

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS

A HORSE MARKET.



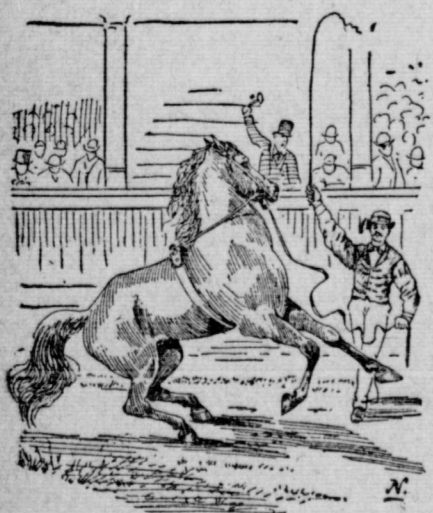
ST. LOUIS claims to be the greatest mule market in the world. All manner of Cuban war stories have originated at the National stock yards, of that city, largely because of the presence in the buyers' pen of some gentleman who claimed to be purchasing mules for the insurgents, but who was in fact probably buying them for the southern plantation trade, and worked the principle of freedom and the rallying cry of "Cuba Libre" for five or ten dollars shorter price per beast. At least a dozen men in the stock yards claim to have been present in the auction enclosure on the day when was sold the mule on which Antonio Maceo rode to death—and this regardless of the fact that Maceo is generally understood to have been on an 80-gear '97 model bicycle when shot down.

It is very interesting to watch the sale of horses in the arena at the yards. You enter at a large door and are introduced to some horse-looking man, commonly red-headed, and then this course of secret-society hailing and response is gone through before you are considered as eligible for the higher glories of a place alongside the railing of the arena:

"So you're from Chicago, Mr. Brown?"
"Yes."
"Good town."
"We think so up there."
"But she ain't in it with the National yards on mules," very decisively.
"Ah," says the candidate for the esquire degree. "Is that so? Do you think so?"
"Think so?" retorts the red-haired chancery commander. "There's no call to think. It's true."
"Yes?"
"Yes. And horses, too. National yards just wallops the daylight out of Chicago on horse sales."
"You don't say."
"You bet I do. Why, we send horses to Germany, Arabia, Iceland, the south pole, Saturn, the Milky Way and Neptune. Our sales and shipments last year were—"

And then he goes on rolling out ciphers and figures and statistics like a sort of volcanic eruption. If you, the candidate for further mysteries, are wise and cautious, you will assent to this villainous insult to your town's greatness and supremacy, and will be allowed to approach the arena—and, indeed, may be given a cigar. The cigar, however, you should by no means smoke. It was made by an incompetent and excited non-union man, and the materials were jimson-weed, and the maker was in a hurry.

The auction arena is a building on the plan of a "Battle of Gettysburg" panorama, only a blond and hard-voiced auctioneer stands in the position where Gen. Meade is usually depicted, while ranks of prospective buyers and sight-seers are grouped on elevated ways similar to those surrounding the Chicago wheat pit, and these ranks make good substitutes for Hancock and Lee and Pickett and their men. At one end—if a circle may be deemed to have an end—is a large door opening upon a clay-floored waiting stable, and in this waiting stable the horses are detained until in their turn they are rushed through the portal and into the presence of the auctioneer. A very active and energetic Gen. Longstreet of a referee—although they may not call him that—



IN THE ARENA.

inspects the animals in the twinkling of an eye and announces that he is "sound" or "serviceably sound" or "green" or "to be sold at the halter." The horse that is "to be sold at the halter" is taken very terribly at the purchaser's risk, and if he drops dead at the next moment the new owner is not only obliged to pay the amount of his bid, but is expected promptly to devise means—at his own expense—for riding the arena of the corpse.

On call the horses are rushed in madly one by one by very enthusiastic stable boys. Up and down and around they are hurled and hurried, while the inspector's whip and the long lash of the anxiously bystander own crash sharply into the symphony of noise and shouting. Every effort is put forward to make things hum, the idea being that the horse is moved by the uproar to greater dancing feats, while the buyer's interest in the competition is augmented by the soul-stirring racket. Above it all the auctioneer's voice cries a strident: "Thirty-sev-aff! Thirty-sev-naff! Dwi hear forty? Who'll bid forty? Boys, the gent says he bought him out of a buggy, and he'll work in single or double harness, and his brother, Henry

IV., has a mark of :21! Thirty-sev-Forty! Forty! Fort!—"

And so on, bids rising at the rate of \$2.50 each, until the rubber hose in the auctioneer's hand descends with a fierce thump on the desk in front of him, and the horse is sold. Out goes the animal to be "worked" in the open yard adjoining, so that the new purchaser may see what he has, and can repent of his bargain if the horse is not gentle enough to refrain from kicking down all the modern improvements in the town.

At intervals horses are sold in matched spans—buggy horses, draft animals, all sorts. The prices are very low, too. The other day one team of magnificent-looking draft animals went at \$85, a sorrel pacer which moved at a consistent :50 stride brought \$65, a graceful single footing saddle was sold at \$40, and others went in numbers at prices in the same relation.

Apparently every effort is made by the sales people to conduct the enterprise on conscientious principles. This is easy enough, for the selling firms are paid a uniform commission of two dollars a head on horses, and beyond the business proposition of getting as much as possible for the consignor there is no temptation to inflate prices. Misrepresentation is not desirable. Sometimes, however, an overadmiring owner, standing by, will tell good things about his horses which good things are not borne out by subsequent developments.

"Gent says in addition to being good buggy animal he's good under saddle, too!" the auctioneer shrieked in triumph in one instance.

"Put the boy up," a possible purchaser requested, and the stable boy made a leap for the bare back of the



A SHORT, MAD WALTZ.

offering. In a moment there was a confusion in which stable boy, horse and high altitudes of atmosphere were intermingled in just about equal quantities. Buyers stood from under, and after a short, mad waltz up among the rafters the horse came down and bolted for the door. The boy made the jump of his life and got off without severe injury. There was a howl of derision from the concourse and the owner shrunk back out of sight.

"Take him away!" cried the auctioneer. "Take him somewhere and sell him for ordnance. We're not dealing in dynamite guns nor petards, but just horses."

And the sale went on. According to the grade of his virtues and condition a horse is a plug, a ranger, a southerner, a chunk, a saddle or driver or a drafter, and the prices run from \$2.50 to as high as the nearest mountain range. Horses have been sold on this market for as much as \$4,000 apiece, although the ordinary maximum is about \$250, with an overwhelming average of \$75. The mules go in bunches and at an average of something like \$30. The mules are not tried out, and a man buys at his own risk—rather at the risk of the person who ultimately attempts to drive one of the sheared-tailed hybrids.

The commission firms are six in number, each having full use of the arena one day a week.

Perhaps it has nothing to do with the case, but a little story is told of a horse-raiser who came up from Texas with a shipment for A. B. Clarke.

"Mistah Clahk," he said, "kin I write a lettah to mah pabdnah, Brewstah? I want to tell him about the condition of ouah crittahn, sah. I'd like some papah, if yo' please."

"I'll tell you what," said Clarke, thinking to impress his man, "you just dictate what you want to say to my stenographer, and he'll save you the trouble."

"Yessah; thank yo', sah," and the Texan approached the young man at the typewriter. He began on his dictation, and the stenographer followed him in shorthand. After a few minutes the Texan peered over the shoulder of the stenographer and caught sight of the mysterious Pitman lines and curves.

"Um," he said, dubiously, but cautiously, determined not to let it be known that the hieroglyphics were an unknown quantity to him. "That is my lettah?"

"Yes," said the stenographer. "You see, that is shorthand."
"Shawthand? Oh, yes, of co'se. I rekonize it straightway, sah. But I think it would be bettah faw yo' not to write it in shawthand. Fact is, my young friend, although I'm somewhat shamed to tell that I am in business with such a pusson, still truth is truth, and Brewstah is ig'nunt. Yessah, that's it. Jess ig'nunt. I feel sho' that he can't read that shawthand, and if yo' please, sah, would yo' mind writin' it in United States, sah? Thank yo', sah. Ve'y ig'nunt man is Brewstah. Yessah."—Chicago Record.

French Custom-House Exactions.
The French custom house officials are sometimes guilty of curiously petty exactions. One traveler on reaching Paris was fined the sum of 100 francs for having 25 cigars in his bag. Another who carried in his bag a box of 1,000 wax matches made in England was waled for 1,000 francs—a franc a match.

A GREAT STRUCTURE.

It Spans the Harlem River at New York City.

Completion of the New York Central's Four-Track Draw-Bridge and an Immense Steel Viaduct.

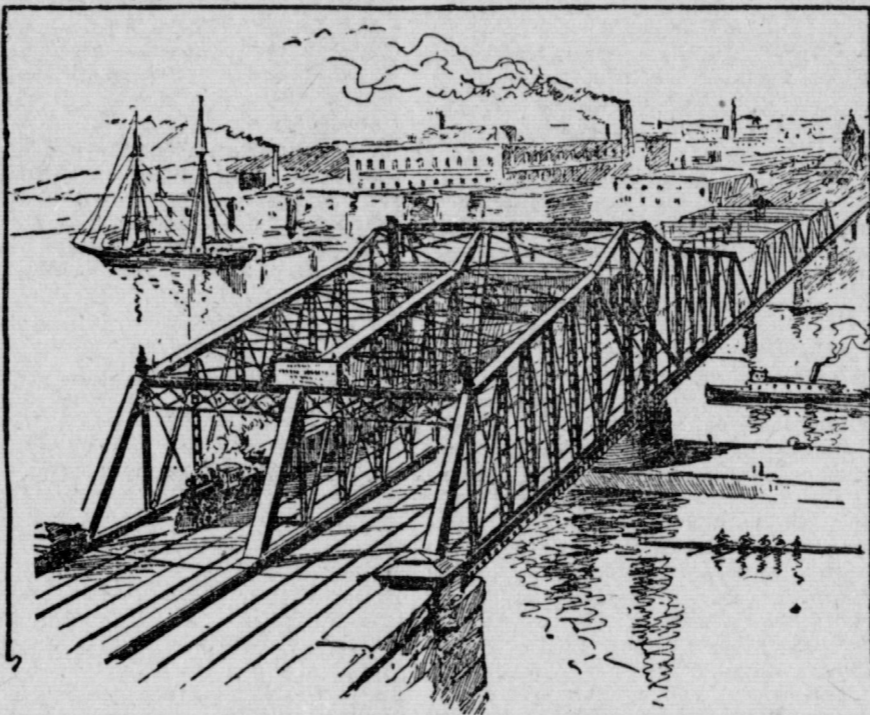
One of the most remarkable feats of engineering on record is just completed, and the passenger entering New York from the north now rides over one of the grandest examples of steel railway construction yet accomplished in this age of marvelous results in that direction.

Going south, at One Hundred and Forty-ninth street, the tracks of the New York Central begin to rise gradually, and at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street they cross the Harlem river on the new four-track steel draw-bridge, at an elevation of 24 feet above high tide.

This massive structure is remarkable in being the first four-track draw-bridge ever constructed, and is the largest bridge of the kind in the world. It is 400 feet long and weighs 2,500 tons. The draw-bridge is 58 feet 6 inches wide, from center to center of outside trusses, and is carried on three very heavy trusses. Between the central and each of the two side trusses is a clear space of 26 feet, which permits the passage of

ernment vessels, the hours named covering the great business traffic in and out of the city, the important through trains as well as the principal suburban trains arriving and departing during those hours. This will avoid delays, which have been, at times, very annoying, and permit of much faster service than could have been maintained under the old arrangements; and, as speed is one of the principal factors in travel in this age, this feature will prove an important one.

