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W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOL. XVI.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1890.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

The Delagoa railway has been completed to the frontier of the Transvaal. The two rival miners' organizations formed an alliance in their recent meeting at Columbus, O. A report has come from Zanzibar from the interior that Dr. Peters had arrived safe and well at Subaki. Joseph Hickson, managing director of the Grand Trunk railway of Canada, has been gazetted a knight. President Harrison has ordered the immediate dismissal of a number of land registers who show deficiencies in their accounts.

The German Reichstag has passed the bill authorizing loans for the military, naval, railway, postal and telegraph services of the Empire.

Judge Maxvety, of the Queen's Bench division of the English High Court of Justice, was stricken with paralysis while presiding over a case recently.

Her most, the New York Anarchist, will have to serve his sentence of one year for using incendiary language in 1887, his appeal being rejected.

The funeral of the late Field Marshal Lord Napier took place in London on the 28th. The body was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. Many notable persons were present.

The Fell Rubber Company, of Boston, proposes to shut down shortly unless the demand for rubber boots and shoes improves. Three thousand persons will be made idle.

At Paso del Norte, Mexico, recently the drunken keeper of two bears was lacerated so terribly by one of the animals that he died. He had been giving them whisky.

German newspapers express disapproval of the Samoan treaty, claiming that Germany had more than an equal right of interference in the islands, having more trade.

Reports from Buenos Ayres state that there have been a large number of failures there which footed up nearly \$10,000,000. A panic prevails and gold has reached 318.

The Chinese Minister authorizes the denial of the story printed in a New York paper that he had approved the proposition of Count Mitiwiew for the formation of an Oriental American bank in China.

The report that a revolution had broken out in Costa Rica is denied by the representatives of that country in Washington. Cablegrams received lately from there say nothing in regard to the supposed revolution.

Senator Morrill, who had been confined to his home suffering from an attack of influenza, returned to the Senate on the 21st. Senator Sherman was still confined to his house. Senator Edmunds was also suffering with a mild attack of the prevailing complaint.

The feud between the old and young Czechs of Bohemia is becoming less bitter. A compromise was arranged by the terms of which the young Czechs attended the meeting of deputies to consider the result of the German Czech conference recently held in Vienna.

Nearly 200,000 shares of Atchison stock were represented at the modified five year trust meeting at Boston. Messrs. B. P. Cheney, Levi C. Wade and William J. Roche were chosen the new trustees. The trust indenture is modified so that any vacancies in the trust shall be filled by the trustees as a whole.

News from Rio de Janeiro is that a defalcation of 90,000 pesos has been discovered in the telegraph department, of which Baron de Capanema was chief. The Baron had been arrested and lodged in jail. It is asserted by the cashier of the company that De Capanema disposed of the money and that he was assisted by others, against whom warrants of arrest have been issued.

A decided flurry among commission men on the Chicago Board of Trade has been caused by the bill introduced in Congress by Representative Butterworth to impose a high internal revenue tax on all dealings in "futures." The purpose of the bill is supposed to be to prevent speculation in food products and to restrict transactions to actual sales and purchases in the market.

In consequence of recent scenes in the French Chamber of Deputies when Boulangist reactionist members attempted to prevent M. Joffrin from speaking, a resolution has been introduced to suspend the members who created the disorder. The resolution was received with murmurs of disapproval by the members of the party of the Right and was referred to a committee.

The court of inquiry appointed by Secretary Tracy to investigate the charge that naval officers conspired to secure lobbyists to have their pay increased met recently. A number of witnesses were examined, who testified to being asked to assist and also to receiving a letter from ex-Congressman Thomas tendering his services to secure the passage of a bill for a certain monetary consideration.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gleaned By Telegraph and Mail.

CONGRESS. WHEN the Senate met on the 26th petitions were presented and committees reported. Several bills, local in their character, passed and Senator Pasco, of Florida, addressed the Senate on the paragraph in the President's message relating to federal control of elections, and was replied to by Senator Chandler. When the House met the Speaker appointed the World's Fair committee as follows: Messrs. Candler (Mass.), Hitt (Ill.), Bowden (Va.), Belden (N. Y.), Frank (Mo.), Springer (Ill.), Hatch (Mo.), Wilson (W. Va.) and Flower (N. Y.). After the introduction of a large number of bills the House, in Committee of the Whole, resumed consideration of the Oklahoma Townsite bill. When the committee rose several bills were reported from committees and the House adjourned.

In the Senate on the 21st Senator Blair presented a petition from the African American Episcopal Zion Church of America in favor of the Blair Educational bill and asked to have it printed in full in the Record, but as he was the only vote in favor of the motion the request was refused. The bill in regard to requiring the next census to show the number of mortgaged farms, etc., which had been reported adversely, was called up in order that Senator Berry might speak upon the subject. After a lengthy discussion the bill went over. Several bills then passed and the Senate adjourned. The House consumed three hours in debating a ruling by the Speaker and then further considered the Oklahoma Townsite bill until adjournment.

In the Senate on the 22d, after the introduction of several resolutions, consideration of the bill requiring the Superintendent of the Census to ascertain what per cent. of the people owned their farms and the number mortgaged was resumed and after a lengthy discussion the bill was recommitted. The Blair Educational bill was then reached and went over until Monday week by consent. The Senate refused to concur in the House amendment to the joint resolution making an appropriation for removing snags from the Missouri river and a conference was ordered. After amending the joint resolution appropriating \$250,000 for removing snags from the Missouri river by reducing the amount to \$150,000, which passed, the House resumed consideration of the Oklahoma Townsite bill, which after many amendments was finally passed. It invalidates the claims of all who entered the Territory before the President's proclamation took effect. The remainder of the session was spent in Committee of the Whole.

When the Senate met on the 23d Senator Vest presented the credentials of William A. Clark and Martin Maginnis as Senators from Montana. The four gentlemen claiming to be Senators from Montana were admitted to the privileges of the floor pending the contest. Several bills were reported and one or two passed, when Senator Ingalls addressed the Senate upon the race question (in opposition to Senator Butler's bill to encourage the emigration of colored people from the United States), at the conclusion of which the Senate adjourned until Monday. When the House met the Committee on Elections submitted a majority report in the West Virginia case of Smith vs. Jackson, in favor of the contestant. The minority sustained the sitting member, Jackson. After a brief session in Committee of the Whole the House adjourned.

The Senate was not in session on the 24th, and the House, after insisting on its amendment to the bill for removing obstructions from the Missouri river and passing the bill for a bridge at or near Kansas City, went into Committee of the Whole for the further consideration of the Customs Administrative bill. When the committee rose Mr. Peters (Kansas) introduced an Irrigation bill and the House adjourned.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

HENRY A. PHILLIPS, of New York, the chief of the middle division in the Pension Office, has been dismissed by Secretary Noble. W. H. Reynolds, of Pennsylvania, was appointed to the vacancy.

The President and Mrs. Harrison gave a state dinner on the 21st to the diplomatic corps. Covers were laid for forty-seven persons.

The New York Legislature has unanimously adopted resolutions petitioning Congress to locate the coming World's Fair in New York.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has sent to the Senate with a memorial a message urging legislation to prevent the rapid and needless destruction of the forests of the country.

MORRISON MUMFORD, of the Kansas City Times, has interviewed ex-President Cleveland and reports him ready to run again for the Presidency.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has ordered an adverse report to be made on the Call resolution requesting the President to open negotiations with Spain for the purpose of inducing that Government to consent to the establishment of a republic in Cuba.

HON. JOHN McSWENY, a noted criminal lawyer of Ohio, died at Wooster recently of acute pneumonia.

HON. FISH PHILIPS, ex-State Senator and Representative, and a prominent Republican of Michigan, died at his residence in Grand Rapids on the 23d from injuries by a fall.

WILLIAM L. BYRD, Governor of the Chickasaw Nation, in a communication laid before the Senate, protests against the establishment of a Territorial form of government in Oklahoma as a violation of the treaty made with the Indians in 1830.

MICHAEL DAVITT, in a lecture at Cork, Ireland, declared his steadfast loyalty to Parnell.

ADAM FOREPATICH, the veteran circus manager, died after an attack of influenza at Philadelphia on the 23d. He was sixty-eight years of age and left a valuable property.

EX-SENATOR RIDDLEBERGER died at Winchester, Va., on the 24th. He was born at Edinburg, Shenandoah County, Va., October 4, 1844.

REV. DR. TALMAGE called on Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden on the 14th and spent the day with him.

SARAYONARO, head chief of the Uncompahgre Utes, died on the reservation near Pritch Station, Utah, January 11, of abscess of the liver. Charles Shavenax was chosen head chief in his place. He is quite intelligent.

The German Reichstag has refused to reduce the tariff on coal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An aged couple named Comstock while returning from a funeral at Walton, Conn., were run into by a train on the Danbury & Norwalk railroad and both were fatally injured.

The board of guardians of the workhouse at Cork, Ireland, has been officially dissolved for adopting political resolutions.

The Milwaukee express on the Chicago & Northwestern recently ran into a funeral procession at Chicago, killing four of the mourners.

POTTS, the noted Des Moines "searcher," has been sentenced to three years in the Iowa penitentiary on the indictment for perjury growing out of his liquor seizures. Hamilton, his co-defendant, was acquitted.

THIRTEEN prominent young men living at Givinsville, Ind., have been arrested on suspicion of being Whitecaps.

By an explosion in a colliery near Newport, Pa., five miners were killed. In the district court at Fort Worth, Tex., a jury allowed C. E. Bebee \$2,000 damages for being placed on the blacklist by the Missouri Pacific Railway Company.

The Missouri Pacific has followed the Chicago & Alton and the Wabash and has made a live-stock rate of 7 1/2 cents from Missouri river and intermediate points to St. Louis and East St. Louis.

The supposed express robbers and murderers, Brown, Wallace and Dulaney, were identified by Engineer Spaulding, at Brownsville, Tex., and held in \$5,000 bail each. They were already under \$2,000 bail for cattle stealing.

JESSIE DEAN REYNOLDS, an actress, committed suicide in New York because of jealousy.

T. G. MEGIBREN, of Cynthia, Ky., is dead. He was a wealthy distiller and prominent turf man.

An apparently new disease has broken out among the horses in the vicinity of Springfield, Ill., and several have died. Cases are also reported from Macon County. The disease has some symptoms of ordinary typhoid fever, and the veterinarians are puzzled about it. It appears to affect colts and young horses most.

The British steamer Sardinian had a terrible mishap on her recent trip from Portland, Me., to Liverpool. Heavy seas smashed the funnel and the steam gauge burst. Three of the crew were killed.

In a duel between Edouard Rothschild, son of Baron Alphonse Rothschild, and the Marquis de Gouy in Paris the other day, the Marquis was wounded.

JOHN FLANKINTON, the former partner of the Armour's in the pork packing business, was reported lying dangerously sick at Milwaukee, Wis., on the 24th.

B. P. HUTCHINSON, the noted grain operator at Chicago, was recently swindled of many thousand dollars by a trusted clerk, M. P. Dickinson, another operator, also suffered.

BUSINESS FAILURES (Dun's report) for the seven days ended January 23 numbered 398, compared with 356 the previous week and 342 the corresponding week of last year.

ADDITIONAL DISPATCHES.

L. D. HOTCHKISS, a Democrat, was elected temporary Speaker of the Iowa House. This ended the protracted deadlock, but not the trouble.

The British ship Loch Moidart, Captain Andrew, from Paraguay November 4 for Hamburg, went ashore at Callantsog, Holland. Thirty of her crew were washed overboard after she struck and all perished.

FLETCHER RITSINGER, aged nineteen years, of Indianapolis, a sophomore at Yale, Conn., invited a classmate, William Walker, to a ride. While crossing the tracks of the New Haven railroad the train was struck by an express train and Ritsinger was instantly killed. Walker jumped just in time to escape injury.

J. R. KLEIN, attorney for Herman Kempenski, cables from St. Petersburg that his client has been released from prison through the interference of Secretary Blaine. Kempenski was a native of Bridgeport, Conn., and a naturalized citizen, and on visiting Russia was arrested under the military law and exiled to Siberia.

EX-LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR WILLIAM BROSS, one of the oldest and best known residents of Chicago, died recently aged seventy-six years. Mr. Bross's name was intimately associated with President Lincoln, and his name was affixed to the bill repealing the infamous black laws of Illinois.

The Senate on the 27th had another debate on the Southern elections question. It was brought on by Chandler's resolution concerning the maltreatment of Henry J. Faunce at Aberdeen, Miss. In the House, Mr. McCreary, of Kentucky, offered a resolution looking to the recognition of the Brazilian Republic. The bill appropriating \$1,500,000 for the building of three Federal prisons was passed.

The Senate Committee on Public Lands has ordered the Senate bill relating to townsites in Oklahoma to be reported as a substitute for the bill on the same subject passed by the House.

The Navy Department is informed that Rear Admiral Kimberly, at San Francisco, has turned over the command of the Pacific squadron to Acting Rear Admiral George Brown, who hoisted the Admiral's flag on the United States steamer Charleston.

JANUARY 13 the British steamer Nessmore which reached Liverpool, Eng., ran into an iceberg, but fortunately was not badly damaged.

RICHARD GUENTHER, of Wisconsin, has been nominated for Consul-General at the City of Mexico. He was formerly in Congress.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

JAMES PIERCE, agent for a St. Louis hat firm, is wanted at Wichita upon the charge of having misappropriated \$900 of the firm's money.

A FARMERS' Alliance of Riley County is receiving bids from different stores of the vicinity and proposes to give the entire patronage of its membership to the store making the most favorable proposition.

PENSIONS lately granted to Kansas veterans: Original invalid, Samuel H. McClay, National Military Home; John A. Larkins, Garden City; E. Ames, St. Mary's; Thomas Hindman, Grainfield; William Grubb, Haviland; Reuben A. Burgess, Alpha; James Chithero, Milwauve; Charles Miller, Huntsville; Levi Gray, National Military Home. Increase: Francis M. Cunningham, Fall River; William M. Smith, Highland; Hiram Reynolds, Wilsey; Jackson Perlin, Wyandotte; Andrew J. Pumphrey, Neola; Charles K. Ford, Arcadia; William H. Folsom, Emporia; Lewis Parks, Junction City. Original widows, Lydia A., widow of C. D. Lint, Hiawatha.

The coroner's jury at Atchison, which investigated the cause of the death of Henry Schoen, who, while crazy, ran naked into the storm the other night and perished with cold, returned a verdict laying the blame upon the manufacturers of a certain patent medicine who do business in New York City. Schoen had been troubled with a throat affection which local physicians could not cure and he sent for a patent medicine which he saw advertised. This he used according to directions and he immediately began to show signs of insanity, finally becoming a maniac.

STURLOCK & DRAKE, hardware merchants of Long Island, have been closed up by their creditors. Their liabilities are placed at \$15,000.

At a late meeting of the executive committee of the Republican State league it was decided to call a convention of the Republican leagues of Kansas, to be held at Topeka February 20, to elect delegates to the National convention at Nashville.

WILLIAM RANDALL, proprietor of the Armourdale Hotel at Fifth street and Kansas avenue, Kansas City, Kan., was arrested late the other night on the charge of grand larceny. The alleged offense was committed at Seattle, Wash., and Randall was taken back to that city a prisoner. It is alleged that he was given \$1,250 last August to pay off a gang of railroad hands under his charge, but instead of paying the men he skipped with the funds.

A MEETING of the State Board of Education was held recently at the office of the State Superintendent in Topeka. President Taylor, of the State Normal; President George T. Fairchild, of the State Agricultural College, and State Superintendent Winans were present. Renewals of State certificates were granted to Miss Phoebe J. Clark, Minneapolis; Miss Mary Bell Parker, Lawrence, and A. D. Chambers, North Topeka. Eighty institute conductors and about 150 instructors' certificates were granted.

WILLIAM HETHERINGTON, president of the Exchange National Bank at Atchison, died the other day. He was one of the pioneers of Kansas. J. A. FORTNER, the defaulting treasurer of Riley County, was recently arrested in Texas and taken to the jail at Manhattan.

FORTNER, the defaulting Riley County treasurer, it is said, has determined to kill himself, and as all other means of accomplishing his purpose are denied him it will, he is stated, be determined to starve himself to death, and to this end refuses either food or drink.

THE OTHER morning about 6:30 o'clock Thomas Carey, a "joint" keeper of Kansas City, Kan., shot and killed John Kinney in the yard of the latter's lodging house, on Wood street. The men had been drinking all night, but just how he killing was brought about is not publicly known.

J. V. HAMILTON, State Treasurer, has handed his resignation to the Governor to take effect when his successor is appointed. The resignation of J. R. Clogston as Supreme Court Commissioner has been accepted by Governor Humphrey.

DAHEL E. HEGGIN, of Ellenwood, has begun suit in the United States District Court at Topeka, against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company for \$7,450, which he claims as a royalty on cattle chutes used by the company on the entire system, and which he claims is his patent.

SAMUEL D. CRAIGMIRE, an old resident, was instantly killed by a Santa Fe passenger train at Lawrence the other morning. He was standing on a trestle work watching the ice cutting and did not hear the train. He was seventy years of age and a carpenter by trade.

T. THORNTON, assistant miller at Bale's flouring mills in Winfield, was caught in the machinery the other day, and before the power could be shut off every vestige of clothing was torn from his body, bones in both arms broken in a number of places, the breast and sides crushed and the body fearfully bruised. When his clothing caught he braced himself against a bolting chest and endeavored to get free, but was drawn into the cog wheels and whirled around. This was his third serious accident within the last three months in the same mill.

It is stated that a case was tried at Kislsey the other day before a justice of the peace in which the Murray Liquor law was involved, in which the justice ruled that prohibition was unconstitutional and dismissed the case.

TRACK HORROR.

Wreck of a Train on the Monon in Indiana.

The Ladies' Coach Takes Fire and Many Unfortunates Meet a Horrible Fate—List of the Victims.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 28.—Passenger train No. 1 on the Monon road, which left Chicago Sunday night at 11:55, was wrecked next morning at 7:50 one mile above Carmel, a village sixteen miles north of this city.

The train was running at a rapid rate and was approaching the long trestle across Wilkerson creek, when the tender of the engine jumped the track.

The engineer reversed his engine, but before the air brakes could check the speed of the train the locomotive and baggage car had cleared the trestle, but the four coaches attached went over into the creek.

The ladies' coach immediately caught fire and in an incredibly short time was reduced to ashes. Fortunately for the occupants of this coach train No. 2, which left this city for Chicago at 7:30, had been ordered to meet train No. 1 at Carmel, and as soon as word of the wreck was received, the passengers hurried to the scene and went earnestly to work, rescuing the occupants of the burning car.

A horrible scene met their eyes. In plain view of all were two boys and a woman. All were dead, but their bodies were being rapidly consumed. The arm of one projected through the side of the car and could be touched by those outside, but the opening was not large enough to draw the body through. Immediately in front of the boy was a lady who got on the train at Frankfort and is as yet unidentified. Her body was enveloped in flames but there was no possibility to get her out of the burning coach.

