.; service every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock.

M. E. Church South—Rev. R. M. Benton, Pastor; service, first Sunday of the month, at Dougherty's school-house on Fox creek, at 11 o'clock, a. m.; second Sunday, at Coyne branch, at 11 a. m.; third Sunday, at the Harri-school-house, on Diamond street, at 11 a. m.; fourth Sunday, at Strong City, at 11 a. m.

Catholic—At Strong City—Rev. Guido Stello, O. S. F., Pastor; services every Sunday and holiday of obligation, at 8 and 10 o'clock, a. m.

Baptist—At Strong City—Rev. Wareham, Pastor; Convention and business meeting on Saturday before the first Sunday in each month; services, second and fourth Sundays in each month, at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., the Sunday-school, at 9:30 every Sunday.

SOCIETIES. Knights of Honor—Falls Lodge, No. 747, meets on the first and third Tuesday evening of each month; J. M. Tuttle, Dictator; J. W. G. H. H., Reporter.

Masonic—Zerodath Lodge No. 80, A. F. & A. M., meets the first and third Friday evening of each month; J. P. Kuhl, Master; W. H. Holsinger, Secretary.

Old Fellows—Angola Lodge No. 58, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday evening; C. I. Manie, N. G.; C. C. Whitson, Secretary.

G. A. R.—Greary Post No. 15, Cottonwood falls, meets the 3rd, Saturday of each month, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Business locals, under this head, 20 cents a line, first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Subscribe for the COURANT. Mrs. T. B. Johnson, of Strong City, is quite ill.

There have been several good rains, this week. Mr. E. A. Hildebrand, of Strong City, is down at Emporia.

to the Wichita races, returned last Thursday.

Mr. W. C. K. Buchanan returned home, from Kansas City Sunday, on a visit.

Mr. Steve Perrigo returned home from Texas, last Friday, for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. J. C. Davis has moved into his new residence, in the northwest part of town.

Mr. W. P. Martin has sold "Lyn-don C." for \$700 to parties living at LaCygne.

Dr. J. W. Stone, has put down a sidewalk and put an awning in front of his offices.

Mr. J. S. Doolittle and his daughter Hattie, were down to Kansas City the first of the week.

The proceedings of the Sunday-school Convention at Elmdale are crowded out this week.

Mr. John McIntyre, of Strong City, was at Council Grove, last week, visiting his sister.

City Marshal H. A. Chamberlain, of Strong City, was at the Wichita races, last week.

Mr. W. H. Spencer has put a veranda to the front of his residence, and has painted his barn.

The Sunday-school at Clements will give a Strawberry festival at the school-house, to-night.

At the Wichita races, last week, Mr. W. P. Martin's colt was badly used up by a kicking horse.

Mrs. Lucy Chaffee, has returned home from Council Grove, where she was visiting her mother.

Messrs. L. A. Loomis and J. C. Ragsdale have returned from the Southern Kansas circuit of races.

The sidewalk on the west side of Broadway, between Friend and Pearl streets, is being put on the grade.

Messrs. Jesse Gray and Andrew Finney are at work re-pointing the Court-house and kalsomming the jail.

Mr. G. E. Findley went west, Tuesday, for his wife and son who are visiting in Cowley and Sumner counties.

Died, in North Carolina, on May 15, 1885, Mrs. Hattie E. Spencer, sister of Mrs. Dr. W. P. Pugh, of this city.

Mr. Thos. Hardesty has returned from the east, bringing with him a wife whom he married some two months ago.

Parties owing taxes would do well to bear in mind that a penalty is added, June 20, on all unpaid taxes of 1884.

Messrs. Jas. A. and Thos. Runyon, of Strong City, excellent painters, are now at Argentine, this side of Kansas City.

Mr. Thos. McGrath left, Monday, for Chicago, Ill., where his wife and child now are. He intends locating at Peru, Ill.

"Red Bird," Mr. Syko Wilson's horse, had one of his eyes slightly injured at Wichita, last week, by striking it against something in the stall.

Presiding Elder J. T. Hanna will preach at the M. E. Church, next Sunday evening. Quarterly Conference, Monday morning, at 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Dr. L. P. Ravenscroft, of Strong City, was at Eureka, last week, called there by a telegram announcing the serious illness of her sister.

The Chase County Normal Institute will begin August 3, and continue until September 4. Parties wishing to teach should be sure to attend.

Miss Dora Voce, of Strong City, entertained a number of her young friends, at her uncle's, Mayor J. F. Kirk's, of that city, on Wednesday evening of last week.

Last Thursday afternoon Mr. Arch Miller's son Archie, was thrown from a horse, on the prairie, and badly, but not seriously, hurt about the face and body.

The proceeds of the Young Ladies' Festival at the M. E. church, last Friday night, are to go towards replacing the chandelier that fell and broke into pieces during a heavy wind a few weeks ago.

Mr. J. C. Scroggin's "Hibernia" won the purse in the novelty race at Wichita, last week; also, second money in the half-mile dash. Mr. Syko Wilson's "Red Bird" won third money in the half mile dash.

Mr. J. T. Dickenson, of Strong City, was down to Kansas City, last week.

The parties who went from here

M. A. Daub and family were up to the new town of Brainard yesterday, prospecting. Mr. D. contemplates moving his business to that town. We shall regret to see him leave here, but he has our best wishes wherever he goes.—Towanda Herald.

At the meeting of the Emmet Club, held in the Madden Bros.' office, last Saturday afternoon, Messrs. John Madden, C. J. Lantry, Alex. McKenzie and Mat. McDonald were appointed a committee to procure a banner or flag for the club; and Messrs. Thos. Frew, Alex. McKenzie, Geo. McDonald, Dennis Madden and Dr. L. P. Ravenscroft were appointed a committee to confer with the Burns Club to get up a programme of exercises for the Fourth of July.

