

Chicago Courier.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor

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

VOLUME XIV.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

NUMBER 36.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate on the 28th Mr. Frye reported back the River and Harbor bill. The Senate then went into executive session, in which it remained until five o'clock, during which the injunction of secrecy was removed from all proceedings in regard to the treaty with Great Britain. Adjourning... In the House a few bills were introduced, and the House went into Committee of the Whole upon the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill. When the committee rose the Army Appropriation bill was reported and the House adjourned.

In the Senate on the 29th, after a little talk on the message of the President vetoing the bill appropriating \$75,000 for a public building at Youngstown, O., Mr. Manderson, from the Military Affairs Committee, reported a bill revising the grade of General of the Army. The Fisher treaty was then taken up for consideration in open executive session, Senator Frye speaking in opposition to the treaty. The bill revising the rank of General was then taken up and passed. A motion to publish the proceedings in executive session was agreed to. Adjourning until Thursday... The entire day in the House was devoted to consideration of the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill and an adjournment was had until Thursday.

The Senate on the 31st agreed to the conference report on the bill to establish a Department of Labor. After some discussion the bill passed by a majority of 71. In the House the bill revising the grade of General having become law, the President sent to the Senate the nomination of Philip H. Sheridan to be General of the Armies of the United States, which was promptly confirmed in executive session. In the House the bill to revise the grade of General was taken up after some feeble opposition and passed with four or five dissenting votes. The Legislative Appropriation bill was passed, also the customs deficiency bill. The remainder of the session was given to consideration of the tariff bill, and at the evening session twelve pension bills passed.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

SECRETARY FAIRBANKS says will order the removal of the Appraiser's office were due to frauds, the investigation of which began two years ago.

The House Committee on Military Affairs has reported the Army Appropriation bill. It makes a total appropriation of \$24,289,700, while the estimates were \$25,364,324. The appropriation for the current fiscal year was \$23,734,718. The increase is chiefly in the item of \$400,000 for dynamite guns.

A BILL has been reported to the Senate to reimburse the depositors of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company.

The President has vetoed the bill appropriating \$75,000 for a public building at Youngstown, O., and that for a public building at Columbus, Ga.

Prof. S. A. FORBES, State Entomologist of Illinois, has written to Secretary Mills, of the Agricultural Board, that he finds out worms of various species more numerous this year throughout Central and South Illinois than he has ever known them before. The fact is due, doubtless, to the dry weather of the past three years.

The President has recognized Enrique de Villa as Consul of the Republic of Colombia, at New Orleans, and Louis Kalin, Consul of the Swiss Confederation for the State of Kentucky, to reside at Louisville.

The negotiations between Turkey and America in regard to the tariff have not been resumed. Mr. Strauss, the American Minister at Constantinople, has been instructed to accept every thing done by the more interested powers and endeavor only to obtain modification in the import duties on articles of special interest to America.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland returned to Washington on the night of the 30th.

The Pacific Railroad Telegraph bill favorably reported to the Senate is the House (Anderson) bill, amended by striking out the word "construct." It requires the subsidized roads to maintain and operate public telegraph lines, but the effect of the amendment is to permit their acquisition by purchase, or in any other way the companies see fit.

The Washington Star publishes a denial from Senator Sherman of the story that he had urged Mr. Blaine to make an emphatic declaration, or to write his friends letters on the subject of his declination of the nomination for the Presidency.

GENERAL SHERIDAN took another dangerous relapse on the night of the 31st.

The public debt statement showed a decrease of \$1,618,055.95 during the month of May.

The House on the 1st passed the Senate bill restoring the rank of General, the Speaker signed it and the President approved it, immediately nominating Lieutenant-General Sheridan to the office. The nomination was at once confirmed by the Senate.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office has completed a tabulated statement showing that the total amount of land actually returned to the public domain since March 4, 1885, is 8,693,729 acres, while the total amount recommended by the Land Office for restoration, which is still pending, amounts to 10,410,055 acres.

THE EAST.

The Governor of Massachusetts has signed the bill passed by the Legislature providing for a State naval reserve, which it is expected will result in the organization of a trained force of volunteer seamen and gunners of at least ten thousand men.

W. J. ARKELL, editor and proprietor of the New York *Judge*, said to a reporter recently in reference to Mr. Blaine's last letter: "The letter is final and it endangers the success of the party unless as strong a protectionist as Mr. Blaine heads the ticket. I will say this, unless a strong protectionist is nominated, I assure you the *Judge* will be independent during the coming campaign."

HON. J. G. BLAINE has written from Paris to Whitlaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, declaring that he can not accept a nomination for the Presidency should the Republican National convention offer it to him.

ABOUT 5,000 superfluous employees of the Pennsylvania railroad will be discharged shortly in order to cut down expenses.

FIRE recently burned out the top story of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. No one was hurt, and the fire was quickly controlled, but irreparable injury was done to the anatomical collection.

HENRY W. BURGE, one of the famous commanders of the army of the Shenandoah during the rebellion, died at the Gedney House, Broadway, New York, recently from paralysis.

FRESH rumors affecting Jay Gould's health were prevalent on the 1st. His Western trip was suddenly cut short and his special train hurried to New York.

THE Medical General Conference, which was in session at New York for several weeks, adjourned sine die on the 31st.

A DISPATCH from Binghamton, N. Y., of the 1st says: A number of Hungarians were returning from work on the Southern Central railroad to-night and when near Barton a train struck the hand car on which they were. Two men were killed and a third was horribly mutilated.

THE 4,000 employees of the National tube works of McKeesport, Pa., have accepted the reduction of wages ordered by the company.

REV. S. B. HALLIDAY, for many years assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has sent in his resignation.

THREE seats in the New York Exchange were sold recently. The prices obtained were \$970, \$960 and \$955. A few years ago membership in the Exchange was worth \$6,000.

THE WEST.

THE St. Paul (Minn.) knitting works burned the other morning with most of the contents. The loss was \$117,000, the insurance \$77,000.

THE towers of the raft steamer *Inverness* exploded on the 31st on the Mississippi, north of Hannibal, Mo. Twenty-one men were blown into the water, five of whom were drowned.

THE Prohibition National convention at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 31st, nominated General Clinton B. Fiske, of New Jersey, for the Presidency, and John A. Brooks, of Kansas City, for the Vice-Presidency. The platform adopted contained a woman suffrage plank. Very liberal campaign subscriptions were announced and the convention adjourned sine die.

MRS. M. L. RAWSON, wife of banker Rawson, shot her husband's attorney, H. C. Whitney, seriously in Judge Jamieson's court room at Chicago on the 1st. The woman the day previously had lost her infant case in the Appellate Court, and this, it was thought had frenzied her. Some time ago her husband divorced her, and left her at the banker on the church steps, for which he is now in the penitentiary. Mrs. Rawson was immediately arrested. Whitney at one time resided in Lawrence, Kan., and served a term as a State Senator.

THREE boys were drowned while bathing in a pond at Conway, Iowa, on the 1st. Two of them belonged to Joel Weeks and one to W. H. Cooper.

THREE lives were lost by the explosion of a boiler in the Eureka iron works at Wyandotte, Mich., recently. Quite a number of other persons were seriously injured by escaping steam and flying debris.

FOURTEEN million feet of lumber were reported burning at Brainerd, Minn., on the morning of the 1st, the conflagration threatening the town.

D. J. SULLIVAN, a retail dry goods dealer of Indianapolis, assigned recently. Assets, \$75,000; liabilities, \$50,000.

JAMES B. HAYES, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Idaho, died recently, aged forty-eight.

A MIXED train on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern road was derailed near Rock Rapids, Ia., the other evening by a broken rail. The conductor and three passengers were badly bruised.

SIX or seven of those injured in the giant powder explosion at Fountain, Col., who were not thought to be in danger were later reported dying.

THE schooner *Maggie McCrea* has been sunk by the ice of Thunder Cape, Lake Superior. The crew escaped. Vessel and cargo were worth \$30,000.

HARVEY NEWCOMB, otherwise known as "Bobby Newcomb," the variety actor, died of pneumonia recently at Tacoma, W. T., aged forty-two.

THE SOUTH.

THE story of a terrible negro riot in Tongalo, Miss., proved to be unfounded.

THE other night a party of gentlemen from Greenville, S. C., went to Reedy river on a fishing frolic. Among them were E. C. Williams and A. M. Smith. While the party were drawing a seine in the river Smith caught a cramp and was drowned. Williams was next to the drowning man and was pulled under and also drowned. They were both gentlemen of families.

THREE of the six nominees on the Republican State ticket of Alabama have declined the nomination tendered.

AT Miltonburg, a resort on Lake Pontchartrain within a few miles of New Orleans, recently, one man was killed and ten others injured, probably mortally, by a lightning stroke. They were in a tent during the storm that proved so fatal.

B. A. MENARD, colored, has been nominated for Congress in the Second North Carolina district by the Republicans.

The small steamboat *Fulton* exploded at Pass aux l'Oubre, below New Orleans, recently. Edward Perkins, the pilot, and Captain W. H. Biddele were killed. Landry and Watson, colored deckhands, were badly and possibly fatally scalded.

By the explosion of a Louisville & Nashville locomotive near Louisville, Ky., the other day, one man was killed and two injured and twenty-one cars demolished.

On the twenty-third ballot P. G. Fowle, of Wake County, received the nomination for Governor of North Carolina by the Democratic convention. S. B. Alexander, of Charlotte, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. The delegation was a unit for Cleveland.

FRANK P. FLEMING, of Jacksonville, has been nominated by the Florida Democratic State convention for Governor. He is a leading lawyer.

THE Louisiana Legislature has elected Judge E. D. White, United States Senator for the term beginning March 4, 1891.

A DAUGHTER of Bou Shipley, a farmer, is said to have been devoured recently by bears in the vicinity of Charlottesville, Va., a few pieces of her clothing only being left.

A NEGRO riot occurred near Bramwell, Va., recently consequent upon a miners' strike. Several persons were shot before the rioters dispersed.

GENERAL.

A NUMBER of Anarchists invaded the office of the *Intransigent* at Paris the other night and threatened M. Henri Rochefort, its editor, with violence, unless he apologized for the offensive article which had appeared in his paper. Rochefort drew his revolver and defended himself until the arrival of the police, when the Anarchists were driven away.

LEPROSY is reported as spreading at a terrible rate in Russia, thirty cases being noted in one town alone.

A LARGE quantity of smuggled barb wire has been seized at Athelstan, Can.

The Allan steamship *Sardinian* from Liverpool was towed into Halifax, N. S., recently by the Warren steamer *Norseman*. The *Sardinian* lost her propeller at sea and was picked up by the *Norseman*.

By a fire in the establishment of Edward and Robert Garrold, linen drapers and silk mercers on Edgware road, London, recently, six shopwomen were burned to death and many others were injured by leaping from the windows.

The English Derby was won by *Ayrshire*, the favorite, *Crowberry* second, *Van Dieman* the third.

HENRY VILLARD, the American financier, is said to be planning a German expedition to the South Pole.

JOHN BRIGHT, the noted English leader, is practically out of danger.

DEcoration Day.

DECORATION day was generally observed on the 30th. At New York the procession was reviewed by the President and an oration delivered by Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Swiss Bundesrath has been asked to grant a fresh credit of \$75,000 for war material.

INFORMATION has been forwarded from Winnipeg to the Canadian Customs Department to the effect that persons are in the habit of crossing from Dakota and stealing timber from Government lands in Manitoba.

THE Pope, in a speech at the close of the Vatican exhibition, announced that all precious objects would remain the property of the Holy See with the exception of the sacred vessels and ornaments, which would be divided among the poor churches of the cathedral.

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TWENTY-NINE German Social Democrats have been sentenced to imprisonment for terms ranging from two to six months each for circulating seditious publications.

EMPEROR FREDERICK left Charlottenburg for Potsdam on the 1st. He was reported to be in poor health.

THE State factory (Don's report) for the seven days ended May 31 numbered for the United States, 186; Canada, 19; total, 205, compared with 225 the previous week and 230 the corresponding week of last year.

It is said that Dom Pedro, of Brazil, is suffering from incurable diabetes and that he must in a short time die.

THE LATEST.

LYONS, Kan., June 1.—In the fall of 1870 Archibald Douglass was killed in Rice County and E. T. Patton, his companion, seriously wounded. Last February A. C. Myers and Frank Wells, well-known citizens of Durango, Col., were arrested for the crime. Their trial came up in the district court yesterday, Judge Clark presiding. On a preliminary plea by the defense that they were not fugitives from justice, and hence were entitled to a preliminary trial before coming into the district court, the defense claimed, trial by jury on that plea, and it was granted. On the statement of the case by the State the defense objected to any inquiry into guilt or innocence of the defendants and were sustained, and the State proceeded with evidence to sustain the point that they were fugitives from justice.

BRAMWELL, W. Va., June 1.—All the miners in Bluestone district struck yesterday for two weeks' pay and to add to the excitement a negro was arrested for disorderly conduct. After the arrest it was rumored that the whites would take him out and lynch him. At ten o'clock last night about one hundred negro miners demanded that the negro be turned over to them. The guards refused and a general riot ensued. Several men were shot. At a late hour the mob dispersed, after several arrests.

ST. LOUIS, June 1.—The trouble with river pirates at Musick's landing has subsided and four of the men have surrendered to the authorities. The body of Justice of the Peace Otto Ahlfeldt was found near Portage, St. Charles County, riddled with bullets. Henry Breckman, the boatman, is in a worse condition than at first reported. The river pirates say that they believed the sheriff's party to be a band of river men who had come to take forcible possession of their property, as had been done before. They did not know that he had a warrant.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 1.—In the trial yesterday at La Crosse, Wis., of Albert M. Kennel, for the murder of Anna Dannel, much damaging testimony was introduced. George Dannel, a fellow prisoner with Kennel, testified that the latter had confessed the killing and that he slept with the corpse of his victim for two nights, so that if discovered he could not be said that he was guilty. Another witness told how Kennel had divulged a plot to kill and rob the woman and burn the house with her body in it.

BRainerd, Minn., June 1.—A fire broke out at the Gull River Lumber Company's yards last night. The lumber aggregating 14,000,000 feet was still burning this morning and the large mills are in danger. The sawdust on the streets is on fire and the entire town is threatened.

NELOSON, Neb., June 1.—Ed Hershong, one of the proprietors of the *Nelsonian*, a weekly newspaper, was fatally shot in the thigh by an unknown person while returning from the G. A. R. camp fire Wednesday night.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

A LATE Topeka special says: It has recently developed that the object of starting the town of Morton, Morton County, is to secure the anti-office of a new district soon to be established to be composed of Meade, St. Francis and Morton Counties and the Neutral Strip. It is also rumored that a railroad is being projected to Morton.

BOSTON CORBETT, the slayer of John Wilkes Booth, recently escaped from the insane asylum at Topeka, while out with other patients taking exercise. A horse which belonged to a visitor stood near the building saddled and bridled, and catching sight of it Corbett jumped from the ranks, unlashed the animal, sprang into the saddle and was away before the guards could realize what had happened. Corbett was taken more or less violent for some time and often declared that he would escape and be revenged upon persons whom he imagined were persecuting him.

JAMES MCINTYRE attempted to jump on a crowded rapid transit car at Leavenworth the other day, when he missed his footing, fell under the wheels and was killed. He was twenty-three years of age and an iron molder by occupation.

A CORRESPONDENT, from Myra, asserts that John Bealer, residing in Woodson County, was at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, and was then seventeen years old. He was a drummer boy. He is now about 130 years old, and is enjoying good health. He has cut or got a second set of teeth. His eyesight is so good that he does not need spectacles.

HENRY MILLER, one of an organized gang of horse thieves, was recently convicted at Leavenworth and given free transportation to Leavenworth.

M. S. KETCH, chairman of the Democratic committee of Lane County, recently died of pneumonia contracted at the Wichita convention.

PATENTS recently granted Kansas inventors: Jesse Chandler, Redstone, gate; Adolph Gecken, Beloit, attachment for bridges; Charles E. Hollingsworth, Minneapolis, oven attachment; Thomas H. Millspaugh, Harper, bench plane; Jacob Shor, Concordia, instrument for measuring vertical and horizontal distances; Levi B. Snow and J. Howard, Wichita, composition for tanning hides.

GOVERNOR MARTIN has pardoned Wilson Campbell, who was convicted of incest in Cowley County in 1884 and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. The Board of Pardoners recommended the action as the prisoner was known to be a good man, a character and had made affidavit that his testimony was false. Campbell's wife conspired with the daughter to have the husband and father sent to the penitentiary to get him out of the way in order that they might lead disreputable lives.

THE Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska (Rock Island) monomaniac that it will sell tickets to both the Democratic and Republican National conventions at one cent per mile each way from all points in Kansas west of the Mississippi river through to St. Louis and Chicago to parties who wish to attend the conventions, or to those wishing to take advantage of the low rate to go back and visit their friends.

NELLIE and May Mozely, sisters, aged respectively twenty-two and nineteen years, and two young men, Sam Kinney and Willis Nichols, went boating on the Kaw river at Wyandotte the other evening. The boat was permitted to drift into the Missouri river and down to the Hannibal bridge, where it was caught in a whirlpool at one of the piers and capsized. Both young ladies were drowned and the young men were only saved by being thrown upon a drift.

BEFORE Judge D. J. Brewer, of the United States Circuit Court, oral argument was had at Leavenworth the other day on a temporary injunction against Prof. Swenson to prevent him from having the exclusive use of his patent process of making sugar from sorghum cane. The injunction is prayed by the United States which was represented by United States attorney W. C. Perry.

PENSIONERS granted Kansas veterans on May 31: John W. Crosby, of Thompson's Cavalry, Fredman, of Stuart; Thomas Welch, of Olathe; Henry Walton of Hallowell; Ephraim Owings, of Leroy; William Hoover, of Salina; Thomas J. Perry, of Winfield; Henry L. McCain, of Leona; John Leona, of Arkansas City; David W. Back, of Cedar Bluff; John W. Crewson, of Topeka; Lewis N. Ketcher, of Lyons; Charles N. Duncan, of Topeka; James K. P. Wright, of Elk City; Allen A. Schoeller, of Logan; Edward D. Stillson, of Hooker; William H. Green, of Meade Center; Henry H. Underwood, of Altam; Henry E. Bowley, of Coldwater; Stillman Chamberlain, of Annelly; Archibald Patterson, of Morrow; John P. Morris, of Leavenworth; Valentine Root, of Atawata; John W. Heath, of Wichita; Joseph Deagan, of Altam; Corwin B. Keith, of Fort Scott and John Fuller, of McPherson.

A YOUTHFUL North Topeka drug clerk recently became suddenly enamored of a young married woman who arrived on an eastern train and sent her a note which the indignant lady handed over to her husband. An ugly-looking revolver caused the bearer of the note and the writer to go into temporary seclusion.

The official call has been issued for the Democratic State convention to be held at Leavenworth, July 4, to nominate State officers. The basis of representation in the convention is one delegate and one alternate for every 200 votes or fraction thereof over 100 votes cast for Hon. S. L. Iselt, Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in 1885; also every county in the State that has been organized since the election and each unorganized county shall be entitled to one delegate and one alternate to said convention.

CHARLES BEATTY recently fled with the Secretary of State of the Emporia & Council Grove Railway Company. Object, to construct a railroad from Madison, Greenwood County, through said county to the city of Emporia, thence to Council Grove, and thence through Morris, Davis, Riley, Pottawatomie, Clay, Washington and Marshall Counties to the north line of the State. Estimated length 2,000 miles. Capital, \$3,000,000.

THE other morning George McNally, aged thirty-four years, a prisoner in the county jail at Leavenworth, attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, and succeeded in making a frightful gash.

DECORATION DAY.

THE Procession at New York Reviewed by President Cleveland—The Day Generally Observed.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Decorations day was observed here yesterday with unusual eclat. President Cleveland, who reviewed the procession, breakfasted with Secretary Whitney and his family at the Whitney mansion on Fifth avenue, where he had spent the night, and at 9:10 o'clock, accompanied by J. C. Limbeck, chairman of the G. A. R. memorial committee, he entered an open carriage and was driven to the head of the procession on Fifth avenue.

Following in other carriages were Secretary Endicott, ex-Mayor Grace, Secretary Fairchild, Secretary Whitney and Private Secretary Lamont. A citizens' committee under command of General Curtis and the old guard, commanded by Major McLean, acted as escort. The President and staff took the stand at Madison square. The first brigade, N. G. S. N. T., commanded by General Louis Fitzgerald, advanced and escorted to the G. A. R. and was first to pass. The Richmond Grays accompanied the Bath regiment. As they passed the President every man saluted and their colors were dipped. The President bowed several times in response and the crowd of spectators cheered the Southern heroes.

General Louis Fitzgerald, who rode at the head of the G. A. R. procession, was accompanied by Buffalo Bill.

There were fifteen divisions of Grand Army posts, and all of the members saluted the President. There were three divisions of posts, every man of which raised his hat as he passed the President.

The floral division was the last in the procession. In this there were forty large wagons and trucks filled with flowers to be placed on soldiers' graves in neighboring cemeteries. In this were also several wagons filled with school children.

In the afternoon the grave of General Grant was visited. The Richmond Grays firing the volley. In the evening exercises were held at the Metropolitan Opera House, presided over by Chauncey M. Depew. Robert G. Ingersoll was orator.

