

Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS

A SOLDIER.

He sat by her side, a manly form,
A soldier in Union blue,
With heart that was generous, free and warm,
A spirit bold and true.

"I think it so silly," she saucily said,
"To be a soldier in name;
Of course, in a battle"—she tossed her head—
"You might win a little fame."

"I'm sure you soldiers are awfully proud
When out on a street parade,
You look so haughtily at the crowd
That cheer as though they were paid."

"You never have marched at front or rear
To sound of masonry's rattle;
A soldier!" her laugh rang sweet and clear,
"And never have seen a battle."

"I'd like to watch you in a fight;
You'd run," with glance demure
At him from 'neath her lashes bright,
"I mean to the front, to be sure."

"'Tis true, I never have been to war,
Although I'm a soldier," he said;
"And never have heard its tumult, nor
Dodged at a bullet of lead."

"I know I never would make a stir
In battle as hero in blue,
But, if you're willing, I much prefer
My first engagement with you."

—Boston Budget.

A "PIRATE" LOVER.

He Thought Ailsa "Wool Worth a' the Trouble."

Pretty Ailsa Macfarlane, sitting all in white upon the broad gray stone steps of her home, with the afternoon sunlight falling upon the glimmering gold of her hair, was a lovely picture, and one which it seemed a pity should remain unseen. But the little cottage, in itself picturesque and attractive to an unusual degree, was situated several miles from Victoria, fronting upon the broad expanse of Puget Sound, and the public roadway ran by some distance in the rear of the house. A view of the front of the cottage, therefore, was never obtained by casual passers-by except such as traveled by water and near the shore, and these were not many.

It was toward the sound that Ailsa was gazing now, and with so earnest an attention that she seemed to give no heed to what might be passing nearer at hand. Yet the broad sweep of water for once presented such an appearance of monotony, through the almost total absence of the myriad of sailing craft which usually dot its surface that it seemed difficult to imagine what could attract so intense a gaze. Far to the south the sunlight did glitter with almost dazzling brightness upon the snow-white canvas of a solitary craft, but at this, which was so distant that it was impossible to make out whether its rig was that of a schooner, sloop or yawl, it scarcely seemed like any one would be gazing with such earnest interest.

Out through the porch came at last a tall, gray-haired man of middle age, in whom Ailsa recognized her uncle and guardian, Captain Duncan Macfarlane of Her Majesty's Colonial Revenue Service. In his hand he carried a marine telescope of portentous size and appearance, and his first words to his niece were:

"Ailsa, lass, I have just been up in the tower," referring to a gaunt, pigeon-coop looking arrangement which projected slightly above the roof of the cottage, "watching that sail ye can see far down there to the south. But either my eyes are getting bad indeed or I can't focus the glass right, for I can't make her out at all. But you, lass, your eyes are young and strong—look you and tell me what you see."

He handed the glass to Ailsa, who took it with something which seemed like suppressed eagerness. With her there seemed no difficulty about adjusting the focus and in a moment she had the glass to her eye and fixed upon the white-sailed stranger.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, after a moment's intent scrutiny, but it was difficult to define what emotion the ejaculation expressed.

"Well, well!" exclaimed her uncle—when excited the Scotch always came strongly to the surface—"speak, lass. What is it ye see?"

"It's a sloop, uncle," replied the girl at last; "a large sloop, with a tall top-sail and a very long bowsprit."

"And the ensign?" queried Captain Macfarlane eagerly. "Can ye see that, or does she carry any?"

"It is very small," answered Ailsa, still with her eye to the glass; "I can not make it out exactly, but I think," she continued, musingly and in a low tone, the words seeming to be rather addressed to herself than her listener, "I think—oh, yes, it must be an American flag."

If old Captain Macfarlane had not been so intent upon his own ideas he might have noticed that there was a tone of something like joyous excitement in her voice as she spoke the last words. But he only exclaimed:

"An American flag! That settles it; it must be the rascal. But now that we've got an eye on him, let him be careful."

Now for the first time something like alarm came into Ailsa's sweet face, and she asked, hastily:

"Why, uncle, what is it you mean?"

"Hist, lass," replied her uncle, lowering his voice and glancing mysteriously around. "If that craft comes near the shore to-night we'll put our hands upon the worst smuggler that has vexed the sound for many a year. But say nothing to any one at all, else he will somehow get warning, as he has

so many times before, and then it will be all up with us again."

Now a new expression came into Ailsa's bright blue eyes, something which seemed akin to indignation.

"How can you be so unjust, uncle?" she exclaimed. "How do you know that this is true?"

"Hoot toot, lassie," spoke the old Scotchman, angrily. "Any one would think ye held the rascals among your friends, sin ye stan' up for him so strongly. But how he be either than the guilty party? Does not the smuggling go on between the coasts constantly, and is not that witch craft of his ever afloat on the sound, and never seemingly with any honest business of its own? Tell me, how can ye explain a' that?"

"It may be some American gentleman's yacht," suggested Ailsa.

"Then why wouldn't the craft ever come into a harbor, and in the daytime, instead of skulking about and only edging up to the coast at night? No, no; he's na' honest, I warrant, and to-night, if we're lucky, we'll prove it. He's slipped through our net more than once, but I don't think he will to-night."

And, with a portentous shake of the hand, Captain Macfarlane took the glass from his niece and entered the house.

Shortly afterward he emerged again and took the way to the stables, and a few moments later Ailsa saw him drive rapidly away to Victoria.

And now pretty blue-eyed Ailsa did several strange things. First of all she flew upstairs to her uncle's room, from which she shortly afterward emerged with a roll of brilliantly hued bunting in her arms. Then she entered the dark little passage and staircase which led up to the "tower." A few moments afterward, had any one been looking, they might have noticed a strangely figured square of bunting rise slowly to the top of the flag-staff which surmounted the "tower." But no one seemed to remark the fact, not even Ailsa herself, who, leaning out of the round window, with her uncle's glass again in her hand, seemed to be watching once more for the little white-sailed craft still visible far down the sound. A moment silently passed, and then, as she saw a bright spot of red shoot to the masthead of the distant sloop, a joyous exclamation left her lips, and she closed the telescope, and swiftly but carefully drew down the flag.

Could it be that thus, from an inmate of his own household, Duncan Macfarlane's intended prey was to receive the warning which should save him and balk the worthy captain once again?

Darkness had settled down over the shores of the sea, and about the Macfarlane cottage every thing seemed sunk in the peaceful calm of night. The captain, indeed, was absent, and Ailsa could readily guess upon what errand. The servants had retired to their own rooms, and their young mistress, therefore, had the whole front of the house to herself. Perhaps she was lonesome, and if so it may have been this which caused her to prefer the murmur of the waves and the companionship of the stars to the loneliness of the drawing-room. At all events she had deserted the latter for her old position upon the steps of the porch, where, wrapped only in a light, fleecy shawl, for the night was warm and pleasant, she sat alone with her thoughts.

Though the sky was clear and unclouded, there was no moon, and the sound, as it lay before her, was but a broad waste of darkness, upon the surface of which it was impossible to discover any object. Ailsa, as she sat upon the steps, tried to convince herself that she was pleased that her warning of the afternoon had been effectual, but nevertheless she caught herself looking wistfully out into the darkness, searching for something, she scarcely knew what. Once she half rose from her seat with a sudden start, for it seemed for a moment as if, far away in the darkness, there loomed something dimly white and ghostly, like the wraith of a passing ship. But the fancy faded as quickly as it had come, and once more she resumed her silent musing.

Slowly the time dragged by, but the moment came at last when Ailsa sprang to her feet with a smothered cry. There could be no mistake this time. Out in the darkness there flashed for an instant a tiny flame of blue light. It was a smothered almost before the girl had seen it, but she seemed to slide swiftly down the steps and toward the beach. Her pulses were beating tumultuously, and she knew it was with joy, yet she kept repeating to herself: "Oh, how could he be so reckless! How I wish he had not come to-night!"

The garden sloped down to the beach, and it was but a moment's walk to the water's edge. But short as was the time required a boat had grated upon the beach before Ailsa could arrive there, and even as she paused, irresolute upon the verge of the last descent, a dark form sprang swiftly up to where she stood, and a rapturous voice exclaimed, in tones suppressed but full of tenderness:

"Ailsa, Ailsa, my own dear lassie! we have met once more."

Ailsa gave him both of her hands, but a greeting such as this would not do for this impetuous lover. His arm went round her waist, and he drew her dear little golden head close against his breast, tenderly stroking the soft silken hair and kissing again and again the warm cheek that was turned toward him so shyly.

"Ailsa, my darling little Ailsa," he murmured gently, "I have so longed to see you. But have you no word of welcome for me, dear?"

"Indeed, I am glad to see you, Al-

lan," she answered, smiling up into his face in the starlight. "But it was reckless in you to come after my signal, I thought you would not dare do venture."

The young man laughed softly. "Dare!" he said. "Now I do wonder what that uncivilized 'od Highlander of an uncle of yours would attempt to do if I fell into his clutches? He couldn't do worse than dismember me, could he? And the man who wouldn't risk being quartered for the sake of your bright eyes, dearest, is no true lover."

"But, Allan," persisted the girl, "you really are in peril to-night, and I meant more than caution when I showed the signal this afternoon. Uncle has notified the coast guards, and they are all on the watch for you to-night."

"Is it possible? To what importance I seem to have risen! Faith, and who knows but that poor Allan Gordon may be the subject of an international complication yet. Won't that be an honor! But don't start away, nor tremble so, my own little Ailsa. There's nothing to fear just now, surely."

"Dear Allan, I'm so sorry, but you really must go. I can't be easy while you are here. Only think, we are before uncle's very door."

"If you had the least bit of common politeness, Ailsa, you'd invite me into the parlor. And I'd go, too, and stay till I heard old Duncan dhu Macfarlane Mohr coming up the steps. There, there, darling, don't pout, and I won't joke any more. But I'll tell you what we will do. Come into the boat with me, and we'll move out on a rod or two. There's just the least ripple of a swell, and we can talk as long as we please, with no one to disturb us. Come, darling."

"What, before your sailors? Allan, how can you ask me?"

"Not a sailor there, Ailsa—only Will, my brother. You've met the boy already, and he loves you only less than I do myself. Come, lassie."

Ailsa suffered herself to be persuaded, and a moment later Allan lifted her into the boat. A dark figure rose up from the thwarts and warmly clasped her hand and then the two brothers silently rowed the boat a half dozen lengths from shore. Then Allan handed his oar to his brother, saying:

"Keep her steady Will, with her head to the swell for just five minutes. I've a little matter of very important business that I want to talk over with Ailsa."

But as he rose to change his seat Will pushed him back and thrust his oar again into his hands, whispering excitedly:

"Look, look! The boats! Can they be after us?"

An instant's glance showed Allan two rowboats, dimly visible in the darkness, and swiftly approaching them along the shore. The foremost had already reached such a position that it would be impossible to gain the beach without coming in collision with it. Moreover, it was evident that the crews of both had discovered the Gordons' boat, and that they intended to cut off its escape. What was to be done?

Ailsa wrung her hands. "Oh, what have I done?" she whispered in anguish. Allan, Allan! I will be disgraced forever!"

"That you shall not, Ailsa, my darling," answered Allan. "But calm yourself, dearest, and trust to me. There is only one way. Put in your best work now, Will. Out to the sloop!"

The two young men bent to their oars, and the light craft shot over the water at a speed which it soon became evident their pursuers could not equal. Nevertheless the latter kept on and did not fall far behind.

A few moments of rapid rowing and the fugitives' boat swept alongside a broad-beamed sloop, which lay at anchor, gently rising and falling with the swell.

Allan had swung himself on board in an instant.

"Lift her up," Will, he said. "Steady, now, Ailsa, my darling; never fear that I'll let you fall! Here you are. Climb aboard, Will, and let the boat drop under the stern. All sail, boys, I'm glad to see you looking alive. Cut the cable and let the anchor go—what's a bit of iron more or less? But, lively, lads, lively now, if you'd serve Allan Gordon!"