Next Sunday, June 14, will be children's day at the Congregational church. The first hour—from 10 to 11—will be devoted, as usual, to the study of the lessons; then will follow appropriate songs by the children and the choir, and a sermon by the pastor, all with a view to benefit the children. The concert will be held in the evening beginning promptly at 8, and will be composed of songs, recitations and responsive exercises. The church is to be decorated, Saturday afternoon.

Children's day at the M. E. church Cottonwood Falls, is the second Sunday in this month. The arrangements are the most perfect ever made for anything of the kind in this city. All are invited to attend, from both city and country around. The committees are as follows: On Floral Decoration, Mrs. W. A. Morgan, Mrs. J. M. Tuttle and Mrs. J. W. Griffin. On Birds, Misses Mae Kinne, Flora Gandy, and Mabel Brockett. On Rosette Misses Naomi Strickland, Ada Pugh, Carrie Breese and Stella Kerr and Messrs. John Sanders, George Weed and L. A. Louthier. Ushers, Messrs. Elmer Johnson and Leroy Hackott. The committee on Rosettes will meet at the church Saturday, at 4 o'clock.

One of the most enjoyable affairs this season, was the reception and lawn fete given by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Watson, last Thursday evening, to a number of friends, in honor of the 32d anniversary of Mrs. Watson's birthday. The ample grounds were brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and provided with swings, hammocks and croquet. After a ceremony from the Cottonwood Falls Cornet Band, that was highly complimented, a table was spread outside, likewise, one in the dining room, which were loaded down with the choicest cake, fruit and confections, which the merry company who surrounded them dispatched, together with vast quantities of ice cream, strawberries and lemonade. Youth and beauty were there in pink and white, and in their gayest moods. Games were made up and carried through, by the uncertain, enchanting light of the lanterns, that made the orderly spectators' eyes look watery. Not weary, but simply fatigued, the young folks, finally, sought the parlors, and listened to the vocal and piano selections by several of the company, including (if we may be allowed to thus express ourself) Miss Ferry Watson, the nine-year-old daughter of the host and hostess, whose solos were especially admired. With many and prelude expressions of their joy at being present, and best wishes to the estimable hostess, the throng, at a late hour, dispersed.

MATFIELD GREEN CLEANINGS. MATFIELD GREEN, KANSAS, June 7, 1885.

To the Editor of the Courant: Born, on Wednesday, June 3d 1885, to Mr. and Mrs. Forester Swift a son.

Mrs. W. F. Dunlap, of Emporia, was down at the farm visiting, last week, with her husband, and returned home on Thursday. The neighbors' good wishes go with her, for she has many friends here.

Messrs. H. B. Wilcox and Isaac Criss have returned from a four week's visit to Northwestern Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri, where they were looking up a location for a saw mill, and they will locate in Barry county, Mo. Mr. Wilcox will move his engine from his grist mill east of here. They are well pleased with the

KUHL'S HARNESS SHOP,



ESTABLISHED IN 1867; ALWAYS ON HAND

Harness, Saddles, Blankets, OF ALL KINDS. Buffalo Robes, Jab Robes, Wolf Robes Seal Skin Robes and Robes of all Varieties. ALSO A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

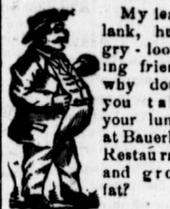
TRUNKS AND VALISES;

ALSO, BEST COAL OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE.

Northeast Corner of Main Street and Broadway,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - - KANSAS.

E. F. BAUERLE'S



My lean, lank, hungry-looking friend, why don't you take your lunch at Bauerle's Restaurant and grow fat?

My friend, I thank you for your kind advice. It is worth a good bit to know where to get a first-class lunch! I will patronize Bauerle.

Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

LADIES RICHMOND PINKS,

who are tired of dyes that fade in sunshine or washing will find the Purples and "Quaker Styles" perfectly fast and reliable. FOR SALE BY ALL DRY GOODS DEALERS.

country they traveled over, and say it is the finest they ever saw.

Dr. G. W. Bocooc and Mr. T. J. Banks will start, Monday morning, to visit Southwestern Missouri, to look out a location, with a view to emigrating, this fall. They will be absent about six weeks.

There was quite a stir on the streets, last Saturday. It did not resemble hard times, from the amount of goods that were passed over the counters by our merchants, and the ring of dollars paid there fore.

Mr. J. L. Jackson was in town. Why not? He owns the Southern Livery Stable, on Broadway, and should be there to accommodate the public. Success to J. L. May he live a long while. RUFUS.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE. The firm of Mann & Ferguson has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, L. C. Ferguson retiring. All indebtedness of said firm will be paid by J. H. Mann, and to whom all accounts are to be paid. J. H. MANN, L. C. FERGUSON.

June 9th, 1885. "Jake" will do business at the old stand.

160 Acres of Land for Sale, By J. P. Kuhl, about 5 1/2 miles southwest of Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, what is known as the Al. Hayes farm, about 100 acres fenced with wire and hedge; a first-class peach orchard, and about 5 acres of fair timber; overlying water; about 45 acres under cultivation. For particulars call on or address J. P. KUHL.

FOR SALE. Some good milk cows. Inquire of J. M. Bielman, on Rock creek.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES. A car load of Glidden fence wire just received at M. A. Campbell's.

Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle. Any one wishing the services of an auctioneer would do well to call on Mr. John B. Davis who has had considerable experience in that line of business. Orders can be left at Mr. Ed. Pratt's drug store or at this office.

Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store.

50 head of steers for sale at John L. Pratt's, on South Fork.

