

Chase County Courier.

W.E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor

NEW TO THE LINE, LET THE SHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOLUME XIII.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1887.

NUMBER 25

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

D. LYNCH PHINGLE, of South Carolina, has been sent as Consul General to Constantinople.

At his own request the Department of State has transferred Rule Letcher, of Missouri, Consul at Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, to the vacant Consulate at Ascension, Paraguay.

Work is to be resumed at once on the cruisers Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, it having been decided that there are funds available for the use of the Navy Department in this line.

The eighteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland will be held in Washington May 11 and 12, when the statue of General Grant will be unveiled.

Acting Secretary Fairchild, with the President's approval, has designated San Francisco as a port from which imported merchandise may be shipped in bond in transit through the United States to and from the British possessions in North America.

A number of suspicious looking men have lately been making frequent visits to the money vaults of the United States Treasury Department during the hours allowed for public inspection. Some of them have been notified that they must not come again, and the officers in charge of the vaults have been instructed to keep a sharp lookout on visitors for the future.

This President has appointed C. H. J. Taylor, of Kansas, Minister Resident and Consul General of the United States to Liberia; James R. Hosmer, New York, Secretary of Legation in Central American States and Consul General of the United States to Guatemala.

Superintendent Architect Hall left Washington on the 16th for Detroit, Mich., on business connected with the construction of a new public building in that city, for which Congress appropriated \$100,000. From Detroit he will go to Chicago to confer with the authorities there in regard to the building of appraisers' stores and repairing the custom houses.

Application was made to the Treasury Department recently for the free entry at San Francisco of a wooden "joss" for a Chinese joss house there. It was proposed to bring it in free of duty as an "image and regalia for the use of religious associations." The god and regalia and paraphernalia when put together will make a figure 130 feet long, composed of wood, cloth, paper, tinzel and metal.

The entire Government three per cent. loan will probably be extinguished by June 1.

During the week ended March 19, 6,355 applications for pensions were received and 4,194 cases undisposed of.

General E. S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, has sent a telegram denying the report that he is a paralytic. It was called out by a Washington dispatch suggesting that for that reason he would not be appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Arthur McArthur, of the District of Columbia. General Bragg said he declined the judgeship weeks ago.

Charles G. Lumbard, the naval engineer, has sent the Government at Washington for \$25,000, which he claims is due for certain plans he furnished the department.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was fifty years old on the 15th of March.

CAPITAL punishment has been abolished in Maine, life imprisonment being substituted.

The south-bound passenger train on the Elmira, Cortland and Northern railroad, consisting of an engine and three cars, was wrecked on the 16th, near Elmira, N. Y. About fifteen persons were injured, and the accident was caused by a spreading rail.

The schedule in the assignment of Marshall, Lefferts & Co., of New York, show liabilities, \$178,825; contingent liabilities, \$36,705; nominal assets, \$125,908; actual assets, \$88,357.

A disaster from Orleans, Mass., states that a tug rescued two of the men who were seen clinging to the foretop mast and bowsprit of the schooner J. H. Eels, ashore off Nausett. The rest of the crew were drowned.

WILLIAM ROMP was blown to atoms recently at Tremont, Pa. He was sitting on a keg of gun powder smoking when the accident occurred.

WILLIAM J. HUTCHINSON, an ex-Wall street broker, was arrested in New York City the other day, charged with converting to his own use over \$35,000 worth of stocks.

FRANK A. SCOTT, defaulting cashier of Webster & Co., of New York, has confessed that he took \$25,000 of the firm's money. He will not make a fight in the courts.

The New York Star says that it is officially announced that the syndicate which has obtained control of the Baltimore & Ohio road is the one which represents the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad Company.

LAWSON BROS., of New York, carried on an extensive brokerage business and the firm had been reputedly extremely wealthy. It has developed that the concern was engaged in extensive swindling, reaching, according to report, as much as \$1,000,000. The exposure took place on the flight of Walter E. Lawson, head of the firm in New York.

Two men were fatally and two seriously injured in a mine near Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently by an explosion of gas.

The first grand Scandinavian sangerfest in America will take place in Philadelphia in July.

HUGH BRZELIN, a starter at Belmont colliery, near Mount Carmel, Pa., was blown to fragments the other day by the explosion of a quantity of duelin powder that he held in his hand.

The Richmond Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., burst into flames early on the morning of the 18th. Ten or twelve lives were lost and about thirty persons were injured, some very seriously. Many of the casualties occurred in jumping from windows. The damage amounted to \$400,000, the buildings adjoining the hotel being consumed by the flames.

THE WEST.

CHARLES R. GLOVER, of Long Pine, Kan., has been disbarred from practice before the Interior Department.

SUBMISSION has been deferred of the Illinois Legislature.

ROBERT FUKS, a contractor, while crossing a railroad track about a mile from Nokomis, Ill., in a wagon the other evening were struck by a train and instantly killed.

The engine and tender of the east bound morning train on the Marietta, Columbus & Northern railroad went through the Vincent trestle near Marietta, O., on the 16th. Lyle Vincent and Albert Boothby, engineer and fireman, were killed, and John McCoy and William Stewart, conductor and brakeman, were badly scalded, while Michael Early, a passenger, had his left leg mashed.

JOHN E. STREITZ, charged with attempting to place a dynamite bomb on the track of the Sutter street cable line, San Francisco, was found guilty on the 16th. Sentence deferred.

OWING to melting snow, inundations were reported on the 16th along the line of the Northern Pacific in Dakota.

The striking section hands of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway have been paid off and discharged. Their places were filled by Italians.

The employees of the American wire works at Cleveland, O., who struck recently for more wages, have voted to return to work at the old rates.

The funeral of Captain James B. Eads took place from Christ Church, St. Louis, on the 17th. Rev. Dr. Schuyler officiated and was assisted by Rev. Mr. Reed. The remains were interred in Bellefontaine Cemetery.

A PANIC occurred at the Roman Catholic Church of the Nativity, Chicago, on the 17th. The church was completely crowded. All at once there was a sharp crack, followed by a grinding crash, and fully 300 men, women and children were precipitated ten feet, the entire platform having given way. Twenty-three persons received more or less serious injuries. Mrs. Burns, an aged woman, and John Quinn had their backs broken and will die.

Ex-Judge DAVID R. SMALL, of Wisconsin, was recently suspended from practice as attorney in any court of the State. The cause was unprofessional conduct.

GABRIEL & FRISBY, coffee and spice dealers, Cleveland, O., have assigned with \$40,000 liabilities and \$25,000 assets.

Mrs. WASHBURN, wife of ex-Minister Washburne, and mother of the present city attorney of Chicago, died in that city recently.

GOVERNOR THAYER, of Nebraska, has commissioned W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) as aide-de-camp on his staff, with the rank of Colonel; and also as Commissioner of the State of Nebraska to the American Exhibition in London.

It was reported that ex-Congressman Benton J. Hall, of Iowa, had been decided upon as Mr. Montgomery's successor as Commissioner of Patents.

CHICAGO merchants and manufacturers have combined to resist the proposed advance in rates to commercial travelers.

BIRMINGHAM, Dak., was threatened with a flood on the 18th, caused by the breaking of an ice gorge. The large warehouse of the Northern Pacific was carried away.

By the proceedings before the Illinois Supreme Court, the execution of the Chicago anarchists can not take place before October even if the decision is adverse to their appeal, as the ruling will be made when the courts meet in session in September.

THE SOUTH.

THREE vigilantes, while engaged in whipping an aged woman in Rock Castle County, Ky., recently were shot dead by unknown parties. Great excitement existed. The woman was whipped for selling liquor.

CITIZENS of Tampa, Fla., detain the charges made by the New York Labor Union regarding the expulsion of Cuban outlaws.

HALF of the business part of Blackville, S. C., was destroyed by fire the other day. Loss, \$100,000.

DR. T. C. FORD, under sentence for manslaughter, having been freed by the Governor of Louisiana, was released from the parish prison on the 17th.

THE Southern Cotton Seed Oil Company has contracted for over a quarter of a million dollars' worth of machinery to put in new mills in the South.

A CYCLONE swept through Tampa, Fla., on the night of the 17th, destroying several houses. Two children were killed, one woman fatally injured and several persons seriously hurt. The pecuniary loss was about \$10,000.

GENERAL.

THE Duchess of Otranto committed suicide at Paris recently by blowing her brains out with a revolver. She was overworked with grief at the death of her husband.

FOO-CHOO-FOO advises announce the failure of the Hong Kong Chinese bank. When the fact was made known a crowd of native creditors stormed the bank and completely ransacked and destroyed everything in the building.

A DISASTROUS explosion of dynamite occurred recently in a stone quarry at Lobositz, Bohemia. All the men in the quarry at the time were blown to pieces.

AN outbreak of striking miners being feared, extra troops were sent to Mons and Soignes, Belgium.

HERM SPITZER, the great Austrian mathematician, was found dead in bed in Vienna recently.

ANARCHISTS continue at St. Petersburg. Among those taken into custody are forty-eight nihilists. The police authorities at St. Petersburg desire the Czar to remain at Gatchina.

THE Italian Government has recalled Gene, the commander of the Italians at Massowah, supporting his course in giving the Abyssinians 1,000 rifles in exchange for the captives in the hands of Kasalouga.

THE Canadian Government has decided to send an exploratory expedition to Hudson's bay this summer to ascertain whether it is navigable or not.

THE Indian Government intends to station a force on the frontier in the Fishin district to morally support the Ameer of Afghanistan.

QUEEN VICTORIA has sent a telegram to the Czar congratulating him upon his escape from assassination. The Prince of Wales visited the Russian ambassador at London for the same purpose.

A vineyard manufacturer west of the Mississippi have formed a pool.

A WHALE—the third within two weeks—has been captured off Long Island.

SEVEN hundred architectural iron workers of Cincinnati and Covington, Ky., struck recently for nine hours work at the present wages.

EIGHT new Cardinals, among them Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, were hatted at a consistory held in Rome on the 17th.

THE German steamer Raita, bound for the Sandwich islands, burned at sea February 16. The crew were supposed to be lost.

In consequence of the duty recently placed on corn imported into France, the bakers of Nantes have raised the price of a six-pound loaf of bread a penny.

THE recent plot to murder the Czar has been laid at the door of the nihilist Degaleff, who escaped from Siberia, to which place he had been sent for complicity in the murder of Sudeikin, chief of police of St. Petersburg.

THE long-talked-of sale of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was completed on the 18th. The recent Dayton Railroad Company purchased the property.

MATHERSON & Co., of London, have offered for public subscription \$100,000 worth of six per cent. gold bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 each of the Mexican National Railway Company at ninety-two per cent.

FATHER KILLER, who was arrested in Ireland for acting as trustee under the plan of campaign, received an ovation on being taken to Dublin to answer the charge.

Two girls, students, are reported to have been flogged to insensibility for their connection with the nihilist conspiracy to assassinate the Czar.

THE LATEST.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., March 18.—For a long time past the southern part of this territory has been infested with a gang of desperadoes, the chief of whom was William, alias "One Ear" Dodge, who was fond of calling himself "a bad man," and exacted respect and drinks from tenderfoot at the point of a pistol. About one year ago Dodge tried this game on a cowboy, who pulled a bowie knife and lopped off his right ear, giving him the name of One Ear Dodge. Having been suspected of being concerned in stealing a large number of horses, Dodge was watched, and was seen a day or two ago passing a drink from one man to another at the point of a pistol.

NEW YORK, March 18.—The plan of reorganization of the Pittsburgh & Erie railroad provides for the issue of \$100,000,000 first mortgage bonds, \$5,000,000 in preferred stock and \$7,000,000 common stock. The outstanding six per cent. bonds will receive dollar for dollar in the new four and five per cent. in addition in preferred stock. The present stock will be exchanged for new stock on payment of four per cent. for which preferred stock will be given. Foreclosure of the road is not contemplated. A syndicate is formed by which the non-assenting securities will be bought at \$1 and \$1.50, and the new \$1.50, 000,000 preferred stock be taken for \$1,500,000 in cash. Assenting security holders may subscribe for these bonds, however, if they wish.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., March 18.—It was reported yesterday that J. R. Hardy, for several years general superintendent of the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs and Hannibal & St. St. Joseph roads, with headquarters in this city, had been requested to resign by April 1, and that he would be succeeded by J. B. Maxon, division superintendent of the Burlington at Ottumwa, Ia., and an intimate personal friend of Mr. Merrill, now general manager of the Burlington lines, entering here.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 19.—The House of Representatives yesterday passed the Senate bill regulating railroads. It conforms to the Interstate Commerce law concerning long and short hauls and pooling, but does not provide for meeting water competition. An effort to incorporate the commission feature of the bill originally passed by the House failed and the bill passed exactly as coming from the Senate.

MILWAUKEE, March 19.—General E. S. Bragg has sent a telegram denying the report that he is a paralytic. It is called out by a Washington dispatch suggesting that for this reason he will not be appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Arthur McArthur, of the District of Columbia. General Bragg says he declined the judgeship weeks ago.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

Additional Bills.

