

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

SUTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

REACHING THE HEIGHTS.

He was known to all as a brave young man; but as he paused for a moment to scan the scenes that lay round him his heart stood still. And his whole frame shook with a death-like chill.

For the glen, whose wealth of mosses and ferns had lured him into its crooks and turns, was a cunning trap when the rising tide had closed up the way to the beach outside.

And he looked about him in wild despair, for the swelling waters had hemmed him there.

And above his head for a hundred feet stretched the whitened rocks like a winding-sheet.

If he could but climb to yon rocky crest, which never the foot of man had pressed! He would try! And he nerved himself to save his life from the clutch of the coming wave.

Up slowly and painfully, inch by inch, he steadfastly climbed, and he did not flinch when the cruel rocks tore his finger-nails, and he marked his progress with crimson trails.

Hurrah for the youth! His peril is past! All panting and breathless, but safe at last; he pulls himself up to the crest, and there his pallid lips murmur a grateful prayer.

But was he the first among living men to climb up the side of that rocky geyser? No! Just above him he read with a shiver: "Take—'s Pills for a torpid liver!"

Chicago Tribune.

"THE FOOL ROOM."

Why It Became Hateful to Little Zanby.

Little Zanby was a cripple. It was said that he had started out with fair prospects, physically, but that having, while quite young, been hooked by a steer, kicked by an old family horse—the most dangerous of all creatures—and finally run over by a wood wagon, he settled down into an ordinary cripple, with one leg that was much too short and with one arm that was withered like a withered palm-stalk. Little Zanby had, from his earliest infancy, lived in Cypress Grove, where every one was acquainted with the hum of his industrious old mother's spinning-wheel. The old woman knew that her son was going to be a statesman. Had he been strong and able to work, she would have doubtless indulged no such hope, but as it was she seemed to think that statesmanship was about all that was left for him. The school-teacher once had the extreme hardihood to tell her that he did not think it was of much use to send the boy to school, adding that it was cruel to tax what little mind the child had. The old woman was putting a fresh "shuck" on the spindle of her wheel at the time. She turned from her work, which was indeed a remarkable attention for her to bestow on any one, looked at the teacher from head to foot, and said:

"Mr. Scroggins, I see that all the fools ain't dead yet."

"My dear madam—"

"Don't dear madam, me. I see how it is. You air all jealous o' Zanby. Oh, you neener laugh, you great big lubberly good-fur-nothin' thing. This very minute you ought to be out in the woods splittin' rails, 'stead o' makin' your livin' by sittin' 'round a house. You'll never be a statesman, Mr. Scroggins, never while breath's in that good-fur-nothin' body o' yours. Git outen my house—git!"

When the boy came home she took him into an inner chamber, a dark room whither she always went to pour out her grief, and wept over him.

About the time Zanby arrived at the age of eighteen years, a change came upon him. Despite his infirmities, he had ever maintained a cheerfulness that was the wonder of sound people, but he suddenly became gloomy. When some one spoke to his mother with regard to it, she replied:

"It's puffedly nachul. You kain't expect a boy that's goin' to be a statesman to allus have the simple grins. Jes let him alone, an' he'll come out all right."

"Yes," rejoined the neighbor, "but this mornin' I seed him settin' on the bank o' the branch cryin' fit ter kill his self."

"What would you expect a statesman to do? Allus giggle? Madam, you jis' tend to yore bus'ness an' I'll try ter tend to mine."

"Oh, it ain't that I am tryin' to meddle with yore bus'ness, madam; it's because we air all int'rested in little Zanby. We air all so pester seein him in the sun that it sorter susters us ter see him in the shade."

"Wall, that neenter bother you none. That child is comin' outen the kinks faster than you ever seed a pusson. W'y, you oughter hear him talk in his sleep. He talks like a preacher."

The old woman, though she treated the matter lightly, was deeply troubled, and when little Zanby came home she studied his face closely.

"Zanby, air yer well, my chile?" she asked.

"Yessum."

"As well as yer want'er be?"

"Well ez I ken be."

"How so?"

"W'y, as well as a poor cripple ken be."

She had never before heard him speak of his affliction; she had never heard him make a remark so serious, and her chin quivered as she gazed upon him.

"I wuz a fool all my life till the other day," he said. "Now I've got some sense," he added, after a slight pause.

"What have you learnt that's new?" she asked.

"Learnt that I've allus been a fool, I tell you. I've been a sort o' a b'utterfly, but now I'm a hornet."

She looked at him in astonishment. "Zanby, I know now that you kain't help bein' a statesman."

"Statesman, the deuce!"

"Mussyful heavens, chile, you—"

"That's all right, mother," Zanby broke in. "I've heard about that all my life, and when I wuz a fool I paid attention to it an' lived in it, for I was blind then, but ken see now. I know you air surprised to see that I ain't no longer a fool."

The old woman burst into tears. He put his withered arm about her neck.

"Thar," he said, "don't cry thiser way. You oughter be glad that I ain't no longer sich a fool, even if I don't laugh an' try ter dance."

She dried her eyes, and, though sorrowing deeply, could not help but admire the new expression which the hitherto simple boy had found.

"Zanby," she said, tenderly holding his withered arm, "ef yore eyes air opened, as you say, and ef you air so much smarter than you uster be, how ken you he'p bein' a great man?"

"Mother, you musn't talk to me thater way any more. My mind is jist as badly crippled as my body, an' it ain't nachul that I ken ever amount to any thing."

Her hopes of his coming greatness, and her never-ending talk of the time when he should be recognized as a leader, constituted her only pleasure; and now, to be robbed of it, brought a fresh flow of tears.

"Thar, now, mother, don't cry. It's better ter be miserable with some little sense than ter be a fool an' be happy."

"But, my son," said the old woman, endeavoring to be calm, "you ain't told me what has brought about this terrible change?"

"No, an' I reckon I'd better keep it ter myself. It kain't be he'ped—thar ain't no earthly cure for it."

"But you mout tell yore pore ole mother—"

"Thar, now, don't cry. No, I don't want ter go in thar."

She had made a motion as though she would draw him into the dark room.

"I don't want to go into dar no more. It's dark enough out here for me now."

"Don't speak slightin' o' that room, my chile. Yore father died in thar."

"Yes, I know that, an' I b'leve I'd die if I wuz to go in thar now. I kain't he'p—you must fergive me—but I kain't he'p but think o' that as my fool room."

"W'y, Zanby?"

"I know I oughter ter say it, mother, but I kain't he'p but think o' it that way. It was in thar I fust heard o' my comin' greatness. You would go in thar by yourself ter mourn but tuck me in thar to make me feel proud o' myself, an' long time ago, when we'd set in thar, I'd think it wuz a blessed privilege to be a cripple. Yes, mother, that is my fool room."

She stood in the back yard and looked after him when he walked down the branch, deeply troubled. When he came home at evening, his mother, hoping that he had repented of what he said, took him by the hand and gently attempted to draw him into the dark room.

"I will not go in the fool room," he said rather harshly, but quickly putting his withered arm around her neck, he softly added: "Mother, you must not ask me ter go in thar."

"Jes one more time, fur I feel like the spirit o' yore father is thar."

He hesitated a moment longer, and then suffered her to lead him into the room. When they came out he was laughing.

"You shall have hundreds o' fine dresses when I make laws," he said.

"You shaint do no work, an' we'll ride in a fine carriage."

He put his sound arm around her neck, drew her to him and kissed her.

"Yes, an' we'll be so happy then, won't we, son."

"Yessum, an' we'll eat pie."

"Yes."

"An' put a whole lot o' jam on wheat bread."

"Yes," she said.

"An' we'll give all the co'n bread ter the hogs," he continued. "Oh, lemme tell you," he delightedly exclaimed, again drawing her to him with his sound arm. "I'm goin' ter git you one o' these here pretty striped dresses."

"Yes, son."

"An' I won't have no patched britches, neither."

"No."

"But will dress fine."

"Yes."

When he had gone to sleep, she gathered him into her arms and let her heart thro' against him.

The next morning he got up laughing, and, when she stood in the door watching him as he walked away, he turned around and joyously waved his hand at her. He did not return until late in the evening. She sprang toward him. He put out his withered arm. She gazed at him a moment, and then taking his hand, attempted to lead him. He drew back with a shudder.

"I will not go into the fool room," he said. "You needn't beg me, mother. I swear that I hope to die if I ever go in there again."

"My son, what is the matter with you?"

"I'm no longer a fool that's all. You shut my eyes last night, but they air open now."

"What has opened them?"

"You shut them."

"But who opened them?"

Without replying, he went into his own room and shut the door. The next day she attempted to follow him, but he drove her back. Shortly after he had gone, a neighbor, an old woman,

came over and asked if Zanby were home.

"What makes you ask?"

"Didn't know, but he—wall, the truth is, he is nearly dyin' about her."

"Who?" the old woman gasped.

"Miss Reynolds."

Zanby's mother sank down with a groan. "I reckon you must have seed her," the neighbor continued. "Ever" body do 'low that she's the peartest and puttiest creetur that ever come 'round here. They say that Zanby is nearly dead about her. Pity, fur she's dun engaged ter a jedge. W'y Zanby ain't seed her but a few times, an' I don't reckon she ever seed him a tall, to know him. Well, I must run back."

Zanby stood behind a tree, gazing at a beautiful girl, dressed in white. She was gathering flowers. Zanby slipped from behind the tree and approached her.

"There's that poor little cripple again," she mused. He took off his hat.

"Good morning," said the young lady.

In attempting to bow he leaned over too far and fell.

"Poor little fellow!" she exclaimed, running to him. He scrambled to his feet and gazed at her.

"Do you love flowers?" she asked, not knowing what else to say.

"I love one flower," he replied.

"Only one? Why, I love them all. Which one do you love?"

"You."

"Oh, you must not talk that way," she kindly replied. "You don't know me well enough."

"I know you well enough to die for you."

"This is serious," she mused, and then, with a laugh full of music, said: "You must never think of dying for any one, but live—"

"I will," he broke in. "I will live for you. I am not a fool now."

"Oh, no, you are not a fool."

"I ken never be a statesman."

She laughed. He bit his lips. "I must go," he said.

"Wait," she said.

"No, I must go."

He attempted to take her hand. "Go away, you impudent little thing. Go away, and don't come back here again."

The widow waited until midnight, and then, as Zanby had not come, she aroused the neighbors. Early the next morning he was found, lying in the branch. His withered arm lay across his face. Friends assembled at the house, but the old woman and her son were alone in the "fool room."—*Opie P. Lead, in Arkansas Traveler.*

THE FALL OF MALAKOFF.

The Story of a Dispatch That Brought Sixty Thousand Francs.

Diplomatic espionage rendered a great service to the Second Empire in 1855 by enabling the French to get into Sebastopol. The credit for the fall of that stronghold was due, it has just transpired, to the late M. de Moustier, who was in the year above mentioned, at the head of the French Embassy at Berlin. At that time Colonel von Munster was military attache of Prussia at St. Petersburg, and in high favor at court. The wife of the Czar Nicholas was a Princess of Prussia, and was fondly attached to her native land. All the representatives of her brother were treated by her with a kindness verging on familiarity. The councils of war, when the siege of Sebastopol was going on, used to be held in her sitting-room. Colonel von Munster was given the minutes of them. No details of the campaign which the military authorities at St. Petersburg could give him were withheld. He sent confidential reports of the information so obtained to Berlin for the King's sole perusal. Frederick William kept them a secret from every one but Gerlach, a kind of seer belonging to the feudal party, who regarded Manteuffel as an apostate because he advised the King to keep on good terms with Napoleon III, and who discovered, when Queen Victoria went on a visit to St. Cloud, that she was the scarlet lady of the Apocalypse. Manteuffel was furiously jealous of the royal favor in which Gerlach stood, and took means to intercept the Munster correspondence so as to read it and have it copied. In one of these letters there was a dispatch from Todleben, informing the Czar of the weakness of the Malakoff, which could not hold out against a strong assault. Now, Manteuffel's copying clerk was in the pay of De Moustier, and, when they were thinking at the Tuilleries of ordering the siege of Sebastopol to be raised, a copy of Todleben's dispatch was sold to the French Embassy for 60,000 francs. Orders were sent to Pellissier to attack the Malakoff. He, not wanting to be pestered by his incompetent Emperor and the gang about him with military instructions, ordered the telegraph wires to be cut. Marshal Vaillant was then packed off to the Crimea with the secret paper in his pocket. It was a revelation to Pellissier, and all that remained was to get the English to attack the Redan, while the French were trying to storm the Malakoff. The General won a ducal title, a big grant of money and a pension, and became such an important personage that the Empress gave him the hand of her beautiful cousin, who was presented by her Imperial Majesty with a suitable dowry and a trousseau of regal magnificence.—*Paris Letter in London Truth.*

—Not Amphibious.—Miss Mulcahey—Sure, Mister O'Rafferty, it's disappointed that we were last night that yez didn't call at our house as yez promised. Mr. O'Rafferty—Sure, Miss Mulcahey, it's sorry that I am, but I couldn't come. I can't be in two places at once. It's not amphibious that I am.—*Texas Siftings.*

LAMAR'S SPEECH.

Patriotic Sentiments Forcefully Expressed by the Secretary of the Interior.

The oration by Mr. Lamar on the unveiling of the monument to Calhoun recently was worthy of the orator. Mr. Calhoun is known to most Americans only as the great champion of State sovereignty and a teacher of the doctrines that led to the war of secession. He was much more and else than that, but his connection with the cause of the South and his ardent conviction of the righteousness and excellence of slavery, sustained for years in the Senate with unflinching courage and remarkable ability, made it unavoidable that his eulogist should dwell upon this feature of his career and upon the ideas by which that career was guided. Mr. Lamar did this with entire candor and, though with avowed sympathy with Calhoun, in a spirit of unqualified loyalty to the Union. There could be no more striking and conclusive proof of the completeness of the establishment of the Union than the manner in which Mr. Lamar, himself a former Secessionist of the extreme type, disposed of the causes of secession and of its absolute, final and perpetual defeat. It is enough to point out that Mr. Lamar finds that secession was doomed by the force of national evolution, by the fact that the permanent needs and tendencies of the "one people" that declared its independence of Great Britain in 1776 were indefinitely stronger than the needs and tendencies of the South that sought satisfaction in separation.