Across from this lady was Mrs. Fubanks, of Broad Ripple, Ind. Her head was horribly crushed. The brakeman and a passenger seized her by the arms and, after a desperate effort, pulled her through the window. Life was not yet extinct, but she lived only a few minutes after being taken out.

Another of the rescued, but who has since died, was Mr. Deming, of Sheridan. He was pinioned to the floor by timbers and horribly crushed. Some heroic men seized axes, and after a few minutes' work cut away the timbers that held the body, which was removed to the north side of the track. There was no medical aid present and the man died in a few moments.

Buckets having been procured from the farm houses near by, the flames were soon subdued and the fire prevented from communicating to the sleeper or other coaches.

As soon as it was possible to do so a search was made for the dead. The body of a woman, identified as Miss Lizzie Fitzpatrick, of this city, was soon found. It was burned to a crisp. The Oldham children were found side by side, the heavy stove lying across their bodies.

W. J. COLLINS, of the Indianapolis Sentinel, who was on the train, furnishes the following accurate list of the dead and injured:

Killed—J. N. Deming, of Sheridan, Ind., crushed; Mrs. Eubanks, of Broad Ripple, crushed; unknown woman, burned; two children of D. S. Oldham, of Sheridan, burned.

Injured—J. D. Pearson, of Sheridan, Ind., right shoulder and arm crushed and injured internally; H. S. Miller, of New York City, commercial traveler, badly cut and bruised, right leg crushed, cut live; Louis Newman, internal injuries; George Munser, express agent, foot crushed and back badly hurt; Charles G. Wirt, of Frankfort, bruised head and hips; B. C. Whitsell, of Indianapolis, head badly cut and back severely wrenched; N. B. Ingersoll, of Detroit, commercial traveler, hip hurt and cut on the back and head; serious; G. W. Stinger, of Rossville, leg cut, arms severely bruised and back injured; Harry Angle, son of conductor, elbow cut off and cut back of head.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—Additional particulars of the accident to passenger train No. 1 on the Monon road, wrecked near Carmel, Ind., add two more to the list of those killed, whilst the list of those injured will probably be increased. Up to this hour the names of the two additional killed have not been ascertained.

The officials of the road here say that the train was going quite slowly when it struck the broken rail. The engine got clear over, the cars immediately next to it toppling over on the incline and taking fire, whether from the lamps or stoves has not been ascertained.

No. 2 train arriving on the scene of the accident shortly afterwards, the dead and wounded were put on board and taken back to Indianapolis. The wrecked train was not a vestibule.

Nearly all the killed were in the sleeper, which was among the first of the cars to take fire. The cars are almost totally consumed.

Fell Overboard.

PADUCAH, Ky., Jan. 28.—About eleven o'clock last night as the steamer John S. Hopkins, bound for this port, was passing Elizabethtown, Ill., one of the crew, named John Ray, fell overboard and was drowned. The steamer was stopped and the life-boat launched, but Ray sunk before he could be reached.

RIDDLEBERGER DEAD.

The Ex-Virginia Senator Dies Complicately Young.

WINCHESTER, Va., Jan. 25.—Ex-Senator Riddleberger died at 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning after a long illness. He was comparatively a young man, having just entered his forty-sixth year. He was born in Edinburg, Shenandoah County, Va., October 4, 1844, and received his education at the common school and by private instruction at home. Despite the fact of being deprived of the advantages of a university his education was good and thorough. He served three years on the Confederate side in the late civil war, and during that time was promoted from Second Lieutenant to Captain. His first civil office was commonwealth's attorney of Shenandoah County, which he held for two years. He afterward served four years in the House of Delegates and four years in the State Senate of Virginia.

He was a member of the State committee of the conservative party of his State until 1875. In 1876 he was Presidential elector from his State on the Democratic ticket and in 1880 he held the same position on the Readjusters' ticket. He was elected to the United States Senate from Virginia in 1881 and took his seat December 3, 1883. His term of office expired March 3, 1889. Since 1870 he has been the editor of three newspapers, the Tenth Legion, the Shenandoah Democrat and the Virginian. His later years in the United States Senate were marked by the belief that his colleague, General Mahone, had undermined him and consequently he turned against Mahone and last fall was one of the strongest opponents of General Mahone for Governor of Virginia, taking the stump against him and in favor of the Democratic party.

TO BE HOMESTEADED.

Congressman Perkins' Bill to Open Certain Portions of the Indian Territory to Settlement.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The House Committee on Indian Affairs yesterday authorized a favorable report on Congressman Perkins' bill to open to homestead settlement certain portions of the Indian Territory.

This bill, which Judge Perkins is determined to press to early consideration, provides as follows: Section 1. That the lands in the Indian Territory ceded by the Cherokee Nation of Indians by treaty dated July 19, 1866, except such as have been granted to other Indian tribes by act of Congress or by treaty or which have been set apart for Indian occupancy by executive order, be and the same are hereby declared to be public lands of the United States and subject to entry under the Homestead laws only, and it shall be the duty of the United States by said treaty of July 19, 1866, as are embraced in the above described domain, and if so how much, and all matters of disagreement between said persons shall be settled and determined by the President of the United States, who shall make report to Congress of all proceedings under this section for approval.

Sec. 2. That the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to appoint a person learned in the law to confer with a person to be appointed by the Cherokee Nation of Indians to determine whether said Indians are legally or equitably entitled to any further compensation for so much of the lands ceded by them to the United States by said treaty of July 19, 1866, as are embraced in the above described domain, and if so how much, and all matters of disagreement between said persons shall be settled and determined by the President of the United States, who shall make report to Congress of all proceedings under this section for approval.

Sec. 3. That all acts or parts of acts of Congress inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed and the sum of \$10,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury to carry out the provisions of this act.

HE KILLED JOHNSON.

William Vaughan Claims That It Was All Done in Self-Defense.

OZARK, Mo., Jan. 25.—Yesterday week William Vaughan, living near Rome, Douglas County, who had an old difficulty growed out of a land trade and later a dispute about a roadway, with George Johnson, a neighbor, was met by Johnson, who was drunk, and followed him to his home. When Vaughan reached home he began to unload his wagon when Johnson dismounted from his horse and threw a rock at him. Vaughan threw a rock back at Johnson, hitting him in the mouth. Johnson then drew his pistol and fired at Vaughan. The report of Johnson's pistol caused a horse which was hitched to the back of Vaughan's wagon to break loose. Catching the horse Vaughan protected himself behind the animal and drawing his pistol returned Johnson's fire. Johnson threw his head down to dodge Vaughan's fire and received three fatal shots, each ball penetrating the brain. Vaughan immediately surrendered himself to the sheriff of Douglas County, claiming that he had killed Johnson in self-defense.

LOT JUMPING.

The Craze at Guthrie—The Military Needed to Keep Order.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Jan. 25.—The lot jumping craze loomed up all over the city here yesterday, and for the first time in eight months, the assistance of the military was called to help enforce the laws. Robert Hamil, who claimed the ownership to a lot in the heart of the city, was ejected by the authorities. A great crowd gathered and the soldiers were called upon to preserve order. The passage of the Perkins bill has caused a great deal of uneasiness among the innocent purchasers of lots, but they are willing to wait until the necessary laws of Congress are passed. The disorderly element on the other hand are only too willing to grasp at any thing that comes along even if it takes mob violence to get it. Property holds up at very firm figures.

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

"SWATENIN'."

With rhythmic swell the dinner bell
Proclaimed the mid-day meal;
And through the hall came great and small,
With more than wonted zeal;
For lo! 'neath savory napkin hid,
Safe from marauding fry,
Triumph of culinary art—
A green gooseberry pie!

Behind his plate each member sat
In calm, expectant bliss;
But when the treat was served 'twas plain
That something was amiss.
And little Bob, who'd been the first
The tempting dish to try,
With aspect blue, and face askew,
Cried: "Ma, what ails the pie?"

"Yes, 'what!' indeed! None felt the need
To sample it again;
And Kate, the cook, was duly called
To make the matter plain.
Indignant high, she tried the pie,
Then quickly dropped her chin:
"Arrah!" she gasped, "O! I forgot
To put the swatenin' in."

Alas! methought, how very oft,
As o'er this world we roam,
We see folks make the same mistake
In building up a home;
They try to make it without love—
The most essential thing—
And fall, because they "clane forget"
To put the "swatenin' in."

And now, young friends, and old ones, too,
If this should catch your eye,
Remember, love is to a home
What sugar is to pie;
And if you'd make your home a place
Where Heaven's joys begin,
Be careful that you don't forget
To put the "swatenin' in."
—Mortimer C. Brown, in Yankee Blade.

THOSE BLACKBERRIES.

How Peace Was Restored in the Hill Parish.

"Wall, they needn't try to stuff any such story down my throat," and the strings of the bonnet which Miss Kidder was trimming flapped defiantly.

"Picked half a bushel of blackberries settin' in a carriage! Nobody ever heard o' such a thing, an' I've been on every back road in Melrose time an' again. Besides, it's my opinion that with Kate Davis along—" (Here Miss Kidder dropped her voice decorously and simpered as though she were a girl of eighteen.) "It's my opinion the 'was somethin' besides pickin' blackberries goin' on. It's really disgraceful the way she runs after him. I don't want to say any thing against Mr. Fosdick, of course, but I do think that such ridiculous stories told by a minister tend to bring disgrace on the cause of religion; I really do, Mrs. Johnson; an' I think Mr. Fosdick ought to be warned to show more respect for his sacred calling."

"Well, p'raps you're right, Miss Kidder. It does sound perfectly ridiculous, when you come to think seriously of it. But the ain't no sort o' doubt but what he said it. I myself heard him say he never see the berries so thick in his life, so that they picked 'em from the carriage, an' at the same time he showed a great heapin' basket of 'em that he took to Miss Warner, an' she's made such a parade about. She says they picked 'em all out o' the carriage as they drove along, so we've got it just straight, an' it's a monstrous tall story."

"Still, Miss Kidder, I don't know as I see what you're going to do about it. Mr. Fosdick's a real nice young man, an' when he ain't runnin' round with the teacher he does well by the parish. You don't exactly want to accuse him o' lyin' about a few blackberries."

"The truth is of more consequence than a great many blackberries, Mrs. Johnson," replied Mrs. Kidder, severely. "An' for one I know just what I shall do. I shall bring the matter up in the ladies' prayer-meeting on Tuesday, where we can talk it all over deliberately an' see just how much there is to it. Then, if the ladies think it proper to proceed, the deacons' wives an' some of the influential members can move in the matter. We'll do every thing properly and give no occasion for sneers about 'gossipin' women!' Oh, I jest despise that phrase!" and Miss Kidder gave her foot a vicious tap upon the floor of her little shop.

Meanwhile Harold Fosdick was as happy as a newly-accepted lover with a good digestion ought to be. Melrose was Fosdick's first parish, and it had proved sadly disillusionizing. A year ago he had come out of the theological seminary fired with a generous enthusiasm to serve his fellows and to inculcate the gospel of His Master by teaching love rather than theology. He had heard much of the decayed churches, the intellectual and spiritual poverty of the hill towns of New England, and he had resolved to give three years of his youth to warming one such community into spiritual life.

He had found his efforts so far fruitless. Free from self-consciousness and full of missionary zeal, he found himself measured by standards of whose very existence he had been ignorant. Preaching as earnestly and directly as he was able, working constantly by personal contact with the people, he found to his dismay that no one expected his work to bear fruit. Deacon Wadsworth told him that Melrose was too small for a revival; there were not enough young people. The deacon added pointedly that the pastor's true field lay in keeping the people sound in the doctrine.

"You're a young man yet, Mr. Fosdick, and perhaps you don't understand the parish as well as you will in a year or two. I highly approve of practical sermons myself, and you've given us some very able ones, but at the same time I allow that there may be too much of a good thing and that every body in the parish ain't of my mind. If you preach so much about works and bearin' one another's burdens an' the like, some folks will think you're squintin' towards a raise in your salary; others will say that you are hittin' at some one, and your influence will be very much weakened."

This is but a sample. Fosdick found his personality of much more interest to the people than his preaching. His

movements were matters of village gossip; his parish calls, the reading circle he had formed, and even the prayer meeting were fields for undisguised social rivalry. It seemed at times that not a human being was better for his year's work. The sympathy of a bright, intelligent girl, who by some chance was teaching the village school, was of course most attractive. Miss Davis appreciated his plans, and she showed a practical tact in helping on their execution, for which Fosdick was deeply grateful. Youth, association and sympathy did their appointed work. But, quickly as Fosdick and Miss Davis discovered the meaning of their interest in each other, their neighbors were before them. Before Fosdick had breathed one conscious word of love he found his attachment the latest village joke and the probabilities of his marriage freely commented upon.

From a drive in the early days of his engagement, Fosdick brought home that basket of blackberries which proved the turning point of his experience. He found one of the little-used mountain roads fringed, and in many places almost overgrown with luxuriant blackberry vines, bending under a burden of fruit. Stray branches reached far over the roadway, and the young people feasted without leaving their seats. At a mountain farm-house, Fosdick bought a great basket of the fruit for Mrs. Warner, with whom he boarded, and returning showed the great heap of gleaming berries to Mrs. Johnson, a parishioner whom they met in the highway. He did not mention that he had bought the berries, fearing that even that slight purchase might be made the subject of discussion. He did describe the large yield in terms that appealed to Mrs. Johnson's housewifely instincts, and in doing so mentioned the case with which he and Miss Davis had picked berries from the carriage, little dreaming that he had planted a seed which would outstrip Jack's bean stalk in growth.

Mrs. Warner took good care not to hide her minister's thoughtfulness under a bushel. Her neighbors were given ample opportunity to admire her jars of jam. By the time she had told the story of her prize for the dozenth time the good woman had come to believe that the minister had picked the berries with his own hand. Certainly the other members of Fosdick's congregation so understood it, and a direful commotion ensued.

The ladies' prayer-meeting proved a sorry affair; it soon divided into two camps, one rallying about Mrs. Meacham, to whom Miss Kidder had committed her view of the case, and the other following the lead of Mrs. Warner, whose zeal for the minister was not seconded by the best judgment or by skill in debate. Mrs. Meacham was the wife of the richest man in Melrose, a woman of fine presence and of experience in public discussion. She felt a slight personal pique at the young minister which was warmed into open wrath by some pointed personal allusions of Mrs. Warner, and Mrs. Meacham pushed the matter farther than she otherwise would have done. The meeting took no official action, but when it dispersed, with the sweet strains of "Naomi" ringing in the ears of the participants, it carried into every home in the parish the charge that their pastor was a willful and reckless liar.

When Fosdick heard of the discussion the carnal man in him triumphed over Divine grace, and he raged furiously. When Sunday came, and the little church was crowded, Kate Davis' heart sank as she saw Harold walk quickly and defiantly into the pulpit, his face flushed and his eyes shining. The opening prayer seemed a strangely perfunctory performance, and Kate's face paled as she heard the text:

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Kate was without consciousness, without looking at the Meacham pew, that Mrs. Meacham was sitting erect in the stern dignity of her jetted black silk; that Mr. Meacham, with his seldom-worn silk hat on his knee and his lips angrily closed, indicated outraged dignity in every fiber, while Miss Meacham, in white, represented injured innocence. Kate looked at this array as Harold repeated his text slowly, and alas! angrily; and she saw Mr. Meacham rise, followed by his wife, Mr. Meacham's two sons and some toddling grandchildren, and march slowly out of the church.

The excitement could hardly have been greater had the choir gallery fallen. Harold's face paled and then flushed a deeper scarlet as he waited for the commotion to subside. Then he painted a denunciation of the sin of lying, with a review of the events of the fortnight, that burned with indignation and rankled with injustice and un-Christian wrath. Only a very angry man could have preached that sermon. Before its close, Miss Kidder, Deacon Wadsworth and his wife, and the entire Johnson family, withdrew.

The church was divided from that hour. Deacon Wadsworth requested the pastor to resign. Harold refused, but expressed his willingness to submit the matter to a council, if the church chose to call one. But the supporters of the minister proved to be in a majority, and no meeting was called. Mr. Meacham was not, however, to be easily balked. He declared that never again would he listen to Mr. Fosdick's preaching. So he set up the altar of his faction in the town hall and hired an unsettled minister of the region to preach each Sunday. Rivalry sprang up between the congregations, and the members did not scruple in their methods of securing attendance. People who had not seen the inside of a church for years were recruited for one camp or the other, and "Sunday clothes" were distributed as premiums to sundry persons who declared their inability to attend for the lack of such garments.

The situation was becoming intolerable to Fosdick. He had refused to resign when Kate begged him to do so. Now she had left the village, and he missed keenly the comfort of her presence and the restraints by which she gave to the higher motives by which he sought to govern his life. He found himself daily called upon to sympathize with pettiness and to approve of questionable

tactics employed for the advantage of "his side," and he felt himself rapidly deteriorating under the pressure. The whole struggle had become hateful, but retreat was daily becoming more difficult. In the midst of his struggle came this letter from his old mentor at the Seminary:

"MY DEAR BOY: The only courage that counts in temptation is the courage to run away. Leave Melrose as soon as possible. Stay not on the order of your going, but go at once. You must be growing daily worse under the influence of such a struggle, and the parish must be deteriorating also. The thing to be done is to stop the corrosion of the quarrel as soon as possible. Of course it would be better if you could leave a reunited parish behind you, but it is rarely possible to do the ideal thing with the frailties of human nature, and this would heal more quickly with the foreign substance removed.

"The only place known at present for you is a mission in the lower part of this city. The work needs the unselfish Christian devotion of which I know you were capable a year ago. These people need help. You need restoration to your better self. Pray, and come."

Fosdick was moved by this as he had not been for months. With the letter still in his hand, he found himself on a grassy knoll far above Melrose. He pondered the problem till late into the night. The calm beauty of the valley under the glow of the harvest moon helped to bring him rest and humility. He watched the lights of the little village disappear one by one, with a kindness stealing into his heart which he had not felt for months. As he thought humbly and penitently of the strife and discord he had planted—in his present mood he could accept all the blame of which he had previously repudiated any part with scorn—in place of the Christian love and quickened Christian living which he had hoped to awaken, it seemed as if no sacrifice could be too great to repair the mischief that had been wrought.

Suddenly he saw a light flicker among the village houses. It disappeared and broke out again with greater brilliancy. Fosdick ran with all his strength down the mountain side. Entering the street he ran shouting toward the red light that now seemed the central spot in the sky, until he reached a house whose roof was in flames, while not an inmate seemed stirring. All his faculties were absorbed by the progress of the spreading flames, and he crashed his way through a glass door, and up the stair-case revealed by the lurid light from above, without having become conscious of his surroundings, of the house or of what he was doing. Among the voices that responded to his cries were those of children, and Fosdick made his way to them. The firelight fell through a window upon a bed where two children sat crying, too much frightened to run away. He caught them in his arms and ran to the hall below. Here he found Mr. and Mrs. Meacham, trying in an uncertain way to open the door. There was no time for explanation, and as Fosdick caught the key he cried: "I have the children safe. Are the others all awake?"

"Yes, they will be right down," Mr. Meacham replied; but Mrs. Meacham threw up her arms, exclaiming: "Get the baby! she is in the crib in the room with the others. Quick! the fire's falling through the roof," she cried, as Fosdick sprang back up the stairs.

