

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

AT BEDTIME.

Little hands—dear busy hands,
That your child-books marked all o'er—
Come and lie in mine to-night;
Pat "poor mamma's" seek" once more.

Little feet—swift, willing feet,
That upon love's errand ran—
Patter o'er the floor to-night;
"Dance for mamma's" trace again.

Little heart—fond, trusting heart,
That for all so warty beat—
Fearless, glad, again tonight,
Beat in all thy child-love sweet.

Little head—dear little head,
In beauty's mould with golden crown—
Lovingly again to-night
Beside mamma's "nestle down.

Little eyes—bright, beaming eyes—
Starry light through heaven's own blue
Into mamma's shine to-night,
Twinkle, tender, thoughtful, too.

Little tongue—O! hissing tongue,
That we listen to in joy—
Oh! come back and say to-night:
"Mamma's baby, papa's boy."

Little lips—sweet, winning lips,
No'er refusing kiss or smile—
Come and kiss us all "good-night,"
Smiling, too, for us the while.

Our little blue-eyed boy!
Anguish you will never know
Such as this that sweeps to-night
O'er our hearts all bruised so!

And we give you up—our boy!
All our hope, our life, our light;
But when bedtime comes, our lips
Whisper little dear, good night.
—Good Housekeeping.

A CASTAWAY.

But He Didn't Enjoy Himself as Robinson Crusoe Did.

If boys did not get the idea of going to sea the supply of sailors would be and by give out, but I do not believe that one boy out of twenty who has grown to be a sailor came by the occupation legitimately. The majority of them ran away from home to go on their first voyage, and would have been glad to quit the sea forever before they had been out a week. I had the romantic ideas of the average boy, and I ran away to sea, and the reason I became a sailor was because circumstances afterward obliged me to be. I sailed for the best part of sixteen years, shipping in all sorts of craft and with all sorts of crews, and it was rarely that I found a sailor who would not have gladly traded his occupation with a wood sawyer. The romance is all in the books. A sailing craft, either in port or on a voyage, is surrounded with any thing but romance.

I found, too, that almost every boy I encountered on shipboard had a Robinson Crusoe life for his pet theory. He was aching to be cast away on some uninhabited island, and he had it all planned out how he was to live on the fat of the land. It was my fortune to be thus cast away once upon a time, and I will give my experience in order that the boy readers of The Sun may draw conclusions. There was also a curious coincidence connected with my adventure which will bear relating.

We were on the run down from Yokohama, Japan, to a port in Cochinchina, on an English tea brig called the Russell. Our course lay to the south down the Pacific to the island of Formosa, and then around in the China Sea. It was the season for squalls, and the first four days out gave us plenty to do, although we made good progress. On the evening of the fourth day, just as twilight was coming on, a sudden squall laid us almost on our beam ends, and while in that position we were swept by a sea which carried me overboard. I don't suppose I was even missed for the next quarter of an hour, and I was no sooner in the water than I understood that the brig could do nothing for me. No craft leaves a man to drown if there is the slightest show to save him, but I knew the brig had her hands full with the squall. I was near done for before I got a breath of air, and I had not yet pulled myself together when I flung out my arm and touched a solid object. It proved to be a cage containing about twenty live fowls, which had fetched away, and I wasn't over five minutes making fast to it by means of my belt. By the time I could look around the night had come down and the brig was nowhere to be seen. The squall lasted about twenty minutes, and then passed away, to be followed by a steady breeze during the entire night.

I had no idea that the brig would return to look for me, and the best thing I could do was to make myself comfortable. The water was warm, the night balmy and starlight, and the sea was not heavy enough to annoy me much. I had every hope of being picked up next day, as vessels were numerous on that route, and so, taken all in all, I was not in despair. I was driven to the west at a steady pace up to about midnight, and then a queer thing happened. I was on top of the coop or cage, which was buoyant enough to float me a foot above the surface. It had no doubt been lashed to the deck by a rope or two, and portions of these ropes might have been trailing underneath, or it may be that in going overboard it entangled a rope. At any rate, at about midnight there was a sudden commotion under and about me, and then my craft started off at almost railroad speed. I have an idea that a big shark came nosing around after me and became entangled, but it might have been some other large fish. Whatever it was, was fast and acting as a tug, and the way he towed that cage along the surface was a caution. He tried diving, but he could not pull it under, and seeming to be more

frightened by this discovery, he set off with increased speed.

For at least three hours the shark, or whatever it was, ran to the west at a rate of speed which could not have been less than ten miles an hour, and the first flush of day was in the horizon at my back when there was a shock and a crash, and I went end over end off my float. To tell the truth, I was asleep. I had been towed so steadily and rode so easily that I went to sleep without knowing that my eyes had closed. I struck out and began swimming, confused and frightened by the shock, but I had not made a hundred strokes before I beached myself on the sand and saw that I was ashore on an island. I sat down to wait for daylight, and when it came the situation was plain. I was on a thickly wooded island, and two hundred feet from the beach due east of where I stood was the wreck of my hencoop entangled in a coral reef which now and then showed its head above water. Between me and the reef the water was ten feet deep and quite enough to float a canoe.

Off the southern coast of Japan are a lot of islands called the Leon-Khieon group. All of them are inhabited now, but at that time only the two or three larger ones were peopled. I was only a common sailor, but it did not take me a great while to figure out that I had been cast ashore on one of this group. Had I started out to become a second Robinson Crusoe, I could not have chosen a better location to begin business. The climate was perfect, the island was loaded with various wild fruits, and fish were leaping up all around me. My first move was to take off my wet clothes and hang them up to dry, and while they were drying I made a breakfast from wild fruits. After getting into my clothes again I took an inventory and found myself possessed of a sheath knife, a plug of tobacco, three or four buttons, and a few silver coins. Had there been a wreck to draw on, as in Crusoe's case, I should have been more cheerful. I then set out to survey my domain, and by noon I found that I was on an island about two miles long and one mile across. It was a regular grove, with high and dry ground, and an abundance of fruits and berries. In that walk I found the wild tea plant, potatoes, maize, onions, cabbages, rice, turnips, mulberries and bananas. There were plenty of birds, but I did not find a reptile or wild animal of any sort.

The island was a paradise in almost every sense, but long enough before night I was greatly troubled in my mind as to how I was to get along. A young sailor with a hearty appetite craves something more solid than wild fruits. I wanted a fire, and I had no means of procuring one. I wanted company, but even the birds avoided me. I wondered how I could make a signal, and what sort of craft came that way, and how far to the west the other islands were, and before night I was so homesick and broken up that I was ready to shed tears. I crossed the island twice during the afternoon, looking more particularly to make sure that there were no snakes, of which I felt an awful dread, and as I failed to find any I made my bed that night under a tree on some boughs I cut off. I slept fairly well, and my second breakfast was again made of fruits. When I had got my fill I determined to make a fire. The novelty of to-day will have a cast-away youth rub two dry sticks together for a few minutes and start a blaze, but I got the driest sticks I could find and rubbed until I was completely tired out, and I could not even blacken them. I got some dry moss, and struck stones together, but the sparks would not ignite it. Three quarters of the day was spent in efforts to get a fire, and then I had to give it up. A smoke would have been the best signal to passing craft, but as I could not get a fire, and as I had no clothes to spare, being in my shirt sleeves when I went overboard, I had to abandon the idea and hope that some native craft would touch the shore.

I had landed midway of the island, on the eastern shore, and the spot was as pleasant as any other locality. Therefore, on the third day I built me a comfortable shelter under the trees, and settled it with myself that I was in for it for some time to come. Twice that day I saw sailing vessels to the east, but miles away. I also went to the south, west and north sides of the island, and piled up shells on the beach above the tide mark and placed sticks on top of them pointing my way. Whoever landed would be apt to see them and understand that some one had been cast away.

A week passed, and no craft came near. At the end of five or six days I was thoroughly tired of my feed, but there was no change, unless I wanted raw fish or flesh. I could have made a net out of vines and caught some fish, or I could easily have killed some of the birds with a club, but the absence of a fire was the drawback. Few men get less sound sleep than a sailor. Many a time I have promised myself a slumber of a week at the end of a voyage. I ought to have slept like a stone on my island as there was nothing to make me afraid, but I was more wakeful than on shipboard.