Telegrams from all parts of the country showed the day was generally observed.

RIVER PIRATES.

DESPERATE Battle Between a Sheriff's posse and River Thieves—Three of the Officers Shot.

ST. LOUIS, May 31.—At Musick's Ferry, near St. Charles, on the Missouri river, the sheriff of St. Louis County and three deputies endeavored to arrest a gang of rivermen and a battle ensued, in which Deputy Albert Ahlfeldt was fatally injured. Deputy John Monahan was seriously shot through the bowels, and Deputy C. C. Garrett was hit three times by bullets, but was not dangerously wounded. The trouble was brought about by Captain Smith swearing out a warrant against the Kuntz brothers and one Hellman, charging them with stealing his ferry. The warrant was put into the hands of Sheriff R. C. Allen, and Tuesday night he located the men and the ferry. Early yesterday morning he drove to a point on the river a few miles from St. Charles with his deputies and employed a boatman, John Monahan, to row them across the river. They approached the shore cautiously, but were met by Hellman, who beckoned them to come on. Not satisfied but that the rivermen would give trouble, Deputy Garrett drew his revolver and advanced toward the man, who appeared quite peaceful, but when within a few yards of Hellman, the latter dropped to the ground and sang out "Fire." Three shots rang out in the air, three of which struck Garrett. He returned the fire and an uneven battle was waged for several minutes with the hidden enemy. The deputies became separated and finally Garrett reached the boat, assisting Monahan, who fell early in the fight. Ahlfeldt ran up the embankment and was assisted across the river by a woman and there found a vehicle and was driven to St. Charles where his wounds were dressed, but he can not live. Sheriff Allen became separated from the party and has not been heard of since and it is feared that he also has fallen a victim to the desperadoes. There appears to have been seven men who lay in ambush. The whole party is known and a posse is now in search of them.

FRANCE AND HUNGARY.

Herr Tisza's speech calls forth reproaches in France.

PARIS, May 30.—In the Chamber of Deputies yesterday M. Reach asked M. Goblet, Minister of Foreign Affairs, if he could reply to a question regarding Herr Tisza's speech in the Hungarian Diet. M. Goblet requested that the question be postponed until he had received the necessary information on the subject.

The *Temps*, commenting on Herr Tisza's speech, says: "Seldom has one state been heard to speak of another with such license. The action of Hungary in permitting herself to use such language regarding France authorizes us to ask at what period and on what occasion her subjects have suffered from the violence or hostility or even the distrust of the French people. Our politicians, historians and poets have treated the Hungarians as allies, friends and brothers. When we preached the independence of nations and the liberties of men it was Hungary and Poland and Italy we thought about. We have suffered with Hungary's misfortunes; we have deplored her misfortunes; we have rejoiced over her revival; yet now it is Hungary that guarantees Germany the possession of Alsace-Lorraine. Herr Tisza's convoluted Hungarian language and asks for money, declaring, after the example of Prince Bismarck, that France is guilty of every misdeed. Since this procedure has become part of international manners, and parliaments are found to permit it, we must be content to laugh at it, especially as the language of Herr Tisza is less insulting to France than to the memory of Hungary's patriots and liberators."

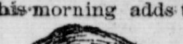
Caused by liquor.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 31.—While John Beatty and a man named Graham were engaged in a scuffle on Main street, near Eleventh, this morning at 1:30 o'clock, Henry J. Conway, an ex-boot and shoe dealer and a friend of Graham's, deliberately shot Beatty through the left side with a thirty-eight caliber revolver. It is believed that the wound will prove fatal. All the men were under the influence of liquor.

THIS DOES SETTLE IT.

Letter From Mr. Blaine to Whitlaw Reid: Positively and Emphatically Declining to be a Candidate for the Presidential Nomination Before the Chicago Convention.

NEW YORK, May 29.—*The World*, in its double-headed and italicized editorial, this-morning adds this to its former announcement in regard to Mr. Blaine's withdrawal:



"We repeat with absolute confidence our previous announcement and add to it this further information: Mr. Blaine has already written to one of his most intimate friends a letter positively refusing the use of his name as a presidential candidate and declaring that he could not, under any circumstances, accept the nomination. Our Republican friends may accept this information as absolutely true. Mr. Blaine is out of the race."

The following is the letter as published in the *Tribune*:

PARIS, May 17, 1888

TO WHITLAW REID, ESQ., EDITOR NEW YORK TRIBUNE—My Dear Sir: Since my return to Paris from Southern Italy on the 5th inst., I have learned (what I did not before believe) that my name may yet be presented to the National convention as a candidate for the presidential nomination of the Republican party. A single phrase of my letter of January 25, from Florence (which was decisive of every thing I had the power to do), has been treated by many of my most valued friends as not absolutely conclusive in ultimate and possible contingencies. On the other hand, friends equally devoted and disinterested have construed my letter (as it should be construed) to be an unconditional withholding of my name from the National convention. They have in consequence given their support to eminent gentlemen who are candidates for the Chicago nomination—some of whom would not, I am sure, have consented to assume that position if I had desired to represent the party in the presidential contest of 1888. If I should now, by speech or by silence, by commission or omission, permit my name, in any event, to come before the convention, I should incur the reproach of being unfaithful with those who have always been candid with me. I speak, therefore, because I am sure, that I can maintain in a doubtful attitude, I am not willing to be the cause of misleading a single man among the millions who have given me their suffrages and their confidence. I am not willing that even one man should have his support in the past should think me capable of paltering in a double sense with my words. Assuming that the presidential nomination could, by any possible chance, be offered to me, I could not accept it without leaving in the minds of thousands of these men the impression that I had not been free from indirection, and, therefore, I could not accept it. The misrepresentation of my name against me have no weight, but the just displeasure of friends I could not patiently endure. Republican victory, the prospects of which grow brighter every day, can be imperiled only by lack of unanimity on our part, or by acrimonious contests over men. The issue of protection is incalculably stronger and greater than any man, for it concerns the prosperity of the present and of generations to come. Were it possible to have a vote here and there to see for himself the condition and free-trade of labor in Europe, the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage-worker between the two oceans. It may not be directly in our power as philanthropists to elevate the European laborer, but it will be a lasting stigma on our statesmanship if we permit the American laborer to be forced down to the European level. The reward of labor is a work here and there advanced if we steadily refuse to lower the standard at home. Yours, very sincerely,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

SHERIDAN'S MEMOIRS.

The Story of the Life, Campaigns and Adventures of Lieutenant-General Sheridan. Written by Himself, to be Given to the Public.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A year and a half ago General Sheridan began writing his memoirs. The first copy of the manuscript to Chas. L. Webster & Co., the publishers, but when he heard that his book would be issued until next December he asked to have his manuscript returned to him, and he revised it. The manuscript was ready again on May 15, and his brother, Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, took it to the publishers, who announced that they had the book in hand. A member of the firm said that General Sheridan had written a very interesting narrative of his life. He had used the first person, and his book read like a romance. It was full of the General's adventures from the time of his graduation at West Point at twenty-one, to the Franco-Prussian war, of which he was a spectator. In simple language he had given a graphic account of his Indian fights and his part in the late war. The book was not statistical, he said, and was so much like a story that it would sell, even if the General's name was not connected with it as the author. Whenever General Sheridan had found it necessary to use statistics he had put them in form of notes, so that the narrative was never broken. Frequently the writing was strong and showed a clever literary hand. He had given a masterly account of his memorable ride from Winchester. The memoirs, when bound, will contain two fine engravings of General Sheridan, cuts of his generals and twenty-six maps, prepared by the War Department. The book will be in two volumes. The date of publication had not yet been determined upon.

Struck It Strong.

WASHINGTON, Pa., May 30.—The Manufacturers' Natural Gas Company drilled into an natural gas well yesterday called Paxton No. 2, near McConnell's Mills, of such enormous pressure that it is impossible to gauge it. It is estimated to be at least a thousand pounds rock pressure.

An Honorary Officer.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Edward Burgess, the famous designer of the yachts Puritan, Mayflower and Sachem, has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury as president of the Board of Life-Saving Plans, in place of Captain R. Baby, who died about a month ago. The position is not a salaried one.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

WATSONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

SHE FORGOT HER WRONGS.

Yes, she forgot them—Angry words
That cut the heart like sharpest swords,
Yes, she forgot them—Unjust deeds,
The wrong that envy surely breeds
In meaner natures; but no stir
Of baser passions marred in her
The conquering power of purer thought,
Ever remembering who had taught;
"Father, they know not what they do;
Forgive them—and she wished it so,
Wrongs, she forgot them, one by one,
Though never yet a kindness done.

A generous act, a kindly speech,
Would seem her very soul to reach,
And there remain a lasting thought;
To be with happy memories fraught;
Unlike cold nature, proud and vain,
In gratitude she felt no pain,
But rather joy, when on her face
Its lines of light knew how to trace,
I wonder, did she long ago
Learn lessons of unfathom'd woe,
That she forgets her wrongs alone,
But never once a kindness done.

—Chambers's Journal.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

The Story Told by a Busy Newspaper Reporter.

There are many incidents in the busy life of the reporter, pursuing his rounds from day to day, under the countless checkered lights and shadows of a great city, which, were they to find admission to the columns of his paper, could not but excite wonder or incredulity, or, it may be, would stir generous pity in those hearts the least attuned to sympathy with sorrow or misfortune.

But such incidents, such threads of human experience, of whatever character, seldom find a place in the columns of a great daily. The grim exigencies of trade and commerce, the stay of the ceaseless flux and reflux of passion, of greed, of mean ambition, and its part in the woes and wants of every day existence, seem not only to have enslaved the common attention, but to have usurped the sympathies of the common heart as well; and, indeed, one is sometimes half forced to believe that men, in that turmoil called living, have, somehow, forgotten life.

The other day I chanced to be near one of the depots when the sharp ringing of a bell attracted me to the curb, where I found a crowd gathered about an ambulance. On learning that an old man had been hurt out on the road, half the crowd remarked: "was that all, only an old man," and went about their business; and then the other half, all but a few of us, remarked that "it was too bad"—and went likewise.

After a long wait out came four roadmen bearing a stretcher between them, on which lay—oh, so ghastly pale—an old man with long white hair. His eyes were half closed, and he might have been dead outright, so calm seemed his rest there on the stretcher. Then the hanging door was slammed with a bang and a wicked click and the driver whipped up his horse and drove pell-mell down the street, ringing his bell as he went. The crowd looked on in wonder at the business-like proceeding, then dispersed without a word.

It felt to my lot the next day to go up to the hospital to learn of the unfortunate's condition. A pale-faced sister, clad in solemn black, ushered me upstairs to a small room at one end of the hall. She then left me, and I entered the chamber alone, finding it in charge of another of the sisterhood, who was seated beside the patient's small cot, bathing his head while he apparently slept. The old man's unsteady breathing made me shudder—why I scarcely knew. The sister motioned me to a seat near the foot of the bed, which I had scarcely taken before the old man, disturbed perhaps by even so slight a noise, rolled over feebly once or twice and then opened his eyes.

He looked about in a dazed way for a moment, and presently asked in a faint, yet distinctly audible tone: "Where is Jenny?" and then he added: "I thought Jenny was here, but I guess—I guess—it must have been a dream."

On saying this he became silent, and his face took on an expression of deep thought. A few moments later he was muttering, half to himself and half to the sister: "Yes, it was only a dream, it was only a dream; and still I wish that it had been a dream always; oh, God, that it had been a dream, always, always!" and down his face there streamed a flood of cold, inarticulate tears.

The good woman was much affected by this brief recital, and spoke soothingly to him, and asked him to tell of his troubles, for it was plain to her experienced eyes that he could not live long, and she mercifully tried to make his death as easy as possible.

"I dreamed that I was home again," said the old man, yielding to her gentle voice and soft petitions. "I dreamed that it was evening, and that my Jenny came to me, and putting her head down in my lap as she used to when she was a little child, said softly: 'Father, I can not live without you, love; when mother died, you brought me a new one, who hates me, and she has led you to hate me, too. You hate me, don't you, father?'"

He began looking blank again and seemed half unconscious. But the stupor soon changed to an intense stare.

"I said to her," he exclaimed, with all the emphasis his feeble breath could command, "I said to her, 'Yes, I hate you! Your new mother tells me that you are in her way, and for her sake

there has gathered in my heart so fierce a hate for you that, though you should leave my house to-night and never show your face to me again in this world, it would not be allayed!" As he was speaking the terrible words, he half rose in his bed, and his aspect became almost fierce.

"I threw her from me and left the room. When I returned the girl had gone, and since that hour my life has been accursed!"

Completely exhausted by his frightful eloquence the old man fell back upon the cot, where his short, quick panting breath and his renewed flood of cold, inarticulate tears told of the anguished spirit and its delirium of deep, unavailing grief.

"If I could only see my dear child once more," he continued, in a mute, awe-struck, frightful tone as though his spirit were all but gone, "and let her forgive me for my awful wrong, I could die in peace. I suppose she wandered off somewhere and died long ago. Poor girl—oh, God, how you have repaid me!—oh, pang that will follow me till I sink into the grave, life-long, sleepless remorse! I must see my girl. I must see her! Oh, Jenny, Jenny Dean, where are you, where are you?"

The sister and I had gazed in astonishment from the beginning of his horrible tale, and as he proceeded our attention became more intense. As he reached the climax in his piteous appeal the woman, used as she was to such scenes, rose to her feet, quite overcome. I, too, stepped back, and there was a moment of intense excitement for both of us. The old man seemed unaware of it all, and lay gazing blankly at the ceiling. Suddenly I raised my head, and there, reclining before the bed, in an attitude of prayer, was a woman.

"Father!" exclaimed the sister, "my own father, forgive me!" and she threw herself half on the bed and filled the small room with cries of anguish.

"My child?" The old man tried to raise himself, but could not. He tried to put his hand on her head, but could not, for he was very feeble now.

"My child? Am I dreaming again? Oh, yes, it must be so. Jenny was so small, and you are so grown."

The strain had been too great for his poor mind, which had yielded to the trial, and now he was wandering again.

Just then in some strange, inscrutable way, the gathering darkness moved aside for one flashing moment, and his bedimmed vision grew clear and bright as the dawn. And who knows but that the gentle spirit of the girl's departed mother, hovering kindly over this death-bed, with great outspread wings was fanning back the Angel of Death, that the old man's dimming sight and mind might rally to the scene before him?

Then at once the situation broke upon him, and with one little glance of recognition, he cried out hoarsely: "Oh, my child! My long lost child! My Jennie!" and they mingled their tears.

Not a word was breathed of forgiveness. It seemed understood. "We'll go home again, my child," he whispered, faintly, as he clung to her; "it won't be a long while now. You'll never leave me again, will you my girl?"

And as I bowed my head the woman wrapped him in her loving arms. And thus enclad, the old man quietly passed into the gentle regions of the upper air, to take his place in the long line which waits the judgment day. —Detroit Free Press.

A MODERN NUISANCE.

The Agonizing and Spirit-Crushing Ways of the Perpetual Conversationalist.

Have you, my friend, in the course of your patronage of street-car, omnibus, suburban passenger train or orchestra stall in a theater, encountered that wonderful product of nineteenth century civilization the Perpetual Conversationalist? There are specimens of him everywhere and each time that I encounter him I marvel the more. His range of subjects includes everything from politics to the discovery of the straits of Magellan. His victim of the moment may be the friend of a life time or the chance acquaintance of an hour. There may be an ineffectual attempt of that victim to get away or to talk back. But it is all to no purpose. The eloquence of the Perpetual Conversationalist goes grandly on, swerving neither to right nor left and increasing in volume and rapidity as the attention of those in the vicinity is awakened and retained. And nine times out of ten, be it understood, the remarks of the Perpetual Conversationalist are intended not so much for the immediate victim as for the benefit of the strangers who surround him, and who bow their heads in acknowledgment of the Perpetual Conversationalist's wisdom. It is worse than folly for the victim to attempt a response. The result of such an effort will be a flow of oratory beside which its forerunner was as a rush-light to a chandelier. The only thing for the immediate victim and the surrounding victims to do is to let the Perpetual Conversationalist have his way; hoping, when he talks more loudly than usual, that he will crack his speaking-tube, or when his stream of words increases in speed that he will burst a blood-vessel or choke to death. —Chicago Journal.

A gentleman of Athens, Ga., has received a novel gift from over the sea. The gift consisted of about six ounces of white sand in a linen bag, and was sent all the way from Palestine. It is said to be the belief of certain Hebrews that this sand, if placed under the head of a corpse, insures the return of the spirit to Jerusalem.

FAR WESTERN THIEVES.

How They Have to Be Watched After They Are Captured.

Having captured our men, we were in a quandary how to keep them. The cold was so intense that to tie them tightly hand and foot meant, in all likelihood, freezing both hands and feet off during the night, and it was no use tying them at all unless we tied them tightly enough to stop in part the circulation. So nothing was left for us to do but to keep perpetual guard over them. Of course we had carefully searched them, and taken away not only their fire-arms and knives, but every thing else that could possibly be used as a weapon. By this time they were pretty well cowed, as they found out very quickly that they would be well treated so long as they remained quiet, but would receive some rough handling if they attempted any disturbance.

Our next step was to cord their weapons up in some bedding, which we sat on while we took supper. Immediately afterward we made the men take off their boots—an additional safeguard, as it was a cactus country, in which a man could travel barefoot only at the risk of almost certainly laming himself for life—and go to bed, all three lying on one buffalo robe and being covered by another, in the full light of the blazing fire. We determined to watch in succession a half-night apiece, thus each getting a full rest every third night. I took first watch, my two companions, revolver under head, rolling up in their blankets on the side of the fire opposite that on which the captives lay; while I, in fur cap, gaiters and overcoat, took my station a little way back in the circle of firelight, in a position in which I could watch my men with the absolute certainty of being able to stop any movement, no matter how sudden. For this night-watching we always used the double-barrel with buck-shot, as a rifle is uncertain in the dark; while with a shot-gun at such a distance, and with men lying down, a person who is watchful may be sure that they can not get up, no matter how quick they are, without being riddled. The only danger lies in the extreme monotony of sitting still in the dark guarding men who make no motion, and the consequent tendency to go to sleep, especially when one has had a hard day's work and is feeling really tired. But neither on the first night nor on any subsequent one did we ever abate a jot of our watchfulness. —Theodore Roosevelt, in Century.

EVOLUTION IN FROGS.

A Series of Marvelous Changes Revealed by the Little Croakers.

Viewed from this development point of view, it is interesting to observe how the infancy and adolescence of the individual frog accurately repeats for us, as it were, the various steps in the slow evolution of its whole kind from some unknown and pre-historic progenitor. The tiny tadpole is not only a fish, but also distinctively a fish of a very early and antique type, showing close analogies to the most ancient known form of vertebrate animal, the boneless lancelet, as well as to the larva of those curious sac-like molluscan creatures, the ascidians or sea squirts, presumed degenerate descendants of the oldest undeveloped ancestral vertebrate. As it grows, however, its gills and other characteristics become more truly fish-like, and it feeds entirely in this early stage on vegetable matter, like its piscine relatives, the barramunda and the other amphibious forms of ganoids. But as the season for the drying up of the ponds approaches, it takes to itself lungs, with a peculiar mode of breathing through the nostrils by the aid of the tongue; it gradually repeats the ancestral stages in the acquisition of legs; its eyes push through the skin to the surface; it hops ashore, a full-fledged frog; and its beak giving place to true carnivorous jaws, it feeds henceforth exclusively upon its later diet of insects, slugs, and other animal matter. The common English frog thus appears to sum up for us, in a single generation, a series of most marvelous historical changes which it must probably have taken its remote ancestors whole geological ages to pass through in long succession.

Gladstone's London House.

Mr. Gladstone's London House is near Buckingham Gate. It is in the old—not the new fangled—Queen Ann style, and the drawing-room windows overlook the parade-ground of the Wellington Barracks. Mr. Gladstone likes spending a few moments now and then watching the soldiers go through their drill. The entrance-hall is square and roomy, paneled, as is the staircase, with fine Chippendale carving, and lighted by a stained-glass window. In it are a few reproductions of the Autotype Gallery, and a large picture of the entrance to Alexandria, which must recall to the ex Premier each time he enters the house one of the most unpleasant reminiscences of his official life. The dining-room is on the ground floor, and it is of somewhat restricted dimensions. Above it is the drawing-room, which is a long, charming room. In one corner is a portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted by Waits, and in the middle window is placed Mrs. Gladstone's writing-table. It is shut in by a screen on which hang portraits of her husband and younger son. The room in which Mr. Gladstone works is at the back of the house, and is in consequence free from all noise. Not even the sound of a passing cab-wheel can break in on his quiet. —London Letter.

SCOTCH OIL MINES.

The Curious Petroleum Field at West Calder, Scotland.

William Findley, of West Calder, Scotland, which is the ancient oil shale region of that country, has been making a tour of the Pennsylvania petroleum fields during the last few weeks, and was in New York this week.

"I am more than amazed," said he, "at what I have seen. The petroleum of Scotland is mined like coal, and although I had read of the oil-wells of America, I was not prepared for such a vast difference in the methods of oil production. The Scotch petroleum is not in the fluid state, but in a shale formation. The extracting of the products of this shale was for many years a most important industry, and is quite an extensive one yet; but the American oil, both illuminating and lubricating, is now set down in our markets cheaper than the Scotch oil can be produced, and how long our oil production will last is only a question of how long national pride will resist considerations of economy."

