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W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor

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

VOLUME XIV.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1888.

NUMBER 30.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate on the 16th the bill detaching Adair County, Mo., from the Eastern and attaching it to the Western district for passage. Mr. Stewart introduced a bill granting a pension of \$5,000 a year to the widow of the late Chief Justice Waite. Mr. Riddleberger offered other resolutions in regard to executive sessions but it was squelched. The bill providing for the investment of certain funds in the treasury gave several Senators an opportunity to deliver speeches on finance after which the bill was considered until adjournment. In the House a resolution was adopted declaring it to be the sense of the House that the Secretary of the Treasury has the power to use the surplus at any time for the purchase of bonds. Bills were introduced for the protection of public buildings. William Parsons, Independence and Arkansas City, Kan. A motion to suspend the rules and pass the River and Harbor bill was lost by a small vote.

In the Senate on the 17th a resolution of inquiry as to the amount of money deposited in National banks, and whether the banks are allowed to use the money without interest, was adopted. The Dakota bill was taken up and debated at some length. The House then went into Committee of the Whole for the consideration of the Tariff bill, and Mr. Mills of Texas, spoke in its behalf for one hour and three-quarters, and Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, replied in a speech of two hours. Adjourning.

In the Senate on the 18th Senator Riddleberger's resolution to suspend the rules as to executive sessions during the consideration of the Fisheries treaty (providing for open sessions of the Senate) was reported adversely. The Dakota bill then came up as unfinished business and was discussed until adjournment, the debate mainly relating to the legality of the vote of Louisiana in January 30, 1871. The bill to establish a Department of Labor was passed and the bill to create boards of arbitration for settling controversies between common carriers and their employees was reported, as was the bill prohibiting the importation of convict made goods. A resolution was adopted asking the Postmaster-General for information concerning the rates of postage on seeds, and whether Canadians are given advantages over Americans in the seed business. The House then went into Committee of the Whole for the consideration of the Tariff bill, and Mr. Mills of Texas, spoke in its behalf for one hour and three-quarters, and Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, replied in a speech of two hours. Adjourning.

In the Senate on the 19th a bill was reported to place J. C. Fremont on the retired list as Major-General: a resolution was offered by Mr. Hoar requiring the presence of the official reporter during the debate on the Fisheries treaty with the view of making public such proceedings as the Senate may order. The Dakota bill was then taken up, and after a long discussion the bill passed—yeas 39, nays 32. It admits South Dakota as a State. Adjourning Monday. The House, in Committee of the Whole, further considered the Indian Appropriation bill. Without reaching a vote the House adjourned.

The Senate was not in session on the 20th. In the House the Senate amendments to the Military Academy bill were concurred in. The Indian Appropriation bill was then taken up and passed. The House, in Committee of the Whole, then considered the Pension Appropriation bill, and when the committee rose the bill passed. It appropriates \$80,280,000. The River and Harbor bill was further considered but to final action. At the remaining session twenty-two pension bills passed.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Washington Post prints an absolute denial by Secretary Bayard of the truth of the story that he is shortly to be married to Mrs. Folson.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD has given notice that on Monday, April 23, and daily thereafter until further notice, proposals will be received for the sale to the Government of the United States bonds of the acts of July 14, 1874, and January 30, 1871.

EWING WATKINSON, son of Henry Watkinson of the Courier-Journal, was arrested recently at Washington, charged with assault with intent to kill one Mrs. Unker, a widow who boarded at his boarding house. He had asked Mrs. Unker to break an engagement she had made and when she refused he drew a penknife and cut her in the wrist. Jealousy was the cause.

The President has vetoed the bill for the relief of Major Daniel N. Bash, paymaster United States Army. The object of the bill was to release Paymaster Bash from all liability to the Government for the loss, by theft, of \$7,439 which was entrusted to him for the payment of United States troops at various points, one of which was Fort McKinney in Wyoming.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has decided by a party vote to report the Fisheries treaty adversely.

The Secretary of State has appointed Alexander C. Hays, of Florida, and Frank B. Wheeler, of New York City, and Richard L. Miller, of Lynchburg, Va., to be Assistant Commissioners on the part of the United States at the Melbourne Exposition.

The House Judiciary Committee has reported a bill providing for the construction of two United States penitentiaries, one to be north and the other south of the thirty-ninth degree north latitude.

Fire in the Metropolitan Club House, Washington, the other morning badly damaged the roof and northern tower and caused the flooding of the building. The total loss was \$15,000.

P. J. BYNS, C. Walsh and John Walde, all assistant foremen in the bindery of the Government Printing Office, gave testimony before the House Committee on Printing recently to the effect that private work of various kinds for persons inside and outside the office had been done under administrations preceding Mr. Benedict's, but that such practice had now ceased.

THE CASE.

ALLEGATIONS of fraud have been made in connection with the late Rhode Island election.

MAYOR O'BRIEN, of Boston, has vetoed the grant of a wire conduit twenty year monopoly to Cobb and associates.

The New York Assembly has passed by a vote of 86 to 58 the bill which substitutes electricity for gas.

T. C. LOOMIS, mayor of Olean, N. Y., eloped with Katharine Hodges the other day, leaving a wife and two children.

FRANK HURD addressed the students of the Yale Law School at New Haven, Conn., recently on tariff reform. He also touched upon trusts, which, he said, were made possible only by the present protective tariff.

PENNSYLVANIA Republicans are instructing for Don Cameron for President.

RANDOLPH & JENKS' cotton warehouse, Philadelphia, was damaged \$50,000 by fire recently.

TWELVE stores and dwellings in North Braddock, Pa., were destroyed by fire the other day. Loss, \$20,000. Fifty persons were rendered homeless.

THE number of saloons in Philadelphia are being reduced about nine-tenths.

EX-SENATOR ROSCOE CONKING died at New York on the morning of the 18th, the ninth day after the operation on his ear. He was born in Albany, N. Y., October 30, 1829.

DR. AGNEW, the eminent New York physician and surgeon, died on the 18th.

WILLIAM DIXMORE, president of the Adams Express Company, died at New York on the 20th with an affection of the liver. He was seventy-eight years old.

The development of the American express business was due in great part to his efforts during the last half century.

BRIEF services were held over the remains of ex-Senator Conking at Trinity Chapel, New York, on the 20th, after which the funeral party left on a special train for Utica, N. Y.

THE WEST.

SENATOR STANFORD's valuable stables at Palo Alto, Cal., were burned the other night by a number of valuable horses. The loss amounted to \$201,000.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided in a test case that the Habitual Criminal law of the State is unconstitutional.

THE 200 female employes in Shotwell, Clerihew & Lotham's clothing factory in Minneapolis, Minn., struck on the 17th for the wages paid prior to January 1, when a big cut was made.

JAMES CROWDER, a cowboy, was drowned in the Verdigris river near Caloosa, I. T., recently, his horse falling while fording the stream.

INDIANA Whitecaps whipped two men and a woman into insensibility in Crawford County recently.

CONGRESSIONAL district Republican conventions were held throughout Indiana on the 19th and delegates elected to the Chicago convention. In twelve districts delegates were instructed to vote for General Harrison for Presidential candidate and the remaining delegates pledged themselves to his support. Gresham did not secure any delegates.

SINUS trouble about the lumber docks at Muskegon, Mich., is looked for because of the strike of the longshoremen for \$5 a day.

WID S. FOTHERINGHAM was awarded \$20,000 damages by the St. Louis jury in his suit for \$83,000 against the Adams Express Company for false imprisonment. The case grew out of the robbery on the "Frisco" road in 1886, when Wittrock, alias "Jim Cummings," robbed the express of \$58,000, Fotheringham being held as an accomplice.

FOUR hundred members of the Brewers' Union struck at Cincinnati on the 19th.

The Ohio Republican convention at Dayton on the 19th endorsed Hon. John Sherman for the Presidency.

JOHN FURLEY, the bear grain operator, who failed recently at St. Louis for \$500,000, declares he will pay dollar for dollar.

The Indians on the Bad River reservation in Wisconsin threaten trouble because not employed to tend logs being sent down the stream.

REPUBLICANS of the Fifth Illinois district have renominated A. J. Hopkins for Congress.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota, on a test case, has sustained the right of the State Railroad Commission to decide whether a railroad is giving reasonable rates.

THREE lives were lost by a fire, supposed to be incendiary, which occurred recently at the Bethel Home, St. Louis. The other inmates, mostly tramps, had narrow escapes.

NEW VORON, the Deer Trail terror, who was convicted at Greeley, Col., of killing Deputy Sheriff Hollingsworth last December, has been sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary at Canon City. Motion for a new trial was overruled.

ONE hundred Republican clubs of Ohio met recently at Dayton, O., and made preparations for active campaign work.

THE SOUTH.

JAMES P. BOND and Tom Bond, the chief conspirators in the West Virginia insurance swindles, have been captured in Alabama. Governor Richardson will issue requisitions for them.

B. F. ASKEW, Republican candidate for Congress, living at Magnolia, Ark., was recently bitten by a mad dog recently. He went to Paris for treatment.

NEWS has been received from Loto, Miss., that the levee one mile south of Grand Lake, Ark., had given way and that the water was running with terrific force through the gap. A crevasse was also reported near Eunice, Ark.

THE marines and blue jackets participated in a sham battle at Pensacola, Fla., on the 17th. Five blue jackets and a marine were wounded. It is supposed that the material in the case of a shell had hardened and tore off the metal cone, wounding the men.

THE Louisiana State election occurred on the 17th. The majority for Nicholls, Democrat, was variously estimated between 20,000 and 50,000.

AT the monthly meeting of the Baltimore and Ohio railway at Baltimore recently, Charles O. Scull, assistant general passenger agent, was promoted to be general passenger agent. A semi-annual dividend of four per cent. on the Washington branch was declared, but no dividend was allowed on the main stem.

ARUNA S. ABELL, founder of the Baltimore Sun, died in that city on the 19th. He was born in East Providence, R. I., August 10, 1828. He founded the Philadelphia Ledger, the first number of which appeared March 25, 1831. The following year he went to Baltimore, and May 17, 1832, he founded the Baltimore Sun, of which he was continuously director and publisher up to his death.

INDICATIONS on the 20th were that the majority for Nicholls, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Louisiana, would be 80,000 over Warmouth, his Republican opponent.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

PATENTS issued to Kansas inventors for the week ended April 13: Corn-sheller, Samuel G. Pillsbury, Long Island; shutter, John T. Miller, Thayer; snap-hook, John L. Martin, Canton; hay-press, Thomas W. Fuller, Seneca; railway-switch, William S. Arnold, Clyde.

THOMAS FITZGERALD, a workman in Kingan & Co.'s packing house, was shot dead, and Joseph Sinnott, boss of the tierce gang for the same firm, was shot twice and dangerously wounded in a desperate affray in Armourdale about eleven o'clock the other night. John Redmond and Edward Kirwin, both of whom worked at Kingan's packing house, were arrested charged with being accessories to the murder. The shooting was supposed to have been done by a young man named Tiernan, an apprentice of Joseph Beckley, the blacksmith in Armourdale. Tiernan was also arrested.

MRS. BURLEIGH, of Hanover, N. H., has been employed to fill the chair of physiology and veterinary science recently created at Chicago.

AT Spencer, ten miles east of Topeka, the other morning, William Richardson, a Santa Fe section hand, playfully threw a pillow at his room-mate, Larkin Cameron, striking him in the face. This so incensed the latter that he picked up a heavy poker and struck Richardson across the side of his head, fracturing his skull and causing death the same day. Cameron was arrested.

Mrs. DR. COULTER, a female physician of Atchison, was recently arrested for malpractice resulting in the death of W. M. Vernon.

SENATOR FLEMING has introduced bills to pension John R. Ross, of Baldwin; Carl M. Schwaner, of Burlington, and John K. Evans, of Marion.

THE President has approved Congressman Morrill's bill granting pensions to Mrs. Capt. V. H. Harsh, of Holton, and John A. Buck, of Robinson.

DELEGATES were granted the following Kansas on the 17th: Jacob F. Shotts, of Leavenworth; George L. Munroe, (deceased), of Kansas City; Thomas B. Tush, of Tarnett; Frederick Bayer, of Wichita; John Schoemaker, of Altamont; Joseph Ferguson, of Hartford; Thomas Wood, of Little River; James M. Asher, of Lawrence; Della P. Kerland, of Odessa; Henry Heer, of Concordia; Angeline Comley, of Parsons, and Elgie Walker, of Salina.

THE Governor has appointed the following delegates to the convention of the Farmers' Co-operative Trust Association, to be held at Topeka, May 1: William Sims, of Topeka; Thomas J. Potter, of Peabody; T. J. Elliott, of Morrill; B. F. Wallace, of Jewell City; Robert Atkinson, of Ottawa; Frank E. Cloyer, of Atchison; D. T. Farris, of Wichita, and Thomas Anderson, of Salina.

THE State G. A. R. Encampment committee of seven met in conference with the local committee of thirty-eight at Topeka the other night and fixed the time of holding the annual State reunion during the first week in October in Topeka.

THE fiftyth anniversary of the marriage of Colonel John B. Anderson and wife, of Manhattan, occurred on the 25th of April, and their friends resolved to commemorate the event by founding an Anderson memorial library at the Emporia College.

ON March 1, Otto Anstetter, cashier of the Santa Fe road at Nickerson, disappeared with \$400 of the company's funds. On April 13th he was arrested in a small town in Illinois, and was taken to Hutchinson on the 16th. On the 17th he was tried and sentenced to eighteen months in the penitentiary.

HON. C. H. J. TAYLOR, ex-United States Minister to Liberia, arrived at his old home in Wyandotte the other day, it being his first visit since his return to this country, about three months ago. Mr. Taylor is particularly in love with Liberia, and when questioned as to his reasons for resigning he told of a very deplorable state of affairs in that region of Africa.

JUDGE GUTHRIE, of the Shawnee County district court, recently imposed a fine of \$20 for contempt of court upon J. P. Greer, the oldest member of the Topeka bar. Judge Greer subsequently apologized and the fine was remitted.

THE Kansas Pharmaceutical Association will hold its annual meeting at Abilene on May 16 and 17. The address of welcome will be delivered by Hon. W. S. Stambaugh, of Abilene, and the response will be made by E. E. Hollister, of Topeka.

ANOTHER salt mining company (the fifth) has been organized at Hutchinson composed of New York, Cincinnati and Syracuse capitalists.

A DELEGATION of the Topeka Women's Christian Temperance Union was recently before the State Board of Pardons and presented a numerous signed petition for the pardon of the notorious procuress, Mattie Burner, who was recently convicted in the Shawnee County district court and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. The theory of the delegation is that Mrs. Burner was the victim of a conspiracy concocted by her paramour, Frank Smith.

IT was upon the motion of Congressman Potts that the amendment to the Pension Appropriation bill providing widows on the roll from the date of the husband's death instead of date of application was adopted.

THE Governor has offered a reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of Richard S. Ormerod, who stands charged by indictment in the district court of Ellis County with the crime of assault with intent to kill James Middleton; also a reward of \$300 for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties guilty of the crime of burning property in Cherokee on April 6.

