

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

CONGRESSIONAL.

In the Senate on the 21st Mr. Mitchell spoke vehemently of the conduct of Colonel Parsons of the Department who has suspended work on the cascades in the Columbia river and offered a resolution of inquiry.

The Senate on the 23d several communications were received from the Department in reply to resolutions of inquiry. The presiding officer, Senator Sherman, presented his resignation to take effect Saturday, February 26.

More petitions were presented in the Senate on the 23d for the passage over the President's veto of the Pension bill.

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THE EAST.

At a recent conference of the Connellsville, (Pa.) coke syndicate, it was decided not to give an advance to workmen of more than 5 per cent.

A few weeks ago a family named Baldwin, living about two miles west of South Butler, Wayne County, N. Y., ate some pieces of raw ham.

A bomb was thrown into Worth street, Boston, recently, and exploded with great noise but no damage.

The Western Nail Association met in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 23d and reaffirmed the old card rate.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, has intimated that if his stenographer yet had the notes of his regret which is said to have been expressed at the Brooklyn dinner at the instance of Governor Hill, he (the mayor) would have it reproduced and made public.

General Thomas W. Egan died in a hospital in New York City the other day of epilepsy.

The New York Supreme Court has decided in favor of the Stock Exchange in regard to interfering with ticker privileges.

Another trunk containing mutilated human remains has been found at the Baltimore and Ohio depot at Pittsburgh, Pa.

William Busch, the murderer who escaped from the Ridgeway (Pa.) jail has been captured.

Mr. and Mrs. Barbour Drum, aged about fifty, were burned to death in their dwelling in the town of Big Flats, N. Y., the other morning.

The Michigan Republican State convention met in Detroit on the 23d and nominated the following ticket.

The legislative muddle in Indiana took an acute shape on the 24th. The court claiming that it had no jurisdiction in the Lieutenant Governorship question.

The Union Labor convention, in session at Cincinnati, selected the following National Executive Committee.

The Wabash line of lake steamers, which was operated by the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific railroad from Buffalo to Toledo, has been leased to the Erie railroad.

Mrs. J. M. Cuxner, of Indianapolis, Ind., was burned to death by an explosion of gasoline recently.

The South St. Louis iron foundry, which has been idle for five years, will be put in operation shortly.

The Industrial Gazette, of St. Louis, makes the announcement that there has just been uncovered near Tuscaloosa, Ala., a bed of red hematite iron ore sixteen feet thick.

Mrs. Logan has selected the center of the circle of the north end of South park, Chicago, for the burial place for herself and General Logan, and the site for the monument.

A severe terrible blizzard was reported in the Legislature of West Virginia adjourned on the 25th without electing a United States Senator.

GENERAL.

TERRIBLE and disastrous earthquake shocks occurred in the southeastern part of France on the morning of the 23d.

The Portuguese have bombarded Fango, a town in Zanzibar. Reinforcements have been sent from Portugal to the Governor of Mozambique.

The British steamship Weatherall has been sunk in a collision with a bark and one of the crew has been lost.

VIENNA diplomats surmise that the statements of the Russian press that Russia will abstain from action in Bulgaria are intended to lead the attention of the powers from Bulgaria where startling surprises may be apprehended.

The newspapers of Paris are jubilant over the result of the election in Alsace-Lorraine.

The people of the Sanwan islands have positively declined to be annexed to the Sandwich islands.

Two men and Socialists indulged in a free fight in an Amsterdam cafe the other night and the police had hard work restoring order.

An unknown schooner has been wrecked on the coast of Vancouver's island. Twelve of the crew were drowned.

The British bark Fanny Atkinson, Captain Hawthorne, was abandoned, water-logged, February 7, in the Gulf of Mexico, while on a voyage from Apalachicola for Belfast.

The Reichsrath at Vienna has passed the bill which provides for the creation of a national bank.

It is rumored that the German Government has given orders for extensive maneuvers of the German fleet in the Baltic in August.

The French Senate by a vote of 210 to 30 reinserted the budget for credit for settlement of the budget.

An alternative scheme for gradually abolishing the importation of iron into Russia has been submitted.

The bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the establishment of an industrial school for girls, after passing a number of local bills the Senate adjourned.

The Senate on the 25th further debated the Temperance bill in Committee of the whole.

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KANSAS STATE NEWS.

Kansas Legislature. In the Senate on the 23d the bills passed making appropriations for per diem and mileage of agents of State institutions.

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HEWITT'S LETTER.

A Scorching Letter that was Suppressed and Afterward Published. New York, Feb. 25.—The following letter from Mayor Hewitt was to have been read at the New York Southern Society's banquet Tuesday night.

There was but one exception to the Constitution, as originally framed, to the guarantee of personal liberty to every citizen, and the result on the fortunes of the North and South was most marked and is now apparent to every student of politics.

And yet, while this demonstration has been going on in the South, a retrograde movement has been inaugurated in the North looking to the enslavement of the citizen and the destruction of all rights of free action.

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THOUSANDS KILLED.

Further Details of the Great European Earthquake.

Rome, Feb. 24.—Details were received this morning of the results of the earthquake yesterday, showing the effects to be far more serious than thought.

Another shock was felt at Montecitorio. It was so severe that houses were shaken. No one was injured. Additional details concerning the damage done yesterday show in some cases villages built on the mountain side toppled into the valleys.