Quite a number of the great improvements which have recently been made in the northern part of the city can be seen from the trains as they pass over the new viaduct. Among them are Grant's tomb, St. Luke's hospital and the buildings of Barnard college and Columbia college, on Morningside Heights, and very soon the grand structure of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will be observed. Further north, and on the west side of the Harlem river, the now famous speedway is under construction and approaching completion; the magnificent High Bridge, Washington bridge, McComb's dam bridge and the viaduct leading to it from the north are works of art, as well as of great utility, under which the trains pass, and on the right may be seen the buildings of the University of the City of New York, Webb's Sailors' home, and hundreds of other new buildings of less importance. North of the Harlem river, on the Harlem division, is Bronx park, which is to contain the



END VIEW OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL'S NEW FOUR-TRACK STEEL DRAW-BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER AT ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, GREATER NEW YORK, THE LARGEST STRUCTURE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

two sets of double tracks. The floor is corrugated, and the rails are bolted to it on steel tie plates. The trusses of the draw-bridge span are 64 feet high in the center and 25 feet high at each end. At the highest part of these trusses is situated the engine house, which contains two oscillating double-cylinder engines, which turn the draw and can be worked together or separately, so that if one should break down at any time, the other can do the work.

From One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street south the four new tracks run over the steel viaduct to One Hundred and Tenth street, and thence by the stone viaduct to One Hundred and Sixth street, where they strike the level of the present four-track line.

The work of building this massive structure, which is here illustrated, began September 1, 1893, and has continued without cessation until now, and will cost when completed considerably

more than \$3,000,000. The completion of the new work will permit the opening of all cross streets under the railway and so permit a perfectly free passage for street traffic.

One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street, which has become a great thoroughfare, will be entirely free, as the trains which heretofore crossed it at grade will pass over it at an elevation that will allow street cars and all traffic perfect freedom. At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street the tracks will cross the street 14 feet above the level of the street, and at this point a magnificent passenger station is to be built, extending from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth to One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, under the four-track viaduct.

This improvement will be of immense value to the entire state—in fact, to the whole country—as the bridge, being so high above the water, will never have to be opened except when large steamers or vessels with masts are to pass through; all tugs, canal boats, barges, etc., will have ample room to go under the bridge while it is closed.

The Harlem river, having been declared by congress a ship canal, the secretary of war has issued orders that all tugs and barges shall joint their smokestacks and flag-poles, to enable them to pass under the bridge while it is closed. He has also ordered that the bridge shall not be opened between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the morning, and four and seven in the afternoon, except for police, fire or gov-



SIDE VIEW OF THE NEW FOUR-TRACK STEEL DRAW-BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER.

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ident Tyler, and is living in the Louise home, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Dandridge is the daughter of President Taylor, and presided at most of the white house functions during her father's brief occupancy—a little over a year; she lives in Winchester, Va. The only surviving daughter of President Johnson, Mrs. Martha Johnson Patterson, lives in the old Johnson homestead at Greenville, Tenn. Mrs. Ellen W. Grant Sartoris, the only daughter of President Grant, is now living in this country—since the death of her husband—in Washington, D. C. The only daughter of President Hayes, Miss Fanny Hayes, passes much of the winter in travel, and spends her summer at the Hayes homestead in Fremont, O. Mrs. Mary Garfield Stanley-Brown, the "little Mollie" of the Garfield family, lives in Washington during the winter and at the old family homestead in Ohio in the summer. The only daughter of President Arthur, Miss Helen Herndon Arthur, lives in Albany, N. Y., with an aunt, and spends much time in travel. Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee, the only daughter of President Harrison, lives at Saratoga, N. Y., and the Cleveland children, of course, are at their home in the white house.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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TYPICAL NEW YORK PLACES.

A Monster Building That Is a Village in Itself.

If you enter one of the largest office-buildings and go up and down and around in it, you will see that it is not a mere house, but almost a town in itself. It nearly covers the space of an entire city block. Thirty-two elevators serve the persons and the wants of its denizens and their visitors, and they carry some 40,000 passengers each day. The great business concern which owns it fills a whole floor, with halls as big as churches, and regiments of clerks. On the other floors live many another big company, and many an individual doing a big business of this sort or of that; and their number will not amaze you as much as the luxury with which prosaic tasks of money making now surround themselves. I wonder sometimes what my grandfather would have thought of it. No one in New York did business in a bigger way than he, sending his famous clipper-ships to encircle the world and traffic in a score of ports. Yet when my father began to "clerk" for him, the first of his duties was to sand his office floor; and I can remember how small and plain was this office, even at a much later day, with the bowsprits of vessels almost poking themselves in at the window as they lay along the border of South street.

The people who dwell in the typical office-buildings of to-day walk about on polished marble floors; the government has given them a post office just for themselves; a big library and a restaurant exclusively serve the lawyers among them; another restaurant generously serves whomsoever may wish to eat; there are rows of shops in the huge, barrel-vaulted main hall; there are barbers' rooms and boot-blacks' rooms, and so forth and so on. You can almost believe that a man might live in this building, going forth only to sleep, and be supplied with pretty much everything he need desire, except the domestic affections, a church, and a theater. It seems rather surprising, indeed, that a missionary chapel has not been started in one of its corners, and a roof-garden for daytime performances up on the hilltop called its roof. But up on this roof you may find the bureau which breeds our weather for us, and down in its underground stories, in the very entrails of earth, you may confidently leave it your wealth to guard.

Truly, the steel-clad burrows of a great safe-deposit company look capacious enough to contain all the wealth of New York, and whether your share of it be large or small, your needs can be exactly met. You may hire a safe so little that a diamond necklace would almost fit it, or so big that it is a good-sized room, and its rent means the income of a good-sized fortune—\$7,000 or so per annum. Narrow lane after lane is walled by tiers of these safes, as streets are walled by house-fronts; there is a second story below the first, and there are other places where other things than gold and silver, precious papers, and jewels may be stored. There are rooms full of trunks, and I remember a big one with the sweat of steam glistening on its walls and ceilings, which was filled full and heaped and piled with bales of a shining cream-colored stuff—raw silk, costly and also perishable, needing to be kept perpetually moist lest it lose its pliability.

When in this treasure-house of uncountable riches we see marble floors which can be lifted by levers so that they lie against the bases of doors impregnable without them, and vents which can throw curtains of scalding steam down upon the head of anyone who may try to tamper with them, it seems as though the days of oriental magicians had returned, with conspicuous modern improvements. Of course there are rows and rows of little cabinets where Croesus may handle his wealth, very privately, and fine large waiting-rooms, too, all shut in by gates and bars and passwords. "The ladies' waiting-room is a great convenience," said the gray-coated guardian one day. "When gentlemen bring their wives downtown, and have business to do elsewhere, it's a nice place to leave them in." So it is; but if it is much used for this purpose, I hope that its niceness, not its terrific security, determines the fact.—Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, in Century.

American and French Candy.
"In the manufacture of candy," said a diplomatic officer of experience, "there is no doubt but that America now leads the world. American candies are about the only ones made of sugar that can be bought in Paris. Though the French have long fed the world in this line, they have gradually but surely managed to do away with the use of sugar in their candies, except where they make them for consumption in other countries, and in America in particular. The French people will not buy a confection which is made of sugar alone. They want combinations and depend more upon starches than sugar. I think I am safe in saying that sugar-made candy is rarely, if ever, sold in Paris. Of course, it would be made if it was desired, but the people of Paris prefer something else. Two weeks before Christmas I was in Paris and I had to send to at least a half dozen famous candy manufacturers before I could get any sugar-made candies. I could get hundreds of combinations, marsh-mallows, chocolates and things in that line. In Germany it is much the same way."—Washington Star.

Unfortunate Exceptions.
Teacher—The dog is a carnivorous animal. You know that carnivorous means flesh-eating.
Pupil—But some of them don't get anything but bones.—Brooklyn Life.

Fashion in Hats.
"I want a hat, but it must be the latest style."
"Kindly take a seat, madam, and wait a few minutes; the fashion is just changing."—Tit-Bits.

TORY ISLANDERS.

They Are Robust Although Not Very Cleanly in Their Habits.

An old camper-out once related to a horrified housekeeper his experience of dish washing in a miners' camp. It did not take much time, though the company was numerous and the utensils of the kitchen were in constant use. The reason why it took but little time he sufficiently indicated by the statement that the cook pot was not cleaned till it became too small to hold a pudding of reasonable size. Then somebody got a hammer and knocked off the hardened accretions from its interior, till it was restored nearly enough to its original capacity to render further service.

In Tory island, an out-of-the-way bit of an Irish islet, and indeed to a less degree making nows around Donegal, the natives are not much dainty in their living, and their habit of letting the grounds remain indefinitely in their teapots has disastrous consequences.

"Every day and all day long," says a recent writer, "the teapot sits stewing in the embers of the hearth, and at each successive brew fresh tea is thrown in, but the old is never thrown out until the pot is choked." The result is an unusual and excessive rate of insanity. Little wonder, when a Tory island boy, who was questioned as to his usual meals, could reply:

"Stirabout for breakfast and tay for dinner; tay, ay, cupper, at tay-time, and stirabout for supper. Whiles we have tay for breakfast instead and stirabout for our dinner, and then another sup of tay before bedtime."

However, this diet, injurious as it is to the nerves, does not seem to affect the muscles. The Tory islanders are a robust and vigorous race, the men averaging six feet in height and the women unusually tall and strong. The women, indeed, have need of all their physical strength, since it is they who do the bulk of outdoor work, while the men stay at home and spin and weave.

"At Anagry Strand on a Sunday morning," says the same observer, "one may witness a strange sight. At low tide more than a mile of roundabout is saved by wading across a narrow bay. The men include in their Sunday's wardrobe shoes and stockings. The women, by courtesy and custom, wear 'martyeens'—footless stockings with a loop passing over the toe. Each good wife takes her good man upon her shoulders, and the heroes are conveyed across dry-shod."—Youths' Companion.

Extreme Conscientiousness.

Edmund Gosse, in an essay on Christina Rossetti, says that in middle life, at least, she was almost morbidly conscientious. Her scruples were not only delicate but exceedingly far reaching. In 1874, a scheme arose in England which would lead to the destruction of a part of the New Forest, and influential people started a petition to defeat it. Swinburne promised his signature on condition that Christina Rossetti's could be procured; and he hinted rather mischievously that the latter feat would not be easily accomplished. So Mr. Gosse sought the lady, and found indeed that much persuasion was required to convince her that the protest was an innocent and legitimate one. At last she took up the pen and began writing her name. Having gone so far as to inscribe Chr, she stopped, laid down the pen, and inquired earnestly: "And you are sure they do not propose to build churches on the land?"

After long effort, he succeeded in convincing her that no such scheme was in anybody's mind, and she went so far as to write istina G. Ros. There she halted again. "Nor schoolhouses?" she asked. But at length the halting signature was finished.—Youths' Companion.

As I understand it," said the Innocent Man, "the main thing in poker is to be lucky in the draw." It ain't so much in bein' lucky as bein' quick, out our way," explained Rubberneck Bill.—Indianapolis Journal.

Bad feet from frost-bites are made sound by St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

Nothing creates quite as great commotion as a woman who has lost her pocketbook. What was in it had nothing to do with the case.—Washington Democrat.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman, as he stepped into a chemist's. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.—Glasgow Times.

The pain of sciatica is cruel. The cure by St. Jacobs Oil is sure. It penetrates.

Generally, those who know the least are the ones who are always giving you advice "just for your own good."

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

We have never yet seen a man too poor to own a gun and a dog.

Years of rheumatism have ended with cure by St. Jacobs Oil. Cures promptly.

Some women buy books because they look pretty in the book case.

Pure Hood's Sarsaparilla

is what everyone should have at his blood's disposal. Therefore purify and enrich your blood now with a thorough course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

PENSIONS FOR SOLDIERS For Increase in Reduced Claims Returned. All laws free. 31 yrs. practice. Success or no fee. L. W. McCormick & Sons, Cincinnati, O., and Washington, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN.

His Greatness Now Recognized in the South and North.

Why His Birthday, February 12, is Being Celebrated in All Sections of the Country.

[Special Letter.]