The hall was now thick with smoke and he missed the door. There were no cries to guide him this time, and when he reached the child the walls were ready to break into flames. The varnish on the stair rail was crackling on his return, and he did not dare to carry the child through the blaze. Dashing to a front window, he called to the people below, holding little Alice far out into the reviving air. Almost instantly a mattress was raised and the baby was safely below. A moment later Fosdick crashed into a sturdy lilac bush, and the roof fell.

The embers of the Meacham house smoked in solitude a few hours later. People were discussing the fire in little groups as they entered their houses rejoicing in the escape of little Alice, and praising Fosdick's bravery. Fosdick and the baby lay unconscious in a house across the way, while Mrs. Meacham wandered about the room wringing her hands. Mr. Meacham stood speechless over the baby's bed, and his son's slender wife, almost a nonentity at other times, knelt, feverishly waiting for her darling's returning smile. It came at last, and soon after Fosdick opened his eyes and joined, though weakly, in the general rejoicing. Mr. Meacham hesitated for a moment, then coming over to Harold's bed, he held out his hand, exclaiming:

"Mr. Fosdick, I can't hold hard feelings toward a man who is ready to risk his life for me or mine. A man who can do that is good Christian enough to preach to me. The first Sunday you are able to go back to the pulpit you will find me in my pew, and I hope to listen to your preaching in it for many years to come."

A fortnight later the two congregations had been united. The church was crowded and the text was: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

A year later there was a wedding in the little church and Meachamite and Fosdickites were mingled so indiscriminately in the pews that the shapeliest eye was unable to trace a party line.

Miss Kidder alone remained obdurate. "I always did say," she declared, "that Mr. Fosdick lied about them blackberries, an' I ain't goin' to switch 'round just because he pulled a baby out o' the fire an' then run away. Not that I wonder at the Meachams. They worship the ground little Alice tread on, an' if it hadn't been for Mr. Fosdick, they wouldn't have had her now. But I've said I like the new minister best an' I do, an' I don't believe in palaverin over this weddin' an' pretendin' I'm the best friend they've got. Oh, I shall go I s'pose, in a back pew an' see what the bride's dress is like. But I won't dress up, an' I won't go to Miss Warner's ridiculous reception, so there!"—Hamilton Ormsbee, in Drake's Magazine.

—Almond icing is made with whites of four eggs, one pound of sugar and one pound of sweet almond. Blanch the almonds by pouring boiling water over them, and pound in a mortar to a paste. Add the almonds to the icing and flavor with a little rose water.

DEAD MAIL MATTER.

The New York branch of the Dead Letter Office has had its business increased very rapidly of late. In one week recently—and it was not an extraordinary week—ninety-five bundles, containing 25,000 pieces of all sorts, were sent from here to the Dead Letter Office. "Most of our increased work is due to foreigners," said an official yesterday. "Newspapers and packages are wrapped in the flimsiest paper that is made abroad, I guess, and fastened often with sealing wax. The packages are tossed into mail bags on the other side, and partly in consequence of friction and moisture from the air the wax is broken and the wrappers are torn off. On the arrival of the mail bags in the New York post-office, nearly nine-tenths of the newspapers are without superscriptions.

Stronger and thicker paper should be used for wrappers, and mucilage is a better gum than sealing wax. With Americans there is little fault to find in this respect. The best way, however, to insure a newspaper reaching its destination is to put the superscription on the newspaper itself as well as on the wrapper. In fact, this course has been recommended by the International Postal Congress, and the English, Scotch and Irish often comply with the rule. The French, German and Russian mails are a terror to us.

"A million pieces a year have been sent to the Washington Dead Letter Office from the New York office, but this year there will be 1,500,000 pieces. We have about 200 inquiries a day for the whereabouts of letters or packages that have not been received, and in nine cases out of ten it is impossible to make people who complain of the loss of letters believe that they have probably misdirected them. Some of the most picturesque language I ever heard in my life has poured through that little complaint window."

"Do people report back to you after they have found that letters were received which were supposed to be lost?" "Rarely; but we learn from the postmasters where the letters or packages were sent whether they were received and called for. With their answers we have often to be content."

"Do the postmasters reply to inquiries?" "It is a test of patience to get some of them to reply. We write to them again and again, in many instances, before we get an answer. The system is not perfected yet, but it is constantly improving."—N. Y. Letter.

IN TRIPOLI'S STREETS.

The Variegated Human Panoply Visible in Every Thoroughfare.

In the variegated crowd filling the streets scores of types may be distinguished: Arabs of the town, draped in their blankets like Romans in their togas, and in fact, the "jarum" is the direct descendant of the toga, and, judging from its looks, seems to have retained all the dirt of those intervening centuries; others, whose costume consists simply of a flowing robe, generally white, or, to be precise, which was once white! Sometimes this robe is of silk of vivid hue, and the effect of that gay note in a bit of street is like a poppy in a wheat field. Bedouins, whose limbs, wiry and strongly muscled, shine a superb bronze color through their scanty coverings, half Jews in ridiculous costumes, elf native and half European.

In a few moments one has met with an infinite variety of negroes, from the pure type, almost without nose and with enormous jaw bones and huge lips, to those whose lineaments are absolutely Caucasian. Porters, in simple tunics corded about the waist, carry heavy swinging bales on long poles resting on their shoulders, cheering their progress the while with an invocation to Allah and his innumerable prophets, chanted by an old man and repeated by the chorus; a true song of savages, bursting forth like a fanfare of trumpets. Veiled women, voluminously wrapped, pass by like ambling bundles of clothes. Officers by scores, those of the new school, stiff but neat, trying to resemble their German confreres, since the fashion in Turkish circles is to imitate the lions of the day; the older officers kindly looking enough, but in what miserable costumes! Moorish dandies stroll and pose languidly about, seemingly absorbed in preserving their immaculate patent-leather slippers from any impertinent flock of dirt. Crafty-featured Greeks and Levantines thread their insinuating way among the motly groups. At each step it is a new tabernacle, and the desire seizes you to stop while the eyes follow a curious type, and turning from it with regret you see ten as interesting.

—Scribner's Magazine.

SAMSON'S COMPLAINT.

A Dorky's Rather Inoffensive Way of Pating Things.

Mr. and Mrs. Delancy Robinson reside in a cozy flat, or "apartment," as they prefer to call it, in New York City, and are not without pretensions to elegance. The janitor is a colored citizen called Samson—not an inappropriate name, by the way, for the guardian of a building whose strength may be supposed to lie in his locks. Samson is a former Pullman porter, and a most efficient servant, keeping the halls in immaculate condition, and the brass-work shining like the pillars of the Golden City. But, perhaps on account of his late autocratic position, he expects to be treated with great deference as an individual of large importance. In this view the Robinsons' cook, a sharp-tongued Irish girl, does not share; and every time the coal-scuttles or the groceries goes up or down, there is a wordy encounter, in which Samson is invariably worsted. The other morning matters reached a crisis. His wounded dignity could stand it no longer, and he stopped Mr. Robinson on the front stairs to complain. What he wanted to say was that the girl assumed as much authority over him as if she were one of the ladies in the house, but his manner of putting it was, to say the least, inoffensive. He said: "Mr. Robinson, that girl of yours has ordered me round, an' y' called at me down the elevator shaft, an' blowed me, an' jawed me, until you'd have thought it was Mrs. Robinson herself!"—Harper's Magazine.

HONEST CARL DUUNDER.

Things the Old Gentleman "Caught On To" While in Retirement.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Sergeant Rendall in great surprise, as Carl Duunder softly entered the Woodbridge street station Saturday afternoon. "I thought you had started for Germany sure."

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Duunder, as he blew his nose with great complacency.

"But where have you been?"

"Sergeant, vvas I some greenhorns?"

"You don't look to be."

"If some cow meets me on der street would she take me for hay?"

"Hardly."

"If you vvas some gonfidence man would you try to play a game on me?"

"I don't think so. But what do you mean by all this?"

"Sergeant, I used to be like some cabbage-head. Eaferybody beats me. Eaferybody laughs at me, and I like to go back to Sherman. Dis vvas all I shanged now."

"How?"

"Well, I keeps quiet for der last six weeks and get posted. If somebody can make fun of me now I like to see him do it. I vvas right onto all der tricks you eafar heard of, and I can spot a sharper two blocks away. You won't haf to tell me any more to shump into dot river."

"I'm rejoiced at the news. Now tell me who posted you."

"A feller from New York. He takes me in a class all alone for fifteen dollars per week. How vvas dot, eh?"

And he threw up his right arm and made a long jump sideways, knocking a chair over and scaring a boy out of a year's growth.

"That's pretty good. What kind of a movement do you call it?"

"Dot vvas a nickle-plate movement, to be practiced if a man shumps out of der alley to hit you with a sand-club. When dot club comes down you vvas ten feet away. Dot probably saves my life one thousand times."

"What else?"

"Well, if a tief comes around I can spot him like grease rolling off a log."

"How?"

"He carries his left hand in his pocket, and can't look you in der face. I can pick 'em out on der street by der dozen."

"That's a good thing, and you ought to start a detective bureau. Anything else?"

"I should shmile! If you vvas some pick-pocket, where you look for my money, eh?"

"In your breast-pocket."

"So? Ha! ha! ha! Dot vvas another trick! I put my handkerchief oop here, and my wallet in my coat-tail pocket, and if some tief goes to rob me he gets nottings. Dot probably safes me two million dollars."

"Ye-s. Any thing more?"

"Well, suppose I vvas in Chicago and a bunko man likes to make me his victim. If it vvas you, vvas would you do?"

"I don't know."

"Ha! ha! ha! It pays me to learn dot. It safes me thousands of dollars. I shunk vink at him—so, and say: 'How vvas coons to-day?' and off he goes. Dot makes him understand I vvas on to der racket."

"I see. What else?"

"Suppose you vvas going home at night, and a robber steps out and wants your money or your life? How would you do?"

"Give him my money, of course."

"You would, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Dot shows you vvas greenhorns! I shouldn't do dot vhay. I should open my umbrella and hold it before me and cry 'fire' as hard as I could. No robber can get at you if you hold an umbrella out. I know lots of odder things, but I haf no more time to-day. I come down to gif you some complaints. Somebody stole twenty-five dollars from me last night, and dot feller from New York vvas lost. He goes out to walk around a leedle by himself, and being a stranger he vvas all mixed oop and can't find his way back."

"Ah! Didn't you lose a coat, too?"

"Yes. It vvas behind der door, and somebody takes coat and money, too."

"Come this way."

He led him into the lock-up, halted him at one of the cells, and asked him if he knew the occupant.

"Why, he vvas my trainer!" exclaimed Mr. Duunder. "How he comes in here? Vvas he some lost shild?"

"He got your coat and money. We have the coat and most of the cash. How do you tell a thief, Mr. Duunder?"

But Mr. Duunder didn't reply. His hair stood up, his eyes bulged out, and he walked out of the station like a man going somewhere in a nightmare."—Detroit Free Press.

—Jones' Self-Restraint.

She—Mr. Jones, look at that impudent man on the other side of the street. He has been following us for the last ten blocks.

Jones—Why didn't you tell me so before? I'll teach the impudent puppy a lesson.

Walking boldly across the street Jones says to the man: "Look here, Snip, I am very sorry I've not got the money to pay you for that last suit, but you ought not to follow me up and dun me when I'm trying to capture that girl. She has got lots of money, and if I succeed you will not only get your money, but also an order for a wedding suit."

Snip goes off satisfied.

Returning to the young lady Jones says: "I am glad you called my attention to that cowardly scoundrel. I don't think he will ever stare at you again. I had great difficulty in restraining myself."—Texas Siftings.

How He Made His Money.

"Mr. Faber," said the old millionaire.

"Yes, sir," answered his private secretary.

"Here are fifty begging letters. Answer them all with a refusal."

"Yes, sir."

"Ar, you will observe that every one has a two-cent stamp inclosed for a reply."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, answer them all on post cards."—Tid-Bits.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—North Carolina has 800,000 acres of swamp land to sell for the benefit of her education fund.

—Within the last four years Florida has increased her school expenditures from \$132,200 to \$449,296.

—The kindergarten schools of San Francisco, under the patronage of Mrs. Leland Stanford, now number twenty, with 6,000 children.

—It is stated in the Russian papers that new professorships in the Japanese, Korean and Hindustani languages have been founded at the University of St. Petersburg.

—Religion is life, philosophy is thought; religion looks up, friendship looks in. We need both thought and life, and we need that the two shall be in harmony.—James Freeman Clarke.

—Missionaries among the Jews in all the countries of Continental Europe report an increasing interest in Christianity among that people. They are affected by the movement inaugurated by Mr. Rabinowitz, of Kirchenoff, Russia.

—One hundred and nine thousand orphans have been supported and educated at Mr. George Muller's famous orphanage at Bristol, England. Five large houses, capable of affording homes for 2,050 orphans have been built, and sixty-six schools are now maintained.—Spirit of Missions.

—A request made to the county of Morgan, Georgia, years ago for the education of orphan children in that county, has grown to \$48,000, and the custodians have been able to expend only \$700 out of an income of \$2,740 in the education of children. The fund has outgrown the orphans, and what to do with it is a puzzle.

—About \$35,000 has been spent the past year by the American Seaman's Friend Society in missionary work, publications, loan libraries, and other aids. Altogether 9,231 new libraries have been given out to vessels; over 10,000 have been reshipped, making 500,000 books which have been put within reach of about 350,000 men.

—"Why, you don't take the Bible just as it reads, do you?" said a man to a clergyman, who was talking with him on the subject of religion. "Certainly," replied the clergyman, "How would you take it, if not as it reads? Would you take it as it doesn't read?" That hits the point exactly. Read the Bible in this respect as you do any other book and take the meaning of its words and accept it.

—A strange coincidence noted by the Kansas City (Mo.) Star is that "on the day Clement Morgan, a colored youth from St. Louis, won the Roylston prize and was chosen class orator of Harvard College, and the first colored boy was admitted to the manual training school of Washington University, the Missouri act making it a crime for a colored child to attend any white public school went into effect."

—The American Bible Society reports that Bible distribution was 50 per cent. larger last year in South America than during any preceding year. The number of Bibles, New Testaments or parts disposed of was 51,963. During the past ten years 264,542 copies have been circulated, of which 90,484 belong to the first half of the decade and 174,058 to the last half. These figures are exclusive of the work of the Valparaiso (Chili) Bible Society, which sold during the past year 4,563 copies and during its existence of twenty-eight years has distributed 54,417 copies in the republic of Chili.

—Genius is the infinite art of taking pains.—Carlyle.

—Many a man knows a dollar by sight who does not know its value.

—When a keen ear meets a cutting remark it is natural that a sharp encounter should ensue.

—Every man knows how mean he is himself, but is not absolutely sure about his neighbor; hence his fondness for gossip.

—With us, law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and the statutes are waste paper, lacking all executive force.—Rural New Yorker.

—A slight divergence at the outset carries the arrow far out of the way at the end, just as a false step in starting gives life a result that is disastrously wide of the mark. To begin well is to begin true, and with a sure aim.

—No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—Sidney Smith.

—To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, "No thanks to him; if he had no business he would have nothing to do."—Steele.

—The touch of the lightning on the top of the mountain is only an instant long, yet it may rend the rocks, and deface the cliff and leave fissures that centuries can not fill up. Let no man say that he is debarr'd from usefulness by the shortness of his touch with the world.—The Central West.

—Under no circumstances should the expenses exceed the income. It is always more profitable to pay "spot cash" than to contract a debt, which should not be done unless it is absolutely unavoidable. Never should an indebtedness be incurred in anticipation of an expected gain. Expectations are not realizations; the debt is certain and must be met, but the gain—well, "there is many a slip."

—It is the petty details of life that prove tiresome and wear us out, rather than the larger. It is the little affairs that worry and work mischief in the nervous system. Lives of simplicity will secure the most freedom from these details, with consequent ease of mind that is conducive to health and long life.

—"Keeping up with the times" is what makes a good many of the details of these modern days.

—WIT AND WISDOM.

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—With us, law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and the statutes are waste paper, lacking all executive force.—Rural New Yorker.

—A slight divergence at the outset carries the arrow far out of the way at the end, just as a false step in starting gives life a result that is disastrously wide of the mark. To begin well is to begin true, and with a sure aim.

—No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—Sidney Smith.

—To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, "No thanks to him; if he had no business he would have nothing to do."—Steele.

—The touch of the lightning on the top of the mountain is only an instant long, yet it may rend the rocks, and deface the cliff and leave fissures that centuries can not fill up. Let no man say that he is debarr'd from usefulness by the shortness of his touch with the world.—The Central West.

—Under no circumstances should the expenses exceed the income. It is always more profitable to pay "spot cash" than to contract a debt, which should not be done unless it is absolutely unavoidable. Never should an indebtedness be incurred in anticipation of an expected gain. Expectations are not realizations; the debt is certain and must be met, but the gain—well, "there is many a slip."

—It is the petty details of life that prove tiresome and wear us out, rather than the larger. It is the little affairs that worry and work mischief in the nervous system. Lives of simplicity will secure the most freedom from these details, with consequent ease of mind that is conducive to health and long life.

—"Keeping up with the times" is what makes a good many of the details of these modern days.

—WIT AND WISDOM.

—Genius is the infinite art of taking pains.—Carlyle.

—Many a man knows a dollar by sight who does not know its value.

—When a keen ear meets a cutting remark it is natural that a sharp encounter should ensue.

—Every man knows how mean he is himself, but is not absolutely sure about his neighbor; hence his fondness for gossip.

—With us, law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and the statutes are waste paper, lacking all executive force.—Rural New Yorker.

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—"Keeping up with the times" is what makes a good many of the details of these modern days.

NON SINE LACRYMIS.

It was that hour when vernal Earth
And stormy March prepare
To greet the day of April's tearful birth
That I, overcome with care,
Rose with the twilight from a fireless hearth
To take the fresh first air
And smile of morning's mirth.

Tired with old grief's self-pitging moan,
A mile I had not strayed
Ere my dim path grew dark with double zone
Of men full fair arrayed,
While bent with sound of battle-trumpets
Blow,
Came, as through light comes shade,
Cries like an undertone.

Plumed with torn cloud, March led the way,
With spear-point keen for thrust,
And eager eyes, and harnessed form swathed
In gray
With drifts of wind-blown dust,
Round his bruised back in bright letters lay
This scroll which tollers trust:
Non sine lacrymis.

Wet as from wetting showers and seas,
April came after him,
He held a cup with saddest imageries
Engraven, and round the rim,
Worn with woo's lip, I spelt out words like
these,
"Though sorrow-stained and dim:
Non sine lacrymis.

These passed like regal spirits crowned,
Strong March and April fair;
And then a sphere-made music slow unwound
Its soul upon the air,
And soft as exhalations from the ground,
Or spring flowers here and there,
These words rose through the sound:

"Man needs these two in this world's mull,
Earth's drought and dew of spheres,
Grief's freshening rain to lay the dust of toll,
Toll's dust to dry the tears,
To all who rise as wrestlers in life's coil
Time gives, with days and years,
The wrestler's sand and oil."

