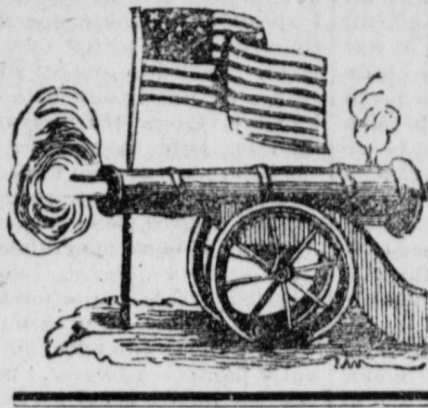


The Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher

Issued every Thursday

Official Paper of City & County



The postoffice department made a change January 1 in the form of the money order accounts rendered by postoffices at money order offices.

An exchange says a minister who frequently expressed surprise at the appearance of typographical errors in newspapers, recently had printed a program for religious services in his church.

Some one once wrote a sentimental song about "the light in the window for me" and ever since that time the "light in the window" has figured in poetry and song to a greater extent, and in a more sentimental manner than it is entitled to.

Dollars—money units—exist for the purpose of being exchanged against other things. Money units are counters of equal power. The exchange power of each of them is the same as that of every other one.

THE WORLD'S FAIR CHAIRMANSHIP.

In the selection of Ex-Governor David B. Francis as Chairman of the World's Fair Executive Committee, the Convention held in St. Louis in the interest of this commendable undertaking did a good and practical work.

ance of the responsibility, and his consent to give his time, energies, influence, and great practical judgment to the enterprise is most fortunate for its success.

SAMPSON OR SCHLEY? "When the Spanish fleet with full headway Dashed out of Santiago bay, Taking the chances of death and wreck,

"Who was it when shot and screaming shell Turned Sabbath calm into echoing hell? Steamed into the thickest of the fray, His good ship leading all the way,

"In American hearts, who holds first place Of those who claim part in that glorious chase? Whose name stood out on that proud day As hero of Santiago bay?

BURNS CELEBRATION. The Burns Club of Chase county, Kansas, will celebrate the 140th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, Scotland's illustrious poet, on Friday evening, January 27, 1899, in Music Hall, in this city, beginning at 7:30 o'clock.

WHAT NEXT. It does seem as though the seedmen stop somewhere, but here comes a work of art. Think of it, twenty-four lithographed in colors, not gaudy chromes, but from photographs in colors, upon an entirely new plan.

CAUSED BY SICKNESS. UNION HOTEL—For sale, trade or rent. Address A. Ferlet, Cottonwood Falls, Chase county, Kansas.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN AN EDUCATION, SHAKESPEAR OR MUSIC?

Send your name to the Editor Home Study Circle, Kansas City Times, and he will send you for a month free, The Twice-a-week Times and an illustrated booklet.

A CREATIVE STOCK JOURNAL.

The Prairie Farmer—a weekly Agricultural and Live Stock Journal—one dollar a year. It is admittedly the leader of the agricultural and live stock papers of the United States.

THE REV. IRL R. HICKS Annual Almanac and monthly paper, Word and Works, are now known from sea to sea. We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the Almanac for 1899, now ready.

LOW RATES. Leavenworth—Annual Meeting Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M. Kans.—Round trip \$3.93, on sale Feb. 11 to 15, limited Feb. 18.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION. The regular quarterly examination of applicants for teacher's certificates will be held in the High School building, Cottonwood Falls, Saturday, Jan. 28, 1899.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murt Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department.

R-I-P-A-N-S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS AND WYANDOTTES Are the most practical of all fowls. As year round layers they cannot be beaten and as dressed poultry they have no rival.

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!! We have secured valuable claims in the Famous Gold Fields of Alaska. Hon. Chas. D. Rogers, of Juneau, Clerk of the U. S. District Court of Alaska, has staked out claims for this Company in the Sheep Creek Basin and Whale Bay Districts of Alaska.

North-American Mining And Developing Company 23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, U. S. A. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our stock.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899 Among the special features are A NEW SERIAL BY RUDYARD KIPLING THE LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN. BY MISS IDA M. TARBELL THE NAVAL SIDE OF THE WAR, BY CAPT. MAHAN A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S LIFE—REAL EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES

THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY 200 East 25th Street NEW YORK CITY NEW YORK NEXT TO A DAILY THE SEMI-WEEKLY CAPITAL For the Farmers of Kansas. THE LEGISLATURE A subscription to The Semi-Weekly Capital now will secure the best and most complete report of the proceedings of the Kansas Legislature which will appear in any paper published in or out of the State.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. PROB. B. GIBBAM. J. T. BUTLER. CRISHAM & BUTLER, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW. Will practice in all State and Federal Courts.