The glorified of any nation are they who have made illustrious their country by words or acts which merit the crown of immortality. Ingratitude is by no means the characteristic of any people, but rather do they hold in cherished recollection, generation after generation, such as may have earned the noble distinction. Americans are assuredly not wanting in their duty towards those sons who have honored their land by contributing most to



LINCOLN IN 1857.

wards its glory and renown. Their names are household words, their memories are precious, and those who are most distinguished have special days set apart for commemoration of their services in behalf of the great republic.

As Washington bears the proud distinction of "Father of His Country," so Lincoln has the scarcely less honorable designation of "Preserver of the Nation." His almost superhuman efforts to perpetuate the union of the states it would be difficult to overestimate. Called to the office of chief magistrate at a time when human passions glowed like flames in a three-heated furnace; finding valorous and formidable foes in front and treacherous enemies in the rear, he assumed control of affairs with undaunted main, and a resolute purpose to confirm national unity at any cost and at any sacrifice. Not the suppression of slavery nor the punishment of transgressors was his supreme thought, but the maintenance of a single government, "of the people, for the people and by the people." To this end he was ready to yield up all things save honor and to stretch national credit to the limit of endurance.

A man of most tender sympathy and jealous for the preservation of human life, virtues so expressed that they became weaknesses, willingly, in the exercise of executive clemency towards individual offenders, he still realized that much blood would have to be shed and that many thousands of human beings must be sacrificed in order to the consummation of the object so dear to his heart.

Modest, as true greatness ever is, attentive to wise counsel and receptive of good advice, still was there never man less moved of senseless clamor, or of unjust demand for executive favor. When, following the calamitous campaign of the summer of 1861, impatient agitators insisted that all slaves should be set free, he remained firm as the adamantine hills in his set purpose to consider, first, last and all the time, the preservation of the autonomy of the government. With ineffable decision he declared that he was ready to maintain it with slavery, if it must be so; or with partial slavery, if things so turned out, but that the one obligation was paramount and everything else must yield to it.

The victories of Fort Henry and Donelson, Shiloh and Roanoke being followed by successive defeats of McClellan in Virginia his master genius saw the ripeness of the time for the breaking of human shackles, and he



MEDALLION OF 1850.

made formal announcement of his purpose, in September, 1862, to emit a proclamation of emancipation. Once this document was promulgated, he was equally loyal and unrelenting in his purpose to make the freedom of the slaves a positive condition to restoration of peace and order in the land. Sternly as his gentle nature would permit did he rebuke those who would be pacemakers who urged him to rescind the glory-laundered paper of January 1, 1863. Fervidly and eloquently he declared that never again should human slavery exist anywhere within the borders of the land; nor did he rest from his labors to this end until the victory was assured.

Too great that he should be overcome of partisanship, he was ever eager to accord rights to those who sought to overthrow the union, and at all times expressed a readiness to show magnanimity to a foe he was morally sure must ultimately be overcome. Until a

late period of the war he stood ready to give compensation to owners for their slaves and to accord amnesty, full and complete, to all who had drawn sword against the government, and who had fired at the flag. Unyielding as he was in his demand that the revolting states should return, obedient, to the fold, and with the loss of their human chattels, he was, nevertheless, most gentle in his persuasions and most generous in his proffers of full and free forgiveness of all who had erred and strayed away. In all the land there was no more true friend of the south than this man who had compassed its overthrow, all the energies of his nature being exercised towards the assuagement of bitterness and the effacement of the memories of strife at the time when the bullet of the assassin removed him forever from earth and its solemn duties.

The character of this remarkable man stands out in added luster with the passing of the years, and the consequent obliteration of prejudices that were born and nourished of partisan or political bias, and without substantial foundation, in fact. A native of the south, of humble parentage, he grew up to manhood with but the rudiments of an English education, and the greater portion of the morning and noontime of his eventful life-day was spent on the frontier, where society was rude and undigested. Yet at 23 he was captain of a brave band of determined soldiers; at 25 a member of the legislature; a congressman at 35, and at 49 a successful contestant against the illustrious Douglass in the hotly and skillfully contested tourney of the forum. Two years later the suffrage of his people made him ruler of all the land, and never did potentate bear honors more modestly or human king achieve such priceless victories as "the raiser of the Indiana and Illinois forests."

Rugged as the oaks of his native woods, his tall and unattractive form concealed a heart that was ever touched with the spirit of his fellow man's infirmity. Keen and ever keen was his sense of humor, yet in his being was an undercurrent, deep and broad, of infinite pathos, a sorrow that sometimes bordered on tears, and which, after the awful tragedy of his end, seemed to be a saddened forecast of his untimely demise. Yet with sublime unselfishness he sought to conceal the bitterness of his own sad spirit. When the clouds were darkest in the southern sky and



BUST MADE IN 1850.

the hearts of unionists were most cast down, his were the cheery words which gave hope to the despondent and courage to the timid. Upon his weary shoulders rested the infirmity of all; yet no groan broke from him because of the weight of his burden. In patience he submitted to the errors of incompetent generals; without repining he heard the reproaches of his countrymen. Faithfully, loyally, unremittently, he concentrated every energy upon the great issues before him, strengthened and nerve to his purpose by the sublime patriotism, which so thoroughly permeated his nature. Himself sprung from that class of people whom he was pleased to call "plain," he thoroughly understood them as they understood him. Their appreciation of and confidence in him he never doubted, while their unflinching, loyal support afforded him solace and strength in all the hours of his country's peril.

True to himself he lived; loyal to his word, earnest in his purpose, justly discerning what was right, rigorously rejecting what was wrong, his strong good sense and superb judgment never led him astray. Made chief of his party and his people in the greatest hour of his country's peril he was equal to every emergency called forth by the strifes of a thousand fields of contest. So, too, he met and overcame the non-combatant enemies at the north and lived until all the foemen of his dear land were finally overcome, going home while the glad victor shouts over a redeemed and saved country were ringing in his ears. A generation has passed since Lincoln was gathered with his fathers, and in the added light of the years that have passed he is seen as he should be seen and known as he should be known. Now no section can lay claim to him, but all portions of the land, former foemen as well as the defenders of the flag, unite in paying homage to the infinite genius of the man, whom no reverses could cast down, but whose loyal heart remained inflexibly true to its single purpose of preserving the union which the revolutionary fathers had sealed with their own precious blood.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Worse and More of It.

Mrs. Enpee—Why, when you proposed to me you looked positively miserable.

Enpee—Yes, but that wasn't a circumstance to the way I feel now.—Town Topics.

—A royal folio volume as a page is nine by twelve inches.

HEARD IN WASHINGTON.

Stories That Are Good Enough to Bear Repetition.

How Senator Wolcott Surprised a Lady Correspondent—A Duke Vicarized by His Tailor—A Geography Lesson in Indiana.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, does not deny the story, and it is probably a true one. When he was a young man he was, as now, attorney for several large railway corporations. He was regarded by the gentler sex as a confirmed bachelor, proof against all the advances and charms of matrimony. A lady in the southern part of the state desired a pass to Denver. She wrote a friend, who was well acquainted with Mr. Wolcott, asking her to request a pass from him, and like all women, she wrote a postscript, which in this instance was as follows:

"P. S.—I wish you would also send me one of those P. D. corsets; the kind you wore when I was last in Denver. I think they are just too lovely for anything." Her friend being in very much of a hurry, and momentarily forgetting all about the postscript, indorsed a request on the back and forwarded the letter to Mr. Wolcott. A reply came promptly as follows:

"Dear Madam—I enclose a pass, as requested, for your friend Miss —. I would send her the P. D. corset, but have forgotten her number. Very respectfully, "E. O. WOLCOTT."

American Girl's Touching Fate. Congressman Madd, of Maryland, tells a true story, and it has a moral, too, it is concerning a beautiful girl in a small Maryland city, who was regarded as the handsomest and most entertaining young lady in that vicinity. She married a gentleman who held a commission in the Austrian army. He was kind, amiable, and there was no question as to his social position. She went with her husband to his far-off home. She knew no German (he spoke English very well) and had no knowledge of the world. She could speak to nobody for awhile, until she mastered enough of the language of the country to get along. The few amusements permitted her were not those she had been used to, and the absolute social freedom to come and go without suspicion was all gone. Ten years ago a former friend was in a garison town of Austria, and there met with what had been the sweetly pretty girl of a few years before. He never saw such a change. "You are the only American I have met that I ever knew before in ten years," she said. "I am not unhappy, but I think if our girls at home could only know or understand how different everything here is from what they have been used to, they would never dream of marrying a man who was not an American. I have gone for years and never heard my mother tongue. Leopold (her husband) is in command here. But there are no ladies for me to associate with. In the Austrian service no man is permitted to marry until he has a certain income. The young officers therefore cannot marry, for they are generally poor. Those who are rich go into the guards regiments, which are at Vienna or other large cities. So we get the worst and poorest educated in the line. I have not spoken to a lady in six months. You cannot imagine my unutterable loneliness." As he bade her good-by she broke into a torrent of tears, and said: "I am so lonely. I am so lonely. Oh, that I could go home!"

Upon his return to America he saw her mother, and told her that her daughter was dying of homesickness. She was brought home, but the bad living and malaria had done its work only too well, and she died within three weeks after she came under her father's roof. If our girls could only know, or if they would only think, how much unhappiness they would save themselves! The first thing the foreigner thinks of in marrying is money, and not an American girl in 100 is married for any other cause than that she has or will have money. This rule is absolute.

Knowledge Licked Into Him. Amos Cummings, of New York, not only tells the story in the cloak room of the house of representatives, but he says that he printed it once, and has it in his scrap book. He says that he got it from ex-Congressman Holman, the chronic objector. It seems that a rural schoolmaster in Indiana asked a pupil named William Scott which was the longest river in the world, and William persisted in crediting that honor to the Wabash. As a result he went home with a tanned jacket. As another result, a stranger appeared and knocked on the door.

"Is this the skule teacher?" he pleasantly inquired. "He are!" "Are you the critter as licked Bill Scott fur sticking up fur the Wabash?" "The same, sir." "Wall Bill happens to be my son, and I've come fur to gin you the awfulest whalpin' ever writt down in geography." "Can you wait until I am through with this class in spelling?" asked the teacher.

She Wants Another. The Minister—My dear madam, let this thought console you for your husband's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way. Bereaved Widow—They haven't all gone, have they?—Tit-Bits.



"SIT DOWN ON THE WOODPILE."

SMITH D. FRY.

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The Minister—My dear madam, let this thought console you for your husband's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way.

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Takes Two.

She—I would marry you, perhaps, Mr. Harkamore, if you were the last man on earth, but not otherwise. He (rising to the occasion)—You wouldn't unless you were the last woman! Good night, Miss Kajoozi.—Chicago Tribune.

"Oh! I s'pose so, but under the circumstances I hope you'll cut it as short as possible. Haven't got my corn husked, ye know."

"Certainly. I never keep a gentleman waiting when I can help it. Sit down on the wood pile, Mr. Scott. I'll come out and pulverize you in just nine minutes."

At the end of the appointed time the teacher reappeared, and at once rushed into the waiting Mr. Scott and blacked his eyes, broke his jaw and flattened his nose. By and by Mr. Scott said he had all he wanted, and added:

"Which is the longest river in the world?"

"The Amazon, sir."

"Am-a-zon. Please write it down for me. You've licked it into me in first-class style and when I git home and git my paws onto my son Bill he'll come to believe that there hain't nuff water in the Wabash to wash his mother's feet with! Am-a-zon! Good-by, critter!"

Told a Lie and Took a Walk. Bob La Folette, of Wisconsin, says that when he was going to the capitol in a cable car a bride and groom got aboard at Seventh street crossing. When the conductor came around for



THE DUDE IN THE STREET CAR.

the fares the young man fumbled in his vest pocket and then brought a \$100 bill, which he reached out to the conductor with two fingers.

"Nothin' smaller?" queried the official, who had caught the distant rattle of silver in the young man's pocket.

"The only change I've got," returned the youth haughtily.

"Can't take it, then," said the conductor, reaching for the bell rope.