In addition to the list of laws published heretofore were also passed by the Legislature and approved by the Governor:

Relating to public highways in the county of Labette. Approved March 5.

To legalize the official acts of the Scandinavian Agricultural Society of Republic County, Kansas and make the record of evidence of the validity of the same. Approved March 5.

To authorize school district No. 1, in Morton County, to vote for and issue school bonds for the purpose of building a school house in the town of Tainga. Approved March 5.

To authorize school district No. 5, Morton County, Kan., to vote for and issue school bonds for the purpose of building a school house at Richfield. Approved March 5.

To prevent discriminations by railroad companies in favor of public officers and other persons. Approved March 5.

To authorize the guardian of Abraham J. Hendman to sell and convey the interest of said Abraham J. Hendman in certain real estate in Liberty, Montgomery County, Kan. Approved March 5.

To authorize the board of county commissioners of Leas County to appropriate money to build a certain bridge in that county. Approved March 5.

In relation to the town site of Elk Falls, in Elk County. Approved March 5.

To amend section 15, article 2, section 6, article 3, and section 8, article 4, of chapter 122 of the session laws of 1876, and sections 3 and 5 of chapter 34 of the general statutes of Kansas, relating to the organization of new counties and support of common schools. Approved March 5.

Arbor Day.

The Governor has issued the following Arbor Day proclamation:

STATE OF KANSAS, EXECUTIVE DEPT.
Topeka, March 11, 1887.
Thursday, the 14th day of April, 1887, is hereby designated as Arbor Day. The planting of trees is a work which should enlist the interest and energies of all citizens of Kansas, and I earnestly hope that Arbor Day will be properly observed. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused to be affixed the great seal of the State. Done at the city of Topeka, this 11th day of March, 1887.

JOHN A. MARTIN, Governor.

Miscellaneous.
The average number of letters handled by the Garden City post-office per day during the past year, were 6,565.

BENGALIS have recently been raiding private residences in Topeka.

The Jury Commissioner law requires the Governor to appoint three jury commissioners in counties having thirty thousand inhabitants and over, not more than two of them shall belong to the same political party. It is made the duty of these commissioners to meet at the county clerk's office on the first and fifth days of April each year and make a list of persons to serve as jurors for the ensuing year, the list to be made up of qualified electors on the assessment rolls of the cities and townships of the county the previous year, and from the whole county without regard to city or township limits.

Topeka and South Topeka have consolidated as one city.

An officer recently arrived at Topeka with Robert J. Harmon, who was lodged in jail upon the charge of presenting fraudulent pension papers, in which he claimed that he lost the toes from one of his feet while he was in the service of the Government and in the performance of his duty, when in fact he was tramping, got caught in a box-car in very cold weather and had them frozen so badly that they had to be amputated.

UNDER the new law Mrs. T. B. George has been nominated for the school board from one of the wards of the city of Topeka.

The President has appointed C. H. J. Taylor, a prominent colored lawyer of Wyandotte, Minister Resident and Consul General of the United States to Liberia.

GENERAL MANAGER SMITH, of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway, says that arrangements have been made by which his road will carry the fast mail. It has been decided to delay the regular mail train, which leaves Kansas City at 9:35 a. m., till the arrival of the fast mail from New York. This mail train now stops at all stations, but under the new order of things it will stop only at Lawrence, Topeka, Emporia, Florence and other important points.

A local train will be put on when this change is made, which will leave Kansas City about nine o'clock in the morning and run as far west as Nickerson.

ARCHBISHOP claims nearly five thousand female voters.

PENSIONS granted to Kansans on the 17th: Eliza J. Campbell, of Newton; Orlando B. Heath, of Milford; John Ward, of Scandia; Manuel Denny, of Garrettsville; Peter Kelly, of North Topeka; Albert McCauley, of Fort Belk; Benjamin Wright, of Turin; Samuel Decker, of North Cedar; Michael E. Boles, of Chapman; Benjamin Jordan, of North Topeka; Jacob Fatzler, of Dowell; Samuel Waugh, of Winfield; Leander W. Harris, of Baxter Springs; John W. Stabler, of Huron; William A. Markham, of Colby; John B. Hopkins, of Hammond; Milton Kirkpatrick, of Salt River; James H. Dohl, of Belle Plaine, and Andrew N. Campbell, of Newton.

As the Rock Island people recognize the necessity of a line between Topeka and Kansas City, they have taken steps to build one of their own, and with this purpose in view have invited the Secretary of State a charter providing for the Kansas City & Topeka railroad, with one or more tracks between the points indicated. The headquarters are to be at Topeka. The capital stock is \$2,000,000.

The Santa Fe road is reported to have secured control of the Manitoba system.

The law passed by the Legislature to encourage silk culture in Kansas appropriates \$13,000 for the purpose of establishing and maintaining stations for silk culture and provides for three commissioners, one to be appointed by the Governor, one by the State Board of Agriculture and the other by the Board of Horticulture. The duty of the commissioners shall be to provide for carrying into effect the act and make report of all experiments made and the expense of the same. The commission is to cease on May 1, 1889. The object of the law is to fully test the experiment of profitable silk culture in Kansas.

WATCHING FOR CHOLERA.

The Surgeon General Keeping a Sharp Lookout For Vessels From South America.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Dr. Hamilton, Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, is keeping a close watch upon the ports infected by cholera, and the nature of the intercourse between these ports and the United States. Under the provisions of the laws of 1878 a weekly abstract is furnished him by the State Department of the sanitary reports which consular and diplomatic officers are required to make. The last report, dated the 10th inst., states that in Buenos Ayres "cholera still exists, but makes little progress as assuming an epidemic form."

The report also states: "In the interior of the Argentine Republic, however, the disease has assumed the proportions of an epidemic. In Rosario, during the past month, the daily number of cases averaged sixty to 100, while about seventy percent. were fatal. In Mendoza the development of the disease has been most remarkable and the population of that city of 30,000 has been almost decimated, and in the country districts the disease was equally fatal. In Tucuman the number of cases has, on some days, been as high as 500, of which about one-half proved fatal." It is happy to say, however, that the disease seems to have been greatly abated during the last two weeks, and the hope is entertained that it will soon have run its course. Rosario is the only cholera infected interior city which has direct trade with the United States. Cholera also prevails in Chili, Peru, and has prevailed in Nagasaki, Japan, though the latter is now declared free of infection. The inception of cholera in the Argentine Republic is clearly traced to the landing of the Italian minister at Buenos Ayres, and the unloading of the greater part of the cargo and the crew of the vessel in which he sailed, at Rosario, 300 miles further up the river.

The danger of importing the scourge into the United States on the approach of warm weather depends greatly upon the character of the merchandise brought into the country. Rags of woolen stuffs of any kind are peculiarly liable to convey the cholera microbes. Dr. Hamilton mentions that up to the present time Great Britain retains the embargo upon rags from Spain and Italy established when the cholera was raging there more than two years ago. The law authorizes the President to place an embargo upon any importation into the United States upon the report of the Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, and the President will be asked to exercise that power on the appearance of the first symptoms of possible danger.

THE OCEAN RACE.

The Coronet Reported to be Somewhat Ahead of the Dauntless.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18.—Captain Newell, of the British steamer Prince, from Liverpool, makes the following report: "Monday, the 14th inst., 9:15 a. m., in latitude 51° 55' N., longitude 12° 15' W., the Coronet and I were seven miles to northward. At 10:10 a. m. schooner yacht Dauntless displayed her signals ahead in latitude 50° 55', longitude 12° 15'. Strong breeze and all canvas set. Every stitch of canvas was being used on both boats. There was, at the time the yachts were sighted, a strong breeze blowing from west to northwest. The yachts were about twenty-two miles apart. This would indicate that the yachts are taking a more southerly course than that pursued by transatlantic steamships at this season. When the observation was made, the Coronet had made about 600 geographical miles, and the Dauntless about 580 miles. Though the Coronet is eleven miles to the eastward, she is, on account of her more northerly position, more than this number of miles in advance of the Dauntless."

PANIC IN CHURCH.

A Platform Breaks Down and Several Persons are Seriously Injured.

CHICAGO, March 18.—A panic occurred at the Roman Catholic Church of the Nativity, on the corner of Daniel and Thirty-third streets, yesterday forenoon. The church was completely crowded, and outside on the steps leading to the church was a vast crowd unable to gain admittance. All at once there was a sharp crack, followed by a grinding crash, and fully two hundred men, women and children were precipitated fully ten feet to the ground, the platform having given away. Twenty-three persons received more or less serious injuries. Mrs. Kern, an aged woman, had her back broken. P. O'Connor had both legs broken. Many people were injured by being trampled upon. The people inside the church were at first inclined to rush from the doors, but were calmed by the words of the officiating priest. An old woman named Burns had her back broken, and John Quinn sustained a similar injury and neither can live. John Sheridan, sixty years of age, sustained severe internal injuries which are regarded as fatal.

The Penalty for Cowardice.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Kan., March 17.—Sergeant Charles Comer, Company F, Twenty-fourth Infantry, who allowed himself and escort to be dismissed by train robbers while en route from Fort Elliott to this point in charge of a military prisoner, has been tried by a general court-martial and sentenced to make good to the United States twenty-six dollars, being the money value of two Colt's pistols, the property of the United States, for which Lieutenant A. A. Agur, Twenty-fourth Infantry, is responsible, by such monthly stoppage of his current pay, not to exceed one-half of his pay per month, as will reimburse the Government for the loss, and in addition to be reduced to the ranks as a private soldier, and then to be dishonorably discharged the service of the United States with loss of all pay and allowances now due or to become due, and to be confined in such military prison as the proper authority may designate for two years.

No Money For Powder.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—General Sheridan has issued the following order: "On receipt of this order the practice of firing a morning and evening gun at midway posts will be discontinued until further orders, except at the Military Academy, West Point, Fort Monroe and at Fort Leavenworth, in consequence of the supply of powder remaining at the close of the war, which has been used for this purpose, having become exhausted and the ordnance department being without funds for the purchase of the powder required."

ANOTHER CALAMITY.

Fearful Wreck on a Massachusetts Railroad.

A Passenger Train Goes Through a Bridge—Thirty Persons Killed and as Many More Seriously Injured—Partial List of the Victims.

BOSTON, March 14.—A heavily-loaded passenger train on the Boston & Providence railroad met with a terrible accident about seven o'clock this morning between Roslyn and Forestville. The accident occurred at the Dedham branch of the Boston & Providence railroad, at what is known as Bussey Park bridge. The seven o'clock train to Dedham, consisting of seven cars and a baggage car under charge of Conductor Tilden, broke through the bridge. The engine and three cars went over safely, but five others fell through the bridge to the road beneath, a distance of thirty feet. The last car, which was the smoker, turned completely over and struck on the top of the others, all being crushed out of shape. The cause of the accident was the breaking of the bridge.

The smoking car, after it fell, caught fire, but the fire department was promptly on hand and prevented the spread of the flames. The bodies of the dead have all been removed and of the wounded, some are at the hospital, and some have been taken home, and so it is very difficult to obtain correctly the names and extent of the injuries at the present time.

BOSTON, March 14.—Advices from the scene of the wreck on the Boston & Providence railroad state that nineteen bodies have already been taken from the ruins. Many of the injured were brought to the hospital in this city. Some of the killed have not been identified. The train was crowded with working people and most intense excitement prevails among friends who were anxious to learn the names of those killed and injured. No reliable details of the number dead as yet. The police say thirty-three were killed outright and nearly as many will die. Webster Clapp died in Forest Hill station, of Dedham, and was taken to the hospital. The road are present and are doing all they can. Many doctors are there and doing every thing in their power. Superintendent Folsom does not know how many are killed or injured. The bodies of the killed are horribly mangled, some of the heads being entirely severed from the bodies. Many of the bodies are crushed out of recognition.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The revised list of deaths, as far as ascertained, is as follows: Lizzie Walton, of Dedham; Myron Tilden, conductor; Lizzie Mandeville, of Dedham; M. Taylor, policeman on Station 13; Mrs. Ellis, of West Roxbury; Ida Adams, of West Roxbury; Bliss Burnett, of Roslyn; Harkins, of Dedham; Edward Parker, of Roslyn; Geo. Waldron, of Roslyn; Charles Snow, of West Roxbury; Stephen Houghton, of Roslyn; W. Webster, of West Roxbury; W. E. Snow, of West Roxbury; Mrs. Kennard, of West Roxbury; Frank Nichols, of Dedham; B. Humphrey, of Dedham; Miss Harkins, of Dedham; Hannah Murphy, of West Roxbury; B. F. Johnston, Boston; Alice Vanderclift, Dedham; Harry Gay, Roxbury; Stone, West Roxbury; Gates, Regan, of Roslyn.

William S. Smith and William E. Durham died at the hospital, making a total of seven dead whose names are known. There are at the morgue the bodies of three men and two women which, as yet, remain unidentified.