JOSEPH C. WATERS, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW Topeka, Kansas, (Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton Feb 25-27

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

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

MAKE MONEY By securing a county agency for our Reversible Wall Map of the United States and the World. The largest one-sheet map published; six feet long; eleven beautiful colors. It is so attractive that it almost sells itself.

ST. JAMES HOTEL, ST. LOUIS. EUROPEAN PLAN. Rates: 75c. and \$1.00 per Day. RESTAURANT POPULAR PRICES. SPECIAL 25c. DINNER.

YOU WILL FIND CAMPBELL'S HUNT AND ADAMS LIVE STOCK SALESMEN RELIABLE. MARKET REPORTS FREE ON APPLICATION. MONEY FURNISHED TO RESPONSIBLE FEEDERS. WE RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR TRADE.

Dr. HENDERSON 101 and 103 W. 9th St., KANSAS CITY, MO. The Oldest in Age and Longest Located, A Regular Graduate in Medicine, Over 28 Years' Special Practice. Authorized by the State to treat CHRONIC, NERVOUS AND SPECIAL DISEASES.

THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let's go back, O brother mine,
To the precious ways of the days gone by...

for as I started the old trooper gave a
loud neigh, flourished his heels in the
air, and galloped off towards the enemy...

black charger and flew at the king.
For an instant two bright sword blades
crossed in the air, and then the black
horse plunged riderless into the gray...

second my eyes were dazzled by the
reflection of the sun on the silver-plate
of their armor; but I recovered myself
with an effort, and watched eagerly...

FUNNY FOLKS

A Problem for Her.
"Are you good at arithmetic, my
dear?" asked Mr. Perkase of his wife...

Disinterested Counsel.
A maid—her name I will not give—
For years had dyed that she might live...

Unbeaten.
Who is the lightweight champion?
Who? Why, bless your soul,
The man in summer who sells ice...

Speaking from Experience.
Pupil—I wonder how it is that the
blind receive more consideration from
us than the deaf?

One or the Other.
Miles—I'm celebrating the fortieth
anniversary of my birth to-day.

Hard Luck.
Visitor—It's sad about the man who
was found dead in his room from blowing
out the gas.

Winter Weather.
The crimson of the forest leaves
When the autumn days are gone,
But the toper's nose grows redder...

More Train Wrecking.
The Bench—What's the charge, constable?
Peeler—Prisoner was found putting
his wife's mince pies on the railway
lines, your worship!

In a Nutshell.
The other day a wise one spoke,
So the words of wisdom ran:
Woman—she's always working
Embroidery or a man.

The Two Extremes.
Wiggs—I really can't help smiling
when I see little Snapleigh out with
that lanky wife of his, she looks so awfully
tall with him.

The Thing He Thought Of.
"Money, you know, is the root of all
evil."
"I wonder if we'd have to root so
hard for it if it wasn't?"

He Saw It, Then.
Jones—They say the girl Dawson
married was cross-eyed.
Brown—Yes; but he never fully
realized it until after her money was
gone.

At the End.
Lives of millionaires remind us
That although we slave and save
We must leave it all behind us
When we rumble to the grave.

In the Same Business.
"So her husband is an editor?"
"Yes. But, good land! If there's
anything in the way of news she can
beat him publishing it abroad."

Anti-Mortem.
When he hasn't a brake on his wheel
At the top of the hill—it is said
That the inquest may later reveal
A very large break in his head.

An Object of Pursuit.
"Is it money that makes a man important?"
"I don't know; it seems to me I'm of
more importance when I haven't any
money."

Disqualified.
"Poor Mrs. Motherdrell!" exclaimed
Mr. Meekton's wife, "that woman ought to
be assisted in leading a perfectly independent
and untrammeled existence!"

The Societal Whirl.
Trotter—What has become of Struckle?
When I left he was making desperate
efforts to get into the first society.

Such a Obstinate Girl.
"I fear," said the fond mother, "that
we will have to give our consent to
Mabel's marriage to Mr. Jones."

His Marriage.
An astronomical event
Is scheduled very soon;
The world will shortly be
Eclipsed
Behind a honeymoon.

GREAT LUCK.
First Klondiker—You say you've
struck great luck; did you find gold?
Second Klondiker—No, I found a
piece of bacon that somebody left in
this hole.

Deception.
The man who dyes his hair and beard
Has finally to own,
Thinking others he deceives,
That he deceives himself alone.

Had a Good Time.
First Old Boy—Let me see, your son
enjoyed a university career, I believe?
Second Old Boy (grimly)—Yes, he
appears to have done nothing else—the
bills are coming in still.

A Hard Struggle.
Sympathetic Friend—And did your
husband die peacefully?
Sorrowing Widow—Oh, I'm afraid
not. We had three doctors.—Chicago
Daily News.