The crew of the sloop, three stalwart, strong-limbed young sailors, seemed to need no urging. Like lightning the broad sheets of canvas rose in the air, swelling out, balloon-like, before the breeze. The blow of a keen-edged hatchet severed the cable in an instant and the sloop at once began to gather way. But now the pursuing boats were near at hand, and from the foremost came a stern voice saying:

"Lower your sails and let us come on board. I command you in the name of the law."

Allan Gordon, whom the light of the ship's lamp now showed to be a stalwart, broad-shouldered youth, with laughing brown eyes and clustering chestnut hair, smiled as he heard the command, but, without making any answer, turned to lead Ailsa to the hatchway. But now there came another stern voice:

"Do you hear what I say? Lay by! We are armed, and will fire if you do not obey."

Poor Ailsa, who had not bargained for any thing like this, trembled with terror, and at this Allan's coolness at once forsook him.

"You'll fire, will you," he shouted, savagely. "Then do you know what I'll do? Just empty one musket in this direction, and I'll change my course and run down both your miserable cock-shells, as sure as there's a God."

There was a dead silence after that from the boats, but Ailsa, as she heard the threat, clasped Allan's arm convulsively.

"Allan, Allan, how can you! And my uncle, too!"

"Your uncle, Ailsa. Is he in the boats?"

"Of course he is. It was he who spoke."

Allan's lips gave vent to a long whistle, but he answered finally, with a broad smile upon his handsome face:

"Never fear, Ailsa, darling, I won't have to perjure myself. His men heard the threat, and that'll do. I know the Coast Guards. But come, my lassie, one word to Will, and then I'll show you your cabin."

In a moment he was again by her side and led the way to the companion. Descending the steps, he ushered Ailsa within the apartment with a grace which would have become the commander of a man-of-war.

Ailsa stopped short, for a moment dumb with amazement. She had expected to find the painful neatness of a trading sloop's cabin, but she stood instead within a large and brilliantly lighted salon, gorgeous with mirrors and gilding, crimson carpets and upholstery.

"This—this vessel is not a trader," she faltered, turning toward Allan.

"What is it then?" he asked smiling; "a smuggler?"

"It is a yacht," said Ailsa trembling with timidity and a fear of she knew not what.

"Of course it's a yacht," said Allan, leading her gently to a seat.

"Then you are not poor, but rich?" she said, looking at him with something like dread.

Allan laughed.

"Well, I'm rich enough to own a little yacht, at all events," he answered, gayly. "But now, Ailsa, darling, before we have any explanations, let me set your mind at rest as to our future movements. It is all very simple. I have directed Will to see that we keep but just so far ahead of the boats as will encourage them to follow us. Between now and to-morrow morning we will lead them pretty nearly all over the sound, and when we get them just where it suits us we'll put on sail and let them drop. At sunrise we'll be out of sight, and they will have some twenty miles to row to reach home. Now, don't worry about your uncle, Ailsa, for he'll have the easiest time of it all. It's the poor rascals who pull the oars that you should pity. But long before day you will be safely at home again, and no one will know where you have been or how you came back. This is my plan, Ailsa, and that is what we will do unless—"

Allan paused, hesitated and turned away.

"Unless what, Allan?" said Ailsa, timidly.

He came again to her side and sank upon his knees beside her chair, bending his stately young head until it rested upon her arm, while his dark eyes looked up into her own.

"Ailsa, my darling, my own dear little lassie!" he whispered, "how long is my waiting to last? Won't you end it, dearest? Are your uncle's whimsical fancies to keep us apart forever? I am an American, and a hundred thousand years ago, more or less, the Macfarlanes and Gordons were foes. These were my sins in his eyes, when I asked him so long ago, if I might try to win you. Such they will always be. But you are of age, darling, and can end all this if you will. I know that you care for me, and I—I love you so dearly that every hour I spend away from you is pain. Ailsa, my own dear little girl, let me take you home as I said I would, but give me the right to stay there with you and meet your guardian, strong in the knowledge that you are my wife. Tell me, Ailsa, shall we have it so?"

Ailsa's eyes grew dim with tears, but she answered with a playfulness which to Allan Gordon seemed to convey every thing of tenderness that the world contained.

"You have carried me away from home without asking my yea or nay, Allan. You are wondrously polite to begin inquiring my wishes now."

The first sight which greeted Duncan Macfarlane's eyes when he arrived home the next afternoon was the strange sloop he had followed all night long, riding peacefully at anchor before his cottage, with her boat drawn up on his own beach. Scarcely able to speak in his amazement, he rushed into the house, to be met by a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman whom his blushing niece introduced as her husband, Allan Gordon. Duncan Macfarlane dropped in a chair, turning purple in the face, and for a few moments it looked like apoplexy, and Allan feared it was all over with him. But the sturdy old Scot rallied, fortunately too weak to speak immediately, and Allan made good use of the time in telling his eloquent tale and in giving full and complete statements as to his own social and financial standing. It may probably have been the last considerations which turned the scale, but what old Duncan Macfarlane said, as he feebly extended his hand to the young man, was:

"After all, ye're a brave lad, and come of a good old race. Take the lass; ye won her bravely, but I warrant ye think her weel worth a' the trouble."

And Allan did.—San Francisco Examiner.

—A Philadelphia dry goods man claims that one woman bought \$25,000 worth of goods from him last year. He is a liberal advertiser.

HINDOO HOME LIFE.

A Returned Missionary's Discourse on Social Affairs in India.

Mrs. Jackson, until recently a missionary in India, delivered a very interesting lecture upon women's life in that country. The lecturer was in costume. The dress was of some light material, white in color, with a narrow band of red at the bottom. About the head and shoulders was twisted a light shawl of heavy veil, red in color and spotted regularly with white. It had a border of a quaint design. The speaker said:

"Do not think that I shall give you a very learned lecture. Rather it will be an informal talk upon women's life among the Hindoos. I shall speak of the women's life because I am better acquainted with that part of the community. I know their sad and miserable lives and unhappy hearts. From childhood they feel that they are despised. During the ten years that I was among them I never saw a Hindoo child receive a caress from its mother. Scarcely clothed, beaten and despised, it knows hardly where to lay its head or to get its meals. If it is a girl the mother can not be fond of it, for it may be the means of disgrace to her. If a wife has no male child her husband may divorce her. This is changed somewhat when the child becomes old enough to be engaged. This is six years. The affair is settled without consulting the poor girl herself. And who do you think finds the girl a husband? The barber. He knows the circumstances of the family and their rank in life, as he has to visit the house every day to shave the male members of the family before they can pray. He travels sometimes weeks and months through the country before he can find a young marriageable man of the same station in life as the girl. For in India there is no intermarriage between castes. There are four castes—the priests, the warriors, the merchants and the outcasts or mechanics—who are in turn divided into a cast for every trade. Below these also are innumerable grades. When the barber finds a suitable person, the engagement preliminaries are settled and the girl goes to live in her husband's house. If he dies before the actual marriage she, nevertheless, is considered a widow. The girl is better clothed and cared for now. A great part of the time she spends in the home of her father-in-law, but her prospective husband never sees her until the marriage, when it occurs when she is twelve years of age. She is nothing but a child when she is sent forth to fight the battle of the world."

"The marriage ceremonies are peculiar and interesting. They are held in the house of the bride's father, and for two weeks prior to the actual ceremony the neighbors and friends of the family come early and depart late. There is food in abundance and jugglers and dancing girls amuse the guests. During the marriage ceremony, which is the only ray of brightness in the life of the women, the bride sits in state in the inner court. The bridegroom comes at the nightfall of the last day. He is preceded by a band of native musicians, dressed in the cast-off regimentals of the British soldiers, and playing the broken instruments of the bands. This band generally plays airs from Christy's minstrels, and the man who makes the biggest and most horrible noise is the best musician. The bridegroom sits on a white horse, daubed with red and green spots and with his tail and mane dyed with henna. The bridegroom is gotten up as gorgeously as his horse. He is followed by troops of friends, who shout his praise and laud his generosity and accomplishments to the skies. The bridegroom and the bride are seated on a raised dais in the inner courtyard, and one of the priests with prayers and songs ties their veils together. The bride screams to show her sorrow, and the ceremony is completed now and the bride goes to the home of her husband.—Brooklyn Citizen.

THE HUMAN HAND.

A Nice Little Lecture for Boys and Girls and Some Old Folks, Too.

Young people have a great deal of trouble with their hands, and commit many faults with them. When they go upon the platform to speak a piece, they know not what to do with those troublesome and superfluous appendages, unless some good teacher of elocution has told them; and then it is hard to obey his injunction to "let them alone."

Just to let them hang quietly and naturally by the side most of the time, is very difficult for a tyro. A boy's impulse is to get hold of his coat, fumble with his watch-chain, or make gestures which add no force to his words. An old teacher of elocution has given this excellent rule: "When your hands have nothing to do, do nothing with them; let them hang."

Some boys, yes, and some girls, too, have a world of trouble in keeping their hands clean. Probably, on this very day, in the United States, one hundred thousand mothers have spoken words like these, in various to es: "Johnny, what dreadful hands to come to the table with! Go and wash them, sir, at once!" Johnny gazes ruefully at what his elder sister calls his "horrid paws," and wonders how they could have acquired their dismal hue. It is a mystery. He started clean in the morning; at least, he thought he did, and he has only been to school. Yet look at his hands! Black as a charcoal dealer's, with nails fearful to behold. Many boys wonder, naturally enough, how grown people keep their hands clean all day without taking such trouble about it. Boys handle

every thing, whether clean or dirty, and half of them do not know how to wash their hands, or how to wipe them dry. Hands well-washed and perfectly dried will keep clean four times as long as hands half-washed and half-dried. Nails, too, are much more easily kept in good order if they are attended to frequently and with care and thoroughness.

Many, indeed, are the faults of the hands. One of the worst is pointing the finger of scorn at the faults of others. Biting the thumb was the Italian method of expressing contempt in the days of Romeo and Juliet, the tragedy of whose lives began with their servants biting their thumbs at one another. It is with the hands that boys pinch, scratch, fight and steal. Hamlet called his hands "pickers and stealers."

But, then, what beautiful and wonderful things the human hand can do! what lovely pictures it can paint; what enchanting music it can play; what valiant deeds it can do; what kind acts it can perform! Best of all, it can lift up the fallen, and welcome back to hope and new effort the repentant wanderer from the path of rectitude. We said the other week, that knowing teachers often judge of the quality of their pupils by looking at their mouths. But the hands, too, have a tale to tell and sometimes they tell very plainly.—Youth's Companion.

FARMERS' GARDENS.

One of the Most Important Educational Agencies on the Farm.

Much as the ways of farmers the country through have advanced within a few years, the number of farmers' families which enjoy a really good vegetable garden are few. Along about the first of May a little patch is dug over, a few radishes, lettuce, onions, carrots and beets are scratched in. Possibly a patch of onions may have been put in a month earlier; and a little self-sowed lettuce from last year may have yellowed the ground, and been picked out and transplanted where it will have the start of that freshly sown. The garden will get little attention from the "men folks." The good wife and the boy, too young for field work, will transplant and sow and weed. Short rows of peas will go in, and later the string beans. If the family get one or two pickings of each that is about all that is expected.

Sweet corn, Lima, beans, early cabbages, cauliflower, are regarded as effeminacies. Potatoes are the standby as a vegetable for farmer folks the year round. Cabbages in autumn, winter and spring. Turnips, of course, and red beets enough for slicing in vinegar. Spinach is ignored—"yaller dock is good greens enough for our folks." Salads of all kinds, lettuce, celery, fennel, are despised. "What any body wants to eat raw greens for I can't see. I ain't no Nebuchadnezzar."

It has often been said that a man's happiness is increased in proportion as his wants are multiplied. So it is. How small a man's capacity for happiness, whose daily food is pork and cabbage, boiled potatoes and soggy bread, with a pipe after supper, a snooze in his chair, and then ten hours' sleep! The man who craves a variety in his food and enjoys it, who craves literature and supplies the want, who craves society and enjoys his family and his friends, who wants to know every new point about his farming, his cattle, his dairy and his garden, and enjoys the pursuit of this kind of knowledge, has tenfold the enjoyment of life and is really ten times the man.