The wounded are: W. H. Smith, brakeman, badly hurt; R. Spaano, barber, of West Roxbury; William Kreeks, of West Roxbury; I. C. Cleary, of West Roxbury; Edward Parker, of Roslyn; Geo. Waldron, of Roslyn; Harkins, of Roslyn; Charles Snow, of West Roxbury; Stephen Houghton, of Roslyn; W. Webster, of West Roxbury; W. E. Snow, of West Roxbury; Mrs. Kennard, of West Roxbury; Frank Nichols, of Dedham; B. Humphrey, of Dedham; Miss Harkins, of Dedham; Hannah Murphy, of West Roxbury; B. F. Johnston, Boston; Alice Vanderclift, Dedham; Harry Gay, Roxbury; Stone, West Roxbury; Gates, Regan, of Roslyn.

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Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

WATSONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

TRUE MINISTRIES.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, e'er life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sing by any child of song,
Praise it! Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it! Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a sorrowing brother's eyes,
Share them! And, by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should one who is so glad,
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it! 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's a glad and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so! Speak out bravely, truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear,
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go;
Leave them! Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow;
So, until life's happy end,
You hear shall never lack a friend.
—Congregational Magazine.

COAL-TAR SACCHARINE.

The Many Advantages of the Substance Over Sugar.

Staple and Not Subject to Decay—Its Cheapness and Mode of Preparation—How Doctor Fahberg Discovered It.

Coal-tar, since it was discovered to be the source of an almost unlimited variety of those very beautiful colors known generally under the name of "aniline dyes," has yielded so many strange and new substances under the searching scrutiny of the numerous investigators whose attention these brilliant colors have attracted—much in the same way that the gaudy flower attracts the busy bee—that no one is surprised to hear that another wonderful discovery is announced. And yet, who would have dreamt of obtaining sugar from a substance so uninviting as coal-tar? and such sugar too! Nothing shown at the recent Edinburgh Exhibition by the Greenock sugar manufacturers—excellent though their exhibits at the farther end of the main hall were—could equal it. Here are some of its properties. It is a white crystalline powder, easily soluble in warm water, and it possesses two hundred and thirty times the sweetening power of the best cane or beetroot sugar. One part of this saccharine dissolved in ten thousand parts of water produces a solution of a distinctly sweet taste. All its known combinations have a sweet taste. A substance to which the name "dextro-saccharine" has been given is prepared by adding one part of saccharine to between one thousand and two thousand parts of glucose, and is said to be scarcely distinguishable in taste from ordinary sugar; moreover, it is cheaper than real sugar even at the present high price of saccharine, namely, fifty shillings a pound. The bitterest quinine solution, or acid drink, is rendered so sweet by the addition of a small portion of saccharine, that not the least trace of the bitter principle of the acid can be tasted.

The all-important question to the public, and especially to those interested in the manufacture of sugar, is—Will saccharine supply the place of sugar? The answer, so far as can at present be judged, is, that it will. It possesses many advantages over sugar. It is very stable, and not subject to influences which produce mold and decay. In small quantities, it has no injurious effect on the human system, but passes unchanged through it. This is of considerable importance to diabetic patients and others on whom sugar acts detrimentally. It possesses moderately strong antiseptic powers. This would be taken advantage of in jams, preserves, and such like; moreover, jams could be made to consist almost entirely of fruit instead of containing, as at present, so large a proportion of sugar. Although, at fifty shillings a pound, it is cheaper than sugar, this price will probably be considerably reduced when the manufacture started some time ago in Germany makes its output felt in the market—probably, indeed, before this reaches the eyes of our readers.

The sugar industries in this country have during recent years suffered so severely from competition and the "bounty" system, that the entrance of saccharine into the field of competition might prove the last straw in the camel's back. They certainly are not in so prosperous a condition as to view with equanimity the addition of this saccharine to the already long list of competitors. Any check on the home industries would be felt with increased effect on the sugar plantations. To what extent capital and labor would suffer, it is difficult to surmise. It is rather a strange coincidence that the sugar plantation should, by the discovery of coal-tar saccharine, be threatened at the same time as another important industry—the chlorine plantations—

is threatened by the invention of an artificial method of preparing sulphate of quinine.

Having said so much about the properties of coal-tar saccharine, a few words about the preparation and the discovery may be desirable, in order to satisfy a very natural curiosity to know more about so remarkable a substance. The constituent of coal-tar from which saccharine has been prepared is called toluene. Toluene is obtained by distilling coal-tar, and collecting the part which distills between the temperatures of one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty degrees centigrade. It is a colorless, mobile liquid. The first step in the process of manufacture is to convert toluene into toluene-mono-sulphonic acid. This is done by heating toluene with concentrated sulphuric acid at a temperature not exceeding that of boiling water. The excess of sulphuric acid must then be removed by the addition of chalk, subsequent filtration, and addition of carbonate of soda. The second step is the preparation of toluene-sulphonic-chlorides. This is done by the action of phosphoric pentachloride on the dry residue obtained on evaporating the filtrate containing the sodium salts. Certain impurities have again to be got rid of. Two chlorides are produced in this operation—the one solid and the other liquid. Only the latter is suitable for the production of saccharine. The third step is the formation of ortho-toluene-sulphamide. This is done by mixing the liquid with solid ammonium carbonate, and steaming. The fourth and final step yields saccharine. The last product (ortho-toluene-sulphamide) is oxidized by permanganate of potash, and the saccharine thus formed is separated from the materials with which it is mixed by precipitation by means of dilute mineral acids.

No less interesting is the account of the discovery given by the American Analyst, after an interview with the discoverer, Dr. Constantine Fahberg. No words can be so graphic as his own. "Well," he said, "it was partly by accident, and partly by study. I had worked a long time upon the compound radicals and substitution products of coal-tar, and had made a number of scientific discoveries that are, so far as I know, of no commercial value. One evening, I was so interested in my laboratory that I forgot about supper until quite late, and then rushed off for a meal without stopping to wash my hands. I sat down, broke a piece of bread, and put it to my lips. It tasted unspeakably sweet. I did not ask why it was so, probably because I thought it was some cake or sweetmeat. I rinsed my mouth with water, and dried my mustache with my napkin, when, to my surprise, the napkin tasted sweeter than the bread. Then I was puzzled. I again raised my goblet and, as fortune would have it, applied my mouth where my fingers had touched it before. The water seemed sirup. It flashed upon me that I was the cause of the singular universal sweetness, and I accordingly tasted the end of my thumb, and found that it surpassed any confectionery I had ever eaten. I saw the whole thing at a glance. I had discovered or made some coal-tar substance which had out-sugared sugar. I dropped my supper and ran back to the laboratory. There, in my excitement I tasted every beaker and evaporating dish on the table. Luckily for me, none contained any corrosive or poisonous liquid. One of them contained an impure solution of saccharine. On this I worked then for weeks and months until I had determined its chemical composition, its characteristics and reactions, and the best modes of making it scientifically and commercially."

Saccharine is not the first grand chemical discovery which has been made wholly or partially by accident. Whatever its future may be commercially, its discovery must undoubtedly be regarded as one of the grandest triumphs of chemistry.

It is not a little surprising too, that the same coal-tar from which so many wonderful and useful substances have been obtained should be a glut in the market. It barely fetches two pence a gallon. But the cause of this excessive supply of tar is the enormously increased consumption of gas, and more gas means more tar.

According to a recent estimate, the amount of tar produced during 1886 fell little short of one hundred and six million gallons. The demand is not equal to this enormous supply; and gas makers are at a loss to know what to do with the excess. Various proposals have been made. Some persons recommend the destruction of thirty per cent. of the tar, in order to keep up the price of the remainder; others say that the best plan is to reduce the production by increasing the temperature at which the coal is distilled. Neither of these is likely to be adopted. But the utilization of tar for firing in furnaces is likely to meet with more favor. Liquid fuel is for many reasons growing more popular with engineers and manufacturers. Tar is a very good liquid fuel. It gives out so much heat on combustion, that only the best Welsh silica fire-bricks can stand it; but if the supply be carefully regulated and proper attention paid to the damper, tar is not more destructive than any other form of fuel. It is also more economic than coal at their present prices. But the amount of tar used for fuel does not at present amount to more than one per cent. of the total produce, and the question: "What to do with our tar?" still remains a puzzle to our gas manufacturers, who, doubtless, would gladly welcome the discovery of some other substances like saccharine. —Chambers's Journal.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

EASTER MORNING.

In the dim gray mist of morning,
Bringing spices to the tomb,
Braving all the cold world's scolding,
And the long night's dreary gloom,
Stood the Marys, sad with weeping,
At the guarded sepulchre,
Where the soldier hand were keeping
Watch and ward o'er sleeper there.

Hark! what means that sudden trembling?
See—the stone is rolled away!
Death and hell no more dissembling,
Own the mighty conqueror's sway.

Not a sleeper in the city,
Roused him at the earthquake's shock;
Lost in slumber as to pity
Priest nor scribe was there to mock;
Trembling, fled the Roman soldiers,
Spurred by more than mortal fear;
Only the lone and lonely heifers,
Only stood the women there.

Lo, a form of angel brightness
Sitting on the obdient stone,
Clad in robes of snowy whiteness,
Guards the vacant tomb alone.

Go and tell the sad disciples
That the Lord is risen indeed,
For the grave could not contain Him,
He, the Lord of quick and dead!"
Lo, a stranger goes before them
As they haste toward Galilee:
And again a fear comes o'er them,
Wonderous change! can this be He?

Hark, He speaks!—the stranger hails them,
"Mary!" calls in accents sweet,
"Oh, my Master!"—voices fall them,
And they fall at Jesus' feet!

Echo far and wide the story,
Men and angels swell the strain:
He, the Lord of life and glory,
Bursts the bars of death's iron chain.
Sin and hell dismayed before Him,
Hide diminished heads in shame,
All the hosts of Heaven adore Him,
Bend to speak His glorious name.

Rise from bondage, rise, ye mortals,
Christ your Head ascends on high;
Opens wide the Heavenly portals,
Captives leads captivity!

—Rev. F. Bottom, D. D., in *Christian at Work*.

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER, 1887.
Mar. 20.—John's New Name. Gen. 22:13, 24-29.
Mar. 27.—Review Temperance Lesson, Gen. 9:1-17; Missionary Lesson, Gen. 18:1-7. Or a Service of Song and Prayer.

SECOND QUARTER.
Apr. 2.—Joseph Sold into Egypt. Gen. 37:23-36.
Apr. 9.—Joseph Exalted. Gen. 41:38-48.
Apr. 16.—Joseph Makes Himself Known. Gen. 45:1-15.
Apr. 23.—Joseph and His Father. Gen. 47:1-13.
May 1.—Israel in Egypt. Exod. 1:1-14.
May 8.—The Child Moses. Exod. 2:1-10.
May 15.—The Call of Moses. Exod. 3:1-12.
May 22.—The Passover. Exod. 12:1-14.
May 29.—The Red Sea. Exod. 14:1-19.
Jun. 5.—The Cloud of Moses. Exod. 16:1-12.
Jun. 12.—The Commandments. Exod. 20:1-17.
Jun. 19.—The Commandments. Exod. 20:1-17.
Jun. 26.—Review Lesson, Exod. 20:1-17.
Jul. 3.—Review Lesson, Exod. 20:1-17.
Jul. 10.—Review Lesson, Exod. 20:1-17.
Jul. 17.—Review Lesson, Exod. 20:1-17.
Jul. 24.—Review Lesson, Exod. 20:1-17.
Jul. 31.—Review Lesson, Exod. 20:1-17.

INTO A BETTER LAND.

The Support Which the Christian Draws from the Resurrection of the Saviour.

There is, in one of the valleys of Perthshire, a tree which sprang up on the rocky side of a little brook, where there was no kindly soil in which it could spread its roots, or by which it could be nourished. For a long time it was stunted and unhealthy, but, at length, by what may be called a wonderful vegetable instinct, it sent a fiber out across a narrow sheep-bridge, which was close beside it, and that fixed itself in the rich loam on the opposite bank of the streamlet, whence it drew sap and sustenance, so that it speedily became vigorous. Now what that tiny bridge was to the tree, the resurrection of Christ is to the believer. The Christian life on earth is growing in an unkindly soil; and if it could find no better nourishment than that can furnish it would die; but, taught by the Holy Spirit of God, through faith in the resurrection and ascension of the Lord, it sends a rootlet across the river into the better land, and draws from that all the support it needs to keep it fresh and healthy. The Christian's citizenship is in Heaven, "from whence also he looks for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change the body of our humiliation, that it may be fashioned like unto His own glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself." That keeps him from fainting. That rallies him in weariness. That raises him in torpor. He has been "begotten again to a living hope; by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." His "life is hid with Christ in God, and, amid all his experiences, one hope shines ever clear and steady before him, as with the luster of a star. I will behold Thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

Thus, faith in the resurrection of Christ, when that is intelligently accepted, becomes a potent factor in the Christian life; and the more we ponder that great fact in its proper light, as being not a return to a former mode of existence, but an advance into a higher, the more shall we understand and experience what Paul meant when he prayed that he might know Him, and "the power of His resurrection." It is the widening, elevating, supporting influence in our Christian experience; the means, in the hands of God's Spirit, of creating and sustaining the "newness" of that life which alone has a right to be called Christian. So, at the return of this greatest of all the days in the Christian year, no questions are more appropriate for self-examination than these: "If it be true that Christ has risen from the dead, am I living as I ought to live? Has my faith in His resurrection raised me to walk in newness of life? God give us grace to answer these questions honestly, and to act accordingly."—Wm. M. Taylor, M. D., in *N. Y. Independent*.