The speech of Mr. Lamar was, therefore, while a review of a most conspicuous figure in the past, a speech for the present and the future. It put aside, in an eulogy of the greatest State sovereignty leaders and before an audience of his devoted admirers, the chief aim of that leader's career, the chief of his avowed principles, as something buried and the tomb sealed, and turned with hopeful spirit toward the lesson of the leader's life for his countrymen to-day. This Mr. Lamar found in Calhoun's fidelity to conscience, in his high standard of virtue in public life, in his unselfish patriotism, and particularly in his conception of the public service as a public trust. He pointed out Mr. Calhoun's vigorous exposure and pointed denunciation of the application of the spoils system to the Federal service, and with peculiar emphasis his scathing criticism of the plea that the spoils system could be justly applied by one Administration in retaliation for its application by a preceding Administration.

On this point the words of Calhoun might well be quoted as bearing directly upon the situation to-day. He was replying to Benton, who had formerly sharply condemned the spoils principle, and pledged the Administration to resist it: "The avowal of such a principle may be justified at this time by interested partisans, but a more impartial tribunal will regard it in a far different light, and pronounce that sentence which violated faith and broken pledges deserve. . . . I consider it as an evidence of that deep degeneracy which precedes the downfall of a republic when those elevated to power forget the promises on which they were elevated, the certain effect of which is to make an impression on the public mind that all is juggling and trickery in politics, and to create an indifference to political struggles highly favorable to the growth of despotic power." After quoting these words Mr. Lamar adds: "I am proud to say, fellow-citizens, that it has been my good fortune to be associated with one against whose Administration the only criticism that has been pronounced is his sacred regard for similar promises and the unconquerable integrity with which he stands by them."

It is worth while to point out that while a member of Mr. Cleveland's Administration thus recognizes the pledges of that Administration against the spoils principle and vindicates its adherence to that pledge, it is not necessary or decent for subordinates in the Federal service to devote their time to officious manipulation of the "patronage" they may be able to control for the purpose of fixing delegations or building up machines.—*N. Y. Times.*

THOUGHTLESS TALK.

Hasty Action of Colored Partisans Who Pay No Heed to Historical Facts.

The colored citizens at Washington who gave a partisan turn to their Emancipation Day celebration were not as wise in their generation as are their brethren in many other parts of the country. The orator of the day "arraigned the President for not interfering when outrages were committed at the South," and denounced the negro who accepts office from the present Administration as "a Judas."

This is illogical to the point of folly. What has the Republican party done for the negro since emancipation? Did not three Republican Presidents in succession—Hayes, Garfield and Arthur—"refrain from interfering" for the protection of colored men at the South? A Republican President withdrew the Federal troops from that section. A Republican Supreme Court nullified the Civil-Rights law. The last Republican President, a "stalwart" at that, never once mentioned the "outrages" or referred to the South as a section requiring Federal supervision. These outrages, in fact, have steadily diminished under the policy of leaving the control of home affairs to the Southern States. In no two years since the close of the war have there been fewer race troubles in the South than since

the inauguration of a Democratic President.

As a matter of fact and of law, the Federal Government has no more power to interfere in the administration of justice in the Southern States than it has to take control of the Weeks case in Brooklyn or the Railway inquest in New Jersey. Nor is there any occasion for its doing so in one case more than in the others. Intelligent and sensible negroes know that the worst thing that can happen to their race is to have the color-line maintained in politics at the South. And they have become tired of acting as unrewarded hewers of wood and drawers of water for Republican nest-feathering politicians.—*N. Y. World.*

INDISPUTABLE FACTS.

What the Democratic Party Has Done for the Working Classes.

Yes; the friend of English workingmen! is the flippant commentary of the evening monopoly organ on the declaration of the Patriot that the Democratic party in Pennsylvania and in the country at large is and always has been the party of the working-men. Let us see about that.

Who enacted the three-hundred-dollar exemption law? The Democratic party.

Who repealed the law authorizing imprisonment for debt? The Democratic party.

Who placed upon the statute book the mechanic's lien law? The Democratic party.

Who passed the first Homestead bill in Congress? The Democratic party.

Who passed the act of Congress prohibiting the importation of foreign laborers under contract? The Democratic party.

Who passed the act of Congress enforcing by severe penalties the act prohibiting the importation of foreign laborers under contract? The Democratic party.

Who is enforcing the act prohibiting the importation of foreign laborers under contract? The Democratic party.

Who enacted the laws making it a criminal conspiracy for working-men to persuade fellow working-men from accepting low wages? The Republican party.

Who enacted the law limiting damages for the loss of life by a railroad employe to \$3,000? The Republican party.

Who voted away hundreds of millions of acres of the public lands to railroad corporations? The Republican party.

Who recovered for the use of the people many millions of acres of the lands donated to railroad corporations by the Republican party? The Democratic party.

Who aims to repeal the taxes that oppress the working-men? The Democratic party.

The evening monopoly organ will please sit down and shut up.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

DRIFT OF OPINION.

Whitelaw Reid told an interviewer the other day that if the convention were to be held within a month no power on earth could prevent the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Where the powers on earth get in their work on J. G. B. is at the election.—*Chicago Herald.*

The President, by his recent land decision, has virtually thrown open to the farmers a territory as large as the tract covered by the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.—*N. Y. Times.*

Already under the Republican party there have been squandered on greedy corporations nearly 300,000,000 acres of the public domain, making over 250,000 square miles, more than the total area of all the New England and Middle States and Maryland, Ohio and Indiana combined.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

The Richmond (Va.) State says that Mahone is making a desperate effort to get back to the United States Senate, and that his plan is to "whip the dissatisfied colored people into the old Republican traces." He recently made a speech at Williamsburg in which he strictly drew the color line.—*N. Y. Post.*

AN OLD CHESTNUT.

Ex-Postmaster-General Hutton Roundly Denounces Republican Organ-Grinders.

An advertisement copied from a Washington paper offering a cash payment to any one who will secure an appointment for the author of the advertisement in one of the departments is going the rounds of the Republican press, accompanied by the partisan intimation that "such is reform under a Democratic Administration." This is a very old chestnut, and one that was frequently clubbed when the Republicans were in power. The *Mail* is nothing if not strongly Republican. It believes in making every legitimate point that can be made against the Democratic Administration, but there is nothing fair or smart in trying to hold the Administration responsible for the desperate means employed by starving and struggling men to secure an office. The advertisement offering pay for an office does not imply that a place could be secured in that way any more than it did when such notices appeared in the local press at Washington when the Republicans were in power. In politics, as in all other matters, good square licks above the belt count for more than below the belt shots or political mayhem. Better tote fair, brethren.—*Chicago Mail.*

ABOUT TABLE-WARE.

The First Appearance of Porcelain in Different Countries of Europe.

From the later Roman epoch to a period some time after the Renaissance, there is little change, certainly little improvement, to be noted in the furniture of the table. The table of the Middle Ages was little more than rough boards placed on trestles in the great hall of the castle, about which gathered the knight and his retainers, the first being at one end of the table on a part of the floor raised a little and called the dais, the lower ranks being farther down, the dividing line being the salt-cellar, the symbol of hospitality. The dishes were few—cups, platters and trenchers, the latter the ancestor of the modern plate. The period when it came into use is unknown. There were knives and spoons, but no table-clothes and no forks, the use of the latter a two-pronged instrument, specimens of which are seen in European museums, not making its appearance in a table capacity till some time during the sixteenth century. The Roman table-cloth and napkin came gradually into use as education became more general and manners more refined.

Table-ware began to be elaborate after the invention of porcelain in Europe, or rather after the manufacture was introduced from China and Japan, where it long had been known. It was made in China before the Christian era, and though its manufacture had more or less affected the Arabs and the Greeks and Romans, it was not brought to Europe till sometime after the discovery of the Orient by Portuguese navigators.

The Spanish brought porcelain from China in the sixteenth century. The Dutch introduced it from Japan in 1630. In 1664 a single vessel brought to Holland 44,943 pieces. In 1700 the French imported great quantities by the way of Nantais, and though a great deal of it was merely artistic, the invoices included urns, platters, basins, teacups, teapots, sugar bowls, goblets, salt-cellars. In 1760 a cargo imported into Holland included, beside all these articles, tea, coffee and chocolate cups, soup-plates, flat plates, salad-dishes and spoons, which were at that epoch connected with table furniture more or less remotely. For the teapot and tea and coffee cups and saucers we are indebted to China and Japan, though flat plates, soup plates and other forms of the table service were probably invented in Europe about the time of the Renaissance, and then made in China and Japan under orders forwarded by European merchants. The Portuguese brought the first porcelain in 1508. In 1575 imitation chinaware was made in Florence, in 1664 in France, in 1700 at Moscow, and not till 1775 at Chelsea in England. By this time it had begun to be made in every country in Europe. The royal manufacture of porcelain was transferred to Sevres, near Paris, in 1756. Coffee was introduced into England and France in 1652, and in 1660 tea was first imported into Great Britain. Then cups for drinking these beverages came into general use, at first diminutive, the size and form being after Chinese models.

Since this time porcelain, largely tableware, has been made in all parts of France, all over Europe, the quality constantly improving, the designs becoming more artistic and the variety of forms and the number of pieces constantly increasing. There are upon the cotemporary table dishes, plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons for every variety of viand, for every meal of the day and all possible uses, and they have grown and developed from the most humble beginning. The modern repast is a feast compared with the meal off those in the same station in ancient times. Men in old times fed like animals. Food was offered to them by their domestics as to swine. In no way is the improvement of the world in luxury and refinement more plainly shown than by a modern dining-table and its appurtenances.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Discouraging Information.

A young man who went to the West filled with enthusiasm and a desire to "grow up with the country," surprised his friends by returning home after an absence of but three weeks.

He said that while he was out land-hunting in what he thought was the garden spot of America, he came across a boarded-up claim shanty. On the boards nailed across the door he found this inscription, which explained his departure for the East:

Fore miles from a naybur
Sixteen miles from a postoffs
Twenty-five miles from a raleroad
A hundred and atey from timber
250 feet from water—
There's no place like home. We've gone East to spend the winter with my wife's folks.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Dr. Ray Palmer's son, Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, thus explains the story that his famous hymn, "My Faith looks up to Thee," has two stanzas less than the original draft handed to Dr. Lowell Mason. The truth about that is that his father translated from the German two stanzas describing a suppliant before the cross, and then added two more as the suppliant's utterance, and these were the first two of the hymn as it now appears. The translated verses were never used.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—If the death penalty is to be executed by means of electricity, the family of the condemned will be justified in speaking of the deceased as having been struck by lightning.

Chase County Courier

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

OCTOBER FALLS, - KANSAS.

SLANDER.

Among the loathsome vices of the age,
The most revolting to the saint and sage
Is that of slandering an honest name,
And robbing virtue of her spotless fame.

The slanderers and scandal-mongers are
More to be dreaded than the scourge of war;
Their poisoned tongues, like to the serpent's
fangs,
Fill many a heart with sad and bitter pang.

And yet these vile calumniators try
Their guilt to hide; their deeds to justify.
They feign a grief—would rather not reveal
Their awful secrets which they can't conceal.

And then in whispers from their fetid hearts
The scandal flies like Satan's fiery darts;
And calumny; that foul and deadly blight,
Has marred and stained the robe of purest
white.

"O did you hear what happened poor Miss S?
I'm grieved to think of her mamma's distress;
And I've been told there is much bitter strife
Between young B and his light-headed wife.

"'Tis all too true, I've heard it from Miss P!
But don't be telling what you hear from me
For I have promised—but you must excuse
My leaving out to let you have the news."

Ye glib-tongued gossipers who love to prate
And fowl your neighbors in your *let-a-lete*
Do you ever think when ye your friends be-
slime,
That tho' they err yours is the greater crime?

O! for that charity which kindly throws
Its friendly mantle over human woes;
Uplifts the fallen, soothes them in their grief,
And tells the mourner of a sweet relief.
—S. Moore, in *Montreal Witness*.

EMIN PASHA.

The Successor of Gordon, and His African Labors.

The Great Practical Philanthropist to Whose Rescue Stanley has Gone—The Natives Instructed in Agriculture and Manufactures.

In September, 1876, Chinese Gordon was in Central Africa, exploring the Nile between the Great Victoria and Albert Lakes, which formed the southern boundary of the Equatorial Provinces, of which he was then Governor. His only white companion was a young German, named Schmitzler, who had just returned from a very dangerous but successful mission to Mtesa, the powerful King of the Uganda.

The young man Schmitzler is now commonly known by his Arabic name, Emin. It was to rescue him that Stanley, the most successful of African explorers, was summoned away from America. It is not difficult to imagine what Gordon and Emin talked about during the toilsome marches, or at the close of the day before the campfire. The German described the strange scenes which he had witnessed in Uganda, and repeated the strange religious conversations which he had had with the King; conversations which Gordon afterwards wrote down in his diary.

Emin was exultant over the opportunities which his mission had given him to pursue the aim which had brought him to Africa—to study the natural history of the country, and the languages and customs of its inhabitants. But as Gordon talked of the motive which led him to Africa—the hope of freeing the wretched people from the curse of the slave trade, and of giving them peace and a just government—his generous enthusiasm and lofty ambition began to fire his companion.

When they parted, after a month's close intercourse, on the shore of Lake Albert, the whole current of Emin's life was changed. He did not give up his love for his scientific pursuits. He simply subordinated them to the higher aim of seeking the welfare of the people with whom his lot was cast.

The remarkable ability which he had shown in his dealings with Mtesa led Gordon to send him the following year to make a treaty with the King of the Unyoro. He went during the rainy season, when the country was overflowed, and often had to march for hours up to his neck in mud and water. On his return from this mission, in the summer of 1878, wearied with his great exertions and privations, and anxious to publish an account of his numerous adventures and scientific collections, he resolved to resign his post and return to Europe.

But on his way down the Nile he was met by one of Gordon's lieutenants, bringing Emin's appointment as Governor of the Equatorial Provinces. It was wholly unexpected and undesired, and all his inclinations were against accepting it. But Gordon looked to him to continue the work which he himself had begun, and if he were to refuse, there was no other to whom Gordon could turn.

His steamer's prow was turned upstream, and visions of rest and of literary and scientific fame gave way to schemes for developing the resources of his province, and for elevating the people.

His province was a belt of land on either bank of the Nile, about five hundred miles long by three hundred wide, of which only that part along the river was under control. The greater portion was really subject to the Arab slave hunters, who lived in fortified stations scattered about the country, from whence, with large bands of armed followers, they sallied forth to destroy the native villages, to drive off the cattle and to drag the inhabitants into a hopeless bondage.

Consequently, the land was in such a state that a traveler's life was not secure outside the station garrisons unless he was accompanied by a strong escort; and a once populous region was fast becoming an uninhabited wilderness.