The farm garden is only one of several means of development, and it is one of the most important educational agencies on the farm. The practices of the garden may in many cases be expanded on the farm. The possession of a variety and succession of delicious vegetables throughout the season is not only a great pleasure to the whole family, but a great economy as well. The man who has a good garden one year, is almost sure to have a better one next, and his pleasure will increase with its excellence year by year.—American Dairyman.

Toothsome Boiled Bread.

A writer in a housekeeping journal affirms that bread can be boiled instead of baked in it and with far less heat of the range. The new method consists mainly in steaming the dough instead of cooking it in the oven. It is claimed that this is a great invention, as it saves the time and experience necessary to get the oven to the right heat for baking, which has always proved the great obstacle to baking at home. The utensils required are simply these: First a tin mould, or camp-kettle, in which the dough is placed after it has been mixed with the usual ingredients—water, yeast, sugar and salt—and secondly, a larger tin saucepan, into which the mould fits. The water in the outer saucepan is allowed to boil around the tin mould for two or three hours, the lids of both utensils being kept closely down and at the end of that time the loaf may be turned out. It will be found firm, solid and palatable, with all the qualities of good bread.—N. Y. World.

—How inconsistent most persons are! You shoot off a pun, a brand-new one possibly, and you are threatened with instant annihilation, but the same man who thus objects will spend a dollar and a half and three hours at the theater listening to the most archaic of word-twisting, laugh uproariously at every pun, and next day retail all he can remember to his friends and acquaintances. As Colonel Ingersoll once remarked, there's something wrong somewhere.—Philadelphia Press.

Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FAIR - KANSAS

TO A MOCKING-BIRD.

No sound except the river's rush,
With twilight came the twilight's hush;
Day's farewell glances on the hill,
In smiles of sunlight lingered still;
And evening's herald came—a star
That trembled leaped across night's bar;
And sea-breeze breezes softly met
Winds fragrant with the violet,
When on the air began to float
The mocking-bird's first serious note,
So sweetly strange, so strangely sweet,
That sound and fragrance seemed to meet,
And both in one harmonious whole
Crept through the senses to the soul.
All day a jester, now alone
His music is his very own.
The motley coat is laid aside,
The echo from his song has died;
And now it seems a prayer for rest
That wells from some o'er laden breast.
Like pent-up sorrow that, escaping, springs
From out a soul that suffers what it sings,
Upon clear night air the music rings.
As one remem'ring who would faint forget,
His song is half-way said, and yet,
Like happy words to mournful music set,
Mingles somewhat of joy with much regret.
It is not thine alone, O bird! to bear
Within one bosom laughter and despair;
Not thine alone throughout the day to wear
A jester's mask before the face of care.
But it is thine alone in matchless strain
To tell the night-time all thy hidden pain
And greet the morning with a jest again;
To voice our longings we do strive in vain.
Give thy art from our sad souls to free
Each prisoned sorrow in such harmony,
And sweeter, sadder songs could never be.
—B. T. W. Duke, Jr., in Southern Bivouac.

"TESTING" CONDUCTORS.

How a Railroad Keeps Track of Its Receipts.

What a Private Detective Divulged About One Branch of His Calling—Complicated Character of His Work on Heavily-Patronized Railroads.

"Moody has converted a railroad conductor," said a Central Station detective, "and I suppose the railroad company will receive the rebates from the fares he has 'knocked down' for the last ten years. He will have to sell his brick house and go into the deposit vaults for the 'boodle' he has put away."

"Do all conductors steal?" asked a listener.
"By no means. Ordinarily they are fully as honest as any other set of men."

"Who is it that undertakes to tell just how much a cent a conductor steals in making a trip?"

"Who? Why, private detective agencies, of course. The reason why I happen to know so much about this matter is because I was in the Union Pacific test as well as a score of others while employed by a detective agency in this city. It is not a light undertaking for the man who has charge of a big test, for sometimes as many as thirty detectives are under his supervision, and he has to have the ability of a train dispatcher to keep them traveling all the time, so that there will be no mistakes made."

"Can you tell exactly how much a conductor fakes that does not belong to him?"

"Yes; you can always be sure that he ought to turn in at least as much as your report shows, and if there is any difference his cash at the end of the trip must exceed your report of his receipts."

"What is the plan of testing conductors?"

"Well, it is complicated, and a man so thoroughly understand it must study a book of instructions not less than four weeks. The system used by the most famous detective agency in this country was only perfected after years of toil and experience, and is, perhaps, the only complete system in use. The manner of distributing the men along the line of railroad where the test is to take place is a matter wholly with the one who has charge of the operation, and may differ in different cases. I will explain how one train is managed on a continuous trip, or while in charge of a single conductor. We will say the train consists of an engine, baggage-car, smoker and two coaches. It will take six detectives to test that conductor, or two to each car carrying passengers. When the train starts on a run two detectives enter each car, taking seats at opposite ends of each coach, facing each other. They buy their tickets or pay fare, just as it happens, although one ought to have a ticket if the other pays cash. No notice is paid to the tickets collected by the conductor, but each 'spotter' must know as near as can be ascertained how much money is received from each passenger. For convenience the seats on each side of the car are designated by a number beginning at the front. The detective does not know what the tariff is between the stations, but when a passenger boards the train he takes a mental note of where he gets on, the seat he occupies, the amount and kind of money he gives the conductor, and where he leaves the train. The computation of what he should have paid the conductor is all done at the main office of the agency when the detective's report is sent in. When a large number of passengers take the train the work is very confusing, and any but a level head would be utterly at a loss to retain in memory the several amounts paid and where the passenger boarded and left the car. When the train has left a station where

a large number of passengers came on board, the 'spotter' waits until all have paid their fare or given tickets, when he retires to a convenient place and inscribes in his note-book the outline of a report as follows: "Old man, 70 years of age, took train at B—; wore plug hat, dark-gray overcoat, black pants, full gray beard. Stood at rear of car a moment after entering, then took rear seat, left hand. Gave conductor \$5 bill, and received in change a silver dollar, a 50-cent piece, two dimes and a nickel. Rode to W—." The spotter's report at the end of the run should show the passengers who have paid cash fares and where each boarded the car, and where they left it. Of course there being two detectives in each car there is a duplicate report which is not always the same, as one is nearer to the passenger and can see the money exchanged. In this particular the reports may differ, but they should be exactly alike regarding the main point, which is the distance traveled by the passenger counted by the station where the train is boarded and where it is left. This is the foundation on which the exact calculation is made, and the matter of the amount of money paid is only a side issue. It is necessary to describe the person, for passengers may change seats, and the half-fare rate for children must be calculated. When a combination of 'spotters' start out with one conductor they must ride with him to the end of his run, otherwise no exact calculation could be made of the amount of money he has received. Now, as to the manner of telling to a cent how much a conductor has stolen on a run, the scheme is quite ingenious, and another kind of talent is put in operation. When the reports of the spotters reach the main office of the agency they have at their beginning a diagram of the coach with the seats designated by number. The conductor's name is also mentioned, as well as the number of the run, beginning with the first run of the test. The reports of the run are taken in one collection and made out in form, having appended the distance traveled by the passenger and the amount that should have been paid according to the tariff sheet furnished by the railroad company from which to make the calculation. This complete report shows the exact amount which should have been turned in to the company by the conductor. The next step is to find out how much he stole. To do this the railroad company furnished a schedule of the amount of money paid over by the conductor at the end of the run. Another voluminous report is prepared by deducting the amount received by the company from the cash which should have been turned in according to the report of the 'spotters,' and astonishing balances are sometimes the result. There are instances where the amounts balance, but they are rare indeed, and on long runs some conductors will pocket all the way from \$10 to \$100.

"It is also the duty of the 'spotter' to embody in his report a description of the conductor, the kind of clothes he wears, whether expensive or not, and note every article of jewelry with which he is adorned, with its estimated value. What is this done for? Well, I'll tell you. Conductors are the shrewdest class of men in the world, and if one of them is particularly gaudy and likes to put on style he will buy big diamonds and a gold watch and chain to wear on the run. When he gets near headquarters he will 'douse' the diamond as well as the 'yellow super' and appear before the officials with an air of poverty about him that is in keeping with his salary."

"Do the conductors ever grow suspicious of being watched?"

"Do they? Well, I should say they did; and, by the way, that is another part of the 'spotter's' report to state whether or not the 'con.' is growing suspicious, for if he is he won't steal any money, and consequently the reports would show him honest when he might be the biggest thief in the business. When the conductor gets suspicious he informs the rest of the trainhands that 'spotters' are on board the train, and when the luckless 'fly-cop' is 'spotted' he might as well leave that part of the country. He is scowled at, hissed, jeered, and insulted, and if he leaves the train by any lonesome route will have to fight before he reaches a place of safety. When it first enters the mind of a conductor that he is being watched he will resort to every known means to verify or disprove his fears. He will closely watch the suspected spy, and standing just behind him will rattle coins in his hands to attract his attention. Failing in this he will send a brakeman to shadow him after he leaves the train, but then it is too late, for a report will be made of him which settles his position with the company."

"I remember once how a 'spotter' gave himself away and was 'dropped' by the peanut boy on the train. He had been detailed to leave one terminus of the line on a freight-train that left the depot in the morning a few minutes after 9 o'clock. With an anxiety that was perfectly natural he reached the depot ahead of time and walked about the platform. A through passenger train left which he, of course, did not take, but waited for the freight. A peanut boy who was riding to another station noticed his movements and when he paid the freight conductor cash fare for 250 miles the boy immediately notified the train hands of the incident. That settled it, and he had to leave the train after a few miles' travel, and barely escaped being severely dealt with.—Chicago Tribune.

—A wingless chicken, alive, excites a passing interest in Williamsburg, Pa.

THE CLOVEN HOOF HIDDEN.

The Time When the Greatest Republican Rascality Might Be Punished Is Past—Responsibility of the Republican Party.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Albany Argus, has not yet explained to its readers why the Democratic Administration has neglected to bring action against the Republicans who have robbed the Government while they were in office. The Argus charged that the Government, under the Republicans, was a "mass of festering corruption." It asserted that millions of dollars were stolen and that there were hundreds of defalcations. Its charges were so clear and specific that it was asked why the guilty men were allowed to go unpunished. Since then the Argus has dropped the subject. This is singular action.—Troy Telegram.

The Argus dropped the subject precisely because it had given it the fullest and most exhaustive consideration, and, when accused of glittering generalities, replied by what our esteemed contemporary in Troy justly terms clear and specific charges. There was nothing more to be said on the subject. But the Telegram is surprised that the Democratic Administration has not applied itself to the task of hunting down the public plunderers and punishing them for their rascality, and it regards the silence of the Argus, in not explaining this matter, as singular action. Nothing singular about it. The first duty of the Democratic Administration was to purify the public service from the corruption with which nearly a quarter of a century of Republican rule had poisoned it. This was a task that called for all the time and energies of the Administration.

The defalcations of United States officials during the Administrations of Presidents Grant, Hayes and Arthur, as compiled from the public records, show that \$12,893,476.48 were stolen from the Government, and this does not include the money stolen under the whisky-ring frauds, star-route frauds, Post-office Department defalcations, Burnside's frauds, Hogvate's frauds, the Naval Medical Bureau frauds, or the defalcation of the disbursing clerk of the State Department. Those frauds extended over a considerable period. Some have been investigated under Republican Administration, but the guilty men were, in the most important instances, allowed to go unpunished. Dorsey and Brady were lucky in this respect.

It is easy to speak of punishing those rascals by due process of law, but next to an impossibility to corner them so as to obtain a conviction. The ramifications of their schemes were so widely extended and involved so many interests that, like the spider, they felt secure within the web of their own weaving. They covered up their tracks without difficulty, since they had high officers of the Government to shield them. Investigation after investigation was called for in vain, or, when responded to, was so bunglingly managed that no satisfactory results were attainable. The only result was to cause the rascals to be more cautious and to destroy, as far as possible, the legal proofs of their infamy.

At the time when they might have been punished for their misdeeds, the Republican Administration refused to do so. Now that the necessary proofs are in many cases no longer attainable, witnesses spirited away or documents missing, the Democratic Administration is called upon to punish the delinquencies and defalcations of Republican office holders. We recall to the attention of our esteemed contemporary the case of Surgeon-General Wales and the correspondence between Secretary Chandler and the lamented Mr. Hendricks in the summer of 1884.