—We can not live on bread alone; we need every word of God. We can not live on air alone, we need an atmosphere of living souls. We must be constantly giving ourselves away; we must dwell in houses of infinite dependence, or sit alone in the waste of a godless universe. —George MacDonald.

MEN OF TWO KINDS.

Those Who Represent God and Those Who Represent Self.

In Abram and Lot we have two different types of men. The first represents God; the last, self. When they come into camp, the first thing Abram does is to build an altar; the first thing Lot does is to pitch his tent. Abram always thinks of the future and of the consequences; Lot lives in the present, without regard to results. If God calls Abram into a desert, he departs to fill the call; but if Lot looks down into the valley and finds it more fertile, or over towards Sodom and sees wealth there, where his eyes feast themselves, thither at the bidding of his heart he goes. Such a course as Lot adopts is always more or less an infringement upon others. He is either defrauding the good, or imposing himself upon the bad. Unless he is getting the large share, he is unhappy, even with his uncle Abram; but if he pushes into the heart of the city of Sodom, he is then unhappy at the sight of ungodly deeds. Some men know not what place to get into, nor what is wisest to desire. In a general way they think the scramble for wealth is an inviting one, and so at it they go, let it hurt whom it may. Poor fellow! Their own fingers get burnt as often as any one's! Lot's choice was unfortunate indeed. Unlike Martha who was cumbered with much serving of the Lord, he was badly cumbered with much serving himself. Unlike Abram he did not first seek God and his righteousness, believing that all necessary earthly things should be added to him. He seems to have so wedged his way between good and evil as to have been conscience-smitten by one and fretted by the other. This is the fatal delusion of many persons. No man can serve two masters. He must love and cling to one or the other. Moral coquetry is blasting to the spiritual nature. After one has played about from the hand of good to the hand of evil, passing to and fro, like a ball in the hands of school-boys, he loses all moral resistance, and by the very frictions he imposes on himself, he loses all angularity, and becomes round and smooth enough to play in the hands of Satan at his will. —*Baptist Weekly*.

Rising Into Living Truths.

If we live but true, pure, earnest lives; if we put away evil in every form and shape, and seek goodness and Divine truth—Divine goodness and Divine truth—if we rise from the dead things of material life into the living truths of His Christianity, we "shall not die." When the Lord searches our hearts, and penetrates to all its secret recesses, He does not look to see what professions we have made, what our lips have said, or our hands have done. He looks back of all this into the inmost thought, reads the inmost feeling, sees the motives which have made our lives such as they are. He seeks the image of Himself. If we have loved, and tried to follow His example and teachings, He recognizes us as His children. He watches over us, guards us, draws us more and more toward Himself; purifies, strengthens, loves us, whispers to us that, if we are faithful and faint not, we shall find our resurrection from trials and tribulations, from pain and sorrow; that He left the "Gates Ajar" at the time of His own resurrection, that we might understand and believe; that they are still "ajar" for us, and the way in which He traveled is the way for us to follow to receive life everlasting. —*Watchman*.

WISE SAYINGS

—We ask advice, but we mean approbation. —*Colton*.

—If you would create something, you must be something. —*Goethe*.

—Friendship is always profitable; love is frequently injurious. —*Laborius*.

—He who loves with purity considers not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver. —*Thomas Kempis*.

—Ceremony keeps up hopes; 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water is soon spilt and the spirit lost. —*Selden*.

—We can not have things our own way in the world, and what a blessing it is! It is where we are s'opped sometimes that our blessing begins. —*United Presbyterian*.

—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*.

—Shall this spiritual war be opened and your heart remain closed to those whom God has bound to you by the ties of kindred? Will you carry on the surface the semblance of interest and friendship, while in your heart you cherish memories of fancied slights and injuries? Will you let the friend of years standing pass out of your life because time and circumstances have prevented the intimate relations of former years? Will you open graves in your own heart in which to bury the highest part, the best part, of your own nature—unselfish sympathy and love? —*Christian Union*.

—Too commonly men are content to "mind earthly things." They seek for riches, honor, fame, pleasure, power, and other like objects of a merely temporal sort, as if there were nothing higher or nobler inviting their attention. But the resurrection of Christ demonstrates that death does not end all; and so, by stirring us up to lay hold on eternal life, it opens up a new and worthier field for our ambition. It shows us that there is another existence before us, of which this is but the outer porch, and it bids us aim after honor and happiness in that. —*Wm. M. Taylor, M. D.*

HE "PREYED" AT HOME.

"Twas on a summer evening,
And James G. had begun
To rattle off his well-known speech
Of eighteen sixty-one;
Forth from his ancient carpet-bag
He drew the Bloody Shirt,
And waved aloft its tattered sleeves
In manner most expert;
While all around him silent stood
A vast discordant multitude.

Then up rose one amid that throng,
And Mugwump was his name,
A veteran of the civil war,
A soldier, old and lame;
"Pray tell me why you ask my vote,
And why you wave on high
This relic of antiquity?"
He asked—and got reply:
"Why, twenty years ago, you see,
We won a famous victory!"

"But is the war not over, James,
And all its deeds of woe
Forgotten and forgotten by
The Nation long ago?
Are not the tramp of armed men,
The fatal rifle's blast,
The cannon's roar, the dying moan,
Traditions of the past?"

"I'm sure I do not know," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."
"But what of civil service, James,
And revenue reform,
Monopolists and laborers,
The anti-whisky storm?
Pray, give us living issues, man,
And let the dead ones rest;
Now of all reasons for your hopes,
Which think you is the best?"

"I'm sure I've heard of none," said he,
"Except the famous victory."
"But, James, you never went to war,
Nor fought the rebel host,
Nor helped our gallant soldiers win
The victories you boast!
Why, then, do you recount the scenes
Of twenty years ago?
What sufferings did you endure,
What trials wrought you woe?"

"I stayed at home and preyed," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory!"
—*E. Frank Lindeber, in Pack*.

BACK AT THEM.

The President's "Sense of Humor" in Again Nominating a Negro for Register of Deeds of the District of Columbia.

With the laudable purpose of finding a colored man worthy of succeeding Fred Douglass as Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, President Cleveland has now nominated James Monroe Trotter, of Massachusetts, for the place. Mr. Trotter is a colored Democrat, and once lost a lucrative position in the Boston post-office for his inability to see political questions through the same eyes as his distinguished Republican Civil-Service reform associates did. In addition to this he was a soldier during the war and has since gained some fame and money as an author. Highly recommended by the Democrats and Mugwumps of Boston, he will enter upon the discharge of the duties of the office under very flattering circumstances.

How he will fare in the Senate is not yet known. Matthews, his immediate predecessor, also a negro, was twice rejected in that body because of his color. As James Monroe Trotter is, if any thing, a little blacker than Matthews, the chances are that he, too, will go by the board. People who assert that Mr. Cleveland is dull and heavy, without a proper appreciation of humor, will be compelled to modify their judgment in view of developments relating to the selection of a successor to Douglass. He not only has a keen sense of humor, but he manifests an intimate knowledge of practical politics which will have to be acknowledged. When he came into office he had the cry ringing in his ears that the Democrats would ignore the negro and perhaps re-enslave him. He looked around to see what the Republicans had done in the way of giving the black man offices, and he found one man, not very highly colored, either, in place, and he concluded that he would at least do as well. With the expiration of Douglass' term he appointed Matthews. When he was rejected by the Republican Senate he reappointed him, under the impression that possibly the Senate had made a mistake, and when he was again rejected he selected a Massachusetts negro of culture, undoubted loyalty and unquestioned Democracy. It certainly is not the Democratic President who is standing in the way of the black man. —*Chicago Herald*.

Not an Almoner of Gifts.

Mr. Cleveland never omits an opportunity to enforce the doctrine that the Government should not support the people. In vetoing the bill for a public building at Portsmouth, O., he cites the claim of the promoter of the measure that there is not a Federal public building in the State of Ohio east of a line drawn on the map from Cleveland through Columbus to Cincinnati, and that "when wealth and population and the needs of the public service are considered, the distribution of public buildings in the State is an unfair one." The President condemns this theory of expenditure for public buildings as untenable, pointing out that if an application for the erection of such a building is to be determined by the distance between its proposed location and another public building, or upon the allegation that a certain division of a State is without a Government building, or that the distribution of these buildings in a particular State is unfair, we shall rapidly be led to an entire disregard of the considerations of necessity and public need, which it seems to him should alone justify the expenditure of public funds for such a purpose. "The care and protection which the Government owes to the people," he adds, "do not embrace the grant of public buildings to decorate thriving and prosperous cities and villages, nor should such buildings be erected upon any principle of fair distribution among localities. The Government is not an almoner of gifts among the people, but an instrumentality by which the people's affairs should be conducted upon business principles, regulated by the public needs." Applying these principles to the case under consideration,

the President concludes that "as a business proposition the building proposed should not be undertaken," and therefore refuses to sign the bill, which kills it. The saving of money to the treasury by the various public-building bills which the President has vetoed must be considerable, but the financial saving is unimportant in comparison with the lesson which he has thus taught in the proper relations of the Federal Government to the people. —*N. Y. Post*.

WHY HE RESIGNED.

Mr. Sherman Vacates a "Figure-Head" Office to Give His Attention to a Weak Presidential "Boom."

The reason, charitably or uncharitably assigned, for the resignation of John Sherman from the respectable, solemn and somnolent post of temporary President of the Senate is that he means to give a boost to his boom for another Presidency, the salary of which is greater by forty-two thousand dollars a year. Honest John has never been known to give something for nothing, and his ambition is checked only by his thrift. If he voluntarily resigns three thousand dollars a year, it is perfectly natural to suppose that he knows what he is about; and he may be right in supposing that he will advertise himself in larger letters by coming down from that dais of boredom on which the President of the Senate sits with no power to claim the right of sanctuary in the cloak-room, though assailed by many moldy metaphors and drenched with the chilly stream of Senatorial eloquence.

The Pinkstonian statesman is perhaps right in resigning. He might come to be a more wooden man, an animated gavel, a breakwater to the storms of oratory, a human sounding board. He has rescued himself, but what of his boom? We say it in no spirit of unkindness, but that boom is ancient and castaneous, and hardly worth digging up. Ohio venerates John, and certain Ohio politicians are anxious to make him President so as to get him out of the Senate; but are Republican Buckeyes capable of political good faith? The grizzled old financier of Mansfield has good cause to doubt it. He knows them, and they know it. They flinched from him the nomination for President. Then they almost kept him out of the Senate, to which he has the pretensions of a life member. The usual Ohio Republican politician is a clear case of viper.

Shaky at home, what prop has Mr. Sherman elsewhere? The confidence of the "conservative and business interests?" If so, he is a dead man politically; for these seem to be fatal to a candidate. The truth is that Mr. Sherman, however valuable for his associations, is not a popular man; and he is less likely than Allison, for instance, to succeed Mr. Blaine if that gentleman should not care to try his luck again. —*N. Y. Sun*.

Reason for the Election.

There does not seem to have been any special reason for Senator Sherman to resign the Presidency pro tempore of the Senate, as he did the other day, unless it was to give some other Senator a chance to have \$250 per month added to his salary during his service as President pro tempore. Under the old law relating to the Presidential succession, the President pro tempore of the Senate would have been temporarily President in the event of the death, resignation or inability of both President and Vice-President. When that law was in existence it was a wise and proper precaution to have a President pro tempore whose term bridged the intervening time between the expiration of one Congress and the reassembling of another. If it had remained on the statute books there would be some good reason for the retirement of Senator Sherman from the Presidency pro tem. —as his present term as Senator expires on the 4th of March, and his Presidency would expire with it, although he has been re-elected to the Senate—to give an opportunity to the Senate to elect a Senator whose term did not close with this Congress. But under the Presidential Succession law, as it now stands, the President pro tempore of the Senate is wholly out of the line, and it would therefore make no difference to the country if there was no such officer during the recess of the Senate. Nor would it make any difference with the Senate, for at the regular session, or at a special session if one were called, the work of choosing a President officer—a President pro tempore—would require only a moment's time. The President pro tempore of the Senate, however, receives \$8,000 per year, while other Senators receive but \$5,000, and this is the only reason there is now for taking care to have such an officer during the recess of Congress. —*Des Moines Free Press*.