About the middle of the second week I had an adventure which quite broke me up for the next day or two. Having seen no sharks inside the reef, I had taken a swim in the clear, still waters every morning. On this morning, soon after getting out of bed, I stripped off and jumped in with a great splash and began floundering about. I was about to strike out for the reef when I saw the dorsal fin of a shark between me and it, and I turned and landed without loss of time. As I looked back something struck at me and felt short by only a foot, and I leaped away just in

time to avoid another feeler of a monstrous devil fish. I could plainly make him out on the bottom, and he had come within an ace of getting hold of me. The shark, which was fully sixteen feet long, advanced toward the beach, and, as he reached the spot where the devil fish lay a row began. The shark was seized by at least two of the feelers, and in the first moment he was rolled over and over. Then he pulled himself together, and for the next five minutes the water was churned to fury. I think the shark got the best of the fight, as he made off after a while seemingly unhurt, while pieces of one of the feelers came ashore to prove that it had been severed from the body by the shark's teeth.

The second week passed, and a third and a fourth. During this time I sighted many sails, but they were always afar off. I had become so sick of my fare that I scarcely ate any thing, and the lazy life became a positive disgust. At the end of the fourth week I would have agreed to work one year at ditch digging without pay for a passage to civilization. On the second day of the fifth week there was a gale and a heavy sea from the east. At about noon on the third ship's yawl nearly full of water, but containing a woman, drove ashore almost at my feet. There was a heavy surf, notwithstanding the coral reef, and had I not been on hand the boat would have been pulled back by the undertow and carried out among the rocks and smashed. The woman had lashed herself to one of the thwarts, and was nearly exhausted with hunger and exposure. It was little I could do for her except to give her water and food, and it was sundown before she could tell her story. She was the wife of Captain Bradburn of another English tea brig, the Constellation. I was coming down the Pacific when washed overboard. She was going up. A gust or squall heeled the Constellation over, and she was boarded by a sea which swept Mrs. Bradburn and two men away, and took with it the boat and a lot of deck raffle. The men she saw struggling as she got hold of the boat, but they were doubtless drowned. It was almost dark, as in my case, and she also drove to the west. How she got into the boat she could not remember, nor was she clear as to how long she had floated. She thought it must have been a great deal longer than I figured.

It was three days before the woman picked up her strength and courage, and by that time I was ready to leave the island. The mast and sail belonging to the boat had been stowed under the thwarts and were safe, and all I had to do was to fill a number of big shells with fresh water, of which, as I have forgotten to state, there was a fine supply on the island. We left in the morning, heading to the south, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we were picked up by an American ship called Happy Home. She was bound up for Japanese seas, but that same day signalled an English ship coming out of Shanghai and bound home, and Mrs. Bradburn was transferred. That was the last I ever saw or heard of her, though I know the ship reached England safely. I was a roving sailor, with no home or address, and no matter how badly her husband wanted to thank me he knew not where I was to be found.—N. Y. Sun.

HOLLYWOOD PALACE.

A Remarkably Strange Story as Told by a Guide to Visitors.

Some visitors who lately went through the Queen of Scots' apartments were shown by the guide, who seemed to have spoken a little beyond his commission, a certain passage and a large jutting stone like a step, and the following curious statement was let fall: A short time ago when some repairs were being made in the Queen of Scots' room, a stone mason struck the jutting-out stone above-mentioned, which rang hollow. He had the curiosity to turn it up and discovered the remains of a baby wrapped in cloth of gold and marked "J." Now, it is well known that Mary Stuart gave birth to James I. of England and the VI. of Scotland in the adjoining room, and that immediately after the birth the child was removed and brought up elsewhere, the Queen showing small interest in her offspring.

Now, supposing the real child, the real James, is the infant wrapped in cloth of gold, lying under that stone, who was the other child who afterwards reigned as James I. of England and VI. of Scotland? Did this question ever occur to the authorities? This will be best answered by asking how they are said to have treated the discovery. They telegraphed at once to the high personage at London whose business it is to control Hollywood Palace. What did he? He sent back word to "make no fuss about it," but to replace the baby in cloth of gold marked "J." under the stone; and presumably here he still lies. But the questions remain to be answered. If that is Mary Stuart's baby, and the rightful heir, who was the other baby? And why, when the supposed original turned up in cloth of gold, was there no fuss to be made.—London Morning Post.

—A young lady of New York amuses herself with humming birds as pets. They build their nests in the lace curtains and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the florist sends a basket of flowers for them to extract the honey from. They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and they light on the head of their dainty mistress with perfect freedom. She has an especial affinity for the feathered race, and pigeons, canaries and bullfinches are included among her household favorites.

STREET CAR HORSES.

Where They Are Bought and How They Are Patched Up and Worn Out.

"I should not have thought it would have paid to work cripples," I remarked to the driver of a Third Avenue car on which I rode down town a few evenings since. I referred to the near horse's hind legs, one of which was ornamented with a huge flannel bandage, while the other foot seemed in the dim light swollen to an abnormal size, and to be parting from the leg at the hock.

"He's not lame," returned the driver affably. "That's a boot he's got on his near foot. He's had a quarter crack and the thrush, too, but he came out of the hospital a week ago, and it don't seem to trouble him much. This road don't work no lame horses. Jest as soon as they show any signs of weakness they are sent to the hospital and the best veterinary surgeons in the country patches 'em up."

"I suppose the hospital is nearly always well filled," I suggested.

"Why, of course it is," said the driver. "This work's terrible hard on a horse, mainly because of these cursed stones. Our teams don't have very long trips, and they're not pushed hard either, but the stones wear 'em out in a few years."

"How long does a horse last at this work?" I inquired.

"Three years, about," was the reply. "Some of 'em go on for five years with patching up, but that's the extreme length of time that they will pull cars. When they have been about two years at the work their feet get so sore that they have to be turned out. The company has a stock farm in the country where they are taken, their hoofs are pared, and after running around awhile on the soft ground they get hard and fit to come back to the stones again for a time."

"Where do railroad horses come from?" I asked.

"Mostly from the West," said the driver. "But they buy horses all over." "No, there are not many really sound horses coming into car stables. The buyer in the West takes a carload of horses, and after picking out a few good, sound, business horses, selects a lot of good horses with just some trifle wrong with them, which he calls "streeters," and sends them on to the city for the car companies. Then a lot of horses are picked up cheap because they have some small ailment or blemish which the veterinarians succeed in curing. They build 'em up, as you might say, as good as sound 'uns."

"How are the green young Western horses broken into car work?" was the next query, and the driver half sighed as he replied: "Why, right here in the cars. Haven't you ever noticed a team working with a pole in addition to the traces? We always work a green horse with an old one, and the pole keeps him straight and prevents him kicking over very bad. But it's a tough job sometimes. Green horses are awful scared of the elevated road. They'll keep looking up and staring all around to find out where the noise comes from, and sometimes they'll just stand still and shiver with fright."

"How long does it take to get them used to it?"

"Oh, about two weeks. A car horse ought to be pretty handy at the end of that time. It'll take 'em six weeks or two months to know the bell, but after that they'll obey the bell quicker than a green driver. You'll see a new man fail to put the brake on quick enough sometimes when the bell rings, but his horses will stop and the car will run right up on 'em. Horses are quick enough to learn, but I guess their days are nearly over. Electricity is bound to do away with them."—N. Y. Telegram.

ST. PETER'S DOME.

Sure-Footed Men Who Live in Almost Another Sphere Than Ours.

Before the Papacy lost its temporal power in 1870 it was customary for the Pope to celebrate mass publicly at the main altar of St. Peter's at three religious festivals—viz.: on Easter Sunday, the 29th of June feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, and Christmas. On these occasions the Pope had on his breast a golden ephod, like the one worn by the high priest of Israel. In the evening of the two days first named two great spectacles were always given, the illumination of the dome and cupola of St. Peter's, followed by a splendid and unique exhibition of fireworks in the Piazza del Popolo. The illumination was in two parts; first the silver one, so-called, produced by white paper lanterns hung on the roofs of the two semi-circular porticos of the Piazza San Pietro and about the front of the Basilica, and next, at the stroke of eight, the hour for the Ave Maria, the golden one, in which the dome and cupola were brought out in brilliant outlines of light with almost the rapidity of lightning. The light was produced by iron shells, fitted with wicks and filled with tallow, some containing as much as fifteen pounds, others less, according to the situation and exposure to the wind. It was indeed a grand sight, once seen never to be forgotten. No one can tell when it will ever be seen again.