O Toll in vain without success!
O Grief no hand can stay!
Think on these words when work or woes in-
crease,
Man, made of tears and clay,
Grows to full stature and God's perfect peace,
Non sine lacrymis.
Non sine lacrymis.
—Henry B. Carpenter, in Harper's Magazine.

POOR COUSIN PARKER.

**How He Returned All Favors
With Interest.**

It had long been the custom of the Tasker family to hold an annual meeting in August at East Village. Such Taskers as were present asked about the Taskers absent. The Taskers absent wrote letters to Abram Tasker at East Village, who read them aloud at the family gathering. They related to each other the stirring family events which had happened during the year since the previous family meeting. Sometimes the Taskers present were called upon to commiserate a death, or to discuss an engagement, or to congratulate a young bride. Sometimes they read of new Taskers who had come into the world. Sometimes the squalling new-coming Tasker presented himself in propria persona. Always they met to pity and to blame poor Cousin Parker!

There were Boston Taskers, and Chicago Taskers, and New York Taskers. Then there were Taskers from every State in New England. Universally, however, the Taskers present felt called upon every year to contribute for the benefit of poor Cousin Parker. He lived away off in New Hampshire somewhere—it was quite indefinite where he lived, and hitherto he seemed to live on his relatives.

He had had, it was said by kind-hearted old Abram Tasker, at a family gathering, the "hardest kind of hard luck." (It made the Chicago Tasker very angry to hear about his "hard luck.") "In the first place," said Abram, "he never had ought to be married to Frink, the school ma'am. Miss Frink was a widdler lady with nine children; an' those children! they ate Cousin Parker outen house an' home; yes, they did. Then he wa'n't fit for business, an' he oughtn't t'ave started to manufacture oleomargarine in a butter community. Cousin Parker nigh lost his life—he was shot at because of that oleomargarine in a butter community. Then he hedn't ought t'ave tried borin' for lie up in that granite region where he lived; there wa'n't no lie there, an' Parker he ought t'hev known better. Then he tried farmin' an' failed, because he tried it according to a city farmer's journal. He planted at the wrong season. He done every thing wrong. He seemed to hev mighty hard luck."

Every year there would come to the meeting either Cousin Parker himself, or a long wall of a letter from Cousin Parker describing his afflictions and asking for help. Every year a purse was raised, and the relatives were taxed for "Miss" Frink-Parker's benefit and her nine children. Every year the assembled Taskers grumbled, and the Chicago Tasker stopped coming East because of it. "It do seem," said Abram, "as if the family were merely livin' from year to year to kinder support Cousin Parker."

Miss Perkins, whose mother was a Tasker, of Newburyport (with the accent, please, on the "port"), was used to speaking out in meeting, and she usually freed her mind every year—she was a regular attendant at these family meetings. She freed her mind, but at the same time she gave liberally. And it was noticed that the louder were her protests, and the more severe her condemnation of Cousin Parker's unfortunate business habits, the larger sum she gave toward his support.

"Cousin Parker," she snapped out at the meeting last August, "don't deserve any luck. Turned inventor now, has he? Well, land! what can he invent?" "Hush, Miss Perkins!" said Abram; "Cousin Parker is present with us."

Miss Perkins put on her eye-glasses and looked around the circle of Taskers, who had assembled in the great barren parlor of Abram Tasker's great farmhouse. There were several Boston Taskers (N. B., the rich Taskers); there were the New York Taskers (very well off); there were all the Vermont Taskers (hard, earnest folk); and there, last of all, in a corner, almost out of sight,

looking so forlorn and sheepish that Miss Perkins could only pity him, sat Cousin Parker himself!

He was a small, thin man, with a most distrustful, beseeching expression. His head was bent forward, his coat was buttonless and shabby. His eyes were modestly bent on the floor. When all the combined eyes of all the rich and great Taskers were turned toward him, he fairly shriveled up within himself, and looked furtively toward the door, as if with a view to a speedy and ignominious retreat.

"So this is Cousin Parker," exclaimed Miss Perkins, involuntarily. "Land!" "We would all like to hear from Cousin Parker himself," said Hon. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston (the rich and great Tasker), in a pompous voice. "We would like to hear from him as to his family and his affairs. Cousin Parker—won't you tell us how you are doing this year?"

It appeared that Cousin Parker swallowed a great swallow, and his Adam's apple rose and fell without any audible response.

"Come forward!" beamed Abram Tasker, kindly; and, as if to suit action to his words, Abram, who was a huge, kindly old soul, with an enormous strength of arm, advanced, and, without intending it, lifted Cousin Parker bodily into the center of the Tasker semicircle, and set him down. There was a subdued murmur among all the Taskers, as to the probability, from his shabby and generally unkempt appearance, that the fund to be raised this year would have to be unusually large.

"I feel very thankful—for the past," was what Cousin Parker whispered feebly, so that Abram, who stood by him protectingly, leaned his great ear down and alone heard him.

"He feels thankful for the past!" roared Abram, with a kindly, encouraging smile for poor Cousin Parker.

"Oh, he feels thankful for the past, does he?" exclaimed Miss Perkins. "Well, land! I should think he ought. Why, he's had money every year—altogether, two or three thousand dollars at least."

"He's expectin' a change for the future," called out Abram. "A big change. He's awful hopeful."

A smile of pity went around among all the Taskers present. Mrs. New York Tasker, as it was a warm day, held her vinaigrette to her nose, and complained a little of feeling faint. The dismal photographs hung about the wall in black frames, she said, gave her quite a turn. They were photographs of deceased Taskers, standing up, man and wife together, very stiff and straight, holding on to chairs for dear life, or leaning an elbow upon romantic Italian scenery, or a Venetian balustrade. The hair-cloth sofas and chairs, too, were rather awe-inspiring. Much as Mrs. New York Tasker admired the family into which she had married, she admitted that they were, some of them, very odd country-people. And this poor Cousin Parker! What an oddity he was, to be sure!

"He has tried next to every thing to get on," went on Abram, the mouth-piece, after a prolonged listening to Cousin Parker's whisper. "He went West an' tried to grow up with the country. But he didn't stay long enough to grow. He started a newspaper, but he took the wrong side in politics, an' got fired. Then he jined the circus and figured as the hind legs of an elephant; but the folks got on to his disguise, he says, an' they kinder fired rocks at him, an' so he cum back home to Miss Parker an' the nine children kinder hopeless. But his hope picked up when we as a fam'ly cum forward an' let him have two hundred dollars last year. They started him up again inventin', and he uster sit up at nights he says, hopin' an' inventin'."

Miss Perkins gave a sniff. Other Taskers present probably would have sniffed had not the prim New England spinster kindly done it for them.

"He says he has at last finally turned inventor, an' is goin' to make it his business," roared Abram, still leaning down to Cousin Parker. Immediately there was a buzz of loud protestation from every right-minded Tasker present.

"He says he again wishes to say that in the past he has had very hard luck," roared Abram again.

"Ask him if he thinks if he should turn to and do a little work now and then by accident his luck wouldn't change," said Miss Perkins, sharply.

Cousin Parker gave her such a sad, beseeching look that she wished she had kept quiet. Miss Perkins did not wish it to be understood that she was heartless; but it made her very impatient to take hold of Cousin Parker and shake him. Oh that she could have him under her charge for a time at Newburyport! She would get this inventor nonsense out of him! Yes, indeed!

Abram's ear was so long near Cousin Parker's mouth that the Taskers knew something interesting was coming. At last he roared: "He says he's got a smart partner. The smart partner has sold one of his inventions for him. His name is Ephraim Shouter. He comes from a family of lawyers—"

"Depend upon it, then, the smart partner has got all the money, and Cousin Parker has got the experience," said the New York Tasker, with a wise shake of the head.

"He says the invention was sold to the Stannard Ice Company, fer—fer what, Cousin Parker?"

A further inaudible whisper, after which Cousin Parker looked more sheepish and more crestfallen than ever. Every Tasker in the room leaned forward with interest.

"Fer—I can't believe it—for two hundred thousand dollars!" roared Abram.

A great sensation.

"Two hundred thousand dollars; and the smart partner took a hundred an' an—an' seventy-five thousand for his fee, an'—gave him twenty-five. He says he wants to pay up his debts to the Tasker family."

For the space of two minutes there was perfect silence. Not a Tasker spoke or moved. Finally Miss Perkins said:

"I always believed that there was a great deal to Cousin Parker!"

Cousin Parker slunk back to his seat, very much overcome with self-consciousness, while the ladies fell to discussing him before his face as if he were absent.

"He has been greatly abused," said Mrs. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston; "and you, Miss Perkins, have abused dear Cousin Parker more than any one."

"I have spoken unwisely about Cousin Parker," I admit," said Miss Perkins, "but I meant it for his good, and if he has made money as he says, I am as glad as any one. I want to shake him by the hand, and tell him how glad I am he has done something for himself, even if the smart partner got almost all of the money."

Mrs. New York Tasker was ahead of all the Taskers in taking Cousin Parker by the hand, and in asking him about his good fortune. All they could get out of him, however, was that it was a new process of purifying kerosene, which had proved very valuable. Cousin Parker's luck had turned; and that very day, before he had left Abram Tasker's Vermont farm at East Village, he had returned all of the money he had had from his relatives, with interest at six per cent.

Several years later, when the Ohio, Burlington and Chesapeake Railway Company defaulted in the payment of interest on its stock and bonds, Miss Perkins, whose small income was entirely dependent upon the dividends of that important trunk line, was reduced to the necessity of applying, through the kind-hearted Abram, for some assistance at the annual family gathering.

She did not attend in person at East Village, but she wrote a pathetic letter of appeal. Cousin Parker was present (whose opinion in business matters was now much valued by the Hon. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston). He said nothing, and although now worth "considerable money," appeared unwilling to subscribe. A week later, however, he turned up in Newburyport. He went to see Miss Perkins at her little boarding house. It was up a back street, and in a dingy neighborhood, for Miss Perkins owing to the manipulations of a very powerful railway magnate, was now exceedingly poor in this world's goods. There was still enough left to support her and her cat and a canary in a little room back in the boarding-house. When Cousin Parker called, he looked vaguely about the close little parlor into which he was ushered.

"She's used to better'n this," he whispered to himself. Poor Miss Perkins!

Then he blushed very red, for, lo and behold! she had entered noiselessly, and was standing opposite him.

"I am poor, Cousin Parker, it is true, and I want to say it right here—it's taught me a lesson. I guess I can pity those in misfortune a little now—I guess I can feel how hard it is not to have money and not be able to earn it."

Cousin Parker moved uneasily in his seat. He felt embarrassed. "I—I want you to come home with me," he said, looking down. "I want you to come. Miss Parker wants you to come. The nine children want you, Miss Perkins. They feel grateful."

The tears came into Miss Perkins' eyes, but she hurriedly brushed them away.

"They know how you did when I was in hard luck. You stepped forward an' loaned, Miss Perkins! Oh, I guess we Taskers can stand by you another in hard luck! Now come, Miss Perkins, get ready!"

Miss Perkins was quite overcome. She fairly sobbed. An hour before, she felt so fearless, so forlorn, so hopeless! She wished she was dead!

"They are expecting you, Miss Perkins; an' I know you won't hate my three boys. No," added Cousin Parker, proudly. "Fine, rosy-cheeked boys, Miss Perkins. As for my girls—there are only four now. Miss Perkins, for two died—but they are a-lookin' forward to givin' you a rousin' welcome up there in N' Hampshire, an' they don't mean to ever let you go away again—no! Come, get ready, Miss Perkins—we Taskers don't fergit kind deeds."

"Cousin Parker," said the prim maiden lady, standing up, "I believe you have the heart of an angel."

But he only looked down, coughed, and fumbled with his hat.—Seymour Wood, in Harper's Weekly.

Effects of Anthrotopoxine.

Every one knows that the air of a close room in which many persons are sitting becomes bad, and that it is injurious. For a long time the injurious effects have been attributed to carbonic acid gas, but recent experiments conducted by capable observers would seem to show that this is an error. It has been found that air containing very large amounts of pure carbonic acid gas can be breathed with absolute impunity, but that air spoiled by the breathing of human beings contains small quantities of one or more very poisonous substances, to which Prof. Debois-Reymond has given the name anthrotopoxine, or human poison. To this alone is due the noxiousness of the air in unventilated rooms. Recent experiments of French scientists show that this poison comes from the lungs. But the fact that the poison has been named, and that we know just where it comes from, doesn't make it any more wholesome.—Chicago Herald.

In Glasgow, Scotland, there is a cooking school that has 350 pupils, who are the wives and daughters of working men, and they are trained in the art of cooking so that they can prepare a pleasing and nourishing meal for six persons at a cost of twenty-four cents. A visitor says that among the articles that are provided for the tables are hot-pot, a broth with an abundance of minced vegetables; fish soup, made of a cod's head and thickened with rice, onions and potatoes; kidney and liver soup, soup and oat and wheaten cakes. The variety of dishes are large, for each pupil is required to plan a series of fourteen dinners for a family of six, no dinner to exceed twenty-four cents in cost.

—A man at Clifford, Mich., was so affected by having a tooth extracted that he became insane.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Almost every human malady is connected, either by highway or by byways, with the stomach.

—Burnt Sugar Flavoring.—Put one tablespoonful brown sugar into a pan; stir it till it becomes dark as taffy. Add one cupful of boiling water; let it stand a minute. Use enough of it to give a good flavor, and bottle the rest for use at another time.

—Sweet Potato Cakes.—Boil the potatoes until soft, then mash them and mix with a little butter and milk; add sufficient milk to make it easy to work into cakes, stir in two unbeaten eggs, flour the hands and form into cakes and fry in a small quantity of lard.

—Chicken Dumplings.—One pint of flour, one tablespoonful of baking-powder, mixed with flour; one teaspoonful of salt, one egg, well beaten; one cupful of sweet milk. Mix all well together; check the broth from boiling, and add butter, one tablespoonful at a time, and let them boil fifteen minutes.—Toledo Blade.

—Take care that the furniture in your room harmonizes, or you can never make it look home like. Especial thought must be given to that subject when much of the furniture must be made at home or bought at odd intervals when some bargain comes within reach of your pocket-book. Never buy an article because it is cheap, unless you are sure it is just what is needed in the place where it must stand.

—It may not be generally known that the fine ashes from coal are excellent to clean nickel with. They should be applied with a soft cloth. They will not scratch the smooth surface in the least, and they give quite as bright a luster as any of the articles for sale for that purpose. The nickel trimmings of stoves should be taken off and wrapped in paper, and stored in a dry room during summer, to prevent their rusting. If they are left where flies can get on them, every fly-speak will make a spot on the nickel that can never be got rid of.—American Agriculturist.

—As a recreation for overworked women fancy work is a great humbug. What the average housewife needs is more absolute rest, and not a change of labor, and a house full of pretty rubbish to keep in order. O the endless array of tidies, and banners, and pockets, and bags, and baskets, and fans, and what not, to say nothing of the miles of home-made lace not half so pretty or durable as could be bought for little more than is paid for the thread used, and all this in the homes of women too poor to keep a single servant, women who have forgotten how it feels to be rested.—Household.

WHERE BIRDS SUMMER.

The Northern Breeding Grounds of Many Migratory Fowls.

Until the acquisition of Alaska by the United States, it was a wonder where certain wild fowl went when they migrated from temperate climes on the approach of summer, as well as snowbirds and other small species of the feathered tribe. It was afterward found that their habitat in summer was the waters of Alaska, the Yukon river and the lakes of that hyperborean region. A reporter lately interviewed C. J. Green, of Norton Sound, Alaska, and he confirmed the statement of Dal and others. "People wonder where the wild fowl come from," said he. "They see the sandhill crane, wild goose, heron and other fowl every spring and fall pursue their unworldly way, but like the wind, they do not know whence they come or whither they go. Up on Golovin bay, on the north shore of Norton Sound, is the breeding place of these fowls."

"All the birds in creation, seemingly, go to that country to breed. Geese, ducks, swans and thousands upon thousands of sand-hill cranes are swarming there all the time. They lay their eggs in the bluestem grass in the lowlands, and if you go up the river a little way from the bay the noise of the wild fowl is almost deafening. Myriads of robins and swallows are there, as well as millions of magnificent grouse, wearing ad combs and feather moccasins. This grouse turns as white as snow in winter. You can kill dozens of juicy teal ducks or grouse as fat as butter balls in a few moments. The wild fowl and bears live on salmon berries and huckle-berries, with which all the hills are literally covered."—Astorian.

EMPLOYMENT OF STEAM.

Sal Fate of the Man Who First Suggested Its Utility.

The following extract from the life of George Stephenson, railway engineer, by Samuel Smiles, Boston, 1859, page 69, is of interest:

Solomon de Caus, "who was shut up for his supposed madness in the Bicetre at Paris, seems to have been the first to conceive the idea of employing steam for moving carriages on land, as well as ships at sea. Marion de Lorne, in a letter to the Marquis de Cinq-Mars dated Paris, February 1, 1641, thus describes a visit to this celebrated mad-house in company with the English Marquis of Worcester: "We were crossing the court, and I, more dead than alive with fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars and a hoarse voice exclaimed: 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery which would enrich the country that adopted it.' 'What has he discovered?' asked our guide. 'Oh,' answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, 'something trifling enough! You would never guess it. It is the use of the steam of boiling water.' I began to laugh. 'This man,' continued the keeper, 'is named Solomon de Caus; he came from Normandy four years ago to present to the King a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages—in fact, there is no end to the miracles which, he insists upon it, could be performed. The Cardinal sent the madman away without listening to him. Solomon de Caus, far from being discouraged, followed the Cardinal wherever he went with the most determined perseverance, who, tired of finding him forever in his path, and annoyed at his folly, shot him up in the Bicetre.'"

PECULIARITIES OF PEOPLE.

EDISON, the wizard of electricity, now declines to see visitors at his Menlo Park laboratory. He is a very busy man, and he can not understand why his valuable, golden time should be sacrificed to people who simply call to "pay their respects."

MANY people will sympathize with Mr. Gladstone in his fondness for lying to his bed in the morning. He says: "I hate getting up in the morning, and I hate it every morning." He will not permit himself to think of current matters in politics after he goes to bed.

FEW people know that the poet Whitford is color-blind, and has been so for years. He has just passed his eighty-second birthday and seems to be in fairly good health. The weaknesses of age are upon him, however, and he rarely writes for more than half an hour at a time.

A NEW ORLEANS letter-writer says that old Jubal Early, now an annex of the Louisiana Lottery, goes slouching about the corridors of the St. Charles Hotel like a ghost of the past. One of his fads is that he will never accept a National bank note with a portrait of General Grant on it.

MARK TWAIN has drawn the line at "authors' readings." In his personal aid to the international copyright scheme, he writes that never more will he take part in one of those readings. They are always so irritatingly conducted. His objection lies to the tedious extension of the readings beyond the limits of time originally set.

JUDGE MARK BLANDFORD, of the Georgia Supreme bench, is a firm believer in the zodiac signs. He lost an arm at the battle of McDowell, Va., in May, 1863, and he declares that he and every other soldier who got wounded in the arm in that combat recovered, while all the leg wounds proved mortal. He says he had occasion to take particular notice of that fact.