The astonished youth looked frightened.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed, as he thought of the rain and mud outside.

"Counterfeit—that's all," calmly returned the conductor. "Sorry you ain't got the change."

The bell rope was pulled and the youth got off with his girl. He had the change, but he was afraid to confess to a lie before the careful of passengers.

The Victim of His Tailor. There is a young bank clerk here who always dresses up to the prevalent style. He sent his trousers to the tailor to be creased, and they were returned to him in the evening. After dinner he resolved to visit one of his fair adorables, and he donned that pair of trousers. When on the street he noticed to his horror that his usually careful tailor had creased but one leg, and the other was limp and lifeless.

To make the matter worse a small boy called the attention of the whole street to the discrepancy by shouting:

"Hey, Butch! Git onto de dude with the joblot legs!"

He had not time to go back, and so he tried to appear oblivious. He thought the girl would be polite enough not to say anything, but he was sure that she would notice it. When he arrived he did all he could to hide his lower extremities, but her little sister made a stage whisper to the hostess and said:

"What funny legs! They ain't mates, are they?"

Conjugal Magnanimity in Tunis. John O'Connor was for many years private secretary to the late "Sunset" Cox. He has traveled extensively himself, and learned much concerning foreign countries from his versatile employer. He tells me that the bey of Tunis supports a large harem, but a very modest one. He has had only three wives, and one of them is dead. The survivor, happening to be in Constantinople some years ago, bought a beautiful young girl and brought her back to Morocco to be Ali Bey's wife. Now there was conjugal magnanimity for you! These two wives live most harmoniously together; they dress in European fashion, and, for that matter, so does Ali Bey, who is now 70 years of age. The bey has ten children, five boys and five girls. A lack of money has compelled the old gentleman to send the children to the schools patronized by common people. Yet the bey receives annually 1,200,000 piasters from the government, and his personal estate is valued at \$14,000. The entire absence of jealousy among the wives and favorites of Mussulmans presents a direct contrast to the feeling that obtains among womankind in other parts of the world, and illustrates how all-powerful is custom when prescribed by articles of religious faith.

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TRUST TESTIMONY.

Parcel Examination of Protection Beneficiaries.

The legislative committee of inquiry is not infrequently only a device for "saying undisputed things in such a solemn way." Certainly the first two sessions of Senator Lexow's committee on trusts have been of such a character. To the testimony there attaches only the value which belongs to a formal demonstration of facts which had been long of current notoriety. The salient facts thus positively developed by this inquiry are these: The sugar trust controls 80 per cent. of the output of refined sugar in the United States and fixes the price of that staple. As a result of this domination of the market it is able to pay 12 per cent. dividends on preferred and 7 per cent. on its common stock—Mr. Havemeyer amplifying his testimony at this point by remarking that he would not go into any business that would not net from 15 to 20 per cent. The capital stock of the company is \$73,036,000, much of which was created for the purpose of buying up and suppressing rival refineries. The undivided surplus in 1895 exceeded \$13,000,000. Mr. Havemeyer, in a burst of public spirit, went on to assert that another monopoly—that of the Arbuckle coffee concern—made a profit of three to four cents a pound on its entire output, and that he intended to enter that field, to the great profit of the public, and, incidentally, of course, to a profit of 15 to 20 per cent. for himself.

An immediate benefit might spring from this investigation if the gentlemen at Washington now engaged in formulating a new tariff would give heed to the figures showing the profits of the trust. It seems a safe proposition, one, indeed, that should be accepted by the most thorough-paced McKinleyite, that a monopoly making average profits of ten per cent. on what is believed to be heavily-watered stock is not in need of protection. But it is an equally safe proposition that the next official committee the Havemeyers will meet will be the ways and means committee of the house of representatives, with a plea for protection against German competition.

It cannot be said the examination of the beneficiaries of the trust system is being prosecuted with a degree of acumen which promises the best results. Nor does the fact that the committee will hold only six more sessions offer encouragement that its report will form a very valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.—N. Y. Journal.

BOSS HANNA'S POLITICS.

Doodle and Duncombe as Passports to Power.

Mark Hanna is at his best after a banquet. It is then that his genial soul expands, his massive brain begins to work and his tongue is loosened. It was at a banquet that the general Mark outlined the policy by which the people were to be induced to believe that Maj. McKinley was against the trusts and in favor of bimetalism. With unctuous fervor he described how, by carefully worded messages and speeches, the major would fasten his hooks on the confidence and affection of the dear people without hurting the interests that stood back of him. Another banquet has loosened the great man's tongue and expanded his soul. The Cleveland Railway Men's Republican club, the name under which Mr. Hanna's employes masquerade in politics, gave him a dinner and when the good things had taken effect the republican boss rolled out a chunk of wisdom embracing his whole political platform.

Mr. Hanna, who, by the way, was addressed as either a senator or a cabinet officer and who failed to deny the soft impeachment, congratulated the men upon what they had accomplished and urged them to strive for more. "If at any time I can do ought to assist you," said he, "draw on me at sight."

There is only one thing in politics, from Mr. Hanna's standpoint, and that is the draft. His belief in it is excusable, perhaps, because that seems to be the only thing in politics that he knows and it has carried him a long way towards power and glory. He nominated and elected his candidate for the presidency and has placed within his reach the dazzling choice between the senate and the cabinet.

His supreme faith in the power of boodle and sham in politics explains his preeminence among the leaders of up-to-date republicanism.—St. Louis Republic.

If It Had Been Bryan! The 4th of March is almost here, and the voice of the receiver is still heard in the land. Notwithstanding the wish which is father to the thought that prosperity should come, banks crash, business enterprises are staggered, and the receiver stands preeminent as the advance guard of McKinleyism. We were told that the mere triumph of "sound money" would so compose matters that without further effort business would take care of itself. The triumph has come, the date of inauguration can be seen over the hilltops of time, and there is no improvement. Suppose Bryan had been elected, how all these things would have been charged up against free silverism! Since the reverse is the fact, are they not as fairly chargeable to McKinleyism? It may be like rubbing turpentine into a raw place to ask the question, but the people are asking it everywhere.—Atlanta Constitution.

—It is said that the major, in order to do a good turn for Mark Hanna, may be compelled to put him in the cabinet. The country will not be in grief, however, if Hanna's participation in government shall continue to be that of one of the ordinary everyday units.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

—Syndicate shareholders who are not satisfied with the dividends declared in the proposed tariff bill will send in their claims to Chairman Dingledy.—St. Louis Republic.

FARMERS VICTIMIZED.

How the Protection Scheme Robs the Producer.

It is reported from Washington that the proposed tariff law will be full of protection for the farmers. The republican party has been trying for a good many years to properly protect the farmers, and still they have steadily been compelled to accept the assurance that the next tariff would do the fair thing by them. That is, the farmers have continued to live in hope, notwithstanding the fact that many of them died in despair. Now, for the seventh time, the farmers are assured by the republican party that the good thing they have been eagerly looking for is coming right along, and that the next tariff will embrace the quantity and quality of protection they need in their business. This means that, in the opinion of the republican leaders, "the same old gag" has not as yet outlived its usefulness; that the farmers' eyes may still be fitted with wool blinders.

It is not necessary at this late day to bring argument to bear on the fallacy that the farmer can be benefited by republican protection. The history of American tariffs is full of evidences of such fallacy. The farmer has always found protection working against him; never in his behalf. His agricultural implements and the clothing he and his family wear he has been compelled to buy at prices that prove how well the manufacturers are protected, but when he has gone to the market to sell, he has always found protection taking a day off. The republican party has found it much easier to fool the farmer than to make a tariff that was of the smallest advantage to him.

Of course the scheme of republican protection must embrace the good of all. Manufacturers, merchants, mechanics and farmers must come in for a share in its manifold blessings—on paper, and if the scheme fails here and there in operation, there is always plenty of "wool." The republicans will never be at a loss so long as the "wool" holds out. It is perhaps a good thing, for them, that the farmers are disposed to be credulous, for they can enjoy in anticipation the benefits that are quite certain to fail of materialization.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

HANNA IN TROUBLE.

Ohio Republicans Bosses Beginning to Melt.

The news from Ohio indicates that a head-on collision is imminent between the Hanna humber and the Foraker-Kurtz-Bushnell machine. Both are on the same track and coming at full speed from opposite directions towards the same point—the Ohio senatorship now held by John Sherman. Out in Ohio they seem to look upon Hanna as a ridiculous sort of person, a political incubus and heavy dead-weight, and they think the best place for him is at home with his private business of organizing iron and steel "combinations" and freight monopolies. The Foraker crowd is saying openly that Hanna came very near electing Bryan; that the reason Ohio gave McKinley only 47,000 majority instead of the 150,000 that was expected was because of Hanna's record as a monopolist and oppressor of workmen, and a suppressor of competition. They show that the cry of Cleveland was unique among the great cities of the north in that it gave McKinley but 5,000 majority where it should have given him at least 30,000. And Cleveland is Hanna's own city.

These anti-Hanna Ohio republicans insist that if Hanna should get the senatorship the public indignation would be so great that Ohio would go overwhelmingly democratic at the next election. They back up their statement by a very convincing analysis of the election returns.

If one did not know how Hanna hated public life and public office, one would say, from the way he is laying about him with McKinley and federal patronage as a club, that he really wished to go to Washington and save long-distance telephone charges between Cleveland and the white house.

Whichever side wins the country will gain nothing. But the pulverization of the Hanna humber would be amusing.—N. Y. World.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—McKinley should be free to choose his own cabinet, but it is hardly fair to mesmerize business by selecting a lot of old fossils.—Philadelphia Item.

—No man in the cabinet will be more friendless and uneasy than Sherman. But he has the possibility of keeping everyone about him in hot water.—Utica Observer.

—The new tariff will produce plenty of revenue, but only for the trusts. The government will still have a deficit unless its expenses are enormously cut down.—Kansas City Times.

—The next excuse the McKinleyites will give for delaying the arrival of prosperity will be the failure of Mark Hanna to break into the United States senate.—Kansas City Times.

—Mr. Dingley's committee has not neglected to give the lumber kings the privilege of levying a heavy tax on the wood for the poor man's home and implements of labor.—St. Louis Republic.

—Mr. McKinley's campaign utterance about opening the mills instead of the mints sounded very nice, but about the only things opened since his election are soup houses and distributing depots for the poor.—N. Y. Journal.

—The McKinleyites are proposing an extra session of congress next spring to throw the country into a fever of uncertainty in regard to tariff laws. The country needs a rest from tariff tinkering; but what cares the republican machine? Did it not pledge the millionaire contributors to the campaign fund that their purses should be replenished by fixing the tariff rates so that they could levy tribute upon the people?—Illinois State Register.

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If for cause only postmasters in this state were to be removed, we would like to ask Messrs. Eugene Hagan and W. C. Perry what they were in Washington for, insulting the Postoffice Department, as by their presence, they as much as said: "You don't know your business, and we have come here to tell you what to do."

An exchange says it is rumored that Frank L. Webster is to be Senator Harris' Secretary. We hope it is true. Mr. Webster is in every way qualified. Besides being one of the best Democratic editors in Kansas, he is a gentleman of high attainments, a scholar, an astute politician and an honest man. Senator Harris could make no better choice.

Sombody ought to tell the editor of the Chicago Tribune that large investments are being made in Mexico by the goldbugs of Wall street. When one couples this fact with that other fact lately commented on by the Boston Journal, "that Mexico's revenues exceed its expenses," there certainly must be something radically wrong about Mexico.

Judge Lochren, of the United States Court of Appeals, has decided in a case brought by a New York firm against a firm in North Dakota for infringement of a trade mark, that the patent on the recipe for the manufacture of Castoria has expired and that the expiration of the patent made it public property, and that any person was privileged to use both the formula and the name.