Frank Indorsement.
Mrs. Hunt—From what I hear of your
husband, I should infer that he is a man
of iron will.
Mrs. Blunt—You're right he is, and
pigiron, at that.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Pink of Modesty.
She—I'm not afraid of the best man
living!
He—I hope not, dear. I don't think
I ever gave you any reason to be afraid
of me.—Yonkers Statesman.

POETICAL EXPRESSION.
"Oh, that I had the wings of a bird."
—N. Y. Evening Journal.



THE CHEVALIER D'AUROUC

CHAPTER I.—D'Aurac, commanding
outpost where scene is laid, tells the story.
The Gomeron has been appointed by Gen.
de Bone to examine into a charge made
against him...

CHAPTER II.

M. DE BONE CANNOT READ A
CIPHER.
When I reached the general's pavilion
de Bone was just mounting his horse,
a lackey standing near with a spattering
torch, and his staff in a little clump...

"I am not likely to forget, M. le Marquis,"
and I moved off in the direction
indicated.

"What! have you not heard?"
"What in the devil's name could I
hear on those crowded outposts?"

"No; de Bone has lost the key of the
cipher."

"By this time I had come to the
outpost, and as I trotted past the thorn
hedge I saw, about 50 paces or so to my
right, a single horseman under a tree...

"Vive le Roi!" The breeze flung us
the deep-mouthed cheer as they broke
through the mailed ranks of de Bone's
own cuirassiers, and drove horse and
foot, knight and knave, in a bundled
mob before them.

It may have been fancy, but I thought
I saw in the press a dark figure that
suddenly turned the reins of a huge,

CHAPTER III.

THE RED CORNFIELD.
"M. le Marquis, the Conde de Leyva
begs for help urgently."

"The words were hardly out of his
mouth when the cavalier to whom they
were addressed threw up his arms with
a scream, and falling forward from his
horse, began to beat at the earth convulsively...

"I needed no second bidding, but turning
my Norman's rein, galloped down
the blazing line of battle. If I escaped
through the day, which to my mind
was already lost, I knew full well that
de Bone, smarting under disappointment
and chagrin at defeat, would be in
no temper for mercy, and would certainly
keep his word to me."

"I let my beast go with a loose head,
and there was no need of the spur to
urge him to his utmost effort as he bore
me to de Leyva. I found him here-
headed and on foot, his face black with
smoke and bleeding from wounds...

"I have had both my horses killed,
chevalier, or would offer you a mount."

"No; de Bone has lost the key of the
cipher."

"By this time I had come to the
outpost, and as I trotted past the thorn
hedge I saw, about 50 paces or so to my
right, a single horseman under a tree...

"Vive le Roi!" The breeze flung us
the deep-mouthed cheer as they broke
through the mailed ranks of de Bone's
own cuirassiers, and drove horse and
foot, knight and knave, in a bundled
mob before them.

It may have been fancy, but I thought
I saw in the press a dark figure that
suddenly turned the reins of a huge,

When my mind came back, it was with
the consciousness of rain that was fall-
ing softly, and the cool drops plashed
on my burning head with a sensation of
relief that I cannot describe...

A half-hour or so may have passed
thus, and the moon was now almost
entirely obscured. Occasionally I could
hear, through the darkness around me,
the moaning of some poor wounded
wretch, and now and again rose the
shrill discordant shriek of a maimed
horse, an awful cry of pain, the effect of
which those only who may have heard it
can understand...

"I claim the honor, marquis; do not
deny me, Belin. I have been idle too
long," and I pressed forward as I spoke.



I FOUND HIM BAREHEADED AND ON FOOT.

"That followed, the woman with him
threw up her head and laughed a horrid
shrill laugh.

"I saw his face clearly, and saw also
his prize. It was poor de Leyva's collar
of the Golden Fleece, and the blood-
stained hand of the croquemort held it
up to the lantern, and clinked the
jeweled links, whilst he feasted his eyes
on the gold and gems. Over his shoulders
peered the pitiless features of his
partner, and in her eyes blazed all the
bad light of avarice and murder...

"That is the collar of the Toison d'Or,
Babette. But I will wed you, and we
will buy an estate and settle down, and
you will be Madame de Maugnot—hey?
That carrion there must have been a
great price—a field of papers—bah!
Give me more papers like this. I am
sorry he is dead, Babette. I would like
to have—Ah, mon Dieu!—you devil!
you devil!" for as he habbled on, his
words were cut short by Babette's knife,
which she buried to the hilt between his
shoulderblades, and he fell on his knees
and then lurched on his face stone dead.

"He was in luck this time. The story
was lost en route and no trace of it
could be found.

Some time afterward a friend, who
knew the unfortunate history of the
story, asked:
"Did you ever get that article of yours
off?"

"Just sold it!" replied the joyful
author.