A very erroneous impression has prevailed among Americans, Catholics being as ready to believe and spread it as Protestants, that so great was the danger for the men employed about this illumination they were all regularly prepared for death by the reception of the sacraments of confession and holy communion. That year after year the lives of a great number of men were deliberately and extraordinarily imperiled in order to get up a fine spectacle would hardly seem consistent with the well-known humane and benevolent

character of the Papal Government, and the writer took opportunity during a recent visit to Rome to inquire particularly into the facts of the case, feeling confident that they would be found to involve no censurable disregard of human life.

The men employed about the dome and roof of St. Peter's are called San Pietrini. They dwell upon the roof. Most of them were born there, as were generations of their kind gone before. There are forty-one of them—twenty regular employes, seventeen supernumeraries, two aspirants to the place of supernumerary, and two who do only sweeping and cleaning. The illumination of the dome and cupola used to take over three hundred men. Extra hands were hired for the occasion from trades and occupations in which labor is done at dizzy heights and they were set to work under direction of the San Pietrini. Every precaution was taken against accidents. The writer's informant, a San Pietrini grown old and gray in the service, said that although oftentimes some of the men employed were careless, yet during the forty-four years preceding 1870 only three men, all of them San Pietrini, had lost their lives by falling. One fell from the roof while repairing an arm of the statue of St. Andrew; the other two fell while illuminating the dome.

The writer saw a display of sure-footedness and skill by the San Pietrini in taking down the crimson draperies with which the interior of St. Peter's had been hung at the papal jubilee. One man suspended in the air by ropes handed in the triforium above him unhooked the draperies and attached them to other ropes by which they were lowered to the floor. It was marvelous to see the skill and self-possession with which the operator would spring at that height from the wall into the air by the pressure of his foot, and the surefootedness with which for certain short distances he moved along cornices over which the heels of his shoes could be seen projecting, his hold being on hooks fastened in the wall.

The San Pietrini are said to go hunting in the month of March for young rocks in the nest which that bird builds on the roof of the Basilica. It must be rather a perilous hunt.—N. Y. Sun.

STRANGE FATALITY.

The Extraordinary Series of Mishaps Which Befell a Pennsylvania Family.

A gentleman of undisputed truthfulness and veracity gave the following interesting bit of family history, and at his request we will not give the name, but the facts contained in the recital of the following can be verified at this office at any time. The gentleman said:

"Of the family, besides mother and father, there were nine children, six boys and three girls. Father was a blacksmith by trade, a skilled workman, and lived an upright, consistent Christian life. He was passionately fond of his home and children, and worked hard for their interests. At the proper age all of the boys learned trades, as follows: George, the oldest boy, became a blacksmith; Charles, a candy manufacturer, and later he learned the locomotive engineer's trade; Frank, a carpenter; Richard, a printer; Henry, a professor in a business college. William was studying chemistry when he met with a sudden and violent death from lockjaw, caused by cutting his foot while in bathing in the river. You can call it a series of strange fatalities if you wish, or by any other term, and yet I dare say there is no family of the same number of ours that has passed through an experience in any way similar.

"The father was twice confined to the house with severe illness, once with small-pox and another time with typhoid fever in its most malignant form.

"When deputy sheriff of the county he was sunstruck while out on official business, and fell from the sulky on to the horse, which caused it to run away, horribly mutilating father and laying him up for several months. A year or two later he fell from a church steeple, where he had been repairing a lightning rod, a distance of forty-nine feet, but from this he received no perceptible injuries. A few years later he slipped and broke his leg while getting off a passenger train, and last summer he died suddenly from heart complaint while standing on the porch at the back door of the house.

"The mother died as suddenly of the same complaint in 1876. Charles, the engineer, died a violent death, almost instantly, by being injured by the cars in 1872. In 1869 George, the blacksmith, while working at his trade had his nose accidentally broken by a steel hammer, which slipped from the handle and hitting him in the face. I think it was in 1860 or 1861 that sister Kate broke her arm while jumping rope. Frank, the carpenter, broke his leg while skating in the year 1872. Will, the brother who died of lock-jaw, broke his arm in 1874, while picking cherries, by falling from the tree to the ground. A few hours later on the very same day the bandages were removed, he again broke the same limb by slipping and falling, the break being but two inches above the former one. In 1885 Henry, the school teacher, while visiting friends in the country, had his leg broken by being thrown from the carriage attached to a runaway horse. In 1886 Anna, the eldest of the children, slipped and fell down-stairs, breaking her arm.

"While this story may seem almost incredible to others, it is nevertheless true, every word of it, and the only thing I can't understand about it is, why should one family more than another have such an experience. You can't answer that question, neither can any one else."—Oil City Derrick.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE

—When the children have the hicoughs, try a lump of sugar dipped in vinegar. It often cures like magic.

—If a dish gets burnt in using, do not scrape it; put a little water and ashes in it and let it get warm. It will come off nicely.

—When your stove is burned red, and your blacking won't stick to it, put a little fat fried from salt pork into the water you dissolve your blacking in, and try again.

—Molasses Puffs.—One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful soda, one cup hot water, four cups of flour, and a pinch of salt.

—For consumptives, sardines, rich in oil, small bones and all, is a rich, well-selected form of food—if it will not prove inacceptable to the stomach, which in such cases, is often an irritable member.

—To remove blood stains from cloth, cover them with a stiff paste made of common starch and cold water. Renew the paste as often as it becomes discolored, until the stain has disappeared.—Housekeeper.

—A paper weight offering many advantages can be made by filling a stoutly stitched chamois skin bag, two inches broad by four inches long, with bird shot. It is heavy, will not tear any paper, or make indentations, and adapts itself easily to irregularities of surface.

—To boil a pudding in a bag, dip the bag in hot water and rub the inside with flour before putting in the pudding; when done dip the bag in cold water and the pudding will turn out easily. Always put a plate on the bottom of the kettle to keep the pudding from burning.

—It is a common occurrence for children to get beans, grains of corn and other foreign substances up their noses. This simple remedy is worth remembering. Get the child to open his mouth, apply your mouth over it and blow hard. The offending substance will be expelled from his nose.

—The Bee Journal claims that honey has the quality of preserving for a long time in a fresh state any thing that may be laid in it or mixed with it, in a far superior manner to sugar; thus many species of fruit may be preserved by being laid in honey, and by this means will obtain a pleasant taste and give to the stomach a healthy tone.

—Chocolate Macarons.—Take three-fourths pound blanched almonds, one pound powdered sugar, and one-fourth pound grated chocolate; mix these into a stiff paste with the whites of three eggs beaten to a strong froth; drop them in teaspoonfuls on to a sheet of white paper on a baking-tin, and bake in a moderate oven until quite firm.

—It is needless to say that the fat of beef is as wholesome as butter; or that hog's lard is one of the most unwholesome ingredients of our food; yet, in spite of this acknowledged fact, it is the beef that is often thrown away, and lard that is purchased for use. It may not be known that every bit of beef dripping, every bit of fat steak, the skimming from water in which beef has boiled, can be tried out and clarified into the purest and sweetest beef lard.—Catherine Owen's Progressive House-keeping.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

Big Hats Still Fashionable—Theater Turbans—Dainty Muffs.

Marabout boas fastened at the back of bonnets and hats and then about the throat are little worn in Paris now, although they were at the height of favor two months ago. The long boas are, however, worn about the throat, and are especially popular for décolleté gowns. They are made of soft lace, eider-down, ostrich feathers, and even of loops of narrow ribbon caught up on a foundation of velvet or silk. All of these are from two to three yards long. Fur boas in sable, mink, lynx and beaver are also worn, both for the street and opera, and are found extremely comfortable in the lobbies while awaiting the carriage.

Large hats, ornamented with one or a dozen small birds, are the most favored for carriage wear and afternoon promenading. When worn for the street they are generally held in place by the large dotted veils edged with fine lace, and fastened by an invisible elastic about the throat.

A handsome midwinter hat just sent from London is of deep buff brown velvet made with a soft full crown and a broad flat brim. The crown is embroidered in gold wheat sheaves and a big cluster of brown tips, shading almost to gold, adorns one side, held in place by two little brown Java sparrows.