Mr. Hendricks thus alluded to Chandler's connection with this case: "For the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery the defalcation is large, but the more serious fact is that it could and did extend through two Administrations of the department, a period of nearly four years, without detection. You testified that some inquiry was made, and the conclusion was, that while there were suspicious circumstances, they did not warrant a conclusion of guilt. After a notice, verbal and in writing, you left the men in office. You did not bring the frauds to light nor the guilty parties to punishment. What is your next excuse? Worse, if possible, than before. You say a large number of Congressmen recommended that the head of the bureau, Dr. Wales, should be re-appointed. Members of Congress know nothing of the frauds; they had no opportunity to know. It was within your reach and power. But Dr. Wales was not one of the three guilty rogues. He neither forged the vouchers nor embezzled the money. His responsibility in the case is just the same as your own. He was the official superior of the three rogues, as you were of himself as well as of them. Neither he nor yourself exposed the frauds nor punished the parties."

This is but a single instance of the unwillingness of high officials under the Republican Administration to bring defaulters and swindlers to justice. *Ex uno disce omnes.* So secure did the gang of rascals who so long fattened upon the Government feel in their 'long immunity from punishment, by the strong grip they held on those who might have brought them to justice, that they did not realize for a long time the consequences of the change from a corrupt to an honest Government. When they did realize they formed a "combine" against Mr. Cleveland and his Administration, a tribute to honesty rarely paid a Chief Executive of this Nation. Where most of the creatures of the lobby congregate there will be heard angry mutterings against the Administration. When agents of rotten corporations sit down together and heard curses deep and loud.

The Democratic Administration has so well fulfilled its first and most important duty, the purification of the Government, that the scandals that

produced such a fruitful harvest every year have ceased to exist. It needed only an Administration that believed in business principles and honest execution of the laws, dominated by a resolute, fearless man, to bring about the change. To the Democratic Administration is due the reform that pervades every branch of the public service; to the Republican Administration is due the failure to punish those who robbed the Government. The time when the biggest rogues could be punished, when documentary evidence and witnesses were within easy reach of the Government, has passed by. The statements of defalcations and swindling of all kinds are to be found in the public records, and form incontrovertible and damning evidence against the party that controlled the Government and allowed official rascality to sprout, come up and grow to luxuriant maturity.—Albany Argus.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The action of the House in refusing to hold communication with the Senate prevents the Soldiers' Monument bill from becoming a law. This bill was first proposed in the Senate and unanimously passed. It was sent thence to the House, where it was also passed. President Smith and Governor Gray are both ready to sign it, but the House withholds it, thus preventing its becoming a law. The ex-soldiers of the State will hold the Republican party responsible if the bill fails of becoming a law because of the foolishness of the House Republicans.—Indiana State Sentinel.

An interview with Public Printer Benedict, in the Washington Post, shows that the work of the office was never in a more forward condition. He was accused, by some Republican Senators, of being behind in some of the bound copies of the annual reports of the secretaries, when the delay is caused in the departments from which Government printing office is to receive maps and illustrations and to await proof reading and indexing by the officials. Compared with last year the work is very far advanced. Mr. Benedict, since he took hold of the office, has infused energy, industry, order and regularity into it, which it never knew before. His work shows most conclusively the excellent judgment of the President in selecting him for a position to which he is in every way well qualified. The opposition to his confirmation is the result of sheer envy, partisanship and malice.—Albany Argus.

The attention of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts and Senator Sherman of Ohio is demurely directed to the sworn testimony of residents of Washington County, Texas, given before the Senate Investigating committee, on the alleged election outrages in that district. The preponderance of evidence flatly contradicts the statements of the memorialists, who, it is said by numerous witnesses, are a worthless lot of Republican politicians, who have for years been manipulating the colored vote in their own interests, but, having been ousted from power in 1884, they have since been endeavoring to pose as martyrs. Ex-Congressman Giddings of Texas says the whole trouble arises from the fact that the memorialists are "Republicans for revenue only." This is sad news for the above-mentioned standard-bearers of the army of bloody-shirt orators. It will compel those gentlemen to conduct a little investigation of their own and remodel the occurrence to suit the exigencies of the next Presidential Campaign.—Chicago News.

Tying the President's Hands.

It is part of the duty and power of the President to negotiate treaties. It is the privilege of the Senate to ratify or reject such treaties. But for the first time in the history of the country a cheeky Senator has proposed to tie the hands of the President before the treaty is negotiated. Here is a resolution introduced into the Senate by the distinguished mackerel Senator from Massachusetts:

That it is the judgment of the Senate that under the present circumstances no negotiation should be undertaken with Great Britain in regard to existing differences with her province of Canada, which has for its object the reduction, change or abolition of any of our existing duties on imports.

This is a nice specimen of gall, indeed. Why can't the lordly Senate wait until it is called upon to act in the regular constitutional way? What hurt will a Presidential treaty do until the Senate has acted on it in the regular way? The Senate need not be in such a frightful hurry to assert its rights. There is plenty of time for it to knock a treaty into a cocked hat for any whim it chooses to entertain.—Des Moines Leader.

A Few Reform Measures.

Next in order of importance among the acts of the late Congress after the bills regarding the Presidential succession and the electoral count and the bill repealing the Tenure-of-Office act is to be ranked the Inter-State Commerce bill—an experiment in Federal legislation regarding railways, the workings of which will be awaited with great interest. The law granting lands in severalty to Indians marks a long step forward in the solution of the Indian problem. The passage of a bill authorizing a building for the Congressional library is cause for congratulation. The act referring all private claims, which have long occupied an unreasonable share of the time of Congress, to the Court of Claims is an important measure of reform in legislative methods. The steady improvement in the postal service receives another impetus in the acts extending the free delivery system to all places of 10,000 inhabitants and reducing the fees on postal money orders.—N. Y. Post.

MANAGING A HOME.

The Essential Elements that Go to Constitute a Typical Home-Maker.

The inefficient housekeeper stands in wonder before the achievements of the woman who is reputed to be a manager of home affairs, and regards her ability as a peculiar gift, which is quite out of the reach of the common laws that govern the home energies; and one reason for this conclusion is, that there seems to be no great friction about the good housekeeper's machinery. Without fret and grind and jerkiness some houses can not be managed, it seems; yet there is a more excellent way, and a way, too, that is open to all who will be willing to put desire and patience and hope into their purpose to accomplish the best results for the home.

If the inefficient housekeeper will watch carefully the woman whom she envies for her ability in the home, she will notice that she makes no false moves, but that each stroke, each effort tells at just the point intended. Think you that this power to become as accurate as a perfect machine is a gift, without dependence upon cultivation? Indeed it is not. In most cases it is the result of training, and that training was borne of the recognition of a great need or from the stress of a high aspiration.

The woman who is continually making false moves lacks in one or more essential elements that go to make one a typical home-maker; and though the heart of the family longs to call her its strength, it never can, because of that instinctive recognition of weakness.

Have you never seen a woman take twenty steps where one would have been sufficient if taken right? Have you watched her flounder about in uncertainty while the precious moments of the early morning hours, which one has called the gold of a woman's day, were passing without worthy results? There is a right way and a wrong way of doing even what seems so insignificant a thing as making a room orderly. One can not in this strike the middle way honorably, for it means half doing, and half doing brings a long train of evils which destroy the home-happiness, and worse, demoralize the doer's character.

A young married lady started out in her new relation to model her home after that of a friend who seemed to have her home-machinery in perfect order, almost without effort. She had made up her mind that all the talk about eternal vigilance in housekeeping was the result of the over-carelessness and fussiness of women. In taking what she supposed was the touch-and-go policy of her friend, she hoped to have a home without noise and friction—a home perfect in its appointments, with no ugly machinery in sight. But somehow it turned out just the opposite from what she had hoped. Confusion, hurry and discouragement were in the place of the hoped-for peace and comfort. In her despair she at last went to her friend and unburdened herself.

"And did you expect," the friend asked, "all these beautiful results without months of vigilance, without a watchfulness over the movements, without studying the details of management?"

The tear-stained face of the disappointed young housekeeper wore an expression of surprise as she said: "Your home affairs seemed to run themselves almost. I did not want to become a slave to mine. I wanted quiet and order without too much sacrifice, and I copied you, or tried to."

A look of amusement came into the face of the friend as she listened, then she said: "But you did not know that it took hours of planning, and months of training, for me to get the machinery running just right, then there is the daily care to keep it right, though after it is started that is comparatively a small matter. It is the starting, I think that holds the significance, and believe me, the homes that seem to have the least friction about the housekeeping are those which have had the greatest care-taking back of it. One false move, will often derange matters for a whole day. The first lesson that should be learned, I think, by those who aspire to well-ordered homes, is to have each moment tell for their purpose. Let each stroke, each touch, accomplish just what was intended, then one can pass on to the next duty, sure of the past, confident with regard to future results.—Christian at Work.

—Ground Rice Pudding: One quart of milk, five tablespoonfuls of ground rice, four of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, six eggs, half a cupful of butter. Put the milk in the double boiler, reserving half a cupful. Mix the rice and cold milk together, and stir into the milk in the boiler when this is hot. Stir constantly for five minutes. Add the salt, butter and sugar, and set away to cool. When cold add the eggs, well beaten. Bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream sauce.—Boston Budget.

—No other thing on the farm so thoroughly marks the progress of agriculture as the rapidly increasing use of red clover. The two-fold benefits of clover are so obviously manifest to every farmer that the increase of its use is not surprising. Its wonderful yield as a forage crop makes it one of the most desirable to raise, whether it be fed green or cured in the shape of rowen.—Prairie Farmer.

—The tomato season, the Western Farmer mentions, may be lengthened for weeks by pulling up the vines containing green fruit and hanging away from frost.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—We do not believe that it is a mistake in any direction to advise farmers to grow more fruit.—Prairie Farmer.

—Irregular feeding will do more to cause cows to dry off than any other method, while the practice of it is extravagant, inducing waste and loss of time.—Western Rural.

—Mr. G. W. Williamson, Mattituck, L. I. cleans his potato-ground and lessens the labor of picking up the crop, by going over the field with a horse rake before beginning to dig.

—We will awake some day to the necessity of protecting and encouraging our native insectivorous birds all we can. Children should be taught to regard a bird's nest as little less than sacred.—Ohio Farmer.

—The agricultural fairs of 1886 showed more and better horses than ever before. There is no branch of our improved stock breeding as progressive and prosperous as the draught horse interest, nor any one that is more profitable.—Troy Times.

—Sour Roast: Put beef with a sliced onion into a stone crock and cover with good cold vinegar, a few small peppers, cloves and salt. Let stand twenty-four hours, then roast in pot or oven, vinegar and all. Where one is weary of beef this will be a pleasant change.—Good Housekeeping.

—Tapioca Pudding: This is very light and delicate for invalids. An even teaspoonful of tapioca, soaked for two hours in nearly a cup of new milk. Stir into this the yolk of a fresh egg, a little sugar, a grain of salt, and bake in a cup for fifteen minutes. A little jelly may be eaten with it.—The Caterer.

—A French cultivator gained a gold medal at an exhibition in France on a superb lot of potatoes which he raised in the following manner: When the young stems were four inches in height two of the central ones were cut away, and those only allowed to grow. The tubers grew much larger in consequence.

COVERING WELLS.

How to Keep the Farm Water Supply Free From All Impurities.

Whether the covering of a well will cause the water in it to become impure probably depends on the depth of the covering. All know that no pure water comes out of the earth than that which flows from springs or that which is pumped from driven wells. Several years ago I had an open well, but the curb and windlass interfering with the movements of teams, I decided to cover the well, and lay a pipe from it to a pump in the house some 25 feet distant. So, on the 8th of October, 1882, I removed the stones from the top to a depth of 20 inches, covered the well with a large flagstone and 18 inches of earth, and seeded the top, and now there is nothing on the surface to indicate the presence of a well beneath. The earth is sandy from the top to the bottom of the well, and before being covered it was 18 feet deep. At the time of covering there was four feet of water, so that the column of air imprisoned was about 12 feet in height. The well has now been buried more than four years, and during all this time the water has been as clear and sweet as when the well had an open top. And why should it be otherwise? The covering effectually keeps out all surface water and animals and insects that often get into open wells and those having a loose covering.