The Scotch oil shale is black, and lies at a depth of about four hundred feet beneath the surface. The shale-producing regions are all between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and are known as the oil fields of West Calder. They are very extensive and literally inexhaustible. That is one hope we have. The fluid oil of this country will undoubtedly become exhausted or greatly curtailed in production some time in the future. It would not be kind in me to say that I hope so, but, well, I am interested in West Calder. When your fields cease to pour out a quantity of oil that enables you to refine it, export it, and sell it in Scotland at a less figure than it costs us to extract the oil from the shales at the very threshold of Scotch markets we will come to the front with our oil mines again, and know whatever happens they can't be exhausted."

When the oil fields of West Calder were being operated to a full capacity the shale refinery there known as the Addiswell oil works, and which cover seventy-five acres of ground, gave employment to over two thousand men. In various parts of the field there were shale crushing works, not unlike your coal breakers where the shale is run on being taken from the mines. It is broken up into small pieces, and the crude oil extracted at the crushers. What we call crude oil, you would call tar over here. The refiners take it in that condition, and from it extract illuminating and lubricating oil, ammonia and wax. The latter is called paraffine in the oil trade of this country. The tar from a ton of shale will yield fourteen gallons of illuminating oil. This is subjected to four different acid distillations, each one much heavier than any the American fluid petroleum requires. The result is a clear, white high-flash illuminant as good as American kerosene, but four times as expensive. If the American product simply came in competition with our illuminating oil, the effect on our trade would not be of much consequence, as in that branch of the Scotch oil business is not where the profit lies. The lubricant, the ammonia, and the wax are the products which make the shale mines valuable. The American lubricating oil is cheaper, and those who use it say better than any. The latter altogether I can't agree with. Of course the American oil does not interfere with our ammonia products, nor with our wax trade, but we can't afford to produce kerosene and lubricating oil to throw away in order that we may get at the ammonia and wax that the shale contains. I am forced to say, therefore, to use an Americanism, that the Scotch oil business is not booming at the present time. —N. Y. Sun.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

How Girls Are Taught Gymnastics in Several High Schools.

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) high school is a pioneer in the matter of physical culture for women. Several times a week the girls of that institution are put through a course of Indian clubs, dumb-bells and other appliances for gymnastics. So far the boys have been excluded.

As a result of this, other institutions have taken this idea up.

The Washington (Pa.) school has recently received a donation of a complete outfit for a gymnasium for girls from a wealthy resident of that place.

The costume is the regular gymnastic dress. It resembles a bathing suit, and consists of what is called the "flower" waist, short skirt and bloomers. The more variety in color and material, the prettier the effect when donned by a lot of pretty girls. Tennis shoes are worn. The object is to secure freedom of motion and unimpeded circulation.

The appliances are ladders and rings, parallel bars, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, wands, etc. In some of the classes boxing and fencing is added to the list. Then there is running, jumping, wrestling, etc. The class movements are timed by music.

There is nothing prettier in the world than a bevy of pretty girls swinging on cross-bars, slinging up ladders, or swinging dumb-bells and Indian clubs in rhythmic motion to inspiring music. It is the cutest little circus imaginable.

Their eyes sparkle, their cheeks glow, their health and muscles develop, and their tempers evaporate into pellucid pleasantness, and all the blessings of a healthful mind in a perfect body. —St. Louis Chronicle.

—There are now eighteen Avons in the United States, the last town to be so named being in Massachusetts.

SAVE THE FODDER.

Why Farmers Should Not Allow Their Out Straw to Go to Waste.

There is upon the farm much useless waste, and frequently the larger and more productive the farm, the greater the amount of fodder that is not properly utilized. A few years ago the writer, in driving through the Central and Western part of New York, saw a large number of stacks of straw, which cattle and hogs were allowed to run to at will, pulling and tramping most of it down. In fact, it seemed the chief desire of the owners to convert it into what they termed "barn-yard manure."

In some localities I saw the straw spread upon the ground and burned. Having always lived in a dairying section, where comparatively little grain is raised, and consequently little straw grown, this seemed to me an extremely wasteful practice. I am well aware that by a large share of farmers out straw is considered of little value as fodder, but I am convinced that, if it is properly saved, this is not true.

Some years ago I had a tract of pasture land that had become moss-grown, and wishing to reseed it, I summer-fallowed, cultivating the ground during the season, and the following spring sowed to oats, using a sufficient quantity of commercial manure to insure a good crop. While the oats were yet quite green—only the top of the heads showing "turned," as we say—we began cutting them with a reaper, making bundles of rather small size, and stouting up immediately. They were snugly bound and well put up, so as to shed the rain, and allowed to stand out until thoroughly cured.

When we were drawing them in I used to chew up the butt of a straw, finding it unusually sweet. I wondered at this at first, as I had always found the oat straw dry and tasteless. I finally accounted for it on the theory that the straw being cut while yet green and full of sap, the sweet juices were retained and cured in the straw. The oats were plump and heavy, and when we came to feed the straw to our cows in winter, which we did by giving one feed of straw and one of hay each day, they made a good quantity of butter, some of them averaging one and three-fourth pounds per day.

At first thought it might seem to some that these suggestions are out of season, the feeding season being so nearly over. But I do not see it so, for now is the time to lay plans to secure an abundance of feed to be grown during the summer months. The past winter I have kept twelve head of young cattle almost exclusively on one feed of oat and buckwheat chaff, and one of damaged hay, with a quart of middlings and cotton seed mixed. They have made a good growth.

Instead of grumbling at our hard lot, let us see if we are not allowing many things to go to waste that may be turned to account, enabling us to keep more stock, make more manure, produce more feed, and, in short, do something to lift the troublesome mortgage upon the farm. —J. D. Smith, in N. Y. Examiner.

CARING FOR COWS.

The Successful System Introduced by a Tennessee Dairyman.

My stable is divided into stalls about five feet wide by four long, i. e., from the trough to the hind feet of the cow. I am particular to have the stalls short, so the droppings fall outside a plank six inches high, which is nailed along the whole row of stalls. This plank will prevent the cow from lying in her dung. If the stall is wider than five feet, she will stand diagonally across and befoul her bed. I think I should make them four feet wide, but for crowding the milker. I tie with a common slip noose about the horns, fastened to a hole in the trough. I think, however, a leather strap about the neck, with a ring for a snapper hook, is just as good. I bed my cows with oak leaves, wheat straw, corn stalks, any refuse from the farm and forest. I do not like sawdust. My cows are as gentle and as amiable as little girls. From birth they know nothing but kindness from their master and his servants. A rough, brutal laborer has no place on my little farm. My cows and calves lead by the halter as well as my horses.

A kicking cow I manage by putting a large rope around her body and tying up a fore foot close to the body, and then milking as gently as possible. She will struggle at first, but kindness and gentle treatment will soon soothe her down. My cows kick at their calves more than at me, because the calves are so much rougher. The udder needs the rough treatment, no doubt, but the calf is the one to administer it. I keep my cows and all my stock well sheltered day and night, in rough weather, driving them to water twice a day, however. I hope to soon provide fountains at the barn. Exercise is good for them, and they generally get it; but I always put them back into their stalls when they demand it. I keep thoroughbred Jerseys as well as half-breeds—Jersey-Holsteins and Jersey-Durhams. For the average family, the half-breeds will give better satisfaction. Why so? Because they will give more milk and butter. I neglected to say above, I give my cows no more rope than just enough to hold their heads level with the body when the rope is tied to the trough. —James Waters, in Prairie Farmer.

—A doctor always remembers kindly his first patient—if the patient lives. —San Francisco Chronicle.

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HOME AND FARM.

—Salmon is considered the most nutritive of all fish.

—When a good many things are to be prepared the cook should have every thing weighed and measured before commencing.

—Give potatoes that you want to mature early soil already rich or feed them with well-rotted manure.

—The human organism is a savings-bank for the elements of vital strength, and in the form of fresh air it accepts the smallest deposits. —Felix L. Oswald, M. D.

—Cheese that seems dried up and unfit for the table, can be made very palatable by grating it fine on a horse-radish grater. Prepare only as much as is needed for immediate use.

—The common white clover grows wherever our red clover is found, and makes an excellent pasture grass. Where bees are kept it is invaluable, as it furnishes a large amount of honey of excellent quality.

—Butter Ginger Bread: Half a gallon of molasses, half a pound of butter, three large teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in cold water, one teaspoonful of alum and ginger each, flour to make stiff enough to roll. Mix early in the morning, keep warm all day and bake in bread-pans.

—Puff Padding: Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, beat six tablespoonfuls of flour with the yolks of six eggs and stir slowly into a quart of milk. Add a teaspoon of melted butter, then the whites of the eggs slowly. Bake in little stone cups, well buttered, in a quick oven for twenty or thirty minutes.

—It requires several years to secure a pasture. For that reason it is better to well manure old pastures, and keep the stock off so as to renew them, than to plow the sod under and attempt to begin a new pasture. The harrow may be passed over the pasture where it can be done, and the ground reseeded, but the manure is the most important adjunct.

—Strawberry Cream: Pass about half a pot of strawberry jam, or a pound of fresh strawberries through a sieve, whip up a pint of cream, add the strawberry juice, sweeten if necessary, dissolve a half-ounce of isinglass in a little milk, mix with it, stir well together, turn into a mould and let it set. In warm weather it will require ice.

—Lemon Sponge: Soak one ounce of gelatine in one pint of boiling water until dissolved, then add half a pint more of boiling water, and the juice of three lemons and sugar to taste; when thoroughly mixed, beat to a white froth, and add the whites of four eggs well beaten; beat altogether until quite stiff; put in a mould and set on ice.

—Why have any dry fodder? Why not put all the grass into the silo and cut all the grain with stalks? This question is often asked. Why not feed the members of the family entirely on canned goods? Both questions can be answered alike. Animals, as well as men, need a variety. Cattle like a little dry hay with their silage, and there are many ways in which it is cheaper to feed dry grain alone. Again, hay is a good crop to sell when the silo is in proper operation.

—What a radical and wholesome change it will be in American farming, says an exchange, when sheep will be kept for the good they do on the farm. On this basis there will be no stinting in food and shiftlessness in their care and management, and these attentions will begot a desire for the best. It costs so little to have a good flock of sheep that there is no excuse for any farmer not availing himself of these efficient and cheap aids.

TO CURE HYDROPHOBIA.

How to Tell Whether a Dog Is Really and Truly Mad.

A physician has recently printed an article entitled: "How to tell a mad dog and how to 'cure hydrophobia.'" Now, that seems a very simple matter. You should never have any thing on your mind that you want to tell a mad dog. We can tell a mad dog any thing we have to communicate on a postal, or we could send him the information by a rapid telegraph messenger, the young man who makes every body mad with whom he comes in contact, but never gets mad himself. In diagnosing a case of hydrophobia, a dog with a wire muzzle is the most sensitive subject, but any dog will answer. To see if he is mad, pull his tail. Pull hard. It is best to pull with both hands. If the dog jerks away and runs howling down the street, he is not mad. He is only scared. But if he turns around and bites a piece out of your leg, and tries to bite out another larger piece before he swallows the first one, he is mad. Then you have the hydrophobia. Now follows the treatment of hydrophobia. This peculiar form of madness originated with the camel. The camel, you know, can go forty days without water. In treating hydrophobia, offer it any thing but water. Hydrophobia in the North is the same thing as a snake-bite in Texas. It is believed by the best physicians that hydrophobia rages as fearfully in the dead of winter as in the summer. What a wise Providence is this! because when the snow is on the ground all the snakes are dormant, and the thirstiest man in America could not even bite himself at the Zoological Garden. Hydrophobia is contagious. One man who has it bad can communicate it to a whole crowd of men. It is not always nor necessarily fatal, although the next morning the victim usually wishes that it "had been." —Robert J. Burdette, in Chicago Journal.

Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

NOT PUBLISHED SUNDAY.

MY KINGDOM AND MY QUEEN.

My Kingdom has no dazzling throne,
No palace grand upon it,
Yet 'tis as bright as e'er was known,
Or sung in loyal sonnet.
I've traveled east, I've traveled west,
Mid scenes of wealth and splendor,
But this one spot I love the best,
With all its joys so tender;
No place so dear I've ever seen,
For peace-brings here, and Love is queen.

Two subjects in my kingdom dwell,
One has an eye of azure,
And smiles upon her fair face still
Of pure and perfect pleasure;
And one has hair of raven hue
And eyes of hazel beauty,
And whatever he may strive to do
He always does his duty.
And faithful they have ever been
To her who is my household queen.

And as life yields me never joy
And hope divine and human,
I see no new more joy
And one almost a woman,
The bright days come, the bright days go
And each brings some new pleasure,
And no spot on the earth I know
Is richer with heart-treasure,
For happier subjects never were seen
Than in my home where Love is queen.

By no high-sounding, royal name
Or title they address her,
As cheerily—their hearts affame
With love—their bliss and blessing her;
But with a voice of gentle tone
Which joy gives to each other,
They call her by one name alone—
The hallowed name of mother!
A name the sweetest known to man
Since time and love their course began.
—Caleb Duns, in *Youth's Companion*.

REV. EPHRAIM DOWNEY.

A Query as to the Real Reason Why He Left the Ministry.

When the doctors of divinity at Waterbury heard that Rev. Ephraim Downey had descended from the pulpit of Annex, and had mounted the driver's seat on a cart filled with cheap tin and a miscellaneous assortment of trifles which could be exchanged for rags, they shook their learned heads with disgust untempered with mercy.

"He was always mean-spirited," said the president, who rejoiced when the Waterbury men sat in the high places of the earth. "He took the first chance he had after his graduation."

"Yes," said Dr. Popham; "his name has never been mentioned in connection with any church of standing. Every other man in his class now living is a D. D."

Only Dr. Strong, who had been retired, had a word of excuse for him; but as the doctor was "old," his opinion did not count. And thereafter no documents were sent to Ephraim from Waterbury, save such as related to its material upbuilding, and requested "testimonials," etc. To make up one's mind not to give honors to a mean-spirited man is one thing, but to resolve to refuse such honors as he may have to bestow, requires buckram principles not to be expected from a college needing funds.

At the age of fourteen, Ephraim had believed himself called to preach the Gospel. His father was poor, and an education could only be won by his own efforts, but he set himself patiently to it. He did chores for a kindly doctor, and earned his board. By filling the post of janitor at the village academy, he had his tuition free. He was not what is called a brilliant student, but he easily prepared himself to enter Waterbury in the sophomore year; and if he scripped his food, and dressed regardless of fashion, he carried off the prizes for Latin and mathematics for two years, and the coveted Greek prize in the third. One pleasure alone was his during this toilsome, though soul-contented, period; he walked home every holiday vacation forty miles across the snow-covered hills that shut his native town from the college. At last he was as ready as a man may be to do his Master's business.

Father Downey was not a member of any church. As a family, the Downeys were of small account, and had married into families of small account. No one ever thought of them in Massachusetts; so it happened that in all the numerous, blameless tribe there was not a man who could speak a good word for Ephraim with a chance of being heard; and as he belonged to a sect not bound together by formal organization, he was without a settlement long after every man in his class was placed. Even Twacker, the dunce, was established over a flourishing flock in Hoppleton, whose great business interest, matting, was in the hands of Pfizenmeyer, his maternal uncle. Perhaps if Ephraim had been self-asserting, and had clamored at the doctors of Waterbury, they would have helped him. But he was modest, and they were busy. The Lord would direct where he could best labor, he believed; so when old Farmer Sprague came down from Blue Rock hills, and asked him to preach in the school-house at Smyrne, a tiny village in the center of the Blue Rock region, he went, without a thought of the possible effect of the step upon his future. Among the granite rocks the grass grew sweet, and thick, and the farmers round about were rich in herds and flocks, but they had so long been accustomed to receiving their preaching for nothing from neighboring pastors imbued with a missionary spirit, it was a difficult task to convince them that they should have a church to support as well as to enjoy. But in fifteen months after Ephraim's arrival there was an organized body of one hundred and two members at Smyrne, and the next year the stately aims that shaded the school-

house tempered the sunshine that fell upon a neat meeting-house just across the way. Then Ephraim married. It was a most foolish step from a worldly point of view. If the Blue Rock people were sure to find fault with a young woman of many accomplishments and a snug dowry, they were sure to find ten thousand faults with Israel Foster's daughter, though she was as pretty and sweet as one of the wild roses that for a brief time in June made the stone fences of Blue Rock beloved of humming-birds and bees. Israel Foster was of no more account than Father Downey. He had earned a little home and a few acres of land bartering tin-ware for rags; but the house was now mortgaged up to its full value to pay the debts of the son who had lain down in that bed of shame and sorrow—a drunkard's grave. Pretty Ruth knew no more about getting on in the world than Ephraim. They were as worldly wise as two babies in the woods. Having a new meeting-house, for which they praised themselves not a little, and feeling secretly conscious they could pay seven hundred a year as easily as they paid Mr. Downey four, the Blue Rock people were not modest in expressing their dissatisfaction with the pastor's wife. The four hundred dollars began to fall behind in payment, and Ephraim was compelled to break up house-keeping on his own account, and go and live in the wing of his father-in-law's shabby house, and this, of course, made matters worse. Though small, Smyrne had its retailer of the unpleasant, and as the Fosters were not supposed to have the feelings that go with full purses, through them Mr. Downey speedily learned that the church was growing disaffected toward him. He resigned at once. The Lord had need of him elsewhere, he reasoned. But that would have been an anxious year had it not been for the never-failing tenderness of father and mother Foster, who were even unreasonable enough to weep when he received a call to Sawville, a village of two thousand inhabitants and a real post-office. The Sawville church had a big new bell tower, and a debt of proportionate size. The late pastor had gone away in a stiff quarrel, as had each one of his predecessors, and the church was divided into two hostile camps of about equal numbers with either of which it was destruction for the pastor to sympathize. For eight years Mr. Downey administered to this people, trying to bring peace where, from the nature of things, there could only be "pieces."

At last the election of a deacon disturbed the hardly maintained equilibrium to such a degree the pastor was compelled to resign. "I did the best I could," he wrote to Dr. Strong. "But, my dear old friend, they would fight St. Peter. I speak simply the truth."

"To justify self, we sometimes approach dangerous ground," wrote back Dr. Strong, with very black lines under the words; but he added, kindly: "I have sent your name to Sandy Creek, a most desirable settlement, and also to Annex."

Sandy Creek was determined to call a D. D. Plenty was to be had cheap. Ephraim, therefore, never received so much as a postal card from that committee. But Annex, being oppressed by a big debt and the failure of one of its principal givers (known vaguely as "a speculator"), called him at twelve hundred dollars—eight hundred less than the last they had ever before given a pastor. Annex prices were exorbitant. But Ephraim was ignorant of this fact, and believing this call a leading of Providence, as no doubt it was, accepted it. The church membership was very like a panorama. Families moved in from Zoar, staid a year, then, tired of living "ten miles from a lemon," returned. It was very necessary that the Annex pastor should be a drawing man, the permanent residents said, to persuade new-comers of means to remain. He must, of course, be a social man, and know the gossip of Zoar. His wife, too, must be lively, and a credit to the congregation. With weedy whiskers, mild gray eyes, and red hands, Ephraim could no more be stylish than he could fly. But good clothes, could he have afforded them, would have improved his looks, and a horse and buggy would have greatly facilitated his sociability; for Annex was in the hands of real estate men, and though small in numbers, was vast in distances. The late pastor had received ten hundred dollars per annum more. His wife, too, had a private fortune, and he had been able to go about in a neat coupe, in excellent broadcloth, and most pleasing of all, at his own expense. Then, too, he had been to Europe, and had a standard by which to make critical suggestions. But the end would not have come so soon could Mr. Downey have brought himself to preach without a manuscript. The pastor of the largest and most fashionable church of Annex stood up before his people like a prosa-dictator who wishes to convince his audience there is nothing up his sleeves, and preaches without a visible note. His sermons were good, too, and the case with which he delivered them went far to prove the assertion made by the unthinking part of his congregation, viz., that they were extempore. "I write my sermons out and commit them," admitted Dr. Bland, when Mr. Downey, after a hectoring deacon's meeting, questioned him on the subject. "It is nervous business. I positively must not be disturbed while I am at work—for nothing less than death or the house afire. Fan time is, too, very trying to me; and I never go into the pulpit without a nervous chill, lest a restless child be in the audience."

Yielding to the persistent nagging

kept up by his deacons, Ephraim went one Sunday into his pulpit without his manuscript. Ah, what a wretched week it cost! Dr. Bland had no children. The little Downeys had romped and cried twice as much as usual. Looking about, in his turn, for a restless child, Ephraim at once found one, and nearly lost his wits in consequence. But his effort was a success, and his congregation congratulated him warmly. But he would not repeat the performance—for performance it was to him, since his was not the gift to speak without that preparatory memorizing. The church was never in so prosperous a condition. Poor people were crowding into it to hear the "good news." But these things did not "fill the ticket," as the fat deacon said, and he was asked to resign. That week his father-in-law died, and bequeathed only the memory of unfeeling love to his heirs. In eight months Ephraim was as far from a settlement as on the day he resigned, and he had just twelve dollars. His oldest child was dropped from scarlet fever, and Ruth would soon add a fifth to the group. Mother Foster, deaf and childish, was to come to live with them. It was the beginning of winter, and in ten days a month's rent would fall due. Worst of all, his late charge were angry that he did not leave town. They had a new preacher, who recited his sermons even more glibly than Dr. Bland, and his black side-whiskers gave him a most stylish appearance. He was, too, investing in corner lots. It was embarrassing to have Mr. Downey going about soeedy and sorrowful.