The committee having in charge the inaugural ball and banquet has decided that no wine shall be served to the general public. Arrangements have been made for serving not less than 300 pounds of dressed tarrapin, 300 gallons of consommé, 800 chicken outlets, 7,000 sweet bread patties, 300 gallons of chicken salad, 200 gallons lobster salad, 200 tongues, 250 gallons of crab salad, 250 Smithfield hams, 150 boned turkeys, 10,000 assorted sandwiches, 1,800 quarts of ice-cream, 250 pounds of assorted cake, 200 gallons of coffee, and 100 gallons of Roman punch.

Chicago as an ordinance which prohibits expectorating on the floors of street cars and other public places, singularly enough the first arrest under this ordinance proved to be a disciple of Lycurgus, one G. R. Newcomer, who was arrested by a detective and locked up in the Harrison street police station for an hour. Mr. Newcomer says he will sue the company for \$500,000, and as he is an attorney himself he will not have to go to the expense of paying some other lawyer a retainer before bringing his action. It is possible the company's detective would not have made the arrest if he had known he was pulling a lawyer. The case will probably be vigorously contested by both sides and the outcome will be anxiously looked for not only by the legal fraternity but by the general public.

SOCIALISM AND ANARCHY.
A great many good people who have not read extensively on economic subjects make no distinction between the socialists and the anarchists. They are birds of a feather—tared with the same stick—in the estimation of men who would scorn to misrepresent facts in ordinary affairs, but who somehow considered any method of warfare against what they esteem dangerous doctrines is legitimate. A newspaper some time ago announced that Mr. Howells, the novelist, "is a socialist and almost an anarchist." It might as well have said that Mr. Howells "is as white as alabaster and almost black;" or that he is as comely as Absalom, with the features of Markanna.

Socialism and anarchy are antithetic. The one exalts the State, the other would destroy it; the one is paternal and seeks to direct even the private affairs of men; the other

holds that government is tyranny, and that the individual is independent, supreme.

Speaking generally, all anarchists are bad, while on the other hand most socialists are good citizens. Take Mr. Howells himself, for instance, or William McKinley, who, while not so radical as Mr. Howells, is the author of a tariff bill distinctly socialistic.

Mr. Howells would apply the principles of socialism so that they would benefit all alike—if there be virtue in them—while the President elect holds that State aid to certain industries would be sufficient. By it the employer of labor would receive largess from the State, and human nature is so generous, he would, no doubt, divide his bonus with the employe.

To quote from a recent publication, "President John Smith," there are to-day several schools and branches of socialism, and there are varying beliefs among anarchists, but all socialists agree on certain points. So do all anarchists.

The socialist believes that the greatest average good to the human race can be secured by a perfection of government; the anarchists believe that these ends can be obtained only by the annihilation of government.

The socialist believes in the perfection of law; the anarchists believe in no law.

The socialist believes in the absolute rule of the majority; the anarchists hold that no majority, however great, has a right to override the individual.

The socialist, if he be honest and sincere, has in contemplation a government made perfect through wise laws passed by a majority of the people, and he points to the postoffice, the public schools and the waterworks as familiar examples of State socialism.

And yet Mr. Howells "is a socialist and almost an anarchist."

The Dispatch is Democratic. It believes that all government rests in the consent of the governed, and that the voice of the people is the voice of God. It rejects nothing of worth because it is new, and it clings to no faith because it is old. It believes in the people of to-day and that they are capable of solving and will solve the problem of government. It is all very well were human, and if we cannot improve on their work after more than a hundred years, we are decadents. If we are not progressive we will be reactionary. It is a path impossible—Chicago Dispatch.

KANSAS DID HER BEST.

It is with sadness we hear that the mills of New England must shut down because the people of Kansas, Nebraska and other western States cannot buy the goods they are manufacturing. Willingly would we do so if we could. Gladly would we purchase \$5 Darby hats of new and fashionable shapes, Louis V. chairs and tables with beautiful carved and gilded legs, pink globed lamps three feet high with lapis lazuli standards, new spring lawns with bunches of violets all over them, patent leather shoes with the new fashioned semi-box toes, and many more things made in New England by the clever French Canadians, Armenians and Italians who now constitute the boasted blue-blooded "descendants of Puritan forefathers" that we hear so much about.

Oh, that we could buy them; we want them had enough, for with the Gallic taste and peculiarities that William Allen White says the people of Kansas possess and display, comes also the French love for things pretty and artistic.

We have in Kansas mountains of things material to exchange with New England for her things material. In Kansas there are miles and miles of corncribs bursting full; there are granaries running over with wheat; there are millions of cattle—statistics say more than was ever known in the history of the State. There are pens full of chickens. Hundreds of creameries increasing in number weekly are turning out a golden stream of butter. Kansas has always been the great Bread State of the Union; she is now becoming the great Bread and Butter State.

But we can't buy manufactured goods of New England with the

products of our soil, because we can't sell these products.

Nobody seems able to purchase our corn, wheat and cattle, just as we are not able to purchase New England's clothing, furniture and shoes.

Now, if we could only get together on some commercial basis, trade would spring up, everybody could buy everything he needed, the wheels in the mill will begin to turn, the corn begin to move, and, rotund, blooming prosperity smile upon the whole country.

All that is needed to bring about this joyful state of affairs is money in circulation—more of it. Enough money to flush the dried up channels of trade. Money, as has been said, is like the blood to the human body—reduce it the body faints and droops; fill it and life and health return.

Kansas said at the election that the country needed more money. New England said: "No," in stentorian tones.

We are sorry the mills of New England must close; we did all we could by our votes to keep them open.—Topeka Journal, Rep.

NICKNAMES OF STATES.

- Alabama—Cotton State.
- Arkansas—Bear State.
- California—Golden State.
- Colorado—Centennial State.
- Connecticut—Nutmeg State.
- Delaware—Blue Hen State.
- Florida—Peninsula State.
- Georgia—Cracker State.
- Illinois—Sucker State.
- Indiana—Hoosier State.
- Iowa—Hawkeye State.
- Kansas—Sunflower State.
- Kentucky—Bluegrass State.
- Louisiana—Pelican State.
- Maine—Pine Tree State.
- Maryland—Old Line State.
- Massachusetts—Bay State.
- Michigan—Wolverine State.
- Minnesota—Gopher State.
- Mississippi—Bayou State.
- Montana—Stub Toe State.
- Nebraska—Backwater State.
- Nevada—Silver State.
- New Jersey—Blue State.
- New York—Empire State.
- North Carolina—Old North State.
- North Dakota—Flickertail State.
- Ohio—Buckeye State.
- Oregon—Beaver State.
- Rhode Island—Little Rhody.
- South Dakota—Swing Cat State.
- Tennessee—Big Bend State.
- Texas—Lone Star State.
- Vermont—Green Mountain State.
- Virginia—The Old Dominion.
- Washington—Chinook State.
- West Virginia—The Panhandle.
- Wisconsin—Badger State.

"YOURS FOR HEALTH."

Expert physicians affirm that the right climate may cure consumption and kindred diseases.

The right climate is where a pure, dry air, equable temperature and constant sunshine are found.

These essentials exist in the Salt River Valley of Arizona and various places in New Mexico.

Descriptive pamphlets, recently issued by Passenger Department of the Santa Fe Route, containing complete information relative to these regions as invalids need. For free copies address G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago.

GOOD AT CRIPPLE CREEK.

The best way to get there is over the Santa Fe route. The fabulously rich gold mining district of Cripple Creek, Colorado, is attracting hundreds of people. By spring the rush bids fair to be enormous. That there is an abundance of there is demonstrated beyond doubt. Fortunes are being rapidly made.

To reach Cripple Creek, take the Santa Fe Route, the only standard gauge line direct to the camp. The Santa Fe lands you right in the heart of Cripple Creek.

Inquire of nearest ticket agent, or address G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Monadnock Block, Chicago.

Demorest's Magazine for March is rich in fiction. It contains charming stories by Gilbert Parker, Madeline G. Bridges, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and Grace MacGowan Cooke, which it would be a pity not to read.

MUSIC FREE TO YOU.

We will send 125 Popular Songs, words and music, sentimental, pathetic and comic, absolutely free if you send us cents for three months' subscription to AMERICAN NATION, our charming illustrated magazine. The music includes Little Fisher Maiden, Tantara Boom de ay, I Whistle and Wait for Katie, After the Ball, Comrades, Little Annie Rooney, Old Bird of Joy, Old Madrid, and 125 others. Bear in mind, you shall have this immense quantity by sending 10 cents, silver. You will be delighted. Address, AMERICAN NATION Co., 125 Pearl St., Boston, Mass. (MAGS)

Ripans Tabules assist digestion, Ripans Tabules cure biliousness, Ripans Tabules cure bad breath, Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.

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CA SODA
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Best in the World.
WRITE FOR OUR COOK BOOK FREE!
DELAND & CO., Fairport, N. Y. sept. 7-17



R. MONARCH
THE CELEBRATED
Sour Mash Distiller
Is Now Bottling in Bond.

We are now bottling whisky in accordance with the bill pending in Congress, granting Distillers permission to bottle in bond. We would be glad to receive orders for such goods, feeling same will meet with approval of the best Judges.

One Case 12 qts. 5 yrs. old, 11 00
" " " " 8 " " 13 00
" " " " 10 " " 15 00

R. MONARCH
BOTTLING CO.
OWENSBORO, KY.
Mail orders promptly attended to.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK TIMES

for the coming year will be filled with good things for you to know.

Its editorial columns will contain well written opinions on current events, political and foreign.

The latest reports of the doings of Congress and our own State Legislature will be handled by trained correspondents, and as the work of the newly elected representatives will be more than usually important, we have made the very best arrangements for securing complete reports. You must have a paper this year—why not have the best? The Times will give you the news—all of it, all the time, will visit you twice each week (Tuesdays and Fridays) and costs but \$1.00 a year. Address your order to THE TWICE-A-WEEK TIMES, KANSAS CITY, MO.

TRY A TEXAS TRIP
To San Antonio, Austin, Ft. Worth or El Paso, and get a touch of summer in winter. The Santa Fe is offering some low rate tickets with liberal conditions as to limit. Texas may be just the place you are looking for a home or for investment.

(First published in the Chase County Courant, Jan. 25, 1897.)
Administrator's Notice.

STATE OF KANSAS, }
COUNTY OF CHASE, }
In the matter of the estate of SYRUS M. TALKINGTON, late of Chase county, Kansas. Notice is hereby given, that on the 23rd day of January A. D. 1897, the undersigned was, by the Probate Court of Chase county, Kansas, duly appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of SYRUS M. TALKINGTON, late of Chase county, deceased. All parties interested in said estate will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.
JEMIME TALKINGTON, Administrator.

DR. COE'S SANITARIUM,
11th and Broadway, KANSAS CITY, MO.



THIS SANITARIUM
Is a private hospital, a quiet home for those afflicted with medical and surgical diseases, and is supplied with all the remedial means known to science, and the latest instruments required in modern surgery. Fifty rooms for the accommodation of patients, together with our complete brace-making department, makes this the largest and only thoroughly equipped Sanitarium in the west.

WE TREAT
Club Feet, Curvature of the Spine, Nasal, Throat, Lung, Kidney, Bladder and Nervous Diseases, Stricture, Piles, Tumors, Cancers, Paralysis, Epilepsy, and all Eye, Skin and Blood Diseases. CHRONIC DISEASES of the Lungs, Heart, Head, Blood, Skin, Scalp, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Nerves, Bones, etc., Paralysis, Epilepsy (fits), Scrofula, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Tape Worm, Ulcers or Fever Sores, Dyspepsia and Gastritis, Eczema, etc.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS
As a means of relief are only resorted to where such interference is indispensable. In such cases as Varicocele, Piles, Stricture, Fistula, Ruptures, Harelip, Cleft Palate, Cross Eyes, Tumors, etc. Although we have in the preceding made special mention of some of the ailments to which particular attention is given, the Sanitarium abounds in skill, facilities and apparatus for the successful treatment of all chronic ailments, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means. We have a neatly published book, illustrated throughout, showing the Sanitarium, with photographs of many patients, which will be mailed free to any address.