Emin's first official act on reaching the frontier station of his province was to issue a decree forbidding the export of slaves. He then proceeded to build stations, in which he put small garrisons, connecting them with roads on which he established a weekly post. At each of these stations gardens were laid out in which vegetables were grown, and plantations made of cotton, indigo, rice and wheat.

He set out trees both for shade and for timber, and introduced the eucalyptus, valuable as a preventive of malaria. In addition to instruction in agriculture, the people were taught simple manufactures, such as weaving and shoe-making, and the art of using oxen for drawing plows and wagons.

At Lado, his official residence, he built a hospital, where his native assistants learned to treat simple diseases. These Nile towns had been up to this time sinks of iniquity, but after a year of Emin's rule in this place, to quote the testimony of an English missionary who spent two months in it in 1879, "crime is almost unknown." In a comparatively short time nearly every part of the province was at peace, and a single traveler, unarmed save for protection against wild beasts, could go in safety from one end to the other. He turned a large annual deficit into a comfortable surplus without the imposition of a single new or heavier tax, but simply by rigid economy and the suppression of abuses.

His most important as well as his most difficult task was to drive out the slave-hunters. This, too, he accomplished gradually, but effectually. His methods can be illustrated by the tour actually happened on one of the tours of inspection which he is constantly making in every part of the province.

It was evident, one day, from the ruins of native villages and cattle-folds along his path, that he was approaching one of the Arab stations. He was accompanied by a great crowd of natives, to whose complaints of the bitter cruelty of their oppressors he had listened with attentive ears, promising them at the same time protection and the freedom of their enslaved brethren.

Among them was a boy of ten years, a native of a distant tribe, in search of his brother, and a woman who had come two hundred and fifty miles in hope of finding her husband.

In front of the station he saw the Arabs draw up two hundred armed men, ostensibly to do him honor; but in reality to overawe him with their numbers. Emin, however, was in no wise daunted, although his escort consisted of only ten soldiers. After the usual courteous greetings had been exchanged, he demanded to see their slaves.

Out of the wretched multitude who appeared before him, more than six hundred were from the surrounding country, and were immediately set at liberty, and joined the throng who had followed Emin. The others were from a distance, and must be otherwise provided for.

This work done, the masters themselves were next examined.

"What is your occupation?" the Bey asks each one in turn. If a man can give no satisfactory answer, he is peremptorily ordered to leave the province within a certain time. But if he can show that he is farming, or trading, he is permitted to remain, on condition that he pays taxes and ceases to oppress the natives.

Among the Arabs were a number of fakirs. One was chosen to teach the station school, the rest were ordered to return to Egypt.

It shows Emin's great powers as a ruler, that these lawless men, although so superior in strength and numbers, did not dare to disobey his orders; and the district which they had so long terrorized was left to the peaceful occupation of the natives. This by no means, however, completes the story of his work during the twelve years in which he has been in Central Africa. In addition to the discharge of his official duties, he has constructed maps from scientific surveys of large portions of the province and neighboring regions.

Valuable papers on the languages of the various tribes under his rule, their dress, ornaments, arms, songs, dances, customs and religion, have been contributed to European scientific journals. And he has made collections, illustrating the natural history of his province, of great value and fullness.

In 1884, the outbreak of the Mahdi's rebellion checked, but did not wholly stop, the rapid progress which he was making in civilizing the people whom he governed. He had long foreseen it coming, and had gone to Kartoum two years before to arouse the Egyptian Government to energetic action, but it refused to heed his warnings. The province to the north of his own was over-run by the rebels, and its English Governor, Lupton Bey, taken prisoner. Emin immediately withdrew his distant garrisons, and fortified the others as strongly as possible.

The next year, one of these stations, not far from Lado, was attacked, but its small garrison of negro troops defended it with the greatest heroism. Not until their provisions were wholly exhausted, and they had eaten even their shoes, did they abandon the place, rejoining Emin at Lado, after inflicting a severe defeat on the pursuing enemy.

Since that time he has been left undisturbed, to continue his civilizing work, though with greatly diminished resources. According to the last letters received from him, his supplies are at length exhausted, and should the rebels or the hostile tribes learn of the failure of his ammunition, and attack him, resistance would be almost hopeless.

Had he thought of his own safety

merely, he could long ago have easily escaped. But he will not desert his faithful soldiers, nor the Egyptian officials, with their families, who are still with him. Nor can he consent to abandon the people of his province to the Arab slave-hunters, a single day of whose rule might destroy all that he had accomplished in a year.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Stanley, who won his fame sixteen years ago in Central Africa by his expedition in search of Dr. Livingston, may be equally successful in bringing relief to Emin Pasha and his people.—*James M. Hubbard, in Youth's Companion*.

THE TRAVELER'S TREE.

How Its Various Parts Are Utilized by the Natives of Madagascar.

A European traveler, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tananarivo, in the interior, had emptied his water-flask, and was suffering from thirst. He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water: "Any time you like," said the native, smiling. The European saw no sign of spring or water; but the natives conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest, with straight trunks and bright green, broad leaves, growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the tree. "You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is good for."

He pierced the root of one of the leaf stems, at the point where it joined the tree, with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spouted out, which the European caught in his water-can, and found cool, fresh and excellent to drink. The party having satisfied their thirst and taken a supply, the native who had spoken went on:

"This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the traveler's tree."

"But where does the water come from that the tree contains?" asked the white man. "Is it taken up from the soil?"

"Oh, no," said the native. "The leaves drink in the rain that falls on them, and when it has passed all through them, it becomes very pure and sweet."

"Are there many of these trees on the island?"

"There are so many that sometimes one sees no other trees for a mile; and very often we take no provision of water when we travel, because we know that we shall find the traveler's tree."

"And you say there are other things that they are good for?"

The native answered by asking another question.

"Do you remember," he said, "the village that we passed through this morning, with its wooden huts roofed over with leaves? Those huts were made of nothing but the traveler's tree. The wood splits easily, but makes tough planks for floors, and the walls of the houses are made of the bark."

"With the branches we make the rafters, and the leaves cover the roof. But this is not all that the good tree does. We are coming soon to a village whose people I know, and I will show you more."

The native was eager in his haste to show to the traveler what the tree still had in store for him, and the European for his part, felt no little curiosity. They arrived soon at the village, and the guide conducted the traveler to the hut of a friend, who received them very hospitably, and soon spread a meal for them. First he placed upon a sort of table a spread made of some vegetable substance, very light and pretty, then he set before his guests two drinking vessels of a material which the white man did not recognize; and then he gave them two utensils, which, although rude in shape, served in the stead of knife and fork. In the midst of the table he placed a large bowl filled with cream of very appetizing appearance. In another vessel there was a quantity of oil, with almonds floating upon it.

"Before we begin," said the guide, "I must tell you what I promised. Every thing that there is upon this table comes from the traveler's tree. You see this table-cloth? It is made of the fibers of the leaves of the tree. These drinking cups, these plates, these knives, are made of the wood or the bark of the tree. What you take to be cream is a dish made of the seeds of the tree, pounded up with meal, and mixed with a kind of milk drawn from the trunk of the tree. What you think are almonds are little cakes made of these seeds, and the oil is pressed from the skin or shuck of the seed. As for the water you are about to drink, you know that already. And we get not only these things, but some of the people of Madagascar have made a kind of cloth that they wear out of the fiber of the wood."—*Youth's Companion*.

—A farmer near Oxford, N. Y., many of whose apple trees, especially those nearest an adjacent wood lot, have not thriven as they ought, has discovered the reason. The other evening, just before dark, he saw several partridges fly into the trees and begin eating the buds. One partridge would strip the buds from the entire branch at a single visit, and the growth of a great number of his trees has been almost entirely stopped.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—Another example of a rise in the value of a picture is the price paid for "The Horse Fair," painted by Rosa Bonheur, at the recent Stewart sale. The sum paid was \$53,000, while the picture is said to have cost Mr. Stewart but \$4,000.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

A BED-TIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glimmer the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down,
Dear little passenger say: "Good-night."
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

—Lilian Dwyer Rice, in *St. Nicholas*.

THE LITTLE CANNON.

How Arthur and Ken Saved the Dime for Its Purchase, and What Came of Their Goodwill.

"Can't you find time to-day, papa, to take the boys to the barber's?" asked Mrs. Loring, combing out a curl in Arthur's long hair.

"Sorry, my dear, but I can't possibly," returned Mr. Loring, hurrying on his overcoat. "Why not let them go by themselves? You know where Mr. Shaw's shop is, don't you, Arthur?"

"Yes, oh, yes, papa!" cried Arthur, coasting gayly down the ironing-board, which formed a toboggan slide between the lounge and the floor.

"Well, off with you, then! Ask Mr. Shaw to cut your hair, and here's the money to pay him," said their papa, tossing each of the lads a silver quarter as he hastened away.

"O mamma, please give me and Arthur a dime to buy a little cannon. They have beauty cannons at the Five-Cent Store," cried Ken, bringing his overshoes to his mamma. Arthur could put on his own, but Arthur was seven years old, while Ken was only five.

"No, no, you can't have any more playthings this month; so don't tease," replied their mamma, with a good-bye kiss. "Now, be my dear little boys, and come straight home as soon as your hair is cut."

"Yes, mamma," cried they in a breath, dashing away with Bruno at their heels.

Around the corner they came upon meddlesome Jimmy Jackson, shoveling a path.

"Hello, youngsters, where are you going?" he cried.

"To the barber's," responded Arthur, promptly, as if they were quite in the habit of going there alone.

"I've got twenty-five cents to pay Mr. Shaw, and Arthur's got twenty-five cents," volunteered Ken, displaying his silver coin.

"Whew! that's a big price! I can show you a neat place where they'll give you a cut for twenty cents," said Jimmy, leaning on his shovel.

"But papa told us to go to Mr. Shaw's," returned Arthur, wavering.

"Well, I s'pose he didn't know about Stubbs. Stubbs is a new man—just put out his sign. See it way down the street—that striped pole?"

The boys gazed with admiration at the imposing object.

"Oh, got your hair cut at Stubbs's; I would," urged Jimmy, mindful of the half-pint of peanuts Mr. Stubbs had promised him for every new customer he should send. "Save you five cents apiece!"

"Five cents and five cents would make a whole dime!" whispered Arthur to Ken, his eyes shining.

"Oh, ho! and we could buy the little cannon," cried Ken, frisking about in a circle.

"You'd better hurry, or you'll lose your chance," suggested artful Jimmy.

This decided the question. No longer hesitating, the boys scampered down the street, and entered the strange barber's shop. When they came out, "all shaven and shorn," each carried in triumph a shining nickel; and they darted off toward the five-cent store in the wildest haste, as if the store were built on wheels, that might trundle it away at any moment. On arriving at the enchanted palace of toys, they spent the nickels without delay, and became the joint owners of a bright, new cannon.

But as Arthur trudged homeward with the long-desired treasure, his sleepy little conscience began to waken.

"S'pose papa'll care 'cause we didn't mind him?" said he, aiming a snowball at a lamp-post and hitting his brother.

"Mamma'll care," snarled Ken, hitting back. "What you s'pect mamma'll say 'cause you bought that cannon?"

"You bought it your own self just as much as I did, Ken Loring. I shouldn't have thought of it if it hadn't been for you," retorted Arthur, blowing his fingers, chilled by the cold metal.

"Mamma says we musn't have any more playthings this month," pursued Ken, with an untimely rush of memory. "She said for us to come straight home, too!"

Oh, dear, yes! The more Arthur brooded over these truths, the longer grew his face, till he wished the cannon back on its counter.

"See here, Ken! I tell you what let's do," cried he, as they approached the house. "Let's hide the old thing, and not say we're got it."

"But I want to shoot!" wailed Ken. "Oh, well, we'll dig it up to-morrow, and play with it behind the stable," said Arthur.

Whereupon Ken reluctantly consented to the burial.

Having thrust the troublesome toy into a snowdrift in the yard, the young desperadoes slunk into the sitting-room where their mamma sat sewing. "Heigho!" cried she, playfully. "Here comes my little black lambs, all sheared."

"My head feels funny," said Arthur, with a shamfaced air.

"My head feels funny, too," echoed Ken.

The heads certainly looked funny, with tufts of hair bristling up here and there like little paint-brushes.

"What could Mr. Shaw have been thinking of to cut it so unskillfully," said Mrs. Loring, laughing till the tears came, though she was really much vexed. "Did he do it himself?"

"No-no," answered Arthur. "'Twas 'twas another man."

"Indeed! A tall man, or a short man, Arthur?"

"A little tall, and a little short. Don't you hear Bruno, whining, mamma?"

"Never mind Bruno now," returned his mother, grieved to observe that the boys avoided meeting her eye. "Isn't there something you ought to tell mamma?"

"We saw the cunningest little colt," said Arthur, twirling his mitten by the thumb.

"Hitched to a hand-sled, mamma; he was, honest," added Ken.

Mrs. Loring quietly threaded her needle.

"And how Bruno did bark at him, didn't he, Ken? O mamma, can't I let poor Bruno in?"

A long pause.

"Have my little sons been good to-day?" asked mamma, presently, laying down her work.

Another pause; then—"Is it naughty to let folks cut your hair that aren't Mr. Shaw?" Arthur faltered, twisting his neck to gaze over his shoulder at nothing.

"And to go and buy something nice and bang-y with the two nickels they give you back?" put in Ken, dolefully.

Here Bruno pushed open the door, and finished the story by dashing in with the ill-gotten cannon. Mrs. Loring looked very grave as he laid it at her feet.

"Do you think it was right, boys," said she, "to disobey papa, and afterward to spend papa's money for this plaything that I said you could not have?"

The boys hung their heads.

"Of course the cannon belongs to papa."

"Ho! what would papa want of it?" cried Ken.

"I should like to give it to some good child," said papa, on coming home. "Tell me truly, boys, do either of you deserve it?"

After all, they were honest little boys at heart, and they bravely answered: "No, papa."

So it was gentle, lame little Johnny Carr who received the cannon. Arthur and Ken themselves carried it to him the next morning on their way to the barber's. And this time they went to Mr. Shaw's.—*Penn Shirley, in Congregationalist*.

A HEART-BROKEN BIRD.

How She Faithfully Mourns for the Loss of Her Mate—A Touching Story.