"I s'pose you'll go home pretty soon?" said Deacon Padgett, that fateful morning. "I think myself you can't go too soon."

"I have no home to go to," said Ephraim, thinking with a swelling heart of the little house at Smyrne, now closed to him forever.

"Then you ought to have some place you call home," said the deacon, wrathfully.

When evening came, feeling the house was too small to hold him, cumbered as he was with worries, Ephraim went out for a walk. He was soon striding along in the open country, but what to do was as impossible to decide as ever. The strident rustling of the dry leaves accentuated the mournful sighing of the north wind, which still had the herby fragrance of iron-weed, asters and golden-rod. At last he stood on the narrow bridge that spanned North creek, and as he looked down into the still blackness of the pool the stream made at this point, the tempter of souls assailed him. "Why not leave the question to be solved by others?" was breathed in his ear. "Down in that quiet spot, where the eddy holds all that comes to it for weeks, you will lie long undisturbed." A mist obscured the stars. Not one was reflected, a glimmering shadow, in the dark depths. Lower and lower he bent, drawn by something he could not resist. Rest was just beneath him, and he was very tired. His hands hung limp, one foot was over the bridge, when a sleepy bird called faintly to its mate in the cedars. Instantly a brave, clear answer came. It had been one of Ephraim's few pleasures to note the ways of birds, and his attention was aroused in an instant. Then a great wave of shame came over him, and crying aloud, he fell upon his knees in the dust of the bridge.

"I asked the Lord what I ought to do," he explained to his wife the next day, when he had told her that he had spent half of his precious board of money for a quantity of wares to stock his father-in-law's old rag-cart, which mother Foster, quite regardless of public opinion, had brought with her from Smyrne. "He heard me, Ruth dear, and I saw father's old cart as plainly as I see you."

The Annex Chronicle, being on the spot, and feeling sympathy in its plural bosom, said nothing. The *Church Organ*, being far from the spot, and quite ignorant of the circumstances, and irritated perhaps by the publicity given the step by the Zoar *Scraper*, which never neglected the making of a paragraph at any cost to other people, if at small cost to itself, made Ephraim the text on which depended a biting sermonette. Kind-hearted, stupid Twacker, now Dr. Twacker, asked the reason.

"It is because my father-in-law is dead," wrote Ephraim, humbly. "I always had a refuge under his roof. Vacations, when people expected me to leave town, and I had no money, and always when I was without a charge, we went to father's. My salary has never been beyond the point of our living expenses. You will therefore understand, without my going further into detail, that when father Foster died, and his home went into other hands, with no money, no charge, and no trade, I had no choice, since seven helpless beings depended upon me for support."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Notes and Suggestions on Themes Pleasing to the Fair Sex.

Scarfs, fichus, bathings and barbes of lace, mul., crape, embroidered, lisse, tulle, and India muslin in black, white, or ecru will be again fashionable for neckwear and bodice adornings.

The Italian sleeve is much used in artistic evening dress, and also in the making of picturesque gowns for children. Oriental effects also prevail in the creation of summer gowns for garden parties and other summer fetes. Sleeves are besides in Grecian and Turkish styles for elaborate tea-gowns, and Persian devices and color combinations are much employed in the creation of handsome indoor dresses for the coming season—diaphanous Eastern tissues being extensively used.

Very beautiful and sheer abattoss and veiling textiles are now displayed in such a variety of exquisite tints, qualities and combinations that the infinity of even French caprice can find wherewithal to satisfy its changing moods. India musins and French laces also follow the lead of their more solid rivals in the matter of ornamentation, and show every conceivable variety of loom and hand-wrought embroideries, either in close or open pattern, and not infrequently combining both in one piece of "all-over" decoration.

The French toilets of net, crepe lisse, gauze and pompadour silk muslin, trimmed with velvet ribbon, are richer and more elaborate in effect than ever. Velvet ribbon will continue to be used upon Valois corsages, fancy vests, skirt-draperies, and also upon the skirt of miniature wraps now in vogue. A rival to ribbon velvet is that of moire with a double ruffled edge and a narrow satin border. These beautifully colored ribbons are employed in many ways to enhance the dainty effect of light summer toilets of every description.

Suitings, as they are termed, still show striped effects, fine hair lines and broad stripes being alike fashionably worn, and soft, light summer chevrons, with a dull surface in beige, Gobelins, blue, terra cotta, many shades of gray, golden brown and reseda, with lines or stripes of some different but harmonizing color, are used by ladies' tailors and dressmakers alike for walking and traveling gowns. There are a number of very English-looking rough surfaced fabrics made up by the tailors, but preference certainly lies on the side of fine smooth woolsens, and, aside from braiding, the most rigid simplicity of make is adopted. Seamless skirts, made all in one piece, cunningly lifted here and there to break the too great severity of style, and the bodice most approved by tailors, resemble those of riding habits in every particular, and are pressed and fitted so carefully that they appear almost like a seamless corsage.—N. Y. Post.

FISHING IN GEORGIA.

Some Go After a Trout with a Gun and Others Narcotize the Fish.

Mr. Hattersays: "Whenever I felt as if I wanted a trout for dinner I would stroll over to the pond and bring one down or up rather with my rifle. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at midday are the hours when they can be shot, as for some unexplained reason they come up near the surface. I always aim for the head. No, the ball never penetrates the head or any portion of the fish. It is seldom that even a scale is disturbed. The rifle ball never touches them. They are killed apparently by concussion. The water, I think, flattens the ball. Immediately upon being shot they rise to the surface, floating upon their backs. I never take the trouble to fish with a hook, preferring my rifle." Mr. McClelland recently noticed that the fish were dying by hundreds and rising to the surface. He had a pond dragged and brought out from it fully five hundred dead trout or black bass. At least one hundred of them would weigh eight pounds or over. They were thrown upon the bank and the buzzards feasted upon them. It is suspected that persons to whom the owner of the pond had refused the right to fish from it had poisoned its water and with it the flimsy life with which it teemed.

A lazy but unlawful method of obtaining fish from the ponds was once quite common among negroes and others. This was stupefying or drugging the fish by means of some narcotic plants. The favorite growth for this purpose was the devil's shoe-string, a small plant with extremely long, tough and slender roots. This queer plant, with its uncanny name was much used by the Indians as a medicine, and is said to be the basis for several blood purifiers with long and alliterative names. A plentiful supply of the plant being obtained the negro finds a log which projects well out into the water, and getting astride of it dips it in and alternately beats it with a stick or paddle. After every good beating it is shaken about in the water and the supply replenished, and this continued until the pond is thoroughly impregnated with the singular properties of the weed. The fish soon commence rising to the surface and gasping as if for breath. A few faint struggles follow and then the fish lie helpless and inert upon the surface only to be gathered in and served as a meal. It is said that the meat is not at all affected by the treatment the fish have undergone, but it is with considerable squeamishness and trepidation that a person for the first time dines upon poisoned or narcotized fish.—Atlanta Constitution.

The largest amount of money any man ever made by his pen in one year can probably be put down to an Illinoisan named Caruths. He cleared over \$100,000. His pen had a million pigs in it.—N. Y. Graphic.

HOW TO ADVERTISE.

The Experience of the Oldest and Best-Known Business Man.

Too much money is spent on "snap" advertising schemes. I venture the assertion that fully one-third of the money spent in this country for advertising is squandered on the new schemes—"fakes," they are called in the language of the craft—introduced by itinerant solicitors.

The oldest, and perhaps the most worthless of the schemes devised to pull the dollars from the business man's pocket is the "hotel card," printed on common colored card-board, and varying in size from 6x9 to 11x14, or a quarter sheet of card-board, according to the gullibility of the business men approached in the interests of the scheme. These cards, which are fastened to the inside of the bed-room doors, contain the rules of the hotel, occupying a comparatively infinitesimal space, and the remainder is filled with advertisements, representing every business in the town. Imagine the spectacle of a traveler, on a cold morning, with one trouser leg on, and hopping about the room in the effort to preserve his equilibrium while he encases his nether limb in the other refractory division—imagine him, with chattering teeth and "goose-pimpled" anatomy, stopping to read about "The Leading Dry Goods House," "Staple and Fancy Groceries," "Free Delivery," "Our Motto—One Price to All," "Large Stock of Cooking Stoves," "Capital Stock, \$100,000," "Satisfaction Guaranteed," and other information of a like nature!

From twenty to fifty of these cards are printed, at a cost to the "getter-up" of four or five dollars; while he may receive for the advertisements \$35 or \$40—very good wages for a few hours' work. The cards he gives to the hotel proprietor in exchange for his board.

One of the grandest swindles I call to mind now was that perpetrated on the business men of a Southern Kansas town about two years ago by a "town clock" scheme. Two smooth-tongued strangers induced twenty or more merchants to take space on a circular board about three feet in diameter, which was hoisted on a pole at a street corner. In the center of the board was a cheap clock, and around it spaces in which advertisements were painted. The expense of this board to the advertisers was, if my memory serves me right, \$160, at least \$140 of which was clear profit for the solicitor's three days' work. In a week the clock succumbed to old Sol and the rain; while the same forces caused the paint to fade and peel off—and there it stood, and yet stands for aught I know, a one hundred and sixty-dollar hitching-post!

Advertisements in directories and theatrical and other programs are not worth the time consumed in writing them; and money so expended is absolutely thrown away. The same is true of fence-board advertising, except the consent of the farmer be gained for he will, nine times out of ten, resent the liberty taken with his boundary lines by knocking off the board and nailing it on again with the sign inside. Again, boards are broken, and when the fence is repaired we behold these startling announcements: "Bargains in purgative pellets at John Smith's;" "Charter Oak Stoves Cure Sick Headache."

A well conducted paper is the only medium through which the advertiser can reach the people with profit to himself. Such, at least, has been the experience of the oldest and best known advertisers, who arrived at the conclusion through the expenditure of many thousand dollars in experimental advertising.—Supt. Thompson, in *Industrialist*.

Merely a Deep Ditch.

We generally form our notions of an unseen thing by our ideas of its importance. We were greatly surprised by the insignificant appearance of the Suez Canal. It had the appearance of a ditch rather than a mighty artery for the world's trade. One great ship almost filled it from side to side, and plowed the mud from its bottom with her high screws, and washed her banks with her swell. Even the wide sidings, where we had to await other ships on mooring, were so narrow that the vessels almost touched. The prism of the land is greatly changed, and dredging is constantly necessary. It was a queer sight, the trains of camels squatted along the bank to be loaded with the silt taken from the bed, and then climbing the steep bank to drop their sandy loads on the desert at the side.—Carter H. Harrison, in *Chicago Mail*.

Not One of That Sort.

"I suppose you are a fatherless boy?" he observed, as they made change for a paper.

"Oh, no."

"But your father gets drunk and you have to support the family?"

"No."

"But you give all your money to your mother?"

"Not a red of it."

"Well, you are poor?"

"Not much! I'm just doing this for recreation, while my brothers are cutting the coupons off father's bonds. Say, if you go up as far as the coupe office tell 'em to send me down a turnout to roll me up home. It must be getting near our dinner hour, and we have fourteen invitations out to-day."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Spencer, Mass., has public-spirited citizens. The other day one of them gave fourteen acres of land for a public park, another gave \$30,000 for a high school and another gave \$25,000 for a public library.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Wetting gray hair to crisp it will turn it yellow.

In using baking powder, one level teaspoonful is the proper proportion for each cup of flour.

A bread-and-water poultice is made by dipping a piece of bread, after the crust has been removed, into warm water. Lift it out at once and apply hot.

Old china needs the greatest care, both in washing and drying. Too hot water may crack it. Luke-warm water and soap are the best things for china, and it should also be rinsed in luke-warm water.

For Roaches.—Sprinkle borax for the large roaches or put phosphorus paste about on bits of glass for the small red ones, at night only. The borax is perfectly safe and can remain all day where there are children.

Molasses Drops.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of lard, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in boiling water, five cups of flour, and ginger for flavor. Mix well, and drop on buttered paper in pans.

A correspondent writes in the *Scientific American* that the worst toothache or neuralgia, coming from the teeth, may be speedily and delightfully ended by the application of a small bit of cotton, saturated in a strong solution of ammonia, to the defective tooth.

Tapioea Cream.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioea in a little milk all night; add one quart of boiling milk, yolks of three eggs, and one-half cupful of sugar. Boil together; add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and bake. Make a meringue of the whites of three eggs.

It is, of course, presumed that every housekeeper knows the fundamental principle of a good soup, namely that bones and meat should be put into cold water. Hot water will coagulate the albumen in the pores at the surface of the meat and thus fail to extract the juice of the latter. A very common mistake is that the meat not desirable for stews and roasts will make a good soup; poor meat will never make good soup.

German Puffs.—Put a half pound of butter into a teacupful of sweet milk; have ready in a bowl or pan a cupful of sifted flour. When the milk has boiled, stir it gradually into the flour, and beat until perfectly smooth. Beat in six eggs, leaving out two of the whites, also add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little grated lemon rind or powdered cinnamon for flavoring. Drop the batter into patty-pans, and bake the puffs in a moderately heated oven.

Brooms should always be hung up by a ring in the top of the handle. If they are set upon the floor, especially while damp, they get out of shape and the ends of the brush are curved out, rendering them almost useless. Do not stand them up with the brush uppermost. If they are damp the water will soak into the body of the broom, and not only rust the wire or rot the cords with which the broom is made, but will make the broom straws smell musty and disagreeable, and finally rot them altogether.

ECONOMICAL HINTS.

Hints for Housekeepers Who Desire to Reduce Kitchen Expenses.

As so many wives have to economize in every department of their domain, perhaps it may benefit some to know one of their number has learned by actual experience that dumplings, for chickens or other stewed meats, are better when made of flour, a little salt and enough water to make a smooth dough, which should be rolled thin, cut in long strips and broken (not cut) in pieces when put in the kettle, than the so-called raised dumplings, in which egg and soda are used. Rivals for soup are just as good where made of only flour and water, as when made of flour and eggs. Enough flour should be used so the rivals will not stick together in sodden lumps, but in fine dry flakes or wafers.

A nice, healthful pudding for dessert may be made by putting a layer of stale bread into a saucepan, then a layer of fruit, sugar, more bread, fruit, etc., until the pan is full. Then add enough water to moisten all well, sprinkle sugar over top, which should be bread, and bake until done—the bread should be browned nicely. Serve with cream or rich milk.

Sweet-corn (dried) is improved by adding twice as much sugar as salt used in cooking it. Turnips cooked in the same way are better than when boiled with meat. Parsnips boiled in water slightly salted, which is thickened with a gravy made of rich milk, with a little flour stirred in, when parsnips are tender, are excellent. I have had better success with pancakes made without eggs, using buttermilk and soda.

In making bread I scald a teacup of flour with water poured off the boiled potatoes; if not enough add boiling water from the tea-kettle; stir quickly to mash the lumps, add cold water until it will not scald the yeast, of which a half teacupful should be added to three or four quarts of sponge. This should be done in the morning in winter, at noon in summer. In the evening stir up a stiff sponge, over which sift a half-inch or more of flour, and put in a warm place to raise. In the morning mold into loaves, let raise, and bake in moderate oven. In fifteen years' bread-making this is the easiest and surest of success method I have tried. All of the scalded flour should raise to the top of the first sponge to make the best bread.—*Farm and Fireside*.

The Chase County Journal,
W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher
 Issued every Thursday.
 Official Paper of Chase County.

A CALL.
 A delegate convention of the Fourth congressional district of Kansas is hereby called to meet in the city of Emporia at 10 o'clock a. m., on Tuesday, the 24th day of July, A. D. 1888, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for congress.
 The basis of representation shall be one delegate and one alternate for every 200 votes and any fraction thereof over 100 votes cast for Hon. John Martin, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Fourth district in 1886. In several counties in the district are entitled to the following representation:
 COUNTIES. DELEGATES. ALTERNATES.
 Butler..... 10 12
 Coffey..... 7 8
 Morris..... 5 6
 Chase..... 5 6
 Wauzatchia..... 4 5
 Chase..... 4 5
 Marion..... 4 5
 Lyne..... 3 4
 Shawnee..... 13 15
 Woodson..... 4 5
 Greenwood..... 4 5
 The several county committees shall select delegates at their county conventions in such a manner as they may adopt.
 By order of the congressional committee of the Fourth district, at Topeka, Kansas, May 10, 1888.
 JACOB DELOS, Chairman.
 M. E. MATTHEWS, Sec'y.

DEMOCRATIC MASS COUNTY CONVENTION.
 The Democrats of Chase county, Kansas, will meet in mass convention at the Court-house, in Cottonwood Falls, at 11 o'clock a. m., on Saturday, June 23, 1888, for the purpose of electing four delegates and four alternates to the State Convention to be held at Leavenworth, on July 4, 1888, to nominate a State ticket; to elect four delegates and four alternates to the Congressional Convention to be held at Emporia, July 24, 1888, to nominate a candidate for Congress; to elect delegates and alternates to the State Senatorial Convention to be held at Council Grove, September 10, 1888, to nominate a candidate for the State Senate from this district, and to transact such other business as may come before said county convention.
 Done at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, this 26th day of May, 1888.
 By order of the County Central Committee.
 W. P. MARTIN, Chairman.
 W. E. TIMMONS, Secretary.

Cleveland was nominated for President, yesterday, by acclamation.

The late Jefferson Davis will be found to occupy a conspicuous place in the Republican platform, soon to be adopted at Chicago, the framework of which is now in the hands of experienced political architects at Washington and New York. To leave Jeff out would be like the attempt to continue banking without capital, or fishing without bait.—*Ottawa Herald.*

The principle on which the Republican campaign is to be fought out is the vicious and utterly unconstitutional practice of raising vast sums of money, for which the government has no need, and trying to find ways to squander them to satisfy the politicians of localities and enrich a horde of unneeded officials, plundering middlemen and jobbing contractors.

Babyland for June is here, bright as ever. This little magazine is better than candy for keeping the baby in a good humor. Why don't you try it once? A year's subscription (50 cents) is a trifle, compared with the many hours of entertainment for the little ones. Full of pictures and jingles and little stories. Published by D. Lothrop Company. Any news-dealer or bookseller will forward your subscription.

When Ingalls in his last speech charged that ex-Gov. Seymour, of New York, sympathized with the Southern rebellion, he uttered fully as monstrous lies as that which was directed against Gen. Hancock in his first speech. President Lincoln officially thanked Gov. Seymour for his services in behalf of the Union, and no truer patriot ever existed than the man whose memory is revered by the entire people of the nation.

With the evident want of preparation, granting our present defenses their full value, the San Francisco bay could be entered by an enemy's fleet without meeting any material opposition. The city and surrounding towns could be shelled; the communications with the interior could be cut off; and irreparable loss would be suffered by the destruction of our naval and military stores at Mare Island and Benicia.—*O. O. Howard in the American Magazine for June.*

Secretary of State Bayard's diplomacy is strenuously attacked by the Republican press, but it proves successful every time. The Sultan of Morocco has dismounted from his high horse, and the French government has discharged from its arms the naturalized American who was conscripted. The administration has settled the Chinese question by a treaty which the Republican Senate dared not reject, and the negotiations with foreign powers have been uniformly successful.

The Ohio Democrats are taking good care to show that they are in line with Tariff Reform. Congressman Soney, who represents the Fifth district, has accepted a renomination only upon the distinct understanding that he will vote for the Mills bill, while in the Sixteenth district Congressman Wilkins, who is opposed to the bill, has been

defeated by Captain Owens for the renomination. Mr. Yodes and Mr. Outhwaite, both strong tariff reformers, have been renominated by acclamation. Congressman Foran, who is opposed to the bill, attempted to secure a St. Louis delegation in his district opposed to Tariff Reform, but he was completely routed.

A neat answer to the charge that the Democratic revenue reform means reduced wages for the American laborer, is reported by the *Providence, Rhode Island, Journal*, (Rep.) as actually having been made by an Irish-American citizen of that town. A Republican mill owner said "Pat, don't vote the Democratic ticket. It is a Cobden free trade ticket. If the Democratic party wins your wages will be cut down." "Divil trust ye now," exclaimed Pat. "If that's so ye'd vote the Democratic ticket yourself." Pat hit it exactly. Every laborer knows that men who employ large forces of workmen, get their labor as cheap as they can, and if they could do anything to get it cheaper they would do it. If they really thought a reduction of the tariff would reduce wages they would favor it, but they know it will not reduce wages. They fear, however, that it might reduce their profits by breaking up their trusts and combines, and that is why they are so troubled in spirit.