Cleveland's Administration has given the country the benefit of honesty and economy. His integrity and sincerity have never been questioned. The laws have been faithfully executed; the revenue collected with diligence; expenses of the Government have been reduced; foreign affairs have been conducted with conservatism and dignity. In fact, Grover Cleveland's Administration has fulfilled every promise. —*Governor Hill*.

The Republicans of Indiana are again grumbling at a decision distasteful to them given by Judge Gresham in an election case. The trouble with Gresham and the Indiana Republicans appear to be that the judge has lived out of the State so long that he has lost the patriotic partiality and unfairness that characterize the model Indiana statesman. —*Chicago News*.

Chase County Courier

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS

EASTER.

A sweeter note through the forest rings,
And a softer strain from the living things
That murmur and croon their drowsy tune
In the light of the yellow paschal moon.

'Tis the Easter-tide, and far and near
The signs of the Summer's life appear:
The shadows cold, on the greenening wold,
Are the shadows of soft clouds, lined with gold.

The blue on the hills is a deeper blue,
And the golden sunlight slanting through
The long, close lines of bearded pines,
Never has shown as now it shines.

Nature is fair as a growing boy,
Her face o'erflushed with radiant joy;
Like purple wine her garments shine
Through the leaves of the wild wistaria vine.

Oh, many a soul, this Easter morn,
To a new, glad sense of life is born,
And the lilies fair, that scent the air,
Lie thick on the Spirit's altar stair.

—Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

THE EASTER OFFERINGS.

Kitty Grey to Her Father and Vice Versa.

Kitty Grey's face, usually so merry, looked so sober and perplexed one Thursday afternoon, on that Edith Halstead roused herself from the fascinating mysteries of Kensington, an embroidery to ascertain the cause.

"What is the matter with you, to-day, Katharine Grey? I verily believe that you have not smiled once since you came over here. Have you torn your new dress climbing fences? That is the most probable calamity of which I can think at the present moment."

Kitty smiled faintly as she shook her curly head. "My dress is all right, thank you, my dear; your insinuation is absurd. I have not climbed a fence for six weeks. It is exceedingly fortunate that it is not torn, for I should probably be obliged to wear it, even if it were. New dresses are rather uncommon at our house."

There was a little accent of bitterness and rebellion in Kitty's voice as she uttered the last words, which Edith was quick to note.

"You want something that you can't have; isn't that the trouble?" she questioned shrewdly; "I'm astonished, Kitty, you are usually so delightfully philosophical with regard to such matters. Tell me all about it, my dear," she concluded coaxingly, casting aside her beloved Kensington, that she might give her undivided attention to the recital of Kitty's woes. She looked so sympathetic that Kitty yielded at once.

"Yes," she acknowledged, "I want some money; I want it badly and there is not the faintest possibility of my being able to get it. Somehow, I can't manage to feel at all philosophical over this matter. It is horribly inconvenient to be respectably poor; you should be profoundly thankful that you don't know from personal experience just how inconvenient it is. Sometimes I think I would rather be a street Arab and beg from house to house, than be obliged to economize and plan so continually in order to make a respectable appearance. There would be an actual excitement in being extremely poor and not knowing what one would have to eat for the next meal, or whether he would have any thing at all." Two tears glistened in Kitty's large bright eyes, a sight so unusual that Edith looked at her with something of dismay.

Why should Kitty, usually so supremely indifferent to trifles like worn-out gloves, soiled ribbons, dilapidated shoes and old-fashioned dresses, suddenly become so dissatisfied with her cheery little home? For Kitty's home was cheery and pleasant, despite the fact that the little town was so outrageously healthy that Dr. Grey's income was barely sufficient to meet the necessary expenses, leaving no margin at all for luxuries. Dr. Grey was genial and pleasant, his wife was invariably serene and even-tempered, the four boys were generous and affectionate, even if somewhat mischievous and tantalizing. Kitty, herself, was ordinarily as bright and contented as a lassie as could be found any place. What could be the trouble to-day? "I must find out all about it," was Edith's unspoken thought. Seating herself on the arm of Kitty's chair, she imperiously ordered the confession to proceed. "You always make me your confidant eventually, you know, Katharine, so it will save trouble if you will unburden your mind at once, and tell me why you have become so dreadfully mercenary. Proceed!"

Kitty laughed. It was so absurd to see Edith, who seldom ventured to contradict or oppose her in the least, put on a semblance of stern authority. "My dear child, do you see this?" she asked, drawing forth from her pocket a portmanteau, whose external appearance, at least, did not indicate that it secreted much wealth. "Now listen," she continued, opening it and pouring its contents into her lap. "Ten, fifteen, twenty-five, twenty-seven, thirty, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, and this nickel with a hole punched through it, which no one but blind old Mr. Sykes would take (I can't imagine where I got it); that is the sum total of my wealth, Edith, and, oh! I do want ten dollars so much!"

"Why?" because father's birthday comes two weeks from Easter Sunday, you know, and I want to give him a complete set of Shakespeare's works. The only copy that we have is one that used to be grandfather's; the print is so terribly fine that father can't read it at all, and besides, Fred spilled a bot-

tle of mullage over it about six weeks ago, and the pages are glued together now. It is remarkable, but that wretched mullage utterly refused to stick to anything else; that is a striking example of the total depravity of inanimate things. There is a beautiful set of the 'Handy Volume' edition in Mr. Brereton's window, and the price is only \$10. It might as well be a hundred dollars, however, for all the good it is likely to do me," and Edith looked sober. It was so strange not to be able to give just what one wished to give to a friend. She remembered that on her father's last birthday she had given him an illustrated book of foreign travels which had cost twice as much as would the coveted set of Shakespeare. Even then, a ten-dollar bill was lying in her pocket-book, which she would willingly have given to her penurious friend, had Kitty been less proud and independent. As it was, she dared not offer her any money, and sat for some minutes in silent perplexity, twining Kitty's curls around her finger, and occasionally giving them a gentle little pull.

"Dearie, it is too bad," she said at last, with such heartfelt sympathy in her voice that Kitty felt somewhat comforted. "Why don't you paint him an Easter card, Kitty? You can make such beautiful ones," and she glanced admiringly at a dainty card on her bureau, which Kitty had given her at Christmas. But Kitty shook her head energetically. "Don't suggest such a thing, I implore you. What have I given any one for the last three years but cards? Fred has informed me, with a brother's delightful frankness, that he did not believe there was room in the house for another card, and if I would as lief he would much prefer that hereafter I give him something else."

"But you do make such lovely ones," persisted Edith. "Mr. Brereton hasn't any that will compare with those which you have given me. I was in his store the other day buying some paper, when Mrs. Ainsworth came in to look at some Easter cards. She told him that she wanted to see some of his handsomest ones; she wouldn't take any that he showed her, but I am sure that even she would have been satisfied with yours?"

Kitty smiled incredulously. She knew that Edith was inclined to regard her work as perfect, but Kitty's brothers were accustomed to criticize her artistic attempts, and their comments were so severe that her temper was often tried to the utmost. That Edith was really a more competent judge than they, did not once occur to her, for she was singularly destitute of all self-conceit.

Suddenly Edith sprang up from her place and looked down at Kitty with unusual animation. "Katharine, I have an idea! No, don't arch your eyebrows as if you were surprised at the fact; that expression is not at all becoming to you. Perhaps, though," she continued more slowly, "you'll not like my idea after all. It was simply this: Mrs. Ainsworth seemed so disappointed at not finding any cards that I thought you might offer to paint some for her. She could not help liking yours."

Kitty sprang from her chair, flushed and excited. "Edith, do you honestly think that I could make some which would suit her? I would be glad to do it! Mr. Brereton really has no pretty ones at all, I have seen them; but wouldn't she think me very presuming? I hardly know her."

"Never mind that," said Edith with a sagacious little nod. "I'll do the talking for you because I am somewhat acquainted with Mrs. Ainsworth. Do you want to see her to-day?"

"Yes indeed I do; if I wait, I shall not have the courage to go at all. Can you go now?"

"Yes," assented Edith, and the two girls were soon equipped for the walk, Edith carrying along the pretty Christmas card. "This is your letter of introduction, Kitty," she said merrily. Mrs. Ainsworth had lived in the town only a few months, and was still a comparative stranger to most of the younger people. Yet her face was so sweet and attractive that the girls felt sure of a pleasant call, even if they should not be successful on their errand.

"Yes, Mrs. Ainsworth was at home," the neat servant girl said, and led the way to the handsome library, where the lady was seated. Her greeting to Edith was very cordial, and nearly half an hour passed in such pleasant conversation that Edith forgot how anxious Kitty must be to know her fate. At last, encountering an appealing glance from the dark eyes, she determined to speak at once, but it was not such an easy task as she had imagined it to be. Before she could quite determine how to introduce the subject, Mrs. Ainsworth broke the brief silence.

"Miss Edith, would you be so kind as to let me have a nearer view of that card in your hand? I get such a tantalizing glimpse of it from here, for I am rather short-sighted." Then, as Edith gladly handed it to her, she continued enthusiastically: "That is one of the most exquisite cards I ever saw! a genuine gem. I wonder if it is some of your work, Miss Edith?"

"No indeed, it is not; I haven't a particle of genius, unless it be for making candy. That is some of Kitty's work."

"Is it, indeed?" and Mrs. Ainsworth turned to the girl with some surprise. "This work is really very good; you must have had an excellent teacher."

Kitty flushed brightly. "I never had any teacher at all; what I know I have picked up myself as best I could."

"I should try to find some teacher if

I were you, although you probably could not find a competent one in this place. Your best way would be to go to some good art school."

The red on Kitty's cheeks deepened. "I should most certainly go if I could afford to do so," she answered, with a tinge of hauteur in her voice.

A rather embarrassed pause followed Kitty's remark. Just as it was becoming unendurable, Mrs. Ainsworth turned to Kitty with her most winning smile. "I believe this is the first time that we have had any conversation together, Miss Grey, but nevertheless I am going to ask a favor of you, and I trust to your good nature to grant it. I want some Easter cards, some handsome ones than I can find at Mr. Brereton's. Will you paint me half a dozen? Please don't refuse; choose your own designs and set your own price. You will do it, will you not?"

"Indeed I will," said the girl, with such heartiness that all fear of being considered patronizing left Mrs. Ainsworth's mind at once.

"Wasn't it splendid, Edith," asked Kitty, in true schoolgirl fashion, as the two were walking home shortly after. "You didn't have to do any talking for me after all, she did it herself. Oh! I shall paint her some wonderful cards. I feel inspired."

The next ten days were busy ones. School work and home duties left Kitty very little leisure, and she was compelled to sit up late at night and get up very early in the morning in order to finish her work within the promised time. At last the six dainty designs were completed, and even Kitty looked at them with content. Over the last especially she bent with quiet satisfaction. "I am not sure," she said to Edith, who had come for a last look at the cards, "whether this is really worth any thing or not, but I feel a special interest in it because the design is my own; the others are either adapted or copied from something. You remember Whittier's poem, 'The Vision of Enoch,' do you not Edith? I believe I like that the best of all his poems; it suggested this picture to me, but I have not been able to express the idea as well as I would like." The picture at which both girls were looking was painted on white satin. At the top in the quaint lettering of medieval times were the lines:

They bowed to ghastly symbols,
To cross and scourge and thorn;
Below was a picture of a weary, grim old monk, painfully toiling along the dreary, desolate road toward the spires of Jerusalem, barely visible in the distance. Opposite this first scene was the picture of a modern city; a man had halted on the streets to hand a forlorn beggar a piece of money. Above the picture in the same old English lettering, were these lines:

Who holds his brother's welfare
As sacred as his own,
And loves, forgives and pities,
He serveth Me alone.

In the lower right-hand corner was a bunch of Syrian lilies, and the words: "Easter Greeting." "It is beautiful, dear," said Edith, truthfully. "Mrs. Ainsworth can not help but like it; stop and tell me what she says, will you? I wish I could go with you, but I must take my music lesson. Good-bye," and with a gay little nod, Edith vanished.

Two hours later, Kitty, eager and happy, appeared in Edith's room. "See this," she exclaimed triumphantly, throwing a roll of bills into her friend's lap. "Twelve dollars! I actually can not realize it! She praised that design of mine especially, and asked where I found it; she seemed very much surprised when I told her that I found it in my own head. Oh, I am so happy, Edith, and I owe it all to you, too," and Kitty gave her friend an ecstatic hug.

The next few days seemed interminable to Kitty; it seemed as if Easter would never come. Upstairs, safely hidden in her room, was the identical set of Shakespeare which she had so much admired. No one but Edith knew of her purchase, for she intended her presents to be a genuine surprise to the entire family. At last Easter Sunday dawned, bright and beautiful. When Dr. Grey entered the dining-room that morning, he saw his wife and his sons looking curiously at a package which stood by his plate. On the outside wrapper was written: "To papa, with much love. Kitty." Her father's deft fingers soon untied the cord, and half a dozen eager, curious faces gazed at the dainty volumes. Kitty was overwhelmed with questions and exclamations.