THE Senate on the 18th passed bills granting pensions to the following Kansas: Cyrus Tuttle, of Pontana; William Kelsey, of Easton, and Joseph Verlosky and Edward William Irving, of Topeka. The Senate Committee has reported favorably Senator Plumb's bill granting pensions to Oliver H. Judd, of Junction City; H. H. Russell, of Fairport, and Miss Maggie A. Weed, of Russell.

POLITICAL POINTS.

A Democratic Sweep in Louisiana—The Ohio Republican Convention Passes Resolutions Upon the Death of Conkling—Alabama Prohibitionists—Sherman's Boom.

NEW ORLEANS, April 19.—As reported previously Nicholls and the rest of the Democratic State ticket were elected by from 30,000 to 50,000 majority. The count in the city is progressing now. Enough is known, however, to show almost beyond doubt that the Young Men's Democratic ticket has been generally successful. The president of the Young Men's Democratic Association publishes an appeal to the people of the city, requesting merchants to send their clerks at once to the headquarters of the association to assist in securing a fair count. The appeal says: "The ring is broken. Bossism is at an end. We have polled the votes and a good majority is ours. They are now trying to wear us out by delaying the count." Many regard this appeal as an evidence of weakness, while others consider it a timely precautionary action.

NEWS from all parts of the State shows that a heavy vote was polled and that only a few votes were cast for the Republicans. Nicholls' majority is probably more than 30,000. The count in this city is very slow, not being finished in any important ward, but the returns continue to increase the majority for the Young Men's ticket.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

DAYTON, O., April 19.—The Republican State convention met here at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, General J. Warren Keifer, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives being the temporary chairman.

Resolved, That this convention has heard with great sorrow of the untimely death at New York, this morning of Hon. Roscoe Conkling, the distinguished lawyer, statesman and Republican, and we tender to the bereaved wife, child and other relatives of Mr. Conkling our sympathy and condolences.

Resolved, That the chairman of this convention telegraph the above resolution to Mrs. Conkling.

ALABAMA PROHIBITIONISTS.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., April 19.—A special to the Advertiser from Decatur says: The State Temperance convention met here today, with a good attendance, and nominated the following State ticket: J. C. Orr, Governor; L. C. Coulson, Secretary of State; Peter Finley, Attorney-General; M. C. Denson, Superintendent of Education. The platform declares allegiance to Almighty God, opposition to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor and to all forms of license; demands the repeal of the election laws; a better system of education; and the supplementing of State by National aid; requires that saloonkeepers and others respect the Sabbath; favors residence of twenty-one years for foreigners before voting; denies being an ally of any other political party, and invites the co-operation of all temperance people.

SOUTH CAROLINA REPUBLICANS.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 19.—The Republican State convention met here yesterday. The meeting was held with closed doors and great secrecy. Resolutions were adopted referring to ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling as the only man who had the balance of power in hand with the Republican party. The opinion prevailed generally among the members of the convention that Blaine will be the Republican Presidential candidate, although resolutions were adopted endorsing Senator Sherman for the Presidency, with Senator Hawley for Vice-President.

GEORGIA REPUBLICANS.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 19.—The Republican State convention met in the hall of the House of Representatives yesterday morning with 185 delegates present. It was night before an organization was perfected for the election of delegates from the State at large to the National convention was completed. W. A. Pledger and W. J. White (colored men), and A. E. Buck and R. D. Locke were chosen. The delegates from Congressional districts were elected by the local convention. The delegation is regarded as for Sherman.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Judge Zane Refuses to Grant an Injunction to Aid Land Hoagists.

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., April 18.—The Promontory Cattle Company a few years ago purchased a large tract of railroad land in Box Elder County. The railway lands are the even numbered sections, the alternate sections still belonging to the public domain. Through this purchase they became the owners of railroad lands or tracts of country stretching 40 miles north and south and 30 miles east and west. The Government lands which are included in the area foot up more than 350,000 acres. John S. Houtz and a score of others who own large flocks of sheep claimed that they had the right to the use of the public lands for grazing purposes and also to pass over the company's lands to get there. An application was made to the district court by the cattle company asking that the sheep men be kept off the tract altogether.

Judge Zane refused to grant the injunction. He said if the injunction was issued it would secure to the plaintiff the right not only to its own land, but also the exclusive right to the use of the Government land. It would further impart a great hardship on all persons driving this class of stock from one section to another, in compelling them to go around a tract thirty-six or forty miles.

HALF MILLION FAILURE.

ST. LOUIS, April 18.—Mose Fraley, a leading speculator in the grain markets, has announced his inability to meet further margins and is now on the floor settling his debts. Last night he stated to friends that he had put up \$500,000 in cash and would be unable to put up any more. Checks given yesterday after banking hours failed to pass the clearing house, but to-day Mr. Fraley said funds were forthcoming to take them up. He has been the leading bear of the market in the past year and is now in large quantities of all grains. This failure is for more than half a million. Mr. Fraley says he will pay dollar for dollar.

A friend estimated Fraley's wealth before the crisis at over \$750,000.

BETHEL BURNED.

A Tramps' Home on the Levee at St. Louis Burned With a Loss

OF THREE LIVES—The Fire Supposed to be Incendiary—Floods in Wisconsin.

An Entire Family Drowned on the Upper Wolf River—Oil on Fire—Railroad Wreck.

ST. LOUIS, April 20.—A thorough search of the ruins of the Bethel Home on the levee, which burned last night, resulted in the finding of the bodies of three men. Their names are unknown. As the hospital, burned and bruised, are George Miller, hands burned; Frank Hoeken, legs hurt; Alex. Webb, knee hurt; James Smith, badly burned about the body. The pecuniary loss of the Bethel Home is \$3,500; to Collier & Tate, on the building, \$5,000; to others, \$1,600; fully insured. The fourth and fifth stories were occupied by about seventy lodgers, forty of whom were colored, sleeping on the fifth floor. Yesterday seems to have been a day of debauch, for most of the men were aroused from a drunken stupor with difficulty and found their exit cut off from the stairway.

A Bill Anthony, a negro, found a rope at the fifth story hall window and gave tidings to others imprisoned as he slid out of the window to the pavement. There was a general scramble for the window and half a dozen men at a time came down the rope hand over hand while there was a general struggle at the window of frantic men pursued by smoke and fire. Andy White was knocked down and trampled on in the rush for the window and found others under him. When he got out of the window his clothing was on fire.

The last man to come down the rope was J. Malone, the night watchman, who was one of the first to learn of the fire. He ran through the building arousing the men and found his escape cut off. In making for the window he stumbled over Alex Webb, a cripple, who was lying almost in flames, burned and nearly sufficed. Malone was buried in taking up the man, but he held bravely to his charge and came safely down the rope with him.

When the fire was at its fiercest a man was seen by the assembled crowd in the fourth story to come toward the window. In an instant he faltered, the rope hand into the flames. All the lodgers have been accounted for.

Further investigation strengthens the impression that the fire was incendiary and not from the pipe of a boiler. The fire started under the stairway of the fourth floor and spread through upper floors, the only part of the second floor resisted by the flames being the hall and stairway.

FATAL FLOODS.

CHICAGO, April 21.—A dispatch from Neenah, Wis., says: At Embarras, on the Upper Wolf river last night, an entire family named Lathrop, consisting of father, mother and three children, were drowned in the flood. They lived in a small stony near the bank of the stream and, though they had been warned to leave their dangerous abode, they neglected to do so and the floods swept the building and occupants down the stream.

A portion of the bank of the Government canal at Kaukauna, Wis., has been washed away. A gang of men worked all night repairing the hole, and to-day men are engaged in raising the banks all along the canal. The water carried away the rear portion of the frame of the American Mill Company's mill, which has been shut down in consequence. The Kaukauna lumber and manufacturing works has also been shut down.

The river is almost at a standstill at Portage, Wis., and there is no change in the situation. A dispatch from Kilbourne reports that the river is falling there. Prairie Du Chien reports the River still continuing to rise. The Fourth ward is all under water and the people have to go about in boats. The First ward is also submerged and by night the railroad track in that district was under water. Three inches more rise in the Wisconsin will flood the track of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road from Bridgeport to Waukesha. No great damage has yet been done. The saw mill yards are all boomed in and are safe.

OIL TANKS ON FIRE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 21.—At Fort Wayne yesterday afternoon sparks from a Washburn locomotive kindled fire in a barn at the storage depot of the Standard Oil Company and the flames spread to a large pile of oil barrels and thence to six large oil tanks which successively exploded, releasing the burning oil and destroying the company's property. The agent of the company refuses to place an estimate on the loss, but the tanks contained 12,000 barrels of oil and half as much gasoline.

TRAIN WRECKED.

WINFIELD, Kan., April 21.—A freight and accommodation train of eighteen cars was wrecked by the falling of a brake on the Santa Fe and Walnut Valley route, two miles south of Augusta last evening, and fifteen cars heavily loaded with mixed freight were pitched into a shapeless mass. The rails were twisted in all shapes and the track torn up for a hundred yards. None of the eleven passengers were hurt, the coach staying on the track.

BRUTAL WIFE MURDER.

CLEVELAND, O., April 21.—Henry Basch and Michael Kioschinsky, two Polish quarrymen who live in Berea, O., received their monthly wages yesterday and proceeded to make a night of it. Both men became very drunk, and this morning Basch ordered his wife to go to a saloon for beer. The woman refused and the husband threatened to shoot her if she did not obey. Mrs. Basch persisted in her refusal to go to the saloon, whereupon her husband seized a loaded shotgun and, placing the muzzle against her side, just below the right breast, pulled the trigger. The woman fell to the floor fatally wounded. The murderer and his companion, Kioschinsky, were captured by citizens and taken to the village jail. Mrs. Basch can live but a few hours.

THE TWO NYMPHS.

(A Fable.)

Two nymphs who in the woods reside, And pass by turns from place to place, Had once a question to decide And chose a fox to judge the case.

One of the nymphs "Good Luck," we call, "Ill Luck" stands for the other's name; And when events of fate befall One has the praise and one the blame.

Now each was vain and thought that she Had, without doubt, the fairest face, So bringing to the fox their plea, He played the judge with tact and grace.

For, said the fox, "I can not tell Your separate charms until I know How well you walk—indeed, how well You forward step and backward go."

And so they ran the country round, Now they were there, and now were here; The wily fox looked most profound— (Here fell a smile and there a tear.)

Facing "Good Luck" he said at last: "When you arrive your charms we know;" Then with his eyes on "Ill Luck" cast: "Said: 'Yours are greatest when you go!'" —Jed Burton, in Wild Awake.

"DANDY JIM."

The Story of How "Bub" Got Even With Him at Last.

"Hello, Bub! Like to run over you, didn't I? Didn't mean to, I'm sure. Little boys ought to keep out of the way if they don't want to get hurt."

Then Mr. James Morgan adjusted his shiny new hat at a genteel angle on his head, gave a touch to his necktie, lighted a cigar and minced off down-town, unconscious of the wrathful glances of the "little boy" he had stumbled over on the steps.

"My name's Johnny Bangs, an' I'd like to slap the man that calls me 'Bub!' " grumbled the angry lad. "Bub! It does make me so mad to have anybody call me that, an' specially him. I jest everlastin'ly hate you, Dandy Jim," and Johnny shook a threatening fist after the young man going down the street. "I don't see what Mag sees in you to fancy. If she was me, she wouldn't freeze to you worth a cent."

From which forcible, if not elegant, language the reader will readily understand that Johnny hadn't any particular love for his sister's beau. The dislike was mutual. Dandy Jim—the name he went by among the boys—was inclined to be lofty and domineering among the "younger fry," and it isn't in the nature of even very young America to be snubbed and treated with contempt. Young eyes are keen, and see through shams as well as older ones. That Dandy Jim was a sham of a certain sort almost everybody knew; but he was good-looking, polite, and dressed well, and as there was nothing particularly bad about him, he was on calling terms with most families in town. He had taken a fancy to Maggie Bangs, or the money her father could afford to give her, and as money was a very desirable thing for a person like himself to have, he had about concluded to marry her, if he could; and as that young lady was something of a flirt, and had encouraged him to think she was sorely smitten by his charms, he was certain that all he had to do to secure the young lady was to say the word.

But a favorable opportunity for saying the word didn't seem to occur. If he thought he was sure of being alone with her long enough to ask the question, and declare the tender state of his heart, Johnny, or some of his sisters, would pop in and spoil the chance. The interruption generally came in the shape of Johnny. He seemed to be always getting in Dandy Jim's way. As Johnny hadn't the least respect for him, and didn't hesitate to let him know it, Dandy Jim disliked him thoroughly, and treated him in a way that made Johnny "jest 'Bub' mad!" The climax of ill-treatment came when he called him "Bub."

"Never you mind," said Johnny. "I'll get even with you some time, an' don't you forget it!" There was to be a masquerade ball. A brilliant idea came to Dandy Jim. If he could only find out what costume Miss Maggie was to wear, so that he would know her, he could take advantage of the opportunity and declare his tender passion, without any fear of small boys coming in at the critical moment and upsetting him, figuratively.

"I'll pump that young Arab," said Dandy Jim, meaning Johnny.

So the next time he saw Johnny he began the pumping process.

"I say, Bub, don't you want some candy?" he said, patronizingly.

"No," answered Johnny, with curt emphasis. "If I do I can get my own, I reckon."

"You needn't be so huffy," said Dandy Jim. "See here, now. I'll give you a quarter if you'll find out something for me. Will you?"

"Depends," answered Johnny.

"It's about the masquerade," said Dandy Jim. "What's your sister going to wear?"

"Clothes, I s'pose," answered Johnny, with wondering and lamb-like innocence. "They do, to them things, don't they?"

"Oh, come now, don't you go to hedging," said Dandy Jim. "I want to know what costume she's going to wear. Nun, flower-girl gypsy—what character she intends to represent, you know."

"Yes, I know now," said Johnny. "I can't tell now, but I can find out, I guess."

"Well, you find out and let me

know, and I'll give you a quarter," said Dandy Jim. "Let me know tomorrow, if you can."

"All right. I'm your huckleberry," answered Johnny; and then, as Dandy Jim went down the street, he fell to chuckling in a way that indicated dark and mysterious designs on his part.

"Oh, I'll pay you for Bub-bin' me, you bet yer boots!" he said, jerking his head in Dandy Jim's direction. "I'll git yer quarter an' lots o' fun to boot, old Nip-an'-tuck;" and then he tipped his hat over on one side, in imitation of Dandy Jim gave himself that young gentleman's mincing gait, and peculiar hitch of shoulders, and went homeward in a clever parody of the man who wanted to marry his sister, chuckling to himself meanwhile in that mysterious way peculiar to boys when they see a prospect of fun ahead.

The next day Johnny met Dandy Jim on the street.

"If you see an old Quaker woman with a red posy in her hand, that'll be one o' the Bangses, but don't you let on that I told you," said Johnny. "Where's yer quarter?"

Dandy Jim handed over the money, and they separated.