The approaching "heated term" renders an article on "summer indigestion and diarrhea" in the current number of *Babyhood* particularly seasonable. Its writer, Dr. H. D. Chapin, gives mothers just the advice and information which they require to tide the little ones safely over the trying months before them. Of equal interest will be found an article on "domestic remedies," consisting of hints and suggestions by *Babyhood's* readers, and appropriate editorial comment. A novel feature is the "father's parliament," a department opened for the purpose of enabling the mothers' husbands to express their opinions and air their grievances on a great variety of subjects, such as "walled-in mothers," "weighing the baby," "shunning maternity," etc. Other interesting topics discussed under "nursery problems" are, "care of an excitable and nervous child," "help in delayed teething," "the cause of bow-legs," "sea bathing for young children," etc. 15 cents a number, \$1.50 a year. *Babyhood* publishing company, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Wages in this country are not regulated by the tariff, because whatever wages can be earned by men engaged in the production of agricultural products, the price of which is fixed abroad, must be the rate of wages which will be paid substantially in every other branch of business. If other branches pay better, labor will quit agriculture and take to manufactures; and, vice versa, if agriculture pays better, manufactures will decline and agriculture will progress. Wages, like water, seek a level. Thus we dispose of the first great fallacy of the protection system, which declares that a high tariff produces high wages. The wages of labor at any given time depend upon demand and supply. They will be high when our products are all wanted; they will be low when there is a surplus which the world will not take. Our great products are agricultural. In years of famine, the world will take all we have to spare; in years of plenty there will be a surplus for which there is no foreign outlet. And in the absence of markets for our manufactured products, we are reduced to the unnatural position of basing our prosperity upon the misfortunes of mankind, when in fact the happiness and comfort of the human race ought to be proportioned to the abundance, and not the scarcity of the necessities of life.—*Abraham S. Hewitt.*

NOTHING BETTER WANTED.
 The Democratic party can ask nothing better, says the *Chicago Herald*, than a general adoption by Republicans of the tactics in favor with Ingalls, Dooliver, Foraker and other orators of the opposition. When those men sneer at the humble origin of Grover Cleveland they cast reproach on the chief glory of American citizenship. Had his beginnings been much more obscure than they were, there would have been nothing in the fact on which to base the contemptuous flings now so popular in some circles. The American roll of honor is a long one, but it contains the names of few men who, at birth, were not poor and apparently not in the line of fame or greatness.

As a matter of fact, however, Grover Cleveland was respectably born. He was reared in an honest, industrious and intelligent American family. He came on to manhood as hundreds of thousands of Americans have done, and went about his life work decently and quietly. When called to public place he discharged his duties with fidelity, and nothing in his career is more creditable to himself and the American system than the fact that his promotion was so rapid as to excite the wrath of lifelong postulants for places and pelf.

Grover Cleveland has never been investigated by Congress. John J. Ingalls cannot say as much.

KANSAS' POLITICAL COMPLEXION.

If we were a Kansas Republican we should look upon the following record with an interest not born of entire complacency. In 1886 the Republican vote was 60.45 per cent. of the whole vote cast. In 1880 the Democrats had 29.74 per cent. of the whole. In 1886 it had risen to 42.31 per cent. Republican loss in six years 5.73 per cent. Democratic gain in same time, 12.57 per cent. Gross Democratic gain in six years, 18.3.

This year Kansas will cast 290,000 votes. Allowing 10,000 of these to go to the third or scattering parties, there will be left 280,000 votes to be divided between the Democrats and Republicans. The entire difference in favor of the Democrats from 1884 to 1886 was 5.76 per cent. Allow that difference will have taken place in the two years ending with the next election. This will make 7,000 votes, or a difference of 14,000 in reality. With out any increase they might expect 34,000 majority. From the facts stated it is plain such an expectation is not without warrant, and we miss our guess if the party will not be glad to keep Kansas in the Republican column with a majority of less than 20,000.

These are absolute truths taken from the official tables of elections for the years named; and while it may be pleasant enough for a party to contemplate the safety of a State for its ticket by 20,000 majority, it cannot be the pleasantest thing in the world for a party of "great moral ideas" to witness its own decay just when the high standard of morality it sought to establish is getting its highest endorsement from the party of the opposition.—*Allen Co. Courant.*

WE SHOULD READ BOTH SIDES OF HIS PAPER.

Before sending it out to the public, as the inside, or personal part thereof, may not, every time, agree with the outside, or impartial news department of the same; for example, in last week's *Leader* we find the following in regard to the recent laying of the corner stone of the Confederate monument at Jackson, Mississippi:

It appears that it was a part of the program that a handsome silver crown made expressly for the occasion, at enormous cost, was to be placed on the (Jeff. Davis) head, amid the loud shouting of the multitude and the booming of cannon. The people of this country have to acknowledge many favors from the Giver of all good, but for none should they be more thankful than the interposition that prevented this humiliating spectacle at Jackson, Mississippi.

Now then, on the outside of the same *Leader*, of the same date (May 31), in a dispatch, dated Jackson, Miss., May 25, we find the following:

The ceremonies at the monument were opened by the reading of a letter from Mr. Davis explaining his absence. Col. Chas. A. Hooker delivered the oration, and at the close presented Miss Davis with a silver crown to be given by her to her father. The crown is the gift of three Mississippi gentlemen. Its presentation was unexpected, it not having been announced on the programme.

Now, if Republican papers wish to be fair about this monument business, why don't all of them tell their readers that the Mississippi legislature refused to appropriate one cent toward the erection of said Confederate monument? and that this crown affair was the work of three Mississippians, perhaps Republicans, who took advantage of the occasion to give their party in the north a chance to make political capital out of this giving of a silver crown to Jeff Davis?

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The second annual commencement of the Cottonwood Falls High School took place in Pratt's Music Hall, last Thursday evening, May 31, 1888, and was witnessed by a very large and appreciative audience, the hall being filled to its utmost capacity, many persons being unable to gain admission at all.

Precisely at 8 o'clock an overture melody was played by the orchestra, with Mr. George W. Weed as leader; and during the exercises the orchestra discoursed sweet music.

The Rev. G. W. Stafford, of the M. E. Church, offered up a prayer; after which "O'er the Dancing Waves" was sung by Misses Marion Hemphill, Rena Massey and Messrs. G. W. Weed and J. H. Mercer.

Miss Anna K. Rockwood then delivered an oration entitled "When My Ship Comes In," at first drawing on her imagination, or "building castles in the air," for the gay and happy life she would lead when her ship came in, laden with gold, silver, etc.; but finally settling down into the stern realities of life she said that the life of each of us is our ship, and we should so direct its course as to make it a blessing to us and our fellow beings. At times she spoke quite eloquently, and at the close of her address she was greeted with a shower of applause and many bouquets, garlands of flowers.

Miss Lizzie Reeves was the next to speak, and her oration was entitled "Glimpses of the English as seen through the English," and was delivered in an excellent manner. She traced the English language through all the ages of its existence down to its present perfection, showing the literature that greeted it during its different periods of development, thus showing she had carefully prepared the subject matter of her address.

H. F. GILLET,
 SUCCESSOR TO
CAMPBELL & GILLET,
 DEALER IN
Shelf and Heavy Hardware,
 CUTLERY, TINWARE, &c., and the finest line of
COOKING & HEATING STOVES

In the Market. Also agent for the Celebrated
WOOD - MOWER
 And the best make of
Agricultural Implements and Machinery.
 STUDEBAKER WAGONS AND BAKER BARBED WIRE.
 Please call and examine my stock and ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.
 COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - - - - KANSAS.

Amid much applause she took her seat and received many encouragements in the way of beautiful flowers.

"Over the fields of Clover" was then sung by Miss Mertie Estes and Etta Moorehead.

Warren Brackett was then introduced, and he spoke on the subject—"The Boycott," elucidating his subject with such a good command of language as to win the attention and applause of his hearers. He explained the meaning of the word "Boycott," and argued that boycotting in some form or other, had existed ever since the creation of man, although the word is of recent date; and he explained the effect of boycotting upon society and individuals—both direct and indirect boycotting. His speech was well received, and at its close he received many floral tributes of estimation.

The next one of the graduating class to speak was Miss Rida Winters, whose subject was "Beyond the Alps lies our Italy." Miss Winters spoke of the difficulties that bestrew our lives from the time we enter into time until we pass into life eternal; but notwithstanding the hardships we have to endure or the obstacles we have to overcome in making our lives what they should be, we should never be despondent, but work with a full determination to make ourselves good and pure, and our actions worthy of imitation by others. She was listened to very attentively, and when she made her final bow she was greeted with applause and many bouquets and other floral tributes.

"Maying" was then sung by Miss Ada Pugh and Mr. G. W. Weed.

Geo. W. Austin, the valedictorian, then took the stand, and addressed the audience, at length, on "Social Studies," delivering a well prepared speech, in which he spoke of the rise and fall of nations, and the cause which brought different governments into existence, and the reasons why those same governments had ceased to exist. He gave some advice on political economy, which was worthy of an older head than his, thus showing that he had given his subject deep study. In bidding farewell to the School Board, the teachers, the audience and his classmates, he spoke with an earnest and feeling that won the praise of all present. He, like the others, received a large number of floral tributes and applause at the close of his remarks.

"The Land of the Swallows" was then sung by Misses Stella Kerr and Mattie Sheehan.

The Rev. W. F. Mathews of the Presbyterian Church, then delivered a very impressive address to the graduating class, consisting of the five young ladies and gentlemen who spoke on the occasion; and then the diplomas were presented by Mr. W. H. Holsinger, of the School Board, in a neat little speech.

The entire affair was a grand success, and Prof. L. A. Lowther and his assistants, Miss Nannie Pugh and Christopher Garthe, received much praise for the high standing in which our school ranks as an educational institution. The music and singing was all worthy of praise.

DROWNED.

About three o'clock yesterday afternoon; Dan Willy, the nine-year-old son of Mr. Frederick Willy, was drowned in the Cottonwood, just below the C. K. & W. R. R. bridge. He and three other little boys, Fred Hutson, Harry Hegwer and Floyd Wishard, were in swimming, and got to playing "it," a game in which the boys hit one another, and in running from one of the boys, Dan got into a hole ten feet deep, just below the riffles. There was some parties standing on the railroad bridge, who saw him go under, but who could not swim, and they gave the alarm at the new creamery, and the men at work on that building went to the rescue, and in about seven minutes from the time he first went under he was brought out by Messrs. James Smith and Ed. Perry. He was then rolled until the water was all out of him, and medical assistance was sent for, but it was more than a half hour before Drs. Stone and Smith could be found, and they rendered all the help

they could, with battery and other-while, to resuscitate the boy, but to no avail. The heart-stricken family had the sympathy of this entire community in their sad bereavement. The funeral will take place from the M. E. church at 2 o'clock to-day.

THE DEBATE ON THE TARIFF.

The Kansas City Times has just published a neat pamphlet entitled "The Debate on the Tariff," which contains President Cleveland's message to Congress, Mr. Blaine's criticism on the message, and all the principal speeches delivered this session for and against the Mill's tariff bill. As a campaign document it is invaluable.

EVERYBODY'S YOUR PREMIUM.
 Every person subscribing to or renewing their subscription to this paper, will be supplied with the Kansas City Weekly Journal FREE, during the campaign of 1888.

Here is an opportunity to place in your family the largest and best weekly paper published in Kansas City. Send in your name at once and get two papers for the price of your own.

ATTENTION COMRADES.
 All Posts of the G. A. R., S. of V., W. R. C., and all old soldiers of Chase and Marion counties, are cordially invited to attend the Cottonwood Valley Celebration, to be held at Cedar Point, July 4th, 1888. Campfire in the evening.
 By order G. A. R. Committee.

FOR RENT.
 Six rooms in the Britton building; also the rooms formerly occupied as a barber shop, north of Kuhl's harness shop. For particulars call on
 J. P. KUHLE.

FOR SALE OR RENT.
 A good house. Has nine rooms, and a good central location. Inquire of
 MRS. B. GILLET.

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 Send postal note, money order or registered letter.
 THE TIMES, Chicago, Ill.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT SALINA, KANSAS, 6673
 May 12th, 1888.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the District Judge, or in his absence before E. W. Ellis, Clerk of District Court, at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, on June 21, 1888, viz: H. E. No 23113 of Joseph Langendorf, Jr. Eimdale, Kansas, for the SW 1/4 of sec 26, tp 30, r 30, range 5 east.
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Robert Yoehlin and Joseph Litzelschwaub of Cottonwood Falls, and Orson Eager and James Banks, of Eimdale, Chase county, Kansas.
 S. M. PALMER, Register.

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 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Robert Yoehlin and Joseph Litzelschwaub of Cottonwood Falls, and Orson Eager and James Banks, of Eimdale, Chase county, Kansas.
 S. M. PALMER, Register.

LAND OFFICE AT SALINA, KANS., 6695
 June 6th, 1888.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before E. W. Ellis, Clerk of District Court, at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, on July 30th 1888, viz: D. S. No. 8550 of Joseph J. Fenner, Cahola, Kansas, for the SW 1/4 of section 12, tp 18, r of range 5 east.
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Benjamin Loy, Elissa G. Howe, Harry Howe and Hiram B. Osborn, all of Cahola, Chase county, Kansas.
 S. M. PALMER, Register.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
JOSEPH G. WATERS,
 ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
 Topeka, Kansas,
 (Postoffice box 406) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton. 1623-1f

THOS. H. GRISHAM
 ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
 Office upstairs in National Bank building
 COTTONWOOD FALLS KANSAS:
 162-1f

C. N. STERRY,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 EMPORIA, KANSAS,
 Will practice in the several courts 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. 7-13 1f.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wm. H. HOLSINGER,
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HARDWARE, STOVES AND
TINWARE,

FARM MACHINERY & WIND
MILLS,

Wood and Iron Pumps,

PIPE, RUBBER HOSE AND
FITTINGS,

W. H. HOLSINGER,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS,
 165-1f

R. L. FORD,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
 COTTONWOOD FALLS,
 SEATING ALL
 TIME



ELGIN, WALTHAM, SPRINGFIELD AND HANDMADE
 WATCHES AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
 Aikin Lambert & Co.'s Gold Pens
 Repairing English Watches a Specialty.

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Chase County Land Agency

RAILROAD AND SYNDICATE
LANDS.

WILL BUY OR SELL WILD
LANDS OR IMPROVED
FARMS,

—AND LOANS MONEY.—
 COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS
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JOHN B. SHIPMAN
 Has

MONEY TO LOAN
 In any amount, from \$500.00 and upwards, at low rates of interest, on improved farm lands. Call and see him at J. W. McWilliams' Land Office, in the Bank building.
 COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS,
 If you want money ap23-1f

Notice to Taxpayers.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of County Commissioners of Chase county, Kansas, constituted as a Board of Equalization, will meet in the office of the County Clerk of said county, on Monday, June 4th, 1888, for the purpose of equalizing the valuation of all the property assessed in said county, for 1888, at which meeting, or adjourned meeting, all persons feeling themselves aggrieved with the assessment made and returned by the assessors, can appear and have all errors in the returns corrected.
 J. S. STANLEY,
 County Clerk.

COMPLEXION
DR. HEBBARD'S
VIOLA CREAM
 THIS preparation, without injury, removes Freckles, Liver-Moles, Pimples, Black-Heads, Sunburn and Tan. A few applications will render the most stubbornly red skin soft, smooth and white. **VIOLA CREAM** is not a paint or powder to cover defects, but a remedy to cure. It is superior to all other preparations, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. At drug stores or mailed for 50 cents. Prepared by **G. C. BITTNER & CO.,** TOLEDO, OHIO.
 Sold by C. E. HAIT. ad7-17r

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half-century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work, either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address **TRUB & CO.,** Augusta, Maine. ad8-17r

The Chase County Court.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop.

No fear shall we, no favor shall we, how to the line, let he chips fall where they may.

Terms - per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; after three months, \$1.75; after six months, \$3.00. For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 4 weeks, 5 weeks, 6 weeks, 7 weeks, 8 weeks, 9 weeks, 10 weeks, 11 weeks, 12 weeks, 13 weeks, 14 weeks, 15 weeks, 16 weeks, 17 weeks, 18 weeks, 19 weeks, 20 weeks, 21 weeks, 22 weeks, 23 weeks, 24 weeks, 25 weeks, 26 weeks, 27 weeks, 28 weeks, 29 weeks, 30 weeks, 31 weeks, 32 weeks, 33 weeks, 34 weeks, 35 weeks, 36 weeks, 37 weeks, 38 weeks, 39 weeks, 40 weeks, 41 weeks, 42 weeks, 43 weeks, 44 weeks, 45 weeks, 46 weeks, 47 weeks, 48 weeks, 49 weeks, 50 weeks, 51 weeks, 52 weeks.

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

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for time tables: EAST, WEST, C. K. & W. R. R., and various routes like Cedar Gr., Gladstone, Strong, Ellinor, etc.

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LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

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

Court proceedings, next week. Prairie feed south of town, yesterday.

Mr. Harlo Drake was down to Emporia, Tuesday.

M. J. V. Sanders was down to Topeka, Saturday.

Miss Stella Park, of Gould creek, has gone to California.

Mr. W. H. Holsinger has put up a wind mill on his premises.

Mr. A. Lehner, of Clements, is the happy father of a boy baby.

Miss Grace Keeve, of Marion, is visiting at Mr. H. P. Brackett's.

Mr. Geo. B. Carson was down to Emporia, Sunday, visiting friends.

Mr. John Mann, of Strong City, is building an addition to his residence.

Born, on Monday, May 28, 1888, to Mr. and Mrs. Julius Remy, a daughter.

District Court Clerk E. W. Ellis was down to Kansas City, last Saturday.

Miss Jennie A. Holmes, of Elmdale, is visiting an old school-mate, out west.

Mrs. S. A. Broese went to Kansas City, Friday, for a week's visit with friends.

Mrs. J. C. Serogin, of Wyandotte, is visiting at her father's, Mr. John H. Scribner's.

Mr. Ike Talkington and wife, of Morris county, were visiting at Elmdale, last week.

Mr. Simpson Priokett, of Clements, is rejoicing over the advent at his home of a boy baby.

Fresh bread, both morning and evening, at the Chicago Bakery; also at Hutson's restaurant.

Dr. W. H. Cartter left, last Saturday, for Terra Haute, Ind., to be gone about a week or ten days.

Hon. M. A. Campbell, of Plymouth was in town, Friday, on business and visiting friends and relatives.

There were quite good rains all around this city, Tuesday evening, but only a small shower fell here.

A son of Mr. E. C. Holmes, on the Cottonwood, near Elmdale, killed nine young wolves a short time ago.

The party who had a white and brown spotted dog tied up will please to let him loose so he can come home.

The wind was blowing quite hard, on Monday and Tuesday, from the south, drying up vegetation quite fast.

Mr. Samuel Earle and his daughter, Mrs. Olive Madden, of Sedan, Chautauqua county, are here, visiting their old home.

County Treasurer W. P. Martin was confined to his home, at Ellinor, a great portion of last week and this, by sickness.

Last week's Strong City Republican devoted nearly ten columns of its reading matter space to Decoration Day services.

Mr. David Harris, of Cleveland, O. brother-in-law of Mr. Henry Rowell, of the Eureka House, is visiting that gentleman.

Mr. Albert Frisby, son of Mr. N. W. Frisby, arrived here, last Friday, from Oregon, on a visit to his relatives in this city.

While in his barn, Monday afternoon, Mr. H. Bonewell, proprietor of the Eureka House, was kicked quite badly on the left leg.

In the 2:28 class trotting race at Terra Haute, Ind., Tuesday, the Gray Bros. Scott Chief won the 3rd, 5th and 6th heats and the race.

Mr. T. E. Silvester, of Florence, an old newspaper man, in company with Mr. F. D. Weller, of the Strong City Republican, gave us a call, Monday.

Miss Mary McGirr, of Knox county Ill., who had been visiting at Mr. C. F. Nesbitt's, on South Fork, for several months past, started home, Sunday.

Miss Allie Ewing, of Wonsivu, accompanied Miss Mabel Brackett home, last week, and attended the commencement exercises of our public schools.

Judge S. P. Young and J. M. Kerr are having a picket fence, in imitation of stone, put around their premises; that is, the pickets are painted and sanded.

Strong City and Cottonwood Falls will hold a joint meeting at the Court-house in this city, Saturday night, to make preparations for a grand Fourth of July celebration.

Mr. E. W. Braze is now doing an excellent ice business. His ice is as clear and pure as ice can be, and he has sufficient to supply all demands that may be made upon him.

Messrs. Edgar Jones, of Larned, and Chauncey Simmons, of St. Paul, Minn., have returned to their respective homes, after a brief visit here, with friends and relatives.

Lost, on Tuesday of last week, somewhere between Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, a gray shawl, which the finder will please to leave at this office, and be rewarded for the same.

The Cottonwood Township Sunday School Association will hold its annual convention at Clements, on Saturday, June 23, 1888. All Sunday School workers are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. J. L. Cochran left Strong on the special train from Wichita, Sunday, for the St. Louis convention, and from there he will make a visit to his old home, at Cleveland, Ohio, remaining there several weeks.

On Wednesday night of last week Mr. N. B. Berry, of Strong City, was given a most enjoyable surprise party at the residence of M. A. F. Fritze, where he boards, the occasion being the anniversary of his birth.

Among the non-resident lawyers in attendance at the District Court are Capt. C. N. Sterry, S. B. Kellogg, E. S. Waterbury, F. A. Brogan, of Emporia; Capt. J. G. Waters, A. Bergen, of Topeka; T. O. Kelley and Mr. Keller, of Marion.