IF YOU ARE AFFLICTED
With any of the above diseases, or in any way in need of medical or surgical aid and are thinking of going abroad for treatment, you are requested to call on the Editor of this Paper, who will give any information you may desire concerning the reliability of this Sanitarium.
Address all communication to
DR. C. M. COE, Kansas City, Mo.

W. H. HOLSINGER,
DEALER IN
Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Farm Machinery, Wind Mills, Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

Can't tell you all about the new styles, handsome designs, beautiful materials, endless variety, low prices, superior quality and fine workmanship of our goods in the limited space, but we want you to write for our 1897 illustrated catalogue. This is the largest and best catalogue we ever published. Ask for Cat. M. It contains about 20 pages, and cost us lots of money and time; but you can have one free. We have added a fine line of CIGARETTES at lowest prices.
ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CALENDARS AND COUPONS.
So many beautiful calendars and entertaining novelties have been issued by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that we are hardly surprised to receive this season no only one of the very prettiest designs in calendars, but with it coupons which entitle the recipient to attractive novelties. Every one who gets a Hood's Sarsaparilla calendar for 1897 secures something that will prove interesting and valuable as well as a beautiful specimen of the lithographer's art. The calendar is accompanied this season by an amusing little book on "The Weather." Ask your druggist for Hood's Coupon Calendar, or send 6 cents in stamps for one to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
THOS. H. GISHAM. J. T. BUTLER
CRISHAM & BUTLER,
ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,
Will practice in all State and Federal Courts.
Office over the Chase County National Bank
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.
JOSEPH C. WATERS
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
Topeka, Kansas,
(Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton.
1893-17

F. P. COCHRAN,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.
Practices in all State and Federal courts

J. W. MCWILLIAMS'
Chase County Land Agency,
Railroad or Syndicate Lands, will buy or sell wild lands or improved Farms.
—AND LOANS MONEY.—
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world, splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.25 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York City.

JACK NEEDS A VACATION!
All work makes Jack a dull boy. He should leave the office a while this summer, take Jill along and go to Colorado.

An illustrated book describing summer tourist resorts in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, will be mailed free on application to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago. Tourist tickets now on sale at reduced rates to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Denver, over the picturesque line, Santa Fe Route.

F. JOHNSON, M. D.,
CAREFUL attention to the practice of medicine in all its branches,
OFFICE and private dispensary over Hilton Pharmacy, east side of Broadway Residence, first house south of the Widow Gillett's.
Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach, Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative.

The Chase County Courant. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANS. THURSDAY, FEB. 18, 1897. W. E. TIMMONS, Ed. and Prop.

No fear shall... to the line, out as ships fall where they may.

TIME TABLE. TIME TABLE A. T. & S. F. R. R. M-ST. A.L.X. COIL. CHB. X. K.C. X. W.F.

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COUNTY OFFICERS: Representative... Dr. F. T. Johnson. Treasurer... A. A. Cowley. Clerk... M. C. Newton.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS: Cal. Pendergraf is on the list. Mrs. T. C. Strickland is very ill. Wm. Dutch, of Atchison, is in town.

News has been received from Mr. Alex McKenzie, at Topeka with his wife, that she is now improving; but, if she gets well she will never recover her speech.

The Modern Woodmen of America Lodge, of Strong City, will give their third annual ball, in Adair's Opera House, in that city, on Friday evening, February 26th.

Photographs! Photographs! Photographs! You can get as good work at Ingram's studio as any place in this part of the State.

Married, on Monday, February 1 1897, in this city, at the home of Mr. W. F. Rookwood, by Probate Judge O. H. Drinkwater, Mr. Robert White, of Butler county, and Miss Josie Daub, of this county.

THE SMITH-STEEL WEDDING. Married, Smith Steele, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Steele, in Howard, February 10th, at half-past eight p. m.

The bride is one of Howard's dearest girls and it is safe to say that of the more than fifty friends who crowded about her, last night, to witness this most important step of her life and wish her all kinds of happiness and good luck, there was not one who did not genuinely feel the deep interest in her welfare which they attempted to express.

W. T. Foreman, living east of town, killed an eagle, Tuesday, on his farm, that measured 7 feet and 1 inch from tip to tip of wings, and 3 feet and 2 inches from point of beak to end of tail.

Don't forget that John Glen, the reliable harness maker, formerly of Strong City, is now located at Elmdale, and you can always get bargains of him, and the best of mending in every branch of his trade.

Last Tuesday night the blacksmith shop of W. C. Giese was broken into through the back window, and drills and other tools were taken therefrom; and the same night, the Santa Fe depot was entered through the North window, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to enter the safe; and the burglars left, taking eighteen bottles of beer from a case in the freight room, and also taking Agent T. W. Jenkins' overcoat and revolver.

G. O. Lang, the composer of the most popular song of the day, "In the Shadow of the Pines" has sent us a new song, "Say not Good-bye." We predict for it a larger sale than "In the Shadow of the Pines."

A new book, "Knitting and crocheting," of 64 pages, over 50 original designs illustrated, beautiful lace patterns, shawls, hoods, jackets, etc., has been published by The Home, 141 Milk St., Boston, Mass., and will be sent with a subscription to that paper. The Home is a 20 page monthly full of original stories, literary and domestic topics and fashions.

This week we chronicle the marriage of a formerly Chase county boy, in the person of Edward R. Ferlet, at the home of the parents of the bride, at Hamilton, Greenwood county, where Mr. Ferlet also resides, to Miss Viola Swisher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Swisher, which happy event took place yesterday.

OLD SETTLERS' REUNION. The annual reunion will be held tomorrow (Friday) night. The literary portion of the programme and speaking will take place in Music Hall, at 7:30.

For rent some of the best farms in Chase county. J. C. DAVIS. Tobacco users will find in another column, an item of decided interest to them, headed "Don't Stop Tobacco."

CALL FOR A MEETING OF POULTRY AND PET STOCK FANCIERS. CEDAR POINT, KAN., Feb. 14, 1897. MR. W. E. TIMMONS:—

DEAR SIR: Knowing that you are interested in the breeding of fancy fowls, and as you are editor and publisher of one of the county papers, I wish to suggest to you the idea of we poultry people of Chase county, getting together at an early date and organizing a poultry society, with this point in view, would it not be a good idea to issue a call for a meeting of the fancy poultry breeders of this county and all lovers of fancy poultry to join hands and organize the first Chase county poultry and pet stock association, thereby waking up the fancy poultry interest (now dormant) of this county, to get in the band wagon and ride in the procession, then, this fall, at the proper time, make one of the best poultry shows in Central Kansas? Our sister county, Harvey, gave their initial show last December, and it was a "cracker jack," having some 500 birds in all, most all breeds and classes, well represented. A move of this kind once started, I do not think our people would be found wanting in the quality of stuff that leads to success. I would like to hear from you and others of the Fraternity. If you see fit to publish this, do so. The poultry interest of Chase county is no small one as it is, and can be made much larger. I am,

Fraternity Yours, GEO. TOPPING. In pursuance of the foregoing suggestions, we would recommend that all lovers of fancy poultry and pet stock in Chase county, meet at the Court-house in this city, at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday, March 6, 1897, for the purpose of organizing for the purpose therein mentioned, and we hope that every poultry and pet stock fancier in the county will be in attendance at the same, without further notice, and thus start the working up of the interest of Chase county in a very profitable and most interesting occupation.

TEACHERS' MEETING. The postponed session of the Teachers' Association met in the Saffordville school building, Saturday, February 6. In the absence of both President and vice-President Miss Brown presided. Owing to sickness and the almost impassable condition of the roads, the attendance was small; however, the meeting was interesting and helpful.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION. The Chase County Teachers' Association meets at Clements, Saturday, March 6, 1897, at 2 o'clock, p. m. PROGRAMME. Music—Clements Grammar school, Recitation—Pupil from Clements school.

Paper—How can we best grade the district schools? W. W. Austin. General Discussion. Paper—Music in the Public Schools, W. Monroe Jones. Discussion led by Mary Chesney and Lizzie Collett. Paper—The Good Derived from County Normal Institutes, Frank Biggs. Discussion led by H. S. Dwelle and Marie Marden. Music—Clements Primary Department.

Paper—The Relation of the Teacher to the Political Institutions of the Day, Cyrus Harrison. Paper—The Evolution of the Tramp, Howard Stevenson. Discussion led by Jas. Lakin and S. C. Bailey. 7:30 P. M. Music—Coyne Valley School. Roll Call—Response by Quotations from Shakespeare. Recitation—Minnie Myser. Music—Homestead Quartette, B. F. Martin, Roy Brown, Amor Holdeman and Isaac Sell.

Lecture—Classification of Schools and the Authority of the Teacher, Professor Eli S. Payne of the Kansas State Normal. Music—Instrumental, Clements. Teachers are especially requested to attend the meeting of the Association at Clements, March 6th, and a cordial invitation is extended to the public generally. An effort has been made to have a program that will interest both teacher and parent. The lecture of Professor Payne is recommended as something new and good. One who has had the pleasure of listening to it, says: "I have heard Professor E. S. Payne's lecture on the 'Authority of the Teacher' and regard it as the clearest, most logical, and most practical discussion of that subject I have ever heard. His conclusions are sound legally and educationally and the principles he lays down would solve many a vexed question in the relation of teacher and community. I wish that parents, school officers and teachers everywhere might hear the views he presents."

PROGRAM COMMITTEE. SPECIAL NOTICE. The executive committee have requested me, as chairman of the invitation committee, to correct that part of the programme which reads: "All persons who settled in Kansas prior to '60 admitted free." It was an error in printing and should read: "All persons who settled in Chase county prior to '60 admitted free." Complimentaries are sent out and if any are omitted under the above rule they will please call on J. P. Kuhl, at his place of business, and obtain tickets. J. P. KUHL, Chairman Invitation Com.

'DREAMS OF OLD KENTUCKY.' March (Two Step) by G. O. Lang, composer of "In the Shadow of the Pines." A characteristic plantation hit, with visions of the old Kentucky home that makes us wish we were there. We do not hesitate to claim for it that it is the prettiest Two Step published. All readers of our paper will receive a copy from the publishers, Legg Bros., Kansas City, Mo., at half price. Send 25 cents for piano copy, 25 cents for band and 30 cent for orchestra.

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Dr. Starkey & Pallen. 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Ca. DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

HOW TO CURE YOURSELF WHILE USING IT. The tobacco grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "Baco-Curo" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Baco-Curo." It will not only cure you, but we give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest. "Baco-Curo" is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and without inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

CURED BY BACO-CURO AND GAINED THIRTY POUNDS. From hundreds of testimonials, the originals of which are on file and open to inspection, the following is presented: Clayton, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 28, 1895. Eureka Chemical & Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis.—Gentlemen: For forty years I used tobacco in all its forms. For twenty-five years of this time, was a great sufferer from general debility and heart disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but I couldn't; I took various remedies, among others "No-To-Bac," "The Indian Tobacco Acidule," "Double Chloride of Gold," etc., etc., but none of them did me any good. I have now gained thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my former feelings and condition. Yours, respectfully, P. H. MABURY. Past-C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark.

Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per box; three boxes, thirty days' treatment, \$2.50 with in-rod, written guarantee, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Write for booklet and proofs. Eureka Chemical and Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis., and Boston, Mass.

Road Notice. STATE OF KANSAS, } SS CHASE COUNTY. Office of County Clerk, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, January 10th, 1897. Notice is hereby given that on the 17th day of October, 1896, a petition signed by Thomas Butler and others, was presented to the Board of Commissioners, of the county and State aforesaid, praying for the location of a certain road as follows, viz: Commencing at the southeast corner of section nine (9), township nineteen (19), range nine (9), east, thence north along east line of said section nine (9) one hundred and sixty rods, thence across said east line into section twenty (20) township nineteen (19), range nine (9), east, thence north along west line of said section twenty (20), one hundred and sixty rods. The Board of County Commissioners appointed the following named persons, viz: E. P. Allen, Charles Kane and J. H. Mercer as viewers, with instructions to meet in conjunction with the County Surveyor, at the place of beginning in Toledo township, on February 10th, 1897, and proceed to view said road and give to all parties a hearing. By order of the Board of County Commissioners, Witness my hand and affixed the seal of said county, this 10th day of January A. D. 1897. [SEAL] M. C. NEWTON, County Clerk.