Meals 25 cents, at P. Hubbard's, next door to the Congregational church, and board and lodging \$3 a week. Single meals at any hour.

Mrs. Minnie Madden invites those who want dressmaking done with neatness and dispatch to call upon her, at her residence, in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

Go to J. S. Doolittle & Son's for bargains; and don't you forget it. Boots and shoes at Breese's.

S. D. Breese has just received his spring stock of boots and shoes, of the latest styles and just as good as can be had in any Eastern city, and which will be sold at very low figures. Be sure to go and see and price them.

Money to loan on chattel property. JAMES P. McGRATH

James P. McGrath, Notary Public, Loan and Insurance Agent; money to loan on real and personal property. Life, Accident, Fire, and Tornado Insurance. Office with Madden Bros., Attorneys-at-Law.

A car load of Molino wagons just received at M. A. Campbell's.

Persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle at once. JOHNSON & THOMAS.

Don't forget that you can get anything in the way of general merchandise, at J. S. Doolittle & Son's.

Mrs. J. N. Nye has opened a skating rink in their billiard hall. Go to Howard's mill if you want to get the best of flour.

Picture frames, mats, glass, card, etc., for sale at Vetter's gallery.

J. S. Doolittle & Son have their shelves filled with good goods that they are selling at bottom prices. They also keep a full line of cheap clothing. Give them a call.

You can get anything in the line of dry goods at Breese's. For sale, at the ranch of John L. Pratt, on South Fork, forty head of 2-year-old stock steers.

A car load of Studebaker's wagons and buggies just received at M. A. Campbell's.

W. S. R-migh has just begun the manufacture of a picket wire fence for hog lots; and he will keep a supply of it constantly on hand at J. M. Kerr's lumber yard. Go and see it.

Go to E. F. Holmes' for light weight summer goods, in alpaca, mohair, seersucker, linen and cotton; also for your choice from an immense stock of straw hats. If you pay up your subscription.

NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Safford, Kansas, No. 6,109. June 3d, 1885.

Complaint having been entered at this Office by Emil Humbert against E. L. Randolph for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 19,613, dated October 2d, 1878, upon the east half (1/2) of southeast quarter (1/4) of section fourteen (14), township eighteen (18) south of range eight (8) east, in Chase county, Kansas, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 23d day of July, 1885, at 11 o'clock, a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment. J. M. HODGE, Register.

\$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of good of large value, that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. H. ALLEY & Co. Portland, Maine. Feb 12 1y

A PRESENT! Our readers, for 12 cents in postage stamps, to pay for mailing and wrapping, and the names of two book agents, will receive FREE a STERIL FINISH PEARL ENGRAVING of all OUR PRESIDENTS, including LEVELAND, and \$2.25 in worth \$4.00. Address, ELDER PUB. CO., 165-6th Chicago, Ill.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you a box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work spare time only, of all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to \$5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PHYSICIANS.

J. W. STONE, M. D.

Office and room, east side of Broadway south of the bridge.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

W. P. PUGH, M. D., Physician & Surgeon.

Office at his Drug Store,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

A. M. CONAWAY, Physician & Surgeon.

Office at his Drug Store,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

L. P. RAVENSCROFT, M. D., Physician & Surgeon.

Office at McIntire's drug store, residence opposite the post-office. Calls promptly responded to.

DR. S. M. FURMAN, Resident Dentist.

STRONG CITY, - - - KANSAS.

Having permanently located in Strong City, Kansas, will hereafter practice his profession in all its branches, Friday and Saturday of each week, at Cottonwood Falls. Office at Union Hotel.

Reference: W. P. Martin, H. M. Watson and J. W. Stone, M. D.

J. H. POLIN, M. D., Physician & Surgeon.

STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

Office and room at City's Hotel. Calls answered promptly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Johnston & Rettiger, DEALERS IN

DRUGS,

Toilet Articles, Medicines, Perfumes, Stationary, Paints, Oils,

Wall Paper, Dye Stuff, etc.; ALSO, IN

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS, FOR

Medical, Mechanical

AND SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES; ALSO,

Soda Water.

STRONG CITY, - - - KANSAS. feb26-1f

Mann & Ferguson's MEAT MARKET,

EAST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.,

Always Has on Hand A Supply of

FRESH & SALT MEATS, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, ETC

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR

SALTED AND DRY HIDES. jan22-1f

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency

ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

Special agency for the sale of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad lands wild lands and stock ranches. Well watered, improved farms for sale. Lands for improvement or speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. apr3-1yr

DO YOU KNOW

THAT LORILLARD'S CLIMAX PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; ROSE LEAF Fine Cut Chewing; NAVY CLIPPINGS and Black, Brown and Yellow Snuff are the best and choicest, quality guaranteed. oct3-1yr

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

FORGOTTEN.

"I, even I, am he that bieth out thy transgressions and will not remember thy sins."

These words flashed out in clearness one and another day.

I will look no more in sorrow backward to the gloomy Past.

Make each day so bright and happy as it flies away so fast.

That surprised on looking backward I shall find no gloomy Past.

Of what I grieve I think no longer with such bitter deep regret.

Why should I so long remember when God will Himself forget?

O, the comfort of that promise that forever shall endure.

Bringing joy to many a weak one, peace and comfort strong and sure.

All the long array of failures, weakness, sin and sorrow sore.

Blotted out and forever and remain no more.

—Missie May Curtis, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

CHRIST'S LAW OF LOVE.

By Service Only, or Readiness to Serve. Can This Law Be Fulfilled—The Lord's Definitions.

The tendency in sinful mankind is to cut morals off from religion. To be religious is to engage in religious ceremonial; to be moral is to follow the customs of the age and vicinage.