WALT WHITMAN is the most picturesque character in American literature to-day. His splendid wealth of white hair is a fitting frame for a face of majestic beauty. His magnificent figure is not yet bowed down with the weight of seventy winters. In his youth he described himself as a "rough," and he was in the habit of associating with stage-drivers, and he sometimes handled the reins and drove down Broadway, dressed in outrageous style. But of late years he has settled down into a decorous and most respectable character, as the "good, gray poet."

TERMS AND TITLES.

"VALET" is the same word as "valet," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal."

MADAME is "my lady," and sir has been extracted from the Latin "senior" through the French.

"DANDELION" is dent de lion (the lion's tooth), and "vinegar" was once vin again (sour wine).

"BISCUIT" keeps alive the Latin bis coctus (twice cooked), and a verdict is simply a vere dictum (true saying).

A "VILLAIN," before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him, was a laborer on the villa of a Roman country gentleman.

AN Earl was an "elder" in the primitive society, while Pope is the same as "papa," and Czar and Kaiser are both "Caesars."

QUEEN at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early significance exists in "queen," used now only in a bad sense.

"JIMINY" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, O gemini, used by the Romans when they called upon the twins Castor and Pollux to help them.

REINDEER is "riding coat," borrowed by the French from our own language, and returned to us in a new guise with the dressmaker's stamp of approval.

"SLOP" shop has nothing to do with slops, as some amateur etymologists have asserted, but means clothing shops, the word coming from the Icelandic slopper, a coat.

THERE is probably no article made for the public which so nearly sells itself as Buchanan's Antidote for Malaria. Every bottle used makes a permanent friend and herald for the medicine. In these days, when every sensational device is used in advertising, this medicine only needs to be known to sell on its merits. A few doses will destroy all malaria in the system. Sent by mail for one dollar.

Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa.

That opera manager performed quite a feat who borrowed a tenner from the base.—Hotel Gazette.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

In the national flower discussion the marrygold and toddy blossoms have been grossly neglected.—Rochester Budget.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective.—Christian World, London, Eng.

The conceit of some people is so strong that they admire their mistakes because they make them.—Acheson Globe.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Halo's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Fiko's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

In the presence of a chiropodist the wise man acknowledges the corn.

To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and promote digestion, take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills every night. Try them.

The first time a man is called baldy the thought of a light comes into his head.

After Pneumonia
And attacks of la grippe, typhus fever, scarlet fever or diphtheria, the patient recovers strength slowly, as the system is weak and debilitated, and the blood poisoned by the ravages of the disease. What is needed is a good reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has just the elements of strength for the body, and vitality and richness for the blood which bring back robust health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

He who allows his notes to get over due will soon be mist for business circles.—Hotel Gazette.



ONE ENJOYS

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Official Paper of Chase County.

ROBERT BURNS.

The 131st Anniversary of his Birth Celebrated by the Burns Club of Chase County, Kan., at Cottonwood Falls.

A Large Attendance and a Most Successful Meeting.

Last Friday evening, January 24th, 1890, under the auspices of the Burns Club of Chase County, Kansas, was celebrated in Music Hall in this city, the 131st anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, Scotland's illustrious poet, of whom Carlyle, the poet, says: "Feasting—for so, in our ignorance, we must speak—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and the spirit which might have soared, could it have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the gloom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soil, so full of inborn richness of love to all living and lifeless things—how his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature, and in her bleakest province discerns a beauty and a meaning! The daily fall of snow beneath his ploughshare, not the rained most of that wet, cowering, timorous beastie, cast forth after all its provident pains, to 'thole the snowy drizzle and the barren cold'—the 'hoar-frost' of winter delights him; he dwells with a sad and oft returning fondness, on these scenes of solemn desolation, but the voice of the tempest becomes as an anthem in his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for they raise his thoughts to Him that walketh on the wings of the wind. A true poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck and the sound it yields will be music. But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother-men. What warm, all comprehending fellow feeling; what trustful, boundless love; what generous exaggeration of the object loved!"

Under the tasteful management of Mr. D. A. Elsworth, the hall was most handsomely decorated, the wall being festooned with the stars and stripes, and hung with shields representing the clans of Scotland. On the left side of the stage, on an easel, was a portrait of Robert Burns, while on the wall on the same side of the hall were pictures of Gladstone, of a scene in Scotland, and of Burns' betrothal to his Highland Mary, alongside of each of which pictures was hung a plaid, while the remaining walls were decorated with the Scotch emblem and American flags.

The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, with a well cultured and an appreciative audience, while on the stage were seated the Vice-President of the Club and Judge L. D. Bailey and Messrs. F. P. Cochran, E. W. Myler, W. E. Timmons and the ladies who took part in the exercises.

At 8 o'clock, Mr. James Robertson, Vice-President of the Club, stepped forward on the stage and in a neat little speech in which he said he regretted that an account of the President's, Mr. James McNeer, having just recovered from a severe spell of sickness that gentleman could not be present at this meeting, he opened the exercises of the evening by introducing Mr. J. H. Mercer who, with Miss Dottie Scribner at the organ, sang "The Fog Bell" to a most attentive audience who, at its conclusion, gave him most hearty applause.

The next thing on the programme was the TOAST—"ROBERT BURNS," RESPONSE BY PROF. E. W. MYLER, which was delivered with much eloquence and in a most forcible manner, the full report of which is as follows: MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: While at Topeka a few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of listening to some very eminent men, among them our worthy Governor. When he arose to speak he said he felt very much embarrassed, and immediately proceeded to relate an anecdote after which he seemed more at ease. I then and there resolved, that, were I ever called upon to make a speech, I should employ the same method to drive away my embarrassment; yes, that I should use the same story. While there may be others that would answer the purpose just as well, I prefer on this occasion to use that which has been tested.

A worthy divine was invited by the chaplain of the penitentiary to preach to the convicts on a certain Sabbath. The day and hour arrived; the good pastor arose and was his custom before reading the opening hymn, said: "My dear brethren, I'm glad to see so many of you here."

So, Mr. President, I can, and with propriety, say, that I am glad to see so many here this evening. It evinces an interest in something besides material prosperity. It shows that the Americans, though noted for the carelessness with which they grasp the dollar, are ever ready to turn from their secular pursuits and enjoy an evening with Homer, with Shakespeare, with Burns. That they do not neglect the culture of their minds, and that hand in hand with the development of our new State goes the development and culture of the intellect.

We are met here for the purpose of learning more concerning the life and works of Robert Burns, and to me was assigned the task of telling you something concerning that champion of the poor and oppressed of every land. Yes, of every land; for Burns wrote not only for his own people, but for the people of the whole world, and there is not a civilized nation to-day, but applauds and honors the author of the sentiment, "A man's man, for a that."

One hundred and thirty-one years ago, in a little thatched-roof cottage in Ayrshire, Scotland, Robert Burns first saw the light. His parents were

frugal and hard-working people. William Burns, the father of the poet, was noted for his industry, integrity and high moral qualities. Mr. Murdoch, one of Robert's first teachers, says of the poet's father: "He took pleasure in leading his children in the paths of virtue, not in driving them as some parents do." That he carefully practiced every known duty; or, in the language of the apostle: "Herein did he exercise himself in living a life void of offense toward God and men." With such a father certainly Robert's youth was well shielded from everything adverse to Christian virtues. In the "Cotter's Saturday Night," Robert has shown how he appreciated the lessons of his godly father, by his faithful portrayal of him in the "Cotter." Other scenes and characters of the poem were probably wholly imaginary, but we have the authority of Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, for saying that the "Cotter" in the "Saturday Night" is an exact copy of Wm Burns in his manners, his family devotions, and in his exhortations. The short, but expressive epitaph of Mr. Burns, written by his illustrious son, shows more clearly the reverence in which he held the memory of his father: "O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains, Breathe near with pious reverence attend, Here lie the husband's dear remains. The tender father and the generous friend: The pining heart that felt for human woe; The dauntless heart that felt no human pride. The friend of man, to vice alone a foe. For 'on his fallings leant to virtue's side.' Robert's education was obtained principally at home. Before he could be of much service on the farm he was sent to a primary school where he learned to read, write, to apply numbers, and where he acquired a very accurate knowledge of grammar, a fact to which he attributes much of the success of his earlier writings. Soon his services were needed at home, and thus compelled to labor on the farm from early boyhood he grew strong physically as well as mentally. Constant occupation of the body soon becomes habit and leaves the mind free to wander in its chosen fields of activity. So our poet, while he guided the plow through the sward, or with his sickle laid the grass in windrows, mused over the valiant deeds of his countrymen, or hummed the national songs, thus attuning his mind for the grand flights into poetry which the near future was to witness and applaud. I am far from thinking that this farm work was a detriment to Burns' poetical ability. On the contrary, I think that no other life could so develop the genius of the poet as that which throws him in constant contact with nature. The poet must commune with nature and understand her secrets. He must hear rhythm in the thunders; he must see harmony in the storm; in all things around him he must see and interpret the expressions of the Divine will. So in his early youth Burns learned to read nature; to draw inspiration from the towering mountains, the flowing rivers, the pealing thunder and the lightning flashes; and with such surroundings he composed some of his most sublime lyrics.

The poetry of Burns marks the beginning of the new excitement about man and his condition. Born and reared in poverty, he wrote for the poor, and was always the uncompromising champion of the poorer classes. He did not believe in caste, but asserted with all the ardor of his nature: "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that. What tho' no' on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddie grey, and a' that. Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel show, and a' that; The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that."

Burns was subject to occasional fits of melancholy which I suppose we moderns would denominate "blues." He attributes them to the hard labor and sorrow of his early life. He was ambitious, but could see no way to gratify his ambition. He says of himself: "I had early felt the stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's cyclops round the walls of his cave. The only openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune were the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little cheating bargain making. The first is so contracted an aperture I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance." Burns' poetical nature longed for opportunities which he early saw following the plow or swinging the scythe could never give. He could not understand that the very ordeal through which he was passing was necessary to develop the genius which he longed to exercise. Consequently before success came his mind had yielded to occasional melancholy which all the honor and praise showered upon him in after life could not overcome. His poems, "Man was Made to Mourn," "Ode to Despondency" and "Ode to Ruin," are without doubt the products of these sombre periods in Burns' life, while the rollicking fun of the "Jolly Beggars" and "Tam O' Shanter," is an ebullition of the light joyousness of his nature, that made him a welcome guest in all classes of society.

During the years from 1783 to 1786 Burns wrote many of his best poems. The first volume was published in 1786 and met with remarkable success. He began to find friends, now that he was a real live poet instead of a visionary farmer. Some literary critics suggested that he might find encouragement at Edinburgh for a second edition of his poems. More successful than he had even dared to dream, Burns soon found himself the center of attraction in the fashionable circles of the literary metropolis of his beloved Scotland. Toasted and lionized in Edinburgh during the winter of '87 and '88, he gave way to some extent to the dissipations of fashionable life. The rigid economy of his early life had not prepared him for these excesses and they told sorrowfully upon his physical constitution. Soon after this he took charge of a farm near Dumfries in the south of Scotland, where the Messenger of Death found him in 1796. Thus, at the early age of thirty-seven years, his passionate life came to an end, not raged out, but worn out. If it was

short in years, his life was as fully rounded and complete as though the three score and ten had been his. No other writer ever drew to himself through the medium of his productions such fervid personal love. If there was anything unlovable in his nature we forget it when we read "To Mary in Heaven."

It was as a love-poet that Burns began to write, but unlike many modern would-be love-poets, he did not stop with the first rushing rhyme of "Roses are red, Violets are blue, Sugar is sweet, And so are you." But with a master spirit and a genius that still charms the world, he expressed again the same sentiments, only with greater truth, and sang the same music with a feeling nearer akin to nature that enchanted the age of Elizabeth. "He was only thirty-seven years of age when he died, but he lived long enough to sing as no other poet ever sang, the music of human passions." It is said that no poet of ancient nor of modern times has excelled Burns in the purity of inspiration, in the felicity of expression, or in the marvelous variety of illustration and of sentiment with which he has celebrated the passion of love.

His songs are his best poems and are among the favorites of every fireside. The poem "For a' that and a' that," from which I have already quoted, strikes a responsive chord in every human heart and will go down through the ages with but one rival in the English language, "Home Sweet Home." It is the touch of such sentiments that makes the whole world akin, and the expression of such that has rendered immortal the memory of Burns and Payne.

Is it any wonder, Mr. President, that there are hundreds of associations throughout this country and other countries that are celebrating to-night, or will celebrate to-morrow night, the one hundred and thirty-first anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns? His songs will linger in the human breast until the very twilight of time, and when the Angel Gabriel shall stand with one foot upon the land and the other upon the sea and proclaim that time shall be no more, then shall we be able to see in God's pure light the motives which prompted him to sing.

And while we may be inclined to criticize his life, let us remember that it is not ours to judge. We can find no better advice than Burns' "Plea for Charitable Judgment." "Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us. He knows each chord—'tis various tone; Each string was lent him 'bliss; True at the balance he's the judge, We never can adjust it. Who's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted."

Some one has said that the first and last thing required of genius is a love of truth. That Burns loved the truth and told it in a way peculiarly his own is best attested by the thousands who enjoy his songs to-day. Time, the great destroyer of everything that is false, but the universal vindicator of truth, has served only to fix deeper in the hearts of a grateful and enlightened people that appreciation of his works which they so richly merit.

So, Mr. President, I am proud to have the honor to propose as a toast this evening, the immortal memory of Robert Burns. And while I do not fear the clinking of glasses in response to this, it reminds me that in our own fair State the wine cup has been banished from the home, the saloon from the street, and consequently, the drunkard from among our citizens. That our beloved Kansas always in the van upon subjects calculated to uphold the moral and intellectual welfare of her people, has taken this advance step in civilization and is holding high for the benefit of the whole world the beacon light of constitutional prohibition.

Again, Sir, I propose as a toast the immortal memory of Scotland's noblest poet, whose songs have done more than Shakespeare's dramas or Bacon's philosophy to hurry forward that ideal period in whose kindly light shall thrive the universal brotherhood of man.

At the conclusion of Prof. Myler's remarks the Guitars Club, consisting of Mrs. F. P. Cochran and Misses Maggie Breesa, Dottie Scribner and Colie Adare, played most sweetly "The Girl I Left Behind Me" after which they were enquired and rendered "The Campbells Are Coming," in such a charming manner that they again brought the house down with great applause.

"Mary of Argye" was then sang by Miss Carrie E. Hansen, with Miss Lulu Hansen at the organ. That Miss Hansen has a charming and also a well cultured voice was attested by the rounds of applause with which her singing was greeted. She was enquired, and sang most sweetly "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton Waters."

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with a full round of applause at the close of this song.

The Lanjo Club, consisting of Misses Nannie Carter, Libbie Carter, Alice Hunt and Marion Hemphill, played a waltz, rendering it in such an excellent manner that they were enquired, and played a schottich, with equal excellence, retiring amid much applause.

With Mr. Weed at the organ, "O, ha! You See My Jimmie?" was then sang by Mr. Alex McKenzie, who retired amid a storm of applause.

Judge L. D. Bailey, who was put down on the programme for an address, being again introduced, said that he would begin like the "brother" at the camp meeting, who had been introduced with the words, "you will now listen to a few feeble remarks from Brother Smith." The Judge then made a short but entertaining speech, winding up by the recital of a poem from Whittier, written for the occasion of an annual celebration by the Burns Club, of New York, who had sent him one hither. The poem was eloquent, read, and much applauded by the house.

With Mrs Lulu Hansen at the organ, "Waiting" was then so charmingly rendered by Miss Carrie E. Hansen that she was enquired, and sang "Over the Stars there is Rest," to a most delighted audience.

With Miss Stella Kerr at the organ, "Down with McGinty" was so well rendered by Mr. Geo. W. Weed that he was enquired, and repeated the last verse.

Mr. Wm. Dickson then delighted the audience with a Scotch air, after which Mr. Alex. McKenzie sang "Sandy's soft awee," after which, with Miss Lulu Hansen at the organ, "Auld Lang Syne" was most pathetically sung by Miss Carrie E. Hansen and Mr. G. W. Weed, the Club and guests joining in the chorus. The Vice-President then thanked the audience for their undivided attention and enthusiastic reception of the Burns celebration, the formal part of which was then ended and the floor was cleared, and the "light fantastic toe" was tripped until "the wee sma' hours ayant the twa," the "boys going home with the girls" at 4 o'clock in the morning; and thus ended one of Chase county's most noted festal days.

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MORTIMER'S AMBITION.

His Attempt to Redeem His Honor and How It Failed.

CHAPTER I.

"ALISE catiff, get thee gone!"
The words came in a hoarse whisper, and Mortimer Francisco Del Fuego Jones dashed wildly down to the front gate and grasped the hitching-post. For a moment the landscape swam before his eyes, but with a superhuman effort he calmed himself, raised his head, and stood alone. The moon looked coldly down upon his agony and silvered the drop of concentrated woe that had accumulated in the left-hand corner of his eye. He looked back, stared the silvery orb full in the face, raised his clinched hand on high, and said, proudly: "She thinks me a weakling, but I will do the deed or die."

These were his words, spoken in a tone of knock-chip-off-my-shoulder heroism that made the cucumber vines tremble upon the front fence.

CHAPTER II.

Mortimer Francisco Del Fuego Jones was an orphan. No successful romance was ever written without an orphan, and on this occasion Mortimer will be forced to make the sacrifice. Mortimer Francisco Del Fuego Jones was not, however, an inmate of a foundling's home. Do



"I WILL DO THE DEED OR DIE."

not think it. He had rooms in a Michigan avenue flat, and was the center of an admiring circle of friends and acquaintances.

The scene referred to in the opening chapter occurred in a farm-house in Wisconsin. The cares of business and the effort of accounting each night for shortage in the cash had worn upon Del Fuego to such an extent that he felt he needed rest.

CHAPTER III.

Mary Ann Scroggs was not an orphan. It would have been pleasanter for Terra Del Fuego if she had been. The father wore boots—large, broad, hard boots—and Francisco did not like them well. In other respects, however, Mary Ann was all that could be desired. Her hair was several shades redder than it might have been, and she was more muscular than San Francisco would have chosen, but these objections were washed away in the great wave of passion that tossed about the hero of this tale.

Mary Ann Scroggs was the daughter of old Mr. Scroggs, and old Mr. Scroggs was the proprietor of an establishment wherein Mortimer Fran so forth was seeking rest. Mary Ann was the goddess of the ancestral hearth—the chromo which came with country board.

CHAPTER IV.