A year or so ago a little girl living near the line of the Erie railway, two miles from Rathboneville, New York, was presented with a pair of doves. They were in the habit of flying about in the vicinity. One day, a few weeks ago, they were flying across the railroad track, when the male bird came in collision with the smoke-stack of the Pacific express, which passes the spot about seven o'clock in the morning. The bird was killed by the shock and instantly thrown out of the sight of its mate. The female circled around the spot for a few minutes, in evident amazement at the sudden disappearance of its mate. She then flew to a mile-post near by, and for a long time gave utterance to the mournful notes characteristic of the dove. Suddenly she seemed to realize what had carried the male from her sight, and she rose in the air and flew swiftly in the direction the train had gone. She did not return until about noon. She alighted at her cote, where she remained the rest of the day, uttering her plaintive cries. Next morning, just before seven o'clock, she was seen to fly away, and take a position on the mile-post near the spot where she last saw her mate the day before. When the express train came along she flew at the locomotive, hovered about the smoke-stack and around the cab, as if looking for her mate. She accompanied the locomotive for a mile or so, and then returned to her cote. Every day since then she has repeated her strange conduct. She goes to her lookout for the train at precisely the same time each morning, and waits until the train comes along, no matter how late it may be. She never goes further than about a mile with the train, returning then to her cote, and mourning piteously all day.—*Children's Friend*.

—A New York genius has invented a "vacuum car," with which he asserts his ability to navigate the air at a high speed and drop explosives with precision upon the decks of war vessels or in fortified places. Details of the invention are lacking in the letter the inventor has sent to the navy department, but the matter is deemed of sufficient importance to warrant inquiry, and an ordinance officer has been instructed to communicate in person with the inventor.—*Chicago Times*.

—Is an Indian ever troubled by red ants?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Never leave nails sticking in loose boards where animals might step on them.

—Rub your stovepipe with linsed oil, keep it in a dry place, and it will not rust.

—Boil Siberians, or crab apples, whole, twenty-five minutes; eight ounces of sugar to a quart.

—Don't compel your horses to eat musty hay. It will produce fatal lung trouble, and, in any event, heaves.

—Always set your hens in the evening rather than by daylight. They will be more sure to stick to the nest afterward.

—To produce a good gloss on linen, pour a pint of boiling water upon two ounces of gum arabic, cover, and let stand over night; add a spoonful of the starch.—*Good Cheer*.

—Sweep carpets gently. Even rag carpets should be treated with consideration. A severe digging with a broom wears the warp and scrapes out the lint of the rugs needlessly.

—The value of a good horse is never realized until he is dead or parted with. Time spent in looking after the comforts of the work horses is time well spent.—*Montreal Witness*.

—Custard Cake.—Three eggs well beaten, one cupful sugar, one and one-third cupfuls of flour, six tablespoonfuls sweet cream, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, flavor to taste.—*Toledo Blade*.

—In regard to selling wheat from wagons, why does not the farmer take a sample of wheat and engage before selling, and not be at the mercy of sharks in order to sell and get home?—*Indiana Farmer*.

—Do not place raw meat directly on ice; for the juices are apt to be withdrawn. It should never be left in the wrapping paper. Put in an uncovered dish and then set on the ice.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*.

—Milk Soup: Four potatoes, two onions, two ounces of butter, quarter of an ounce of salt, pepper to taste, one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls tapioca. Boil slowly all the vegetables with two quarts of water. Strain through the colander. Add milk and tapioca. Boil slowly and stir constantly for twenty minutes.—*Boston Budget*.

—When files have become clogged with oil and grease the best plan is to boil them for a few minutes in some strong caustic soda water. A little scrubbing with an old tooth brush will be beneficial before rinsing them in boiling water and drying them before the fire. The "pins," which are so harmful to fine work, can be removed by a thin, hard piece of sheet brass. These "pins" may to a great extent be avoided by using chalk on the file if it be used dry, or oil when that may be applied.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

Spring and Summer Styles of Silk and Derby Hats, Shoes and Shirts.

"The new silk hat has a straighter crown, with less bell to it," said a prominent hatter, "and is smaller in its general proportions than that of last year. On both the American and English made hats the rims are quite narrow, though the dip and curve at the side are about the same. The Derby hat for business wear has a rather small, round crown, with a narrow brim, is closely curled at the sides, and is about the same height as heretofore. Light-weight Derbys are increasing in demand for summer wear, and are made without lining.

"The trade call them skeleton hats, and they are selling very well. In Derbys black is the reigning color, though there is, as usual, a liberal sprinkling of the lighter shades of brownish drabs, etc. These hats will be worn through the summer, and there are some hatters who say that following the English custom (and that carries weight with many New York men), the silk hat may be correctly worn the year round, even in the hottest weather."

Said a well-known shoe dealer: "The prevailing fashion seems to demand a shoe neither too narrow nor too wide, one of a gracefully rounded outline, giving a better line to the foot, and giving much more satisfaction than the wider-toed style. Patent leather shoes, made to lace, will be generally used for spring and summer wear. Top gaiters made in light colored Kersey cloth will be still worn, though to a moderate extent, during the spring, and they will be succeeded in summer, as they were last year, by top gaiters made from light shades in linen and canvas."

"There are few changes in shirts," remarked a prominent haberdasher, "and collars as well. The high collar is still the inexorable mode. Those with the lapels turned back are rather the more popular and of a more pronounced style. The extreme high collar of the past two seasons seems to have disappeared, or at least to have been greatly modified. Link cuffs remain the proper esparto, and they may be with square or rounded corners. Many fancy shirts will be worn, from present indications, and they will be in various designs, such as stripes, checks and pronounced plaids in black, blue, red, pink and even combinations, with collars and cuffs to match. In dress shirts the styles are getting to be even more expensive. The bosoms are cut wider, to follow the demands of the shield-shaped vest, and they are made to be worn with cuffs and collars, attached or detached at your option. The four-hand scarf holds its remarkably long run of popularity, and there is the usual vast number of new colors, generally in the lighter shades, as the season demands."—*Albany Argus*.

The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN. THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1887.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

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

Terms—per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; after three months, \$1.75; after six months, \$2.00. For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for time table: EAST, AT EX., N.Y. EX., MAIL, PASS, FR'T. Rows include Cedar Pt., Elmdale, Strong, and Safford.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

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

Fine growing weather.

Mr. John Frisby has moved into the Ponce house.

Dr. Gardner, of Emporia, was in town, Monday.

Mr. J. C. Farrington was down to Emporia, Monday.

The carpet for the new Presbyterian church has arrived.

Mr. W. E. Newsom, of Emporia, was in town, last Sunday.

Fritz Schneitz, of Antwerp, Prussia, was in town, this week.

Mr. E. A. Kinne is building a cellar and cistern on his premises.

Mrs. James Harvey was quite sick, the latter part of last week.

The Eureka House is being overhauled and put in good repairs.

Three tracks have been laid at the C. K. & W. depot, at this place.

Messrs. J. D. Minick and J. W. McWilliams went to Topeka, yesterday.

Mr. B. F. Largent, of Matfield Green, was down to Emporia, last Saturday.

If you want a glass of excellent cider, go to G. R. Simmons's billiard hall.

The law regarding a lien for service of horses will be found in another column.

Mr. John F. Hardesty, of Diamond creek, is suffering from a bilious attack.

Mrs. L. I. Billings and son returned, Tuesday, from their visit at Council Grove.

The Rev. H. A. Cook and family, of Safford, have gone East to visit among relatives.

Mr. J. G. Brown has bought a half interest in Mr. J. W. Brown's furniture store.

Mrs. B. H. Burton, of Strong City, was down to Emporia, on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Geo. H. Lee, of South Fork, had two head of cattle killed by lightning, Sunday night.

Mr. Chas. E. Dibble, of Strong City, moved into the Walker house, in this city, last Monday.

The heavy rain, Sunday night, raised the river considerably and also drowned many chinch bugs.

The connection on the switch from this city to Rettiger Bros. & Co.'s quarry was made Tuesday.

Mrs. Isaac Mathews, of Strong City, is enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. Smith, of Chicago, Ill.

Miss Fannie Neil, of Chetopa, has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. C. M. Fry, for the past week or so.

The telegraph poles are up along the line of the C. K. & W. R. R. through this county, from this city north.

Mr. Patrick Raleigh, of Strong City, did the plastering at the new depot, at this place, and it was neatly done.

Was it "joint" whisky or sea sickness, or what was it, that caused last week's leader to be dated May 26?

Mr. J. W. Brown has sold his horse team to Mr. Chas. Hagans, of Strong City, for a bay horse and some boot.

Mr. Geo. W. Simmons has gone to Diamond Springs, Morris county, to work on the depot being built there.

The 12-year-old son of Mr. David Biggan was bitten on the thigh by Mr. C. I. Maule's dog, in Strong City, last Monday.

Nearly all the corn and all the garden truck of Mr. Jacob Schimpf, of Prairie Hill, was destroyed by hail, Sunday night.

County Superintendent J. C. Davis went to Emporia, yesterday, to attend the State County School Superintendents' convention.

Be on hand early at Music Hall next Wednesday evening, if you desire a good seat. Exercises begin promptly at 8:15.

The Madden Brothers' store room is nearing completion. Mr. J. W. Brown is doing the wood work, and Mr. E. W. Braze, the plastering.

The Johnson store room is fast approaching completion. Mr. L. F. Miller is doing the plastering, and Mr. L. P. Jensen, the wood work.

The annual school meetings will be held, hereafter, on the last Thursday in June, instead of on the second Thursday in August, as heretofore.

Mrs. Fred Smith, of Strong City, went to Emporia, last Wednesday, to visit her son, Mr. John Smith, whose children are sick with the measles.

Mr. A. J. Pence, having sold his household goods, left, Tuesday, with his family, for Washington Territory, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Abbie Cormac, of this city, who has been sick for several months past, is visiting at her brother's, Mr. M. E. Hunt's, at Clements, and is improving in health.

Mr. Sidney A. Hunt, of Spring Valley, Minn., brother of Squire F. B. Hunt, arrived here, yesterday morning, on a visit to his relatives living in this county.

It is said that quite a number of dogs have gone mad, on Sharp's creek, and that several of the farmers in that neighborhood have had to kill their dogs in consequence thereof.

Mr. Tom Silvester, of Emporia, was in this city, last week, and he was accompanied back to Emporia, Thursday, by Mr. W. H. Hinote, who returned home that same evening.

J. L. Cochran, of Strong City, has moved into his new building at that place, and they are now fitting up the old drug store building for the Strong City National Bank; the Bank building has been purchased by Mr. B. Lantry.

There was a nice rain early Sunday morning, and quite a heavy rain soon after nightfall that same day, accompanied by a strong wind. At Matfield Green it hailed some, and some fences were blown down and out houses turned over.

The Presbyterian church edifice is fast approaching completion. The steeple and all other outside work are about finished, as is also the inside work, including the plastering; and the church will be ready for service in about a week.

County Treasurer W. P. Martin went home from his office sick, last Monday evening, and went immediately to bed, and the next day he was still confined to his bed, and his nephew, Mr. Lee Swope, came from the farm and took charge of his office.

The bridges on the C. K. & W. railroad, through this county, were completed, at 5 o'clock, p. m., last Saturday, by J. H. Henson & Co. and ready for the track layers, who have finished their work here and got the road ready for trains.

Mr. J. P. Kuhl has just received a letter from Mr. J. F. Olinger, from Coronado, in which he says the report about Mr. Chas. H. Carswell, formerly of this city, having been shot at that place is without foundation; and we take pleasure in correcting the false report.

Last Friday morning while Mr. Harry Clifford, of this city, was down in a well on Mr. B. McCabe's farm on Rock creek, on which he was working, Mr. Henry Heison, who was assisting him, accidentally let a rock drop into the well, which hit Mr. Clifford a glancing lick back of, and above, his right ear, stunning him badly, and causing a very painful wound.

Frank Oberst has come back and opened up a bakery at his old stand, on Main st. where he will keep a full line of bread, cakes, pies and confectionery. He solicits the trade of his old customers and will do his best to please, always endeavoring to have on hand a full supply of fresh goods, and will make a speciality of Eureka home-made bread.

Last Saturday night, some vandal, with malicious intent, no doubt, relieved the bridge over Middle creek, north of Elmdale, of the supports on the north-east and south-west corners, rendering the same insecure, and thereby endangering the lives of the people. Should the party who did the deed be found out, the arm of the law should immediately be thrown around him.

The City Schools will close to-morrow, for the summer vacation. The commencement exercises will be held in Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 1st, at which the following pupils will graduate: Christ Gardner, Charles Simmons, Charles Sanders, Mark Hackett and Harry Hunt, who will, each, read an original essay. The remainder of the High School will have singing and recitations, after which the exercises will be closed by the comedienne entitled "My Wife's Relations," by the Junior and middle classes of the school.

Walter Hunt arrived here, on Sunday evening last, and was given a reception by his aunt, Mrs. H. L. Hunt, on Monday evening, at which about seventeen of his friends assembled, and a very enjoyable time was spent in the charms of music, and social conversation. The song entitled "Old Black Joe" was very pretty, with the variations; when later in the evening some of our young friends who perform so admirably on the French harps arrived and lent double charms to the assembly; but the music proceeded by our young friends, was too much for the guests to resist tripping the light fantastic toe—and they did. Walter left, Tuesday, for Sioux city, where he will make his headquarters.

DECORATION DAY. The joint committee of the G. A. R., W. R. C. and S. of V. to make preparations for celebrating Decoration Day consists of the following persons: From the G. A. R.—Geo. Hill, F. P. Cochran, W. A. Morgan, G. W. Kilgore and E. Cooley.

From W. R. C.—Mrs. W. A. Morgan, Mrs. Geo. W. Crum, Nellie Watson and Lizzie Reeves.

From S. of V.—Ed. Forney, Chas. Burch, Ed. Burch, Mat. McDonald and Ad. Reifsnnyder.

Capt. Patten and Geo. Weed were appointed a committee on music.

Mrs. W. A. Morgan was appointed as a committee for the selection of children to strew flowers.

The committee have met and decided on a programme that will be carried out about as follows: The procession, which will start promptly at 8:30 o'clock, a. m. will be formed in line as follows: G. A. R. Post.

W. R. C., in carriages. S. of V., with firing squad. Orders—Lodges and Societies. The G. A. R. Post met, last Friday, and made the following arrangements: The regular G. A. R. ceremonies will be performed according to Decoration Day ceremonies.

The Soldiers' Daughters, between the ages of seven and fifteen years, will do the decorating.

The firing is expected to be done by the Sons of Veterans, under the management of Geo. W. Newman. It is the request of the Soldiers that all who are in any way interested in Decoration Day, will please to donate what flowers they can procure, both wild and cultivated, to the cause, so that there will be no want of flowers for the purpose of decorating the Soldiers' graves. All are cordially invited to be present and take part in the ceremonies.