Love is the heart of religion; love is likewise the heart of duty. But here again men err, bewilderment. What is love? Is it not a sentiment, a feeling, an emotion, a passion? No. Love is not a sentiment, feeling, emotion, passion.

A GREAT DEAL OF WISDOM. Wise Unto Salvation, and Wise Unto Sin—Commendable Ignorance.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

CHILDREN AND SERMON.

O the sun is bright and the day is fair, And the sweet breeze wanders every where.

My poor little sister tried to keep Her eyes wide, but she fell asleep.

O how can he have so much to say, The preacher man, such a lovely day?

ABOUT MONKEYS. Some Short Stories Illustrating Their Propensity for, and Delight in, Mischief.

A monkey's chief delight is in mischief, and it does seem as if a spice of cruelty in the mischief makes it have a greater relish for Jocko's Captivity.

Nothing seems to give a monkey quite as much pleasure as copying after his human master, and many are the funny stories told, in consequence.

The monkey that stole his master's razor and tried to shave himself was unlucky enough to slice off a piece of his cheek.

Jocko has such a serious air when he is planning his mischief that unless one is always on the lookout he will accomplish it.

Those people were fortunate in that they did not insist upon trying his experiments with the real baby in the place of the kitten.

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When he had eaten the chicken up it seemed to occur to the baboon that his master might be angry when he looked into the empty pot.

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HIS FOOTSTEPS.

Wearily Waited for, Ardently Longed for, They Came at Last.

Step! step! step! It was his footsteps—her lovers'. The echo might have been lost to you or I in the rumble of traffic, but to her—never. To you or me all footsteps might have sounded alike.

Step! step! step! It was his footsteps—her husband's. The echo became a part of her daily existence. To listen for it became one of the objects of her life.

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. Livermore was the first woman to ever speak before a Harvard College assembly.

—During the last nine years France has spent nearly \$5,000,000 per annum on increasing and reorganizing her university institutions.

—The New York Advocate claims that the Methodist Church has had 40,000 persons added to its membership in the past three months.

—The Boston Latin School has celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It is spoken of as the pioneer institution of the public school system of America.

—Fourteen States have now adopted laws requiring temperance instruction in public schools.

—The Roman Catholics claim about 100,000 colored members in the United States, two-thirds of whom reside in the States of Maryland, Kentucky and Louisiana.

—A clergyman desiring contributions for a special object, litted up an ox horn at the church door.

—Prof. Blackie is not the only eccentric master the young men of Edinburgh University have had over them.

—The Chaumonia (N. Y.) Literary and Scientific Circle, recognizing the demand for education in the practical pursuits of life.

—A man running a race looks not at the admiring witnesses, but only at the mark.

—Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least.

—As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent.

—It was somewhat embarrassing for Aunt Jane when Johnny, a few evenings since, at a gathering of friends at his mother's house, asked: "Didn't you know the real Noah, Aunt Jane?"

—We are glad to learn from a valued contemporary that "pickled walnuts are now introduced at dinner."

—A Western citizen who had been worsted in a fight was told that he could collect damages.

—A scientist says that the way to sleep is to think of nothing.

—"I collected everything but a piece of my left ear and two front teeth; I couldn't find those."

—A man having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish.

—"Yes, my dear," put in Mr. Johnson. "Yes, that was very long ago."

—"But you have not forgotten it, John, have you?"

—"No, no; but—"

—"Do you remember our parting? O, how sad!"

—"Yes, it was; but—"

—"We can talk about it now, for your wife must know me as a friend of hers as well. See this, Mrs. Johnson. Let me give you this. It was the ring John, your husband, passed upon my finger when his heart was free, when we plighted our troth. I give it to you because—"

—"Why, John! I declare. If it isn't the ring you said you lost; the ring I gave you when I was engaged to you in 1865."

WIT AND WISDOM.

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—There's a coolness among the three now.—Merchant Traveler.

APPLE ORCHARDS.

How They Can Be Made a Constant and Yearly Success.

An apple orchard, if a proper selection of the ground is made, and the necessary attention to the ground and trees is given, can be made a yearly success, independent of the season, and almost despite the insects, which have become such a great scourge.

There are few branches of agriculture that require for their highest success such care as the orchard. This will be seen when its requirements are considered. They are a deep, rich, naturally drained soil, which means ground more or less mellow and porous, the depth allowing of a full extension of the roots downward where they are beyond the reach of all harm from climatic influences, the frost and drought, alike, having no effect.

All this is the result of the character of the soil, and it embraces all the more essential requirements. The soil itself needs little attention, as its richness and the great extension of the roots sustain the trees with what nutriment is needed, at least for a score of years after they are in full bearing.

Orchard soil too often—and it may, perhaps, be said generally, and especially in its depth—holds too much water, more or less stagnant and impure, which favors disease of the roots and the consequent effect on the trees. The soil in question is kept healthy and clean by the fresh rain water passing through it and warming it, and in a dry time brought up by its porous condition.

The income of such an orchard is immense, considering the outlay, and it need not be said that such ground should be selected when it is intended to make an orchard a specialty. But it is a rare thing to find it in large areas, and, perhaps, rarer to obtain it. It will, however, serve as an example to illustrate the principles required in preparing lands for an orchard, such as under-draining, deep-working and supplying the ground with carbonaceous and fertilizing materials.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

How They Are Made, Where They Are Made and Who Make Them.

There are at least 1,500 girls in this city engaged in the manufacture of artificial flowers," said a large manufacturer yesterday. "Most of them are French girls and the work is done in old lots up around the French quarter. Few of these girls are of the type so familiar to the novel-reader, the sweet young thing with a hectic flush and a consumptive cough, who is supporting her three decrepit maiden aunts on the pittance earned at the deadly trade.