They had quarreled. Not Mr. and Mrs. Scroggs, you understand—that was the normal condition with them—but San Fuego and Mary Ann. She had laughed his love to scorn; had told him

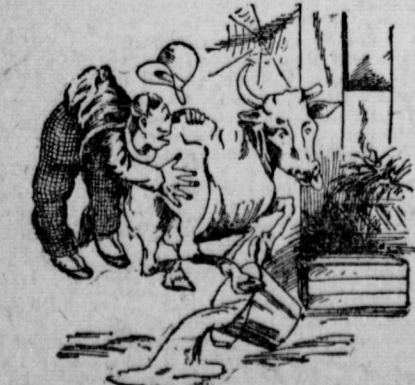


APPROACHING HIS UNSUSPECTING VICTIM. He was a weakling and a dude, and he, after consideration, had made up his mind to perform an act which she had told him he could never accomplish—a deed which should prove him worthy of her hand.

We left him down by the front gate staring at the moon. It is unfortunate that we have been obliged to leave him there so long, as he has probably taken a severe cold. After having determined upon his desperate course he struck his breast forcibly three times with his right fist, heaved a sigh of resolution and musk lozenges, returned to his attic chamber and went to bed.

CHAPTER V.

It was early morning. The bright sun rose over the eastern hills, scatter-



FOILED.

ing pearls and all that sort of thing, and the song of the thrush and the lin-

net mingled melodiously with the vocalization of Farmer Scroggs's litter of white Poland shotes.

Suddenly a weird figure enveloped in a linen duster and a light brown hat stole carefully out of the back door and directed its steps toward the stable. It was Fuego Mortimer Terra San Francisco. He had determined to milk the cow.

There were several cows, but he chose the mildest-mannered one—a gentle creature, whose sad, wistful eyes, as they looked at him through the stanchion, had never a suspicion of guile. Mortimer mixed up a mash of sawdust, which the good farmer had purchased to pack eggs in, and sat down to his task.

Five minutes passed—ten. The cow digested as much of the sawdust mash as she could, but it left an unpleasant taste in her mouth, and she seemed a trifle disappointed. Then she wondered what Frisco was trying to do, and the more she thought about it the more she wondered. Then she swung her tail and tapped him playfully on the cheek. Del Fuego made a remark and turned again to his work. The cow overheard the remark and did not approve of it. She swung her tail several times until it had accumulated considerable momentum, and then wrapped it firmly around Del Fuego's neck. Mortimer arose and foolishly yielding to a base impulse he kicked the cow. Then he saw that the pail with its modicum of milk and white froth was in danger. He stooped to rescue it—but, alas, too late! A hoof was in it. There was a whirling motion of the bright tin—a rushing sound, a sudden shock, a blinding pain, a strangling sensation, a feeling that one thousand steam hammers were descending upon him—and all was dark.

They found him there a half-hour later and drew him out—all that remained of him. They placed him upon a board and carried him into Mary Ann's room. It was a melancholy sight. The white foam still clung to his garments. The periphery of the pail was about his neck, and the bottom of it was inextricably mixed up with his light brown Dunlap.

When he saw Mary Ann she smiled faintly, closed his eye—the other was already sealed with a large plaster of the sawdust mash—and raising his right hand, which still grasped a fragment of the pail-handle, he murmured: "I—I got there," and expired.

Mary Ann sank in a swoon. She recovered, however, upon the application of a burnt feather, and several weeks later she was married to the village butcher.

The true object of a novel is not simply to amuse, but also to instruct. Unless it inculcates some moral principle or practical truth it is a debasement of art and an insult to common sense. This novel is one of the ideal kind and has a moral. It has several, in fact, any one of which may be selected, according to the taste or requirements of the reader. There is no difference in the price.

1. Let not ambition mock your humble toil!
2. Put not your faith in woman.
3. A man with a cheap name is not always a fool, but most always he is.
4. The father's hard boots do not necessarily make an ugly daughter.
5. Never try to do that which you have not done before.—Chicago Times.

Where It Would Lead.

There was a young Irishman who went to learn the printing business in an office where Swinkins is employed as a reporter. Swinkins has that wild, incomprehensible ambition, peculiar to men who have not been employed for the press very long, to see his work come out in type just as he wrote it. One morning he paid a visit to the new compositor.

"I wish," said Swinkins, "that you wouldn't change things that I write when you set them up. All I ask is for you to follow my copy."

"Follow your copy, is it?"
"Certainly."

"Faith, then, it's in the waste basket o'ed be half the toime.—Merchant's Traveller."

Kind-Hearted People.

Eastern Man (looking for a new location)—What kind of a population have you here?

Dugout City Resident—Best sort, mister. I just tell you there ain't no softer-hearted people west o' the Missouri than lives in this 'ere community.

"Benevolent, eh?"
"Benevolent? Jist runnin' over with the milk o' human kindness. Why, sir, at our lynchin' bees we allvers gives the feller the choice of hangin' or shootin'!"
—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Always Behindhand.

Teacher—Why are you nearly always tardy, Johnnie?
Johnnie—I can't help it, mum.

Teacher—Ever at a circus, Johnnie?
Johnnie—Yes, mum, 'bout a dozen times.

Teacher—Were you ever late?
Johnnie—No, mum, you bet I wasn't. Chicago Globe.

He Admired Courage.

Briggs—What the dickens are you applauding that jay for? Why, he can't sing that song any better than a fourteen-year-old boy.

Briggs—I know he can't; but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.—Terre Haute Express.

Opprobrious Epithets.

"Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson had a dreadful quarrel, I hear," said Mrs. Fangle.
"You don't say!" exclaimed her husband.
"Yes, I do; and Mr. Robinson applied the most opprobrious epithets to Mr. Jones."—Harper's Bazar.

The Why and Wherefore.

"Banks is a very popular fellow, isn't he?"
"I should say so. He'd lend his last cent to a friend in need."
"But I thought he was poor?"
"So he is; that's the reason."—N. Y. Sun.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FOR THE POULTRY.

A Winter Perch and a Summer Coop—Two Good Ideas.

From a late number of Farm and Fireside we get two good ideas which we illustrate herewith:

Fig. 1 is a small section of a poultry house showing how to protect fowls while on their perches in winter weather. A is a perch placed over the platform B, under which are the nests E. C is a cover hinged to side of house

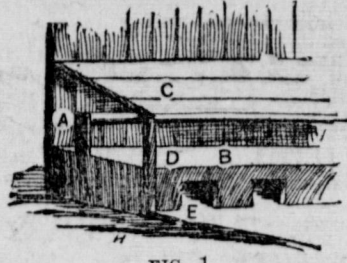


FIG. 1.

and resting on a rail in front, leaving an entrance to the perch as shown. This cover prevents the escape of animal heat and shields the birds from cold draughts from above, at the same time suitable ventilation is afforded by the open space in front. In warm weather the cover may be raised and fastened against the wall.

Fig. 2 is a section of a larger out which we copy from our contemporary, showing how to use sugar-barrels for coops. The earth is scooped out, the barrel is set down a few inches, and the dirt thrown back again, with enough additional to raise the floor a little above the level. Slats are driven down to keep the hen in, and boards laid in front to put water and feed on. Two or

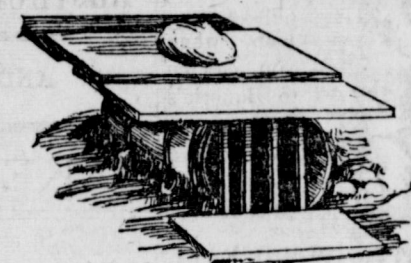


FIG. 2.

three barrels are thus placed side by side, and boards laid over all to afford protection from sun and rain. The boards are an essential feature and must not be omitted.

If single barrels be used, they must be covered with waterproof paper, as nothing will leak so badly as an empty barrel turned on its side.

THE FARM WORKSHOP.

Every Farmer Will Agree With This Advice.

Every farm should have its workshop; that is, some suitable place where repairs can be made on short notice. The farmer who does not have a few good tools and a place to keep and use them, must necessarily lose much valuable time in a busy season. Farm implements will give way and break with the best of management, especially those that have become worn; a nut will loosen, a bolt break, a piece of timber split, and in the course of a year's work innumerable little things will go wrong that cause delay and loss of time. Very often the time it takes going to and from the regular repair shop amounts to a great deal more than the few cents the mechanic will charge for making the repair. It is certain, says the Ohio Farmer, that all farmers can not live close to town, and of course the farther from the shop the greater the delay and cost.

I suppose it would be hard to find a farmer that does not have scattered about, somewhere on the premises, a hammer, a saw, a few augers, and perhaps a jack plane and a chisel or two, but on how many farms can these tools be found in a well-appointed room, every one in a place made to keep it, and where it can always be found when not in use?

How many farmers in addition to these few simple tools have a variety of others, such as brace and bits, a few chisels of different sizes, squares, files, punches and a stock and dies with tap? Perhaps some one will say, if every farmer was so provided it would deprive the local mechanic of his patronage and means of a living, as he has to depend largely on the repair work of the farmer for his support. Not necessarily so. Every blacksmith will tell you that there is little for him in those small tinkering jobs that take but a few minutes to complete, taking him from some other job where his time is more valuable.

Cooking Food.

Cooking food for stock has these advantages: It furnishes a more digestible food; as it is fed in better shape not so much food is wasted; it enables us to feed odds and ends, rough fodder, etc., which could not be made so available if it were not cooked, and animals do better upon cooked than upon uncooked food, though precisely what the per cent of advantage is in that direction it would not be possible to state. The difference has been claimed to be all the way from ten to fifty per cent in favor of cooked food. Now, with these advantages before him the feeder must determine for himself whether or not it will pay him to cook the food for his animals. If the system of heating water for animals should become widely adopted, we have no doubt that the apparatus used for heating the water will be made available for cooking food. But if the advantages were fully fifty per cent it would not always pay to cook the food. When corn is worth only fifteen cents a bushel, it would not pay to set up a cooking apparatus or to use it if it were set up. When animals are selling for less than its cost to produce them, whether cooking the food will bring the cost sufficiently lower to warrant the adoption of the system is always a matter worth thinking of, but one which the individual must figure out for himself.

What is the matter with boiled turnips mixed with corn meal and bran as a winter feed? Cut the turnips in small pieces before boiling.

TICKS ON SHEEP.

Some Valuable Hints for Keeping the Flock Free from These Pests.

The English mutton herds of sheep and their grades and crosses are much more liable to be troubled by ticks than Merinos, says Joseph Harris in the American Agriculturist. Every English farmer dips his sheep two or three times a year to kill ticks. Scores of preparations are sold for this purpose, and men go round from farm to farm with a convenient apparatus for dipping the sheep, and do the work at so much a head.

As to the relative merits of mutton sheep and Merinos much may be said. But that is not our purpose at this time; what we wish to say now is, if you are keeping any open-wooled sheep of any kind and have not dipped them yet, do not let another week pass without doing so. It is cruel to the sheep and a great loss to you. We once visited a farmer in Maine who had given up Merinos and was keeping grade Cotswolds. "I feed them well," he said, "but they do not seem to thrive. It does not pay to keep Merinos for wool alone, and then grade Cotswolds are not going to prove profitable. I think I shall have to give up sheep altogether and keep more cows."

This was in the winter. We caught one of the sheep and on opening the fleece found it literally alive and black with ticks. We have found many such instances elsewhere. Before winter sets in sheep should be dipped twice; once to kill all the ticks, and again, two or three weeks later, to kill the young ticks hatched out from the eggs laid previously to the first dipping. This will effectually cure the evil. The ticks are easily killed. A favorite dip is made from tobacco stems or from cheap tobacco. We have for many years used a dip made of a pound of soap and a pint of crude carbolic acid to fifty gallons of water. The only point to be observed is to keep the mixture well thinned. Dissolve the soap in a gallon or more of boiling water and add the carbolic acid and stir thoroughly. Then mix with water in the proportion named above. In dipping let some trustworthy man have hold of the head of the sheep and see that none of the mixture gets into the mouth, or nostrils, or eyes. Each sheep should be held in the dip not less than half a minute.

A dip that will probably be more conveniently made is a mixture of soap and kerosene, or skimmed milk and kerosene. Take two gallons of kerosene and a gallon of milk. Put them in a churn and churn rapidly for ten or fifteen minutes. If the milk is boiling hot when put in the churn with the kerosene it will be all the better. When thoroughly churned put two gallons of the emulsion in the dipping tub or barrel with twenty gallons of water, stir it up, and commence dipping the sheep. The reserved gallon of emulsion will be needed to make more dip to keep the tub or barrel full enough to cover the sheep. In our own trials we used soap instead of milk. Boil a gallon of water, and put in it a pound of soap, and stir till it is dissolved. Then add two gallons of kerosene and churn as before, or, if you have a good syringe or force pump, churn it with that for ten minutes, or till all the oil is "cut," and the emulsion is complete.

It is not improbable that with so much soap as above recommended the dip may need to be a little stronger—say one gallon of the emulsion to eight gallons of water. We like to use plenty of soap to avoid any possible injury to the wool. A pound of white hellebore powder to each two gallons of soap and kerosene emulsion makes a dip that finishes the ticks in a few minutes. The dip with the hellebore will do the work. You will find no live ticks the next morning, and there is some reason to believe that it will kill the eggs also. It is all ways safer and better to give a second dipping in two or three weeks, and be sure you dip every sheep in the flock.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Do not starve one day and cram the next. Steady, judicious feeding is what pays.

CHRISTMAS beeves, 1888, sold from fifty to seventy-five cents per hundred more than the same stock in 1889.

A lot of yearling Herefords that averaged 1,089 pounds were recently sold at \$4.75 at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

TO MAKE the cattle, horses and other live stock profitable, the owner must give them thoughtful care three times a day during the winter.

THE largest day's purchase of hogs at the Chicago Stock Yards for two years was made December 18, 1889, by Armour & Co. The number was 10,433.

BEAR in mind that it is not a good plan to have the stock out of doors during the rains which are so prevalent in some sections of the country this winter.

DON'T forget to bed the sheep and let all live stock receive the application of the golden rule—do by them as you would be done by were you in their places.

If there is a hole or weak place in the stable floor, see that it is fixed at once. It will cost no more to do it now than next week, and it may save a broken leg.

Look out that the cattle do not get lousy. A little lard and sulphur, thoroughly mixed, rubbed along the backbone from horns to tail once a week for a few weeks is good.

Liberal Straw Bedding.

The farmer who raises wheat or oats or rye largely, and has not stables fitted with manure gutters and reservoirs, will do well to use straw liberally for bedding. If enough is used it will absorb nearly all the liquid manure. The liquid manure will hasten the decomposition of the straw more rapidly, converting it into a valuable fertilizer. Without the straw or some similar substance the decomposition of the liquid manure is so rapid as to be destructive and a part of its value is lost. Straw is a very imperfect conductor of heat, hence, when it is used liberally for bedding, much less food is consumed in the production of animal heat, and the animals are healthier and thriftier.—American Agriculturist.

THE FORAKER DISGRACE.

A Political Conspiracy Which Stands Alone in American History.

If a common and notorious criminal is found consorting with those of his own class, no one is surprised; if, under stress of examination before a court of law, such a man admits that he has used as tools men even meaner than himself—expecting to profit by their rascality—the world says: "Why, it is only a case of Fagin and 'The Artful Dodger'—employer and employed, the one promising support, advancement and protection; the other returns." From criminals we all expect crime, and long familiarity with its manifestations has dulled the edge of surprise.

When, however, the scene shifts from crime to politics and we find a man but yesterday a prominent candidate of one of the leading parties for the nomination to the Presidency of the United States—the crowning honorable ambition of every statesman—confessing to having dealt with a trickster to compass his election as Governor of Ohio; confessing to the long series of lies, evasions and tergiversations which marked the earlier history of the episode of the Wood letter, it is enough to bow the head of every American with shame that such things can be, and lead him to pledge the efforts of his life to purging, not alone the party now involved, but the political system of the country of such evil.

It is scarcely worth while to go deeply into an analysis of the case, and the Free Press will not attempt it. Two witnesses—accomplices in this atrocious political fraud—combine to place Mr. Foraker before the American people, convicted as charged. These are Wood, who concocted the forgery, and Joseph Benson Foraker, the beneficiary contemplated when the crime was hatched.

Imagine a man, a leader in his State, prominent in the National councils of his party; a lawyer—one who had been a judge—imagine him being "deceived" by such a person as Wood. The wish of Mr. Foraker was the devil which stood at his elbow and inspired both thought and act. The thought in his mind may have been this: "I am Governor; I wish to be Governor again, that I may one day be President. I feel defeat in the air. If I am defeated, my end is come. I will risk all on this last device."

And so the man recommended to him by an obscure political heeler was retained to produce certain evidence; and he did so. It was delivered to Mr. Foraker. The candidate did not intend it for publication—not at all; it was too shaky for that. He intended it to be shown to this one and that one "about headquarters." To be talked of by Democrats and Republicans; to elbow its way into the press in the form of insinuations and innuendoes—and to kill Mr. Campbell—whom Mr. Foraker in his heart knew to be innocent, because it would not take form definite enough to be answered; before it was too late to counteract its influence.

The testimony shows one thing with the utmost clearness. It shows that neither Halstead nor Foraker was above using a paper upon which the name of one Democratic candidate appeared accompanied by those of Sherman, McKinley, Butterfield and other Republicans as a weapon against that Democrat, while the signatures of the Republicans were suppressed.

This brands Foraker and Halstead alike as political tricksters.

The testimony shows another thing to the satisfaction of every thinking man—that Foraker was a party, from first to last, to the fraud which was planned to defeat Campbell and compass his own election. This is shown in the stories he told at the time of the original exposure, when he denied that he knew at a certain date that any other name than that of Campbell appeared upon the paper—a story contradicted by his own testimony upon the stand; this is shown by his easy deception by a cheap adventurer; his payment of money to that man to go upon a second mission for him, when Foraker himself so seriously suspected Wood that he was led to hire another man to watch him; it is shown by his tacit consent to the pre-conceived exposure and his failure to give any man whose name appeared upon the forged paper the least chance of explanation.

Foraker is as dead as Rameses I.; Halstead should be also. But what of Forakerism and what of Halsteadism? We name them with those who will give them name for all time.

Let us be thankful that even Harrison rather than Foraker is President, and that Halstead is at home rather than at a foreign court. Then let us put the heels on the head, not the tail, of the Ohio-Ide snake and be done with it.—Detroit Free Press.

BOUNTIES IN PLENTY.

What Republican Demagoguery May Accomplish in Time.

The hearing before the ways and means committee at Washington has accomplished one useful purpose. It brought the tariff discussion down to a rational basis so far as the farmers of the country are concerned. Mr. Alexander J. Wedderburn, representing the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, made the demand that, if the present high tariff is to be maintained, then Congress shall vote a bounty to farmers on all their products. He showed that the present tariff increases the profits of manufacturers, and that these profits come out of the pockets of the farmers and working-men of the country; that there is no way through raising the tariff by which farmers may be benefited, and that the only way to square the account is to vote money outright from the treasury to the farmers of the country.

This proposition puts the protective tariff on a basis where every one can understand it. The effect of the high tariff in most cases is precisely the same as if a bounty were given to manufacturers directly out of the people's money in the Federal treasury. That is its design, that is the meaning of the phrase "encouragement of home industries," as applied to tariff taxation. The proposition to repeal the tariff taxes on sugar and in place thereof to pay a bounty for every pound of sugar raised in this country has already done

something to make clear to the people the workings of "protection," as now applied in this country. Mr. Wedderburn's proposition to pay a bounty for all farm products make the matter still clearer.