The next evening was the masquerade. Dandy Jim was there in the costume of a dashing army officer, not looking very war-like, though he meant to lay siege to a heart, and compel it to capitulate.

Pretty soon the door opened and a gipsy-girl and a Quakeress came in. The Quakeress had a red rose in her hand.

"That's she!" said Dandy Jim, and went to meet her, on warlike thoughts intent.

The Quakeress seemed very shy and modest, as became one of her sect. She let the young man in regimentals lead her around the room, but not a word could he get out of her.

"She doesn't know who I am," said Dandy Jim to himself; and she thinks I don't know who she is, I suppose."

Dandy Jim "meant business." To marry a fortune was the height of his ambition, and in his self-conceit he thought he was sure of Miss Maggie's eager acceptance of his heart and hand as soon as he could offer it formally.

By and by he succeeded in coaxing the demure Quakeress into the conservatory. He got a seat for her under an oleander, and then he sat down by her and began to tell her love.

"Miss Bangs—may I say Maggie?"—(here he pressed the drab-gloved hand which she suffered him to hold)—"I have for some time been waiting for this opportunity. I love you, Miss Bangs—Maggie, let me call you; may I not?—and I shall be one of the happiest of men if you—if you'll—(here he seemed to get stuck)—"if you'll—(desperately)—"if you think you can make me happy. Ahem!" and Dandy Jim cleared his throat with an emphasis that made the oleander shake. The Quakeress shook, too. The excitement of the occasion, and of the feelings roused by his tender declaration, doubtless, seemed likely to overcome her. She trembled like an aspen of the poets.

"Don't be so agitated, dearest," he said, pressing her shaking hand. "Tell me that my love is not—is not—ahem!—is not wasted on the desert air." For the life of him, that was all he could think of to wind up his sentence. But the fair Quakeress was too agitated to take any notice of the rather doubtful compliment.

"Ask papa," whispered the damsel, in a choking voice. "Come to-morrow, dear James;" and then she sprang up and fled like a deer from the room, leaving him about equally delighted and astonished.

"I never dreamed she'd take it in this way," said Dandy Jim. "But I don't mind it, as long as she's willing. Mr. James Morgan, you're in luck. Allow me to congratulate you," and he made a bow to his reflection in a mirror. "Yes, my dear Maggie, I will call to-morrow, and ask papa."

An hour later perfect roars of laughter might have been heard coming from the Bangs parlor, where Maggie and Johnny and one of his boy chums sat.

"O Mag!" cried Johnny, with convulsive indications, "you jest ought to have been there. I thought I should die, I did, sure! I set there, just this way," (illustrations on the part of Johnny) "an' he grabbed holt o' my hand, an' squeezed it, so," (more illustration) "an' says he, 'Miss Bangs, or let me call you Maggie, I—Oh, dear! I do b'lieve I shall die, thinkin' o' it,'" and Johnny tumbled off his chair and lay sprawling on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter. "Oh, Mag, it was rich, you bet! An' says he, 'I love you, jest as tender, an' I thought he was going to kiss me; an' says he, 'Don't be so agitated!' an' 'somebody else; but I was so nigh fits, I was so tickled, that I couldn't stan' it a single minnit more, an' I jest lit out at forty-two, after I'd whispered to him to ask pa. Oh, but wa'n't it jolly, though? You bet your boots it was! An' to-morrow he's comin' to ask consent, an' next day we'll be married, mebbe!" and then Johnny doubled himself up like a jack-knife and laughed till he cried, and Maggie, heartless girl! laughed with him.

The next morning Dandy Jim put in an appearance.

Maggie met him with a suspicious twinkle in her eyes.

"Ah, my shy little Quakeress," he began, trying to take her hand, "you don't know what a happy man you made me last night!"

"Last night! I didn't see you last night," said Maggie, looking very much surprised.

It was Dandy Jim's turn to be surprised. "Not see me last night?" he exclaimed. "Oh, come now, Miss—Maggie, that's a good joke. Did't you say I might call and ask papa?"

"Good-morning, Mr. Morzan—may I say James?" tenderly inquired a voice in the doorway of the sitting-room, and looking that way, Dandy Jim saw the Quakeress again, this time without a mask, and out from under the poke bonnet beamed the face of Johnny Bangs. "O James!" and Johnny's voice shook and he gave signs of last night's agitation. "Dear James, how happy we will be when we are married, if papa only gives his consent. I didn't know you loved me so, till last night," and then Johnny's voice broke, and he sat down on the floor and laughed till he cried.

Dandy Jim gave one ghastly look at Maggie. He read by her face that she understood the trick that had been played on him, and most likely had assisted at carrying it out, and then turned and left the room without waiting for any explanation. None was needed.

"The compliments of Bub, and his congratulations," called out Johnny after the departing visitor. "I'm ready to have you whenever pa consents;" and Dandy Jim heard a boy's provoking laugh ring down the hall as he closed the door. "There! I guess 'Bub's' about even with him," said Johnny. "O Mag! but it was rich!" and he went into convulsions for the twentieth time that morning.—Eben E. Rexford, in Ballou's Monthly.

PRIMITIVE TELEPHONES.

The Priests of India Have Used Them for Two Thousand Years.

"The principle of the telephone has been known for 2,000 years in India," was the rather incredible statement made by Fred Amesbury, who has just returned to New York after a two years' sojourn in the land of striped tigers and wonderful fakirs. "I do not assert, mark you," continued Mr. Amesbury, "that they use the telephone as we use it, or that they have any system of general communication. What I do say is that the high-caste people have a method of communicating with each other by vibratory action on a diaphragm, just as we do, but it is confined entirely to their temples, and its existence has remained a secret until within a very few years."

"I was in a town called Panj, about two hundred miles from Madras, and while there became acquainted with an English officer named Harrington, who was a prime favorite with the natives because on one occasion he had saved a priest from drowning. He was a very genial, pleasant fellow, and had that peculiar magnetism about him that made and kept friends everywhere."

"It was through Harrington that I was enabled to learn the existence of telephonic communication and to satisfy myself of its antiquity."

"There are two temples in the village about a mile apart. In the interior and on the ground floor of each is a small circular structure which is guarded day and night from the natives as well as from strangers, and is supposed to be the abiding-place of the 'governing spirit,' but in reality is the terminus of the telephonic line, which is laid under ground from one building to the other."

"The superstitious natives regarded this little structure with the greatest awe and reverence, because they had seen demonstrated before their eyes—or rather ears—the power of this spirit to communicate with the other temple. They were required to make their offering in one building, and make known their wishes and desires. Then immediately repairing to the second temple they would be informed of all they had said and done, although neither priest had left his post. This was regarded as a demonstration of the power of the spirit."

"We were unable to determine the composition of the wire that connected the two buildings. It was some kind of metal, but neither steel, copper nor brass, although it closely resembled the latter. The transmitter was of wood and about the size of the head of a flour-barrel, and to establish connection, instead of ringing a bell, the person wishing to attract attention at the other end stood close to the curious-looking thing and shouted: 'Ooey! ooey! ooey!'"

"This was answered by a similar shout, which, though faint, was distinct, and could be heard two feet away."

"After Harrington and I had gained the confidence of the priests, or, rather, after he had, we were given a carte blanche to do as we pleased, and we talked to each other from one temple to the other for more than an hour, and were enabled to make an incomplete investigation."

"We learned that the telephone that we saw had been in use for thirty years. The priests were very old men, and they remembered that the line of communication had been renewed only once during their incumbency."

"They showed us the remains of worm-eaten transmitters and wooden conduits that must have been hundreds of years old. They claimed that the system had been in existence since the creation, and laughed at us when we told them that the same principle has only been applied in England and America within the last dozen years. In every part of India and Burma this system of secret communication exists, although hundreds of travelers have never suspected it. I believe that it dates back fully two thousand years."

—N. Y. Sun.

—Alaska, to offset the blizzards, yielded \$2,500,000 in furs last year.

THE SOUTH'S ENEMIES.

Bill Arp Writes a Few Lines About Ingalls, Sherman & Co.

It is curious how our thoughts run away and meander around and then come back and take a new start. They will do this in spite of us and we wonder how they got away from the matter we were thinking about. But there is always some provocation or they wouldn't go. I was ruminating about Senator Ingalls and his great learning and scholarship and wonderful gifts as an orator and thinker. I was wondering how he could prostitute those talents to the low-down, mean, contemptible business of slandering the South and manufacturing willful and malicious lies about our people. Then I thought of John Sherman in the same connection and it seemed to me a monstrosity that men should have such brains and the devil control their hearts. How is that? I asked a little boy one day what kind of a dog that was that was following him and he said "that dog is half terrier."

"What is the other half?" said I. The boy looked surprised and hesitated as he said, "nothing but dog, I reckon." And that is the trouble with these great men who are so mean. They are one-half terrier and the other half dog. I was traveling not long ago with Sanford Bell, the reverend veteran of all conductors, and some consequential darkies demanded that the white men should be expelled from their car. Sanford said, "well, that is all right. They must go if you say so," and so he politely invited us all out, and we acquiesced with a good grace; but there was a curious-looking, measly-piled, ginger-cake fellow, who didn't vacate, and one of the darkies hunted up Sanford and complained that there was still one man left. Sanford went back and inspected him. He looked inquiringly at his face, and the back of his head, and the shape of his feet, and finally addressed him and said: "My friend, are you a white man?" "Naw," said the mongrel. "Well, what are you?" said Sanford. "No mudder Portugee and me fadder a nagar," he said. Sanford turned solemnly to the darkies and said: "How's that?" and they subsided.

There are some strange mixtures in our humanity. Talents go a long ways 'o atone for rascality and meanness, and always will, I reckon. Lord Bacon took bribes, and so some of the greatest minds in the nation have stooped to iniquity that would send a common man to the chain-gang.

Mercury was the god of letters and astronomy and eloquence and music, but he was at the same time a paron of fraud and perjury. He wore sandals to keep his footsteps from being discovered. He stole some oxen from Apollo, and when the theft was proved on him he went to playing on the lyre, and his music so delighted Apollo that he let him keep the oxen. And just so these modern men like Blaine and Ingalls and Sherman play—the liar—and so tickle the people with their eloquence that they let them keep their oxen.

But the late assaults of Ingalls and Sherman seem to come more from hate than policy. We can understand why the ignorant people of the North still hate us, but why an intelligent, well-informed man should do so passeth all comprehension.

Now, there is Senator Ingalls, who, next to the President, holds the highest position in the Nation. He is brainy, polished and rich, and yet like Haman says: "All this availed me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai sitting at the King's gate." The Solid South is sitting at the King's gate. The South has a friend at court. Uncle Sam is the King, and Haman is somewhere building a gallows. He has been building it a long time, and his great misery is because Mordecai is sitting at the King's gate.

Never did a people behave more civilly, more courteously, more considerately than has the South since the war. We have defamed nobody, vilified nobody at the North, and have indorsed every oppression and at the same time tendered the olive branch and begged for peace, and urged our Northern brethren to come down and see us and share our hospitality, and yet they continue to elect to office the most venomous of all our enemies. Now we can hardly believe that the North wants to hang Mordecai, but the men they elect to Congress are actually building a gallows. Ingalls and Sherman have each got one fifty cubics high in their back yards.

Let the comedy go on until the tragedy begins. I was looking over a Northern paper yesterday that abounded in figures and statistics. It gave probabilities of the South, and they are astounding. The population of the six New England States has increased only 23 per cent. in forty years, while that of Texas has increased 260 per cent. since the last census. The South is coming rapidly to the front. Just think of it; 260 per cent. in eight years, and the other Southern States coming along rapidly. It will be a great while before Haman hangs Mordecai. He is still sitting at the King's gate and is biding his time. Grover and Frances are all right. When Grover returned from his late trip down South, Senator Colquitt said: "Well, Mr. Cleveland, what do you and Mrs. Cleveland think of the South now?"

Grover squeezed the Senator's hand and said: "She is solid;" and Mrs. Cleveland squeezed his other hand and said: "Keep her so, Senator."

And she will keep so. The North will keep her so; Ingalls and Sherman and their sort will keep her so; slander and abuse will keep her so. That is

human nature. The boys in 'Possum Trot may quarrel and fight with the boys of Pine Log, but just let any outsider abuse Bartow County, and 'Possum Trot and Pine Log will both jump on him. The old man may abuse her old man, but she won't let anybody else do it. When Mrs. Arp threatens to whip her children and feigns a terrible passion, as she exclaims: "I do wish I had a switch!" it went do for me to step in and tell her there is one on the mantel-piece. That is talking too much with my mouth. I never tried it, but once, and shant try it any more. But they say we ought not to speak unkindly of the dead, and so I will say no more about Ingalls. He committed suicide and Blackburn buried him, and Henry Grady preached his funeral, and so we will let him rest. The Southerners are a strange people anyhow. They get mad quick, and will fight, but they get over it just as quick and make friends. I got mad with a man once, and he got mad with me about something, and we did not speak for three months; and one night we happened to meet in a hotel in New York, and the same emotion took possession of us both at the same time, and we went right up to each other, and he said: "God bless you, Major, I am glad to see you," and I said as much to him, and we made it all up and never got mad any more. But I know folks who have poison bags right under their eyes, and they carry their hatred for years and years. It is constitutional and they can't help it. Now, if Ingalls were to come down here and show a kindly, brotherly feeling, our people would forget and forgive every slander he ever uttered. Why, old Tecumseh come down here some years ago, and our people toted him around in a carriage and wined him and dined him, but we are not going to do it any more, for he went back and abused us and told lies on Hampton. They may fool us once or twice, but they can't fool us three times.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—The Star Crank of this great country," is what the Milwaukee Sentinel (Rep.) calls Senator Blair.

—Senator Ingalls takes back nothing. He would not take back a good name—if he ever had one.—Chicago Herald.

—The only mud-puddle that is doing an active business now is John James Ingalls, of Kansas.—Philadelphia Times.

—It is announced that Rutherford B. Hayes is to present John Sherman's name to the Republican nominating convention.—Albany Times.

—The story that Mr. Blaine is "a physical wreck" is strenuously denied by his friends, and the fact seems to be that Mr. Blaine is merely a political wreck.—Chicago News.

—The Chicago Tribune complains that the "Confederates are organizing in the South." We trust the editor of the Tribune will not again take to the woods.—Atlanta Constitution.

—Senator Ingalls has now reached the point that when a gray-coated car conductor asks him for a nickel he cudgels out "the Confederacy is running the country."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—The jury in the Ohio tally-sheet case failed to agree and was discharged. This may revive the Sherman boom because the Senator knows something about altering election tally sheets.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

—Senator Sherman was absent from the Capitol the other day when it was struck by lightning. The same luck promises to follow him when the Presidential convention at Chicago.—Boston Herald.

—Mr. Halstead sweetly warbles: "If you ask what State he hails from our sole reply shall be he is the tallest living branch on the Buckeye tree." If Mr. Halstead's lyrical allusion is to Bloodysheet John Sherman, the word "Buckeye" should be amended to read "chestnut."—Chicago Herald.