A more elaborate hat is of moss green silk, with a brim smocked in white silk, a soft Tam O' Shanter gown, surrounded by ten tiny white wings, placed edge to edge, two small white birds holding them on the left side.

Many fantastic midwinter conceits are seen in the small round turbans. A theater turban, which is almost a bonnet, is made of pale-yellow silk, laid in the finest of plaits about the brim, with a crown of white cloth embroidered in daisies. Another is of crimson velvet arranged in the same way with a crown of crimson silk, and one tall golden eagle feather ornamenting the front.

A crimson satin muff for the theater is lined with leaf-green satin, and has a band to hold a few long-stemmed crimson roses. The fashion of carrying roses to the theater in the muff or the opening of the opera-bag is growing in favor.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

POMPEY'S WOOING.

"Massa Frank, duz yo' remember, When yo' co'ted Miss Purdue, Down belo' de ole plantation, Clus beside de big Santee,

LONE HOLLOW; Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

By JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

In the meantime Fingal walked with a swift stride down the incline, and soon stood in the very bottom of the hollow, with the roof of the old stone house looming up,

"Lone Hollow," he muttered, slowly. "Well named, indeed. It's a lonely place enough, that's true.

"One moment, sir," called Fingal to the single occupant, a dark, handsome gentleman, lifting his cap. "This is for you, I believe."

"As the vehicle came to a halt Fingal pressed a folded note into the traveler's hand; then, without a word, strode swiftly away.

"One moment, sir," called Fingal to the single occupant, a dark, handsome gentleman, lifting his cap. "This is for you, I believe."

"I am sorry, sir," said the gentleman, looking at the note. "I have no time to read it now, but I will read it when I have a moment."

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"I did mean it, Mrs. Penroy," he declared, emphatically. "Where is she? Who is she?"

"I am not quite a fool, Mrs. Penroy," he said, defiantly. "Do you imagine that I would trust you further than I have? Not if I know myself. It is not too late yet for you to hold all you have gained; but it must be through a different influence than you have lately exerted.

"I have endeavored to do so, Captain," she said. "A fault sort of way, I admit; but a different line must be pursued hereafter. You must forbid the visits of Austin Wentworth."

"He might not cease, even then," she said. "Well, I will assist you a little, and begeth both I and you can put a flea in the young fellow's ear that'll drive him away effectually."

"I will listen to your plan," she said. "The Captain resumed his seat. 'You have access to your daughter's room?' he questioned, in a confidential tone."

"Certainly," she answered. "Her letters—in her private drawer, which is always locked, I believe."

"Nevertheless, you can get at them for a short time," she said. "Certainly you can. I must see some that have come from this mechanic."

"Grace, when will you permit me to be your friend?" he asked. "Don't you believe that. The stage passes every day, and I am confident that Grace receives letters. I think we can manage to break up this little love match, if you will do as I wish. There is no harm in trying at any rate."

"You will help me?" she asked. "To the best of my weak ability," answered the widow. "That is all I ask."

"Not until you look me squarely in the face and say: 'Captain Starbright, I love you,'" she said. "I will call again to-morrow," he said, returning his seat. "By that time you may be able to abstract a letter from the desk of Grace; it must be the last one if possible. Shall need one of her's, too, or a specimen of her chirography, I wish to make a copy. See!"

"Another question. What do you know of Grace's cousin, who is to visit Lone Hollow?" she asked. "Very little," returned Mrs. Penroy. "She is an orphan and is coming to make it her home here."

"Who invited her?" she asked. "Your father?" she asked. "Yes, of course I seconded the motion. It was really Grace who instituted proceedings that have resulted in her coming. My father does on Grace, and he will do anything that she asks of him."

"It seems so, the old fool," returned Mrs. Penroy. "I thought I had the old man ready to accept and further my suit with his granddaughter, but to-day he told me that he should not interfere with the girl in any particular. I felt angry enough to rap him one."

"I beg of you to be careful, Captain. All depends on him, you know. He is very changeable. To-morrow he may be ready to give Grace an acceptance of your suit. There's no telling twenty-four hours in advance what father will do or say. As he grows older he is more given to such freaks."

"It seems so," she said. "There was a trouble deep down in the heart of Captain Clinton Starbright that Mrs. Penroy did not see, and it all came from the realization that Lura Joyce was coming to Lone Hollow to live. Why should the exquisite Captain care for the presence of a puny girl, even if he did not like her?"

"There was good cause for his coming. He would have given his good right hand to keep Lura Joyce away from Lone Hollow. Such a sacrifice would not avail, however, and Captain Starbright was miserable.

"He remained with the widow until a late hour, and then left the parlor in evident haste. He had mislaid his hat, it seemed, and had trouble in finding it. He went to the kitchen to find it, and there he found the widow. Before the girl nor the hat were there."

"An echo-house is very different from a nice house; and a dot will turn a million into one." "Shakespeare mentions the courtesy that 'can tickle where she wounds.' Not a few public men owe their influence to the fact that they can not only say no with a good grace, but—what is sometimes harder—say yes."

"Archdeacon Allen, of the Church of England, was so courteous that he has been known, when accidentally he had hit a dog's nose with a cane, to say, half-unconsciously: 'I beg your pardon, Hector.' He excelled in the politeness which makes the person to whom it is addressed respect himself."

"At the time he was being friendly she came to be the Captain's most relentless enemy. He had more than once felt what it was to have this girl's hate, and he realized that it was no small affair."

"[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENUINE COURTESY.

Characteristic Anecdotes of a Well-Known English Gentleman. Dignified, courteous, and of an English aristocrat, writing of the importance of manner in social life, emphasizes the fact that people value more what their friend feels for them than what he does for them. They even look more kindly upon one who meets their request with an affectionate denial than upon one who coldly complies with it.

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THE WAY TO WASH WINDOWS.

There is a right and wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor. Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for when the sun shines on the window it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a piece of brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the wood-work inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia—do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth—do not use linen, as it makes the glass shiny when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. You will find this can be done in half the time when soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows."

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FARM IMPROVEMENTS.

The Only Way of Keeping Rural Property from Losing Its Value. When the busy crop season is over, we should give the farm a thorough inspection to see what improvements can be made. There are very few farms but what could be bettered in some way, and it should be the aim of every owner to make, each year, some permanent improvements thereon. It does not matter whether the farm is large or small, the value may be greatly enhanced by making additions in the way of buildings and fences, the planting of valuable fruit and other ornamental trees, the clearing of land, cleaning old fields and fence rows of bushes and by adopting other measures to render the premises more attractive and the soil more productive.

The farmer should consider his farm the little world over which he reigns. To make and keep it in a neat, attractive condition, will give him an air of independence, self-respect and hospitality. It is also true that the appearance of a farm will often make a great difference in the price it will command, if offered for sale; for, in this, as in many other matters, people judge by appearances. As far as you are able, have a good, neat and convenient dwelling-house and out-buildings. Let the lawn have a tasteful display of nature's beauties—shade trees and flowers. Nothing else so inspires the young heart with sentiments of purity and love, as enduring as life, as the beautiful shade trees and lovely flowers of home. Have a well-arranged vegetable garden and an orchard of well-selected fruit, and these in variety, both early and late. This will tend to inspire in the heart a love for home, and instead of boys going to the towns and cities for the wretched pleasures, they will find them in their lovely homes, and it will also enhance the value of the farm.

There are other items of equal importance in estimating the value of a farm. The first is its fertility, or productive capacity. The man who increases the fertility of his soil, thereby increasing the yield annually materially adds to the money value of his fields and advances the real worth of his premises correspondingly. Manure is one of the things of which a farmer can never have too much. The more he makes and uses the better his crops will be, and the broader become the foundations which he lays for permanent prosperity. There are many farmers who are not careful to make and save manure, and who pay a great deal of money for fertilizers to make up the deficiency caused by their own neglect. This is a matter to which too little attention is given by many farmers. Some seem to be always making ready to attend to this, but never do it. They go on carelessly and negligently, allowing the soil to degenerate from year to year.

Every farmer can best see what improvements his farm needs. While one farm requires better buildings or fences, or both, another calls for enrichment of the soil. Every farmer, whether his specialty be grain-growing, dairying, grazing or fruit culture, knows what, or should study what, his most urgent needs in the line of improvements are, and should make efforts to carry out these improvements. A farmer can not stand still. If he is not improving his farm, it is safe to say that it is going down.—Prairie Farmer.