T. H. Grisham will deliver an address at the close of the exercises. It was determined to place in a prominent position a monument to be decorated with flowers, bearing upon one side the inscription "To the Unknown Dead or Those who lie on Southern battlefields," and on the other side "To the Loyal Women of the W. R. C., who have passed from labor to reward."

E. Cooley was appointed to take charge of the little girls of the decorating squad.

Ice water will be at the grounds free for all.

The names of the soldiers interred in the cemetery at this place are as follows: Frank Allison, F. J. Beck, E. B. Crocker, John Fetters, I. B. Sharp, Wm. Craft, F. S. Burr, Henry Howard, N. R. Lee, Henry Rees, Horace Doolittle, Wm. Hackett, L. B. Davis, E. Sedoris, E. R. Arnold, Thos. Strickland, S. F. Barnes, John Woodman.

PROGRAMME OF MEMORIAL SERVICES To be held at Elmdale, May 30th, 1887.

First, meeting at G. A. R. Hall, at 10 a. m., at 10:45, the assembly will be held by the Drum Corps, and procession formed in front of G. A. R. Hall, in the following order:

Drum corps. Orators of the day. Two little girls with banner and portrait of Gen. John A. Logan. Elmdale Sunday school, under the command of Mrs. E. Stotts and Miss Lou Schnyder.

Woman's Relief Corps, under command of its President, Mrs. A. M. Breese. John A. Martin Camp S. of V., under the command of Capt. Thomas. G. A. R. Post and visitors, under command of Commander Breese.

At 11 o'clock sharp the procession will move at tapping of bell, the Drum Corps playing the Dead March, with muffled drums. As head of column enters church the organist will play the Funeral March until all are in.

SERVICES AT CHURCH. 1st. song; 2d. prayer by Rev. T. J. Pearson; 3d. song; 4th. memorial address by Rev. and comrade Martin; 5th. song.

The procession will then reform in reverse order, and at the tolling of the bell will march to Memorial Shaft, and whilst the committee of little girls are strewing the flowers in memory of the dead the choir will sing "Cover Them over with Beautiful Flowers."

2d. Ritual services by G. A. R. Post; 3d. song; 4th. address by Rev. T. J. Pearson, subject: "The Unknown Dead"; 5th. song; 6th. Firing salute of three rounds, by Capt. Schnyder's Gun Squad; 7th. Benediction by Rev. Martin; 8th. procession will reform, with Gun Squad in front, and march to G. A. R. Hall, and dismiss. To which services all are invited, especially the Elmdale Sunday-school and all persons in sympathy with the Boys in Blue; and every member of U. S. Grant Post, Martin Camp S. of V. are expected to be in line on that day, to pay this tribute of respect to our noble dead.

By order of Committee. JONT. WOOD, J. M. ROHE, Officer of the Day. Chairman.

CLEMENTS. Henry Hawkins paid his friends a visit in Strong city and Cottonwood Falls.

John T. Patten has returned from a two months' visit in Harvey county, Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters and Miss Celia Robbins, visited friends in Florence, this week.

Louis Duahn has his new barn ready for painting.

W. J. Grimwood, Esq., was in town looking after business matters.

J. W. Byram, of Cedar Point, was welcomed by his many friends here on the 21st instant.

Mrs. Delolle and family, of Ohio, arrived here on the 19th instant.

A brother of J. L. Crawford, from Ohio, is visiting his many friends in this place.

Messrs. Green, Duahn and Pickard, paid Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, a visit on the 23d instant.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hank arrived at their residence, on the 25th instant. He will stay an indefinite length of time. All are doing well.

We notice the ladies of fashion calling on Mrs. Cora E. Snyder in large numbers; and they are being fixed up with the finest of hats, ribbons, flowers and plumes; and, by the fine display, we should say she has the confidence of her many friends.

MEASLES. The measles are all over. The feverish hours have done; The mother's face is brightening. As her hours of care have gone.

Their little throats are well again. Their eyes are clear and bright; And they are at their sports again. Which is a lovely sight.

STRAYED. From this City, May 14th, 1 Dark roan pony mare, about 7 years old, harness marked, no shoes on. A liberal reward will be paid for the recovery of, or any information in regard to, same. EMPORIA GROCERY CO.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES. The celebrated Walker Boots and Shoes—every pair warranted—for sale by E. F. Holmes. mch31-tf

E. F. Holmes has the leading stock of gent's fine boots and shoes, in Chase county. mch31-tf

BAUERLE'S MISCELLANEOUS. NEW DRUGS. Fresh pies, cakes, bread, etc., Deliver in any part of the city. Lunch served at all hours. Full meals, 25 cents. WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

SETH J. EVANS, PROPRIETOR OF THE Feed Exchange EASTSIDE OF Broadway, Cottonwood Falls. LOW PRICES, PROMPT ATTENTION. Paid to ALL ORDERS. Good Riggs, ALL HOURS. BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY.

W. H. HINOTE, GENERAL BARBER SHOP, Cottonwood Falls, Kan. EAST SIDE OF BROADWAY.

Wanted, 10,000 doz. eggs, at the Emporia Grocery Co.'s.

Stiff and Soft Hats, in the new shapes, and light colors, at E. F. HOLMES'S.

Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle.

Go to J. S. Doolittle & Son's for bargains; and don't you forget it. One hundred stock hogs wanted by J. S. Shipman & Son, Elmdale, Kan.

Take your butter and eggs to the Emporia Grocery Co.'s. Good, durable plow shoes, sewed pegged and screwed fastened, at E. F. Holmes's.

E. F. Holmes has just placed in stock an unusually well selected stock of trunks and valises. Look at them. Do not order your nursery stock until you see George W. Hill, as he represents the Stark Nurseries, of Louisiana, Mo., the oldest and best in the West.

Strayed, from Cottonwood Falls, a light bay horse colt, two years old, white star in forehead, and scattering white down to nose, pony stock. Any one seeing said animal and letting H. Bonewell, at Eureka House, know where it is, will be liberally rewarded.

L. F. Miller will sell his household and kitchen furniture on Main st. in Cottonwood Falls, on Saturday, June 4th, 1887; also, one good horse. Any one needing furniture will do well to be present. These goods will positively be sold to the highest bidder on the above date. my26-2w

Forty-five dozen Straw Hats at E. F. HOLMES'S. Be sure and see them.

All persons wishing spaying done, if they will let me know of the same soon, I may be able to do their work before going west. J. S. SHIPMAN, feb10-tf Elmdale, Kans.

For men's fine boots and shoes try E. F. Holmes, the exclusive dealer.

Jeans pants at \$1.25 and \$1.50; strictly all wool filling. They are just as good as the Humbolt Jeans at \$2.00 and \$2.25. Save money on overalls, working shirts, shoes, clothing and hats. You will save 25 per cent. on your purchase if you buy your goods at Ferry & Watson's. apr21-tf

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

End watches will receive careful attention, by experienced workmen at Ford's jewelry store, in Cottonwood Falls. All work warranted.

Giese & Krenz are buying old iron at 15 and 25 cts. per hundred pounds. You can buy more Flour and Feed for the same money, at the CITY FEED STORE than at any other place in the county. dec30-tf

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

L. Ford, jeweler, does all kinds of watch and clock repairing in a workmanlike manner, and solicits your custom. Give him a call.

Call in and look at our assortment of visiting cards. my5-tf

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

Special agency for the sale of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad lands wild lands and stock ranches. Well watered, improved farms for sale. Lands offered for speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. apr21-1yr

JOHN FREW, LAND SURVEYOR, AND CIVIL ENGINEER, STRONG CITY, KANSAS. dec3-tf

PHYSICIANS. J. W. STONE, T. M. ZANE. STONE & ZANE, Physicians and Surgeons, Office, East Side of Broadway, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN. nov12-tf

W. P. PUCH, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at his Drug Store, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.

A. M. CONAWAY, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Residence and office, a half mile north of Topeka. jyl1-tf

DR. S. M. FURMAN, Resident Dentist, STRONG CITY, KANSAS. Having permanently located in Strong City, Kansas, will hereafter practice his profession in all its branches. Reference: W. P. Martin, R. M. Watson and J. W. Stone, M. D. jeb1-tf

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. JOHN V. SANDERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office under Chase Co. National Bank, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.

THOS. H. GRISHAM, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Office upstairs in National Bank building COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. feb10-tf

WOOD, MACKAY & SMITH, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW, Will practice in all state and Federal courts. Office 145 Kansas Ave., TOPEKA, KANSAS.

C. N. STERRY, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW EMPORIA, KANSAS, Will practice in the several courts of 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. jyl13

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. feb23-tf

CHAS. H. CARSWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHASE COUNTY, KANSAS; Will practice in all the State and Federal courts and land offices. Collections made and promptly remitted. Office, east side of Broadway, south of bridge. mch29-tf

Mrs. Cora E. Snyder, A practical Dressmaker and Milliner, has just opened a millinery shop AT CLEMENTS, KANSAS. She bought her goods in NEW YORK CITY, And, therefore, has the latest styles and New York prices; give her a call, and examine her goods before buying elsewhere. CLEMENTS, - - KANSAS.

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

Wm. H. HOLSINGER, (Successor to Holsinger & Fritz), -DEALER IN- HARDWARE, STOVES AND TIREWARE, FARM MACHINERY, AND WIND MILLS, Wood and Iron Pumps, Brass and Iron Cylinders, PIPE, RUBBER HOSE AND FITTINGS, Feed Grinders, Buggies, Wagons, &c.

Agents for the Celebrated McCormick Mowers and Reapers, and New Lyman Vapor Stoves.

W. H. HOLSINGER, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. mch17-tf

JOHN B. SHIPMAN, Has MONEY TO LOAN In any amount, from \$500.00 and upwards, at low rates of interest, on improved farm lands, call and see him at J. W. McWilliams' Land Office, in the Bank building, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. If you want money. apr20-tf

JULIUS REMY, Tonsorial Artist, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN. Shop east side of Broadway, north of Drs. Stone & Zane's office, where you can get a nice shave, shampoo, or hair cut.

AN ACT Giving owners of Stallions and Jacks a lien on certain stock therein named. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Kansas: SEC. 1. The owners of stallions and Jacks shall have a lien upon mares served by such stallions and Jacks, and upon colts resulting from such service, by complying with the provisions of this act.

SEC. 2. Any person desiring to obtain a lien for the service of any stallion or Jack owned by him shall, within ninety days after the last service performed by such stallion or Jack, make out under oath and file with the register of deeds of the county in which the owner of such mare or mares served may reside or the name and residence of the owner of the mare served and upon which a lien is to be taken, together with a description of such mare by color, age, and marks or brands, if any, and the date of the last service to the same. Third, The amount due for such service, when payable.

SEC. 3. Upon making and filing the statement required by the second section of this act, the owner of such stallion or Jack shall have a lien upon the colts that may result from such service, for the payment of the amount due as set forth in such statement, which lien shall continue in force for one year from date of filing the statement, when so filed, shall be notice to all persons of the nature, amount and duration of such lien.

SEC. 4. The lien provided for in this act may be enforced in the same manner as provided by law for the enforcement and collection of chattel mortgages.

Notice for Publication. LAND OFFICE AT SALINA, KAN., } 6617 April 18th, 1887. 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, on Friday, May 27th, 1887, viz: August Hanko, Homestead Entry No. 2204 for the north west 1/4 of section 28, township 19 south, of range 6 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Herman Piper, Elmdale, Detlef Koepfken, Clements, Clara Koepfken, Clements, Bill Flieger, Clements all of Chase county, Kansas. S. M. PALMER, Register.

Notice for Publication. LAND OFFICE AT SALINA, KANSAS, } 6645 May 21st, 1887. 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 the District Court, at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, on Saturday, July 2d, 1887, viz: E. D. S. No. 9651, of Patrick McCubb, for the Lots 1 and 14, section 30, township 30 north, of range 6 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Martin Bookstater, Lida James McCalland, B. Stout, Jim Graham, Hazard, all of Chase county, Kansas. S. M. PALMER, Register.

A SONG FOR PEACE.

Decoration Day, 1887. (Original.)



MIGHTY realm between the mighty seas! I mark thy rivers push their crystal down. And bear rich ships by foot of field and town. While all thy high ways murmur as with bees. I see sweet homes up on thy happy leas. And roofs by mount and more and beaches brown. And all my heart stirs with thy brave renown. And yields its voice—on such slight notes as these. That I am of thee makes me loving bold In question of thy welfare; e'en that thou pass on to utter peace this song I fold. In flowers and thy beloved banner now. And lay the tribute on thy priestless mold— The golden dust of each slain hero's brow. Thick roses and mingle your tears with their dew. Fetch poppies that fire the long furrows of corn. Bring daisies meek-faced, and violets blue. All pure as babe-eyes when they twinkle at morn. Bring spathes of the apple, and bluebells to tell. A knell that is fragrance above each green tomb; Bring mayflowers with dew in each white waxen bowl. And pink and laburnums just breaking in bloom. Bring orchids and tulips and honeyed foxglove. From hants where the try and columbine creep. Bring softly all blossoms that honey bees love. And garland the graves where our gallant boys sleep. Let children with fingers undabbled of blood. Bear wreaths to each barrow inclosing dear dust; Bring sweets from the garden and fronds from the wood. While age gathers wisdom and swords gather rust. A moment turn back to the days that are dead. And mark the long lines as they marshal and clash; With wings bowed in battle the sections are red. And Order seems lost in the loud cannon's crash. But the motive in nature is greater than men. For links in the chain have been snapped in the past. To be hurried by strong Justice together again. And in tears and in bloodshed the rivets made fast. For when Earth swung out from its gimbal of fire. On invisible cables to roll round the sun. Was its mission not Man, and Love the strong wire. With Life to be forged as the cycles were run? Aye, deeds are the hammers that fashion the race. And Earth is the anvil whereon Purpose lays The ends of all causes and sinites with a mace. That welds into girders the gold of the days. The vast human fragments must glow ere they weld. Be hark with red rage and the anguish of heat. And hard on the anvil of Purpose be held. Ere aims shall be one and the seasons be sweet. Lo! the tears of that time have turned into pearls: The Hall of fierce War has but beaten out Good; O'er the blue and the gray now our banner unfurls. For Union's sweet flower blossomed out of their blood. The sweep of the sections together in strife. Like the smiting together of God's mighty hands. Smoke fire round the world and a thrill through all life. And buds of fair freedom broke forth in far lands. All wrought at God's purpose, then let us forgive. Lo, Liberty's sunbeams our whole kingdom kiss! Here all are born freemen, here Justice shall live. Forget in the glory and greatness of this. Then southward strong North, with flowers in your hands. Cast looks of glad greeting with love in your eyes. And northward sweet South, warm heart of all lands. Look a prayer of fond peace for all the broad skies; For ours is the queen of all realms 'neath the sun. The garden of Eden, the bride of the world; Here Worth became sovereign, here Freedom was won. Then keep their flag high and forever unfurled. Then garland each grave, and remember each name. To breathe it with reverence up into the air. That silence may never flow over their fame. That valor be dear and their couches be fair. For these are the seals of our greatness and peace. The ark that the Covenants ever shall hold. Of hearts that paid blood lest Freedom should cease. Whose deeds are now legends, whose ashes are gold. ALVA MILTON KEHR.