—The Republican organs which were so sure that there was "something rotten in the Post-Office Department" must have been pleased to learn that it was a stack of 10,000 mail bags left to rot by Republican officials. Yet the organs very carefully conceal their pleasure at the discovery.—Detroit Free Press.

Again the Bloody Shirt.

The bloody shirt revival all along the line is but another evidence of the panic among the leaders of the Republican party. They are frantically searching for an "issue" which may give them some hope of regaining the Presidency. It is only a little while since the Republican politicians professed to believe that they had found such an issue in the tariff question. They thought to create a panic by raising a false cry of "free trade." But as time goes on it becomes more and more evident that the public, and especially the working-men, are not as easily scared that way as they were once. It is made plainer every day that the masses of the people sustain the Democratic policy of making the needed reduction of revenue by taking off, as far as possible, the taxes on the people's necessities. Apparently the Republican leaders realize that they can not get another President out of the free-trade scare, and in their desperation they are casting about for another "issue." There is nothing left but that threadbare fraud, the Bloody shirt. But necessity knows no law, and in the absence of any thing better the bloody shirt must again serve to cover the Republican nakedness.—Boston Globe.

METHOD IN FARMING.

The Importance of Arranging Field and Barn Work Judiciously.

Now that the working season is at hand, it will be a wise thing to preserve all one's force, both physical and mental, by taking time over the work. The men who get through the most work are those who never seem to be busy, while those who have a morbid habit of being busy and never have a moment's leisure are the worst of time-wasters. Accurate calculation and definite plans beforehand will enable one to take up work at the right time and in regular order, doing that which is first wanted first, and the following work in its proper season. Many men, and women, too, wear themselves out with work which is ineffective, because it is done too soon or too late, or the right thing is done at the wrong time. There are men who hurry up their plowing when the ground is wet or partly frozen; the work is badly done, and then days and often weeks are spent in getting the seed or waiting for it, when if the work were reversed every thing would drop into place and work together with order and beauty. There are men who thus make so much friction in their work that the labor spent is unavailing to a great extent; there is hurry, worry, confusion and consequent waste of time, while others who have a carefully adjusted plan laid down on paper, and who follow their plans strictly, are always forerunners and drive their work instead of being driven by it, and have leisure at all times for recreation and enjoyment. Such men do not live to work, but work to live, and their work results in comfort, health, happiness, prosperity and a long life.

By a judicious arrangement of the farm and a corresponding succession of crops the farm work moves along as orderly and as regularly as the months, the seasons and the years. For years past it has been the writer's practice to number or name every field and fenced lot on the farm, and to give to each of these a separate place in the Record of Farm Work, a book which has been kept for nearly thirty years, and contains a consecutive account of every year's work. In this record it is possible and easy and in every way useful and advisable to lay out ahead for years the work to be done on each particular field, and the cost and returns of the work are known. A plan thus laid down enables the farmer to prepare ahead for the work not only for a few weeks, but a year or two years; and this preparation and foresight reacts in a most useful manner upon all the other farm work, the management and control of the live stock, and many other important matters. For instance, knowing that next year or the year after there will be twenty or thirty acres of hay or so much pasture or land for fodder crops the farmer can begin picking up calves or yearlings ear and there as favorable opportunity may offer, and so have stock in hand to profitably consume the fodder.—N. Y. Times.

ROBBERY AMONG BEES.

Carelessness on the Apiarist's Part the Chief Cause of the Trouble.

Of all things connected with the apiary, robbing is the most perplexing, and often very disastrous. The primary cause is carelessness on the part of the apiarist. A colony of bees in proper condition is proof against robbers, and colonies that fall victims to robbers will nearly always be found to be defective in some particular. A colony that becomes queenless, without the necessary brood to rear another queen, seldom escapes being robbed if left long in such condition. Again, a colony may have a defective queen, and on the colony becoming discouraged will allow themselves to be plundered and destroyed. In such cases, and they are the worst of any, the apiarist is certainly responsible, as it is in his power to remedy such defects. A colony having a good, fertile queen may be so weak or few in number that they are unable to repel robbers. In such cases the apiarist can strengthen them by uniting with other colonies, or draw from others to add to their force, and thus save them. Keep colonies strong at all times and furnished with good fertile queens. Carelessly leaving honey about where bees can get access to it often causes trouble, as this will invite robbing, and the weak and defective colonies will at once fall victims. Where robbing begins it is difficult to deal with. The colony being robbed should be allowed to remain where it is. Changing it from one position to another in the same vicinity does more injury than good; it should be removed a mile or more from the neighborhood. If the bees show any disposition to protect themselves, robbing may be checked by simply contracting the entrance. But if the inmates make no resistance whatever, a large sheet or covering of light cloth may be thrown over the entire hive. The bee tent, now much used by apiarists to repel robbers, is the best for this purpose. This is made to cover the hive, allowing room for the apiarist to work inside. Light muslin or mosquito netting, drawn over a light frame may be used for the purpose.—American Agriculturist.

Bombay Toast—Take one ounce of anchovies, wash, bone and pound them in a mortar with one ounce of fresh butter till reduced to a paste; melt in a saucepan; add the beaten yolks of two eggs and pepper and salt to taste, and spread the mixture on some slices of nicely toasted bread. Serve very hot.

Chase County Courier

W. E. THOMPSON, Editor.

WATSONWOOD FALLS, KAN.

"EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY."

Of all the proverbs, quaint and sweet,
That burdened souls so gently greet,
As some wise voice from ancient clay,
There scarce is none in whose belief
The worn heart finds such sweet relief
As "Even this will pass away!"

When weary hands from early dawn
Till lengthening eve must labor on,
And know not sunrise day by day;
How gladly comes the sweet refrain,
That echoes o'er and o'er again,
"This, even this, will pass away!"

When burdens that are hard to bear
Would sink the soul in black despair,
And waiting lips refuse to pray;
Faith's lovely face 'e'en then will glow,
And sweet her voice that whispers low,
"But even this will pass away!"

When earth to earth and dust to dust
Is read above our heart's best trust,
And we in anguish turn away;
The bitter cup less bitter seems,
When through its drugs the bright truth gleams,
That even this will pass away.

Yes, even this! With grief profound
We stand beside the new-made mound,
And long to greet the coming day,
When weary feet have found a rest,
When hands are folded o'er the breast,
And all life's woes have passed away.
—Margaret M. Lacey, in N. O. Picayune.

A STRANGE QUEST.

Jennie's Innocent Fearlessness and Perfect Trust.

"You're sure you won't be lonesome, Jennie?"

Farmer John Harmon stood in the glow of the broad fire-place, wrapped in his great-coat and muffler, his fur cap pulled down about his ears, and his whip in his hand, while the pawing hoofs of his impatient horses crunched the snow outside. He stooped as he spoke, and lifted his little daughter's chin till the clear, brown eyes looked up, with the frank smile which always warmed his heart.

"No, indeed, father! How could I be lonesome with such a little chatter-box as Tony? Hark! I do believe he's winking now, the darling!"

"I'm sorry that Manda Lawson couldn't have come to stay with you, but, of course, if Jack's sick, it stands to reason she can't leave him. But Steve and I'll be back before dark, never fear. Hullo! you were right, Jennie; here comes the little General!"

A chubby boy of three years old appeared in his night-gown from the adjoining room, with cheeks rosy and yellow curls tangled from his morning nap. The father caught him in his strong arms, and held him, shrieking with laughter, above his head.

"Father's little man! Waked up to say good-bye. He'll take good care of sister, won't he?"

The child leaped into the young girl's outstretched arms, and hid his face upon her shoulder.

"Well, good-bye, Jennie!" He paused a moment, a wistful look creeping over his strong, sun-browned face. "You're likier your mother every day, my girl."

"Father! father!" called a cheery voice outside.

"Coming, Steve!"

The door opened and let in a great wave of frosty air, and, as it closed behind him, the sturdy farmer clambered to a seat beside his son, and, with crack of whip and jingle of bells, the laden sleigh slipped cheerily away.

Jennie stood at the window, still holding the child. She was just fourteen, although her slight, childish figure made her seem younger than that by two or three years. The death of her mother when Tony was but a helpless babe had thrown premature burdens upon her young shoulders, burdens which she had borne with a patient, unselfish courage far beyond her years.

Jennie was quite used to, being left alone with her little charge, while her father and brother were away at work. So it was with no especial sense of loneliness that she watched the moving sleigh until it was lost at a sharp turn of the forest-bordered road-way. As the nearest neighbor lived a mile distant, she could scarcely expect visitors on such a day.

She turned away at last, and, taking her place on a low seat before the fire, proceeded to dress the child, making merry game of the task, as she told over and over on his pink toes the story of the "five little pigs."

Then, when she had given him his breakfast of bread and milk, and placed on the floor a box of well-worn playthings, she went briskly about her own household tasks. The market-town, to which her father and brother had gone, was fully fifteen miles away, and, once there, they must wait for the grinding of their load of grain.

"We shall have a long day to ourselves, Tony dear," said Jennie, more to herself than to the child; "but there'll be plenty to do, for sister must bake the bread and cakes for Sunday, and father and Steve will be wanting a good, hot supper to-night."

"Tony help sister!" lisped the boy.

"Yes, Tony shall help sister, and sister will fry him a doughnut man."

Clapping his chubby hands, the child drew his little cruet to the table, where, by climbing upon it, he could overlook his sister's operations at her molding-board; and thus, with frolic and cheer, the short winter day wore on.

But the sky, which had been bright at early morning, grew gradually overcast with clouds, and Jennie saw from the window a heavy mist filling all the air. A few feathery flakes came float-

ing down as she spoke, and these proved to be but the forerunners of a mighty host, as the storm settled over the landscape. Hour after hour passed. There were no longer any tracks to be discerned along the narrow road-way which was the only avenue through the forest.

It grew presently so dark inside the cabin that Jennie was fain to place a lighted lamp upon the table, and seat herself to listen for the first sound of distant sleigh-bells. Tony curled himself upon her lap and soon lost himself in sleep.

Suddenly Jennie heard the muffled sound of a horse's hoofs upon the snow. A shadow darkened the window, and a moment later a heavy knock resounded upon the door. Jennie hastened to open it, with Tony, still unawakened, in her arms.

The visitor, who stood holding his horse by the bridle-rein, was a large, powerful-looking man, dressed in hunter's garb, with a brace of pistols in his leather belt.

Some little city-bred maiden might have fainted with fright at so formidable an apparition, but Jennie was well accustomed to the rough exterior of the backwoodsman. The stranger looked at her keenly, as the firelight shone upon her little figure, with Tony's golden head nestled against her shoulder.

"I've been caught in the storm. Can I stay all night?" he said.

"Come in, sir," answered Jennie, heartily. "We are all alone—I and the baby—for my father and brother are gone to town; but I expect them home every minute, and I'm sure they wouldn't like me to let any one go on in the storm. You can put your horse in the stable yard."

Without replying, the man led away his horse in the direction indicated, whence he soon returned, and taking his place in front of the hearth, proceeded to dry his wet garments. His face, which evidently had once shown fine lines, wore a hard and bitter expression, as the flickering shadows played over his bent head and averted eyes. A vague discomfort crept over the spirit of the little hostess.

"I wonder if he's sick, poor man! he looks so miserable-like," she thought. Then she said aloud: "If you haven't been to supper, sir, I could take you up some of the pork and beans I'm keeping hot for father and Steve, and I could make you a cup of tea in a minute."

"I don't want any thing," answered the man, still without looking up.

Little Tony, who by this time was broad awake, had slipped from Jennie's arms, and stood with great, blue, wondering eyes fixed upon the stranger. It was something wholly new to Tony's short experience to find himself unnoticed by a visitor, and he was evidently pondering deeply the problem of this unsolved personality.

He walked slowly up and down the room, at each turn approaching a little nearer the grim, silent figure before the hearth. At last he paused, and stepping yet closer, laid a small, soft hand upon the man's knee. Still there was no response. The child's breast heaved, his breath came quickly, and a grieved expression curled his rosy lip.

"Man," he said, with a tremulous, baby accent, "why don't 'oo love little boys?"

The stranger started, and a spasm of uncontrollable emotion swept over his bearded face. He turned upon the child, whose bright hair shown like a glory about his head, and with a swift, involuntary action, drew him into his arms. Some marvelous change had transfigured his face and softened the hard lines like ice before the sun.

He held the child close, murmuring over him some inarticulate expressions of fondness, while Tony, on his part, accepted most graciously the tardy homage, tugged at the stranger's watch-guard, and laughed so merrily that Jennie could not repress a soft echo from her own corner.

The man looking up, transfixed her with the same keen gaze as at his entrance, only that now some new element was added—a questioning almost painful in its intensity. Looking at him, one would have said that the man felt all his fate hanging upon the answer which the young girl should give.

"Are you afraid of me?" he said.

"Afraid?" repeated Jennie, in gentle surprise. "Why, no, sir! Surely you wouldn't do any harm to Tony or me."

"No more would I, so help me God!" He rose and stretched himself to his full height, like one relieved from some intolerable burden.

"And now, my girl, he said cheerily, "you may give me some of the pork and beans you spoke of—they're mighty warming on a night like this."

Jennie sprang up with pleased alacrity, and having placed a bountiful portion upon the table, drew a chair beside it.

"I can't see why father don't come!" she said anxiously. A curious expression flitted across the man's face, which she did not notice.

"Don't you fret, child," he said. "The snow's drifting so that 'twould be nothing strange if they had to stop all night at some house along the road. But never you mind! I'll do the chores for you—you've got the cattle and things to see after, I reckon—and then I'll bring in some more logs for the fire."

"How kind you are, sir! I'm sure father will thank you a thousand times."

"Thank me yourself, child! I'm not doing it for your father. It's long since anybody had cause to thank me, and the sound is sweet."

He opened the door and went out,

through the blinding snow. Returning, a half-hour later, he replenished the fire, raking the coals together till a red blaze mounted high in the great chimney. Then catching up Tony in his night-gown, he made him laugh with a story before being carried off to bed.

"Your folks can't possibly get home to-night," he said, when Jennie reappeared, having left her little charge quietly sleeping. "It storms harder every minute. But they'll be along bright and early in the morning, so don't you mind, but go and lie down with the boy, and I'll camp here in front of the fire."

"But you won't be comfortable, sir."

"Once more the peculiar expression flitted across the man's face.

"Comfortable! I'll get the sweetest rest I've had for many a long night!" Jennie did as she was bidden. She threw herself, still dressed, on the couch beside her little brother. It was long before she slept, for as the storm beat against the window-panes, she could not repress a sharp anxiety for the safety of those she loved.

"What should I have done if this man had not come?" she thought. "He may be odd, but he is very, very kind."

She lost consciousness at last, and when she awoke the storm was over, and the sunshine streamed in at the eastern window. As she sprang up, hardly able to collect the scattered memories of the previous night, the sound of distant bells came to her ears.

"They are coming!" she cried, joyfully. Hastily she opened the door of the living-room. It was empty, and the fire smoldered low on the hearth. Her strange guest had gone suddenly and unannounced as he had come.