The temperature of the water varies from about 46 deg. in winter to 61 deg. or 62 deg. in summer.

In one corner of the cellar I also had constructed of stone lined with cement, a 40-barrel cistern for rain water. This cistern is entirely open at the top, and the water in it remained in excellent condition four years, at the end of which time it was cleaned out, only on account of sediment in the bottom. Before deciding to have an uncovered cistern in the house, I happened to read of some experiments which showed that less vapor would rise from a surface of clear water than from wet ground. At all events, there is no indication that my cellar or any of the wood-work is any damper than before the cistern was placed in the house.—Car. Country Gentleman.

SMUT IN CORN.

Its Prevention Effected by Soaking the Seed in a Copper Sulphate Solution.

Smut in corn is fast becoming a prevailing evil, injuring the crops and poisoning the fodder and the cattle which consume it. Its nature is worth study, so that some remedy can be found for it. It is a pure parasitic disease, no doubt, which affects every part of the plant and is as liable to infect the seed and the soil as the plant itself. In fact the evidence goes to show that every part of the plant is infected, for the outburst of the seed of the fungus appears in every part, the roots, stem, leaves, flowers and seed being all more or less affected. The soil can not help but be infected by the large quantity of smut left upon it in the debris of the crop and that brought by the winds and washed down by the rains from the air in which it floats. The smut of corn is precisely like that of wheat or oats in its prominent characteristics and differs from the latter in some invisible points only, and the means for eradicating which are used with effect with the smaller grains may be used equally with corn. We have been experimenting with corn smut for some years and have found the soaking of seed in a solution of sulphate of copper or one of chloride of potash—the common muriate of potash used as a fertilizer—has the same effect in preventing smut in the crop as it has with wheat and oats.—N. Y. Times.

It is tolerable easy to see how the milk goes in to the ocean of the protected iron furnace men of Pennsylvania and other favored sections of this land of liberty.

The year 1887, no doubt, will stand unparalleled in the history of Kansas from the influx of eastern emigration into this country.

Already gentlemen who have the candidate bee in their bonnets, begin to smile blandly upon the voter.

Section 1. When at a general or special election ballot with a designated heading, contains printed or pasted thereon in place of another name not found on the regular ballot having such heading, such name shall be regarded by the judges as having been placed thereon for the purpose of fraud, and the ballot shall not be counted for the name so found, nor shall any person distribute tickets or remain standing within fifty feet of the polls during the hours that the polls are open.

Section 2. Any person printing, or causing to be printed or pasted ballots with a designated heading containing a name or names not found on the regular ballot having such heading, or which omits any name found on such regular ticket, or any person knowingly peddling or distributing, or causing to be distributed, any such ballot voted at any such election, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, on each offense be fined in any sum not less than twenty-five nor more than two hundred dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding sixty days.

Section 3. Whoever furnishes an elector who cannot read with a ticket informing him that it contains a name different from those written or printed thereon with the intention to induce him to vote contrary to his inclination or fraudulently or deceitfully changes the ballot of any elector by which such elector is prevented from voting for such candidate as he intended, shall be guilty of misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail for a period of not exceeding ninety days or by fine not exceeding three hundred dollars.

Section 4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the official State paper.

JUDGE DOSTER. It is a source of pride to us to be able to announce this week that Hon. Frank Doster, of Marion, has been appointed Judge, of the new judicial district, composed of Chase, Marion, and McPherson counties.

Hon. Frank Doster of this city, was last Saturday appointed by Governor Martin, Judge of the new Judicial district comprising the counties of Chase, Marion and McPherson.

We supported Mr. Grisham for the position, and hoped he would secure it; but Mr. Doster's pole was somewhat the longest and "knocked the persimmons," and we congratulate him on securing the prize, believing him fully qualified to perform his arduous duties, and, as a man and lawyer, an honor to the district.—Strong City Independent.

HER VIEWS ON THE MUNICIPAL SUFFRAGE ACT. The following items were clipped from the Westphalia Times, a paper edited and published by Miss Adele Reed:

We have refrained from giving our opinion on the late "municipal suffrage movement" which recently passed—on the grounds that we do not approve it, and being a woman, we do not care to express our opinion publicly on the subject.

We wish our exchanges would find something more to talk about and discuss in their various papers, besides "woman suffrage," and the "Murray temperance" bill.

Our legislators who want the service of women as jurors should frame a law exempting all ladies who are the mothers of small children.

ANELECTION LAW. The following law, entitled "an act to prevent frauds at elections; and to provide punishment therefor," was passed during the recent session of the Legislature, and published in the official State paper on the 11th inst.

It is true that land in Dakota is cheap, easily cultivated, crops are as sure, markets as good and easy of access as in any other part of the country; stock raising is easy and profitable, and the climate the year round is equal to any in the same latitude between oceans in every sense of the word.

Section 1. When at a general or special election ballot with a designated heading, contains printed or pasted thereon in place of another name not found on the regular ballot having such heading, such name shall be regarded by the judges as having been placed thereon for the purpose of fraud, and the ballot shall not be counted for the name so found, nor shall any person distribute tickets or remain standing within fifty feet of the polls during the hours that the polls are open.

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IT TAKES A BOOM TO MAKE A BOOM. It is not unfrequently heard in St. Louis that any lack of a boom in this city is attributable to the refusal of newspapers to "boom the city."

There is a principal involved in this matter and it can be thus stated: It is impossible to boom a town unless the people do a little booming on their own account in the newspapers.

THE NEW LIQUOR LAW. In reply to numerous inquiries, we will say that the new liquor law takes effect March 30th.

Under the new law, the druggists must administer the oath to the applicant and deliver the liquor in full view of the front door.

HOW TO KILL A TOWN. Horace Greeley once recommended the following as sure death to any town: "If you want to keep a town from thriving don't erect any more dwellings than you can conveniently occupy yourself."

OBITUARY. "Death lies on her like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field" Died, at Strong City, Friday, March 25th, 1887, Mrs. Susan C. Watson, mother of C. C. and R. M. Watson and Mrs. C. E. Dibble and Rosalie Ferguson, in the sixty-seventh year of her age.

NUMEROUS HOURS AND CURTAIN CALLS. The Clair Patee Company was greeted by a good house last evening, but not so large as it should have been when we consider the merit of the troupe.

ANOTHER ART GRAZE. The latest art work among ladies is known as the "French Craze," for decorating china, glassware, etc.

CHASE COUNTY NORMAL INSTITUTE. The Chase County Normal Institute, for 1887, will begin June 13th, and close July 7th.

CHINA WEDDING. On Monday evening, March 28th, 1887, a number of friends assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, on Peyton creek, to celebrate their 20th anniversary, or china wedding.

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MISCELLANEOUS. CAMPBELL & Gillett, DEALERS IN HARDWARE! STOVES, TINWARE, Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse-shoes, Horse-nails; a full line of Wagon and Buggy Material, Iron & Wood Pumps, a complete line of STEEL GOODS!

Carry an excellent stock of Agricultural Implements, Consisting of Breaking and Stirring Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Wheelbarrows, &c., and is known for the well-known Wood Mowing Machine and best makes of Sulky Hay Rakes.

Glidden Fence Wire. Sole agents for this celebrated wire, the best now in use. Full Line of Paint & Oil on Hand. A COMPLETE TINSHOP. Have an experienced tinner in my employ and am prepared to do all kinds of work in that line, on short notice, and at very low prices.

WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. J. W. McWILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency ESTABLISHED IN 1869. Special agency for the sale of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad lands with lands and stock ranches. Well watered, improved farms for sale. Lands for improvement or speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, ap27-lyr

NOTICE OF SALE OF SCHOOL LAND. Notice is hereby given that I will offer at public sale, on SATURDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1887, between the hours of 10 o'clock, a. m., and 3 o'clock, p. m., the following described school land, to-wit:

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

"When grandma puts her glasses on And looks at me—just so— If I have done a naughty thing She's sure somehow to know. How it she can always tell So very, very, very well!

"She says to me: 'You little one 'Tis written in your eye!' And if I look the other way, Or fawn and seem to try To hunt for something on the floor, She's sure to know it all the more.

"If I should put the glasses on And look in grandma's eyes, Do you suppose that I should be So very, very wise? Now, what if I should find it true That grandma had been naughty, too!

"But, and—what am I thinking of!— To dream that grandma could Be any thing in all her life! But sweet and kind and good! I'd better try, myself, to be So good that when she looks at me With eyes so loving all the day, I'll never want to turn away."

—Sally Day, in Our Little Ones.

BABIES TAMING LIONS.

Stories of Their Work in the Zoological Gardens at Antwerp—Nearly Caught by a Jaguar.

The old Roman legend tells how Romulus and Remus, who built Rome, were nursed by a wolf when they were babies. That might do very well in legend—particularly as those babies were supposed to have no mother to care for them; but in real life most mothers would as soon think of throwing their babies into the river as giving them to wild beasts. And yet it has more than once happened that wild beasts which would have been dangerous to grown persons were perfectly safe companions for very little children.

In the celebrated Zoological Gardens at Antwerp there is a little baby boy, scarcely able to walk yet, who is permitted to go in among the lions, tigers and leopards, and play with them as if they were only ordinary pussy cats. He has not the slightest fear of them, but pulls their tails and ears, and pokes his little fingers in their eyes, as babies will do, and they never do any worse than move out of his way.

It is said to be a very pretty sight to see that fair-skinned, big blue-eyed baby comfortably seated by the side of a huge tiger, his little dimpled hand perhaps pulling the tawny striped coat of the monster. It may indeed be a pretty sight, but it must need strong nerves to enable one to look at it with any pleasure, for most persons it will seem hardly possible that the fierce creature will not turn at any moment and tear the innocent little baby to pieces.

The little fellow, however, has no more fear of any of the savage beasts in the menagerie than you would have of a lap-dog; for he was born right there, and has been among the animals all his short life. Long before he could walk he was carried to the cages, and allowed to pat the tamest of the animals, and before very long they began to show such signs of pleasure at his coming that in time they became fast friends, and the keepers had no hesitation in putting the baby in the cage with the trained leopards, and afterwards with the lions and tigers.

The leopards were trusted first because they are usually the mildest-tempered and most affectionate of the wild animals. Instances are known of leopards rescuing their keepers from other animals in the menagerie, and a very pretty story is told of one case when through the instrumentality of a cage of leopards a man and his baby girl were saved from the attack of a jaguar, one of the most untamable of animals.

The man traveled with the menagerie and its attached circus as a gymnast in the summer, but when the animals went into winter quarters he was retained as a keeper, and lived with his family in a little cottage near by.

Scarcely a day passed that he did not take his baby daughter to see the animals, and they, according to their custom, grew so fond of her that at her coming most of them would make some sign of pleasure. Only one, a sullen brute of a jaguar, refused to make friends, and always flattened down his ears and snarled when she was taken before his cage. With the leopards, on the other hand, she was particularly friendly, and they liked nothing better than having her put her tiny hand through the bars to pat and stroke them.

The thought of putting her in the cage with even the leopards had never occurred to him, however, and probably it never would have had not the jaguar forced it into his mind very suddenly one day.

He had been cleaning the cages, and the process being an unpleasant one to the jaguar, that ferocious beast was in such a very ugly mood that the man thought it best not to anger him any more by holding the baby before his cage. Consequently, he hurried past the cross animal, and thereby failed to notice that the cage fastening was so tipped that the door might easily be poned.

He had reached the leopards, and was holding the baby so that she could reach through the bars, when he heard a light thud behind him, and looking around, saw to his horror that the jaguar had escaped, and with blazing eyes, slow-waving tail, and crouched body, was stealthily moving toward him.