DECORATION DAY.

A Funeral-Festival, Greeted with Smiles and Tears.



THE story is told of an Englishman of rank who, being asked why he did not visit America, replied that he was waiting for Americans to stop celebrating. Said he: "America is never free from excitement. She is perpetually unavailing a statue, erecting a monument, raising a purse for somebody. When she is not doing these things she is celebrating either Thanksgiving Day, Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday. She never has a period of repose, such an Englishman requires, and I prefer to stay at home." An unconscious tribute to America lay in his words; for although the quick and mobile blood of our young Nation loves excitement for its own sake, yet its chief motive for these multiple celebrations, which so offend the phlegmatic Englishman, is ever love, gratitude or patriotism. All of these emotions combine to make Decoration, or Memorial Day, as it is now more beautifully named, the Holy-Day of America. It is the day of days which, as a Nation, we honor. The enthusiasm,

the joy and gratitude, which on that day swell the National heart to bursting are tempered by a grief which, though subdued by time, becomes pregnant with the approach of each Memorial Day. No monument to the dead heroes, though heaven-sweeping in grandeur, though bearing the impress of genius and carved with the chisel of inspiration itself, could so simply, so effectually, so sublimely, keep them in memory as does this solemn funeral festival at which all the emotions of the human heart are swept by undying memory.

As an Aeolian harp responds to the wind with a burst of mournful melody, so do our hearts, at this time, stirred by association, stirred by the sympathy which binds together the great brotherhood of the bereaved, and, more than all, moved by the old yet ever new story of the martyrdom of the dead soldier, so do our hearts give forth a mournful, yet sweet and exalted, tribute to the memory of the dead. A year ago tears fell over the same graves, hearts throbbled at the same recitals which are heard on every Memorial Day. A year hence it will be the same. The quick responsive American heart, while it throbs, will venerate Memorial Day with an intense of sighs and tears.

"How they so softly rest, All the holy dead." The name of him who fills a soldier's grave is holy to us now. He who left home, wife or parents, rushing bravely, buoyantly and unquestioningly to the call of his country, has borne the pangs of martyrdom and shall he not, too, bear the glory of it? "I say unto you, no man can do more than this—that he lay down his life for a friend." Down from the great Teacher of the world came echoing these words which place the soldier among the great of the earth; he laid down his life for home and country—he has done what he could.

It does not seem a quarter of a century since they whose names confront us on marble tablets were among us, fired with the earnestness and valor of patriotism. Though not remembered with the rancor of old, those days will never be forgotten. Babes yet unborn will, for generations, be told the thrilling story of those years. The women and children who stayed at home waiting, with white lips and palpitating hearts, for news from the seat of war—these are the ones upon whose hearts are engraved memories which are indelible, and which shall flow in the life-blood of their children's children. Oh those days of waiting and wishing! Have they ever, can they ever, be pictured graphically enough? The rushing about of troops—the recruiting offices, with their constant excitement, the preparations of supplies by willing hands, the letters full of cheer from the front, the waiting for the dreaded newspaper after the battle, when the long lists of killed, wounded and missing were devoured with wide-eyed and expectant horror, the dull, cold anguish, only to be outlived by years, which came when a loved name was found in these fatal lists. Will the children of those days ever forget these things, or their children after them? Even at this day, who can hear the melancholy music of the fife and drum without recalling the soldier's funeral, the muffled drum, the



ANSWERING HIS COUNTRY'S CALL.

dead march, the brave hero confined in his uniform; dead, perhaps, with a bullet in his breast, while leading an assault, or sadder still, dead among strangers, far from home, after long days of suffering. The pathos of it is enough to soften hearts of adamant. Faintly, faintly, did the robe of sable, the veil of crape, express the unspoken woe which, black and crushing, fell upon happy hearts in those troublous times. Many reminders of the old war days are about me. Occasionally one may see upon some old man, who is perhaps proud of it, an army overcoat, with its long, dangling skirt of blue, its cap and government brass buttons. That coat is sacred as the mantle of Elijah, and he who can view that honored garment unmoved is callous, indeed. Nearly every home in the land has its souvenir of the war, rendered precious by the memory of its possessor. Reverently and lovingly as were the Lares and Penates of old, are these relics enshrined in places of honor and pointed to with tender pride. Sometimes it is a sword of the newly-fledged young officer; sometimes a canteen, a knapsack or a tattered flag. Or perhaps a portrait of a "boy in blue" hangs over the fire-place, and the visitor in the household must hear the story of his brave young life told in fearful reverence by those who loved him. With such reminders as these in half of the homes of our land, think you that Memorial Day will ever become an empty name? Think you these graves, and O, how many there are! will be left ungarlanded on this day? Think you the time can come

when the soldier's grave will not be hallowed ground? No; as God and the Right liveth. No! Rather do we wish that these frail, ephemeral blossoms, sweet as they are delicate, might defy the laws of nature and, glorified by their mission of marking a soldier's grave, might bloom forever; immortal, unshrivelled, unfaded, undying, sending up a perpetual perfume emblematic of the unselfish, undaunted patriotism of a soldier's heart.

The most pathetic feature of Memorial Day, however, is not the hanging of wreaths and emblems upon the lofty monuments which mark the resting-places of those known and honored in life. It is the decoration of the nameless grave which shows the real beauty of the custom. Dead hero! deprived of a resting-place near those of your kindred, defrauded by fate of even a name upon your foot-stone, to-day you are remembered with reverence and gratitude. The fairest, sweetest flowers rest upon you. God



HANGS OVER THE FIRE-PLACE.

knows who it is beneath the turf, and we know you by the glorious name of Soldier. Though withered flowers are ever on your grave, and each season of bloom brings a fresh coronet to mark the spot, the grave is, though nameless, cherished and honored by the Nation among its most precious possessions.

The custom of marking the graves of the departed is prehistoric. Every thing which love can devise has, in different periods, and by different nations, been employed to beautify and do honor to the tomb. There is a beautiful legend of ancient Greece—that land of beautiful customs—that a little child having died, its grief-distracted nurse carried to its grave a bucket containing its favorite toys. She placed it upon the grave, covering it with a slab that its contents might not be disturbed. It happened that the bucket was placed directly upon an acanthus root—that classic plant the very name of which suggests beauties of sculpture and architecture. When spring came the acanthus began to grow, it wound about the bucket, garlanding it on all sides.

A great sculptor passed that way and saw it. Its beauty suggested to him an idea, and he worked out from it the famous Corinthian capital which has immortalized the acanthus. The manner in which we decorate our graves will suggest nothing to the sculptor, but to the poet, the philosopher, the every-day human being with a heart in his bosom, its suggestions are beautiful as the more material ones which live in marble. To the poet Longfellow, the nameless grave has not appealed in vain. The following beautiful sonnet expresses the intensity of feeling which lay in his loyal heart and which is echoed to-day by thousands: "A soldier of the Union mustered out." Is the inscription on an unknown grave. At Newport News beside the salt-sea wave, Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout, Shot down in skirmish or disastrous rout Of battle, when the loud artillery drove Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt. Thou unknown hero, sleeping by the sea, In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn When I remember thou hast given for me All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name, And I can give thee nothing in return." SARAH S. PRATT.

Inclined to Be Neighborly.

He was a bright, talkative boy of eight or nine, and he rang the door-bell of a house on Brush street the other day and asked to see the lady of the house. He was admitted, and when she came into the parlor he said: "I belong to the family who just moved in next door." "Yes." "We want to be neighborly. Are you going to call on me?" "Why—why, child, I don't know." "You'd better come. Then she can come over to see you. She's a great woman to talk, and she'll show you the place where she had a felon on her hand. You want to be neighborly, don't you?" "I—I suppose so." "Well, then, I'll borrow a hunk of butter, and you come over and borrow our clothes-bars, and we'll soon be acquainted. We ain't a bit stuck-up, even if we have got a mantel in the parlor. Well, good-bye."—Detroit Free Press. —Editor—"Ethelbert, has any one called during my absence?" Ethelbert—"Yes, Mr. Murphy called for the rent, sir." Editor—"Mr. Murphy is an 'ornithorhynchus.'" Ethelbert—"Phat's that, sir?" Editor—"It is derived, Ethelbert, from two Greek words, and means a beast with a bill."—Harvard Lampoon. —A correspondent wants to know whether it is club etiquette to take a newspaper file away from a member who has fallen asleep or

FISH CULTURE.

Its Importance as an Economic Question—Latest Methods Employed by the U. S. Fish Commission.

(Original.) As an economic question, the culture and propagation of fish is scarcely less important than the raising of cattle for meat and the production of cereals for bread-stuffs. Yet few people ever stop to consider how the fish they daily consume are propagated. Fish-culture in its most restrictive sense, or fish-breeding, must sooner or later be resorted to in all densely-populated countries, for, with the utmost protection, nature, unaided, can do but little to meet the natural demand for fish as an article of food. The improvement of fish-culture in this country is so familiar to every one who has the slightest interest in the subject it is unnecessary to refer to it at length, except to show that the improvement in the condition of our fisheries is chiefly due to the wise and energetic manner in which Prof. Baird, the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has managed the interests entrusted to his charge. He is recognized by all nations as "the first fish-culturist in the world," evidenced by the grand prize awarded to him by the International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin in 1880.

The principal activity of the commission, however, has been directed (1) to the wholesale replenishment of our depleted waters, (2) the investigation of the fisheries past and present, (3) the introduction and multiplication of useful food fishes throughout the country. These were the main purposes for which the commission was founded. The policy of Prof. Baird has been recognized by all nations as "the first fish-culturist in the world," evidenced by the grand prize awarded to him by the International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin in 1880.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Novelties in Blouse Basques, Bodices, Summer Silks and Gloves.

The diaphanous toilets for elegant summer wear are made of flower-striped crepe lisse, zephyr canvas, gauze in exquisite tints, with inch-wide lines of velvet or satin, crepe-line, and printed India mull. Many of these beautiful gowns are made with blouse waists, with pretty ribbon belts and streamers at one side, or their simple charming effect is added to by girdles and chate-laines of silver, hammered, set with Rhine stones, or in fligree. Bangle bracelets, lace pin and dog-collar laid over a band of velvet are often added, these matching the girdle or belt in design.



HATCHING JAR. COLLECTING JAR.

The new blouse basques are seen upon costumes made of rich, expensive fabrics, as well as upon simple toilets. These waists are a change from the old style of blouse, being fitted more snugly, and often showing a seamed back ending in a very short postillion. The front, however, never extends below the belt-line, and the style is, therefore, unbecoming to short-waisted women. Sometimes the blouse buttons over a gay Roman vest, or a dainty one of very fine lace. At the side-seams is started a belt of beaded or gilt galoon which comes round and buckles in front. When this belt is of ribbon, there are long ends to tie directly in front. Among the novelties in Lyons silks for special summer wear are corded patterns, Bengalines, failles and fancy twills, covered with small floral patterns of exquisite tinting and forms, textiles showing that there will be a preference for relief effects. There are also exhibited very beautiful Watteau or Pompadour silks and satin fold-urals, flowered over with half-blown roses and buds, pansies, four-o'clocks, a weep pea blossoms, hawthorn sprays, azaleas, apple blossoms and foliage. The lovely fabrics are made up of the material alone, or, if preferred, are combined with plain corded silk or twilled surah, the shade of the groundwork of the figure portion. Bodices cut to show a very little portion of the throat in front, it is rumored, will be worn this summer with waists finished with lapping surplice fronts. Another style will be the Russian bodice, cut nearly square, with chemise-like Russe beneath of silk tulle laid in flat folds, or of oriental net close-run with white silk threads. Close sleeves, puffed on the shoulder or at the elbow, sleeves puffed all the way down and banded with velvet, and also the "smock," or bishop sleeve, with plain wide band at the wrist, are all used upon various sorts and styles of bodices.

Among expensive novelties in gloves are those of fine silk and close twill, the backs of which are covered with a delicate arabesque tracery in fine jet, steel or bronze, matching the shade of the glove. These gloves are bright and dresy with a suitable costume, and the wonder is that in these days of deft handiwork more ladies do not attempt this easy decoration. The heads are so small that the embroidery does not increase the size of the hand, as might be supposed. It is easy to procure a fine design on paper, and not at all difficult to follow the pattern in beads threaded on twist silk. The cost would be about half that of gloves in silk or kid purchased already embroidered in the manner described. Cardinal, the very popular relieving color, is still at the height of its glory, and while giving no evidence of being relegated to the shades, has many rivals which appear both in dress and millinery fabrics. Among these are Roman red, a new brilliant color; Japanese red of deeper hue, English pink, a pale red shade something like lobster. Pomgranate and coquelicot are reds already familiar, but still popular. Last but not least is Princess of Wales red, clear, vivid and striking, and a color to be used very extensively in satin slips, to be veiled with black lace.—N. Y. Evening Post.

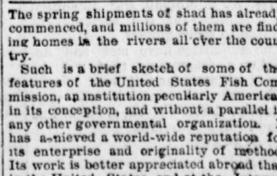


THE BLACK BASS.