"He didn't wait to see father, and he had no breakfast," mourned poor Jennie. "What must he have thought of me to sleep so late as this?"

She ran to the outer door just as her father's sleigh came in sight—the stout horses struggling bravely through the heavy drifts. A cheerful halo rang out, answered by her own clear, joyful tones. The sleigh reached the door, and in a moment Jennie was in her father's arms.

"My poor little girl! You are safe! I was afraid—hasn't any body been here?"

"Oh, yes; we haven't been lonesome, either, have we, Tony? A man came—he had been caught in the storm—and he was so good! He fed the cattle and made the fire, but—only think!—I slept so long that he went away without any breakfast."

"Yes—he only robbed me of my money, I suppose, and spared you. Well, I'm thankful for that."

"Robbed you, father! Why, he was a good man. He played with Tony and did all the chores."

John Harmon picked up a scrap of paper on the table, on which was scrawled: "Good-bye, little girl; don't tell your father that anybody came, and always be good to those that ain't good themselves."

"That proves it," he said. "I saw that man watching us, yesterday, when we went over the brook, and he must have cut down that tree to prevent our getting back last night. He did it to rob me." John Harmon rushed out of the room, but quickly returned, in a state of excitement and astonishment.

"Why," he said, "he hasn't taken it after all!"

Of course, they never could know the whole story, but they guessed a part of it. The farmer had in his house a considerable sum of money which he was soon to pay toward clearing the mortgage from his farm. The strange visitor must have known this fact. He certainly watched John Harmon and Steve as they went away from home. Probably he had cut down the tree which Jennie's father had spoken in order to delay his return until he had time to get well away. Then he had come to the house, not because he had some plan, which no one doubted was robbery.

John Harmon always believed that it was Jennie's innocent fearlessness and perfect trust in the rough man that changed his mind, and saved him from the loss of his money.—Mary A. P. Stansbury, in Youth's Companion.

An Economical French Poet.

Beranger, the French poet, was a model of an economist. A curious person has lately unearthed the poet's cash-book, from which it appears that Lisette's lover limited his expenditure strictly to 10 francs (\$2 per diem), and that he jotted down carefully his diurnal expenses. He began with bread and milk, which he took in every morning, and never drew the line for the general total until he had entered his last sou and the cause of its disbursement. Unlike the majority of Parisians of the present day—even workmen—he never allowed himself the luxury of coffee after meals, and his only drink was cheap *vin ordinaire*. His principal food came from the fish-mongers, and he patronized the *charcutiers*, or "pork men," more than he did the butchers. If some of the popular poets of the present day imitated him they would soon be able to vie with the Vanderbilts, the Rothschilds, and other mighty millionaires.—Paris Letter.

—Andrew J. Blackbird, an Indian chief at Harbor Springs, Mich., has written a book on the traditional history of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes. It is written in the Indian tongue, and contains besides its historical part a complete system of grammar, in which the author says there are 1,241 forms of a single verb.

SUNSHINE AT HOME.

Let Us Incessantly Cultivate and Invite Its Presence.

In physical life sunshine is absolutely necessary to development. The color of the leaves, the luscious taste of the fruit, the radiant color of the flowers, are all gathered from its beneficence. By their own alchemy, from the same sunshine, the leaflet withdraws the green it needs for the color, and while the sunshine is tasteless, the ripening fruit gathers from it into its swelling cells the delicious flavor which captivates our taste. The flowers drinking in its rays fast develop these resplendent hues and delicate perfumes, which give us so much pleasure. All physical life is benefited by the sun's bright rays; it is absolutely necessary to our health; we open our windows, and doors to let it in to purify our homes; we send our children out to bask in its warmth and gather strength from its heat; if we are sick and nervous, the doctor tells us "keep out in the sunshine and let work and worry alone;" and so in every condition of physical life we find how dependent we are on the sunshine for warmth, strength and development.

As in physical life sunshine is so necessary to our happiness and perfection, so in our moral and spiritual nature is love the sunshine needed in our hearts and homes. In nature, we are often in accordance with its laws, deprived of the sun's brightness for a time, but it is our privilege to always have the sunshine in our homes; its rays need never cease to shine, the sun of love need never set, but shine brighter and brighter, even into a "perfect day."

Do we enjoy this inestimable privilege? Are our homes made bright and cheery by the sunshine of love, that brings in its train of blessings, patience, gentleness and forbearance; or are our homes made dark by discontent, complaining, bickerings and strife? How many men quench the sunshine of their homes by taking therein the business troubles that annoy and oppress them, when they could so easily turn the key on these annoyances as they do when they lock their doors or offices, and resolve to take nothing home but love and tenderness for the wife and children, and in place of short words or utter abstraction, that throws a shadow on all in the home circle, there might be sunshine and cheerfulness bringing happiness to all.

Many a wife watches for her husband's home-coming with anxiety and dread when it should be with eagerness and joy. How many wives keep all the worries and annoyances (that fall to every woman's lot) to regale her husband with, when he comes worn out himself with the work of the day. Why not put them away, shut them out of sight, and learn as all, women especially, should learn, to "suffer and be strong?"

How many children are allowed to make the home circle unpleasant by their contentions and disputes over small things; constant strife and dissensions until they grow up without natural affection for each other. How different the home where the sunshine of love sheds its rays; under purifying influences each character unfolds as the fruit and flowers in nature; each giving forth as they do, their perfume and flavor, that its companions may be the recipients, and all may enjoy the blessings that have had their birth in the love that creates the sunshine of our homes.

Often we fail to appreciate our privileges until we lose them; "blessings always brighten as they take their flight." Let a long gloomy spell of rain and clouds come in winter, and for days and weeks the sun is hid from view, how we long and wish for its presence, and yet perchance we have scarcely thought in the month of sunshine that has preceded the gloom, what a blessing was ours. And so it is with the moral and spiritual sunshine in our homes. Let us cultivate and invite its presence, for only when the shadows come will we feel what we have lost.—Atlanta Constitution.

Jackets for Summer.

Jackets for the present season, and to be worn on cool days throughout the summer, are being made of extra fine pilot cloth, ladies' cloth and English diagonals. These jackets come in all the dark rich colors of the season, a new tint, between sang de bouf and terra-cotta, being among the very favorite shades. The coats are richly braided with silk or soutache braid, or with gold or silver. The braids vary, some being round, others flat, or simply twisted. Many of the models are densely covered with braid-work from throat to hem, including the sleeves. A jacket of this description forms a very elegant negligé or fatigue wrap not too striking to be worn on the street.

Other dress jackets are made of silk velvet, with flowing sleeves terminating at the elbow, and lined with satin swish a shade deeper than the jacket. There are also numbers of small visites made of light-weight cloth in dove and cream-white color, trimmed with rich silk passementeries, or covered with braiding.—N. Y. Post.

Cheese Cakes.—One pound of loaf sugar, two large lemons, rub the rind of the lemons with the sugar until all the yellow part is removed; place the sugar in a bowl, squeeze the juice of the lemons over it, add the yolks of six eggs, and beat all together; put up in a jar for use; flavor with rose, vanilla or any other flavoring. This will keep for years. When required for use, line tins with paste, mix one tablespoonful of the above mixture with a teaspoonful of cream or milk, and put a little in each tartlet.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Cut jewels should never be wiped after washing. Wash carefully with brush and castile soapsuds; rinse and lay face down deep into fine sawdust until dry; boxwood dust is best.

—Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite. For this, beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar, and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating.

—A delicious drink for a convalescent is made by soaking a tablespoonful of gelatine in a cup of water; let it stand for an hour, and pour on a cup of boiling water; add a tablespoonful of currant jelly and as much sugar, the least pinch of salt, and a little cinnamon. When it cools, stir in a cup of thin cream.

—The lemon treatment for malaria is certainly worth trying: Cut a lemon, rind and all, into three slices. Place these in an earthen stew-pan and add three cups of water, boil down to a cupful, then strain with pressure through linen and set aside over night. Drink the entire quantity before breakfast, and make it fresh every day.

—Inverness Eggs. Boil eggs hard, take off their shells, make a forcemeat with parsley, thyme, bread crumbs, pepper, salt, dripping or butter, chopped anchovy, and a beaten-up egg; cover the hard eggs with this forcemeat, roll in flour and fry a light brown. Serve with a cream sauce, or if preferred, they are equally as nice without sauce.

—Potato Turnovers.—Mash some dry, mealy potatoes while they are warm; add a piece of butter, and mix with them two or three beaten eggs, according to the quantity of potatoes. Dredge a pasteboard, spread on it the potatoes a good half-inch thick. When cool, cut in squares or round cakes five inches across. Put on each a large tablespoonful of any remnants of meat or poultry minced fine. Turn over half of the cake to cover it, coat them over with eggs and bread crumbs, and bake a delicate brown in a moderate oven.

LIME FOR EGG-SHELLS.

Interesting Experiments Conducted With the Aid of Chemistry.

In my judgment, the use of shells is good simply because they furnish grinding material, and they have no more to do with furnishing lime for the shell than gravel or glassware. There is more lime in the food, in a soluble condition when digested (in the shape of nitrates, sulphates, phosphates, chlorides, etc.) than is required. That is, the hen can not, even if she so desired, eat sufficient food to produce an egg without partaking, at the same time, of more than the proportionate amount of lime necessary for the shell. Carbonate of lime (oyster shells, lime, etc.) is an insoluble substance, and can not enter the blood for deposit on the egg until it is completely dissolved. It may, however, undergo a chemical change, during digestion, by being converted into a soluble compound, such as a sulphate, but in my inspection of the droppings I find that when shells are fed they are passed in large quantities from the body, in a very fine condition, and as carbonate of lime. When bones are fed they are partially dissolved, the chemical change appearing to be that the lime, by a variety of processes, becomes a carbonate, while the phosphoric acid unites with the alkalies—potash and soda—thus becoming soluble. Still I am not ready to assert that a portion of the carbonate of lime is not in some manner rendered soluble, but I am sure that the lime of the food is soluble, and that is the source from which the lime of the shells is obtained.

Next, I tried two yards of hens, to one lot lime (in all shapes) being given, but from the other it was withheld, both lots being fed alike. I noticed no difference so far as the shells of the eggs were concerned. But, as a proof that lime in the shape of shells will not prevent hens from laying soft-shelled eggs, I have had them to lay such eggs with their yards almost covered with pounded oyster shells and lumps of lime. If a hen becomes fat the oyster shells will not provide a remedy against soft-shelled eggs, for this fact has been demonstrated hundreds of times. The hen, having failed to receive a variety of food, and being fed principally on a carbonaceous diet, has stored up too much fat, and also provides it for the egg, as well as a partial supply of nitrogen, but there is not a sufficient amount of lime dissolved from the food to provide the shell, owing to lack of solvents, as she was not given food complete in the elements necessary for that purpose, yet the ash (if the food were consumed by fire) would show an abundance of carbonate of lime.

I advise the feeding of oyster shells, however, for they serve as "grit," but I do not believe they are of any other value. Sharp gravel will answer as well. Give a hen finely-ground oyster shells, and also pounded shells, and she will pick out all the large, sharp and irregular pieces, never touching those which are fine, and in the so-called best condition. Like the theory that, because a small (and very small) proportion of sulphuretted-hydrogen gas is given off from a decomposed egg, hens must be fed sulphur to make the eggs hatch, although all foods are rich in sulphur, it is a belief among a large number that lime must be furnished the hens in the shape of shells, but this belief is owing to the many "sermons" that have been preached in its favor, more than to practical experience or tests. Old mortar, which contains nitrate of lime, is partially soluble, and may be better, but the food is sufficient.—Rural New Yorker.

MYSTERIOUS FATALITIES.

What is it That is Killing so many Prominent Men?

The death of Kaiser Wilhelm, ex-Gov. Hoffman, Banker J. W. Drexel, Lieut.-Gov. Dorsheimer, Dr. Carpenter, Chief-Justice Waite and Gen. B. H. Brewster, in quick succession, and all from the same cause, although having different names, is startling. March and April are fatal months, not only for consumptives but also for many diseases more disguised but none the less fatal.

Gov. Hoffman had heart disease, Gov. Dorsheimer, apparently a strong, well, robust man, over six feet high, sickens and dies in four days of pneumonia.

Chief-Justice Waite meets the same fate and he was apparently the personification of vigor.

Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, and Brewster, Ex-Atty. Gen., were suddenly cut off in the midst of great usefulness, by Bright's disease, and Dr. Carpenter, the well-known New York physician, suddenly died of kidney disease, never having suspected that he was at all troubled therewith!

This reminds us of the case of Dr. Frank Hawthorn, of New Orleans. He was lecturing before the Louisiana university on the peculiarly deceptive character of kidney disease and the methods of microscopical and chemical tests.

After having shown specimen after specimen of diseased fluids, and made very clear the point that kidney disease may exist without the knowledge or suspicion of the patient or practitioner, with gracious self-confidence he remarked: "Now, gentlemen, let me show you the healthy water of a strong, well man."

He staggers! "Gentlemen, I have made a terrible discovery!" he gasps, "I myself have the fatal Bright's disease!"

In less than a year this specialist of the commonest and most fatal of diseases was dead. He was a victim of advanced kidney disease the presence of which in himself he had never suspected.

L. B. PRICE, M. D., a gentleman and physician of the highest standing of Hancock, Ct. H., Va., four years ago, after trying every other remedy for Bright's disease, including famous mineral waters, cured himself by Warner's Safe Cure, and March 24, 1888, wrote: "I have never had the slightest symptoms of my old and feared disease since."

Mr. JOHN DOHERTY, of Concord, N. H., was given up with Bright's disease by the best physicians in 1873. He was in a dreadful state. After using and being cured in 1881 by Warner's Safe Cure, in 1887, he wrote: "I am better than ever."

JOHN COLEMAN, Esq., 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., was first taken sick in 1873, gradually ran down until he had pronounced Bright's disease, rheumatism and all the other deceptive signs of kidney disease. The best physicians in New Haven could do nothing for him. He then began using Warner's Safe Cure, 300 bottles of which he and his family have used and he is cured.

W. T. CRAWFORD, proprietor St. Charles Hotel, Richmond, Va., and well known all through the South, several years ago was in the death-agony from kidney disease, constipation and Bright's disease. The best Philadelphia specialists in kidney disease pronounced him practically dead and incurable. Every thing else failing he took Warner's Safe Cure abundantly and regularly, until fully restored to health, and now he says: "After a lapse of many years I am as sound as a dollar, with no symptoms of my old trouble. I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure."

Kidney disease is the most deceptive, the most universal, the most fatal disease.

If the most learned men can not know without the use of microscopical and chemical tests that they have kidney disease, how much more liable is the layman to be, unknown to himself, in the very jaws of death, who does not feel as well as formerly, but who does not think anything specially ails him, and whose physician may assure him that he will soon be "all right."

In these days, people recognize that it is wiser to prevent disease than to await its arrival to cure it. When you know that you may be in the greatest peril and not set any idea of the fact from any defined set of ill-feelings, the wisest course is to consult with the counsel and experience above outlined, and thoroughly renovate the system, cleanse the blood, tone the nerves and insure your own life against these common, mysterious fatalities.