"Do stop a minute, every one of you," she exclaimed at last; "sit down to the table and I will tell you all about it."

Dr. Grey's eyes grew moist as her simple little story proceeded, for he knew that his fun-loving daughter must have sacrificed many hours of leisure in order to give him the present which he had desired for so long. "My dear," he said, with a kiss of hearty thanks, "I shall prize these books more than I can tell you. I really believe that you have some artistic ability; how would you like to go to Cooper's Institute for a year or two?"

"Papa, please don't suggest impossibilities."

"I'm not sure that it is an impossibility. Yesterday I received a letter from a Western friend, offering me a fair price for some land out there which has been utterly worthless for years. It seems that the new railroad is to run near it, and so of course it has suddenly become valuable. Yes, I really think that you can go. How do you like the idea?"

But Kitty's only answer was a sudden burst of tears. "Aunt Cronise, in Toledo Blade."

REMOVING STUMPS.

Experience of a Man Who Seems to Know What He Is Writing About.

I believe that few people have had as much experience with stumps as I have. By removing a stump I mean removing not only the part above ground, but the roots to such a depth that they will not interfere in plowing or cultivating. Of all things, I despise a "blind" stump—one just even with the surface of the ground. True, it will allow the mower to pass over it; but you may not see it until you "jam in" it with your plow or cultivator. Both you and the team are brought to a standstill so sudden that it is not good for you, unless the plow breaks. You may use gunpowder as you please, and it will not remove the roots unless you put it in each root, which would be more bother than grubbing them out. Gunpowder will leave a blind stump every time; and if I wanted this, I would cut the tree down at the surface of the ground. Dynamite would accomplish more, as it hits hardest downwards. It could be laid on the top of the stump. But I, for one, will use the mattock before I will fool with dynamite. Coal oil or any other oil, though the stump be bored full of holes and every hole be full of oil, will accomplish no more than gunpowder, unless the earth is dug away from the roots and they are allowed to dry out. The parts of a stump below the surface of the ground are full of moisture; but if the earth is dug away in the summer, say in June, all around the stump to the depth of a foot, and along the roots for a distance of at least two feet, by the middle of August the parts exposed will have lost nearly all moisture, as the weather is usually dry then. Then bore four or five holes into the stump, starting the auger about on a level with the surface of the ground and inclining it downwards only enough to keep the oil in the holes when they are filled. Fill the holes with coal oil and allow the stump to remain undisturbed for two weeks. The oil will be permeating the wood after it has all disappeared from the holes; and the oil in the wood will keep out so much moisture should there be a rain. After the oil has disappeared and there have been several dry days, set the stump on fire on the windward side and it will burn out. The pieces of roots remaining in the soil will be pulled out by the plow, as they have lost their support. Boring holes in a stump from around which the earth has not been dug and filling them with oil is sheer folly. The part of the stump above the ground could be burned without the oil; while the part below the surface will not burn, because it is too wet to burn, and the pores of the wood being filled by moisture, the oil is excluded.

It pays to burn out only large stumps in the way I have described, and this is the only way in which any stump can be burned out. (It is easy enough to burn a stump off.) The smaller stumps are most economically got rid of by grubbing them out at once. A lever and a horse may well be used to aid, but they can not do all the work. My favorite plan with moderately large stumps is to dig the earth away from one side, exposing the largest side root. A log chain is passed under the root, close against the stump, and a team is attached to the chain. Next I get a fourteen foot lever (a red elm pole makes a splendid one, being light, rigid and strong) and while the horses pull at a right angle to the line of the root, I put my weight on the lever. This usually brings the stump at the first trial. The quickest and easiest way to get a moderately large stump having a tap root, as the hickory, is to go bravely to work and dig the earth away and cut the root. Smaller stumps having tap roots may be twisted out. Cut the side roots, if there are any. Then put around the stump a log chain, making the chain just so long that the end of a stout lever can be got between it and the stump. The lever must be inserted vertically; its weight will bring it to a horizontal position, and tighten the chain. Attach a horse to the other end of the lever and drive it around. One revolution will either twist off the root or so loosen it, that by putting your lever under the stump you can pry it out.

I have never been able to find any royal road to clearing land of stumps, and I have been seeking it for years, and have had some thousands of stumps of all ages and sizes, to experiment on. Now that I have more land cleared off, I am not compelled to put ground in cultivated crops as soon as the trees are cut off. I put it down in grass for three years, keeping the sprouts from the stumps well cut down, and at the end of that time the smaller stumps can be pulled out and the larger ones burned out with reasonable rapidity and ease in the way I have indicated.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

It is true that the longer a hog is kept the greater the likelihood of loss from disease or accident. But so far as loss from disease is concerned, the risk is rendered more than proportionately greater by wintering. The change from green to dry, hard food is favorable to development of disease. The severities of the weather are also apt to induce disease.—*Western Rural.*

The Breeder's Gazette says that while live-stock production will continue to be the leading and by all odds the most profitable industry of the farm, it will demand more study and better management than heretofore, and only those who will succeed who provide themselves with good stock and give it intelligent care.

Never bite the lips to make them red. Bathe them occasionally in water with a little dissolved alum or borax, and apply glycerine.

A BABEL OF FILTH.

Description of a Visit to the Hebrew Quarter of the City of Amsterdam.

There is a part of this great city devoted, or rather given up entirely, to the Hebrew race. It is called the Joodenhoek. Those who have traveled in Italy, visited the slums of Paris, London or New York, have something yet to see to prove that man's imagination is deficient. The Israelites, of whom 65,000 live in this city, have among them some who, for wealth, intelligence, and industrial energy, are the peers of most men, and yet, visiting the Jewish quarter, a traveler will find himself in a labyrinth of dark, narrow, muddy alleys, flanked by old houses that seem to be tumbling down. Damp, ragged sheets, tattered trousers, patched petticoats flutter and swing to and fro on ropes stretched from window to window, on the window-sills, or dangling from nails driven into the doors. In the doorways, on the broken steps, amid tumbling-down railings old goods are spread for sale. Shattered ruins of furniture, fragments of fire-arms, devotional objects, scraps of uniforms, bits of musical instruments, broken toys, old iron, dilapidated crockery, fringes, rags, things for which it is impossible to find words to describe, that have been spoiled by rain, by worm, by fire, by rust, by carelessness, by illness, poverty, or death; things that servants sweep into the dust-hole; that the rag-picker disdain to pick up; that animals scorn to notice; every thing that takes up room; that contaminates; that exhales a fetid odor; that soils; that disgusts the least sensitive being, may be found there in heaps and layers, destined to become the object of mysterious bargains. In the midst of this babel of filthy, lives a populace of haggard-looking, begging, grasping men and women, by the side of which the Alhambra gypsies of Granada would appear a cleanly and sweet-smelling race.

Here, as in all countries, they have borrowed the color of their hair and skin from the people they live among. But they have preserved their hooked noses, sharp chins, curly hair—all the features, in short, characteristic of the Semite race. The dictionary does not contain words wherewith to give a description of these people. Shaggy heads of hair never touched by a comb; eyes that cause one to shudder, bodies as thin as an unfleshed corpse; so ugly as to arouse a feeling of compassion; so old that they preserve scarcely any resemblance of human shape; wrapped in every sort of clothing, of which it is impossible to define either the cut or color or to tell the sex of the wearer. Whatever they may be doing they do it on the sidewalk. Women frying fish upon small ovens, girls putting children to sleep; men turning over old rubbish; half-naked boys rolling about the pavement strewn with rotten vegetables and refuse of fish, scenes that can not be described, and that compel the tourist, when he comes forth on the border of a broad canal, in a clean open space, to believe that his experience has only been a dream, and yet situated as this portion of Hebrews are in Amsterdam, with all the poverty, misery and filth surrounding them, the records of the criminal courts testify that the laws of the land in which they live are observed by them; and that but one Jew is found in the cellular prison of Amsterdam among 240 inmates.—*Amsterdam Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Warmth of the Subsoil.

In passing the outlet of any deep drain that flows in winter it will be found that the water retains the heat given it by the earth's interior for some distance after it is exposed to the chilling blasts of the earth's surface. In the latter part of winter this warmth diminishes so that water will freeze over nearly as soon as it comes from the underdrain. This shows that the circulation of air through the soil following the receding water has made it colder. As a matter of fact, land, after being thoroughly drained, will freeze to a greater depth than it would when the surface soil was saturated with water. This, however, is no disadvantage. As soon as warm weather comes in the spring the same openness of soil secured by drainage gives the warm air circulation through it and warms it to a greater depth. This is one reason why clover does best on dry, gravelly soils. On heavy, wet land its roots do not penetrate the subsoil, though after drainage clover is most beneficial on this kind of land, opening and warming the subsoil.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Mannsville (N. Y.) preacher, who recently received a half-fare pass on the Ontario and Western railway, wrote back to the passenger agent: "Your favor of the 17th inst. is received containing clerical pass 98, for 1887. Many thanks for so useful a card. When it will be yours to board the train to journey into the world of the unseen, may the General Passenger Agent of the Earth and Heaven Air Line, Jesus Christ, grant you a free pass check subscribed with his own hand. Gratefully yours."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Fourth Ward young man writes that every time he plays the flute a large rat comes forth to listen. Very interesting; but what would he say to a large delegation with clubs and things. That would surprise him still more.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An eighteen-year-old hen died in Iowa the other day. Her last words were: "At last I shall figure as a spring chicken!"

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Eighty years ago the total number of evangelical mission schools was not over seventy; to-day there are not less than twelve thousand.

—Trinity Church, Boston, celebrated its tenth anniversary by taking up a \$50,000 collection for the building of a mission church in the west end of the city.

—With increased accommodations the Young Women's Christian Association provides instruction for five hundred persons in its different classes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The late Dr. George Rigg was the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunkeld, Scotland, after the restoration of the hierarchy there. The See had been vacant for 293 years.

—Says Rev. Dr. A. E. Owen: "The largest thing in this world is the heart of a converted man. Drop the continent of America into a converted heart and it will rattle."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

—Princeton College is to have a woman's "annex." The requirements for admission and the curriculum will be the same as in the university. It will be known as the Evelyn College, and it will be under the presidency of Rev. Dr. J. H. McIlvaine.

—At a "Church for the Poor" in Philadelphia the Sunday Breakfast Association conducts the first Sunday morning service, which consists of a good, wholesome breakfast, and is participated in with much spirit by the members of the congregation.

—The Guild of the Iron Cross, a society in the Episcopal Church, the object of which is "to strive against all intemperance, profanity and impurity," has now six bishops as honorary chaplains, nearly one hundred ministers associate, and over one thousand five hundred members.

—There was a missionary conference in Enfaula, Indian Territory recently, and an appeal was made to the Indian congregation for money to send the gospel to those that had not. There were three hundred persons in the congregation, and the collection amounted to \$380, many of the Indians giving all the money they had with them, and some of the girls throwing bracelets, rings, and other jewelry into the collection basket.

—Preparations for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Columbia College are interesting collegiate circles. The college was chartered as King's College October 31, 1754, and the number of students educated at the college before 1775 was one hundred. In May, 1784, the Legislature passed an act which changed the name to Columbia College, and the first student under its new name and government was T. De Witt Clinton. The history of the college has been interesting.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A train of pure thought will only run on the track of a well graded mind.—*Whitehall Times.*

—In Canada, it is said, the word toboggan is pronounced with the second o long. Here the long o comes in when you get upset.—*Syracuse Herald.*

—The best rec pe for going through life in a commendable way, is to feel that each one needs all the kindness he can get from others in the world.

—He—Dese heah kears am mighty dangerous, and hits mostly de las kear what's smashed up. She—Why don't dey leave off de las kear den?—*Texas Siftings.*

—Boston landlord (to porter)—See if the gentlemen in parlor F have finished discussing their dinner. Porter (returned)—Dey is fru eatin' boss, but dey ain't done cussin' it yit.

—How to Get What You Want.—

"I want to be an angel."
Said the singer, aged and solemn;
An auditor in the audience said:
"Put an 'ad' in our 'want column'."
—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Mrs. Fangle is a homeopathist, isn't she?" remarked Mrs. McSwilligen during a call on Mrs. Snaggs. "No, I don't think she is," was the reply. "She's very seldom at home when I call."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—"Lend me a tennah, Jinks."
"What faw?" "Why to spend, of course." "Haw. I guess not. I can spend it just as well, myself." "Lend it to me to keep, then." "If I lent it to you it would be to keep, denh boy. Awsk me an easiaw one."—*Town Topics.*

—None are truly happy but those who are busy, for real happiness lies only in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as over-exertion of either is avoided. It should be the aim of every one to be employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment, there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Life consists, not in the abundance of things that we possess, but in the good and honest work we do. Let us vow that we will live, not to laden our souls with the thick clay of earthly riches—not to dabble our lives with the untempered mortar of human praise—not to waste our labors on those gains of the wilderness which can neither satisfy the soul's hunger nor quench its thirst, but for what is best and greatest, to do our duty to all the world.