Bids will be received until the 16th instant for the privilege of four refreshment stands on the celebration grounds near Cedar Point, July 4th, 1888. Highest bids gets choice of location. By order of Committee.

W. PROCK, Secretary.

Last Saturday being the tenth anniversary of the birth of Nellie Young, she gave quite an enjoyable party to a number of her little friends, in the parlor of Central Hotel, that afternoon; and she was made the recipient of several useful and handsome presents.

We are in receipt of an invitation to be present at the Commencement exercises of the Louisville (Ky.) Male High School, which are to take place June 15th, instant, but we are sorry to say, on account of a pressure of business just now we cannot be present on that occasion and listen to the orations of a graduating class of twenty-eight young men who have just completed a collegiate education.

Extensive preparations are being made at Cedarpoint for a grand 4th of July celebration. The program is not yet announced but it will embrace suitable patriotic and national exercises. Among them being "An Old Settlers' Reunion," and a G. A. R. Campfire. The parties having in charge are determined to make it an ideal Independence Day, which will be dear to every loyal heart, whether born in our own loved land, or made one of us by adoption. The spirit of the day will be patriotism not partisanship. The several committees will be announced next week.

The Vernon School, which has been so successfully conducted by Miss Rose Moore, for the past eight months, closed, last Friday, with a literary entertainment, in the evening, which reflects credit upon both teacher and pupils.

Although the school was made up principally of little folks, yet the manner in which each acted his or her part, showed that the teacher had faithfully done her work and in the years which are to come, noble men and women will go out from under the old Vernon roof, better equipped for the warfare of life, by having had such effective training as that given by our last teacher.

ONE WHO WAS THERE. Mason Long the converted gambler accompanied by his wife and two children and a quartette of four gentlemen, in a covered wagon drawn by two large gray horses, arrived in town Saturday evening, and Mr. Long addressed a crowd of people, from his wagon, on Broadway, between Main and Friend streets, telling them many truths; after which he sold a good many copies of a book of "warning to females," at one dollar each. He preached from his wagon again on Sunday morning, at the Methodist church, and again at Strong City Sunday night. His wagon contained an organ and the quartette sang while he was selling books and taking up collections.

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COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS.

The Board of County Commissioners were in session Monday and Tuesday, June 4 and 5, 1888, as a Board of Equalization, all the members present, and transacted the following business:

The valuation of town lots in Bazaar and Richards was lowered from \$8 to \$5 per lot.

The valuation of pasture lands in Falls and Diamond creek townships was raised from \$150 to \$200 per acre.

The valuation of the net of 20-20-6 was changed from \$700 to \$540.

The south 10 feet of east half 22 feet of lot 19, block 15, Cottonwood Falls, was taken off F. Oberst's assessment for last year and valued at \$60.

The official bond of A. M. Brees a County Treasurer elect was approved. The bond of the Chase County National Bank, as the bank in which to deposit the county's money, was accepted.

J. K. Fink was, in a compromise, allowed \$55 damages on the Baldwin road.

C. A. R. NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

This important annual event in Grand Army circles occurs at Columbus, O., in the second week of September, next. The present indications are that it will be the largest encampment ever held, it being estimated that at least 200,000 veterans will be in attendance. Preparations for the event are being rapidly pushed and the people of Columbus will be ready to take care of the throng.

The Ohio State Journal has been selected by the Executive Committee of arrangements to publish the daily roster of the encampment. A Committee on Registration will arrange to secure the most complete registration that has ever been made, and the Journal has contracted to print the names as they are furnished. This will make a very important feature of the national encampment, as nothing like a perfect roster has ever been published. Now it is proposed by the State Journal, if enough subscriptions to the weekly are received to justify the expense, to print the entire roster complete after the encampment, and send it to every weekly subscriber of the Weekly Ohio State Journal, which costs but one dollar a year. It will require about 50,000 new subscriptions to let the publishers out on the expense, and it remains to be seen whether there are that many old veterans who are willing to pay one dollar to have for preservation the roster of 1888 in complete form.

Subscriptions should be sent in now as the paper is worth more than its cost to any family, and especially so to Grand Army men at this time, who desire to keep posted on the preparations of the encampment, which appear every week in the State Journal.

A GREAT OFFER.

Elsewhere we print a proposition from The Chicago Times to send its weekly to subscribers during the presidential campaign for the small sum of 25 cents. The Weekly Times is one of the greatest papers in America, and this offer should meet with speedy acceptance at the hands of our readers. We will send The Weekly Times with the COURANT for the campaign for 35 cents. It is not necessary to organize clubs. Individual subscribers will be entitled to this low subscription rate.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.

The "Golden Age" is having a big run. Sold by Somers & Trimble.

Giese & Krenz are buying old iron at 15 and 25 cts. per hundred pounds.

Somers & Trimble are always supplied with plenty of coal.

For Sale, a mare, good single driver, and a sulky that will carry two riders, for \$35 dollars cash. Apply at this office.

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

BROWN & ROBERTS. DEALERS IN AND MANUFACTURERS OF. ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE. Coffins, Trimmings, &c., and the Finest Line of Picture Mouldings ever brought to Chase County. Repairing neatly done, on short notice. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.



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

Brown & Roberts have all the furniture and undertaking goods in Cottonwood Falls, and will sell them cheap.

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

Brown & Roberts have the only horse in the county. feb16-tf

The best bran in the market, at Somers & Trimble.

Ford, der Uhrmacher zu Cottonwood Falls, garantirt alle von ihm angefertigte Arbeit. Fremde und schwierige Uhrwerke sind seine besondere Spezialitaet.

Did you say graham flour? Yes! we have it, Somers & Trimble.

Go to Ford's jewelry store for the Domestic Sewing Machine.

Money to loan - can give best rates on \$200 and up. Money ready at all times. Don't borrow until you see J. W. McWilliams.

LETTERLIST.

Letters remaining uncalled for in Cottonwood Falls post-office, June 1, 1888. Andrews, George, Smith, Mary. Cook, Leddo, Lodd, J. H. Gillett, Frank, Wagram, Isaac M. Lock, Jennie, Weller, Thomas. Mandslly, James, Washington, M. O. Montgomery, M. L.

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following is the report of District No. 23 for the term ending May 31. The following are those whose general average on the final examination reached 75 per cent.

Walter Davinson, 84, Seward Baker, 95. Daisy Davinson, 78, Jennie Baker, 96. Albert Cook, 83, Maud Jennings, 86. Emma Baker, 82, Laura Pratt, 84. May Beach, 82, Fred Lewis, 77. Elsie Cook, 89, Minnie Moore, 75. Cora Moore, 89.

Average daily attendance during the term thirty-four. E. MCCABE, Teacher.

FINISHED TO CHICAGO.

The Santa Fe Running its Own Trains from Kansas To Chicago.

The Chicago Santa Fe & California railway, being the Chicago extension of the Atchison road, is completed to Chicago, and commences on Sunday, April 9th, to run through trains from Kansas City; Topeka; Atchison and St. Joseph to that city. The trains of the new line will be of the vestibule pattern, of which so much has been said in the east, and will give the people of the west an opportunity to dip in and enjoy this much vaunted luxury. The idea of popularizing the line with travelers has induced the Santa Fe to make a notable innovation connected with its vestibule trains: no extra charge will be made. All eastern lines charge extra for the additional accommodation.

Our people attending the Republican convention in June will have an opportunity of testing the new line.

J. L. Kellogg, CASH MEAT MARKET.

Having purchased and assumed control of the meat market formerly owned by Wm. Rockwood, I am prepared to furnish at the lowest rates.

JESSE L. KELLOGG.

LAND OFFICE AT SALINA, KAN., 6885 May 29th, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the District Court, at Cottonwood Falls, on July 7, 1888, viz: Benjamin W. Spencer of Lida, Kansas, for H. E. No. 32364 for the n/4 of sw 1/4 of sec 21, tp 30 s. of range 7 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Henry F. Cox, of Elmdale, Kansas; Fred Starkey, Robert Yoehlin and John Bookstore, of Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. S. M. PALMER, Register.

PHYSICIANS. STONE & ZANE. Physicians and Surgeons. Office in Central Drug Store. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN. nov12-1f

A. M. CONAWAY, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Residence and office, a half mile north of Topeka. ly11-1f

NEW DRUGS. THE OLD STONE STORE. DR. F. JOHNSON, OF ELMDALE, KANSAS. HAS AGAIN PUT IN AN ENTIRELY New and Complete Stock OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES AT HIS OLD STAND, WHERE HE WILL BE PLEASED TO HAVE HIS OLD CUSTOMERS CALL ON HIM. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. feb18-1f

LINCOLN FLORAL CONSERVATORY. Greenhouse, Bedding Plants, Roses, Flowering Shrubbery, Evergreens, Small Fruits, Etc. Extras with every order.

Notice for Publication. LAND OFFICE AT SALINA, KAN., 6884 May 23rd, 1888. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the District, or in his absence, E. W. Ellis, Clerk of District Court, at Cottonwood Falls, Kan., on July 4th, 1888, viz: P. D. S. No. 8667 of Francis M. Cutler, of Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, for the n/4 of sec 21 and 22, of sec 30 to 20 south of range 8 east.

THE CHEAPEST MEAT MARKET IN CLEMENTS. E. A. BIELMAN, Prop'r. Hams, Bacon and bologna always on hand. Choice corned beef. Highest cash price paid for hides. apr12-1yr.

MARTIN HEINTZ, Carpenter & Builder. Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop, at his home, northwest corner of Friend and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. jan25-1f

CLIMAX TOBACCO. BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. This Magazine portrays American thought and life from ocean to ocean, is filled with pure high-class literature, and can be safely welcomed in any family circle. PRICE 25c. OR \$3 A YEAR BY MAIL. Sample Copy of current number mailed upon receipt of 25 cts.; each number, 15 cts. Premium List with either. Address: B. T. BUSH & SON, Publishers, 130 & 132 Pearl St., N. Y.

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GET UP CLUBS. THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. L. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

GRESHAM'S RECORD.

Some of the Spots in His Record Which Can Not Be Wiped Away.

A man never knows himself until he gets into politics. At least, he never gets his past life pulled together in such shape that he can see it all at one glance until he becomes a formidable candidate for some political office. That is why Judge Gresham is perhaps better acquainted with himself to-day than ever before. It is altogether probable that he never realized what a small potato he was until the Blaine folks got to editing his record. Up to within the last month or two the Judge had reason to be stuck on himself, for pretty much every body else was stuck on him. He had been a Cabinet officer, a Judge of the Federal Court, and had held various public trusts, and yet every body spoke of him as a clean man, who was guided in public affairs by a sole desire to do the square thing. If Judge Gresham had never become a Presidential candidate, he would have gone down into history as one of the purest men that ever adorned public life. But it doesn't look that way now. The Blaine folks are talking a good deal, and what they say is calculated to tarnish the Judge's good name and to knock the spots out of his Presidential boom. They indulge in a good deal of mysterious undertone talk about the political trades the Judge made to get into a Cabinet office and from the Cabinet to a life position on the Federal bench. And then they profess to have something that they are holding back to be sprung at an opportune time, which will show that Judge Gresham's celebrated ruling in the Jay Gould railway case was not so purely unselfish as the Judge's friends would have the public believe. In addition to these mysterious intimations of crooked transactions on the part of one who is held up as an example of immaculate purity in American political life, the Blaine people have gone to work and unearthed Judge Gresham's political record, thirty years back, and, as a result, show that he was an ultra Know-Nothing, who went about breathing slaughter and threatenings to all American citizens of foreign birth. "America for Americans" was the Judge's political war cry thirty years ago.

So far as the intimations thrown out by the Blainites concerning Judge Gresham's crookedness in politics or his ruling in the Wabash cases, they will count for but little against him unless substantiated by proof. But so far as his Know-Nothing record is concerned, it is bound to give the Judge's Presidential aspirations a very black eye. Not because of any special prejudice in the Republican party against Know-Nothingism, because the old Know-Nothing party was the germ of the Republican party, but it will be because of the general recognition of the fact that a man with an unmistakable Know-Nothing record would not make an available Presidential candidate. That record would alienate the entire foreign-born population at the start, without any show of attracting strength from other quarters, because the entire Know-Nothing element is already inside of the Republican party.

Judge Gresham's friends must have been ignorant of their candidate's past record when they started his boom, or they underestimated the hyena-like capacity of the Blaine leaders for delving into the dead past.—*St. Paul Globe.*

GREEDY TYPE FOUNDERS.

Interesting Facts for Editors Who Are Howling for High Tariff.

Perhaps those newspapers which believe that the tariff as it is a divine institution, to propose a change in which is treason to country and party, may be interested in the following statement of facts, printed in the *Freeborn County Standard*:

We have been favored with a circular from a firm of type-founders, which, although highly interesting, is wrongly entitled. It is entitled "Important Notification," whereas it should be "Stand and Deliver." Without the least explanation in the way of justification or reason and without any apology, it briefly and boldly says: "At the fifty-sixth meeting of the Type-Founders' Association of the United States at New York April 11 and 12, 1888, the following advance in rates, to take effect on and after May 1, 1888, was unanimously adopted: Then follows a scale of prices twenty per cent. in advance of the present prices. The profits of type-making are now fully fifty per cent.; there has been no advance in cost of material or in the price of labor, there is not an increased demand, and this twenty per cent. advance is simply a robbery of so much more than this organized gang of plunderers have heretofore exacted. It is impossible for publishers and printers to advance rates, owing to the natural and active competition between them, and in consequence they must 'stand and deliver.'"

With one exception this is wholly and literally true. There has been some increase in the cost of the material of which type is made. There is a notable advance in tin, under the operations of a "trust," and an increase in the price of other metals less important as factors in type-making. But these changes, which are given as the alleged reason for advancing list prices of type, are by no means sufficient to warrant the action of the "combine." If any one inquires how it is able to levy this new tribute on the American newspaper, and through it, on the American public, he will find it in the following explanation by the *Standard*: "Under the tariff this conspiracy against fair and honest trade, denominated an 'American industry,' is protected by a tax of 25 per cent. on type, 20 per cent. on type metal, 2 cents per pound on lead, 10 per cent. on antimony, 20 per cent. on tin and 4 cents per pound on copper."

If it were not for these duties the monopoly of American type-founders could not stand for a day. The type-makers of Europe are making fortunes at the business, while their prices are

so far below those exacted by the combination of this country that every purchaser of a printing outfit could save hundreds of dollars if he were permitted to buy in the cheapest market. Nor does the benefit of this increased cost to the American public give any advantage to labor. The work of type-making is done very largely by women and children. They are paid the lowest current market rate of wages, differing little from that prevailing in other countries. The whole number of firms engaged in the business in the United States is only about eight or ten. And the managers of these are able to get together as they have done, and, by the help of the tariff, to advance their prices enormously, not one penny of the increase going into the pockets of labor. Every newspaper in the country must pay this tribute. Every reader of a newspaper is affected by the price which he must pay for subscription and advertising. Every man who has a hand-bill or poster printed must contribute his share to the inordinate profits of the manufacturer of type. This is how an unchangeable tariff works in a particular instance. It might be worth while for those who feel the burden in this case to look into the working of tariff laws in other particulars, and see whether taxes high enough to foster such monopolies are an unmixt blessing.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press. (Kep.)*

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—Thus the sea of trouble on which the water-logged old Republican ship is being tossed, is becoming day by day more turbulent and stormy.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

—Ingalls stands pilloried not only as the defamer of dead heroes, but as a sneak who sought to evade the responsibility for his deliberate defamation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Judging from the voluminous and unequivocal praise Mr. Melville W. Fuller, of Chicago, is receiving in every quarter, one would suppose that he had just died.—*Washington Critic.*

—The friends of Senator Voorhees explain his reply to Ingalls by saying that he has a carbuncle on his leg. Ingalls' case is worse than that—his carbuncle is internal.—*Springfield Republican.*

—The Alger boom is composed of cheek and boodle in equal parts. It is scarcely funny enough to laugh at, and scarcely big enough to be disturbed about.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.).*

—Voorhees has asked the pardon of the Senate for the language he recently made use of regarding Ingalls. Now let Ingalls ask the country's pardon for making the use of such language necessary.—*St. Paul Globe.*

—A type-founders' trust is the latest thing in the "combine" order. Its beneficent influence will be keenly felt by many an editor who is howling himself hoarse over the beauties of a high protective tariff.—*Chicago Tribune (Rep.).*

—If Senator Ingalls is disposed to go into explanations he might tell the public why, after supporting McClellan for the Presidency in 1864, when the war was going on, he defamed McClellan's memory in 1888, after the latter was laid away in the grave.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

—Judge Gresham has five bullets in his body, received during the war, and a Republican paper says that "the people love him for the lead he carries." How many rebel bullets does Mr. Blaine carry? Judging from his hold upon Republican heart-strings, he must be about as full of lead as a lead mine.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Democratic party will go into the Presidential campaign as thoroughly committed to one side of a living issue as the Republican party is to the other side. This is a pleasing prospect to the voters who believe that ballots should have a distinctive meaning in relation to some principle or policy of Government.—*N. Y. World.*

—Senator Ingalls proposes to have a part of the speech in which he attacked Senator Voorhees expunged from the Senate record. Ingalls would save himself a good deal of trouble and the public a good deal of disgust if he should make no speeches at all. To employ a familiar bull, he never opens his mouth but he puts his foot in it.—*Dubuque (Ia.) Telegraph.*

—Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, began his harangue with homicidal intent toward the Democratic party, but when he sat down it was plainly evident that he had simply committed suicide. He hoped to remove from their respective niches in the American Pantheon the statues of McClellan and Hancock and thus make room for himself, but the popular verdict is that the effigies of these Generals had better remain where they are, and the bust of Ingalls be relegated to the historic attic which is already half full of just such rubbish.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Bloody-Shirt John's Gloom.

Senator Sherman is said to take a gloomy view of the outlook for the Republican party this year. He has about given up all hope of carrying New York, for the reason that New York people, being "strictly business," don't care much whether the negro in the South votes or not, and, in fact, would prefer to have the South prosper under white control rather than upset commercial development by restoring the political domination of the colored race. Mr. Sherman thinks the only thing to do is to concentrate on Indiana and New Jersey on the high-tariff issue and leave New York to the Democrats.—*Chicago Times (Ind.).*

KING OF THE PAPUANS.

An Explorer Who Had Thrilling Experiences in the Pacific.

A short time ago an explorer died in St. Petersburg who was known far and wide among the Russians as "King of the Papuans." It was Dr. Makluho Maclay, the noted Russian ethnologist, in whose honor a long stretch of the northeastern coast of New Guinea, now in the hands of Germany, is called the Maclay coast. Few explorers have braved more hardships and dangers than Dr. Maclay, and pure love of science induced him to incur perils from which most men would shrink.

A few years ago a schooner dropped anchor one evening in an unknown bay on the New Guinea coast. Bonts put off, landed Dr. Maclay and his boxes on the beach, and then the schooner sailed away in the darkness, leaving Dr. Maclay alone on a savage coast that no white man had ever visited before. When the natives next morning found the white man sitting on his portmanteau they thought the strange object had dropped from the sky. They believed at first that he was a god, and they nearly killed him with experiments before they decided that he was human like themselves. They fastened him in a hut, put guards around the structure and nearly starved him, thinking that if he were not of human origin he did not need food. They said that nothing ought to frighten him if he were a god, and so they tied him to a tree and shot arrows close to his head and neck, and severely wounded him during the experiment. Then they pressed their spears against his teeth to make him open his mouth, and in many other ways they put his courage, temper and strength to severe tests.

They finally made up their minds that he was not a god, because his wound bled and he needed food, but they decided that he was a capital fellow, because he was always good-natured. Many of their sick recovered health under his skillful care, and Dr. Maclay finally acquired the reputation far and wide of being a big medicine man who had dropped from the moon. For two years Dr. Maclay lived among these savages, feeling amply repaid for all his sacrifices by the wealth of scientific facts he was able to collect.

Four years ago, Mr. Komilly, Great Britain's Commissioner for the Western Pacific, visited Astrolabe Bay. "The natives were rather shy at first," he wrote, "until I shouted the magical name of Maclay; then they came up as fast as they could. By the help of the few words Maclay had written down for me, I was able to inform them that he would come back to them soon. They at once became extremely friendly, and kept on telling each other that I was Maclay's brother. It is possible that they were more civil to me than they would be to every one, owing to the fact of my acquaintance with Maclay, which I made the most of."

Over a year ago it was announced that Maclay was about to lead 250 Russian colonists to New Guinea to settle on the coast which he was the first to visit. The Russian Government, however, discouraged the project, and it was abandoned. The Germans are now planting their stations all along the coast, which Komilly says is the most beautiful he ever saw, and in his book he fully confirms the favorable report that Dr. Maclay gave of his little part of the great island. Though only forty-two years old when he died, Dr. Maclay had traveled more extensively in the western Pacific than any other scientific man, and it is to be regretted that the account of his protracted explorations, which he had been writing for many months, was only half completed when he died.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE HOOSIER POET.

James Whitcomb Riley's Early Struggles and Later Successes.