FOOD IN SUMMER.

How Most People Worry Their Digestive Organs in Hot Weather.

Many of us eat too much. We envy the people who have large appetites, but they are mistaken objects of envy. They are the happier individuals whose desires call for plain food and a little of it. Had I my own way I would cut up almost all the cookbooks, light the fire with the pages that give recipes for all manner of rich repasts, and reduce the culinary department to the utmost possible simplicity. I would send the frying-pan to the parlor as an ornament.

Growth and waste and repair go on in a nearly uniform way the whole year through, but the amount of food necessary for these operations of purpose is surprisingly small. The generation of bodily heat requires a most variable quantity of food. In winter, with the temperature of the external air at zero, the temperature of the blood in healthy persons is 98.3°; and when the heat of summer drives the mercury of the thermometer near to or above that mark, the blood still registers 98.3°.

The marvelous mechanism by which this uniform blood temperature is maintained at all seasons it is not necessary to consider, but it must be evident to every one that the force needed to raise the temperature of the whole body to nearly one hundred degrees in winter is no longer needed in summer.

The total amount of food needed for repair, for growth and for heating, physiology teaches us, is much less than is generally imagined, and it impresses us with the truth of the great surgeon Abernethy's saying, that "one-fourth of what we eat keeps us, the other three-fourths we keep at the peril of our lives." In winter we burn up the surplus food with a limited amount of extra exertion. In summer we get rid of it literally at some extra risk to health and, of course, to life. We can not burn it. Our vital forces are banked, and we worry the most important working organs with the extra exertion of removing what would better never have been taken into the stomach.—Philadelphia Ledger.

—Congressman William L. Scott told a friend some time ago that the only use he had for eating was to give him a chance to smoke a cigar afterwards.

They ask us what has Cleveland and his administration done for this country. Oh, not very much. Only \$306,600,000 of the national debt has been paid. Nothing to speak of.

The essential difference between neutralizing negro majorities in the South by stuffing ballot boxes and vindictive machine nominations in Rhode Island by buying votes, is not very great. - Providence Journal.

There is a strong probability that the next U. S. Senate will have a Democratic majority. The Democrats are now sure of 38 members, just one half of the whole, and have a chance to secure one or more additional members from the following States; Colorado, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon and Rhode Island.

The second and concluding paper on "The Belles of Old Philadelphia," by Charlotte Adams, which will appear in the American Magazine for May, contains some charming descriptions of the grace and beauty that existed in that favored city about the time of the Revolution. The article will be copiously illustrated, and will be especially valuable as a collection of the different styles of early American portraiture.

The records show that Kansas owes on the farm mortgage about \$235,000.00. Indiana \$635,000,000. Iowa \$467,000,000. Michigan \$501,000,000. Wisconsin \$357,000,000. and Ohio \$1,127,000,000; a total of \$3,421,000,000 for six States. Kansas makes the best showing, but the existence of such a debt in a small section of the country is appalling. - Topeka State Journal.

And, did you ever stop to think why all this is thus?

It may be questioned whether there was ever a spring election in Indiana, immediately preceding a Presidential election, when the party in power in the general Government received such surprising encouragement. The returns as they still continue to come in from almost every quarter of the State, show an increase of Democratic strength and enthusiasm far beyond any anticipations. If there had been any doubt before, there can certainly be none now that Cleveland and Gray and the entire Democratic State ticket will carry Indiana in November next, by the largest majorities that were ever given in the State. - Evansville Courier.

Most all of the little Republican papers in the State, which get their political inspiration at second hand, have published the statement that the Kansas delegation in Congress, sent out a large number of copies of Senator Ingalls' scurrilous speech as a campaign document. The following from the Kansas City Journal of April 2nd, will probably open their eyes: "Congressman Perkins has written to say that the Kansas delegation in the House have not thought of using the Senator's speech as a campaign document. The opinion of the delegation is that the Senator made the grand mistake of his life when he attacked the President, and charged McClellan and Hancock as being allies of the confederacy."

Chase county Republicans are an odd lot. Their way of managing a convention is certainly unique. In the county convention held at Cottonwood Falls a few days ago, as is well known, the delegates to the congressional convention were instructed to vote for A. B. Campbell, of Topeka, for congressman from this district. It now appears that before the delegates were chosen, a resolution was adopted unanimously, endorsing the patriotic and unselfish efforts of our present Congressman, Tom Ryan. Four delegates were then named, three of whom were known to be Ryan men. When the business of the convention had about ended and a third of the delegates had gone, a motion was made and carried, instructing the delegates to support "a new man." This feeler was then followed by another motion naming A. B. Campbell as the "new man." It is probable that the three Ryan delegates will disregard the instructions and vote for the Hon. Tom, under the endorsement given him by the convention that named them. - Emporia Democrat.

It was he (Morgan), we believe, who was the father of the scheme to develop the penitentiary coal mines, which have proved so valuable to the State. - Topeka Journal.

If we remember rightly, it was Mr. Thos. P. Gable, of Leavenworth county, who introduced the resolution instructing the Committee on Penitentiary to inquire into and report on the feasibility and advisability of sinking a coal shaft at the State penitentiary, and to report the probable cost of the same, which resolution was adopted; and it was Mr. J. A. Blackburn, of Leavenworth county, who introduced the bill, which became a law, carrying into full effect Mr. Gable's idea; then, the question arises, if Morgan was the father of this scheme, did he spawn it through Messrs. Gable and Blackburn,

both of the county in which the penitentiary is located? And if he did was he not better disposed toward these gentlemen than he was toward the charitable and educational institutions of the State.

IN THE INGALLS VEIN.

And so during every period of the world's history, and in every condition of civilization and savagery, an ample and undisturbed repose have been recognized as due the dead. It was reserved for the last decade, but one of the nineteenth century—for this most enlightened age and country, for this people most intelligent, before that August body—the United States Senate—it was reserved for such a time and such a place for the lesson to be taught that dishonor to the patriot dead was patriotic duty—that denunciation of a dead Union soldier was a proper theme for a Union Senator.

No such spectacle is presented by all the pens of historians and fictionists as was presented by John J. Ingalls in the Senate Chamber on the occasion of his last speech.

The suicided Judas swinging in the wind, Herod gazing on the trunkless head of John, the horrors of the inquisition—the all of martyrology, the horror distorted and blood-bespattered pictures painted by Dante, all pale before the spectacle presented by John J. Ingalls, that Senatorial body snatcher, desecrating the graves of the patriot dead.

A ghoul, floating in the gloom of honored tombs over his festering feast; a hyena, hilarious with the joy that dead things give his kind; a jackal, joyous o'er his fetid food; a coyote, crunching a hero's bones; a slimy snake, befouling with his envenomed spittle, the monumental marble reared to commemorate a patriot's deeds, and to evidence a nation's gratitude! Such was the spectacle on which the nation gazed with a horror unutterable—a loathing unspeakable.

Ingalls denouncing Hancock! A cur dog baying at a dead lion! A poltroon besmearing the poitrine of a dead night! A coward clawing the cold corpse of a dead hero! A dastard disparaging deeds he dare not emulate! A craven scourging the body of a dead soldier! A jay-hawker justice sitting in judgment on the hero of Gettysburg! A chattering charlatan reviling the chivalric chief! A scathless, skulking civilian jibing the warrior of many wounds—the soldier of many scars! A political pouter spurning his devilled drivel upon the grave of a peerless paladin! A dweller in catacombs! A dealer in corpses! A ghoul—his jaws dropping the foulness of the tomb—his teeth shiving with the slime of decay—his fingers covered with the corruption of the grave—radiating the odors of the charnel house—such is Ingalls.

And as such he is greeted with applause in Kansas—he is hailed with hallelujah and rejoicing. The cymbal is tinkled—the brass is sounded to express the joy of the Kansas Republicans at the show. The anthems of Anthony and the pleasers of Legate's lute unite with the lesson voices and smaller instruments, if doing honor to this exponent of Republican ideas—this dealer in dead issues and dead men; and thus do they become accessories after the fact in the banquet spread in the crypt of the past—in the coffin lid of all their decency. And since they love dead things the people will decree that they shall be as the things they love—and like the lepers of old, declared unclean—cast out from among men—permitted not to taint by their presence, the air of any habitation, permitted only to dwell amid the tombs of their mad schemes, which they thought by sacrilege to consummate.

KANSAS PATENTS. The following patents for the two weeks ending April 17, 1888, reported expressly for this paper by Joseph H. Hunter, Solicitor of American and foreign patents, Pacific building, Washington, D. C.:

W. S. Arnold, Clyde, railway switch; H. W. and W. Fuller, Seneca, calf weaner; T. S. Gorrell and E. M. Tubbs, Pittsburg, hay press; J. L. Martin, Canton, snap hook; J. T. Miller, Thayer, snapper; S. G. Pillsbury, Long Island, corn sheller; E. E. Barker, Junction City, metallic shingle; C. R. Black, Topeka, saw jointer; Gottlieb Heller, Dillon, mill feed; E. G. Martin, Concordia, vapor burner; J. E. Sneyely, Chetopa, rotary engine; F. C. York, Salina, line protector.

1864-1869.

In 1864 John J. Ingalls was a candidate for lieutenant-governor of Kansas on an independent ticket. The platform upon which he ran endorsed the candidacy of George B. McClellan for President, and now at this late date the senior Senator from Kansas is pleased to term "Little Mac," as an ally of the confederacy.

In trying times and dark days, the Senator, in order to down Jim Lane, supported this same man for the Presidency, as against Abraham Lincoln. Strange how men change their opinions under different circumstances. - Abilene Gazette.

ABOUT CALIFORNIA, NEVADA, NEW MEXICO, UTAH AND COLORADO.

ELMDALE, KAS., April 13, 1888. To the Editor of the Journal:

One of the peculiarities which most strongly impressed me in California was the great abundance of flowers. Almost all kinds of vegetation blossoms, making the country at this time of year look like a bed of flowers. Each one tries to excel in beautifying their premises, and the result is beauty beyond description.

In southern California, they raise oranges, grapes, figs, olives, quantities of honey, and, by irrigation, barley. In central California the crops are wheat and barley, which are good crops without the aid of irrigation, but with it, grapes, apples and pears do well.

San Diego has the mildest climate of any of the cities, a good harbor

and on Coronado beach, the largest hotel in the world. The Santa Fe railroad purchased below here, 40,000 acres of land, laid out National City, and have land to sell at \$500 per acre. Los Angeles is eighteen miles from the coast, and is surrounded by good land and many beautiful villages.

San Francisco has much good land on the northeast and southeast, and an awfully big pond on the west. The tide rises twice in twenty-four hours, and gets later each day.

A beautiful sight may be seen from the Cliff House. There are rocks in the ocean, on which numerous seals are playing and sporting all the while, and on which there are also wagon loads of beautiful shells, and a whale's rib, 16 feet long, 30 inches round it, and the head of the whale six feet across. I wanted to purchase the whole business.

San Francisco has the best system of street car lines of any city in the west, almost all cable cars, too; many of the wealthy men of California live here, and at Oakland, a city just across the bay. Many of the residences are simply grand.

It does seem as if all Californians unite in beautifying their State, to induce eastern people to visit them and spend their money there, of which there are many thousands who accept the bait, especially, young men without number, who expect to get rich there by magic. Well, they can always sponge enough free lunches in the saloons to keep them from starving, and always be sure of free beds in the waiting rooms of the railroad depots; to be sure, the seats are rather small for comfort, but there is always a fire.

I saw one monster ship just over from China, loaded with 3,000 tons of freight. It takes them four to six months to make a trip. Goat Island is on the top of a mountain sticking up out of the bay, and it is a Government post.

Mare's Island is twenty-five or thirty miles up the Sacramento river. It is also a Government post, and has many stores and troops.

Sacramento has the State House, the most magnificent building in California. On the first floor is a group of statues, representing Columbus, Queen Isabella and a page. Columbus has a ball in hand, trying to explain from it, to the Queen, that the world is round, and that he wants to find that if her treasury is inadequate to meet the expenses, she will pawn her jewels.

This statuary was cut out of one solid block of Italian marble, in Florence, Italy, by the American artist, Larkin Mead, of Vermont. It cost \$60,000, and was presented to the State of California, by D.O. Mills, in 1883.

Nevada is mountainous and dry. The Central Pacific railroad has forty miles of snow sheds over the railroad. The winter in that State was dry and cold. The thermometer in some parts standing as low as 60° below zero, and numbers of dead cattle lay along the railroad.

Utah, like all the rest of these mountainous States and Territories, raises little, except by irrigation. Ogden, at the head of Salt Lake, is a railroad center. One hundred and fifty boomers went there last week, from San Diego, to boom the town.

The principal features of Utah are the Mormon possessions. The Tabernacle is a very odd shaped building, capable of seating ten thousand people. The interior is so built that you can hear the slightest sound from one end to the other. The temple is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 80 feet high, and the wall ten feet thick at the base. It is built of fine marble.

It was commenced twenty-five years ago, and it will take twenty years more to finish it. It will cost \$4,000,000. The object of this structure is to leave to posterity a monument in memory of the Mormon Church. They believe the time will come when all Mormons will be gathered together at their "New Jerusalem," Salt Lake. Most of the members of the Mormon Church are kept poor by the many demands for the support of the Church. It takes two, and sometimes three wives to look after the wants of one man, and then he is not any too happy.

The stock in New Mexico, Arizona Colorado and California, wintered well, but Utah and Nevada suffered heavy losses. Among the curiosities I brought home, is a specimen of wild oats that grew on the ranch where I worked, which is two and a half feet tall, and all headed out. Many thousands of acres of these oats grow in California. J. S. SHIPMAN.

44000-A MILE WALK.

By oversight, your reporter neglected to speak in last week's issue, of the Dwellle railroad case. Our readers are probably familiar with the salient features of this case; of Mr. Dwellle's coming to Cedar Point to take the train for Florence, and of his arriving at the station just as the train pulled in; of the agent being out of his ticket office so that Mr. Dwellle could not secure a ticket; of his getting on the train, and being threatened with expulsion by one collector, and of his going into another coach, where he met with the second collector, who at first accepted the fare and excess, but handed it back and refused to receive it, upon the arrival of the first collector on the scene; of the stopping of the train, and the putting off of Mr. Dwellle, who detained the train long enough to attract attention to himself, and secure some witnesses, and then counted ties back to Cedar Point. Mr. Dwellle sued for \$25,000 damages, then the case came before the jury and Judge Doster, at Marion, lately, and was decided in his favor to the amount of \$4,000.

Mr. Dwellle naturally feels gratified at the decision which is in his favor, even if not for the amount sued for, but he jokingly says he lost \$21,000 in the case.

The railroad company will probably appeal to the State Supreme Court. They will doubtless find "John" there ready for another round. - Florence Bulletin.