First published in the Chase County COURANT, January 14, 1897. State of Kansas, } ss In the District Court in and for Chase county, State of Kansas, Nellie Peoples, Plaintiff, vs. Hans Peoples, Defendant. Said defendant, Hans Peoples, will take notice that he has been sued in the above-named court by the above-named plaintiff, and that the petition is on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Chase county, Kansas, and that in said petition, said plaintiff asks that she be divorced from the said defendant, absolutely, and that the defendant, must answer the petition filed therein, on or before the 25th day of February, 1897, or said petition will be taken as true, and judgment will be rendered, divorcing the said plaintiff absolutely, and costs of suit. GRISHAM & BUTLER, Attorneys for Plaintiff, J. E. PERRY, Clerk, District Court.

First published in the COURANT November 26, 1896. State of Kansas, } ss In the District Court in and for the county and State aforesaid, Cynthia Buffalo is hereby notified that she has been sued in the District Court of Chase county, Kansas, in which Court the petition of the plaintiff is filed against her; that the name of the parties to said suit are J. H. Buffalo, plaintiff, and the said Cynthia Buffalo, defendant; that the said Cynthia Buffalo will be required to answer the said petition, on or before February 6th, A. D. 1897, or the said petition will be taken as true, and judgment will be rendered accordingly, divorcing the plaintiff from the defendant. COCHRAN & SANDERS, Attorneys for Plaintiff, [ATTEST] J. E. PERRY, Clerk of District Court, Chase county, Kansas.

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HOME-MADE SUNSHINE.

What care—as the days go by—
Whether gloomy or bright the sky?
What care I what the weather may be?
Cold or warm—'tis the same to me.
For my dear home skies—they are always
blue;
And my dear home weather (the glad days
thro')
Is "beautiful summer" from morn till night,
And my feet walk ever in love's true light.
And why? Well, here is my baby sweet
Following me round on his restless feet,
Smiling on me thro' his soft blue eyes,
And gladdening and brightening my indoor
skies.
And baby's father, with fond, true heart
(To baby and me, home's better part)—
His face is sunshine, and we rejoice
In the music heard in his loving voice.

So why should we heed—as the days go by—
The gloom or the light of the weather and
sky
Of the outside world, when we're busy all
day
Manufacturing sunshine which fades not
away?
With smiles, with kisses, with peace and
with joy—
Father and mother, and baby-boy—
We are living each day in the sunshine we
make—
And God keep us and guide us for love's
dear sake!
—Mary D. Erine, in Harper's Bazar.

MY STRANGE PATIENT.

By William T. Nichols.
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VII.—CONTINUED.

I understood that in this order he had an eye as much to his own benefit as to mine, but it pleased me nevertheless. There was nothing in the way of horseflesh in the neighborhood which would meet the requirement of great speed, and I resolved to drive to Bassettville the next day to seek Sam Carpenter's assistance, his knowledge of the trotting stock of the region being encyclopaedic in its scope. To the shrewdness of a horse trader born and bred he joined a reasonable amount of honesty, and, as there could be no bagging over his commission, he could be relied on as a trustworthy adviser. When I drew rein the following morning before his stable he came out to meet me, with a twinkle of professional amusement in his eye as he glanced at Mrs. Weston's steady old mare and ramshackle buckboard.

"Sam," said I, getting down to business at once, "I want to buy a good horse."
"Like enough ye dew," he answered, dryly. "Many dew; some gits 'em."
"I want yer help. What's more, I'll pay for it."
"Now yer talkin' sense," said he, warming up a little. "Buyin' a boss's like gittin' a wife; if yer don't know yer business, good looks 'll fool ye, nine times out of ten. But what's yer pick, go or show?"

"Go," said I. "A horse that will stand without tiring, that's easy to drive, that has no bad tricks, that will jog along till he's called upon, and then will give anything in the country his due—that's the horse I'm after."
"D'yer ever try to name a baby so's to suit seven maiden aunts?" he queried, with what seemed to be unnecessary irrelevance.

"No."
"Wall, I reckon ye've got the same kind of a job on ye."
"Oh, come," said I, "you're my reliance in this. Scratch your head, and dig out what I'm after. It will be worth your while."
He reflected for a moment.

"Wall," said he, "there's nothin' to suit ye round here; but if ye'll come along to Trent, I'll show ye just the article yer after."
The proposal pleased me; for I had several errands to attend to in that city, and a ride of less than an hour by rail would carry us there.

"Come on, then," said Carpenter, when I had agreed to his plan; "let's get down ter the deapo. Train's due in ten minutes."
During the trip he told me something of the various happenings in Bassettville, and, in turn, sought news of Rodneytown in general, and of my patient in particular. He had heard, he said, a story that the invalid was a rich brewer from the south who had been sent to a less enervating climate. I prayed that the yarn might receive general circulation and credence, though how it had been started was one of the mysteries of country-side gossip.

"He's from Charleston, South Carolina, some folks allow," said Carpenter, suggestively.

"From that direction, certainly," I answered.

"He keeps mighty close."
"He has to. Quiet, absolute quiet, is the best medicine he can have," I hastened to explain.

"Tain't much fun fer a man ter live like a clam," Carpenter observed. "Still, it's livin', and that beats dyin' every time. It's like fishin' fer bass and catchin' bull-heads."
When we left the train at the Trent station Sam led the way to the stable where we hoped to make a purchase. The horse, a big dark bay, long-legged and with a wisp of a tail, was brought out of his stall and trotted up and down the street for inspection. He was not a pretty horse in any way, but Carpenter gave me a nudge which might be taken to indicate that the animal met his approval. He drew me aside, after having made a long and thorough examination of the horse.

"Oh, that's the askin' price," he explained. "It's like a woman's chignon; it'll come off."

"I'm in your hands," said I. "Understand, I want your guarantee in this business, and you'll be paid for it. Besides the horse, I need harness and a buggy."

"Wall," said he, after a moment's calculation, "I'll be fair with ye. Will ye give me what I can clear under \$500 fer the hull outfit, hoss, light-runnin' buggy, and a good harness?"

"It's a bargain. I'll go to the bank, draw the money, and bring it to you here. Will you drive the rig to Bassettville, so that I can get it there to-night when I come down by train?"

"By the time yer back from the bank I'll have made the dicker and be ready to start," said he. And he was as good as his word. Before noon the payment had been made and my new horse was trotting steadily along the road leading from Trent. Carpenter's praise of the animal had been enough to end my doubts as to his speed, but I could not but wish that the steed were more pleasing to look upon.

Though I wasted a good deal of time over a mid-day dinner and the various commissions I had to execute, I found upon reaching the railway station that there was nearly an hour of waiting ahead of me before the accommodation train should begin its journey down the road.

The station, however, was not a bad place in which to kill time, for two lines met there, and the rapid ebb and flow of the human tide continued from morning to night. I rubbed elbows with stolid farmers, brisk townspeople and nervous women, chatted for a moment with an acquaintance, and then stepped out upon the platform in search of some sheltered nook where a cigar might be enjoyed in peace.

A long train from the west monopolized one of the tracks. It appeared to be well filled with passengers, and I strolled the length of it, surveying with some amusement the faces flattened against the windows of the cars, faces old, middle-aged and young, but all alike in their expression of vague curiosity, as their owners watched the stream of travelers passing from the waiting-rooms. I had nearly reached the end of the last car, and had bent down to strike a match in the lee of it, when I heard my name called.

"Oh, Dr. Morris, Dr. Morris, dear doctor, that's you, isn't it? Do come here, quick, quick! The train will be starting in a second, and I must see you! Oh, doctor, doctor, quick, quick!"

I recognized the voice. It was that of Mrs. Loring, with all the old hurrying rush of words I remembered so well. Looking up, I saw the itinerant sufferer leaning far out of the car window, with one arm waving wildly, as if to assist in attracting my attention. Pulling off my hat, I sprang toward her.

"Oh, this is fortunate, fortunate, doctor—you can't know how fortunate!" she cried. "I've been anxious, so anxious, to see you. How is my health? Oh, doctor, it's terrible, terrible, worse than ever, doctor; worse, much worse, very much worse."
"And Miss Gray, is she still with you?" I asked, my eyes roaming over the windows and seeking her niece's face at one of them.

"Yes, yes, dear girl, dear girl, she never leaves me. How could she, and have a heart? Mine, doctor, has been up to 120 a minute."
"Indeed!" said I, throwing due professional gravity into the word. "I trust Miss Gray is well?"
"Yes, yes, as well as ever. And a temperature of 102, repeatedly, doctor, repeatedly."
"What, Miss Gray's tem?" cried I, with no feigning concern.

"No, no, mine. Dear me, doctor, didn't I tell you it was mine? Those springs in Kentucky—we've just come from them—they did me no good, I'm sure. And I was so hopeful, doctor, so hopeful; the water had so many strange things in it, I was sure some of them must help me."
"Your case is a marvelous one, Mrs. Loring," said I. "Will you kindly present my regards to your niece, and—"

She stopped me with a quick gesture. "Please put your address here," said she, thrusting a note book toward me. "Hurry, please hurry—the train is beginning to move. I have an idea that—Oh, thanks, yes, yes, I see, Rodneytown. So good of you, yes, so good. Good-by, doctor, good-by."

The train was fairly under headway now, and I stood bowing low, but not to the vanishing invalid. At the next window to hers I had had a glimpse of another face, one that dreams had kept fresh in my memory and that had figured in the little romance that had crept into my existence.

VIII.

Winter, as a rule, displays few of his milder moods on that coast, and I had dreaded the effect of the season's rigors upon Lamar, who certainly had had no experience of the protracted cold of the latitude. Luckily, the house on the knoll had been built to withstand storms, and I saw to it that an abundant supply of fuel was laid in, so that, on the whole, in spite of its exposed position, the dwelling was fairly comfortable even in the worst weather. Its owner made no complaints. He spent much of his time in one of the upper rooms, which he had fitted up as a sort of laboratory. His interest appeared to be divided between chemistry and electricity, though whether his experiments in either had any object save his own amusement I never learned. Two or three cases of books had been shipped from Trent to my address, but for his use, and when he cared to read, a miscellaneous collection of worthies could be drawn upon. There were a few Portuguese books and a few Spanish, a good many in Latin, and a still larger number in French and in English. Burton's Anatomy, Cicero's Letters, and Voltaire's works seemed to be his favorites. I say "seemed," for he never took the trouble to speak of any of the authors he read.

He was still as cadaverous as ever, though his general physical condition was as good as could be hoped for by any man who led so sedentary a life. December dragged through its tempestuous length, and January followed with an even more trying stretch of gales and extreme cold. These conditions he withstood so well that I had hopes that the winter would pass without illness at the house on the knoll; but one day early in February I found him suffering from a severe cold and exhibiting symptoms which were most unfavorable. It was my first opportunity to earn the salary of his medical adviser, and fortune was kind. Although he developed a good deal of fever, and at the worst it was touch-and-go with pneumonia, a week saw him practically out of danger, though still quite willing to keep to his bed, and a good deal safer than he would have been prowling about the house. He expressed no opinion of his treatment, no thanks to his doctor, no impatience to be about again. I was his physician, hired by the year, and so long as he was ill my orders were to be obeyed unquestioningly; there was no need of gratitude either way. It was all very logical, no doubt, but it increased my dislike for him. There would have been more real satisfaction in persuading a drooping sapling to keep alive.