—A little Virginia dandy named Cyrus had an older brother named Cassius, who had spent a winter in Washington in swell society, and when he returned home he set himself up as a teacher to his cultured family. "Gimme some 'lasses, Cass." "You mustn't say 'lasses, Cy," corrected Cassius; "you must say mo'-lasses." "Ugh!" grunted Cyrus; "how's I gwine to say mo' 'lasses when I hain't had none yit?"—*Washington Critic.*

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

GRANDMAMMA'S QUILT.

In the days of yore sewing was a great-grandmother's art. My dear little grandmamma learned to sew. Great-grandmamma cut with a careful eye. Dozens of patches, each true as a die. Then she basted them neatly, part by part. And arranged the colors with careful art. The red was Turkey red and indigo blue. With India chintz that was warranted true. And was stamped in patterns of ancient times. With wondrous blossoms from tropical climes. That never would wither, or fade, or wilt. On dear little grandmamma's patchwork quilt. Great-grandmamma took her needles and thread. Put thumb on finger, and then she said: "My daughter, stop playing, come sit by me; I will start the stitches as they should be." "Sew over and over, a fine, straight row—That is the way little girls should sew." Grandmamma sat down, with a pursed-up lip. Her thumb all ready on finger-tip. And a frown which looked very solemn and wise. And a cross which looked between her eyes. She took up her block and began to sew. That, ah, how strangely those stitches did go! Crooked, and crooked, and jagged, and queer. Some were too far off and some were too near. The thread got knotted, the needle it bent. And then wouldn't go the way that she meant. But pricked her so hard that she cried out: "Oh! There's no use in trying; I can't sew." Then great-grandmamma took grandmamma on her knee. "Don't cry, and try again, daughter," said she. "Sew over and over, a fine, straight row—That is the way little girls should sew." So grandmamma sewed until it was done—That block of her quilt, the very first one. Then great-grandmamma said that every day A block must be placed before she could play. So she sewed through autumn, winter and spring. And into the summer—dear little thing! And wasn't she glad, one sunny June day, To patch the last block, and lay it away? Next, all must be pieced together, you know. Each block in its place the way it should go. So she matched them carefully, each bright hue. The green with the scarlet, orange and blue. "Then after the quilt was put on the frame. Lots of great-grandma and grand-cousins came. And in a pattern of curly-ens scroll. With dainty stitches, they quilted the whole. And when it was finished, they all agreed The quilt did grandmamma credit indeed! For no little girl of her age, they said. In town, could make such a quilt for her bed. And so, in one corner, to keep her fame. In permanent ink they marked her name. With down strokes heavy and up strokes fine: "Mildred Patterson, aged nine." And it took a year from the day 'twas begun. To patch it, and quilt it, and finish it done. —Eleanor A. Hunter, in *Golden Days*.

HOW PEPITO COOKED A PIG.

Luckily, the Oven Was Cool Instead of Hot—Story of Two Mexican Children. Pepito and his baby brother, whom they called Dos-dientes, or Little Two-teeth, were playing in the shade of the young cottonwoods growing along by the ditch. Pepito was putting out thin cakes of the adobe mud just as he had often seen his mother put out corn-cakes. A flat, sloping rock was at the water's edge, and on this he laid each cake to bake in the hot sun. And as each cake was laid on the rock, Dos-dientes showed his two little new teeth, and prodded the cake with a fat forefinger. Now this Pepito did not like. "Keep your finger off," he said. "They can't cook right if you punch them full of holes." "Papa!" cried Dos-dientes. It was his first and only word, and he had said it not for his papa, but for papas, for so the Mexicans call potatoes. And potatoes, when boiled and mashed and mixed with goat's milk, were what Dos-dientes liked best of any thing. "Pa-pa!" said Pepito after him. "Dos-dientes, you're always squealing for papas just like a pig. You're fat enough for a pig, anyhow." Then Pepito thought all at once, what a nice plump pig Dos-dientes would make to roast. For Pepito was a cook. And so he said, coaxingly: "Good little brother, come and be a pig and let me roast you, and I will give you these two cakes." Dos-dientes took the cakes and Pepito lead him to the family bake-oven. This stood a little way from the house. It was shaped like an old-fashioned beehive, only much bigger, and was made of adobe mud. In baking, a fire was made in it, and it was heated all through. Then the fire was raked out and the bread set in. The opening was then closed with a board and the bread left until baked. Some cedar sticks were lying around. With them Pepito made believe to start a fire. Then he raked them out, and said to Dos-dientes: "It is ready. Crawl in now, good little pig, and be roasted." The good little pig had been watching, sleepily, for it was growing towards noon and his nap time. He crawled in and lay down. And in a minute he was fast asleep. Then Pepito leaned the board over the opening, and while the pig was roasting he went off to finish his cakes. Noon came and dinner time. Pepito went in for his bowl of mush and milk. His mother saw he was alone and said: "Why, Pepito, where is the baby?" Pepito was confused. For busy in play he had forgotten all about the roasting pig. "Oh, don't know!" he said at last. "Oh! what a boy," his mother said. "Tell me quick. Did you let that little angel go alone the Rio?" But Pepito couldn't say. Then every body left their dinner and ran down along the Rio river, crying: "Dos-dientes, O Little Two-teeth, where are you?" And not one thought to look in the oven. But Pepito stood and thought hard. And like a flash he remembered.

"He's in the oven," he cried out. "I was roasting him for a pig!" His mother ran and took down the board. And there, sure enough, he was, sleeping sweetly in that cool retreat. And on being waked up he squealed, too, very much like a real pig, only a live pig, and not a roasted one. —Jennie Stealey, in *Our Little Men and Women*.

Guarding the Baby.

Mrs. Carroll had come to spend the day, and brought her baby. There was a great time over the arrival, every body crowding around to get a peep at his babyship; one taking off his cloak, another his cap, and the children bringing their rubber toys and picture-books to amuse him. Baby had a royal time that morning, and he laughed and cooed, and chattered his magpie lingo, till his blue eyes wouldn't stay open any longer. His mother cuddled him down on her arm, and with two or three sways of her rocking-chair, he was fast asleep. On one side of the fire-place was a shoe-box, covered and cushioned with patch. It made quite a pretty ottoman, and Mrs. Carroll thought baby might have his nap on this, as well as in his crib at home. So a pillow and shawl were brought, and his babyship snugly tucked up for an hour. Pretty soon in came Ino, a little black and white dog, the pet of the family. Mrs. Carroll did not know that Ino was allowed to lay on the patch cushion as often as he liked, and that he counted it his own.

He was rather astonished at finding the baby on his sofa, but concluded it was all right, and there was room for him, too. So he jumped up and curled himself in a round ball beside the baby, putting one paw over him. Of course the long, lithe, slender paw could not hurt the little one, and there they slept together for some time. Mrs. Carroll was in the next room at dinner.

When the baby woke, she came to take him up, and lo! Ino refused to let her touch him. No doubt he thought the baby had been given to the family he lived with, and that it was his duty to guard him. Mrs. Carroll was not used to dogs, and she was frightened. "O my baby! The dog will hurt my baby!" she screamed.

Ino's master came to her relief. "He won't hurt him," he said, "but he won't let you touch him," and taking up the baby he laid him in his mother's arms. Ino, thinking he had fulfilled his trust, jumped down and ran off to his dinner. —M. O. J. in *Youth's Companion*.

A Wise Woman.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood.

She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke. "Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river," she commanded, "and it be brought me here alive."

This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber."

This was done, too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed, and its clothes put on the large fish.

"Carry the creature outside now, and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women."

The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, no doubt, by the wrappings in which it was swaddled.

Without a moment's pause, one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child.

"Without a doubt she is the true mother," she declared; and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued, and the child given to her.

"Without a doubt she is the true mother," she declared; and the mandarin nodded his head, and thought his wife the wisest woman in the "Flowery Kingdom."

Meantime, the false mother crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of dressing the little baby in the best silks she could find in her wardrobe. —Churchman.

Mortimer McRoberts and Maud C. Mansfield were married in Cincinnati the other day, and after the ceremony, McRoberts went to the hotel office to pay his bill, carrying a small hand-bag. After getting the receipt, he hurried to his bride, leaving the bag on the floor under the cashier's window. In about fifteen minutes he returned pale as a ghost and gasped: "Did I leave my satchel here?" Without a word the clerk handed it to him, and with a sigh of relief he grabbed and opened it. Then the eyes of the clerk stuck out with astonishment, for the bag was full of money. It contained a round \$50,000. —Cincinnati Times.

Some firemen, somewhere, evidently smitten with somebody, gave the following toast: "Cupid and his torch, the only incendiary that can kindle a flame which the engines can not quench."

SEALING LETTERS.

The Methods Successfully Employed From the Remotest Antiquity.

How were letters sealed before the invention of gummed envelopes? In one of the last numbers of *Le Livre*, Mr. S. Blondel has an interesting article upon this subject, in which he describes all the methods of sealing that have been successfully employed from the remotest antiquity. The first seals consisted of a ring that was affixed to clay or bole, and later to chalk or *creta asiatica*, a mixture of pitch, wax and plaster. The use of wax did not begin to become general till the Middle Ages. Beeswax, rendered yellow by time, was the first material used. Then came sealing wax mixed with a white substance. Red wax began with Louis VI., in 1113; and green wax made its appearance about the year 1163.

In the thirteenth century, yellow, brown, rose, black and blue were added to the foregoing colors. Black wax is a rarity met with in the seals of the military religious orders.

Among the ancient, ring seals were used not only for sealing letters, but also, as small locks were not common, for sealing caskets and chests that contained valuable objects; and they were even employed for sealing the doors of houses and apartments.

Under the first empire, people began to make wafers, which were brought from Italy by the soldiers and officers of the French army. These wafers were cut with a punch out of a thin lead made of flour. Finally gummed envelopes gradually began to replace sealing wax and wafers nearly everywhere. The first envelopes, which were manufactured in England, date back to 1840. The machine for folding them was invented in 1843, by Messrs. Edwin Hill and Warren de la Rue, and in 1849 was so improved by the latter that it was capable of folding and gumming 3,600 envelopes per hour. Since 1850 the annual production of envelopes has been greatly increasing, and there are now being daily manufactured in Paris alone 1,500,000.

As regards the seals used by certain famous individuals when the use of wax was in vogue, *Le Livre* gives the following information:

Goethe, after his return from Italy, almost always sealed his letters with an antique head, such as that of Socrates, Minerva or Leda. The astronomer Laplace's seal had a ship engraved upon it, and Meyerbeer's had a lyre, with the legend, "Always in tune." Victor Hugo had a very simple seal. At the sale of his effects in 1852, Arsene Houssaye bought a seal with the initials V. H., so arranged that when inverted they formed the cipher A. H.—*La Science en Famille*.

BURDETTE'S CHILDHOOD.

What the Humorist Knows About the First and Second Years of His Life.

The arrival of a new boy in the little village of Greensborough, Greene County, Pennsylvania, on the 30th of July, 1844, interested me about as little as any event that ever occurred on the banks of the Monongahela. Other villagers came to inquire after the boy and his pretty mother; they decided whom the baby looked like, and what his name should be; they dandled him and guessed at his weight; they petted and praised him and loved him. But I and the baby didn't seem to get on. At first sight of him I broke into pitiful wails, and brandished my fists as though I had met my mortal enemy. As the boy grew older, and opportunities for annoying him presented themselves more frequently, I persecuted him the more. I thrust my thumb into his eyes; I kicked the blankets off his sleeping form of nights; often I had fallen down stairs with him, had not my sister Mary protected him. I have fidgeted and struggled until I thrust concealed pins in the person of that innocent, shrieking child. As the years of his boyhood came and went, more than all other people in the world I led that boy into mischief and got him into trouble; and I never got over this singular antipathy. I have been unkind to him where I would be tenderly merciful to a stranger; I have been pitiless with him where I have been gracious to my enemies. I have been the cause of all his mistakes and misdeeds; a thousand times I have been a stumbling-block in his way, and then I have smitten him because he stumbled over me. Often and often I wonder how bright and happy and good that boy's life might have been had he never met me.

The boy went West with my parents in 1846. Family traditions state that he went all the way from Greensborough to Cincinnati. Possibly he was heart-broken at leaving his native State, to which he returned long years afterwards. Perhaps he wept because he knew that the earth and several coal-mining stations would one day be seized by the Ohio man, and he was born beyond the Panhandle. Whatever caused his grief, he kept it a secret forever. He merely announced, firmly and distinctly, to every living soul on that boat, that he was crying; but did not say what he was crying about. He never told me; if he did, I have forgotten it. —Robert J. Burdette, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

The reports of the Senate and House proceedings during the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress, occupied 17,099 columns in the *Congressional Record*. The House was in session 1,049 hours and 18 minutes, the Senate 917 hours and four minutes.

"Does the man fall to the pavement, or does the pavement fly up and hit the man?" This question bothered the brain of Timothy Long, of Ware, Mass., until he went down in the cellar and hung himself. —Boston Herald.