But after every one has a bounty how much better off will any one be than he would be if there were no bounties at all? All that the Federal treasury pays over to him by way of bounty, and perhaps more, too, he must at once pay out to some one else for the bounty on his product, and the second person must in turn pay his bounty over to still a third. A bounty system, or a protective tariff system, can not be so devised as to help every one. If that is its aim it helps no one. A bounty, or tariff system, to be of help to any one must help certain men and harm others. That is the operation of the present tariff, and every increase in its rates increases the injustice of the present system.

If the Republican party proposes to vote a bounty for every pound of sugar raised it must also vote a bounty for every bushel of potatoes, and the bounty the potato-raiser gets will stay in his pocket just so long as he can go without sugar, and no longer. Then it will be transferred as bounty to the sugar-grower. The Republican party proposes to put every industry of the country in the attitude of a pensioner upon the Government.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

THE FRAUD OF 1876.

A Word About the Tilden Memorial Proposed by Mr. Cummings.

An aggressive Democratic Congressman, Mr. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, has offered in the House a resolution appropriating \$50,000 for a bronze statue of Samuel J. Tilden, to be placed in the center of the Capitol rotunda. Mr. Cummings proposes to have inscribed on the base of the statue the words: "Samuel J. Tilden, nineteenth President of the United States—elected, but not seated, together with the date of Mr. Tilden's birth, election and death, the picture of an eagle with a snake in its talons and the motto: 'For the right.'"

It may be assumed that Mr. Cummings does not expect the passage of his resolution in the present Congress, though there is probably not a member of that body, even among the most besotted Republicans, who does not harbor somewhere about his person a belief that Mr. Tilden was cheated out of the Presidency by a most infamous crime, and that the Nation owes it to itself, to the constitution which that crime trampled under foot and to the citizen who should have filled the Presidential chair to place conspicuously before the people an enduring memorial of the occurrence, coupled with the sternest reprobation which can be conveyed in words of the treasonable act and its perpetrators.

And it can scarcely be doubted that, upon the spontaneous demand of right-thinking, patriotic Americans, some such expiatory memorial will ultimately be erected, to stand as a perpetual plea "for the right," and a recognition of the title to eternal infamy earned by the man who labored for and secured the success of the conspiracy.

The offense of which Mr. Cummings proposes to create in monumental brass a perpetual reminder was the most disgraceful political crime in American history. It set a precedent which has just been followed in the odious villainy of the Republicans in Montana, and which promises a fruitful harvest of similar abominations in the years to come. It would be well if the National conscience might be awakened before this harvest is gathered to set the brand of public execration upon the treason of 1876 in such terms as would warn conspirators against attempts to repeat it.—Chicago Globe.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Kansas farmer who hauled as much corn to market the other day as two mules could pull, and who took back home with him a keg of nails, would make the kind of a witness that the ways and means committee at Washington doesn't want.—Kansas City Star.

The window-glass manufacturers have lately formed a syndicate, and they see the need of keeping the tariff up to the highest figure. With their trust and tariff they will manage to worry along and encourage the builders to swell their dividends.—St. Paul Globe.

The true and the only remedy for the working-men of the country is to take a positive stand and resolutely vote against all needless taxes on the necessities of life and against all taxes on the raw materials of our productive industries. That would assure protection to labor and it would assure mutual interests between labor and capital.—Philadelphia Times.

As long as the industrial masses will vote to tax themselves for the benefit of monopoly classes, just so long will labor have oppression and unrest. Even the working-man must pay forty-seven cents out of his one dollar earned as taxes to swell an already overflowing treasury, it is mockery to say that there is protection to monopoly; there is only oppression to industry.—Philadelphia Times.

Harrison's Hatred for Negroes. A number of prominent Southern colored men are in Washington on political business. Many of them are dissatisfied with the way they have been treated by the Administration, and express their sentiments in language that is anything but complimentary to the Republican party. It is predicted that thousands of colored men will henceforth vote with the Democrats in the South on the ground that by so doing they are sure of better treatment personally and politically, and that the time has come for them to assert their independence. Thomas Miller, a colored man, who is contending for a seat in Congress for South Carolina, asserts that the appointing power requires photographs to be filed with applications made from the South to prove that the aspirant is not a negro. It is not unusual under the present Administration for Southern applicants for office to file photographs of themselves.—Washington Letter.

THOUGHTS ON OLD AGE.

The Aged are the Shields of Those Who Come After Them. The feeling must of necessity come to many aged persons that they have outlived their usefulness...

CONCERNING CLOTHES.

Mrs. Catherwood's Homily on the Problem and Worry of Dress. I would like to be a large, fair angel with clean, white feathers—firm and satiny as a gull's breast...

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

Parsley and celery are excellent for flavoring soups, and when they are not at hand such seeds as celery, carrot-seed, etc., may be substituted with good results.

CATARRA.

Catarrah Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes.



"GET WELL AND STAY WELL."

Get well and stay well. But how shall we do it? Listen, my friend, and the secret I'll tell. Though, for that matter, there's no secret to it, As many a man understands very well.

Go to the drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the Great Blood-purifier and Liver Invigorator. It is a sure cure for the low spirits and general depression a man feels when his liver is inactive and his blood impure.

My observation is that the women who are the best dressers—whose clothes seem really a part of themselves—stop right there. They do not extend into their houses and surroundings. There is no radiation from them of women's tastes.

Of all creation the human animal—as somebody has already remarked—is the only one born without a permanent skin. From season to season he must change his outer covering.

German Potato Balls.—Take one pint of mashed potatoes and add to them, while hot, an ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of onion-juice.

Risen Cake.—Take three pounds of flour, one and a-half pounds of loaf sugar, a teaspoonful of cloves, one of ginger, one of mace, all finely powdered.

The upper part of a fine, white cotton stocking is excellent for making a bath-bag. Fill this with about equal parts of barley and bran.

An antiseptic is a substance which prevents decay in material that is liable to undergo decomposition. Sugar, salt, vinegar, alcohol, smoke, heat and cold are familiar domestic examples.

One reason, and that a chief one, why these faultfinders are so dainty, is that they continually overeat; nothing "tastes good" to their jaded palates.

Such is the fatal progress of consumption. How often is repeated the old, old story. "Get on, but so often as it was before the knowledge came to mankind that there was a discovery in medical science by which the dread disease could be arrested in its early stages and the patient restored to health."

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents. While the true American does not believe in King he is in cent on four of them. Terre Haute Express.

Consumption surely Cured. TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is to-day recognized by the traveling public, and also quite generally by its competitors, as being in many respects the representative trunk line leading from the Atlantic seaboard.

When a man succeeds in overcoming his disposition to talk too much he writes too much. The Old, Old Story. A little cough; a feeling ill; a headache; a cold; a sore throat; a frequent taking of common cold; a frequent taking of common cold; a frequent taking of common cold.

The Supreme Court Judges are conscious that the Washington bench is not a scrub-board.—Huto Insdn (Kan.) News. Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equitable climate, certain and abundant crops.

A woman is never so badly in love that she does not try to find out the cost of her engagement ring. If you wish to do the easiest and quickest week's washing you ever did, try Dobbins' Electric Soap.

HINTS FOR SPRING.

Colors and Fabrics to be Brought out for Next Season's Gowns.

Lace is coming into use again, but it is flatter—entre deux, as the French say—as insertion around the skirt, or in rows across side-breasts.

The three colors of half-mourning—violet, gray, and black with white—across side-breasts. A Louis Quinze toilette, has a pale blue satin skirt with two broad insertions of old Mechin lace.

Suede, ashes-of-roses and other light tan browns with little yellow in them are in great vogue for white gowns that are covered by long cloaks when worn in the street.

Advice to Tired Housewives.

When housekeeping loads grow too heavy something must be given up rather than neglect the children while their mother is staggering under the weight of ironing, sewing and fancy cooking.

MRS. LIBBY CUSTER.

The Widow of the Brave Cavalry Leader and Her Work.

I occasionally meet on the street Mrs. Custer, wife of that great cavalry leader, who has often been called the "Marion" of the civil war.

The Poorest People on Earth.

In both India and Egypt it is women who collect the fuel for the family. They do this by going along the road and gathering up the droppings, which they take home and dry for fire-wood.

Ruins of a City in the Sea.

A city at the bottom of the sea was seen toward the end of November, near Trepton, on the shores of the Baltic. For a week or ten days a powerful wind had been blowing from the south and on the day the wonderful sight was witnessed.

The Irish Leader at Home.

Charles Stewart Parnell, when at home, conforms to local style in dress. His breeches are tied at the knee with ribbon vividly green in hue.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various goods in Kansas City, St. Louis, and New York. Includes items like Cattle, Hogs, Wheat, Corn, and Flour.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.'S

NEW BOOK OF ROSES. HARDY PLANTS, BULBS and SEEDS. FREE to all who write for it.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

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Go to the drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the Great Blood-purifier and Liver Invigorator. It is a sure cure for the low spirits and general depression a man feels when his liver is inactive and his blood impure.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails.

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CURE FITS! When I say cured do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again.

RICHES! If you desire them do not fool away time on things that don't pay, but send \$1 at once for magnificent returns.

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AWNINGS, TENTS, COVERS. A. C. J. BAKER'S, Fourth and Delaware Streets, Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED STANLEY'S EXPLORATION'S INVENTIONS. STANLEY'S PATENTS. HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc.

EMBARGO ON HOGS.

A Small Tempest Created by Mexican Consul Rahden's Report That Hog Cholera Prevailed in Kansas—Official Correspondence—The Consul Talks.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 27.—The following official correspondence received by Governor Francis explains itself:

His Excellency the Governor of Missouri Jefferson City, Mo.,
DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Sir: I have the honor to transmit for your information a copy of a dispatch from the Mexican Government reporting the action of the Mexican Government, based on an official allegation of the prevalence of hog cholera in Kansas. I have the honor to be, sir, your Excellency's obedient servant.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.
LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, MEXICO, Jan. 14.—Sir: I have the honor to forward herewith for the information of the department the official communications of the Mexican Government as published in the Diario Oficial of the 27th ultimo, from which it appears that the Mexican Minister at Washington called his Government on the 12th ultimo that "the Mexican Consul in Kansas recommended a vigorous quarantine on the frontier as hog cholera existed in Kansas hogs, and that thereupon the Mexican Government instructed the Governor of the State of Kansas to take steps for the thorough examination of the hogs imported and the ways of commerce between the United States and their States." I am advised by the United States Consul at Piedras Negras that this quarantine has been put into operation and that the first lot of hogs to arrive from the United States after this order was issued came on the 6th inst. in ten cars—642 hogs—and that the jefe politico accompanied by a doctor inspected the hogs of the cars and permitted the cars to proceed to the City of Mexico, after collecting an inspection fee of \$60 (sixty dollars).

I am informed that Americans here interested in this commerce protest that the report of the Mexican Consul at Kansas City (not Kansas, where there is no Consul), upon which the foregoing action of the Government is based, is wholly foundationless, and that the Consul was moved to make such report by improper motives; but this allegation has no information relative thereto that would warrant me in drawing the attention of the Mexican Government to the matter.

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,
THOMAS RYAN, Secretary of Interior.
Enclosure, Translation, Department of Interior, First Section, Department of State and Foreign Affairs, Chancery Office, Mexico, Mex., Dec. 13, 1893.

The Mexican Minister at Washington in a cablegram advised as follows: "The Mexican Consul in Kansas recommends a rigorous quarantine on frontier as hog cholera exists in Kansas hogs, which I have the honor to inform you for your action, reiterating herewith the assurance of my esteemed consideration."
To the Governor of the State of Sonora, Hermosillo:
DEPARTMENT OF STATE OF INTERIOR, SECTION FIRST, No. 245.—Under date of the 18th inst., the Department of Foreign Affairs advise this department: "The Mexican Minister at Washington," etc., etc. Which I have the honor to advise you by order of the President of the Republic to the effect that you may take requisite steps for the thorough examination of the hogs imported along the ways of commerce between your State and the neighboring Republic, not allowing right of passage to the stock having or supposed to have cholera. Liberty and constitution.
ROMERO RUBIO.

CONSUL RAHDEN EXPLAINS.
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 27.—The Mexican Vice-Consul in this city is Mr. Maurice Rahden. He was found at his rooms at the Centropolis Hotel by a reporter and talked very freely upon the matter of Minister Ryan's charges. Before he was aware that any charges had been made, however, he said:

"About six weeks ago I noticed in the Kansas City Star an item to the effect that cholera was prevalent among hogs in certain counties of Kansas. A day or two later another item of a similar nature appeared in the same paper. I then looking to the interests of the country I represent—began an investigation. In the Live-Stock Indicator I found numerous articles of a like nature and accumulating them all, a dozen perhaps, I mailed them to Mexican Minister Matias Romero at Washington. That somewhat officious gentleman in turn sent them to Romero Rubio, Secretary of the Interior for Mexico. As a consequence December 27 last, the Secretary issued an order to the effect that no Kansas hogs should be admitted to the frontier States of Chihuahua, Sonora and Coahuila without a thorough inspection."
"I afterward made a fuller investigation and learned that the reports of hog cholera were untrue; so when last Monday I received a telegram from Minister Romero upon the subject I telegraphed in reply these words:

"There is not the least symptom of hog cholera. Perfectly safe to admit hogs."

"It is charged, Mr. Rahden, that you had an improper purpose in sending out the report that you did."

"Apparently a little startled, Mr. Rahden replied: 'O, yes, I have heard that I was on the salary list of the Armours. But, understand me, I did not send out a statement, I simply repeated what the newspapers had said.'"

"But would not the packers derive a benefit from an embargo raised by Mexico on Kansas hogs?"
"Yes, I suppose they would; but no one can accuse me of ever having worked in the interest of the packers, and I swear to you that I have never received a cent from them. As a matter of fact an embargo was never ordered. It was simply an order for inspection and now that has been rescinded."

"Were you not a little hasty in sending out such statements or clippings without a fuller investigation?"
"I could not then have made a fuller investigation and it is my duty to be watchful of Mexico's interests."

"No, sir, I have done more for Kansas City than Minister Ryan ever did for Kansas and Kansas City and if he has made charges against me he will have to prove them."

Chicago Favored.
COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 27.—The Ohio Legislature has adopted in both branches a joint resolution instructing their Representatives in Congress to vote for the location for the World's Fair in 1893 in Chicago. The resolution was offered by Representative Hodze, of Cleveland, and set with no opposition.

Better Health in Chicago.
CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—There was a marked decrease in the number of deaths yesterday, though the grippestill has a strong hold. In twelve cases influenza was the cause.

MISS BLY AT NEW YORK.

The Circumnavigator Accomplishes Her Task in Seventy-two Days, Six Hours.
NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The train with Nellie Bly arrived at Jersey City at three o'clock Saturday afternoon, when cannons were fired in Battery Park and at Fort Greene Park in honor of the event.

A number of ladies and gentlemen, mostly newspaper people, met Miss Bly at Philadelphia and formed a party of escort to this city. The station in Jersey City was crowded with people long before the train was due and Mayor Cleveland and other officials were there to receive Miss Bly. When she alighted she found herself in the midst of an enthusiastic crowd, which the police had hard work to separate. Mayor Cleveland had to make an address of welcome, but the crowd kept pressing in so closely that it was postponed. The cheering was continued until Miss Bly had taken passage for New York over the Cortlandt street ferry. This was accomplished only by two of her escorts carrying her the length of the platform. On the trip across to New York every tug boat and steam craft saluted the ferry boat.

At Cortlandt street another tremendous crowd had gathered and Miss Bly's way to the World office was one of cheers and flowers. The carriage moved briskly, but despite this they were accompanied by a shouting host of people. In ten minutes there were fully 10,000 people in Park row cheering and waving handkerchiefs and stopping the immense traffic of that thoroughfare. The scenes at the Pennsylvania railroad depot, at the ferry and in the streets thence to the World office were of a like description.

Very few persons have received so flattering a popular welcome in New York as Nellie Bly Saturday. It being a semi-holiday and the arrival of the little lady tolerably certain, probably added to the enthusiasm, good nature and size of the crowds.

The young woman, it is found by the use of figures, consumed seventy-two days, six hours and eleven minutes in circling the earth.

Miss Blisland, the Cosmopolitan Magazine's round-the-world writer, who started the same day with Nellie Bly, is a passenger on the steamship Bothnia, which sailed from Queenstown for New York Sunday, January 19. The Bothnia is an eight or nine day steamer and owing to the prevailing bad weather at sea she may occupy an even longer time on this trip.

TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

A New Treaty That Will Make It Warm For Fugitives Whose Crookedness May Require Emigration to Canada.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The new extradition treaty with Great Britain, now pending in the Senate, was published here yesterday. It differs radically from the one negotiated by Secretary Bayard in that it does not contemplate, in the remotest degree, the surrender of what are called "political criminals," and also in that it adds a list of crimes to the ones which, under the treaty of 1843, are declared to be "extraditable." There will be no difficulty, it is believed, in negotiating the present treaty, both countries being equally desirous to obtain the surrender of their embezzlers and other criminals.

A letter of Secretary Blaine also published explains each of the provisions of the treaty in an exhaustive manner. They are made applicable to the following additional crimes: First, manslaughter; second, counterfeiting or altering money, uttering or bringing into circulation counterfeit or altered money; third, embezzlement, larceny, obtaining money by false pretenses, receiving money or other property knowing the same to have been embezzled, stolen or fraudulently obtained; fourth, fraud made criminal by the laws of both countries; fifth, perjury or subornation of perjury; sixth, rape, abduction, child stealing, kidnapping; seventh, burglary, house breaking, or shop breaking; eighth, conspiracy; ninth, revolt or conspiracy to revolt on the high seas, wrongfully sinking or destroying a vessel at sea or attempting to do so, assaults on board a ship on the high seas; tenth, crimes and offenses against the laws of both countries for the suppression of slavery and slave trading.

SHOT AT THE BISHOP.

A Demented Young Man Astonishes a Congregation in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.—A panic was nearly created in St. John's Episcopal Church, yesterday afternoon, by the attempted assassination of Bishop Whitaker during confirmation services. A young man named David Alexander, apparently demented, entered the church and shot at the Bishop, but missed him. Alexander was arrested and gave as the reason of the attempt something relating to a letter he had received. All at once, when the organ was silent and there was a hush through the church, the silence was broken by Alexander. He ran up the aisle to the communion table and cried to the Bishop: "Prepare for martyrdom." He held a pistol in his hand. This he raised and fired two shots at the Bishop, narrowly missing him. Immediately there was a panic in the sacred edifice. Ushers and some of the members in the congregation rushed at the young man and disarmed him before he could fire again. Alexander, it is thought, is somewhat unbalanced in his mind.

President Fonseca Dying.
RIO JANEIRO, Jan. 27.—President Fonseca of Brazil is dying at a hotel in the suburbs of this city.

World's Fair.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The World's Fair fight appears to take on more bitterness each day. The Chicago men are now clamoring that there is a general combination against them on the part of all the other cities. There appears to be a good deal of truth in this, as on every vote of the last few days New York, St. Louis and Washington have been found in one solid line. This more than suggests that some deal, not yet given to the public, has been effected to defeat Chicago. As far as St. Louis is concerned no one believes for a moment that the Fair will be located there.