USEFUL FANCY WORK.

How to Make Crocheted Table-Mats, Tray Cloths and Carvers. Table-mats are again in fashion, and this is sensible, as they protect the table-cloth. Crocheted mats are the most durable, easily washed, and if made firm and even are very pretty, as well as useful. They may be round, oval or in an octagon shape. To make these mats a round cord or heavy knitting cotton is required. Set up from six to twelve stitches and crochet long stitch around these stitches, which are gathered up into a center. Widen in each row. If the mat is to be an octagon shape, widen in every eighth stitch, and keep the same widening stitches until the mat is sufficiently large. Tray and carving cloths and square center pieces for the table are made to match. These are of butchers' or fine twilled linen, with an inch hemstitched edge. At the corners, or in the middle of the cloth, some pretty designs is stitched with silk or floss.

A pretty design for a carver is a carving knife and fork crossing each other, the knife in some shade of peacock blue, and the fork in terra cotta. Both of these shades are permanent if a little care is used. Tea utensils may be worked in the corners of a tray cloth. A pretty design for a set of tablecloths are circles interlapping with rays diverging from a center point and worked in several colors.

Another pretty fancy for the breakfast, tea or luncheon table is a covering made of what is known as oatmeal cloth. It is a sheer odd-looking fabric. It is edged with four or five rows of hering-bone stitches in colored wash silk and the edge turned with a fall of lace. These covers, lined or unlined, are simply beautiful, and are not so costly as bolting cloth, or as delicate or transparent, but out of which the most charming articles are fashioned from bed-spreads to a toilet mat. It is ornamented very effectively with hand embroidery, as the very lightest embroidery is too heavy for this fabric.—Detroit Tribune.

"Ah, George," she said, "when one is happy how quickly time flies!" "Yes, dear," he responded, "and how quickly time stops flying at the end of the thirty days."—Epoca.

ST. JACOBS OIL.

For Neuralgia. NEW, PERMANENT CURES. For Years. Palestine, Ohio, June 27, 1888. Suffered constantly for several years with neuralgia, all remedies failed, tried St. Jacobs Oil was cured. He returns in 6 months. EDWARD BROCKWELL, F. M.

Never Again. St. Albans, Vt., May 13, 1888. My wife was troubled with neuralgia and after using one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil was cured. EDWARD BROCKWELL, F. M.

After All. Batavia, Ill., May 21, 1888. Have known cases of neuralgia given up by doctors to be cured by St. Jacobs Oil. EDWARD BROCKWELL, F. M.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA.

AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Odors, Constipation, Flatulency, Belching, Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low-Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. St. Albans, Vt., in stamps, denote receipt of 5-cent Stamp. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

MAGEE'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.

With Extract of Malt and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Croup, Colds, Scrofula and All Wasting Diseases. It is as pleasant and palatable to take as honey. Its strengthening effects are almost immediate.

It does not come up to assert itself occasionally after being swallowed, as other Emulsions certainly do. It is a great producer of BONE and MUSCLE. It purifies the Blood, and patients gain rapidly in weight and the taking of it. It is a true Emulsion, the only one that is always ready, always alike, and that never has a thick, gummy and greasy BLOB at the top to upset the PATIENT'S SYSTEM. It is used in all the leading Hospitals. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the United States and Canada. Ask your Druggist for it, and take no other.

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

WALE'S GOODYEAR RUBBERS!

(This is their "Croquet.") The best Rubber BOOTS and SHOES in the world. Made in the U. S. A. When you want rubbers call for WALE'S Goodyear. You do not desire to buy other rubbers with the word "Goodyear" on them, as that name is used by other companies on inferior goods to catch the trade that the Wale's Goodyear Shoe Co. has established by always making good goods, which fact makes it necessary to buy the Wale's Goodyear YEAR RUBBERS. They make all general styles of remarkable specialties, and the best Rubber Boots in the world.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa. Guaranteed absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

These used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and consider myself cured. I suffered 20 years from catarrh and catarrh of head, ears, and throat. This is the first remedy that afforded lasting relief.—D. T. Higgins, No. 145 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM.

A particle is applied into each nostril and it is agreeable. Price 25 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 50 cents. ELY'S SPECIFIC CO., Warren, New York.

FOR THE BLOOD.

Dr. J. C. Swett's Specific has cured me of a malignant breaking out on my leg, which caused excruciating pain. It was called Eczema by the doctors—four of whom treated me with mercury. I emphatically confess that I owe my present good health to Dr. J. C. Swett's Specific, which is invaluable as a blood purifier.

2027 N. 31st St., St. Louis, Mo. Our baby when two months old was attacked with Eczema, which for a long time destroyed her eyesight entirely, and caused us to despair of her life. The doctor failed to relieve her, and we gave Swett's Specific, which soon cured her entirely, and she is now hale and hearty.

E. V. DELK, Wife's Point, Texas. Scrofula developed on my daughter's face, neck and lumps on her neck. We gave Swett's Specific, and the result was wonderful. The cure was complete.

S. S. DRUMMOND, Cleveland, Tenn. Send for book giving history of Blood Diseases and a full description of Swett's Specific. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR.

Cures All Diseases Peculiar to Women! BOOK TO "WOMAN" MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOME OF 5 ACRES.

AS LEAVENWORTH, KAN. FOR SALE BY THE HOME OF 5 ACRES. Beautifully located midway between Fort Leavenworth and the Home of 5 Acres. W. V. COLEBY, 216 West Sixth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

The Boston Herald states that Civil Service Commissioner Lyman reports that the women of Virginia average about fifteen per cent. higher in their examinations than those of any other State in the Union.

DEATH OF JOSHUA S. SHIPMAN.

At about 7 o'clock last Saturday evening, February 23, 1889, Mr. J. S. Shipman, of Elm Dale, Chase county, Kansas, passed from this life to that better land, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, whither he had gone, about a month ago, for his health, having been stricken with paralysis about a year ago, and from which he never recovered.

Mr. Shipman was born at Marietta, Ohio, March 6, 1832, and hence was in the 57th year of his age at the time of his death.

Mr. Shipman was the next to the oldest, and from early youth a large share of the maintenance of the family devolved upon him. In 1858 he moved to Lee county, Iowa, and engaged in teaching, and in March 1860 he came to Kansas, and located on a claim of 160 acres situated upon the Cottonwood river, near the present site of Elmdale, which claim he had ever since held as his homestead; but to which he had made additional purchases, until his farm consisted of 700 acres.

Ed. Beymer intends moving to Forest Hill. The Rebecca Lodge will hold their next regular meetings in Crawford's hall, March 7 and 21.

L. M. Talkington received a cold bath by breaking through the ice while skating on the Cottonwood. L. M. claims the disease of his heart is entirely cured.

We are surprised to see the young people of Cedar Point come so far from home to hear "cornfield canaries."

J. J. Holmes is doing good business in the mercantile line. His store contains a complete stock of dry goods and groceries.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Shaft, Feb. 11th, 1889, a son. Green, Hamill & Co. commenced business with a complete stock of dry goods and groceries.

Marion Kent and family have moved to Clements.

The W. C. T. U. held their last regular meeting at the residence of Mrs. Cora Snider, Feb. 21.

Mr. Mintren has completed his blacksmith shop and is ready for business.

Mr. J. F. Carpenter has sold his farm and moved to Newton.

Rev. Ward is holding a protracted meeting in Clements.

Miss Lizzie Akers who has been visiting friends in the vicinity of Clements, started for Pennsylvania, February 11th.

Isaac Hudson contemplates starting for Cal. in a few days.

Boardman Wheeler will bring on a new stock of goods March 15.

Cyclopedia for the people, and the extremely low price—only 50 cents a volume in cloth, or 65 cents in half Morocco—brings it within the reach of all.

EMMET CELEBRATION.

The 109th anniversary of the birth of Ireland's illustrious patriot and martyr, Robert Emmet, will be celebrated at the Opera House in Strong City, on next Monday evening, March 4th, by the Emmet Club of Chase county, Kansas.

PROGRAMME: Music, by Weed's Orchestra. Music—Grand March—"O'Donnell Aboon," by Home Rule Club.

Emmet's Reply, by Robt. M. Ruggles. Song, by Miss Lizzie Brodie. Oration, by Mrs. M. E. Lease.

Silas Green started for Washington Territory, February 17. Mrs. Manly is dangerously ill.