His first feeling was a sickening fear but he quickly recovered, and with the marvellous rapidity the mind is capable of in emergencies, sought for means of escape. He knew he could not escape by either door, for the lithe, active animal would overtake him before he had gone ten paces. A pulley rope, used for hoisting quantities of meat or feed into the room, dangled from the ceiling to the floor, and offered him safety had he not been encumbered with the baby. He could not climb the rope with her; he would not desert her. And yet to stay there meant death to both. The desperate chance suggested itself to throw the baby among the leopards, and trust to their friendship, while he would reach the rope, if not then too late.

Almost as he thought it he slipped the bolt, lifted the fastening, opened the door, pushed his baby in, shut the door, and then leaped for the rope. It was well for him that he was a gymnast and could hand-over-hand up a rope, for he was barely out of reach when the jaguar shot through the air, and with its terrible claws caught the rope just under one of his feet.

After making several futile efforts to reach the man, the enraged animal tried to get into the leopards' cage, where the baby had been welcomed, and fortunately was kept in safety until help came and the jaguar was shot. You may be sure those leopards never lacked dainty bits of food after that.—John R. Coryell, in Harper's Young People.

A WISE LITTLE FELLOW.

One Who Doesn't Have Any Thing to Learn and Who Commences to Build When He is a Day Old.

Isn't it a queer little fellow who knows every thing as soon as he's born and builds a house for himself before he's one day old?

Every thing about him is curious. To begin with, he lives at the bottom of a pond or river. At first he was nothing but a tiny atom of a green egg, stuck to the stem or weeds under the water. After awhile the egg burst open, out crawled the worm and proceeded at once to look for building materials.

You see, except in his head and neck, which are protected by a hard covering, he is a soft little worm, and he wouldn't live long in the same pond with fish and bugs and spiders, who have nothing to do but eat and are always hungry, unless he had a safe home. So of course he goes the first thing to building. He hunts up the dead leaves and glues them together in such a way as to leave a nice cozy house between. It's perfectly safe, for who would suspect an old dead leaf of being anybody's house?

No sooner is the house done than the worm moves in. He doesn't have to wait for painters and furniture men—happy fellow! he just goes in and fastens himself there by means of a pair of hooks he has at the end of his tail, and he's ready to live. The next thing is something to eat. So he starts off, taking his house with him, to hunt up some bits of green stuff or some atom of a worm smaller than he is.

But strange things happen to this bit of a worm at the bottom of the pond. His life is full of wonderful adventures. If he were bigger he would be the wonder of the world.

And eating as much as he can, the worm thinks it is time to retire for the night; so he finishes his house by hanging before it a silk door—no loose curtain, but a tightly woven network, which he spins and fastens carefully on every side.

Whether he goes to sleep in his comical little home, or what he does, nobody knows, because nobody can peep in, you know. But something goes on there in the dark; for after a while the little prisoner opens the door, comes out of his house, crawls up the stem of some weeds until he is out of the water, and then—you'd never guess what happens!

Why, his old skin splits open and he pulls himself out—no longer a miserable little worm, but a gorgeous four-winged Caddis fly, dressed in a neat suit of brown. And he cares no more for the bottom of the pond and his old straw house. He sails off on the air, a gay, dancing fly.—Little Folks.

A Kind Dog.

A Canadian paper adds another to the long list of instances which show how the canine instinct approaches human intelligence:

"A lad was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large and fierce dog belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed and ran for his life. He struck in a piece of woods, as the dog gained on him, when he looked around to see how near the creature was, and, tumbling over a stone, he pitched over a precipice and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn, when, to his surprise the dog came near, and, perceiving the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about and went for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there, or else have dragged his broken limb along and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog had not brought up help. The dog went up to the nearest house and barked for help. Not receiving attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety that the family followed him to the place where the child lay."

—Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with true heart forgiving us, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—George MacDonald.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

WILLING.

[EX. XXXV: 5.]

"My life is so little," the maiden sighed, "My wisdom so weak, my graces untaught; I only am willing; O gift so small! The Heavenly Master may count for naught."

Ah, willing is love's own gift my child, And safest pass to the Master's heart. No servant has learned a nobler word, No angel a sweeter one could impart.

And the mother turned to her holy book, To read how the King His house would build. "Whoso is willing, his service I seek, For the will ye hear: with wealth is filled."

Thus the word went out, and the willing ones, Of treasured silver and jewels and gold, Bring joyfully forth fair hangings of blue And crimson, and beautiful brocades old.

Soft perfume oil for the golden lamps, And odorous incense to breathe His praise; For to them is given the reward of the wise, Till the King's own word their offering stays.

"So ever, dear heart, the willing are called; For to them is given the reward of the wise. Things precious and pure, things lovely and true, Are wrought for their King; and are good in His eyes!" —Mrs. Luther Keene, in Congregationalist.

EXHAUSTED SELF.

The Cheer Needed From God and Humanity by the Soul Laboring for the Good of Others.

He who is most successful in the un-failing ministry of loving helpfulness to others has greatest need of sympathy and cheer from others, in order to his rescue from the despondency which his exhausting outlay of self is sure to bring him. Yet he is the man who, as a rule, is least likely to be deemed in need of sympathy and cheer from others. The student who has exhausted himself in his unselfish struggle for the success of his college, in the intercollegiate football game, is sure to be cared for tenderly by his fellow-students when that game is over. They have no thought that because he has expended his strength for them so freely, therefore he has strength in abundance remaining for himself. They know that he now needs their helpful ministry, and they give it to him gladly.

The brave swimmer who has spent all his vital force in the successful effort to save his drowning companion is taken in hand, as he falls exhausted on the shore, as though he were the rescued one rather than the rescuer; and there is no lack of loving endeavors to bring him back to strength again. An angel comes from Heaven to speak cheer to the desponding prophet, whose strength has been spent in the conflict on Carmel. And the Lord Himself brings words and signs of help to the despondent patriarch after His exhausting struggle with Chedorlaomer. But to many a loving preacher, or teacher, or neighbor, or friend, whose vital force has all gone out in helpful ministries of counsel, or of inspiration, or of sympathy, or of affection, no word of special cheer is spoken in his despondency; because, forsooth, he has seemed to give cheer so ceaselessly as to have it in a never-failing supply. And so there are those who lie down in a measure of despondency, night after night, because of their personal exhaustion from well-doing; while they are looked upon by those who are familiar with their life-work as exceptionally free from discouragement, and as being never in need of loving help from their fellows.

Rescue from despondency can not come to the truest well-doer through any sense of satisfaction with the results of his well-doing. And, indeed, the larger a well-doer's achievement in the line of his most earnest endeavor, the more extensive is his outlook of desirable well-doing as yet unattained, if not unattainable, by him. Therefore, it is that a deepened sense of his failure to do all that he would have liked to do in the line of his well-doing combines with the well-doer's exhaustion from his measurable well-doing, to cause him despondency by his loving outlay of himself in such endeavor; and what you can say to him by way of approval and encouragement may be the one thing needful, in the providence of God, for his rescue from despondency, and shall be satisfied with His love forever. —Archbishop Leighton.

ALLEGIANCE TO GOD.

As He Carried on the Universe Before He Came Into It, He Will Control It Afterwards.

Whitlock, who went to Sweden as envoy under Cromwell, was fretting one day. His servant asked him: "Do you think God governed this world very well before you came into it?" "Certainly." "Do you think He will govern it well after you have left it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, why not rest, and trust Him to govern it while you are in it?" Man has high mental endowments; he has perception and judgmental faculties; he has the power of looking backward and forward; he can survey principles in their abstraction; he can determine the moral quality and bearing of action; yet he is not fitted to decide about things which concern his higher and spiritual faculties, because he is influenced often by passion and impulse, and not always by sound reason and good understanding. He is frequently short-sighted. He gathers his impressions more from sense and present realities, than from spirit and eternal certainties. If man could order things, he never would select trials or changes; there would be no broken family circles, no vacant chairs, no empty sleeve. There would always be a full larder. Fair sky, favorable breezes and smooth sea would characterize life's voyage. The hardest lesson to learn is submission to God's will. That means often hopes blasted, castles vanished, ships wrecked, chairs empty and graves dug. It is best that God, who knows

all things and is everywhere, should govern. He is infinite in wisdom and might. He is everywhere superintending all, from an insect's hum to an archangel's chorus; from the glow-worm's feeble light to the sun's flaming radiance; from the animalcule that floats in the air to the levitation of the deep; from the babe's cradle to the monarch's throne; in life's largest volume to the minutest paragraph in the world's history. It is essential to our happiness that God should have His way. In Heaven His will is supreme. "Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven." No man can have his way in this probation life and go to Heaven at last. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof is death." Do not cross God's will. Measure not arms with God. He can hedge up thy way. To-day lift up thy hand and swear allegiance to His authority, ground all thy plans and campaigns for self-will and earthly promotion, and into His service come and enter into thy reward.—Rev. E. S. Partridge, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

Seek the Tender Spot.

There is very much roughness of exterior in men, taking them at large, and the impressions we might get by simply looking at them would not be good. In one we would see rudeness, in another vulgarity, in a third cruelty, and so on through a whole company of them. Perhaps our approach to them might displease us more than our sight of them. If we should go away and make up our judgment of them after such contact, we should write them down hard and uninteresting, incapable of the better feelings and not desirable for any sort of association. But should we not do them a wrong? In all of them there is a spot full of tender sentiment; love dwells in it, sympathy has a home there, charity, patience, forgiveness, a spirit of helpfulness, reverence and devotion are to be discovered in it. The way to reach that spot we probably do not know, though it is part of Christian tact to find it out, being persuaded, in the first place, that it exists. And he has no right to undertake the work of helping, and especially of saving men, who has not learned how the wholesome and pleasant fruit is often wrapped around with integuments that only need to be pierced to get at it. It is a pity that our hard lives make so many lines that can not be called beautiful, but they are often only on the surface; the beauty is underneath.—United Presbyterian.

A Dangerous Guide.

Conscience is the light of our inner being—our final guide concerning moral questions, whose teachings can never be ejected without sin; but a conscience unenlightened is a dangerous guide. Ignorant zeal has done untold harm to godliness. Paul, "ignorantly and in unbelief," persecuted the Church, supposing he "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." He attributed to his own notion "a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." Zeal in itself is a blind impulse, needing the direction of intelligence, both as to the ends to be sought and the means of promoting them. One of the terms applied to godliness in the Scriptures is wisdom. The Word and the Spirit of God are the proper guides of conscience. True zeal glows with the warmth of love, and shines with the pure light of truth.—Fayette Hurd.

An Inseparable Bond.

They that are in God, being united to Him through Christ, can never by any power be separated from Him. Death, that is the great dissolver of all other unions, civil and natural, is so far from untying this, that it consummates it; it conveys the soul into the nearest and fullest enjoyment of God, who is its life, where it shall not need to desire as it were from a distance; it shall then be at the spring-head, and shall be satisfied with His love forever. —Archbishop Leighton.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—Evil often triumphs, but never conquers.—Joseph Ruiz. —When your will is God's will, you will have your will.—Spurgeon. —A holy act strengthens the inward holiness. It is a seed of life growing into more life.—Robertson. —The more God empties your hands of other works, the more you may know He has special work to give them.—Garrett. —Faith will throw in the net of prayer again and again, as long as God commands and the promise encourage.—Salter. —We know not verily that which is laid up for us. There are such beautiful things put by. In God's house and in God's time there are such treasures.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. —We must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now, God is present everywhere, and every person is his work.—De Sales. —Repenting tears are the joy of God and angels. Doves delight to be about the waters; and surely God's Spirit (who once descended in the form of a dove) takes great delight in the tears of repentance.—T. Watson. —The beauty of holiness is the ineffable splendor it imparts to human life and living. Put it in speech, it makes of every clown a Chrysostom; put it in daily toil, it makes of every plodder a prince of the royal line.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

MARK TWAIN AS A FARMER.

A Speech That He Might Have Delivered Before an Agricultural Club.