California trout eggs is in full progress, over 100,000 eggs having been obtained, of which fifty per cent. will be distributed in lots of 5,000 and 10,000 to the different State commissions, the balance to be hatched and reared at the station, and distributed as yearling fish to the streams of the Appalachian region in Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee. Another interesting feature of the work of the commission, and one which is, perhaps, more familiar to the general reader, is the method used for distributing fish. Previous to 1880 the Fish Commission sent its fish in large milk cans, all over the country, in baggage cars, in special charge of "messengers" who changed the water en route as often as necessary, and otherwise cared for the young fish. This method of transportation was attended with great difficulty and often great loss in the mortality of the young fish, from the exposure to the heat or cold of the baggage car and the change of the water in different localities. Since that time, however, the commission has had built for its use cars especially adapted to the uses of transportation. These cars are so constructed that sufficient water can be carried, for the entire shipment, often covering several days. By a process of aeration the water is used again and again to replenish the water taken from the receptacles in which the fish are carried. These vessels are simply tin buckets with perforated covers, holding perhaps a quart of water, and are placed underneath the floor of the car. About one hundred cans are usually carried, the number of fish of course varying according to the size. Over 1,500,000 white fish were recently transported in one shipment to Oregon and Washington Territory with a loss of only five hundred. These cars are provided with comfortable berths for the messengers, a kitchen, refrigerators, tanks, pumping engines, hatching apparatus, and every thing necessary for the proper care of the fish while en route to their destination.

PRAIRIE SQUIRRELS.

When and How They and Their Cousins the Gophers, Should Be Destroyed. In localities where a large proportion of the land is in grass, either tame or wild, ground squirrels and striped gophers are often very destructive to crops. The best time to destroy these little pests is before the grass is tall enough to hide them. They are at this time very active and can be seen as also can their burrows. It is also the season to destroy them, because they are most destructive to crops by taking up the seed. This is particularly true of corn, since they learn to follow the planter tracks and dig into the hill; and even after the young corn has appeared above ground they dig down by the stalk and steal the partly-used kernel. Another reasonable time to wage war on them is in times of summer drought, when they can be seen in bare pastures and meadows. How to kill them is the great question. Strychnine picked into kernels of corn and placed in their holes is practical, but takes considerable time to prepare the corn and distribute it in the holes; but if thoroughly applied two or three times, previous to corn-planting, it is effective. Shooting is good, but not thorough, as the squirrels soon become cautious. Snaring, drowning, trapping—methods enjoyed by the small boys—should be encouraged. Constant warfare, which keeps them few in number, requires no more work than an occasional onslaught, and prevents the losses at planting time. Besides whole acres of corn annually taken up by squirrels on many farms, there is great loss of ripe wheat, oats, corn, etc.—Prairie Farmer.



THE COMMON CARP.

The spring shipments of shad has already commenced, and millions of them are finding homes in the rivers all over the country. Such is a brief sketch of some of the features of the United States Fish Commission, an institution peculiarly American in its conception, and without a parallel in any other governmental organization. It has achieved a world-wide reputation for its enterprise and originality of method. Its work is better appreciated abroad than in the United States, and at the International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin and at London we carried away a majority of the prizes for supremacy both in scientific method and practical results. H. W. STORFORD.

CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

A Threatened Outbreak Exposed by the Knights of Labor Organ.

A Riot in the Pennsylvania Coke Regions—Several Persons Injured.

Much Property Destroyed—An Anarchist in Georgia Shot Down For Inciting the Negroes.

CHICAGO, May 21.—The organ of the Knights of Labor of this city published last evening a secret circular lately issued by the International Workingmen's Protective Association in reference to the forming of small organizations throughout the city for "overturning of the whole social fabric."

THE NEW SOUTH.

Judge Kelly Again Descants Upon the Prosperity Present and Prospective of the Southern States—Diversified Agriculture Replacing the All Cotton Regime and Vying with the Mineral Industries.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—Congressman Kelly, of Pennsylvania, who has just returned to Washington from an extended tour through some of the Southern States, began last March, in an interview with Star reporter, records his observations of progress in that section of the country, and predicts a great future for the new South.

"In 1875, when I visited Florida, the people there seemed to be without hope or aspiration, but for the last six or seven years the State has had a position in the front ranks of the new South. The people are energetic, alert and confident of the future. From Klammee City and Rock Lodge, I visited farms on the lands reclaimed by the drainage company, and on native alluvial fields, and after a careful inspection I am prepared to say that Florida is destined to a high rank among the agricultural States of the Union. The rich soil is being intelligently cultivated with great profit."

When I left Florida, it was for a season of rest at Anniston, Ala., one of the new cities that has grown up in the mineral regions. From Anniston I made excursions to other towns in Alabama, and in Georgia. After a month's stay in Anniston I turned my steps toward Tennessee, and passed ten days most pleasantly at South Pittsburg, which, as Anniston has just done, will soon surprise the country by establishing itself as an industrial center of large proportions and great activity.

Everywhere throughout the mineral regions of the South, enterprise and prosperity are moving hand in hand. Nor is this prosperity of the new South confined to its mineral regions. Though the poverty and listlessness which characterized the poor people of the old South still prevail to a considerable extent in her cotton fields, there is a large leaven of enterprise and improvement which is rapidly curing that. Those who have caught the spirit of progress, do not longer plow their fields with single mule plows. They have learned the value of deep plowing and of following the chill plow by a heavy subsoil plow. They continue to grow some cotton, but not upon the surface of exhausted fields, and they diversify their crops. I am speaking now of the progressive agriculturalists, the representatives of the new South. Instead of the crop of cotton they have fields of wheat, rye, clover and other crops, and to save their old time 'guano' bills, as they call their bills for manufactured fertilizers, they turn under green crops, and add that with manure from sleek and well-fed herds of cattle.

The great boom of the South is near at hand, and it will not be confined to the mineral regions of the South, but will include the agricultural regions as well.

In response to questions, Judge Kelly said that the evidences of progressive farming were not confined to any State or county, but were visible in places all over the South. In the vicinity of the rapidly developing mineral regions, he says, the farms are models of good management and thrift. Within four miles of Anniston, Ala., he saw one of the finest herds of Jersey cattle, and one of the largest and cleanest dairies he had ever inspected. It was built up and owned by a native of Alabama, near Rome, Ga., he saw herds of cattle and dairies that would do credit to Pennsylvania or New York.

Judge Kelly says the farmers and planters of the South are fast learning that, in devoting themselves to cotton only, they are simply competing with each other, and gutting the market. He is very enthusiastic about the future of the South, and closed the interview with the assertion that the agricultural development of this section would yet astonish the country.

THE BIG LOCK-OUT.

The Chicago Builders' and Building Trades' Lock-Out Apparently as Near an End From Settlement as Ever—Great Hardship Likely to Result to All Concerned.

CHICAGO, May 17.—The bricklayers' union has decided to send a committee of conference to the building trades council. A special meeting of the council will be held at Greenbaum's hall this evening, to meet the bricklayers and devise some means whereby a solid front can be presented to the bosses. The bricklayers claim they have assurances that the International Union will forbid its members coming here during the lock-out. Notwithstanding the claim put forth by certain labor leaders that the majority of their members are at work, it is admitted by the men themselves and by some of the officers that there are very few men employed, and that ninety per cent of the buildings in course of erection have been stopped. The number of idle men increases from day to day, as jobs reach a stage where work can be discontinued without loss.

Among the master masons and contractors everything awaits the initial meeting of the conference committees to be held to-morrow morning. There will be shown the first real strength of the combination among the material men, and an idea can be formed as to its permanency. Already some of the smaller lime dealers are objecting vigorously to being obliged to refuse orders while a rich concern like Stearns & Co. are selling to every one. This is the only important firm that has refused to sign the boycotting agreement, and their action has aroused the ire of the master builders.

The requests for permits to finish jobs are diminishing in number, most jobs being finished up to the quitting point. An exception is made in favor of the plasterers, who are allowed to continue the end any work they began previous to the declaration of the lockout but no new work is permitted to be taken in hand. Henry Sweet, who claims to have a brickyard with a capacity of 300,000 a day, is unknown to the Builders' Exchange, although the Bricklayers' Union say that after Monday he will furnish brick with his claimed capacity if they so desire.

Japanese Visitors.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—General Viscount Tani, the Japanese Minister of Agriculture, and his associates, who arrived here Sunday to spend a few days at the National Capital, and who will leave for San Francisco via Philadelphia, Niagara Falls and Chicago in a day or two, called at the State Department to-day, and were presented by the Japanese Minister to Secretary Bayard. Mr. Bayard accompanied them to the White House, where they were presented to the President in the blue parlor. Introductions were made, and a few moments' conversation carried on through an interpreter. Mrs. Cleveland did not come to receive the callers.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The French Cabinet Crisis—English Politics—O'Brien Assailed.

PARIS, May 19.—The defeat and resignation of the Goblet Cabinet has been the vital topic of the day and speculation based upon hundreds of plausible theories as to the components of the new ministry have been advanced and demolished almost unceasingly. The press have taken to lionizing General Boulanger, and with surprising unanimity express their conviction that the construction of no cabinet without him is possible. President Grévy is afraid of him and would gladly place the task of forming a new government into the hands of any man who would assume the responsibility of ignoring him, but it is doubtful if one sufficiently rash can be found. Perhaps the most satisfactory man to all concerned who could be selected in the present emergency to undertake the unpleasant task is M. de Freycinet. He is inclined more to refer to either Goblet, Clemenceau or Ferry, and his distrust of Boulanger is well known, but he, too, fears the inevitable consequences of incurring the displeasure of the army by setting aside its idol and putting up one of its own men for the General's adherents to bow down before, and will unquestionably desire to sink his opinions and accept the situation with the best possible grace should he assume the reins. M. de Freycinet, Clemenceau, Rouvier, Devs, Ferry and Ragnal visited the palace of the Elysee this afternoon in obedience to the summons of President Grévy for the purpose of expressing their views as to the formation of a new ministry. M. Clemenceau, it is well known, is not in favor of the return of M. de Freycinet to the Premiership, and is himself the choice of the Radicals for that position, but the general opinion that a Ministry under Clemenceau would be composed of men dominated by Boulanger is very strong and this alone will militate against his chances of obtaining it. During the conference at the palace, M. de Freycinet, it is understood, expressed his opinion that the retention of General Boulanger as War Minister in the Cabinet would be construed by Germany into a menace if it did not actually result in the precipitation of war with France as the aggressor as a consequence of Boulanger's over-anxiety to assist his self-importance. Others expressed coinciding opinions, but none of the gentlemen suggested effective means of overcoming the difficulty and conference ended. Later the presiding officers of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies called upon President Grévy, and it is said, presented strong arguments in favor of entrusting the formation of a new government to M. de Freycinet. It was reported last night that Freycinet, if he undertakes the task of forming a Cabinet, will retain none of the present ministry.

CHAMBERLAIN ON POLITICS.

LONDON, May 19.—Chamberlain presided at the festival of the Forward Society last evening, and replying to a toast to Parliament said he thought that when the Irish problem had been solved the Liberal-Unionists would not return to their old places, but the more advanced Tories and intelligent Liberals would be found working together for the common good of the country. He said that the party would be composed of three parties—the first would be the Tories, the second the Liberal-Unionists and the third the party led by Labouchere.

O'BRIEN ASSAULTED.

TORONTO, Ont., May 18.—Last evening Editor O'Brien determined on taking a walk through the streets of this city, with hoots and yells. Stones were thrown one of which hit a New York reporter named Wall. O'Brien has determined to speak in Ottawa, Hamilton and Kingston, in each of which places disturbances are threatened.

TRAIN ROBBERY.

The North-Bound Missouri Pacific Express Robbed Near Austin, Tex.—Two Men Reported to Be Shot.

AUSTIN, Tex., May 19.—The north-bound express train on the Missouri Pacific, which left Austin at 8:45 last night, was, according to a dispatch to City Marshal Lucy, robbed half an hour later at or near McNelly station, at the crossing of the Missouri Pacific and the Austin and Northwestern narrow gauge railways, nine miles from Austin. According to the best information at hand the robbers numbered fifteen men, masked, and were armed with six-shooters and Winchester, and some of them appear to have been mounted. The moment selected for the robbery was when the train whistles were approaching the crossing. The robbery appears to have been done with the usual style. The robbers first mounted the cab, covered the engineer with drawn revolvers, and then proceeded to the passenger and express cars with drawn pistols. One party went through the passenger cars and got all the valuables that could be taken. The man they took a valuable diamond pin. The express car was robbed, but of what amount can not at this moment be stated. The mail, it is reported, was not touched. One man is reported shot in the head, but his name can not be ascertained. Another is reported shot in the arm. At midnight a carload of policemen, well mounted and armed, under command of Sergeant Palmer, left for the scene of the train robbery. There is much excitement here. A big crowd has congregated on Congress avenue to see the troopers off. It looked like old war times. Various rumors are afloat.

Vengeance on a Man Charged With Shooting Out Another's Eye.

GLASGOW, Ky., May 18.—A year ago yesterday, at Lafayette, in Scott County, William Stotts shot and blinded the eyes out with a pistol. The two seemed to have become friends and rode together nearly all Sunday night on their way to Edmonton, where Stotts was to be tried for the shooting, and went to bed together at the hotel on arriving yesterday morning. Near four o'clock yesterday evening, while Judge Carter was noiting court, a scuffle was heard in a room above the circuit court room, and suddenly a shot rung out above, followed by the fall of a body, which rolled down stairs and into the court room. It was Stotts. He had been shot in the back, the ball passing clear through his body and, as was afterwards ascertained, through two other persons, who were sitting in a room above the circuit court room, and a young man named Ray Rutledge was found up stairs armed with a Winchester rifle and a Smith & Wesson pistol. He was in company with Slinker and both were arrested and taken before the grand jury.

Nitro-Glycerine Explosion.

Detroit, Mich., May 19.—The earthquake shock as first reported is now found to have been a terrific explosion of nitro-glycerine at Spirit Lake, eight miles from this city. Eighty-three hundred pounds of the explosive were stored in a wooden building 50 by 30 feet. Where this stood is now a hole 100 by 60 feet, and 15 to 40 feet deep. The largest piece of the building found is ten inches long. A three-inch cast iron pipe was twisted round a tree and bits of iron and wood were found a mile from the spot. Every window pane in eight houses within half a mile was broken and one house which stood 1,500 feet away from the store house was completely wrecked. No lives were lost.

BOLD BOSSES.

Chicago Building Contractors and Kindred Employers Adopt a Plan of Campaign to Crush Out Trades Unionism.

CHICAGO, May 20.—A bold plan of campaign to settle the great building trades lockout by June 1, and strike a memorable blow at trades unionism was set on foot here yesterday afternoon. At a conference of delegates from every building interest in Chicago, with representatives present from the Illinois Architects' Association, the Chicago real estate board and kindred bodies, the members of which employ altogether probably 50,000 workmen, a resolution was unanimously adopted that from this time forth the signature of the following card of principles by the employer, made a universal condition of employment by all the building interests of Chicago: "I recognize the right of every man to decide for himself, without dictation or interference, when he shall work or when he shall cease work; where he shall work; for whom he shall work; how many hours he shall work, and for what wages he shall work. I recognize the absolute right of the employer to decide for himself, without interference from any source, whom he shall employ or cease to employ, to regulate and manage his business with perfect independence and freedom, provided only that he shall deal lawfully, justly and honorably with all men. I recognize the right of every father to have his son taught, and of every son to learn, any lawful trade as on a plane with his right to a knowledge of reading, writing or any other branch of learning, and should be subject to regulation only by the laws of the land. I hereby pledge myself to my employers and fellow workmen to maintain and live up to these principles."