The method is simply this: A hundred layers of prepared tinted silk are laid one over the other and cut out by a stamp into the desired shape. These are then re-tinted, shaded and put into the required shape by the girls. No, there is no difference of taste exhibited by different parts of the country. The best people in every section want the best goods, though the South is rather a slight buyer, and prefers the cheapest varieties.

With artificial flowers, ostrich-feathers and plumes are naturally connected. These are imported in the raw state and colored and finished here. There are several large dealers. One especially carries on an immense trade, and is now putting up a large building to accommodate his growing business. He is doubtless familiar to your readers as a trotting man, as he owns the fastest trotting stallion there is going, and is a prominent figure in racing circles.

In the town of Cortlandt, Westchester County, N. Y., there are twenty-nine brick-yards, capable of manufacturing 167,840,000 bricks in a season, worth over \$1,000,000. These yards give employment to fully 1,200 workmen, not counting the men employed on the boats in carrying the bricks to market, and about 230 horses and seventeen steam-engines are used.

South Carolina people complain that they are unable to buy good strawberries in their markets for the reason that the best are shipped North for better prices.

POUCHED GOPHER.

Description and Peculiarities of the Farmer's Pest.

The common pocket gopher (Geomys bursarius) may be recognized by the following characters: Color above, reddish brown; ash brown beneath; the feet are almost white. There are two large cheek pouches opening outside the mouth, and extending to the shoulders, lined with short, fine hair. Fore claws very large and strong; body thick set and clumsy. Eyes very small, and ears scarcely visible. Length from nose to root of tail, ten inches; tail 2 1/2 inches long. This species is found abundantly in Wisconsin, Illinois and westward. It burrows in the ground like a mole, forming many branched galleries, and usually traveling under ground. It can dig faster than a man can spade. It throws up the earth in mounds ten to fifteen inches high at irregular distances along the course of its tunnels, removing the loosened earth from the latter by pushing it forward with its snout, shoulders and fore feet, the cheek pouches not being used for this purpose. The pocket rat can make but poor progress on the surface of the ground, running scarcely faster than a man can walk.

This species lays up a large store of food for the winter, and during that season is inactive, remaining quiet in its deep burrows, below the reach of frost. It is occasionally seen sitting on its haunches at the mouth of its burrow, but generally it is only seen for a few seconds at a time above ground.

The pocket gopher is one of the most ravenous enemies of the farmer, and has hardly a single quality to commend it. To every kind of garden vegetable it is exceedingly destructive, eating enormous quantities and spoiling and carrying off much more to its store-houses. The roots of fruit trees are eaten off by this animal, to the number of half a hundred trees in a single night—of course destroying the trees. A colony of these rats will carry off a goodly heap of potato es in one night; and to grass and grain fields it is a great nuisance, overturning and spoiling far more than it is able to devour.

The Southern pouched rat (Geomys tuza) is found in the Southeastern Southern States. It is probably only a "localized race" of the preceding species. The color above is brownish yellow; beneath gray. The body is less stout, and the tail longer than in the common pocket gopher; and the cheek pouches are smaller, and the palms narrower than in that species. This gopher chooses sandy soils, and dry pine ridges for its home, and closely resembles in its general habits the Northern species. It continues its mining operations throughout the winter, not becoming dormant. Curiously enough this animal is known by the absurd name of salamander in some localities; it is, however, commonly called the ground rat in the South generally.

The large and peculiar cheek pouches of this genus are used exclusively to carry food, never being used to bring earth from their burrows, as was alleged by the older writers. A number of species of pouched rats belonging to two genera (Geomys and Thomomys) are found in the United States. All are rare with the exception of the two species above described, and are found mostly in the mid regions of the extreme Northwest.—Dr. Seiss, in Country Gentleman.

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USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Cut warm bread or cake with a warm knife.

It is much better to be a good farmer than a large one.

A tablespoonful of vinegar in the pot will make tough meat of chicken tender.—Philadelphia Press.

Horses soon become very fond of sunflower seed, if fed to them in small quantities with oats.—Chicago Journal.

The best preventive against insect enemies, remarks the Western Rural, is to keep all plants in a healthy, vigorous condition.

For sugar-beets the ground should be well prepared, plowed deep and thoroughly pulverized. The roots require a deep soil, and the portion that grows underground contains the most saccharine matter; but none of the beet will grow above ground if the soil is mellow enough to permit it to penetrate it.—Boston Journal.

Linum umbrella cases, either double or single, are decorated with etchings and mottoes. One of the childish figures, that of a little girl curiously holding a newspaper and questioning: "Do it say rain?" Among other mottoes are, "Take Me," "Wet or Dry, a friend am I," and "Weather Wise," in connection with an owl perched on a weather vane.—N. Y. Mail.

When you are tired of plain boiled or fried eggs, try this way of serving them for breakfast: Butter a pie plate and cover the bottom with fine bread crumbs, then break enough eggs for your family and drop them on the plate and cover with a layer of bread crumbs; sprinkle pepper and salt over this and put some little lumps of butter over it. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes.—Boston Budget.

Where only few cows are kept the cream-pot should have its contents stirred daily. This is partly to expose the cream to the air to allow it to oxygenize. This even ripening of cream will insure more butter, and with succulent feed will enable the owner of a dairy to make nearly or quite as good butter in winter as in summer. With cows long in milk, however, the butter in winter will come slowly.—Prairie Farmer.

Mrs. Edgar J. Bliss, who received the first premium for dairy butter at a recent fair, made the following statement of her way of making it: The milk is set in pans upon slatted shelves, and after twenty-four hours, skimmed and churned in a barrel churn at a temperature of sixty degrees. The butter is at once put into a wooden pail with ice water, salted and washed, handled with a ladle only. This process is repeated twice and the butter packed or balled, as required, also salted to suit, but never touched by the hands.—Chicago Journal.