A TRIPLE DISASTER.

Double Gas Explosion and Fatal Runaway at Ohio's Capital—Nearly a Dozen Killed and Others frightfully Injured.
COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 25.—A few minutes after five o'clock yesterday afternoon an alarm of fire from the corner of Main and High streets called the fire department out and the news spread that there had been a natural gas explosion. The sharpness of the day had brought to the streets thousands of shoppers and promenaders and the crowd thoughtlessly rushed to the scene.

The explosion had occurred in the one story dwelling at the southwest corner of Wall and Noble alleys in the middle of the square bounded by High, Front, Main and Mound streets. Patrol No. 1 was on the scene, but no rope was stretched and the people crowded by hundreds into the narrow alley and pushed up close to the house, as the cries of injured people within could be plainly heard.

The city had recently been supplied with natural gas and leading past the house occupied by Marriott and Bowers was one of the mains. This had leaked and the gas had found its way through fissures in the ground to the cellar and becoming ignited in some unknown manner exploded, wrecking the building and filling the air with debris.

The house where the injured woman lay was soon crowded with people, attracted by the accident, and it was soon necessary to close the doors, that no more might enter. Suddenly the air was rent by a tremendous explosion, which made the earth quake and filled the air with flying timbers, bricks and debris of all kinds. Darkness ensued and then a deathlike stillness reigned for a few moments, broken by shrieks and death groans. The house in which lay Mrs. Marriott had been blown to atoms and its occupants buried beneath the wreck, and hundreds of spectators who lined the sidewalks were knocked violently down by the shock.

The people fled, shrieking in all directions while the alley was instantly covered with a mass of debris from which the moans of the buried came. A moment later trembling women tottered and ran across the alleys and streets shrieking, and men with foreheads and shoulders drenched with blood staggered from among the debris.

Then to cap the climax, a team of spirited horses attached to one of the fire department trucks became frenzied by the explosion and dashed through the crowd in the street carrying death in their wake. They ran over and injured scores of people. A little babe was knocked out of its mother's arms and falling beneath the wheels of the vehicle was crushed to death.

As soon as the maddened horses had disappeared in the darkness many of the spectators and firemen who had been uninjured turned their attention to digging out the persons buried beneath the ruins of the house. Guided by the cries and moans of the mangled and dying, men groped in the darkness pulling out a dead body here and a mangled yet living form there and conveying them to resting places.

It required several hours to remove all the dead from the ruins and it is not yet known who or how many are the victims. Following is the list of killed so far as ascertained: Charles Becht, Mrs. John Marriott, an infant son of Charles Berry, James Seymour, colored boy; white man, name unknown; a babe, parents unknown.

The injured were: Dr. T. K. Wishinger, badly and probably fatally burned and bruised; Herman Baker, badly burned; Daniel Cherry, burned painfully; Charles Woodruff, cut and bruised seriously; Mrs. Fuller, burned and injured internally, probably fatally; Patrick Suiskie, cut on head; Aaron Beers, cut on head and face; Benjamin Morgan, gashes on head and internal injuries; Charles Lowry, burned and bruised; Albert Tiecklider, bruised and cut; — Brady, burned and cut; Edward Viemer, cut and burned; — Wolf, cut and burned; Miss Belle Smith, badly hurt; Mrs. Corn, badly burned; Peter Magriotti, terribly burned about the shoulders and neck; Tom Doyle, hands burned partially off; Emma Bowers, probably fatally burned; Marshall Kilbourne, horrible injuries on neck and head; William Brady, probably fatally suffocated; William James, hands and face roasted, will die; Mrs. William James, badly cut and bruised.

The explosion as near as can be ascertained resulted from an accumulation of natural gas in the cellar of the house occupied by Michael Bowers and Mr. Marriott. No natural gas pipes were ever put in the house, but the cause was a natural gas main in Noble alley which leaked. The ground was frozen and the gas seeking its way out went by the easiest way, and of course entered the cellar. It has no scent, and its presence could not be detected. It saturated the buildings.

Torpedo Boat Launched.
BRISTOL, R. I., Jan. 25.—The first United States sea-going torpedo boat was successfully launched at 9:45 o'clock yesterday morning from the ship yard of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company. A bottle of champagne was broken over her bow and the boat christened the "Cushing" by Miss Katharine K. Herreshoff, daughter of John B. Herreshoff, president of the manufacturing company. The fires were started as the vessel left the ways and smoke was issuing from the stacks as she entered the water. Steam was raised in thirty-two minutes and the auxiliary machinery was started and the boat saluted herself with her own whistle.

Won By Kansas City.
CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—A return match for the purpose of shooting off a tie in a contest for a purse of \$200 between a Kansas City team and local sportsmen occurred yesterday afternoon at Grand Crossing. In spite of the strong wind prevailing creditable scores were made and some excellent work done. One hundred birds each were shot for and for a time the final result was much in doubt. The contest was eventually won by J. A. R. Elliott and J. E. Riley, of Kansas City, by a score of 91 to 80. The Chicago representatives were R. B. Wadsworth and C. W. Budd.

THE TOWNSITE BILL.

Provisions of the Oklahoma Townsite Bill as Amended and Passed by the House.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—The House yesterday concluded the consideration of the Oklahoma Townsite bill in Committee of the Whole, reported it to the House and at once passed it. The third section, which was the only one in dispute as agreed to in committee, was as follows:

Sec. 3. That in all cases where townsites are entered under the provisions of this act for the use of the occupants thereof, it shall be the duty of the commissioners entering such sites to hear and determine all controversies arising between claimants to any part thereof or to any lot therein, and to convey the same to the occupants or inhabitants thereof according to their respective interests. That the Secretary of the Interior shall prescribe rules and regulations that shall govern said commissioners in executing the trust imposed by this act and shall direct how and to whom deeds shall be made except as restricted herein and any actual settler upon any one lot and upon any additional lot upon which he may have substantial improvements shall be entitled to prove up and purchase the same as a pre-emption at such minimum price as may be fixed by the Secretary of the Interior; provided that any person not legally disqualified from entering lands under this act shall have the right to purchase, at the minimum price, any lot or lots they have heretofore purchased from legal occupants and upon which substantial improvements have been made; provided that the claim for a townsite or any part thereof or to any lot therein if made by a United States marshal, deputy marshal or other officer or agent of the United States who in said Territory prior to the time fixed for entering thereon by the proclamation of the President, or if made by a person who entered said Territory or took possession of such townsite or part thereof or lot therein, in advance of the time fixed for entering said Territory by the proclamation of the President, and in violation thereof, shall be deemed and held invalid, nor shall the claim of any person or his assignee be valid when such person, being lawfully within the Territory prior to the time fixed by the President's proclamation for entering said Territory, did during such time select a townsite lot or lots therein upon which he, after the time fixed by the proclamation, filed his claim, and the assignee or vendee of any person or vendee shall secure a title by a purchase of assignment therefrom, but where purchases have been made from such officers or wrongdoers by innocent parties and in good faith, their rights in such purchases shall be respected by said commissioners and the valuation of improvements made by them in good faith shall be a valid lien on the lot or lots so purchased and occupied. The several commissioners shall keep a record of such proceedings as to each townsite, which record shall on the termination of their labors be placed in the custody of the Secretary of the Interior; and when county organizations shall be effected in the Territory the said records shall be placed in the custody of the officer having charge of the real estate records of the county in which such townsite is situated and such record or an exemplification thereof of the commissioners shall be evidence of the facts recited therein; provided that any party having a mortgage or other bona-fide lien upon a lot or lots deemed and held invalid as provided herein, shall have the right to have the same recorded at length in the record kept by said commissioners, and such record shall be full and complete in all respects as to the amount of said lien or mortgage, and of the equities and rights of the parties therein.

MORTALITY IN CHICAGO.
Many People Dying of Pneumonia and Kindred Diseases.
CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—The Herald says: With the thermometer near zero the health officers looked for a falling off in the daily number of deaths in the city, but yesterday's record showed 130 deaths, an increase of eleven over the great record of the previous day. The mortality record for the past twenty-four hours exceeds anything in the winter history of the health office. It has but one striking parallel in the summer. In 1877 there were over 100 deaths from sunstroke in one week. The death certificates show a continuance of malignant throat and pulmonary affections. Bronchitis is increasing among children, and influenza is sweeping off people at the rate of twenty a day. Nearly one-half of the deaths yesterday were due to throat and lung diseases. Pneumonia killed 17 persons, bronchitis 18, influenza 16 and consumption 13.

Snow in the Northwest.
CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—"It is many years since the far Northwest has seen anything like the present fall of snow," said R. E. Reese, of Portland, Ore. "A telegram which I have from the superintendent of one of my mines in Eastern Oregon tells me there are fifteen feet of snow on the level. Such a fall of snow in the mountains is not unusual, but the snow of the last few days that has fallen all over Oregon, Washington and Montana is almost unprecedented. The stockmen of Washington will be the hardest hit. They have been used to warm winters and have made no preparation for anything like the unusual snowfall and extremely cold weather which came with it. I know one in Washington who has already lost 3,000 head of cattle. I fancy there will be some herds from which the owners will never market any thing but the hides."

Tobacco Trust.
TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 23.—Articles of incorporation were filed yesterday in the Secretary of State's office by the American Tobacco Company, which is supposed to consolidate a number of companies. The capital stock is fixed at \$25,000,000. The number of shares is \$400,000. Of the stock \$15,000,000 is divided into 300,000 shares of \$50 each, which are to be the general or common stock, and \$10,000,000 is divided into 100,000 shares of \$100 each which are to be preferred stock. The preferred stock entitles the holder to receive each year a dividend of eight per cent, payable half yearly, before any dividend is set apart for the common stock, or so much of the eight per cent as the profits justify.

Young Elkins Sentenced.
DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 23.—Judge Hoyt has passed sentence upon the youngest life convict ever sent up. His name is John Wesley Elkins and he is only twelve years old. On the night of July 17 he shot his father while he was asleep and killed his mother with a club. His infant sister he carefully dressed, took a buggy with him and started for his grandfather's, where he told a story of murder by unknown men. He was not suspected at first, but his peculiarly calm behavior led to his arrest a week later. He confessed and said he had desired to leave home but his parents objected.

CLEVELAND INTERVIEWED.

A Western Editor Has an Interview With the Ex-President—The Tariff the Great Question Before the American People.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—Morrison Mansford, editor of the Kansas City Times, who is visiting here, has had an interesting interview with ex-President Cleveland. From the account which he telegraphed his paper, the following portions of general interest are taken:

"Mr. Cleveland has lost none of the zeal for tariff reform which inspired his celebrated message. It is a most gratifying thing to me," he said, "that the masses, as well as the leaders of the party, are taking hold of the tariff issue with such spirited and evident determination to win. Even now, when there are no elections pending, they are discussing this question with as much earnestness as if in the heat of a Presidential campaign. My letters from every part of the country show the extent and depth of the agitation. When the people think about a thing thoroughly and dispassionately, they do not fall into mistakes, and they are now aroused and making a personal application to themselves of the effect of undue taxation. So great is the number of letters I receive asking my views, requesting documents and inviting me to attend meetings and make speeches to give them proper attention is beyond my power to perform."

"A glance at Mr. Cleveland's desk confirmed this remark. His personal mail is probably larger than that of any private citizen of the United States, and shows how completely the tariff agitation has stirred up the country. The effort demanded in replying to the letters from earnest and active tariff reformers makes a very serious tax on his time. But I reminded him of the good he was doing, and said that the enthusiasm with which his utterances were received was the best evidence I had of the temper of the public as to tariff reform, notably as to his Boston speech."

"I was genuinely pleased," resumed Mr. Cleveland, "to find in Boston, among men who are constitutionally conservative, a degree of earnestness and fervor beyond that of men engaged in politics. 'From my observations there and in New York, and from my correspondence, I conclude that the thinking men of the Nation are massed almost solidly on the side of tariff reform. Whatever may be our ups and downs, there is no danger as to the destiny of a party which absorbs the best brains, intelligence and honesty of the country, and the cause which draws these elements to its support is sure of ultimate triumph.'"

"I then said to Mr. Cleveland that the Democratic party was already preparing for 1892, and looking forward to that campaign with expectancy and confidence, and that he should be our leader. 'As to that,' he replied, 'it is the cause and not personal considerations that should concern us. I am so well situated now that if I consulted my own feelings I would prefer to have some one else take the lead.'"

"But," said I, "no one else is thought of among the Democratic masses."

"Men who have elements of leadership develop rapidly, and it is a long time till 1892," quickly replied the ex-President. "It is not a matter of men, but principles. It would be a pity not to carry forward the work which the party has so grandly inaugurated, and there ought to be no halt until the ends aimed at are compassed and the people are in full possession of the benefits and blessings which an accumulation of inequalities, called into existence by apathy on one side, and self interest on the other, have diverted from them. I rejoice in feeling that the Democratic party is the repository of the best principles and purposes, that its ranks team with the intelligent young manhood of the country, that it enjoys a complete monopoly of every American policy not merely sectional or time-serving."

DEATH AT THE FUNERAL.

The Horrible Fate of a Chicago Family While Attending the Funeral of a Babe—Four Killed by a Fast Train.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Fred Payne were on their way to bury their five-months-old babe with a few friends who were accompanying them to the cemetery. There were only four carriages in the procession. Mr. and Mrs. Payne were in the carriage immediately following the hearse and with them were Mrs. William Rephugel and Grace Payne, and their daughter. As the Payne carriage came squarely on the track of the Chicago & Northwestern road the Milwaukee express, which was four minutes behind time, and was nearing the city at a high rate of speed, struck the carriage in the center, tearing it into splinters and instantly killing Mr. and Mrs. Payne and so seriously injuring Mrs. Rephugel and Simon Anderson, the driver of the carriage, that they died within two hours afterward.

No flagman is stationed at the crossing by the railroad company and the driver of the carriage did not see the Chicago express until it was almost upon him. The engine struck the center of the carriage and the occupants were thrown about thirty feet. The husband and wife were mutilated beyond recognition. Anderson, the driver, was picked up insensible. He had several ribs broken and his skull was badly fractured. Mrs. Rephugel's injuries were equally severe.

The nine-year-old child, which was also in the carriage, strangely enough escaped with slight scalp wounds.

Forepaugh Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 24.—Adam Forepaugh, the veteran circus manager, died last night at his home in this city. He had been ailing for some time and was attacked a week or two ago with influenza which developed into pneumonia. Mr. Forepaugh was originally a butcher, but many years ago he embarked in the circus business, in which he amassed a very large fortune. He was a large real estate owner in Philadelphia. He was sixty-eight years old. He leaves a wife and one son, Adam Forepaugh, Jr., who will succeed to his immense circus property.

STOCK ITEMS.

If it is not the full-fed cow or horse that kills itself by overeating when it happens to break loose and get at the meal or oat bin.

One good team of horses is better than two teams of ponies. The fewer the number the less work of feeding and managing them is required.

Eight sheep may be kept for every cow, says a dairyman, as they will add but little to the expense, the sheep consuming many kinds of food that cattle reject.

If a horse intends to be vicious, the tail is carried low and the ears are laid back. If in good humor and eager to go, the tail is carried high. If nervous or inclined to kick, bite or strike, the tail is switched from side to side.

A good, practical farmer says: "Whenever we need a pig much beyond eight or nine months old, we are needlessly throwing away profit. We are very slow to learn this, notwithstanding that it has often been so demonstrated."

Every animal needs plenty of water. Water flushes out the organs through which it passes, thus aiding to carry off the effete matter. Water, then, when given to the cow, besides aiding her in milk production, performs the other office.—Western Rural.

Notwithstanding some breeds of cows seem to be better adapted to the dairy than others are, prize butter has been made from the milk of nearly every breed known to the American market. The buttermaker has much to do with the quality of the butter.

With calves, as with other young animals, the best results have been obtained by keeping them growing right along without any cessation. They need plenty of skimmed milk with a little oil meal stirred into it, and after a little the addition of oatmeal. With such food and a good pasture to run in calves can hardly fail to thrive.

The Cheshire pig, developed in Central and Northern New York, where the principal feed is skimmed milk, is noted for the large proportion of lean meat which its carcass turns out. It is a thrifty, rapid grower, and not unfrequently reaches the weight of four hundred pounds in nine months. Muscle weighs heavier than fat or bones.

Crushed, ground or soaked oats are excellent hog feed, and at present prices not a bushel ought to leave the farm. For breeding stock they are superior to corn. All kinds of stock relish change and a variety of feed. If every farmer would feed out three-fourths of his oats this season the price would be very apt to advance to a fair figure before summer.

In feeding and fattening hogs it is important to have a lot as near of the same size, weight and quality as possible; it will sell for a better price than a lot of various sizes and weights. If, when fattened, there are a few small ones, or one of extra size, the lot will sell for more in the average if you take these out and kill for home use or dress for near market, or sell when a shipment is being made of hogs that average with them.

FARM NOTES.

Keep the barnyard well supplied with material for absorbing the liquids, thereby rendering the yards dry and comfortable.

Chop-up the cornstalks and put them in the manure heap. If cut and crushed they may be used as absorbents in the pig-pens.

Early in the spring a top-dressing of 100 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre on wheat will make it grow rapidly and yield better grain.

The garden, the truck patch and the orchard should furnish the farmer with fully one-half of his living. If proper care is taken with each to secure the best products in good season.

Every farm should have a few grape vines. They serve as arbors or shade, and can be grown where they will not take up much space. All poultry yards will be improved if grape vines are grown along the fences, and the fowls will find shade under the overhanging branches in summer.

Lime has the advantage of being beneficial at all seasons, though its effects in the soil may not be immediate. It never injures land if properly applied, and though its results may be unsatisfactory at first, yet the effects are lasting; the lime supplied this year proving beneficial in the future. Lime is cheap and should be used freely.

Butter-makers now cease churning as soon as the butter granules, draw off the buttermilk and wash it in strong brine in the churn. Too much working of the butter is not beneficial. For family use, where butter is to be used immediately, it is claimed that the granular butter, washed in brine and unworked, is in its best condition.

On many farms too little care is taken to make, save and spread all the manure that could be saved with a little better management. And yet a rich soil is one of the essentials of a good crop. And while it is not easy work to haul out a considerable quantity of manure, still by planning to do this at times when it will least interfere with the other farm duties the cost will be considerably less.

If you do not have enough manure for a large field use it on a small plot and endeavor to make as much as possible by concentrating the manure and work to a limited area. Manure may be wasted by attempting to make it do service on a larger space than it will profitably cover, as well as entailing more labor than the crop can compensate for.

Notes.

Prof. Atkinson, of South Carolina, finds that the only trustworthy remedy for the peach-tree borer seems to be to hunt for the larvae late in autumn and in early spring and kill with a knife. Many other methods give only temporary relief.

Spinach that came up from seed last fall will make some growth during the mild weather, which may be prevented by mulching the bed.

Dairy salt stored in the vicinity of codfish or kerosene or turpentine is apt to contract flavors that injure the butter in which it is used.