I have been introduced to you as an experienced agriculturist. (Laughter.) I love the farm. Adam loved the farm. (Laughter.) Noah loved his vineyards, Horace loved the farm, as is shown by that great book, "What I know about Farming." (Laughter.) Washington, Webster and Beecher were allured by the attractions of agriculture. Some one said to Beecher: "Keep your cows out of my shrubbery." "Keep your shrubbery out of my cows," replied Beecher. "It spoils the milk." (Laughter.) Hogs are hard animals to drive over a bridge. (Laughter.) I once saw a man carried several miles on the back of a hog that turned back in opposition to the solicitations of the driver on approaching a bridge. (Laughter.) I will tell you of a safe way to get hogs over a bridge: Kill them and draw them over in a wagon. (Laughter.) Hogs are fond of spring lambs and spring chickens. Hogs will eat their own offspring if no lambs or chickens are offered in the market. (Laughter.) When a boy I was solicited to escort a pig to a neighbor's farm. A strong rope tied to the pig's leg was placed in my hand. I did not know before the speed and strength of a pig. (Laughter.) But they do not run the way you want them to run. (Renewed laughter.) A pig can draw a canal-boat with the tow-line tied to his hind leg, but I would not insure the canal-boat. Hogs are cleanly, orderly, silent and not bent on mischief—(laughter)—when cut up and salted and in a tight barrel, with a heavy weight on the lid. (Prolonged laughter.) This is all I know about hogs.

I love cows. (Laughter.) What so meek and lowly—(laughter)—as a mooley cow? City people are foolish to be frightened at cows. I was never hurt by a cow but once. He shook his head at me from behind a strong gate. I felt the security of my position and shield a pumpkin at him. He came through the gate as though it was a spider's web, and then I was sorry I did it. (Laughter.) This kind of a cow should not be fooled with unless you are tired of monotony. (Laughter.) The poet loves to dwell upon milkmaids, milking time and lovers sparring over the farm yard gate, but no such poet could ever have milked a cow in fly time. (Laughter.) I can not imagine a successful love suit at such a season. I milked the cows one night when the boys were off on a Fourth of July. (Laughter.) That is, I milked one and one-half cows. (Laughter.) The last one was so busy knocking off flies with her hind foot I thought I had better not disturb her longer. A pail of fresh milk kicked over a boy does not improve his clothes or temper. Some say I milked from the wrong side. (Great laughter.) I thought I would be sure and be right, so I milked half on one side and half on the other. (Renewed laughter.) I was on the other side when she knocked off most flies. Can any one tell me why a cow should be permitted to dictate which side a man shall milk from? I claim the right of my choice at least half of the time.

Sheep are my special delight. How gracefully the lambs gambol over the green. I trust you never gamble over the green. Nothing so patient and modest as a sheep. (Laughter.) Some say a scamp is the black sheep of the flock, but a black sheep is just as respectable as any, and the color line should not thus be drawn. (Laughter.) I once fished on the bluff and casually discovered a sheep with large crooked horns coming at me with head down and fire in her eyes. The fish were not biting well, so I left my sport and dodged behind a stump. The sheep fell on the rocks below and broke her neck. For this act I have since been accused of non-protection of the wool-traffic. This reminds me of a commissioner of agriculture in old times who purchased six hydraulic rams for the improvement of American flocks. (Prolonged laughter.) Feather beds are made from geese, but all woolen goods and drums are made from sheep skins. (Applause.)

I take great pride in the horse. "He is the noblest Roman of them all." (Laughter.) I once led Stephens' horse to water. How proudly he arched his neck and tail. He was so fond of me he tried to embrace me with his front feet. But I was so shy he turned about and playfully knocked my hat off with his heels. (Laughter.) I told Stephens I thought horses looked much better walking on four feet than on two feet. A horse presses hard when your toe is caught under his hoof. I speak not from theory, but from actual experience. (Laughter.) I went riding with Stephens' horse and he shied and danced provokingly. "Treat him kindly," said Stephens; "never beat a horse." By and by Stephens thought he would get out and walk for exercise. "You may let him feel the lash a little now," said Stephens. "A little discipline now will do him good." (Prolonged laughter.)

Here is a composition I wrote on farming when a boy: Farming is a healthy work; but no man can run a farm and wear his best clothes at the same time. Either the farming must cease while the new clothes continue, or the new clothes must cease while farming continues. This shows that farming is not so clean work as being a Congressman or schoolmaster, for these men can wear good clothes if they can find money to pay for them. (Laughter.) Farmers get up early in the morning. They say the early bird catches the worm. If I was a bird I had rather get up late and eat cherries in place of worms. (Laughter.)

Farmers don't paint their wagons when they can help it, for they show mud too quick. The color of their boots is red, and don't look like other people's boots, because they are twice as big. (Applause.) Farmers' wives have a hard time cooking for hired men, and the hired men find fault with the farmers' wives, cooking. Why don't farmers' wives let the hired men do the cooking while they do the finding fault. (Great applause.) Farmers don't get as rich as bank presidents, but they get more exercise. (Prolonged laughter.) Some ask: "Why don't farmers run for Congress?" They run so much keeping boys out of their peach orchards and melon patches they don't have any time to run after any thing else. If Congress should run after farmers, one might be caught now and then. Lawyers can beat farmers at running for most any thing. I know a farmer who tried to run a line fence according to his notion. The other man objected and hurt the farmer. The farmer hired a lawyer to run his line fence, and now the lawyer runs the farmer's farm and the farmer has stopped running any thing. Speaking of running reminds me of our calf that ran away to the woods. There were not enough men in the county to catch that calf. We turned the old cow loose into the woods and she caught the calf, proving the old saying that it takes a thief to catch a thief. (Laughter.)—N. Y. World.

THE GROOM TROTTED.

How a Bride From the Country Proved Her Authority With Great Success.

He was a tall, lanky young fellow with watery blue eyes, faded hair, and a mustache which looked like a streak of red paint. From head to foot he was attired in store clothes, and but for a very pronounced expression of anxiety on his face he might have passed for a jolly young farmer seeing the city. In his arms were half a dozen bundles, and beside him stood a pretty young woman, who wore over a silk dress a plush cloak of fashionable make and a Cleveland hat. The color on her cheeks was suggestive of long acquaintance with country air. It was plain as a whitewashed fence that they had but recently been married. They stood on the corner of Clark and Madison streets and watched the cars go by for a few moments, and then he said, with a little cough of importance:

"Well, Sarey, I reckon we'll git on one of these cars and ride over tow the depot. It's 'bout time we was goin'."

"Mercy, Steven, how you talk. There ain't no use of ridin' when we can just walk over to the dapo."

"Now, Sarey, I'm s'prised at you opposin' what I want to do. I'm your husband, ain't I?" sputtered the young man.

"And I'm your lawfully wedded wife," replied the bride with great asperity; "but we might jest as well have it out right here. It ain't a speck more'n five squares to the dapo, and that ain't no further than it is from our house to the pump in the meadow, an' you've got to walk that every mornin' and night, sure's you're a foot high. You can't take no street car for that pump, an' you can't save ten cents no quicker an' no better way than jest a-trottin' over to that dapo with me. You can argue or trot, jest which you choose, but I ain't goin' to get into one of them cars if I staid here till Sally Wiggins' baby is an old man."

He decided to trot.—Chicago News.

MISLED BY HIS WIFE.

Her Description Was More Than Glowing, But the Words Came Cheap.

The picturesque is always a feature of a woman's description of any thing. She talks grandiloquently of colors, and if you hear her describing a tablecloth you fancy it's a gorgeous thing of tapestry or some equally effective picture.

"My wife," said the husband to the man in the store, "has sent me for something she looked at yesterday."

"Yes!"

"This is the description of it," and he pulls out a piece of paper which has in it a full description of an elaborate pattern of myriads of colors, and all in nomenclature that sounds like some elaborate picture. "You'll excuse me, I can't remember the blamed thing."

"That's all right. I know what she means."

"You'll please wrap it up very carefully, for it gets spoiled before it gets there she'll be mad."

"Certainly."

Then the man goes to a shelf and pulls out roughly a piece of something.

"Hold on," says the husband, "that can't be the thing. That's chintz, or damask or something, ain't it?"

"This is the article, sir."

"What does it cost?"

"Forty cents a yard."

"Great Scott! Forty cents a yard! I thought from the description it would come to about one dollar."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Knew a Thing or Two.

"There," said Filtrip to his friend Dilly, "there is a man who has a knowledge of the fitness of things!"

"Why, yes," said Dilly, "he has an intelligent face—what is he?"

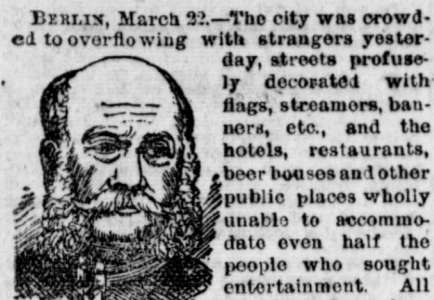
"Oh, he's my tailor," answered Filtrip, eyeing his new suit complacently.

—Detroit Free Press. —As there are some plants that flourish best in the shade, so there are some duties which are best performed in the quiet of silence; some subjects with respect to which words are an impertinence; some thoughts and feelings which will not bear utterance.—N. Y. Ledger.

NINETY YEARS.

The German Capital in the Midst of Festivities.

Attending the Celebration of the Ninetieth Birthday of the Emperor...



Berlin, March 22.—The city was crowded to overflowing with strangers yesterday, streets profusely decorated with flags, streamers, banners, etc., and the hotels, restaurants, beer-houses and other public places wholly unable to accommodate even half the people who sought entertainment.

All day long the palace was surrounded by crowds so vast that it seemed as though all Germany had come to the capital to rejoice that the Emperor had entered upon the ninety-first year of his age.

The Emperor gave a state dinner to the visiting royalties this evening, previous to which a torch-light procession, composed mainly of students, of whom there were thousands in line, marched by the palace and were reviewed by the Emperor and Empress.

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THE COMMISSION.

Generally Favorable Comment on the Personnel of the Inter-State Commerce Commission—A Difficult Task in Prospect—Commissioner Morrison Eager for the Fray—An Avalanche of Correspondence Expected.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The personnel of the Inter-State Commerce Commission is the chief topic of conversation here, and, as a general thing, the composition of the commission seems to give satisfaction. The high character, competence and special fitness of the five gentlemen for the work before them, is generally admitted, and is considered ample compensation for the long delay in appointing them, and the President is freely credited with having brought one of the most difficult tasks he has yet encountered to a very gratifying and successful conclusion.

The organization of the Commission is the next thing looked for. The commissions of the members were signed by the President yesterday, and were ready to be sent to them, and it is expected they will meet in Washington in a few days, and organize and get ready for the delicate and difficult duties before them, and which will begin on the 5th of next month, the date on which the Inter-State Commerce law goes into effect.

Four of the commissioners are at their homes and will require some time to close up their present business affairs. Colonel Morrison, who is in Washington, desires to return to his home and settle up some personal matters. The delay on the part of the commissioners in getting together and organizing is not as serious as the delay which, it is feared, will grow out of the selection of quarters and clerks, and the performance of a vast amount of correspondence before the commission can take intelligent action on any of the problems that are sure to be thrust upon it. The gravest and most fundamental questions have arisen under the new law, and upon these it is of the utmost importance that the commission should clearly define its position before proceeding with the work. Two members of the commission, at least, have probably as yet given very little attention to these questions. The questions referred to are of the most radical character. In the first place, it is disputed whether the law applies to shipments within a State, or only to those from one State to another. The construction of the clause "under like circumstances and conditions," the clause in reference to long and short hauls, and other phrases used in the act, and provisions made by it, are so variously construed by constitutional lawyers, and the construction would reduce to the effects of the new law to the most important character, while another would lead to a complete reversal of commercial conditions and transportation methods, and affect every branch of trade and every interest throughout the United States.

While it is generally believed that the commission is so constituted as to secure conservative rulings on these questions, it is conceded that many points of vast importance are in doubt. The bill appropriates \$100,000 for all expenses of the commission for the first year of its existence, while other expenses incident to it are to be met out of other appropriations for the Interior Department and the courts.

The salaries of five commissioners at \$7,500 each, and of the secretary at \$3,500, and other stipulated expenses, leaves about \$50,000 to be expended for assistance, clerical service, etc. This represents a large clerical and official force, to be appointed in such manner, at such rates and for such duties as the commission sees fit, but subject in every case to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. A large and important bureau will undoubtedly be rapidly organized.