ON THE FARM.

The Fuel Question—Oil Stoves—Vegetables and Fruits.

It is a great saving of time, money and patience to get wood enough cut for the summer and have it all nicely piled up in the wood house and door yard." Two of my neighbors are very similarly situated, each has a wood-lot and both burn wood through the summer. One prepares enough in winter to last the entire season, and one is obliged even in harvest time to stop and cut wood. Now if we observe the farming operations of these two men we shall find the same difference in their work throughout. We shall notice a foresight of coming necessities and a preparation for them on the one hand, and trusting to luck on the other.

As an Irishman, while sleeping by the side of a negro, had his face blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning he caught sight of himself in a mirror. Fuzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "The jokers, they've woke up the wrong man."—N. Y. Mail.

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An Omaha doctor kisses his wife seventy-five times every day." Doctors are giving disagreeable doses, we know.—Lakers Statesman.

Cures For Insomnia.

Like dyspepsia, insomnia is becoming to be regarded as a peculiarly American malady. The excitable nature of the American people renders them more susceptible to nervous disorders than those of a more phlegmatic temperament. To many persons who suffer from sleeplessness the following hints as to the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep may not come amiss.

If the sleeplessness be occasioned by undue nervous excitement the application of mustard-plasters to the abdomen will afford relief. Where this remedy fails the freshly made solution of lactate of soda or some milk or whey may be used with good results. When brain exhaustion is responsible for the inability to sleep, the administration of a tumblerful of hot claret and water, with sugar and nutmeg, is recommended.

I had a Dreadful Cough, and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health completely by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

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My brother Myron and myself were both cured, to all appearance, of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August. Up to this date, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. had no return of these troubles. Ely's Cream Balm was the medicine used.—SAMUEL SPENCER, Spencer, Tiooga Co., N. Y.

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SISTERS of Notre Dame, Government, Md., say Red Star Cough Cure is beneficial.

DONK & SILL keep a drug-store in Chicago. The other day a cowboy came in and inquired for "his Knobs, the proprietor."—Current.

For the Ladies. Laughter is the poor man's plaster, Making every burden light; Turning sadness into gladness, Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

'Tis the deepest and the cheapest Cure for ills of this description. But for those that woman's heir to, Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, internal fever, bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Why is it dangerous to be out in spring? Because the grass has blades, the flowers pistils, the leaves shoot and the bullfrogs out.

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WARNER'S TIPPECANOE

THE BEST

ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.

THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840.

TONIC

FOR

BITTERS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

All Gone Sensations. \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

PHILIP VAN TASSEL, Newark, N. Y., suffered for many years from dyspepsia and malassimilation of food, and reports that he derived greater benefit from Warner's Tippecanoe, the Best, than from any other medicine he ever used. His daughter also used it with success when every other known remedy failed.

AS A Constitutional Tonic IT HAS NO EQUAL. \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

W. K. SAGE, of St. Johns, Mich., was completely prostrated by the hardships endured during the late war. He returned home a wreck both in mind and body. For twenty years he simply existed, half the time more dead than alive until he was restored to health by Warner's Tippecanoe, the Best. He advises all old vets to try it. Write to him at St. Johns, Mich.

BRIDGES FOOD

One special feature of Bridges Food, in contrast to others, is its neutral action upon the bowels. For this reason, it is specially adapted to those seasons when bowel troubles are so frequent.

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Write for full particulars. Hist. Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

\$76 a month salary or commission to agents for THE WORLD'S WORDS.

OUR DRUGGIST

Says that when a customer asks for THE BEST Spring Medicine he confidently recommends

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

From E. S. Russell, Druggist, Nashua, N. H. I have been in the drug and prescription business in Nashua over forty years, and am the oldest druggist here. I was the first to introduce your valuable medicines in this city. I believe in them. Ayer's Sarsaparilla I take pleasure in recommending to my customers, well knowing it to give satisfaction. In all my experience, as a druggist, I have yet to hear of the first complaint against it.

From F. & E. Dailly & Co., Lowell, Mass. Having sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla since it was first placed upon the market, we can say, after an experience covering a quarter of a century, that we have yet to learn of a case where it has failed to give satisfaction. Its merits are fully established.

From C. Way & Co., Portland, Me. We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for years, and our customers are much pleased with its effects. We believe it to be one of the best medicines in the market.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles \$1.50.

FIRST-CLASS FARM LAND

FOR SALE IN NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

40,000 Acres in Nebraska—Price \$8 to \$12. 100 Improved Farms in Rooks County, Kansas—Price \$7 to \$10. 60,000 Acres very fine land in Ellis and Graham Counties, Kansas—Prices from \$5 to \$10 per Acre.

ALL ON EXTRAORDINARILY EASY TERMS. ONLY INTEREST PAYMENTS FIRST YEAR. PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

Also 60,000 Acres first-class land in Dakota, near railroad towns, for sale. C. B. NELSON, Gen'l Ag't | Or, W. M. NELSON, Stockton, Kansas. 804 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Neb. | H. BLANCHARD, Hays City, "

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Bile Disease (GORE PILLS). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass. Write for full particulars. Valuable information FREE. J. S. JOHNSON, Boston, Mass.

Variety the Spice of Life. There is variety in the letters received by Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, testifying to the cures effected by her Vegetable Compound and the great relief afforded to thousands of women in all sections. Mrs. C. of Toronto, says: "I have taken three bottles with very gratifying results. Mrs. Stinson—of Shelburne, Quebec, says: "I am now using the fourth bottle and have derived great benefit already."