After his recovery we slipped back into the old routine. He gave orders occasionally, and I obeyed them, without question and without any great heed for the reasons for them. In fact, speculating upon this man's history or his plans was such profitless business that, for the time, I gave it up in disgust. He was a person who was to be visited daily, who paid liberally for the attention, and who thus enabled me to pass my many leisure hours in careless, easy-going comfort. The people I met were no longer inquisitive about the hermit; the theory of the brewer from Charleston appeared to have spread widely and to have been accepted, finding believers far more easily than would have been the case with any statement of the facts concerning him, so far as they had fallen within my knowledge.

At last winter drew to a close, and spring came on, advancing coyly, as is the custom of maidens before whom the world is ready to bow in eager homage. Then the last of the snow-banks disappeared from the recesses of the hills, the slopes grew green, and the rank vegetation of the marsh flourished in all the vigor of its strong new life. Once more there were birds in the trees and flowers in the fields, and once more from the sea swept invigorating breezes.

To all about me spring brought renewed activities. There was a fine bustle on the farms, and even the sleepy village seemed to be awakened. For the first time my case became onerous; I fell to inventing tasks to convince myself that one could be busy if he would. My horse, whose existence during the winter had been all that equine sloth could desire, was now in steady service, for the roads were excellent, being sufficiently sandy soon to rid themselves of undesirable moisture, and I explored the highways and byways for miles around. Near the village I let my steed choose his own gait, but when we found a level bit of road where there were likely to be no spectators the trotter had an opportunity



A week saw him practically out of danger.

to prove his speed. He was all that Carpenter had said for him; devoid of nerves, yet, when pushed, by long odds the fastest animal in the region. His appearance certainly was against him. Arching the neck he left to the younger and less philosophical of his kind; his head was carried as low as that of the oldest and most decrepit plow horse in the town. He was free from the vice of stumbling, yet often seemed to threaten to lose his footing on the slightest provocation. A high kneecap was foreign to his notions, and his ordinary trot was a mere shuffle. Yet he covered ground surprisingly, even when apparently only lounging along. His only serious fault, from a practical point of view, was a hard mouth, which sometimes made it no easy task to pull him in after one of our spurts.

We were jogging along toward the village one day, when I heard a sharp patter of hoofs behind me, and soon Dr. Banks' clever little mare drew up alongside the dark bay.

"Good morning, Morris," her owner called out, in his cheery voice, which had done as much for his patients as half his prescriptions.

"Fine day, doctor," I shouted back to him.

"Very professional-looking nag you've got there," he continued. "Will stand without hitching, I'll be bound."
"He answers my purpose well enough," I responded, rather stiffly, for a while jokes about one's horse, no matter how well intentioned, lose the charm of novelty.

"Pity he hasn't more speed," said the other, and with a twitch of the reins, he shot his mare a couple of lengths ahead. It was probably his scheme to trot a hundred yards or so and then pull up to watch in triumph my tardy approach. When he looked over his shoulder, however, the bay's head was close to his wheel. Much surprised, and no less disappointed, he brought his animal down to a walk, a proceeding which I promptly imitated.

"I've been wanting to have a talk with you, Morris," he said. "It has struck me that we might cooperate a little to our mutual advantage."
"Indeed?" said I, wondering what might be in the old gentleman's mind.

"The fact is, I'm getting ancient," he went on.

"Not a bit of it," said I. "You're in your prime, fair, plump, and forty."

"Deny the first, admit the second, and make the third half as much again," said he. "I'm not broken down—and I don't want to be before my time. That's just the point. This last winter gave me a warning. Besides, I've enough to live on, and I'd like to have a little chance for play after 40 years of work. I want to travel a bit, to see something of this big country of ours. I'm like a mole that knows his particular garden by heart, but has hardly a notion of what may be on the other side of the fence. The long and short of it is, I'd like to shift my heavy work to younger shoulders, which will bear it more easily, and, I dare say, better."

"Not better," said I.

"The fact is, as you've probably discovered, this town is hardly big enough to support two doctors comfortably. It has seemed to me that we might make some arrangement which would be advantageous to both of us. There's a young chap in Trent who is trying to dicker with me, but I've put him off, for you're first on the ground, and I don't believe in making two people sleep in a bed that's large enough for only one. By the way, though, am I right in supposing that you've decided to remain here permanently? That would make a difference, of course."

"I can't say that I have any settled plans," said I, "but there's no expectation of moving immediately."
"Well, think it over. There's no hurry about it," he answered; and, chirruping to his mare, away he rattled toward the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONGFELLOW AN ECLECTIC.

"Tales of a Wayside Inn" Appeals to All Americans.
If Longfellow is generally appreciated by our people it must be because he has something for them all, and not alone for those of Anglo-Saxon stock. And this is true. It arises from the fact that Longfellow is an eclectic in his tastes and sympathies. He might have said, with the Latin dramatist: "Because I am a man, nothing which pertains to humanity is beyond the range of my interest;" but it would have been more accurate to say: "I am an American, of English stock, born when continental ideas were beginning to permeate the civilization of New England, and conversant, by the very necessity of my vocation, with the literatures of western Europe; so that all that is best in the tongue of Lope de Vega, of Uhland, of Charles d'Orleans, of Tegner, and of Dante, I regard as no less my portion than the pages of the Bible or the history of Massachusetts."

Accordingly, Longfellow is at once a patriot and a cosmopolite. He roves with pleasure in Europe, but dwells for years in the house which had once sheltered Washington. He writes "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and "The Village Blacksmith," but also "The Spanish Student," "The Golden Legend," and "Michael Angelo." In fact, he is like a merchant who traffics extensively with foreign countries, though he has also a considerable domestic trade, and devotes all his gains to the embellishment of the city in which his lot is cast, and in which he dwells by preference.

The eclecticism of Longfellow is well illustrated by the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The scene is the Red Horse tavern in Sudbury, 20 miles from Cambridge; but the characters include a Norwegian, a Sicilian, and a Jew, besides a student whose tastes make him a citizen of the world. In addition to these there are three characters identified with New England, of whom two, at least, are persons of the widest sympathies. Thus it happens that, while his foreigners are relatively fixed and bounded in knowledge and likings, his Americans are catholic in spirit, and the society which they temporarily form is delightful, because of the association of pronounced individualities with others whose personal characteristics are tempered with that universal love which is nothing less than the very efflorescence of wisdom.—Prof. Albert S. Cook, in Chautauquan.

Legal Precocity.
A farmer's son up in the country conceived a desire to shine as a member of the legal profession and undertook a clerkship in the office of the village pettifogger at nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study the young man returned home.
"Well, Tobe, how d'yer like the law?" was the first paternal inquiry.
"Tain't what it's cracked up to be," replied Tobe. "Sorry I learnt it."—Earlem Life.

It Wasn't Possible.
"Do you think he would deliberately libel me?" asked the politician.
"My dear sir," answered the prominent citizen who knew something of the politician's record, "it isn't a question of what he would do, but of what he could do, and—"
"Well?"
"You're perfectly safe."—Chicago Post.

Made to Order.
To find a girl with golden hair
Who's chic and likewise charming,
Is not a task that anywhere
Should prove to be alarming.
Take any sweet young thing in frocks,
Who's near perfection's border—
And there you are—the golden locks
Can be supplied to order.
—Pick-Me-Up.

A RASH ASSERTION.
The fact is, as you've probably discovered, this town is hardly big enough to support two doctors comfortably. It has seemed to me that we might make some arrangement which would be advantageous to both of us. There's a young chap in Trent who is trying to dicker with me, but I've put him off, for you're first on the ground, and I don't believe in making two people sleep in a bed that's large enough for only one. By the way, though, am I right in supposing that you've decided to remain here permanently? That would make a difference, of course."
"I can't say that I have any settled plans," said I, "but there's no expectation of moving immediately."
"Well, think it over. There's no hurry about it," he answered; and, chirruping to his mare, away he rattled toward the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Just the Other Way.
"The way of the transgressor is hard," we hear people quoting quite oft.
Yet transgressing men build us highways that, when
It rains, are decidedly soft.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.



"THE ASTOR RELICS TO BE AUCTIONED." LIVELY BIDDING IS EXPECTED BY THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Didn't Need It.
Electrical Supply Agent—You ought to have a burglar-alarm system in your house, so that you would be instantly awakened if any intruder were to step inside one of the doors or windows.
Mr. Younglove—My dear sir, we don't need anything of the sort. We are wearing our baby.—Cleveland Leader.

New-Found Joy.
Souser—You look particularly happy. What's up?
Borer—Next door neighbor has twins.
Souser—Great Scott! And do you find in that reason for joy?
Borer—You bet! The piano-playing of the oldest daughter will be drowned out now.—North American.

A Warning.
"I think, Sambo," said Swellton, addressing his colored valet, and glancing at his box of cigars, "I think you'd better swear off."
"Swear off wh-wh-what, sah?"
"Smoking, Sambo; smoking. If you don't you'll get the tobacco heart or the marble heart, sure!"—N. Y. World.

Strange Enough.
Mrs. Tamblin (tearfully)—They brought my husband home in a hack from the banquet last night. How did yours get home?
Mrs. Sanderson—I don't know, but I suspect that he was carried along by his breath.—Cleveland Leader.

Letting Him Down Easy.
"Make it easier for me to bear, can't you, Grace?" pleaded the hapless youth, whom she had just refused.
"Yes, George," gently answered Grace; "I snore dreadfully."—Tit-Bits.

He Could Tell.
"See that young couple?" said the doorkeeper at the theater.
"Yes."
"They've been married a little over a month. I don't know their names, nor where they live, but I can tell that much about 'em."
"How?"
"They used to come every week and sit in the orchestra chairs. Now they come every other week and sit in the balcony."—Washington Star.

And Still He Did It.
Station Master—You shouldn't smoke, sir.
Traveler—That is what my friends say.
Station Master—But you mustn't smoke, sir.
Traveler—So my doctor tells me.
Station Master—But you sha'n't smoke, sir.
Traveler—Ah! that is just what my wife tells me.—Tit-Bits.

The Story of the Violet.
He found a violet in the snow
And took it to his breast;
"Poor thing!" he cried, "by fate denied
A softer couch of rest!"
He wrote a poem three yards long;
His wife, she knocked it flat—
"That violet that makes your song
Is cloth—from off my hat!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Juvenile Curiosity.
"Mr. Diggies," said the little boy with big ruffles on his shoulders, "I wish you would let me come and see where you live. I want to look at your room."
"Why, certainly. But what made you think of that?"
"My sister said it was better than your company, so I thought it must be something fine."—Washington Star.

Of Most Importance.
Mrs. Blotterwick—Isn't that sad about young Spring, next door?
Blotterwick—Don't know him.
Mrs. Blotterwick—Yes, you do. The young man who played the cornet. He's dead.
Blotterwick (with interest)—What became of the cornet?—Up-to-Date.

Taken Literally.
"Waiter, this chop is done abominably!"
"It's what you ordered, sir."
"What I ordered? What d'yer mean?"
"Why, you ordered a chop not too well done."—Pick-Me-Up.



"THE ASTOR RELICS TO BE AUCTIONED." LIVELY BIDDING IS EXPECTED BY THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Hinting at a Rupture.
Tuffold Knutt—You're always talkin' about hard luck. If you had a billion dollars you wouldn't know wot to do with it.
Mosely Wraggs—Yes, I would. I'd be a thunderin' sight more select about the company I keep than I am now!—Chicago Tribune.

Hope for the Child.
"They all tell me," said the fond mother, "that the little darling is the very image of me."
"Don't let that worry you," responded the old maid caller, "she will doubtless outgrow it."—Detroit Free Press.

Slightly Ambiguous.
He—Would your father object to my kissing you?
She (indignantly)—My father! why, he wouldn't hear of such a thing!—Up-to-Date.

Diplomacy.
"I want to see the lady of the house," said the wandering gentleman.
"I am she," answered the lady.
"Indeed? You look so perfectly happy and independent that I hope you will excuse me for taking you for the hired girl."—Indianapolis Journal.

Good Medicine.
"Well, nurse, is the patient taking that tablespoonful of brandy once in two hours that I ordered him this morning?"
"Rather, doctor! He's 20 ahead."—London Judy.