H. F. GILLETT, SUCCESSOR TO CAMPBELL & GILLETT, 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.

SETH J. EVANS,

Advertisement for SETH J. EVANS, PROPRIETOR OF THE Feed Exchange EASTSIDE OF Broadway Cottonwood Falls. Includes an illustration of a horse-drawn carriage and text: LOW PRICES, PROMPT ATTENTION, Paid to ALL ORDERS, Good Rigs, AT ALL HOURS.

BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY

SUDDEN DEATH.

Levi W. Clay, a former citizen of this city, but who, up to the time of his demise, was living on Diamond creek, died suddenly, at his home, Wednesday evening, at half past nine o'clock. Not feeling very well during the day, he went to Elmdale and consulted Dr. F. Johnston, but his illness was considered slight and no serious results were apprehended, and returning home he went to bed at his usual time, and while apparently asleep, death touched him with a gentle hand, and he expired without a struggle, unconscious of the approaching change.

Mr. Clay was well known and highly esteemed in this county, and the obsequies, which were held in the Congregational church, Friday, at 1 p. m., Rev. T. J. Pearson officiating, was largely attended by people from nearly every part of the county. After an eloquent funeral discourse, the remains were taken to the cemetery at Cottonwood Falls, followed by one of the largest funeral processions ever seen in this county.

Mr. Clay was born near Sheafers-town, Pa., and came to Strong City in February, 1879. He was an active and progressive citizen, and built several business houses here, the most important of which is the Commercial hotel. Some time ago he moved to his farm on Diamond creek, where he has since resided. He was the father of fourteen children, eight daughters and six sons, all of whom are still living, except three daughters, who died within the past two years, and all of whom are residents of Chase county, with the exception of one son and a daughter, who live in Pennsylvania. The surviving children are all well known and highly respected. In their bereavement the stricken family have the heartfelt sympathy and condolence of the whole community. - Strong City Republican.

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. PROGRAM. Opening chorus—Pupils of High School. Recitation—Hattie Gray. Paper—"How to spend the Summer Vacation"—C. Garber. Discussion—D. A. Ellsworth and B. F. Wasson. Vocal duet—Mertie Estes and Rena Massey. Recitation—Carrie Hyle. Paper, The work of the coming year—George Sweeneyhart. Discussion—J. W. Wilson and Miss L. B. Seamons. Duet—Marion Hemphill and Mattie Shehan. RECESS. Instrumental music—May Jensen. Recitation—Minnie Morton. Paper, Good literature in Schools—Miss N. R. Pugh. Discussion—J. M. Warren and J. A. Oursler. Recitation—Mary Steiner. Quartette—Miss Stella Kerr, Anna Rockwood, J. H. Mercer and L. A. Lowther.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT. WHEREAS, Since we last met, the resistless hand of death, for the first time has entered our midst, and taken from us Mr. Chas. H. Rogler, one of our members; Therefore, Resolved, By the Board of Directors of the Chase County National Bank, in regular session assembled, that in the death of our comrade and friend, Charles W. Rogler, we have lost a true and tried friend, and the Bank a wise and faithful counselor.

Resolved, That Charles W. Rogler was our friend; therefore, we praise him. He was amiable and kind of heart; therefore, we loved him. He was thoughtful and wise; therefore, we admired him. He was honorable; therefore, we esteemed and honored him.

Resolved, That in the death of Charles W. Rogler, the county, State and Nation have lost a noble and honest patriot, and the community a good and honored citizen, and hosts of people a valued friend.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved family, also, that a copy be furnished the county papers, with a request that they publish the same.

Advertisement for R. L. FORD, Watchmaker and Jeweler, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. Includes an illustration of a watch and text: BEATING ALL TIME, ELGIN, WALTHAM, SPRINGFIELD AND HAMDEN WATCHES AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Aikin Lambert & Co.'s Gold Pens, Repairing English Watches a Specialty.

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency RAILROAD AND SYNDICATE LANDS. WILL BUY OR SELL WILD LANDS OR IMPROVED FARMS, -AND LOANS MONEY.- COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS apr5-177

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. fe25-17

THOS. H. CRISHAM, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Office upstairs in National Bank building COTTONWOOD FALLS KANSAS - fe2-17

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. f-13 17

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wm. H. HOLSINGER, -DEALER IN-

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE,

FARM MACHINERY & WIND MILLS,

Wood and Iron Pumps, PIPE, RUBBER HOSE AND FITTINGS,

W. H. HOLSINGER,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. fe2-17

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. McWilliam's Land Office, in the Bank building, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. If you want money apr25-17

MARTIN HEINTZ, Carpenter & Builder,

Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop, at his home, northwest corner of Friend and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. fe25-17

JOHN FREW LAND SURVEYOR, AND CIVIL ENGINEER,

STRONG CITY, - - - KANSAS. dec8-17

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT WICHITA, KANSAS. April 5th, 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, Kas., on May 12th, 1888, viz: H. E. No. 7542, of George W. Blackburn, Jr., Wonsiuv, for the S 1/2 of a 1/4 of sec 14 of sec 14 of sec 6, T. 22 S., R. 14 E., of range 8 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: John Goodin, Thomas F. Gwynn, George Topping and Carl Shroyer, all of Wonsiuv, Chase county, Kansas. FRANK DALE, Register.

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Advertisement for COMPLEXION VIOLA-CREAM. Includes an illustration of a woman's face and text: THIS preparation, without injury, removes Freckles, Liver-Moles, Pimples, Black-Heads, Sunburn and Tan. A few applications will render the most stubborn 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 druggists or mailed for 50 cents. Prepared by G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, OHIO. Sold by C. E. HAIT. apr5-177

Notice for Publication. LAND OFFICE AT SALINA, KANSAS. March 10th, 1888. Notice is hereby given that Robert W. Nicholas has filed notice of intention to make final proof before E. W. Ellis, Clerk of District Court, at his office in Cottonwood Falls on Saturday the 28th day of April, 1888, on timber cult. application No. 274, for the S 1/4 of section No 98, in township No 19 south, range No 6 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Charles A. Stehr, William Koehler, Julius Panzram, and Herman Panzram, all of Emporia, Kansas. S. M. PALMER, Register.

HANK WALL'S BARGAIN.

Terms on Which a Robber Agreed Not to Molest a Stage Company.

The singular freedom enjoyed by the Northwestern Stage Transportation Company from road agents during the early days of its existence, when the trail led from Bismarck to Deadwood, was a welcome fact which many a weary traveler in search of the land of promise can cheerfully testify to, but nevertheless it was a source of much speculation as to how the immunity granted the line was to be accounted for. The Sidney stage was "held up" on nearly every trip, messengers killed and passengers robbed.

In 1877 the line commenced operations between Bismarck and the Black Hills, doing a passenger traffic and also hauling the gold bricks of the Homestake Mine, often amounting to \$200,000, thereby promising a rich harvest for the festive road agent who at that time infested the country through which the trail ran. Mountains and gulches lined each side of the improvised road, uninhabited, save by the Indian, affording a magnificent retreat for the robbers, who could "hold up" a coach and escape with their booty into the hills, where it was simply impossible to find them, much less recover the property.

Hank Wall was at the head of a gang of free-booters who made their home in the hills, and who were a terror to travelers who might from necessity be compelled to pass through the country. During the first week that the Northwestern ran from Bismarck Wall and his men "held up" three coaches, one being the treasury coach containing Homestake bullion. After the first trip, however, Mr. C. W. Richardson, now of Pierre, was agent at Bismarck, and he requested all passengers going through to deposit their money with him, he in return issuing Deadwood drafts. Extra precautions were also taken in the way of guarding each coach, for outriders, armed with repeating rifles and selected with reference to their marksmanship and nerve, riding before and behind the coach on each trip, about one hundred yards distant, thus providing against surprises and incidentally protecting the passengers. These arrangements soon rendered the road agent's occupation not only unprofitable but attended by an element of danger which he did not relish. The passengers carried nothing of value and the treasure coaches were so well guarded that "Hank's" raids began to net him less than would a raid on an ordinary contribution-box.

One day W. J. Gidley, who had charge of the drivers, was inspecting the lines. The coach which he was on was approached by a horseman who proved to be the redoubtable "Hank" himself. Gidley knew him, and, after passing salutations, he inquired of Wall what he had been doing. "Hank" replied that he had been holding up Northwestern coaches till he had gone broke at it. He then mentioned the object of his visit. "It's this way, G. I. I've got a nephew in Deadwood who is anxious to get to his home in Fort Wayne, Ind., where his mother is very ill. Now, they're 'out to me' in Deadwood, so that I can't go after him, and he's broke. Now, if you will promise to bring the kid through on your next trip, and buy him a ticket from Bismarck to Fort Wayne, I'll agree never to hold up another of your coaches or cause you any further trouble. Is it a go?"

Gidley thought the scheme a good one, and as he knew Wall to be a man who respected his word, whatever his other shortcomings might be, the agreement was made, and on the next trip through to Bismarck the young man was a passenger. The ticket was purchased to Fort Wayne.

Wall was as good as his word, and from that day to this not another passenger has been molested. Wall immediately turned his attention to the Sidney line, and the papers of that town came out with columns of abuse aimed at the Northwestern Company, charging it with being in league with the road agents, etc.—*Pierre (D. T.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

PRETTY PLASTER PAWS.

How Italian Molders Take a Cast of the Human Hand.

Two girls bound to have their pretty paws put in plaster stop some day on the street and ask a strolling peddler where his shop may be found. He tells them down near Grand street, gives them a dirty slip of paper with the street and number, and away they go.

The hearts beat mightily as they go up the narrow stairs, and into a small, smelly shop that is full of white dust and images of all kinds. To make the black-browed man who greets them understand their errand takes considerable time and patience, but he at last gets it through his square head and agrees to take the impression. By this time the romance is mainly gone, but there is enough out of the usual run of things to make it interesting. "Bippo," or whatever his name may be, fetched out a big yellow mixing bowl to begin with. In this he puts some plaster of Paris, otherwise known as calcined gypsum, and some warm water. With a thin supple knife he carefully stirs the two until the mixture is about the consistency of molasses, carefully it must needs be, for if the knife comes up above the water there will be air-holes where there should be ivory fineness of grain, and even with the mold "Bippo" wishes the fair "American" to be satisfied.

While he is doing this, the two girls

are amusing themselves in greasing the chosen hand with olive (?) oil. They fill up all the little cracks and dimples with the stuff, considerably disgusted, yet not discouraged. By the time Bippo has some of the plaster poured upon a board the hand is all ready to go down into it. That is lots of fun, of course, and with much giggling an artistic arrangement of the fingers is made, due attention being paid to the cherished dimples.

Then Bippo sits down and begins to smoke.

The girls stare. Surely more than the palm is wanted! What of the dimpled knuckles?

Bippo then condescends to explain. The plaster must dry. It would be impossible for signora to take her hand out of the mould were all one piece. The "signora" admits the truth of this, and resigns herself to wait. It does not take her long, however, and they soon are watching honest Bippo oiling the edges of the mould around the hand. This done, he pours the rest of plaster on top, pats it down and smooths it off as if it were a pudding, and then sits down and takes another cigarette.

The time of waiting is not long, but to the young woman who is about dying to wiggle her fingers it seems an age. Five minutes ends it. The mold yields to general persuasion, opens and gives up its prize.

"But it's hollow!" cries the signorina. "I wanted it just like my hand. Why you can't even tell what it is!"

Bippo looks vastly superior, but says nothing, the while fishing a stout string from his pistol pocket. Once unspooled, he ties the two halves stoutly together, having once more oiled them, carefully mixes another bowl of plaster and fills the mold to the brim.

By the time the second hand has been done up in its big dough mitten the mould is ready to open, and out of it comes the prettiest, whitest, most kissable hand that was ever seen away from a real, live best girl's wrist. Bippo, of course, is well paid for his trouble, an order is left for a number of each, "to be called for," and two demure-looking creatures sally forth from a Fifth avenue stage an hour later, and climb their front steps as carefully as if they carried little butterflies in their clumsy newspaper packages.—*N. Y. World.*

GREEK DEATH CUSTOMS.

Scenes of Heartrending Grief and Noleful Wails and Lamentations.

When a death is expected the attendant mourners in the Greek Islands have many little customs peculiar to themselves. The moribund is handed a bowl of water, into which he puts a pinch of salt for each person with whom he is at enmity, saying as he does so: "May my wrath perish as this salt," for it is considered dreadful for a man to die leaving an enemy behind him. His spirit, it is believed, will not rest, but will wander about as a poor ghost, sucking the blood of his friends, like the shades in ancient fables, to gain strength for his earthly wandering. If the complaint is consumption, they suppose that three Erinnyes stand ready to pounce on children at the corners of the room; hence the young are kept out of the way when the dying is in extremis, and a hole is opened over his head to allow the Erinnyes to escape. Fevers are best cured by priestly incantations. The names of the disease is written on a slip of paper, and with prayer and much incensing this is bound to a tree, hoping thereby to transfer the malady. Incense is much used by the priest in his visitations to the sick; the whole room is thick with it, and perhaps contagion is thus often avoided.

When the death has occurred the women rush onto the flat roof or some other conspicuous place, where they rend the air with their cries, tear their hair, and give way to unbridled grief.

The town crier is sent around to announce the fact to the neighbors and to summon friends to the death-wail, which takes place an hour or two after the spirit has left the body. After the body has been washed in wine it is laid out on a bier in the center of the one-roomed house, arrayed in the deceased's best clothes, decked out with flowers, and with lamps burning at the side, reminding us of the ancient custom of placing the corpse thus in the midst of the hall, dressed in as handsome a robe as the family could afford, in order, according to Lucian, that the dead may not be cold on the passage to Hades, and may not be seen naked by Coribantes. Then begins the death-wail ceremony, and a scene of heart-rending grief such as took place in Priam's palace over the dead body of Hector. These death-wails are, in fact, one of the most striking bonds of connection between the Hellenism of the past and the Hellenism of the present, and in the Greek Islands, despite the strictness of the more civilized members of the orthodox church, they cling to them with surprising tenacity.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

—Fire Marshal Whitcomb, of Boston, recently made a test for the purpose of learning whether rats could and would start a fire by gnawing matches. Three large rats were placed in a wire cage containing a bunch of matches. The first night four fires were set by the rats, and others were caused during following days. Examination of the matches showed that only the phosphorus ends were gnawed, and that some of them were carried some distance from the original bunch. The rats had plenty of good food, but ate the matches as though they liked them well. The fire marshal is quite certain now that rats carry matches into their holes, and there gnaw them, and that many a conflagration thus originates.

FASHIONABLE MAIDS.

What It Costs to Dress a New-York Society Debutante.

Take the case of one of last season's debutantes sitting down for a meditation amid the wreck of muslins and the crash of tulle considering the transitory nature of all things earthly—and the need of a new Easter wardrobe.