James Burns, of Strong City, is visiting friends in Clements.

Nelson Patton has charge of the Carpenter farm for the summer.

The Literary Society is quite a success. Cedar Point is well represented every evening.

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LENTEN REGULATIONS.

The following are the Lenten Regulations for 1889 in the Leavenworth Diocese:

1. Every day in Lent is a day of fast and abstinence, except the Sundays, which are days of abstinence only.

2. All the faithful who have arrived at the years of understanding are obliged to abstain from flesh meat on every day in Lent, except on those days in which by Papal indulgence it is allowed.

3. All the faithful over twenty-one and under sixty years of age are bound to fast and abstain, so as to eat only one full meal a day.

4. By Papal indulgence the use of flesh meat is allowed at every meal on Sundays, and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except on the Saturdays in Ember and Holy Week.

5. Milk, eggs, cheese, butter and lard are allowed.

6. From fasting are excused the faithful under twenty-one and those over sixty years of age, the sick and convalescent, women in pregnancy and giving suck, all who have hard work to perform, and also teachers who have laborious work in teaching their classes several hours a day, in preparing or teaching their lessons, those who nurse the sick at hospitals, the soldiers who are at the United States forts in military service, as also those in military prison are excused from abstinence throughout the year, except on these six days: Ash Wednesday, the last three days in Holy Week, the days before the feast of the Assumption and before Christmas.

7. Those excused from fasting may use flesh meat, at their discretion, at every meal on those days on which the use of flesh meat is allowed, but on other days they are bound to abstain from it.

8. In all cases of doubt we refer the faithful to apply individually to either their parish priest or to their Father Confessor.

9. By a special indulgence of the Holy See the faithful are allowed the use of flesh meat on all Saturdays throughout the year, (unless any special day of fasting) for which they should compensate by works of charity.

LOUIS MARY, O. S. B., Bishop of Leavenworth.

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Leavenworth, Kans., Jan. 6, '89.

TO authorize the Board of County Commissioners of Chase county, Kansas, to appropriate money to build certain bridges in said county, as may be designated by said board, it is enacted by the Legislature of the State of Kansas:

SECTION 1. That the Board of County Commissioners of Chase county are hereby authorized to appropriate the sum of four thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for the purpose of building a bridge across Cedar creek at the crossing known as A. J. Scribner's ford, in Bazaar township, in Chase county, as may be designated by said board.

SECTION 2. That the Board of County Commissioners are further authorized to appropriate the sum of three thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for the purpose of building a bridge across South Park creek of the Cottonwood river at the crossing known as A. J. Scribner's ford, in Bazaar township, in Chase county, as may be designated by said board.

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cost of freight will be not over 3 cents a copy, instead of 12 cents postage, by mail.

If this very remarkable opportunity is welcomed by our readers as heartily as we anticipate, we hope to be able to arrange with Mr. Alden to present them similar other opportunities during the year.

LAND CONTESTS DECIDED.

Our Washington correspondent sends us the following information. The names of the successful parties are printed in capital letters:

SALINA DISTRICT. WILLIAM J. SHIRLEY vs. HENRY JONES. R. A. WALKER vs. M. D. McCORMICK.

TOPEKA DISTRICT. H. J. Hedrick vs. JERRY B. CHANDLER.

NOTICE. On account of failing eyes I am obliged to drop photography, but will run the Gallery until April 1st, and no longer.

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AGENTS!

SOCIAL MIRROR.

Or Social and Moral Culture. Introduced by ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, is having the largest sale of any strictly subscription book published.

Terms and circulars free: if you mean business and want to commence work at once, send \$1 for outfit. EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY GUARANTEED. Hoping to secure your services for 1889, we are—Yours truly.

LYMAN W. DICKERSON & CO. 919 Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO. (Mention this Paper.)

AN ACT.

To authorize the Board of County Commissioners of Chase county, Kansas, to appropriate money to build certain bridges in said county, as may be designated by said board, it is enacted by the Legislature of the State of Kansas:

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Birkett, Verner & Co., LIVE STOCK Commission - Merchants, -ROOM 19, LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE- Kansas - City, - Mo.

Wm. H. HOLSINGER, HARDWARE, STOVES AND TIREWARE, FARM MACHINERY & WIND MILLS.

Wood and Iron Pumps, PIPE, RUBBER HOSE AND FITTINGS, W. H. HOLSINGER, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

Headquarters for Livery Rigs, Livery, Feed & Sale Stable, JAS. C. ATKINSON, MANAGER.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN'S TRADE MARK REGISTERED, DR. STARKEY & PALEN'S NOT A DRUG.

THE BANNER OF LIBERTY FOR 1889. Undismayed by defeat, the old BANNER OF LIBERTY will continue the people's fight for honest Government and Lower Taxes during the coming year.

THE CHEAPEST MEAT MARKET IN CLEMENTS. HANS, BACON and Bologna always on hand. Choice corned beef. Highest cash price paid for hides.

J. W. Mc'WILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency. Rail-road or Syndicate Lands. Will buy or sell wild lands or Improved Farms.

OKLAHOMA. A BOOK giving a full description and information, containing three MAPS. Sent stamps for circulars. A. BASS & CO., McPherson, Kans.

THIS PAPER may be found on this date, 9 vertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for 15 IN NEW YORK.

MARTIN HEINTZ, Carpenter & Builder. Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop at his home, north-west corner of Friend and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls Kansas.

BABYHOOD. Is a monthly magazine devoted to the hygiene and care of infants and young children, and all that pertains to the routine of the nursery. It is now in its fifth year. The Congregationalist recently said of it:

"BABYHOOD seems almost indispensable to the household in which there are young children. It is for the parents and the nurse, and is packed full of important suggestions of a practical character. From personal experience of its usefulness, we commend it warmly."

And the Chicago Advance: "No mother but must appreciate its wise and helpful suggestions, and be grateful for the solving of perplexities and the helping over hard places which every one who has the care of young children, we commend it to every mother in the land."

Also the New York Graphic: "The success of this periodical has been enormous. It makes young mothers feel that the only subject worthy of attention is as last being recognized."

Every intelligent father and mother should read it regularly. Their children will be healthier and happier. It will reduce the work of caring for them, nursing them, dressing them, amusing them. Letters from subscribers frequently contain such testimonies as these, lately received:

"I am grateful to BABYHOOD. I have seen but two numbers, but have learned so much from those that I feel I shall not fail to get children a wrong if I should fail of the opportunity to learn more."

You want a sample copy—Price 15 cents. Or to subscribe for a year—\$1.60.

On our part we wish to know that you have seen this advertisement; and in order to induce you to mention this paper when writing us.

We have arranged to have manufactured for us a large quantity of Hudnut's celebrated Sachet Powder, and will give a packet, free (either "Violet" or "White Lilac," as preferred),

(quantity sufficient to elegantly perfume baby's clothing for months), to every person who sends us either \$1.00 for a year's subscription or 15 cents for a single copy, and encloses this paper (No. 1) with the remittance. The powder is in no sense a "premium," but is given simply to aid in the tracing of the results of our advertising in various parts of the country. Its total value is about 25 cents. Address:—

BABYHOOD PUBLISHING CO., 5 Beekman St., New York.

Do not confound BABYHOOD with picture-books for the amusement of children. It is a mother's magazine. Its nursery help, its list of contributors on medical subjects, comprises many specialists of the highest professional standing.

The Springfield (Mass.) Union says: "It is really a question what the mothers of little babies need so before the year expires, as the BANNER OF LIBERTY was published. No number can be missed without the loss being felt."

THE BANNER OF LIBERTY is an 8-page, left-column paper, filled with the news of the week, market, farm notes, correspondence, a weekly Washington letter, continued and short stories, illustrated articles of interest and political intelligence.

It is the best of every form of monopoly whether built up behind high tariff walls or through unholly combinations of capital. Its columns are kept free from sensational and indecent matter, and it is the best home journal for all classes of people. It numbers its readers hundreds of thousands who have taken it almost continuously through its entire existence of forty years, and who consider it the most reliable Democratic paper in the country, as well as the best family journal.

Three Great Premiums. The price of the BANNER (weekly) is \$1.00 per year. As a special inducement to largely increase its circulation, it will send every subscriber for less who remits \$1.15 (the five cents to pay postage and packing) his choice of the following premiums:

BEAUTIFUL PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND.—Each on heavy cardboard, size 12x10 inches. Printed by Mass-type process. Absolutely perfect and the best portraits to be secured. Worth fully \$1.00 per pair.