Information has been received that thousands of communications, queries, complaints, etc., are ready to pour in upon the commission whenever it is ready to receive them. A gentleman well qualified to speak, recently told the President that a house full of such documents was ready for mailing as soon as the commission organized.

Mr. Morrison says that he hopes and expects the other commissioners will reach Washington in a day or two, so they can organize and get ready for work as soon as possible. He could not, of course, in advance of meeting his colleagues, with certainty say what questions would first engage the attention of the commission. The disputed law questions would probably be taken up at once, and as an interpretation was reached and agreed upon in each case, it would be publicly announced. Mr. Morrison spoke confidently of the beneficent results that would grow out of the enforcement of the new law, and if the other members of the commission, when they reach Washington, are as eager for the fray as he appears to be, it will not be many days before the commission will be hard at work.

Senator Edmunds in an interview spoke highly of Mr. Walker, the Vermont member of the commission, whom he said, he knew thoroughly. Mr. Walker, he said, has had considerable experience as a State legislator, in dealing with railroad questions. He was a man of extraordinary ability, a fine scholar, a man of literary attainments, vigorous, industrious and honest, "all the way through," and a strong man in every respect. When questioned about the report that Mr. Walker was appointed upon the recommendation of the Vermont Senator, he replied: "I don't recommend anybody. I sometimes give testimony as to the fitness of people for public duties, but I don't recommend."

The Fate of H. S. Boyd.—It is learned at the Bell Telephone office that a telegram was sent to the telephone agent, R. S. Boyd, last Thursday night, and that it was answered from the Richmond Hotel Building at 11 p. m., leaving little doubt of his having perished.

The Emperor's Health.—BERLIN, March 24.—In spite of the strains to which the Emperor was subjected by the late festivities, he has recovered from his fatigue and is remarkably good health. Prince Bismarck is suffering from the effects of a chill which attacked him Monday evening while responding in the open air to the cheers and compliments of the students, who treated the Chancellor to an ovation. The Emperor's expression of his belief that peace would be maintained and the sole topic of conversation here, and that the crisis has passed, is generally believed. M. Flournois congratulated the Emperor in the name of France and President Grever.

Demoralized Strikers.—CLEVELAND, O., March 21.—The decision reached by the striking employees of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad at Youngstown last night to return to work has not been fully carried out. Superintendent O'Brien refusing to meet a committee appointed by the strikers on the ground that the men were no longer in the employ of the company. It is now said that the brakemen on that end of the line will apply for work while the yardmen will remain out. The conductors and brakemen notified the superintendent that they were ready to take out trains. The yardmen in this city still hold out, and declare they will not return to work until their demands are granted.

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CONFESSED THE CRIME.

Willie Sells, the Youthful Kansas Murderer, Tells All About the Family Tragedy. KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 23.—A special to the Times from Chanute, Kan., says: During the entire time prior to the conviction of Willie Sells, the boy fiend, and, so far as any one knows, since that time, nothing has been known to the public as authoritative concerning the terrible deaths of the Sells family. Yesterday, however, a gentleman who claims—and he is thoroughly reliable—to have been present, declared that the boy had confessed to his attorneys and guardians last May, accusing himself of the crime and describing the horrible occurrence in detail. The story is as follows: May 1, 1888, J. H. Woods, of Osage Mission, guardian of Willie Sells, and the attorneys employed to defend the boy, Coge and Johnson, of Chanute, Missions, and C. F. Hutchings, of Wyandotte, who had been out on an exploring expedition to the scene of the murder, stopped at the court house in Erie to see the prisoner. The sheriff brought him out and they took him up into the cupola of the building to talk with him, but in a few moments they all returned to third floor, in which there is a space partitioned off with a plain, single board partition, through which there are numerous cracks and crevices, reached by a short stairway which turns at right angles when half way up, and is used during the sessions of court as a jury room.

The situation was explained to the boy and he met in Washington in a few days, and organize and get ready for the delicate and difficult duties before them, and which will begin on the 5th of next month, the date on which the Inter-State Commerce law goes into effect.

After he was somewhat composed the attorneys questioned the boy in regard to the matter at length and he gave a full account of the murder. Watty, his brother, he said, had just come from attending school at Emporia, his father having gone after him the day before to Chanute. It was Sunday evening and there being no church all the family had been at home and had been discussing Watty's school. About 8:30 or nine o'clock his mother and sister Lina, having gone to bed and his father having taken off his coat and putting on his slippers, retired to his room. He heard outside and his father said that the calves were out and told Watty to go out and put them up. Watty said that he would not do it and exclaimed: "Let Willie go and do it." His father insisted that he should go and Watty said that he was above such things and would not do it. He then went out and got the hatchet, which was sticking in a log outside the door, and came back to see if Watty would go with him and help nail up the fence. When he returned Watty and his father were still quarreling and were very angry. When Willie came in with the hatchet Watty jerked it out of his hands and struck at his father. After several blows he knocked him down. Willie then clinched with his brother.

"Watty having been away to school," the boy continued, "I was stronger than he was, and I took the hatchet away from him and struck him in the head and he fell down. When I did this mother jumped out of bed and carried him and put him into our bed. I thought that he would know why, but I struck him and he fell over onto the floor. Then my sister Lina raised up in bed and screamed, and I hit her with the hatchet and she fell back, and they were all quiet. I then went into the other room and took off my coat, vest and pants, and then pulling off Watty's pants, I hid them under the bed. After several blows he knocked him down. Willie then clinched with his brother.

Several times during the recital he broke down. He seemed to be especially affected when he referred to his father. Some one asked him if he hit his father with the hatchet, and he burst out crying and said: "No, but I cut his throat after Watty killed him." While he cried and in that way seemed to show grief, not once during the recital of the horrible crime did he utter a single word of sorrow for the terrible deed he had committed.

The boy's story on the witness stand before the coroner's jury was entirely different from this. The murder was committed a year ago this month on Sunday night, and the next day the coroner's inquest was held and the jury brought in a verdict charging Willie Sells with the murder. Willie testified before the jury that he had been in the room with his father and his brother were sleeping in his parents' room. He jumped out of bed and the man ran through the room and out doors. He went into the room where his parents and sister slept and saw his father lying on the floor. He picked up a hatchet and saw that he was covered with blood. Then looking at his mother and sister he saw that they were also covered with blood, and "every thing turned black" and he knew no more until he found himself out of doors on his way to Mendall's, pursuing the man he first saw in his room. The man fled until he reached a plain opposite Mendall's, when he met a man holding two horses, which the strangers mounted and rode away. He was found to be covered with blood and the most diligent search could not discover the tracks of the stranger, although Willie's tracks were very plain just where he said he had been. He told the same story upon a trial before Judge Stillwell, but he was not in the midst of it fainting on the witness stand. During all the time he was in jail and on trial for his life he never once exhibited any emotion or seemingly cared any thing about the result. Since his confinement in the penitentiary he has kept the same stolid indifference. When he was first put in he refused to work and the warden was compelled to punish him by confinement, but after two days he began to do his work well.

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THE RAILROAD DEAL.

The Santa Fe Said to be Interested in the Purchase of the Baltimore & Ohio. NEW YORK, March 23.—Developments in the Baltimore & Ohio matter all point to the Atchison Company as the party most directly interested in acquiring the controlling interest. Evans, who created a flurry by buying Atchison stock in Boston to-day, is in New York, attending a conference with the Ives-Stayner party. Dow, Jones & Co. publish the following, for which they state they have the best kind of authority: "The Baltimore & Ohio option, now held by the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton syndicate, for the purchase of the control of the Baltimore & Ohio stock at \$175 per share. The syndicate paid \$100,000 for the privilege of investigating the property. This is the only payment thus far made. An investigation of the property is now going on, and it is expected to be finished in a few days. The option expires next week. Christopher Meyer is in the syndicate, as well as Ives, Stayner and several other large capitalists, whose names are withheld for the present. The name of the corporation or interest which will operate the Baltimore & Ohio road is withheld, but it will not be the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, or Pennsylvania railroad, nor Gould."

This statement was shown to the Stayner-Ives syndicate, but they made no comment on it, other than to deny that they had "option."

VARIOUS VICTIMS.

Nearly Three Hundred Tramps Cremated.—The Bessemer Victims. SAN FRANCISCO, March 23.—The steamer Belgic arrived to-day from China and Japan, and brought news of a terrible tragedy at Hoi Sha Chen, China, twenty miles northeast of Hongchow. Over 300 tramps appeared at the village and greatly irritated the inhabitants. The villagers inveigled the whole body into a temple and during the night set fire to it. Only forty of the occupants escaped. The remainder were burned to death.

The Bessemer Victims. MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 23.—A Bessemer, Mich., special says the charred bodies of the twelve men who perished by the burning of the Colby mine boarding house, were buried yesterday. A coroner's jury exonerated everybody from blame. Only meager accounts of the burning can be obtained, as the entire building was in flames before anybody discovered the fire. At the inquest it was developed that two drunken men, boarders, came in after midnight and occupied the front part of the building where the fire eventually started. It is thought those who perished were suffocated in their beds. They could have escaped through the windows. Nine of the twenty-one men who occupied the upper rooms saved their lives in this manner.

UNKNOWN MEN KILLED. PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 23.—Three unknown men, evidently laborers, were struck by a Baltimore & Ohio express train yesterday near Leighton Station. Two of them were killed outright and the third fatally injured.

THE DEED OF DASTARDS. Young Bloods in Quebec Disperse a Salvation Meeting With Dynamite. QUEBEC, March 24.—The city is all excitement over a dastardly outrage committed here last night. While the French portion of the Salvation Army were in session at the Jeffrey Hale School Hall, an explosion occurred in front of the building and immediately under a window from which a pane of glass was missing. The explosion completely wrecked the front of the building, filled it with smoke and extinguished the gas, leaving the place in utter darkness. The inmates were nearly frightened to death, the women fainting and screaming and men rushing to and fro in the greatest excitement, unable to realize what had really occurred. When an investigation could be made it was discovered that no person had been killed, but that two or three had been seriously injured. It seems almost a miracle that the building was not entirely blown to pieces and all the inmates killed. It is conjectured that the intention was to have the bomb explode inside the building and that it was dropped by the villain while he was attempting to get it through the broken pane. The conspirators are believed to be young men belonging to the higher class.

A Widepread Swindle Discovered by Checks on a Mythical Bank. DETROIT, Mich., March 24.—A big bank swindle has been discovered here, which appears to have been almost national in the breadth of its operations. Some parties have had engraved drafts and checks of the Mariette Exchange Bank of Mariette, Mich., and these have been filled out for various sums, ranging from \$50 to \$75 each, and negotiated throughout the country. For two or three days past these fraudulent papers have been coming into the First National bank of this city from all parts of the Union for collection. One which came in to-day is a fair sample. It was drawn for \$50.50 and was signed by John B. Martin, cashier. There is no such institution as the Mariette Exchange Bank of Mariette; that village has but two banks and they are the Bank of Mariette and the First National Bank of Mariette. The extent of the fraud is not known, but it appears to have been of great magnitude.

Consequences of a Fraudulent Divorce. CHICAGO, March 24.—A special from Monticello, Ill., says: "The Illinois Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of the lower court in a case which came in to-day as a fair sample. It was drawn for \$50.50 and was signed by John B. Martin, cashier. There is no such institution as the Mariette Exchange Bank of Mariette; that village has but two banks and they are the Bank of Mariette and the First National Bank of Mariette. The extent of the fraud is not known, but it appears to have been of great magnitude."

A Murderous Lover. YOUNGSTOWN, O., March 23.—Last evening in Kilkenny, a suburb of this city, as Miss Mary Hancock, aged seventeen, was walking with Walter Knox, aged twenty-one, she was shot by Ebenezer Stanyard, aged twenty-five, her next door neighbor, whom she refused to accept as a lover. As the young lady and Knox were passing Stanyard's gate, at which he stood, he fired six shots, the second or third shot taking effect an inch above the right ear and going through the brain. A bullet grazed Knox's head, the powder burning his face, and one bullet cut a finger. The girl was taken to her father's house, where she died in a few minutes. Stanyard is said to be slightly crazy.

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