Reckon the number of swell dances to which she has been, divide the number by two and you have the number of tulle gowns she has had. Multiply 200 by the number of tulle gowns and you have the approximate cost of the tulle gowns. Simplicity is the index rule for the debutante. Yes, and white tulle is cheap by the yard. But to each tulle gown goes a silk slip and skirt upon skirt of tulle, one outside another, ballet dress fashion, until the requisite airy, delicate butterfly appearance is produced. Add ribbon, sash, gloves, etc., and there is your \$200. One crush, two average dances, three small affairs with care and the tulle gown is tulle tatters. There are \$800, say, for a winter's beginning. Reckon for other more or less formal occasions three or four other white gowns. There has been very probably embroidered India muslin, a gown of ivory cloth with delicate tracery of gold, a soft white silk of some description and may be a dotted net over silk. These come to from \$500 to \$700 more. The debutante has been to several afternoon teas. That means a couple of plain petticoats, one in copper color, the other in ecru blue, sash, with draperies and bodices of Lincoln green and French gray. Put down \$200. The debutante has been walking and calling. That means a couple of tailor gowns. Put down \$250. She has been to the theater. That means very possibly something in silk the color of a wild rose pearl; loose wrinkled waist, the folds meeting in a point in front, setting off the girlish slenderness. Pink satin ribbon fastened on the left shoulder with a Marguerite clasp, carried under the right arm, then hanging loose with a lace fan dangling from the end; string of pearls about the throat; pink bonnet; put down \$125.

An afternoon reception costume, a dinner dress, a lace gown or two for all sorts of wear, nondescript useful gowns. Put down \$300. The bills mount up and yet no mention has been made of hats, bonnets, wraps, jackets, coats, parasols, underwear, shoes, gloves, laces, etcetera. Put down not less than \$1,000, and call the total \$3,000. It looks a high price for a winter's enjoyment, but "papa," who foots the bills, with more or less cheerfulness, has very possibly paid more for a picture or a horse.—*A. J. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

ETIQUETTE OF PARTING.

One of the Joys of Courtship in the Rural Districts.

The social etiquette that regulates the time when a young man shall tear himself away from his very best girl is not so rigid in the rural districts as in the city. When the clock hands swing around toward ten and the pretty maidenly his smile reminds him of the fact, the city swain goes home. Not so the youth in the rural district. Toward eleven o'clock his Janie says: "You know what time it is, Ned Bangs?"

"Course I do," he replies, smartly. "Well, I guess you'd better put out for home."

"What's the rush?"

"I'd say 'rush' if I were you, when it's most midnight."

"I don't care if it's most daylight."

"Well, I do, and you shan't stay here one second after midnight."

"Bet you a cookie I do."

"No, you shan't. I'll call pa, see if I don't."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"You'll see."

"I'll risk it."

"Oh, you're perfectly horrid! Now you get your hat and clear out."

"Oh, pshaw! you'd be mad if I did."

"You wretch! You've got to go right away, for saying that."

"You don't say so."

"I do, too; and—I—I—if you dare kiss me again!"

He dashes.

"Oh, on, oh! You're the meanest fellow. I've a notion to box your ears."

"Box away."

"When are you going home?"

"When I get a good ready."

"Pa'll start you if he comes in."

"He won't come in."

"Don't be too sure of that. If ma sees the light she'll scold."

"Let's put it out!"

"No, you shan't! You'd better put yourself out."

"See if I do."

"You'll sit here with the cat, then. I shan't keep you company."

"Pshaw! A team of horses couldn't drag you away."

"O you horrid, horrid thing!"

But it is midnight before he goes, all the same, and he hasn't had to sit with her cat either.—*Zenas Dana, in Tid-Bits.*

—Fully 30,000 German residents in England who evaded conscription on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war can now return to their fatherland without risk, as their offense terminated with the late Emperor's reign.

—"You get your daughters up most beautifully, Mrs. Hobb." "Yes, that is art." "And you get them into society so early." "That is smart." "And you find rich husbands for them." "That is smart."

BENEFITS OF WALKING.

The Healthiest Physical Exercise for the Sickly as Well as the Strong.

There may be necessary exceptions, but the rule is that to be healthy one must walk, and moreover one must walk in the open air. No amount of dumb-bell or Indian club practice indoors can in any measure take the place of this absolute requirement of man's physique. Indeed it is demonstrable that all violent exercise taken while confined to the air of a closed room is directly injurious to the actor. This is why fencing in a hall cannot develop a physique as can most of the open air pastimes when judiciously pursued.

It is error to take it for granted that the evolution of enormous muscles is necessary to health or to longevity; on the contrary, undue development of any tissue is sure to disarrange that balance of physique, that equipoise of physiologic arrangement upon which perfect health depends. Athletes of the common sort are short-lived and extremely subject to diseases of the vital organs. The moral of this is: Overdevelopment means anticipation, it uses vitality in advance, it is hypertrophy, just as underdevelopment is a form of atrophy.

Now put on your loose, well-ventilated, broad-soled shoes and come with me. We are not going out on a walking race to try to lower the record, we do not care about any sporting slang, we are going forth as rational companions to have a brisk turn for recreation or some exhaustive work. Take your staff in hand, you will find it good exercise for your hands and arms while walking; never go without it. If at first your legs are rather stiff or unmanageable on account of a long sedentary period, walk very gently, until you begin to feel nimble, then increase your pace until you have reached a speed which gives you a sense of healthful exertion. If you begin to tire, slacken pace, but do not stop to rest, save when the weather is very dry and the temperature not below seventy Fahrenheit, or when you have gradually cooled yourself by sauntering slowly for some time. Neglect of this rule may do more harm than all your exercise can overcome. I have seen persons of weak physique walk for the sea-breeze in summer until thoroughly over-heated and then sit down in the full draught of the cool sea-breeze, and such invalids wonder why they do not get well. They think a change of air has no value. Sudden heating or sudden cooling is dangerous even to the strongest, it is death to the weak.

In very warm weather the walker should adopt a gentle, unexciting pace, so that he may stop in any cool shade and sit down, if he likes, or be ready to take a plunge into some clear, sweet, out-of-the-way stream. At this season I always carry a book with me to snatch suggestions from as I pass. A volume of R. K. R. or of K. A. S. or of Andre Chénier, Wallace's "I and Life," or an odd volume of Balzac, has served my turn in many a quiet little paradise. Sometimes I like a short novel, or a book of light essays. Recently I took great delight in going through Andreas, that curious and quaint old landmark of Anglo-Saxon poetry so charmingly edited by Prof. Baskerville of Vanderbilt University. To me, study in the open air is the quintessence of study, the very bloom and perfume of the tree of knowledge. Sometimes I do not open the book chosen as my companion, but it is a pleasure to know that I have it in my pocket or pouch ready to be peeped into whenever I like. The sense of the presence of Emerson or Wordsworth or Browning is very satisfying and fertilizing.

Now we are started upon our walk and I hope you begin to feel the fascination of it.

Next to clear conscience, give me sound limbs.—*Maurice Thompson, in Chauhanquan.*

THINK ABOUT IT.

Words of Advice and Caution for Nervous Mothers.

The mother who lets the punishment she inflicts on a child be an expression of her own irritation or animosity is a grave wrong against the young soul entrusted to her keeping.

We have quick tempers, some of us, and days come sometimes when flesh and heart fail, and overtaxed nerves cry for rest and every thing goes wrong from my own ill-devised eye. Perhaps, with stern self-repression, one can live through such a day without an outbreak of temper in spite of its worries, but the noise of a fretful child is often the straw that tips the scale, and the self-control is broken down and the offender punished with a severity greatly disproportionate to the offense.

The poor little children, who are quite at their parents' mercy, suffer wrong and injustice too often because other things have vexed their natural protectors. A mother who finds it difficult to properly control her own spirit under all circumstances should make it a rule never to punish a child at the moment of offense. After an hour's reflection she can think of the matter in all its bearings, the impulse to resent will have faded away, and while her sense of what a parent's duty is may forbid her passing over the offense unnoticed her tenderness for the offender will keep from being harsher than is merited.—*Good Cheer.*

—"My dear, why are our boiled eggs always so hard now?" Wife—"I suppose it's because of the new breed of hens we've got, those Plymouth Rocks, you know."

A BRIEF BETROTHAL.

Why Dear Albert Spurned the Love of His Adorable Ducky Darling.

They were in all the blissful transports of a couple who had been engaged three hours and a half. It was verging on to midnight, but he manifested no sign of going, and she troubled lest he should do so. Suddenly he drew a pencil from his pocket, tore a blank leaf from his note book and said:

"Now, my own little lovely dove, let's make a diagram of the little home we will have."

"Oh, yes, let's do!" she said, ecstatically. "Our home! Don't it sound lovely?"

"It will be genuine love in a cottage, won't it, sweetheart?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! We can get along with a dear, cunning little reception room, double parlors, a library, dining and music rooms down-stairs. Then we'll want a large, sunny, beautiful room up-stairs for dear mamma."

"Yes, dearest; when she comes to visit us we'll make it as—"

"Visit us? Why, Albert, mamma intends living with us, of course."

"Oh—ah—I—I—"

"I knew I'd surprise you, darling! Won't it be lovely. Then Aunt Harriet will have a room next to mamma's and—"

"Aunt Harriet?"

"Why, yes, precious. She dotes on you and I've always told her that if ever I had a home it should be hers, too, and you wouldn't want your little girly-girl to break her word?"

"No—no—I—"

"And then we must calculate for a large, sunny room for my dear old grandmamma and grandpapa who made your little wife to be so happy when she was a little girl."

"Yes, dear; but I—I—"

"No buts about it darling. Then sister Nellie will want a pleasant room and dear old Uncle Horace, and brother Tom won't want to be separated from dear mamma and me; and I've always said that dear old Auntie Miggs should be with me at least half of the time, and if we could spare a room for—"

Their engagement came to an end right there, and dear Albert has a breach of promise suit on hand now.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A COBWEB PARTY.

A New Game in Which the Spiders Chase the Prey.

Cobwebs was the title of a novel entertainment given by the ladies of the Central W. C. T. U. A cobweb party is a new fad to the people of St. Louis, and curiosity was the incentive which moved a large crowd of young ladies and gentlemen to visit Vandeventer Hall.

Contrary to the majority of new fads, cobwebs did not originate in the classic city of Boston, but was conceived in the cactus precincts of Texas, where the game is known by the dignified title of "Going to Jerusalem." At first the young ladies were slow to join in the game, but they finally became deeply interested, and before the entertainment had concluded a score of them had been induced to enter the web, by the cunning spiders. The game is played in this way: All join in a ring with a blindfolded gentleman in the center. He selects a young lady, who enters the ring, and he tries to catch her, saying: "Fly, where art thou?" The lady replies: "Here am I," and at the same time she endeavors to keep out of his way. The lady, in her efforts to elude the spider, as the gentleman is called, must not leave the ring. An artificial spider is suspended from the ceiling by means of a string and pulley, and it is the duty of the gentleman, still blindfolded, to drop the spider on the lady's head. When the lady is caught by the spider being dropped on her head, both parties are out of the game. They can look on, but are forbidden from entering the game again during the evening. Next a lady enters the ring and calls in a gentleman, both blindfolded as before, and the same rules apply to the lady when she plays spider as to the gentleman. The gentleman who catches the lady in the shortest time is the winner of the evening, and is called the chief spider. He is presented with a crown of small spiders. The lady longest being caught is called the queen fly, and is presented with a wreath of butterflies.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Mitigating Circumstances.

"You plead guilty to the charge of murder, do you?" inquired the judge of the defendant.

"Yes, your honor," replied the criminal. "I had a pistol in my pocket and when he sprung the red-hair-and-white-horse racket on me I immediately shot him."

"Dear me," said the judge, "I am afraid you were too harsh with him."

"I wish to say," remarked the prisoner, "that there was a mitigating circumstance which I have not mentioned."

"What was that?"

"I did not yell 'chestnuts!' before I shot him."

"Discharge the prisoner," said the judge.—*Chicago News.*

The Force of Habit.

Music Teacher—You must learn not to use the pedal so much.

Pupil—I can't help it.

"Why not?"

"I used to run a sewing machine, and when I am at the piano I can't help working the treadle."—*Texas Sittings.*

—Europe does not want to go to war. A war over there would interrupt the travel of Americans.—*N. O. Picayune.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Religion can not pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.—*Carlyle.*

—Graces cease to flow from Heaven into our souls if, by our unfaithfulness, we cease to make them rise again to their source.—*St. Bernard.*

—If you have really given up your heart to God in private, your life will show forth the praise of God in public; if God has the heart he is sure of the life.

—When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay at night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.—*Spurgeon.*

—Every point to which a man excels, every true virtue which he cherishes, every good habit which he acquires, every beauty of spirit to which he attains, will make his friendship pure, stronger and better worth having.

—Every young man is doing, or omitting to do, what will be a cause of regret to him in after years. Such a misfortune is inevitable in a world so imperfect as this one, and with beings so morally out of the way as men are.—*United Presbyterian.*

—Japan has already ceased to be a pagan nation. All religions are on the same level before the law, but the people are still in a transition state. There is a religious crisis in Japan in a sense which is not true of any other nation in the world. Its religious condition will be settled within the next ten years.

—The captain of the Yale base ball nine has been criticised for saying that before playing a game he always prays. But if a man believes in base ball and believes in prayer, why should he not pray for help in whatever he does and should do nothing he can not pray for help in performing.—*Christian Inquirer.*

—An American General, who distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, upon being told that he could not live but a few hours, replied to the doctor, from whom he received the information: "Well, if that be so, then God is my only hope." A pretty late hour to make this discovery. One had better find out this fact at an earlier date in life.—*Independent.*

—You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. You let your imagination wander in delight over the memory of martyrs who have died for truth. And then some little, wretched, disagreeable duty comes, which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil; and if you will not do it, how your oil is spit! How flat and thin and unilluminated your sentiment about the martyrs runs out over your self-indulgent life!—*Phillips Brooks.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Shame comes to no man unless he himself help it on the way.

—The most profound joy has more of gravity than of gaiety in it.—*Montaigne.*

—Work and play are necessary to each other, but they should not be mixed.

—The more heated the discussion between friends, the cooler their subsequent relations.

—Service is the end of man. Service is the necessity of man. Service is the glory of man.—*Indian Wines.*

—As a general thing, the man who is full of himself finds his appetite unappeased.—*Binghampton Leader.*

—If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them.—*Addison.*

—A man of strong character always makes enemies, but because a man has many enemies you can not be quite sure that he is a man of strong character.—*Somerville Journal.*

—There is never a more abject revelation of weakness made, than when a writer abuses a man whose statements he calls in question. It is easy to use ugly adjectives and nouns, but they only damage a good cause.—*Christian Inquirer.*

—Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Fiscal.*

—Economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labor; and it means it mainly in three senses: First, applying your labor rationally; second, preserving its produce carefully; third, distributing its produce seasonably.—*John Ruskin.*

—Somebody wants our definition of "a truly unselfish man." Well, to boil it down, we should say that a man who would rather chop wood after business hours for the benefit of the hired girl than see a tax collector struck by lightning is a truly unselfish man.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—There are men who can only learn from certain classes, or from people of a grade that suits their tastes and temperaments. But they never learn widely; their range must be small, and they can not do a work that will touch comprehensively the heart of the world.—*Presbyterian.*

—A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.—*Plutarch.*