STARKY & PALEN'S BEST COUGH MEDICINE. FOR CONSUMPTION. It has permanently cured THOUSANDS of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have premonitory symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, &c., don't delay, but use FISCH'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists, 25 cents.

The Chase County Courant
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.,
THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1890

W. E. TIMMONS - Ed. and Prop.

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	6 in.	7 in.	8 in.	9 in.	10 in.
1 week	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$4.00	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$5.50
2 weeks	1.50	2.25	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25
3 weeks	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00
4 weeks	2.50	3.75	5.00	6.25	7.50	8.75	10.00	11.25	12.50	13.75
5 weeks	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50
6 weeks	3.50	5.25	7.00	8.75	10.50	12.25	14.00	15.75	17.50	19.25
7 weeks	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00	16.00	18.00	20.00	22.00
8 weeks	4.50	6.75	9.00	11.25	13.50	15.75	18.00	20.25	22.50	24.75
9 weeks	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50	25.00	27.50
10 weeks	5.50	8.25	11.00	13.75	16.50	19.25	22.00	24.75	27.50	30.25
11 weeks	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	21.00	24.00	27.00	30.00	33.00
12 weeks	6.50	9.75	13.00	16.25	20.00	23.50	27.00	30.50	34.00	37.50
13 weeks	7.00	10.50	14.00	17.50	21.50	25.50	29.50	33.50	37.50	41.50
14 weeks	7.50	11.25	15.00	18.75	23.00	27.50	32.00	36.00	40.00	44.00
15 weeks	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24.50	29.50	34.50	39.50	44.50	49.50
16 weeks	8.50	12.75	17.00	21.25	26.00	31.00	36.50	42.00	47.50	53.00
17 weeks	9.00	13.50	18.00	22.50	27.50	32.50	38.50	44.50	50.50	56.50
18 weeks	9.50	14.25	19.00	23.75	29.00	34.50	40.50	46.50	52.50	58.50
19 weeks	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.50	36.50	42.50	48.50	54.50	60.50
20 weeks	10.50	15.75	21.00	26.25	32.00	38.50	44.50	50.50	56.50	62.50

Local notices, 10 cents a line for the first insertion; and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion; double price for black letter, or for items under the head of "Local Short Stops."
 No due bills for patent medicines or other goods taken on advertising; that is, we will not advertise for manufacturers of goods and then pay them, in addition to the advertising, as much cash, if not more than the articles advertised are worth, for the privilege of advertising their goods.



TIME TABLE.

TIME TABLE A. T. & S. F. R. R.		EAST. ALEX. L. PASS. E. K. N. Y. R. R.	
am	pm	am	pm
Cedar Gr. 10 57	9 53	11 50	12 12
Clemens 11 10	10 04	11 40	12 23
Elmdale 11 30	10 20	11 58	12 37
Evans 11 35	10 25	11 58	12 42
Strong 11 47	10 35	12 06	12 50
Elmdale 12 05	10 47	12 16	1 05
Safford 12 12	10 53	12 22	1 10

POSTAL LAWS OF NEWSPAPERS.
 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
 2. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, they are held responsible. Notice should always be given of removal.
 3. Any person wishing his paper discontinued must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken out of the office or not.

HOW IT WORKED.

"Good morning Jack! why I haven't seen you for a month past. What in the world is the matter with you? You seem to have renewed your youth."
 "Well, Phil, I have. Don't you remember the last time I saw you, how miserable I was? Sick and blue, and in that sort of mood a man gets sometimes when he feels that the only thing in life is to go straight to the devil."
 "Not so bad as that, I hope, at all events you didn't go that way, you are looking far too happy and hearty."
 "I thank you very much, but rather than Vinegar Bitters. Do you remember that day I saw you last, when you recommended that remedy to me so persistently, and I was first vexed and then half convinced?"
 "I remember it perfectly, and you needn't say another word upon the subject; your looks tell me that you took the medicine."
 "No doubt of it; everybody remarks upon my improved looks and temper; but I must really tell you all about it. I got the old style you recommended, and didn't mind the bitter taste at all. I finished the bottle in about two weeks and was greatly improved, so much so that I determined to change off and try the new style."
 "Well, how did you like it?"
 "You told me your wife preferred the new style, I believe; well, I must say I agree with her. I like the old style very much, but the new is a finer, smoother more expensive preparation."
 "I believe it is; in fact, I have heard so and I wonder the McDonald Drug Company sell it for the same price they do the old style, because it is really a very costly preparation."
 "Well, that doesn't concern us, who was it said that people fancied themselves pious sometimes they were only bilious? No matter! I was only going to say that I believed people often seem wicked when it is only their liver or their stomach, or some other cantankerous organ of the body so out of order they couldn't be good if they tried."
 "And if all the miserable dyspeptics and victims of biliousness, headache, and the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to would only take Vinegar Bitters, what a happy world this would be!"
 "I should recommend the new style."
 "I never get back on the old style."
 "Well, they can pay their money and take their choice, for both kinds work admirably."

VINEGAR BITTERS
 THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache within Thirty Minutes—Try it.
 The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful blood food.
 Address: R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., 232 Washington St., New York

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

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

Mr. D. A. Loose is in town.
 Wood taken on subscription.
 Mrs. James Sublit is quite sick.
 Subscribe for the COURANT.
 The beautiful snow has disappeared.
 Snow about three inches deep, Monday.
 Mr. E. W. Ellis is visiting in Kansas City.
 Lent will begin next Wednesday, March 6.
 Mr. Lee Stanley, of Toledo, was at Emporia.
 Mr. Dennis Madden's oldest son is quite sick.
 Mrs. Charles Stone is quite sick with asthma.
 Mr. Clint Waite, of Emporia, was in town, last week.
 Mr. S. A. Breese was down to Emporia, last week.
 Mr. Geo. Hadden has gone to Indiana, on a visit.
 Mr. Henry Bonewell was down to Emporia, Monday.
 Capt. W. G. Patten was down to Emporia, last week.
 Harry, the infant son of Dr. W. H. Carter, is quite sick.
 Mrs. James Mitchell, of Matfield Green, is seriously ill.
 Four more days of President Cleveland's Administration.
 Miss Kate Wicks is lying seriously ill, at Mr. M. Gamers'.
 Mr. Wit Adare and son, Steve, were down to Emporia, last week.
 Mr. Wit Adare, of Strong City, was down to Emporia, last Thursday.
 Mrs. Barbara Gillett is visiting her son, Mr. P. B. Gillett, at Kingman.
 Mr. Geo. Hughes, of Diamond creek, took cattle to Kansas City, last week.
 A. J. Penrod, of Morgan, has a lot of choice flax seed for sale at market price.
 Geo. Drummond, on Diamond creek, has a few head of good work horses for sale.
 County Commissioner C. S. Ford, of Toledo township, was at Emporia, last Monday.
 Capt. Milton Brown took two car loads of sheep to Kansas City, Monday night.
 Mr. Warren Peck, of Cedar Point, was down to Kansas City, last week on business.
 Dr. F. Johnson, of Elmdale, was in the west part of the State, last week on business.
 Messrs. J. V. Sanders, J. M. Kerr and J. H. Saxer were down to Emporia, Sunday.
 Died, at Elmdale, on Thursday, February 14, 1889, Mrs. D. H. Bays, aged 47 years.
 Mr. Josh Lanry, of Algona, Iowa is visiting his brother, Mr. B. Lanry, of Strong City.
 Mr. S. F. Jones, of Kansas City, was at Strong City, Council Grove and Emporia, last week.
 Mr. Hamilton Senior, of Strong City, returned home, last week, from a business trip east.
 The Rev. G. W. Stafford will preach his last sermon before going to conference, next Sunday.
 Mr. George Doney and family, of Matfield Green, intend to move to Kingman county, soon.
 Born, on Wednesday, February 13, 1889, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Mann, in this city, a daughter.
 The Madden Bros. now occupy the front room over the furniture store of Messrs. Brown & Roberts.
 Born, on Saturday morning, February 23, 1889, to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer B. Johnston, of this city, a son.
 Mr. R. B. Evans, of Emporia, was in town, the fore part of the week, visiting his daughter, Mrs. G. B. Carson.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Hinote left, Tuesday, for San Diego, California, where her husband is now visiting for his health.
 Mr. J. S. Doolittle has gone to New Mexico, where himself and son, Mr. J. H. Doolittle, have a large cattle ranch.
 Miss Nettie Carter who is attending school at Topeka, spent Saturday and Sunday at her home east of town.
 Mrs. John Frisby intends to soon go to Lincoln county, where Mr. Frisby is now attending a farm for Mr. Scott E. Winne.
 Messrs. T. H. Grisham, W. F. Rightmire and W. W. Sigler went to Emporia, Tuesday, to attend to a law suit of the latter.
 Dr. T. F. Davenport, Dentist, will be at Central Hotel, Cottonwood Falls, Wednesday and Thursday, March 6 and 7, 1889.
 Mr. Mark Hackett, who is now employed in Lawrence, arrived home, Sunday night, on a three weeks' visit to his parents.
 Mr. Robert Jones who has been living in the southwest part of town, is moving on to Little Cedar creek, near Matfield Green.
 Mrs. T. H. Grisham and Miss Alice Hunt are sick and Misses Carrie Hyle and Minnie Ellis are teaching in their respective places.