James Whitcomb Riley is a native of Hancock County, Ind., and about thirty-six years of age. His early education was somewhat defective, for though Riley's opportunities were good enough, his father being comfortably off in this world's goods, he preferred a pursuit less dry than pouring over books. Before his school days were over he abandoned his studies and took up the trade of a sign painter, and soon began traveling from place to place, apparently contented if his day's work brought him enough to pay for his night's lodging. He would frequently enter a town as a blind sign writer, and solicit work while being guided from house to house by a boy. When his ability to do the work was questioned, he demanded a trial. Running his hand over the surface as if to take the dimensions, the "blind sign writer" would write the sign while the people would gather around him and express the greatest astonishment at the accuracy of the work. On one of these tramps Riley fell in with a vendor of patent medicines, and for a time the two traveled together, Riley, amusing the crowd with his banjo and comic songs and sayings, as "the medicine man" extolled the virtues of his wonderful catholicon and sold it to the people. As a sign painter Riley became perfectly familiar with the language of the street, the ignorant and unsophisticated, and thus laid the foundation for his future success as a writer of dialect prose and poetry. The signs he painted have on them such peculiar expressions and characters as indicate the odd genius of the author.

"The first verse I ever remember writing," said Mr. Riley, recently "was a little four line valentine. It was just big enough to reach the top of a table, and I was painting a comic sketch on a piece of paper. Below the

sketch I wrote four comic lines—my first, I believe." Speaking of his early experience as a writer of verse for publication, Mr. Riley said: "For a long time I published in local journals and received the commendations of my friends. At last I sent some verses to Longfellow, and he was kind enough to send me an encouraging letter. Armed with this I attacked the metropolitan press, and have since been paid for my productions." His first productions appeared in print between 1875 and 1876. To bring himself the earlier into public notice, with the consent of a country editor, Riley published a short poem which was an imitation of Edgar A. Poe's style, introducing it with the statement that the poem had been found written on the blank leaf of a book once belonging to Poe and found by a relative of the deceased poet, who moved to Indiana from the East, many years ago. The trick was discovered, but it seems to have answered the purpose it was intended for, as the merits of Riley's pen were recognized. He procured employment on a newspaper published in Indianapolis, and while thus engaged wrote the most of his dialect verse. Within the last few years he has contributed a number of pieces for Eastern periodicals, and has published a book of selections, in which, however, the piece in imitation of Poe's style does not appear. Riley's appearances as a reader of his poems before distinguished literary people and their admirers in New York last year were a great success. He was the lion of the occasion.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

LEARNING A TRADE.

Some of the More Important Points to Be Considered by Apprentices.

The first and most important step to be considered is adaptability. Never attempt to learn a trade simply because of its pecuniary prospects. This is just where too many young men fail, and is the reason for so many failures both from a business point of view and as a mechanical success.

There is no question but what nature, with all the resources at her command, has in the germ of every human being deposited a right proportion of the ingredient of adaptability. Beyond this germ she can have no control, and whether or not it is developed in its proper form, depends, of course, upon the individual himself.

If the young man has a natural inclination for mechanics, he can not do himself a worse injury than to attempt to learn another trade or profession.

When this point has been settled, and the young man has decided upon the trade which best suits his nature and inclinations, the next question to be decided is where and how he can best perfect himself in this trade.

As the best is none too good, it is all important that the first step should be a right step. Go where the trade you wish to learn is most perfectly and thoroughly practiced.

If you are fortunate enough to obtain a position, accept it, and begin at the beginning, with a determination to work up, not to be carried up, or yet to jump up, for you will fall if you do.

Don't be too anxious to graduate; the longer you live the more you will find you have yet to learn. No man was ever yet too old to learn, nor yet so thoroughly competent but he might be taught oftentimes by those he looks upon as inferiors. Attend strictly to business, and mind your own business; keep your eyes and ears open, be accommodating and gentlemanly, always prompt and punctual, do always as you are told; remember you are not teaching, but being taught; by some little inattention to orders or instruction, you may do your employer a damage; and injure your reputation; do what you do well, no matter if it is only in sweeping the floor or cleaning the tools; as the twig is bent the tree inclines. If you are a slack and slovenly apprentice, you will be the same as a journeyman; be truthful and honest.

If you do an injury to your employer, spoil a piece of work, injure a tool or forget to obey an order, acknowledge your error. Don't try to cover it; your sin will find you out, and you will be the sufferer. Choose good associates, and keep good company; read and study your art. Don't criticize your superiors, for they may know more than you; neither those less advanced than yourself, for you were once where they are now; avoid those who are always fault finding and backbiting; they are like snakes in the grass; be temperate in all things, and a man at all times. The young man who will remember and practice these things must succeed, and will find that it pays in the long run.

It is a very difficult matter to impress upon the mind of a youth the importance of the above, and there are very few young men who start out to learn a trade nowadays who are willing to observe such a course. But the fact still remains, and is every day proven, that a strict observance of these points is absolutely necessary in order to become a thoroughly successful and practically competent tradesman.—*Cor. Boston Budget.*

—At a country funeral in New England the friends were enumerating the good qualities of the deceased. One old intimate of the bereaved husband stroked his grizzled beard thoughtfully as he concluded: "She was a valuable woman—was your wife." The widower looked up with an assenting: "Yes—yes"; then, confidentially and in a half-whisper, added: "But Adelzyz haint airt me nothin' for high onto 'leven years!'"—*Troy Times.*

THE PAWN-SHOP MANIA.

Pathetic Story of an Infatuated Young Dakota Lawyer.

Reading an article the other day on the evil of the pawn-shops in our cities reminded me of a young friend, a brilliant young lawyer, son of one of the oldest families in Dakota, blessed with a beautiful wife and one son, a boy. His life was full of promise, which gradually went to protest as he fell under the deadly influence of the pawnshop. In an evil, thoughtless hour, his merry companions enticed him into the lair of the destroyer, and scarcely knowing what he did, he soaked a bone-handled revolver, the gift of his Sunday-school teacher, for seven dollars. "It is only this once," he said. Alas! it was the taste of blood to the tiger. Again and again he fell, and again and again he said: "It is only this once." Never was that maddening thirst to be allayed. It was not that he wanted money; it was only the restless, maddening craving to pawn something. Once he came to me with blood-shot eyes and feverish lips. "Lend me your watch," he said. "For what?" I asked. "To pawn," he said, hoarsely; "I know a place where I can get forty cents for it." "No," I said, "I can not part with my watch, but I will give you twice forty cents." "No, no, no!" he fairly screamed, "I do not want any man's money. I have money;" and he showed me four or five large disks of metal which in the United States pass for dollars, "but I must pawn something or I shall go mad, mad—ha, ha!" My heart was moved by his abject misery, and I reluctantly gave him my hand-made Waterbury gymnasium, thinking that I could have the grindstone moved into my study for my daily exercise. He thanked me fiercely and was gone. He got twenty cents on the watch and then put up the ticket at another shop for ten cents more. Day by day the habit grew upon him. Night after night his heart-broken wife would sit up embroidering Bayeux tapestries by the dim light of a solitary tallow candle, which flickered low and fitfully in its socket all night long, while he loitered away the hours, held by the cruel fascination of a pawn-shop. Often his friends would find him prowling the streets at night stark naked, with every pocket full of money, having put up his clothes in the glittering partition of the pawn-shop. Once he so far forgot himself, in the delirium caused by a week of pawning, as to strike his frail young wife with his clenched fist, because while there wasn't a crust of bread in the house, and she and the boy had been for two days without food, she refused to let him have her sealskin cloak and diamond earrings, which he might hang them up in the devouring vortex of the abyssal pawnshop. He never did it again. The insulted wife let him have it with the rolling-pin until a general case of inflammatory rheumatism would have felt like a soothing ointment to him. At last, when he had put up every thing he had in the world, he got on a train and went down in Texas. A train robber boarded the car, drew a revolver and shot three balls into him. He put up his hands and died.—*Bob Burdette, in Chicago Journal.*

JOHN SURRENDERED.

A Gentle Hint Dropped at the Right Time Leads to Happy Results.

"How funny some people are," she said. "Funny?" "Yes, some people who are going to be married." "O!" "Yes, some want to be married in a balloon, some on the middle arch of a bridge, some in a boat, some in a railroad train, some on horseback, some on the edge of a precipice, some down in a coal-mine."

"Yes, I have noticed it." "What is their object, I wonder?" "Marriage, of course!"

"But I mean their object in getting married out of the usual way." "Well, I'll tell you what I think. They get married in this way so that they can tell their children and their grandchildren they were married under peculiar circumstances, as, for instance, 'your mother and me, children, were married in a coal mine,' or, 'your grandmother and me, children, were married in a balloon.'"

"Perhaps it is the reason," said the maiden. "Of course that is the reason." "There was a pause. Then the maiden, with a glowing cheek, said: "I've been thinking, John."

"Yes," he said, interrogatively. "I've been thinking how funny it would be—" (a pause, and a deeper blush).

"Well, Bella, you've been thinking what?" "I've been thinking how funny it would be if—"

"Yes." "If when the subject of marriage comes up thirty or forty years hence you could point to me and say: 'Why, children, your grandmother proposed to me in leap year and we were married a few weeks later.'"

John is very busy these days furnishing a nice little cottage, and Bella is superintending the making of her wedding-dress.—*Newark Journal.*

Not for General Perusal.

Uncle Rastus (in telegraph office)—Has you got a envelope, sah? Operator—What do you want of an envelope, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus—Dis exparte, sah, am ob a very private nature, an' I wants it sent sealed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Beware of the still man, he is getting your size and concealing his own.

INSTRUCTIVE FIGURES.

How to Realize a Fair Percentage of Profit From Valuable Land.

A reader asks how he can make his farm of 180 acres, valued at \$16,000, pay 5 per cent. annual income, net. We will assume that the farm is of ordinary farming land, capable of producing good crops of grain, grass or vegetables, and is in a fair state of fertility; and we must assume further that the land will be well cultivated and managed by a good, practical, common sense farmer. The farm has thirty acres of woodland. Allow ten acres for building lot, yards, orchard, garden, roads and pasture, permanent, and we have then 140 acres for common farm purposes. This should be divided into fields as to make it convenient to have one-fourth or one-fifth in different crops annually, and no crop to be grown oftener than four or five years on the same field. Three years the land to grow grain and vegetable crops, and two years grass and clover, to complete a five-year course. Corn, oats and all refuse hay, straw and cornstalks to be fed to stock on the farm and worked into manure to aid the fertility of the land. The manure to be taken from the stables in winter and spread as drawn on clover sod to be plowed in spring for corn. There ought to be manure enough made to manure fifteen acres at twenty loads per acre. There will then be left thirteen acres of the one-fifth allotted to the first crop in the rotation, this to be in beans or potatoes; the second year, this ground to be put to oats, the stable then plowed as soon as the crop is off and sown to wheat, the land being well fitted with clover and timothy seeding in spring. The fourth year, the land mowed for hay; the fifth year, to pasture. Stock should be kept to use the pasture, hay and all other fodder and coarse grain; some dairy may be kept, or otherwise beef, pork or mutton may be made—the latter will be the better for the fertility of the farm, as more and richer manure will be made.

We will say fifteen acres is manured in winter and spring, which will be planted to corn; thirteen acres clover sod, unmanured, will be planted to beans; second crop will be oats—twenty-eight acres. This the third year will be sown to wheat, and all manure made after spring manuring will be applied as top dressing on the bean land which was not manured when the sod was turned. The wheat land will be seeded and mowed for hay the fourth year, and pastured the fifth year. The rotation to be repeated every fifth year. It is fair to estimate the gross income, and allow one-half for use of land, or the landlord's share, after deducting one-half the cost of seed sown and one-half the cost of fertilizers purchased, which will be applied on wheat and corn at the rate of 200 pounds per acre of good superphosphates, costing \$25 per ton. The income from crops estimated at prices and yields of the past three years, would be \$8,504; landlord's half, \$4,252. Deducting from the landlord's share cost of seed, fertilizer, 2 per cent. on capital for repairs, and figure out for him a net income from capital of \$1,175, or 7 1/2 per cent. The estimate for crops are above the average, but not above what may be realized by thorough cultivation on any fair farming land, and are below the average on my farm for several years past, and much below the possible yield under better cultivation. In the estimates I calculated on the basis of market values of products, assuming that all might be sold, but such portions of the products as are to be fed on the farm should realize to the farmer in beef, pork, dairy and growing stock their market value, and more, when judiciously fed.—*F. P. Loat, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Woman's Bewitching Laugh.

A woman has not a natural grace more becoming than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it, feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. And so of the smile. A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable laugh or smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character; some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness; others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and posing before a mirror can not aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unswayed from the reflection of evil, and is illumined and beautified by all sweet thoughts.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Speaking of absinthe the *New York Graphic* says: "On general principles it may be said that the average absinthe tippler in this country has never tasted the genuine absinthe in his life. Its effects are frightful and unmistakable, and very few of its devotees are ever restored to entire health." Blue vitriol is one of the ingredients of the article in common use, though the unadulterated compound is bad enough.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The pious man and the atheist always talk of religion; the one speaks of what he loves, and the other of what he fears.—Taylor.

As the principle of love is the main principle in the heart of the real Christian, so the labor of love is the main business of the Christian life.—Jonathan Edwards.

I can not imagine how a man who thinks at all about himself, and yet refuses to hear any thing about God, can endure life without weariness and self-abhorrence.—Dismarck.

Don't forget that the great Father of all has had infinite trouble with you. Quite probably you have been quite as refractory, ungovernable and disobedient to Him as any child you have been to you. Let this thought temper your anger, and make you wise. You direct a complex human soul.

A devout woman once wrote this: "In my own family I try to be as little in the way as possible, satisfied with every thing, and never to believe for a moment that one means unkindly toward me. If people are friendly and kind to me, I enjoy it; if they neglect me, or leave me, I am always happy alone. It all tends to my one aim, forgetfulness of self, in order to please God."

Truth is one of the fairest attributes of the Deity. It is the boundary which separates vice from virtue—the line which divides Heaven from hell. It is the chain which binds the man of integrity to the throne of God; and, like the God to whose throne it binds him, fill this chain is dissolved his word may be relied on. Suspended on this, your property, your reputation, your life, are safe.—Christian at Work.

"Seek the good of other men," says Lord Bacon, "but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies." Some times it is a positive injury to another to respect his prejudices. But, if you must cross them, do so as gently as possible. He who has learned how to combine gentleness and firmness, has mastered one of the greatest lessons of life. He has learned how to govern and to read.—Morning Star.

There is no spiritual life that is not founded on knowledge of the truth. I think it was an eminent minister who was once addressed by an ignorant man, who said to him: "The Lord has no need of your learning." His reply was: "But he has less need of your ignorance." Now a person may be good without knowing very much, but he can not be a great power for good unless he does know a great deal.—A. E. Dunning.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The most successful man in any business is he who gives his occupation his undivided attention.

A tear in the eye of a woman is ten times more persuasive than a rolling-pin in her hands.—Merchant Traveler.

He that is a donkey, and believes himself a deer, finds out his mistake at the leaping of the ditch.—Italian Proverb.

When a man says his "wife is worth her weight in gold," if she weighs 120 pounds she is worth just an even thirty thousand dollars.

A good character when established should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still further good.—Atterbury.

Don't laugh at and deride your children's hobbies. Remember how much brighter life seemed to you when you realized a cherished dream, and treat them accordingly.

He who seeks peace will find that with advancing age the peaceful moment, that once came so seldom, returns more readily, and that at last the moments unite to make hours, and the hours to build up days and years.

When young people are wisely prepared for marriage, says a recent writer, and are taught its sanctity it will cease to be the leap in the dark it now is to both parties, and the beauty and vigor of youth will make it what it should be—safe and happy. Ignorance makes half-breeds of us all. Intelligence and morality are as essential as health and vigor.

We rise by raising others—and he who stoops above the fallen, stands erect. Nothing can be grander than to sow the seeds of noble thoughts and virtuous deeds—to liberate the bodies and souls of men—to earn the grateful homage of a race—and then, in life's last shadowy hour, to know and feel that the historian of Liberty will be compelled to write your name.—Ingersoll.

Lovers wish that the whole earth might be one garden, crossed and recrossed by silent, moon-lit paths; and when love has taken the one and left the other, he who stays behind would have his garden changed to an angry ocean, and the sweet moss-banks to storm-beaten rocks, that he may drown in the depths, or be dashed to pieces by the waves, before he has time to know all that he has lost.

People who give generously are probably not so rare among us as those who receive with grace. The independent, self-contained man or woman is very likely to decline a slight gift or service with disdain, or at best to accept it with condescension. This manner is due, no doubt, not so often to a feeling of superiority to the giver, and the gift as to a short-sighted kindness; for, very frequently, favors come most freely from those who are least ready to accept any return. Reflection would show such people that unwillingness to receive is as truly a mark of selfishness as an equal unwillingness to give.—Sunday School Times.

ITALY'S GREAT PATRIOT.

The Hair-Breadth Escapes of the Early Career of Garibaldi.

The fate of nations often hangs on a thread. At this day, the unification of Italy may appear a very simple, natural, historically unavoidable fact. Yet those who know what a heavy task it was, in our time, once more to knead together the Roman stock, and how the personality of Garibaldi alone was able to join South to North, can not read without a strange feeling his several hair-breadth escapes. What if he had been taken prisoner for that conspiracy, owing to which a sentence of death was pronounced against him by default, when he was at the age of 27? On February 5, 1834, he fortunately was able to steal out of Genoa, disguised as a peasant—henceforth an exile. A few days afterward he read his condemnation to death in a paper at Marseilles. "There," he said, "began my public life." He does not mention that at Marseilles he met Mazzini, the head of "Young Italy." From the works of the latter, however, we know the fact, and also that Garibaldi's secret non de guerre in the patriotic association was "Borel." In Guerin's ample and highly interesting work, it is well pointed out how the characters of the two men, then both equally young, were evidently too different to allow of the creation of that electric spark which lights the flame of mutual love and of a lasting community of thought." Still, curious to say, the first ship which Garibaldi, together with his friend Rossetti, fitted out for the republic of the Rio Grande, being provided with letters of marque, was called the Mazzini—so named, as we also learn from Guerin, by Garibaldi himself. Again, what if this man of destiny, as some may say, after having been shot in the neck during his South American campaign, and for a time laid nearly lifeless, had succumbed to the horrible torture he was afterward put to at Guleguay? He was a prisoner on parole. He thought the Government of his captors would itself be glad to get rid of his presence. So he tried to escape, but was overtaken and put on a horse, with his hands tied back, and his legs even bound together under the animal's belly. On his refusal to betray the persons who had furnished him with the means for flight, he was first brutally beaten with a whip by the commander of Guleguay, and then hung up for two hours by the wrists on a rope drawn over a beam in the prison. "I, who had devoted my whole life to the relief of the suffering, who had devoted it to war against tyranny and the patrons and administrators of torture! My body was burning like a furnace. My stomach dried up in the water which I swallowed without interruption, and which was poured into me by a soldier as if it were a red-hot iron. Such sufferings can not be described. When they took me down I no longer moaned; I was in a swoon; I was like a corpse."—Karl Blind, in Contemporary Review.

RUSSIAN DESPOTISM.

How the Czar's Chief of Police Disposed of a Funny Clown.

The Russian clown, Turoff, of the Petersburg Cineselli Circus, trotted a well-trained and knowing-looking hog out into the arena, and caused it to carry and fetch sundry objects in obedience to his orders in the most approved canine style. The audience was delighted, and insisted on an encore, whereupon the clown threw a paper rouble note into the arena and ordered the pig to fetch it to him. Biggy trotted up to the note, sniffed at it disdainfully, and finally, notwithstanding the vituperations and objections of the clown, deliberately turned its back upon the note and trotted away. On seeing this, the clown shrugged his shoulders, and addressed the pig, exclaiming: "Well, after all, you are not to be blamed! If a man like Wisnegranski (the Minister of Finance) could raise the rouble note, surely one can not expect a poor ignorant pig, like yourself, to do so!" The Minister of Finance was indignant, and on the following day the clown was summoned into the presence of General Gresser, chief of the city police, and ordered by him to jail for three days. On emerging from prison, the clown waited until one night when General Gresser, with his family, was present at the performance in one of the boxes. As soon as he saw the chief of police, the clown drove a whole troop of trained pigs into the arena, and made them squat down all in a row on chairs. Thereupon, he explained to the public that, during his imprisonment, he had attempted to pass away the time by learning German, and then, with the object of showing the audience what progress he had made, he turned to the pigs, and addressed them in that language. Commencing with the smallest pig, he exclaimed, as he tenderly patted its snout: "You are only a little pig, but you," he added, to the next one, "are gresser (the German patois for bigger), and you," turning to the third, "are also gresser, while you," turning to the fourth, "are a very big pig." The audience fairly roared with laughter, but General Gresser considered that he had been grossly and publicly insulted, and immediately left the building. The same night the clown was arrested, and when last heard of, poor Turoff was on his way to Siberia, where, at hard labor in the salt-mines, he will have time to reflect on the folly of poking fun at the chief of the Czar's police.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Since the evacuation of Boston by the British there has never been but one British man-of-war in the harbor.

BATHS IN ALGIERS.

The Almost Indescribable Luxury of a Turkish or Moorish Bath.

No traveler in the East can consider his sojourn complete without the experience at least, if not luxury, of a Turkish or Moorish bath.