Sarah C. of Eugene City, Oregon, says: "It is the best medicine for the female sex I have ever found." Mrs. C. of Santa Fe, says: "Your Compound has done me a great deal of good." Mrs. H. S. D. of Portland, Me., says: "It has done for me all it claimed to, and I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering as I have done." Mrs. D. H. E. of Lexington, Va., says: "I have taken one bottle and assure you I feel a great deal better. I feel strong as ever, and I've never felt a pain in my back since the second dose."

IGURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop the pain, but to remove the cause of the disease. I have made the disease of PILES, HEMORRHOIDS or FALLEN ANUS a life-long study. I want my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to do so, I am now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. R. M. BOST, 181 Pearl St., New York.

TELL THE TRUTH! Worship of the Golden-Calf and Prohibition and Bible, by Uncle Tim. The most epic book of the age. Price 25¢. Sold by the RELIABLE BOOK CO., 215 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes

Illustrated. Sent Postpaid for Twelve Cents. Regular Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE.

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING BOARDS, SHIMS, AND BRACKETS. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

R. U. AWARE

That Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin top; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Navy are the best and cheapest quality offered!

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS! Officers' pay from commissions; Deserter's relief; Pension and Improved Survivors' benefits; success or no fee. Write for particulars and laws. A. W. MCCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUSINESS COLLEGE, Institute of Penmanship, Short Hand and Telegraphy. Circulars free. Address: J. & M. McLary, Lawrence, Kansas.

A. N. K.—D. No. 1033 WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

SEEING WAS BELIEVING.

The First Railway Train That Ever Poked Its Nose Into Arkansas. The work of laying the track had been regarded with great interest...

"Uncle Lige," said a young fellow, who had heard the old man's declaration, "they say that the thing ken outrun a houn' dog."

"Hold on thar!" he exclaimed, "stop your ding' contraphun a minit."

"Look a here, gentlemen, you say that little squirt 'n' steam 'n' damp air moves that thing?"

"Wall, I'll be dinged ef that don't cut a notch a little higher up than I ken reach. Blast me, if I don't git one 'n' set it to plowin' in my field."

"Wall, no; not of it's jes' the same to all han's consarned. I don't mind tamperin' with a mad steer, 'n' I have been know'd to hitch up with a panter, 'n' cut the cold frosty air full o' scoldings, but I'll be dinged if I am ready to slide down hill on a tumb-stone."

"No danger at all, old man." "No, I reckon not. Sid Perdue 'lowed thar warn't no danger at the saw-mill, but he was fotch home one day with his back split open like a locust."

"Soy you believe now that wagons can be run by steam?" "Yes, I am prepared to believe everything now. Ef a man was to tell me that these Yankees had teach'd a cross-cut saw how to set up 'n' play a fiddle, I wouldn't be prepared to dispute it."

"Wall, good-bye, you may not run agin suthin' 'n' break your blamed neck, but I'll be dinged if I don't hope so. Such devilish contraphuns is dangerous to the country."—Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

NOT A BOOK AGENT.

A Funny Incident—How a Distinguished Gentleman Was Misunderstood. There is a General of local fame who went through a very unhappy quarter of an hour a week or so ago.

They engage in farming with no capital except the land they occupy. Buildings, machinery, tools and other improvements have to be secured out of the proceeds of crops raised.

They have no aptitude for the business. They are not fore-sighted, prompt, skillful, thoughtful, observant, persevering, industrious.

They fail to drain that swampy meadow which could with a little effort be made the most productive portion of the farm.

They do not have a thorough system about their work. They fail to regard their business as a piece of clock-work, which should be wound up and regulated.

They do not read and study enough. They harvest their crops with hand tools instead of using labor-saving machinery.

They save two dollars a month on the hired man's wages and pay two dollars per day for an extra harvest hand in consequence.

They buy inferior seeds because they are a little cheaper than others, and call the best of their own raising because there is an apparent money gain in the operation.

They take good care of their tools. They follow in all the old ruts which were "good enough" for their forefathers.

They jog along without any definite ideas as to what crops are most profitable upon each particular field, what they cost to raise, and what the balance of profit or loss may be in each case.

They sneer at agricultural books and papers, and at farmers' clubs and institutes. They take everything they can get from the soil, and put back—nothing.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

No one can reasonably expect in growing swine to have his herd exempt from cholera who does not grow green feed of some kind for it.

Pickled eggs: Boil three or four dozen eggs in a saucepan until they are very hard. Remove the shells carefully and lay them in large-mouthed jars.

In salting butter, one ounce to the pound is generally what is used. Butter should be exposed as little as possible to the air from the time it is churned until packed tightly in tubs, fit for market.

Salt has from time immemorial been recommended as a manure for asparagus. Undoubtedly it is good, for one of the effects of salt on rich soil is to make all its plant food available.

Favorite cake: Make a layer cake with two cupsful of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, half a cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, a teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

An experiment was made at the New York experiment station to determine distinctly the advantage gained by sprouting peas before planting.

Rich pound cake: One pound of raisins, one pound of flour, one-quarter of a pound of flour of rice, three-quarters of a pound of butter, nine eggs, one pound sifted white sugar, some almonds and pieces of lemon peel.

Why They Live Miserably and Reap a Harvest of Poverty. They hug the "special farming" heresy. They depend mainly on one crop, and when that fails, the year's work is practically lost.

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THE WHEAT CROP.

Michigan the Only State Which Promises an Average Yield. CHICAGO, June 1.—The growing wheat crop having reached a critical stage and winter wheat having approached a condition sufficiently near maturity to approximate the acreage and probable yield, the Farmers' Review has followed up its usual weekly summary by a complete survey of all the Western and Southern wheat growing States.