BILL NYE'S NEW TEETH.

He Tells His Son All He Knows About Filling a Tottering Mouth.

Your last issue of the *Retina*, your new thought vehicle, published at New Belony, was received yesterday. I like this number, I think, better than I did the first. While the news in it seems fresher, the editorial assertions are not so fresh. You do not state that you "have come to stay" this week, but I infer that you occupy the same position you did last week with reference to that.

I was more especially interested in your piece about how to rear children and the care of parents. I read it to your mother last night while she was setting her bread. Nothing tickles me very often at my time of life, and when I laughed a loud peal of laughter at any thing nowadays it's got to be a pretty blamed good thing, I can tell you that. But your piece about bringing up children made me laugh real hard. I enjoy a piece like that from the pen of a juicy young brain like yours. It almost made me young again to read the words of my journalistic gossiping son.

You also say that "teething is the most trying time for parents." Do you mean that parents are more fretful when they are teething than any other time? Your mother and me reckoned that you must mean that. If so, it shows your great research. How a mere child hardly out of knee-panties, a young shoot like you, who was never a parent for a moment in his life, can enter into and understand the woes that beset parents is more than I can understand. If you had been through what I have while teething I could see how you might understand and write about it, but at present I do not see through it. The first teeth I cut as a parent made me very restless. I was sick two years ago with a new disease that was just out, and the doctor gave me something for it that made my teeth fall like the leaves of autumn. In six weeks after I began to convalesce my mouth was perfectly bald-headed. For days I didn't bite into a Ben Davis apple that I didn't leave a fang into it.

Well, after that I saw an advertisement in the *Rural Rustler*—a paper I used to take then—of a place where you could get a set of teeth for six dollars. I didn't want to buy a high-priced and gaudy set of teeth at the tail end of such a life as I had led, and I knew that teeth, no matter how expensive they might be, would be of little avail to coming generations, so I went over to the place named in the paper and got an impression of my mouth taken.

There is really nothing in this life that will take the stiff-necked pride out of a man like viewing a plaster cast of his tottering mouth. The dentist fed me with a large ladle full of putty or plaster of paris, I reckon, and told me to hold it in my mouth till it set.

I don't remember a time in all my life when the earth and transitory things ever looked so undesirable and so trifling as they did while I sat there in that big red barber chair with my mouth full of cold putty. I felt just as a man might when he is being taxidermied.

After awhile the dentist took out the cast. It was a cloudy day and so it didn't look much like me after all. If it had I would have sent you one. After I'd set again two or three times, we got a pretty fair likeness, he said, and I went home, having paid six dollars and left my address.

Three weeks after that a small boy came with my new teeth.

They were nice, white, shiny teeth, and did not look very ghastly after I had become used to them. I wished at first that the gums had been a duller red and that the teeth had not looked so new. I put them in my mouth, but they felt cold and distant. I took them out and warmed them in the sun-light. People going by no doubt thought that I did it to show that I was able to have new teeth, but that was not the case. I wore them all that forenoon while I butchered. There were times during the forenoon when I wanted to take them out, but when a man is butchering he hates to take his teeth out just because they hurt.

Neighbors told me that after my mouth got hardened on the inside it would feel better.

But, oh, how it relieved me at night to take those teeth out and put them on the top of a cool bureau, where the wind could blow through their whiskers! How I hated to resume them in the morning and start in on another long day, when the roof of my mouth felt like a big red bunion and my gums like a pale red stone bruise.

A year ago, Henry, about twenty-three in the afternoon, I think it was, I left that set of teeth in the rear flank of a barbeque I was to in our town.

Since then I have not been so pretty, perhaps, but I have no more unicorns on the rafters of my mouth and my note is just as good at thirty days as ever it was.

You are right, Henry, when you go on to state in your paper that teething is the most trying time for parents. —Bill Nye, in *Chicago News*.

Had Been There Before.

"And do you doubt my love?" he asked, passionately.

"No, George," she answered with admirable poise, "but when you say that the day you call me your's will usher in an era of lifelong devotion and tender solicitude, you—pardon me, dear—you put it on a trifle too thick. You seem to forget, George, that I am a widow." —N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Coville thinks the insane can be controlled, if not wholly cured, by music. If this be so let us build music halls instead of asylums. —Boston Globe.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

How the Wash Dresses of the Coming Season Will be Draped and Cut.

The cotton dresses being prepared in advance of the season for spring and summer wear are mostly of Scotch gingham, satteens, lawns and muslins, trimmed with embroidery, velvet and the corded and looped-edge ribbons of smooth silk in preference to those of satin or velvet. The waists of these dresses are basques, or else round waists gathered to a belt, while some of the French models are polonaises. The basques are shaped like those of stuff dresses, with darts and side forms, though not made to fit so snugly, and are lined throughout, sometimes with the dress material (being merely doubled), or in other cases with a plain solid color of that material if the goods are at all transparent, while the close satteens have colored satteen or thin silesia linings that are sometimes supplied with whalebones, and finished in every way as a silk or wool dress would be. The gingham and lawn basques are made with reference to the laundry, and may be without lining or with it, as the wearer chooses, and should have the seams pressed open and overcast. The shirred basques will be worn again, with shirring just in front of the throat, or else along the shoulders, and again at the waist line in back and plain basques are short all around, but are pointed in front and have two box pleats behind. Their trimming is open-patterned embroidery, set on as a slender V-shaped vest, with narrow revers of the embroidery beside it. The collar is turned over and straight, as are the cuffs of the coat sleeves, or the wristband of the shirt sleeves, which are again suggested. The edge of the basque has in it embroidery shaped to a point in front, wider on the hips, and quite wide in the back, where it passes under the postilion pleats. A short square bow of ribbon is on the left side of the collar, and a larger bow with ends in on the waist line in the back. Small pearl buttons, nearly flat, with eyes in the center.

The skirt and its drapery are attached to one belt; the skirt is gored as any foundation skirt is, hemmed plainly, or finished with a foot-pleating, and has a cushion bustle and steels. If the appearance of a full skirt is desired, there is a fall of the material, or of deep embroidery sewed with scant gathers or pleated around this skirt, and the drapery is long enough to conceal the upper part of this fall, which may be half a yard deep, or deeper if required. The overskirt of the dress goods falls in a long pointed apron, with the point turned up underneath, and has square or rounded back breadths, with the top drooping down from the belt in points or burnoose folds. The long round overskirt will be worn again, as it always is, simply hemmed, and caught up on the sides to suit the figure of the wearer, either in long funnel-shaped pleats, or for a slight figure with full folds on the hips; this overskirt is liked with a very plain lower skirt made of a straight fall tucked above a hem, or with rows of insertion and a hem instead of scallops.

White gingham with bars or stripes of color wide apart are the novelty for wash dresses this spring, and are being made up with the lower skirt of open embroidery, showing the foundation skirt beneath it of the barred or striped gingham. This is very stylish in white with brown bars, open-striped Hamburg and golden brown taffeta ribbon. The short wrinkled apron or the longer pointed one and the back are of the barred goods, and there are long loops and ends of brown ribbon down the left side. Sometimes a second fall of embroidery is needed on one side or on both to cover the lower skirt as high as the belt; indeed, there is a decided tendency for separating spring draperies on the sides, especially in combination dresses, confining the apron to the front, showing the lower skirt up to the belt on each side, and massing the back drapery into a very narrow space, no matter though it is very full and bouffant. The gingham basque has a vest, revers, turned-over collar, cuffs and edging of the scalloped embroidery. Other white gingham are barred or striped with old rose or porcelain blue, bright primrose yellow, apple green, or heliotrope, and have silk ribbons of the color introduced; sometimes two shades of ribbon are used, a loop and end of each shade forming the small tightly strapped bow on the collar, the larger one with drooping loops on the postilion, and that with long ends on the left side of the skirt. The striped gingham are in great favor, and are often made up without embroidery, with gathered waist and belt or basque, and a hem and tucks as the simple finish. Primrose and heliotrope stripes alternating, or else white and lavender stripes, are in great favor, also two shades of blue in stripes, or pink with brown. —Harper's Bazar.

As an express was entering Carson, Nev., the other day, a man fell upon the track while attempting to cross it just before the train came to the depot. He apparently caught his toe against a rail, and fell with such violence as to become stunned. The train was not more than one hundred yards away and the man would have been run over if an agile Pute had not jumped to his rescue and dragged him out of his serious predicament. In doing so the Indian narrowly escaped with his own life. When the man recovered his senses and learned what a narrow escape he had he went down into his pocket and flashed out a twenty dollar piece, which he handed to the Indian, remarking: "Old pard, you've earned it."

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—One of the best evidences of the advantage of plenty of pure water for stock is seen in the prompt gain shown by cattle upon being turned out to grass.

—A little camphor in the water when bathing the face will remove all "shine." And remember, girls, all face powders are snares and delusions. —Troy Times.

—"A Spotted Dick" is a favorite nursery pudding. Roll out two pounds of plain paste, dot it all over here and there with best raisins, roll it, tie it in a cloth and boil one hour. Serve with sugar, nutmeg and butter. —Good Housekeeping.

—In 3,360 pounds of hay there are 902 ounces of potash, 176 ounces of soda, 450 ounces of lime, 162 ounces of magnesia, 204 ounces of phosphoric acid, 92 ounces of sulphur, 83 ounces of chlorine, 920 ounces of silica and 784 ounces of nitrogen.

—Prof. Forbes says that at least seventy per cent. of the apples now destroyed or injured by the codling moth may be saved to ripening by one or more sprayings with Paris green, made in the early spring, while the fruit is not larger than a hazelnut.

—After the efforts of years, says a correspondent of the *National Live-Stock Journal*, cattle from which superior roasts and steaks can be cut bear about the same proportion to all the cattle of the country that the Seckel pear bears to all other pears.

—Potato Noodles: Grate one dozen of boiled potatoes, add two eggs, a little salt, half a cupful of milk, enough flour to knead stiff, then cut in small pieces, and roll long and round, one inch thick, fry in plenty of lard to a nice brown. —Chicago Herald.

—Nice cake: One cupful of sugar mixed with two tablespoonfuls of butter; add one cupful of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder, half a cupful of corn starch, half a cupful of milk and the whites of three eggs, flavoring with vanilla. Bake in a good oven. —Chicago News.

—The necessity of "firming the ground" after seedling is recognized by all the best authorities, yet many farmers and gardeners persist in not seeing the utility of it. A single trial would probably convince them, but they won't even try. "None so blind as they that will not see." —N. Y. Examiner.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.

How to Cure and Prevent Future Attacks of This Painful Ailment.

In spring and summer horses are continually subject to muddy limbs. If not attended to the unsightliness ends in scratches, which often run into grease, sometimes difficult to cure. Many otherwise good farmers seem to be all at sea as to the proper means of preventing the attack, as well as the cure.

There are two principal reasons for the disease attacking the limbs of horses, and called prairie-itch, ground-itch grease, etc. One reason is a too plethoric condition of the horse from standing in the stable without exercise. Another is getting the limbs wet and muddy, the body being heated, and then putting the animal into a cold stable to shiver all night. If in addition the limbs be washed with water, under the erroneous idea that it is a kindness, or, what is still more dangerous, cold water is dashed on the limbs of the animal, trouble is almost sure to follow. The true preventive of scratches when the animal comes into the stable is to clean the limbs thoroughly with water—warm water being preferable—and when the limbs have been rubbed strongly for five minutes encase them as high as they are wet in flannel bandages. Common scratches are simply the result of want of proper care and cleaning. In the morning take off the bandages and clean the limbs thoroughly with the horse-brush, rubbing them afterwards with a wisp of hay, or a horse cloth. If not to be bandaged, it is better that the legs be not washed but be allowed to stand with the mud on until morning.

If scratches have already appeared wash the limbs in strong castile soap-suds water until the skin is thoroughly cleaned. Then apply a slippery-elm poultice, with salt, in the proportion of one-fourth pound of ground slippery elm to one ounce of salt. The heat having been subdued, wash the limbs twice a day with a weak solution of salt and vinegar. This will generally effect a cure.

If, however, the disease has run into grease a mild cathartic should be given as an alternative, for there is generally more or less liability to blood poisoning in this form of the disease. The cathartic may consist of five drachms aloes and one drachm each of gentian and of ginger. Form into a thumb-shaped ball with soap or sirup and administer, thrusting it well back on the tongue. The medicine having operated, give a teaspoonful of powdered saltpeter in the food morning and night for three or four days. Apply a hot poultice once a day to the inflamed parts, sprinkling powdered charcoal over each poultice. Continue until the inflammation is all gone. Then if the parts are washed with tepid water often enough to keep them clean and the following lotion is applied three times a day the animal should soon be sound. The lotion is composed of one ounce of sugar of lead dissolved in one pint of water. When applying the lotion give a tablespoonful of epsom salts in the feed once a day, and if proud flesh appears destroy it by applying burnt alum to the parts. —Chicago Tribune.