If you go, you go to perspire, and to see every body and every thing around you perspire. After undressing and depositing your watch and valuables with the proprietor, go to the hot room and stretch yourself upon a raised platform in the center of the tepidarium, built of large slabs of marble over an oven in which a raging fire is eager to roast you. Think of the dolmens of old upon whose back the Druids offered their sacrifices, and imagine yourself any animal you please. When you are roasted on one side, turn over and try another corner of your altar to find a cool spot. Then lie on the stone floor, and let your grinning attendant crack your bones, pull your joints, and twist your neck, and knead you with his hands, and walk over you with his knees; then let him roll off your old skin, and with evident pride lay before you long strings of your worthless hide, a dozen of them in a row; then you begin to realize that you have had one bath in your lifetime that has been of some genuine use to your human existence. Pamice-stone for the soles of your feet, and strong soap, and wisps of hemp or similar fiber, help to take off your second skin, but you keep on your third to go home with by fixing it with a bucket or two of cold water. Then, to keep what remains of you together, and to prevent your third skin from trying to get away, your attendant wraps you tightly in towels as big as sheets, and your head in a turban, and perches you on high wooden sandals to keep your feet out of the water, for the pavement is also perspiring freely; small rivers flow in every direction. In this becoming garb, like a man buried by mistake in the catacombs, you come forth and lie down with the other mistaken corpses, and help them drink tea, and perspire once more, and throw another mantle—of smoke—about you with a long pipe. Then you are fit for nothing; he still and let the world wag as it will. The hours set apart for men at the baths are from seven o'clock in the evening until noon, thus furnishing them with good sleeping quarters for the night.

The baths are the great places of rendezvous for the Arab women, who spend an afternoon there frequently (their hours being from noon till seven) and they certainly deserve this much of social intercourse. They are seen with their children in the streets going to the bath, accompanied by a gurgulous negress carrying a bronze vessel filled with necessary articles, and other baskets and bundles containing a complete change of linen, also several strings of orange blossoms, orange-flower water is not to be forgotten, for it enters extensively into their luxuries as a drink with their meals and as a perfume. For the latter purpose a bottle of brass, silver, or gold, with long neck and a pepper-box termination, is used, with which they sprinkle guests at home and friends at the bath as well as themselves. The baths, again, "take in washing," especially of heavy woolen burmooses, baiks, blankets, etc., which the attendants and the mouche (a young boy-servant, whose name is evidently of Spanish origin) wash with their feet and plenty of soap and water on the marble pavement in the hot room. These articles are hung with the bath towels and other linen, to dry on the terraces. To make a study under the drippings of such an entire laundry may be looked upon as a feat, aside from the fact, that the mouche seemed afraid to leave me within reach of such valuable wet linen. With sulphur fumigations the yellow burmooses, arranged like tents over the burning unwelcome incense under the artist's nose. The bath attendants are apparently wonderfully constituted to avoid rheumatism and pneumonia; they go in and out of the heated room for hours together with only a towel round their loins, but they do catch cold all the same.—F. A. Bridgman, in Harper's Magazine.

A Siek Peddler's Trick.

This is how the peddler of furniture polish managed it. The maid came up-stairs and told her mistress that a gentleman in the parlor wished to see her on important business. The lady went down, and although it was two o'clock in the afternoon, she was confronted by the apparition of a man in full evening dress, with his hands encased in lemon-colored kid gloves. He handed her a card which explained that he was Mr. Blank, and represented a certain house which manufactured a superior article of furniture polish. She was indignant, but he talked smoothly on without the slightest loss of patience or temper. Then the humor of the situation dawned on her. Presently she found herself listening, and the next thing she knew she bought a dozen bottles of the horrid mixture, when she didn't want it at all. "I can't understand why I did it," she said, in telling of her gullibility afterward, "but I did it. I shall never use the polish—never; but the experience proves to me that one never knows the possibilities of folly within one's self."—N. Y. Press.

There is no such thing as equality in life; you must be either greater or less than your neighbor; you must lead or be led.

There are too many humorists and too little humor.—Buffalo Express.

THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Which Opens in Cincinnati July 4.

No event of the past decade has created so much interest in the whole country as the coming of the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States, which opens its doors in Cincinnati on the nation's birthday (July 4), to continue in continuous days and nights—a celebration in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Northwest Territory. United means have been placed at the disposal of the managers by the enterprising business element of the Queen City, and nothing is being left undone that will conduce to the success of the undertaking. In stead of a local—as some suppose—it is a National event, made so by the hearty cooperation on the part of a dozen of the chief States in the Union, and the encouragement given it by the fact that "Uncle Sam" intends to make an exhibit of his own of the treasures stored away in Washington City—an appropriation for the moving and care of which has been recommended by a Congressional Committee to whom the matter was referred.

The guarantee fund of one million and fifty thousand dollars, which the Board of Commissioners have at their command, has enabled them to provide magnificent quarters in which to display the mass of articles which have been recommended by a Congressional Committee to whom the matter was referred. The temporary buildings, which were erected for the purpose of displaying the mass of articles which have been recommended by a Congressional Committee to whom the matter was referred, will have cost no less than a quarter of a million of dollars, and are models of architecture, combining all the elements necessary for the uses to which they will be put.

The Exposition has been advertised for the past year in a masterly manner, and there is no section of the country that has failed to hear of the great event. Applications for exhibiting space have been received in abundance from every clime, and there seems to be no reason to doubt its entire success, both artistically and financially.

Spring poets should be pitted rather than beat; "mercury" and "thermometer" give to the affair better facilities in the English language to find rhymes for.

An Icy Invasion Of the back and shoulders announces the approach of chills and fever. You go to bed, if lucky enough to sleep, you awake in a furnace, or fancy so. Fire is the heat that consumes you. Then comes profuse sweating. This you resemble a limp, damp rag. After the first paroxysm, prevent another with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which knocks out malaria, biliousness, constipation and kidney complaints.

When is a pretty girl inclined to commit murder? When she is bound on a sleigh expedition.

Green's Sulphur Soap is infallible for removing dandruff.

Hill's Hair Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

The woman question—"What are you going to trim it with?"—St. Albans Messenger.

It is a strange fact that silk dresses can not be satia.

A Dublin man—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.—Boston Gazette.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc. in Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago.

NEW YORK. CATTLE—Common to prime... 4.50 @ 5.25. HOGS—Good to choice... 5.80 @ 6.10. FLOUR—Good to choice... 3.70 @ 5.10.

CHICAGO. CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4.50 @ 5.00. HOGS—Packing and shipping... 5.40 @ 5.50. SHEEP—Fair to choice... 5.00 @ 5.50.

ST. LOUIS. CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4.50 @ 5.00. HOGS—Packing and shipping... 5.40 @ 5.50. SHEEP—Fair to choice... 5.00 @ 5.50.

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St. Jacobs Oil FOR SWINE. Hog Cholera and all Diseases of Hogs. GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Use freely in the hog swill. If they will not eat drench with milk into which a small quantity of the oil is put.

WIZARD OIL CURES RHEUMATISM. Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Lambs Back, and All Pains of an Inflammatory Nature. Sold by Druggists. 50c. and \$1.00. SONG BOOK MAILED FREE. Address WIZARD OIL CO., CHICAGO.

\$93 Sewing Machine Free! We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep this machine for one month, with the attachment, was sold for \$93. It will sew for you. Reader, if you want to see the WONDERFUL THING ON WHEEL, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and equalized samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your property. The set samples are sent you absolutely FREE!

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS. Highest Honor at all Great World's Exhibitions since 1857. 100 styles, \$25 to \$500. For Cash, Easy Payments, or Rent. Catalogue, 40 pgs., free.

ORGAN & PIANO CO. 1000 N. 1st St., CHICAGO, 119 N. LaSalle St., NEW YORK, 46 East 14th St., (Union Square.)

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY. Wholly unlike artificial systems. Cures of mind wandering. Any book learned in one reading.

CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm Gold in Head. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

COCKLES' ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS. THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury. Beware of cheap imitations. ELY BROS. & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

TO MAKE A DELICIOUS BISCUIT ASK YOUR GROCER FOR DWIGHT'S "COW BRAND" SODA AND TAKE NO OTHER.

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The Chase County Courant

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN. THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888

W E TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher

Issued every Thursday.

Official Paper of Chase County.

VALUABLE SHELLS.

Arrival at New York of a Large Quantity of Mother-of-Pearl.

A cargo of about thirty-six thousand pounds of pearl from the Philippine islands arrived in this city last week, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, and it will no doubt soon be converted into artistic shapes for the adornment of fashionable mansions.

A large importer of shells and a manufacturer of pearl goods, in conversation with a reporter, expressed astonishment at the profound ignorance of so many persons in regard to the different localities from which pearls come, and the hundred and one purposes for which they are used.

"How many kinds are there used in your business?" asked the reporter.

"The shells which possess a commercial value are known to the trade as the Manila, Australian, Bombay, Japan, East India, Trocus, Chinese snail, black and red ear, and Panama. Several of these species are pearl-bearing shell and are only obtained by professional divers at the imminent risk of their lives.

"Is there any difficulty or danger attending the gathering of these shells?"

"I should rather say there was. There is one species of shell, shaped like an ear, called the silver and red ear, in the sides of which are small holes, and through these, by means of long suckers, the fish fastens himself to a rock. When the tide has pretty nearly run out the natives go down among the rocks and, watching their opportunity, catch hold of the upper shell which the shellfish keep open. Unless he succeeds in the first instance in pulling it from its resting place, the animal will close its shell in a second and the man's fingers will be held there in a vice-like grip.

"We read about the prodigal son, and said the prodigal son's father and brother, but no mention is made of the prodigal son's sister. Of course he had a sister; most prodigal sons have. And sometimes they entertained a great affection for the wild, wayward boy, which no amount of reckless conduct can wholly estrange.

"And the respect and love in which the prodigal holds that sister is often the one redeeming trait in his character. He angrily resents the mention of her name among ribald and profligate companions, should such a thing occur, and he would be soon think of presenting the evil one to her as one of them.

"Instead of angrily upbraiding him for his irregularities, as his father does, or scornfully alluding to them in the manner peculiar to a moral and highly-respected brother, she remonstrates with him gently, and endeavors to win him back to virtue's ways through the tender influence of a sister's love. He may not seem to heed her at the time, but perhaps good seed is sown that may sprout beneficially in after years.

"Who knows how much his recollections of a sister at home, good and pure, may have aided in bringing the prodigal back to his father's house, meek and repentant. True, there is no record of her having rushed out to meet and embrace him, but perhaps she was married and living in another part of the country. Had she been at home her sisterly instinct would have been the first to recognize him in his tramp's disguise, and she would have outdone even her father's greeting.—Texas Siftings.

A California Beach.

To Kate the beach was a never failing attraction. She and Goodnow now had many a horse race from Castle Rock to the wharf, a good half-mile. A mile beyond the wharf the beach is bordered by a series of low sand-heaps, over which one looks far up the valley to the Mission. Beyond these are high bluffs, which rise abruptly from the water's edge to a height of fifty feet. Their face is scarred and yellow, but their tops are carpeted with grass, and in spring with patches of yellow mustard and wild flowers. The deep coloring of the bay, the dull yellow of the beach and bluffs, the green tufts of grass and the wild flowers creeping over their edges, the distant hazy islands, the long stretch of curved coast, mountain-guarded, were always novel and admired. As they cantered over the shining sands the waves softly broke in snowy masses of foam, and the waters often bathed the horses' feet. It is possible to ride all the way to Carpenteria by way of the beach at low tide, a distance of eleven miles. There is a constant succession of coves and crescents, and at the western edge of Carpenteria begins a line of sand-dunes, low and rolling, and fringed with low-growing reeds and bushes.

There was still another beach ride that liked it. It began at the wharf extended westward along the beach, past steep bluffs, to a foot-path that turned inland through a narrow opening among the coast hills. Half a mile only to the wharf a rocky headland, known as Castle Rock, projects across the beach, and over this the road led. Kate always rested her horse on reaching the top, and took a good long look at the prospect it commanded. The view across the valley to the mountains and along-shore to Carpenteria, Ruicon, and Ventura points, was unobstructed. This headland is thirty miles from Santa Barbara, and forms a neck of land that at first is only a few feet above the water's edge, but which soon merges into a mountain. It was the middle of January now; but the air was warm, the sky was a cloudless blue, and among the grasses growing along the edge of the cliffs were brightly colored wild flowers. Firing of the sea, she had only to turn her head to see the valley, or could look on both at the same time. Old Juan came with her one day, and told what he knew of the neighborhood. The Point, he said, used to be called La Punta del Castillo, and when the Spaniards were the only people living in Santa Barbara there was a strong fort on the level ground back of the rock—a fort of earth mounted with four brass cannon. When a ship sailed into port, laden with goods from Spain, and bringing many a lover to his sweetheart, the soldiers fired the cannon and the ship returned the salute. On hearing the noise the people ran down to the beach, and waded into the surf to pull the boats ashore. Among those who one day went down to meet the ship was old Tomaso. He expected a certain sonorita from Spain to be his bride. When all the boats had landed, and she did not appear, they told him the truth. She whom he sought had died on the voyage, and was buried at sea. Poor Tomaso! He fell on the sands, and was as one dead. From that time his mind was gone. After a long illness he came every day to the beach, watching for his beloved one. For many years he waited, running down to help haul in every boat, and looking long into each face, but never saying a word. He died watching, too; for one day they found him dead on the beach, his face turned toward the sea and his eyes wide open.—Edwards Roberts, in Harper's Magazine.

The Orator Sat Down. Gen. George A. Sheridan of Louisiana tells another story on himself. In the old days of carpet-baggers he was paying his respects to William Pitt Kellogg before a crowded audience in New Orleans. Sheridan exhausted his store of invective in dealing with his subject, and allowed his eloquence to mount to this: "If every drop of water in that mighty Mississippi, whose source is in the snows of the far North-west, were a sparkling diamond, and every diamond mine, I would not stand in William Pitt Kellogg's shoes. If every grain of sand along its banks glittering pile strewn at my feet, mine own, I would not be in his place." The Chairman quietly tugged his coat-tail at this point and whispered: "Sheridan, sit down; you know you lie!" The orator sat down. On another occasion he was introduced to an audience in Central Illinois by a bucolic Chairman, who said: "We will now be addressed by a gentleman whose name is a familiar word from Maine to the Missouri River. He is one of the shiny chieftains of our grand old party. He has spoken to countless thousands, and his eloquence has spurred hosts on to victory. He will speak to us in that same strain. I will introduce Mr.—Mr.—" and then turning to Sheridan he hoarsely whispered: "I'm blanked if I haven't forgotten your name."—Boston Advertiser.

Lovely Kiss. There was a certain character in one of our country towns who was noted more for the various means to which he resorted to earn a living than for his veracity. At one time it happened he was peddling fish, and his cry summoned a very particular old lady to the side of the wagon. "Are these fish fresh?" she asked, viewing the fish representatives with suspicion. "Yes'm; caught this very morning," was the reply. "Are you sure?" she continued, giving the load sundry pokes. "They all seem to be dead." "Dead?" echoed the vendor—"dead?" Yes'm, they are dead. They were so lively when I left home that I had ter kill 'em to keep 'em from jumpin' out of their wagon.—Harper's Bazar.

"Take a cigar with me, boys?" "Are you on a boy or a girl?" "Neither." "What's happened, then?" "O, I spent an evening at Simpson's, where they have both a boy and a girl, and I'm setting 'em up because I have neither."—Nebraska State Journal.

PATAGONIA.

There used to be a place called Patagonia. It appears on our geographical maps now as "a drear and uninhabitable waste, upon which herds of wild horses and cattle graze, that are hunted for their flesh by a few bands of savage Indians of immense stature." I am quoting from a school book published in 1886, and in common use in this country. The same geography gives similar information about "the Argentine Confederation." It makes the Argentines roar with rage to call their country "the Argentine Confederation." It would be just as polite and proper to call this the "Confederate States of America." A bitter, bloody war was fought to wipe that name off the map, but our publishers still insist upon keeping it there. It is not a confederation; it is a Nation, with a big "N," like ours—one and inseparable, united we stand, divided we fall, and all that sort of thing—the Argentine Republic. To call it anything else is an insult to the patriots who fought to make it so, and a reflection upon our own intelligence.

Several years ago Patagonia was divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic. The Ministers from the United States to these two countries, doing the carving. The summit of the Cordilleras were fixed as the boundary lines. Chili took the strait of Magellan and the strip along the Pacific coast between the mountains and the sea, and the Argentine Republic the pampas, the archipelago of Terra del Fuego being divided between them. Since the partition ranchmen have been pushing southward with great rapidity, and now the vast territory is practically occupied. There are no more wild cattle or horses there, than in Kansas, and the dreary, uninhabited wastes of Patagonia have gone into oblivion with the "Great American Desert." The remnant of a vast tribe of aborigines still occupies the interior of the Argentine Republic with a summary way. There was considerable annoyance on the frontier from bands of roving savages, who used to come north in the winter time, steal cattle, robs and ravish, and the outposts of civilization were not safe. General Roca, the Sheridan of the River Plate, was sent with a brigade of cavalry to the frontier to prevent this sort of thing. East and west across the territory runs the Rio Negro, a swift, turbid stream like the Mississippi, with high banks. Fifty miles or so from the mountains the river makes a turn in its course, and leaves a narrow pathway through which everything that enters or leaves Patagonia by land must go. Across this pass of twenty miles General Roca dug a ditch twelve feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The Indians to the number of several thousand, were north when the work was done, raiding the settlements. As spring came they turned to go southward as usual, in a long caravan, with their stolen horses and cattle. Roca galloped around their rear, and drove them night and day before him. When they reached the ditch they became bewildered, for they could not cross it, and after a few days of slaughter the remnant that survived surrendered, and were distributed through the army as soldiers, while the women were sent into a semi-slavery among the ranchmen they had robbed.

The few that remain seldom come northward, but remain around Punta Arenas, the only settlement in the Strait, hunting the ostrich and other wild game, trading the skins for whiskey, and making themselves as wretched as possible. The robes they wear are made of the skins of the guanaco, a species of the llama, and the breasts of young ostriches. There is nothing prettier than an ostrich robe, but each one represents the slaughter of from sixteen to twenty young birds, and they are getting rare and expensive, as our buffaloes have been.—William E. Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.

Thrift of a Buffalo Lawyer. A well-known Buffalo lawyer, who is at least comfortably well off, and whose daily habit it was to ride down town in the herds which pass his door, has now begun to walk three blocks to take a car instead. The lawyer's habit was to buy a bunch of six tickets for a quarter when he got into the herd, which was generally nearly empty, his home being near the head of the route, put his ticket in the box, and wait for the next passenger, who would probably pass a nickel up to the schemer to put into the box. He would take the money, put it in his pocket, and put a ticket in the box, and wait for the next passenger. At times he would take in seven or eight fares in one trip, and as every six tickets put in netted him five cents, in this way he managed to pay his daily herdic fare. But it began to be quite a chestnut. The drivers on the line were all on him, but didn't like to say anything. The lawyer's acquaintances began to talk about it among themselves. Finally the bubble burst. One of the drivers decided to "fix that conniving dude pup" what was trying to ruin the company. He awaited with patience for the time he thought most feasible, and then one morning, not very long ago, when the vehicle contained several business men who knew the schemer, and also two or three women friends, the driver struck the fatal blow. The lawyer had done an unusually good trade that day and was gazing complacently out of the window when the driver shoved down the front slide and said in stentorian tones: "See here, mister, you have been workin' that racket jest about long enough. If you ain't got money enough to pay your fare if you'll come out to the office of the company I'll try and get you a free pass or a package of tickets." Then he shut the window and the punished lawyer rang the bell and got out.—Buffalo Express.

Naomi—George, are you sure that you never before loved a woman as you love me? George—Sure? As well ask me if I love idolatrous creeds of the heathen as well as the pure religion of my fathers. Naomi—How charmingly you say that, George (absently)—I've said it often enough in my life to do it charmingly.—Nebraska State Journal.

ONE VOTE

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EDUCATIONAL EXCURSION TO SAN FRANCISCO. Kansas had a larger enrollment at the Chicago meeting of the National Educational Association than any other State, in proportion to the number of teachers in the State. Even Illinois was beaten on her own ground. Prof. J. N. Wilkinson, of the State Normal School, Emporia, says the prospect is good that we shall take the lead in the San Francisco meeting next July. He is working up the Kansas excursion and every one who sees any chance of going, whether a teacher or not, should write him, to learn rates and attractions and then should go if possible, and thus help swell the boom.

REVOLUTIONARY FASHION. A portrait by Bass Otis of Margaretta M. Meeker gives a very good idea of the exaggerated styles of the early years of the present century. It was at this time, according to the old writers, that Philadelphia female fashions and folly reached their most abnormal heights. The American tendency to extremes showed itself in the dress of women. Emancipated from their position as colonials, no longer restrained by either French or English dicta, their fondness for extravagant and grotesque attire knew no bounds. Many were the satirical poems written on the subject of the female headgear at that time. Particularly obnoxious was a large hat known as the "skimmer. It is an ingeniously constructed affair, in which lace, feathers and ribbons are used with effect more striking than artistic. The costume is in dark brown, with touches of pink, and the scheme of color is well handled.—Charlotte Adams in the American Magazine for May.

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