There was no debate on the adoption of the measure, and action was enthusiastically unanimous, but a general discussion sprang up when it was proposed that the same card of principles be presented for signature to every employer with the pledge thereto changed as follows: "I hereby pledge myself to maintain and live up to these principles in the prosecution of my business, and to lend my aid to the full extent of my influence and power for their maintenance and protection amongst my fellow employers. I further pledge myself not to employ any workman except upon his signature to these principles." When it was stated that the pledge meant the discharge of every workman who did not sign the required card, numerous objections were raised, especially by contracting plasterers, carpenters and stonecutters, who are getting along penceably with their men and are expecting no trouble. All objections were met with the reply that the card contained nothing not guaranteed by the constitution of the United States, and that the country had got tired of being shackled by the labor unions. A tacit understanding was reached that the pledges should be voted upon by the delegates in the afternoon, then go to their associations and urge its ratification. The pledge was thereupon adopted unanimously.

A Meeting of the Master Carpenters' Association was held last night.

The members promptly wheeled into line with the plan of campaign by adopting resolutions pledging the association to support the card of principles.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

French Newspapers Criticize the Folly of Cabinet Changes on Trivial Matters.

LONDON, May 20.—The French newspapers generally are exceedingly severe in their criticisms of the action of M. Goblet in yielding to the defeat of the Government's budget proposals by the narrow majority of sixteen votes. The vote cast against him does not really represent the strength of the opponents of the general policy of the Ministry and the childish surrender of M. Goblet at the sound of the first gun has filled his political enemies with disgust. France, it is argued, can ill afford to set up Cabinets to blow them down, and in respect of this position is unquestionably at a disadvantage with all other European countries. With Germany, which has herself set at sword's length only, if not eager to advance toward the French capital at the slightest provocation, with England at variance on questions affecting the protectorate of the New Hebrides and the rights of French fishermen in English waters, and with Russia playing fast and loose over the matter of constructing the longer delayed, the less favorable must be the terms to herself, France, indeed, is in an isolated position. Never since the establishment of the republic has she stood in such great need of a strong and enduring Government, backed by the people and the army, as she stands at present, and all the Germans believe that if the collision between Germany and France, which must come sooner or later, is to be brought on by French aggression, no man in France is more certain than he to furnish the necessary provocation.

Prohibitory Convention.

DETROIT, Mich., May 19.—At the second day's session of the non-partisan prohibitory amendment convention, Dr. E. L. Rufford, chairman, presented the report of the Committee on State Organization that a citizens' union should be formed with a president and at least one vice-president from each county, an executive committee of nine, one member of which should be elected by the W. C. T. U., and the other officers usually employed in societies, and that branches should be established in each county. The report was adopted and officers elected as follows: S. A. Newcomb, president; E. B. Fairfield, corresponding secretary; Frank B. Preston, treasurer, and an executive board of seven members. Various resolutions were offered and many of them adopted, but nothing of further importance was done.

Temperance Men.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—In the course of an address before the W. C. T. U. last night, Major Blood, of Boston, expressed his amazement at finding that there was a change of sentiment among men of high position on the drink question, and as evidence he related a scene at the White House, wherein the President demanded to know if an applicant for postmaster was a drinking man. The Temperance Alliance officers usually employed in societies, and that branches should be established in each county. The report was adopted and officers elected as follows: S. A. Newcomb, president; E. B. Fairfield, corresponding secretary; Frank B. Preston, treasurer, and an executive board of seven members. Various resolutions were offered and many of them adopted, but nothing of further importance was done.

A Break for Liberty.

BERKELEYVILLE, Ky., May 18.—News has just reached here of a break for liberty made by convicts on the Louisville Southern railroad about twelve miles east of here. Yesterday morning about seven o'clock nine convicts, while on their way to work, at a given signal, made a rush for liberty. The guards shot one white man, whose body is completely riddled with bullets. A negro was also shot in the hips and seriously injured. One of the trustees captured another of the prisoners three miles from camp, and received a reward of \$150. John Sayles, a negro who escaped, is also badly wounded, and was tracked some distance by the blood on the ground.

O'BRIEN STONED.

The Irish Embassy and His Friends Stoned by a Mob in Toronto—O'Brien, a New York Tribune Correspondent and Others Injured by the Flying Missiles—Beleaguered in a Blacksmith Shop.

TORONTO, Ont., May 19.—Messrs O'Brien and Kilbride did not leave last night as was at first intended, but will leave for Ottawa this morning. This was not generally known, and a large crowd, as early as six o'clock, began to assemble in front of the Rossin House, and also at the Union station, to see them off. Shortly after eight o'clock Mr. O'Brien, President Mulligan and Secretary Cahill, of the local branch of the Land League, and Mr. Wall, reporter for the New York Tribune, came out of the Rossin House at the York street entrance, followed by Messrs. Kilbride and Teedy, of the Land League, where a crowd had gathered, and immediately they were greeted with groans and cheers. They walked along King street eastward, followed by the crowd and accompanied by two policemen.

The crowd kept up hooting and yelling, and when the corner of Bay street was reached, where there is a macadamized road, the crowd began pelting O'Brien, Cahill, Mulligan and Wall with stones. Kilbride and Teedy being in the rear escaped the attention of the crowd. They turned quickly down Bay street, stones flying around them. O'Brien was struck between the shoulders and fell. He was quickly on his feet and endeavored to enter one of the neighboring houses, but the door was locked. He was again struck with a stone and brought to his knees. Wall, the reporter, was struck on the head close to the temple with a stone and badly hurt. Mulligan was struck on the cheek and Cahill on the head, receiving an ugly wound. The policemen did not escape, Sergeant Adair receiving an ugly cut on his head. About this time the policemen charged the crowd, who, taking advantage of this occurrence, made a rush upon O'Brien. Two men seized him, but before they could injure him the policemen rushed upon them.

O'Brien then started down Bay street, stones flying thickly around him, one striking him on the hand. He turned along Wellington street, and took refuge in the shop of Thomas Lalor, a blacksmith, where several men were at work. The crowd immediately began pelting the shop with stones, and in a few minutes every window was broken and several bicycles smashed. Meantime Lalor took O'Brien out into a lane by a rear door, and made their way to the Rossin House by another lane, which runs into York street, close to the hotel.

The crowd hunted for O'Brien for some minutes, but not finding him, they made their way back to the Rossin House. Cahill, Wall and Mulligan had by this time also made their way back to the hotel and their injuries attended to. A few in the crowd were also struck with stones thrown by their friends.

Hooting and yelling and groaning were kept up in front of the Rossin House, and excitement ran high.

About eleven o'clock nearly a hundred young Irishmen marched along King street, headed by a life band, and cheered at the Rossin House and then marched to Lalor's shop, where three cheers were given. They were followed by a loyalist crowd hooting and jeering at them. By this time, however, a large body of policemen were on hand and prevented a collision from taking place between the opposing factions.

RIVALING IRELAND.

The policemen charged the loyalist crowd and dispersed them and the young Irishmen retired.

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A State of Affairs in the Pennsylvania Coal Regions that Rivals the Fenian-Atlas and Intendant of Irish Landlords—Abolutedly at the Mercy of a Soulless Corporation—Is This Free America?

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 18.—The men employed in the mines operated by J. D. Fentz & Co., at Hazelbrook, have been on strike for several weeks. On Saturday the company began the forcible eviction of the men from their homes. The whole village and the land lying round about for miles are owned by the company. It will not sell or lease a foot of it. Every employe in the mine is compelled to rent a miserable hotel from the company at from five to six dollars per month. A cut-throat lease must be signed by the tenant in which he waives every right to which he is entitled under the law, and which places his home absolutely at the mercy of the company.

On Saturday Deputy-Sheriff Brockway, backed by a gang of Pinkerton men, appeared in the village and began to evict five families, with all their effects, were thrown out on the hillsides. Every thing the houses contained was thrown pell-mell out of windows and doors, and children were driven out and the doors locked behind them. The company had given notice that any tenants refusing shelter to the evicted or their goods would be themselves dispossessed, and not a soul in the village dare take the unfortunates in.

Mrs. Dunlavy was ill in bed when the officers entered her house, but she had to go, and her bed was put outside after her, and it was with difficulty that she obtained permission to stay over night at a neighbor's.

Women and children were forced to sleep on the bare ground, without roof or shelter. Their goods are lying just where they were thrown out, the company refusing to allow wagons on their land to remove them.

The strike and the consequent eviction is the result of the efforts of the company to break up the local district of the Knights of Labor. The company has a large store in the village, and the employes are forced to deal with it, and it only. At the store the men are charged with their purchases, and the bill is stopped out of their earnings. What with rent, store bills and mine supplies, the men find all their wages gone, and many of them have not seen a cent of wages in money for years.

A Break for Liberty.

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IRISH SERFDOM.

Ex-Tenants of Lord Lansdowne Testify to the Inhuman Policy Carried Out by Lansdowne, Through His Agents, on His Irish Estates—Worse Than Negro Slavery.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 20.—Learning that several ex-tenants of Lord Lansdowne were residents of this city, a United Press reporter gathered from them this morning what they assert is the true situation among tenants on his lordship's estate. Daniel D. Harnett comes from Kerry County—"Lansdowne ridden Kerry, as they call it," said he—where the greater part of the Lansdowne estates are located, and claims to know something about how the poor tenants are treated by the "Lansdowne leeches." "The Lansdowne leases are the most outrageous contracts in the whole of Ireland, and the tenants must submit to them in every particular, or be subject to eviction. They are enforced with cold-blooded and relentless rigor, and keep the people under bondage worse than was ever put upon slaves. The agents of Lansdowne keep constant surveillance over the tenants. Should a family go to mass on Sunday a little cleaner or a little better dressed than usual, or went their rents. It's a crime on the Lansdowne estate in the eyes of their agents for a tenant to live a whisk better than a brute. No marriages are permitted without the consent of the agent; and he doesn't always give consent. The policy of the Lansdownes is to prevent marriages because it increases the population, and tends to cut up the farms into small lots, and they don't want many people in their estates. The leases also forbid tenants harboring poor people. A violation of any of these provisions is the least means eviction."

Edward Kelly says there were thirty-seven evictions in his neighborhood before he left, and they were accompanied by most heartless actions. The evictors took every thing, even down to the post-simmering on the stove with a meal. Milk would be thrown on the ground to waste, rather than the tenant should get it. The rents were excessive, and where other landlords dropped fifteen to thirty per cent, Lansdowne would reduce but five. The policy of Lansdowne has been to exterminate the peasantry, by bringing Orangemen from the North to live on the estates.

John Moran's father was evicted just before John left Ireland. He relates some experiences during the great famine year. He said people were starving on every hand, and heartless landlords did nothing to assist them.

Stephen Pealy says Lansdowne is cursed morning, noon and night by his Listowel estate victims. Herod, he says, was an innocent man in comparison with the tyrant Lansdowne.

Thomas B. O'Brien says the cruelties that prevail on the Lansdowne estates is unequalled elsewhere in Ireland. An old woman, aged eighty-six, was evicted, and her sick daughter-in-law carried out on the roadside. He says it was a pitiable sight to see the aged woman step to her daughter's side and say, "Mavourneen, don't fret; cheer up. God will provide for us," while the sheriff interrupted with a brutal "Hurry up and get on with you." The Lansdowne estates in Kerry alone, these tenants say, amount to nearly twelve thousand acres.

IN MEMORIAM.

Monument to the Memory of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Erected by the Odd Fellows and Daughters of Rebecca, Unveiled at Indianapolis and Presented to the Grand Lodge.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 18.—The monument erected by the Odd Fellows of the United States to the memory of the late Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, in commemoration of his services in establishing the degree of the Daughters of Rebecca, was formally unveiled this afternoon with imposing ceremonies. The weather was perfect, and the city was filled with strangers. The proceedings were under the auspices of the Grand Encampment of the order, now in session here, and the town is in gala attire in honor of the event.

During the morning a large number of lodges, cantons, and encampments of the degree lodges from various parts of the State, arrived at the Union Depot, and were received by delegations of the city lodges and escorted to Tomlinson Hall, where they were heartily welcomed.

The Grand Encampment met at nine o'clock, and after a brief session adjourned to participate in the special event of the day.

At noon the procession commenced to form on Delaware and Market streets, under the direction of Grand Marshal Theodore Eflavin, commanding the Department of Indiana, Patriarchs Militant.

The line of march was east on Market to New Jersey; south to Washington; west to Pennsylvania; north to North; east to Meridian; thence south to Vermont and Pennsylvania streets, and around University square to the southwest corner of the park, where a vast crowd had assembled.

The proceedings were opened, with music, followed by prayer by Grand Chaplain Brewster.

Amid prolonged applause and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the monument was then unveiled by Mrs. Belle Treator, president of the convention of the Daughters of Rebecca.

The monument was then formally presented to the Grand Lodge by John A. Ferguson of the local committee; and Grand Master Grant delivered an address of acceptance. John H. White, of New York, Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, then delivered an address, and music and the benediction closed the proceedings.

The cost of the monument was over \$20,000, all of which was contributed by Odd Fellows, in amounts, varying from fifty cents to one hundred dollars.

The late Vice-President, first championed the establishment of the Daughters of Rebecca before the Sovereign Grand Lodge of 1852, and after his efforts had been crowned with success, he wrote the ritual. The movement, which reached a culmination to-day in the unveiling of the monument was inaugurated shortly after his sudden death, and the amount of money required was secured without difficulty.

Fatal Saw-Mill Explosion.

GALLIPOLIS, O., May 18.—A boiler at the saw-mill of Bots & Morrison exploded yesterday, wrecking the mill and injuring five men, three fatally.

Jas. Salgue, a scold, had a leg broken and is terribly scalded, but may live.

James Valentine, scalded nearly all over; will probably die.

John Dray, leg crushed and scalded from head to foot.

Charles Stone, had arms and braces, but condition hopeful.

Chas. Brown, a one-armed soldier, with a wife and five children—lately from Malden, W. Va.—happened in the mill at the time of the accident and had his brains and eyes blown out.