Mr. Wm. Stephenson, formerly of South Fork, but now of Sumner county, was in town last Monday, on his way to Oregon.
 Rev. Mr. Canfield, of Newton, will preach at the German Lutheran church, in Strong City, at 11 o'clock, a. m., next Sunday.
 Mr. Chas. Chandler and wife, of Sedgwick county, who had been visiting friends and relatives on South Fork, returned home last week.
 Mr. Chas. J. Lanry and sisters, Misses Lizzie and Nellie, went to Ft. Madison, Iowa, last week, to visit friends and attend a ball in that city.
 Mrs. James O'Byrne and daughter, Sadie, of Strong City, who were visiting friends and relatives at Dunlap, Morris county, returned home, last Saturday.
 Mrs. Harris File, who had been visiting her brother, Mr. Geo. Myers, and Miss Minnie Martin, in Emporia, returned to her home at Strong City, last Thursday.
 Miss Nettie Holsinger celebrated the tenth anniversary of her birth, on Saturday afternoon, February 16th, with a most enjoyable party of her young friends.
 Mrs. J. C. Penny, accompanied by her grand-mother, returned to her home, at Emporia, last Thursday, from Clements, in this county, where she had been visiting.
 Last Friday the roof of Mr. E. F. Bauerle's restaurant in Strong City caught fire from a defective flue, but the flames were extinguished before any serious damage was done.
 Col. Thos. S. Jones, of Dodge City, while en route east, stopped off here Monday night, to visit his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Doolittle, and proceeded on his journey, Tuesday morning.
 The case of John McGinley, charged with resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty, which was to have been tried in Squire D. C. Ellsworth's court, last Friday, was dismissed.
 The names of following parties have been added to the COURANT subscription list since our last issue: Mrs. Lockey Garrett, Broadway, Union county, Ohio; John Zimmerman, city.
 Mr. F. W. White, general traffic manager of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, with headquarters at Topeka, took a trip over the Strong City extension and branches Wednesday of last week.
 Mr. E. F. Bauerle, of Strong City, was down to Emporia, Tuesday, getting new grates for his bake oven which he is having repaired, preparatory to his moving back to this town in about three weeks.
 Nellie, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. J. S. Standiford, on Buck creek, having churned three pounds of butter, last Thursday, that gentleman wants to know if any other little girl of the same age can do the same.
 Messrs. D. K. Carter, of Rochester, N. Y.; D. K. McCarter, of Syracuse, N. Y.; and H. N. Stephenson, of New York City, while on their way home from a hunt in Indian Territory, visited Mr. D. K. Carter, of this place, last week.
 The celebration of Washington's birth-day by the city schools, last Friday, was a grand success in every way. The collection for the Mt. Vernon fund was: Primary rooms, \$1.88; Grammar rooms, \$6.94. High School, \$6.20; total, \$11.02.
 Sheriff A. A. Kinne and Under-Sheriff N. A. Dobbins took Stephen G. Plake and E. W. Brooks to the penitentiary at Lansing, last Thursday, the former to serve a term of five years, and the latter one year, for grand larceny.
 The Oeage City People clipped our item last week in regard to the marriage of Mr. T. M. Gruwell, and says: "We also extend our best wishes and hope our old friend and fellow-townsmen may enjoy a happy and prosperous home during the rest of his lifetime."
 The old G. C. Miller residence on the Lee ranch, on South Fork, which was occupied by Mr. Seth Hadley, burned down, Sunday night, the family barely escaping with their night clothes on. Nothing was saved from the fire, the origin of which we did not learn.
 We received a letter, the other day, from a couple of young-lady subscribers at Emporia, in which they said: "The COURANT is always a welcome visitor; we enjoy it very much and think it about the best paper we have seen in the West;" and for which high compliment we make a most humble bow and extend our most sincere thanks.
 In the case of Shuster, Hingston & Co. vs. B. F. Largent, in the Chase county District Court a judgment for \$853 was granted, and foreclosure and sale ordered; and in the injunction case of the Chase County National Bank vs. W. W. Sigler, to restrain him from longer occupying the Prather farm, the injunction was made perpetual, Tuesday.
 Since our last report the following persons have had their subscription

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 SUCCESSOR TO
CAMPBELL & GILLETT,
 DEALER IN
Shelf and Heavy Hardware,
 CUTLERY, TINWARE, &c., and the finest line of
COOKING & HEATING STOVES
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 And the best make of
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to the COURANT set forward: City—James Clark, to Jan. 1, '90; Mrs. Catherine Collett, to Feb. 20, '89. H. N. Simmons, Strong City, to July 18, '89; E. S. Elliott, Matfield Green, to July 18, '89; W. H. Nicholson, Wau-sivu, to Dec. 27, '89; H. D. Maynard & Co., Kansas City, Mo., to Nov. 15, '89.
 Mr. A. P. Gandy and wife left, last Friday, for San Diego, Cal., where Mr. Gandy's daughters, Mrs. T. R. Straider and Miss Mary Gandy, are now living. Mr. Gandy was one of the pioneers of Chase county, and held the office of Register of Deeds for nearly a score of years. The best wishes of this entire community, including those of the COURANT, go with him and his estimable wife to their new home.
 On Wednesday night of last week a telegram was received at Strong City, from Messrs. SooySmith & Co., at the Needles, Cal., that Mr. Frank M. Cunningham, of Strong City, had been killed by a premature blast, that day, and that Mr. John Rumford would leave with his body, the next morning; and they arrived at Strong City, Saturday night, and the funeral took place at 11 o'clock, Sunday morning, from the Congregational church, in that city, the Rev. T. J. Pearson preaching the funeral sermon, and the remains were interred in the cemetery west of this city. Mr. Cunningham went out to the Needles, nearly two months ago, with some other men, to work for Messrs. SooySmith & Co., but he had been sick after his arrival there, and had gone to work but a few days before getting killed. He was aged 45 years, and leaves a wife and son, Fred, H. Cunningham, aged 16 years, who have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.
BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.
 Go to Ford's jewelry store for the Domestic Sewing Machine.
 Brown & Roberts have the only hearse in the county. feb16-tf

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
JOSEPH G. WATERS,
 ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
 Topeka, Kansas.
 (Postoffice box 408) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton. feb23-1f
THOS. H. GRISHAM
 ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
 Office upstairs in National Bank but idia
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS
 feb23-1f
C. N. STERRY,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 EMPORIA, KANSAS,
 Will practice in the several counties in Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties, in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal courts therein. 7-18 1/2

PHYSICIANS.
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STONE & ZANE,
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DR. R. M. WILSON,
 Having just returned from the Indian Territory, will remain in our midst for several months and will guarantee a permanent cure of all
CHRONIC DISEASES,
 with the exception of rheumatism. He will pay a forfeit of \$50 for any failure to cure what he undertakes; he also treats FEMALE DISEASES of all kinds.
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 AT
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 WHERE HE WILL BE PLEASED TO HAVE HIS
 OLD CUSTOMERS CALL
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 SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN
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PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.
 feb18-tf

20 BOOKS GIVEN AWAY
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 No. 7. The Merchant's Crime. A Novel. By M. H. HAZARD.
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