The most serious view is that the outlook for 1885 must now be accepted as the most accurate. The promising conditions of 1884 have this season been completely reversed. The absolute uniformity of the winter sown wheat this year is the worst in ten years, and it may now be set down as positive that under the most favorable conditions the total winter and spring wheat yield is to fall considerably under the short crop of 1881, when the total product was 880,000 bushels.

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Four entire counties in the southern and central part of the State have been plowed up, and in eight other counties the crop is reported as an entire failure. The average condition of all the counties of the State does not exceed forty-six per cent. of the yield of 1884, based upon the fields not yet plowed up.

In Kansas the same conditions which exist in Illinois are to be found, with the exception that the Hessian fly has been more largely at work in the one State than the other. The acreage of the State not plowed under is fifty-two per cent. of 1884 and the average condition of the plant is fifty-three.

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The prolonged drought in California has greatly injured the prospects for the growing crop in that State and Edwin J. Smith, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society of California, has computed the yield of that State at 25,000,000 bushels, while Oregon and Washington Territory, under improved conditions, will turn 17,000,000 bushels, an aggregate of 42,000,000 bushels, the aggregate of 68,000,000 for the Pacific coast in 1884, or a shortage of 26,000,000 bushels for the Pacific coast region.

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From a close compilation and taking the most cheerful view of the situation, the winter wheat yield for the present year will not exceed 300,000,000 bushels, and the absolute percentage from the most reliable sources indicate that the yield will fall somewhat under than over the figures given.

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WEEDING OUT.

Heads of Departments in Washington Preparing to Make Changes in the Personnel of Their Clerical Force—A Wholesale Exodus From the Pension Department Impending. WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1.—Most of the Cabinet officers have already asked the heads of bureaus in their respective departments for confidential communications made up of lists of clerks whose services can be dispensed with, or whose places can be filled by civil service appointments with advantage to the Government. These lists, no doubt, will be ready for use next month, and beside the bare mention of names, will contain what is known about the clerical fitness, offensive partisanship, offensive habits and manners of each individual mentioned. The purpose, evidently, is to use this information in making removals from civil service classes, in order to open the way for new appointments through the Civil Service Commissioners. A member of the Cabinet is reported as saying that he expects to dismiss one-quarter of his force of clerks this summer, but that none would be dismissed who did not deserve it, and that he meant to rely upon R-partisan testimony mainly in making up his mind who should go.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2.—It is said that upwards of two hundred clerks are to be dismissed from the Pension Office, and that the list of names of those who are to be invited to step out is nearly completed. The last pension appropriation bill contains a clause which will reduce the force for the next fiscal year about one hundred and fifty men. Whether the two hundred mentioned as being booked for dismissal are in addition to the 150 which will have to go under the terms of the pension appropriation bill, can not be officially ascertained as yet. Officers of the department admit that a large number of changes are to be made, and do not deny that the lists are nearly completed, but they evade answering direct questions by saying that the matter will be made public at the proper time.

THE PUBLIC DEBT. Items From the Monthly Treasury Statement—The Revenue Receipts Considerably Below the Estimates. WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2.—The reduction in the public debt during the month of May, according to the revised form of statement, amounted to \$8,350,833. The total debt yesterday, less cash in the Treasury, is \$1,494,391,011, of which \$1,260,774,462 is interest bearing. The Treasury now holds a balance of \$115,810,533 in gold coin and bullion and \$60,257,812 in silver, against \$118,000,000 from all sources for the eleven months of the current year aggregate \$295,433,750, which is about \$26,000,000 less than for the corresponding eleven months of the last fiscal year.

INDICATION OF THE PERPETRATORS. Davis owned the flour mill on the West Side. Thirty of the men whom he employed went out on a strike about eight weeks ago, and they are still out. His mill ditch has been cut four times within the last month and threats have been made that other and greater mischief would be done. Naturally, suspicion points to these strikers. The explosion has been the talk of the city, and thousands of people have visited the place to-day. Some of the merchants favor offering a reward of \$10,000 if any one can furnish the names of the perpetrators. "Lynch the dynamiters," is a common remark now upon the streets of Denver. The feeling against the perpetrators has run high all day, and for that reason the police refuse to give the name of the man arrested yesterday afternoon. Four other arrests will probably be made to-day. The Mayor has placed on guard a large number of extra policemen. Every precaution possible is being taken to protect life and property. Fortunately no loss of life or serious loss of property has yet occurred, but the attempt to blow up the Salt Lake passenger train of the Denver & Rio Grande, with fifty passengers aboard, the later attempts to blow up John Mackey's house, in which he, his wife, and four small children were residing, coupled with the dastardly attempt made early this morning, have aroused the indignation of the citizens.

DESTRUCTIVE EARTHQUAKE. A Terrible Earthquake Reported at Cashmere—The Town Engulfed. CALCUTTA, June 2.—Reports of a fearful earthquake at Cashmere have been received. Since Sunday terribly destructive shocks occurred at intervals of about ten minutes. The loss of life is enormous but at present unknown. The cavalry barracks at Shrinager, the capital of Cashmere, has been destroyed, and fifty of the best killed out of a great number were wounded. One part of the city has been entirely demolished. Many hundreds of people are supposed to be buried in the ruins. Definite information is yet unobtainable. Like Cashmere is crowded with boats which are packed with refugees. Many others sought shelter in hastily constructed huts and tents outside the walls. Hundreds of animals have been killed and the destruction to property is enormous. The distress which prevails is appalling and the intelligence which brought the first intelligence of the disaster contained urgent appeals for assistance. At last accounts the disturbance continued unabated, and the complete destruction of the City of Shrinager was imminent.

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