Two thousand killed. Rome, Feb. 25.—Reports of the earthquake disaster continue to arrive. The total number of deaths reported to the present time is about 2000.

London, Feb. 25.—Further dispatches concerning the earthquakes in Southern Europe states that although there has been no further shocks at Nice the panic has not yet subsided.

Paris, Feb. 25.—Two slight shocks of earthquakes were felt yesterday at Nice and Cannes. No injury was done.

Rome, Feb. 25.—It is reported that at Albano, a village of 500 inhabitants, successive shocks lowered nearly every house.

Paris, Feb. 25.—A renewal of earthquake shocks has occurred in the southern section of France.

Indiana Excited. Lieutenant Governor Robertson Pushed Back of the Senate.

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DEATH BY DYNAMO.

Peculiar Way in Which a Dynamo Engineer Lost His Life.

SMIA, Ala., Feb. 25.—Engineer Henry Smith, of the electric works of this city, while oiling a gauge on a box attached to the dynamo, about five o'clock last evening, it is supposed, evidently fell the oiling can, which lodged on the electric brush and against his body, and produced a perfect current, the shock of which killed him almost instantly.

The body was found in the dynamo room at the time the accident occurred. Uttering three guttural cries of pain, the attention of the fireman was attracted to him. When discovered he was walking hurriedly across the room, with his body drawn almost in a doubled position.

His body was struck with blue stripes while his eyes are bloodshot. The deceased has no relatives here. He was formerly from Massachusetts. He was a member of the order of Odd Fellows, also the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The first twenty days of February forty-six cases of drunkenness were registered at police headquarters in Topeka.



# Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

CHAS. WOOD PAPER, KANSAS.

## MOTHERHOOD.

I hold within my arms a day  
A priceless bit of mortal clay;  
Divinely fashioned, and so fair  
The angels well may kinship share.

My soul with gratitude is filled;  
My heart with mother love is thrilled;  
My eyes beam o'er with newborn joy,  
While gazing on my cherub boy.

O, precious one! through tears I see  
A mighty task awaiting me;  
My happy sky grows overcast—  
Life's duties loom so grand, so vast.

To shield from wrong, to right incline  
This little life now linked to mine,  
Divine the gift. Oh, may the mould  
A heart of truth and honor hold.

Help me, kind Heaven, to know the way  
From out the tangles of each day,  
To guide him safe to manhood's prime,  
And all the glory shall be Thine.

—Mrs. M. E. Pratt, in Good Housekeeping.

## "QUEEN" ANTOINETTE.

Why She Was Not Buried in the Far West.

TOUGH CASE, CAL., Sept. 17.  
DEAR NORA—Your letter has reached me at last, which through mere carelessness passed and repassed this new home I've found in the West. So you seem astonished that I should still find my "wild dream" so much to my fancy when once I have had full experiences of the good and the bad? Well, Nora, I'll tell you how 'twas that I came to shun the world's homage and bury my name forever from sight.

After Charlie came home from his hard life of study in Naples and Rome, it seemed to me somehow that there was a change in his manner toward me—perhaps it was strange that I noticed at all his indifferent way; but lovers—engaged—are quite apt to display more pointed attention than he cared to show (and we were engaged then, dear Nora, you know, and were to have married that winter). His eyes would rove from my features, and searching the skies would seek out a star looking most like the one he was wont to gaze on when his studies were done—away off in Italy! Then he would sigh as he spoke of the azure that vaulted the sky, and the long, perfect days compared to which ours are grizzled and gray and gloomy. The hours dragged dully when he was beside me—oh, me! The sighs that I noticed were signs one could see without the fond eyes of a lover!

One day he came in as usual—simply to pay his respects and to ask after me. I came down dressed in that stylish *gros grain* morning gown (you remember I loaned you the pattern, my child?). He looked at me earnestly, fondly, then smiled, and laying his hand kindly on my blonde head—"Little Toinette," he softly and tenderly said, "I came, dear, to ask a strange question to-day and to tell you 'tis better that I go away—back to Rome and to Naples. And, furthermore, dear—"

"Stop, Charlie!" I cried, "not one word will I hear more than those you have uttered! If you care to go, no mere word of mine—no 'yes' or 'no' will affect your plans in the least—so, good-day!" And full of the bitter anger away from his presence I marched in my staidliest tread and threw myself down on my little white bed to sob out my grief.

Oh, the week that I passed! And then how the terrible news came at last that Charley had really sailed off to Rome, and my aunt said: "The goodness knows when he'll come home!" and "Such people never know when they're well off!" But I was too heart-sick and sorry to scath at the only kinswoman I have upon earth—for you know that my dear mother died at my birth, and papa soon after—but just moped about until the cold weather had worn itself out, and spring came once more.

Then one day I chanced to read in a newspaper, through which I glanced (to take my thoughts off from myself), now out West a settlement was then greatly distressed at want of a teacher for their little ones—the miners themselves, and their daughters and sons. I pounced on the paragraph, took it to aunt, who said in her own dry, terse way that "You shan't think of it, even! What you, young child, go out to a country so savage and wild—where bears and paposes and Indians rove by thousands through every dark sugar-tree grove! What you, Antoinette, with your pale angel-face—a rich heir-ess at that—teach a rough-living race for humanity's sake?" and her Serres cup trembled violently. Of course she gave up—in due time—and, in the soft April weather, my aunt and I came away out West together—and we've been here five months.

I wish you could see our little log cabin beneath a pine tree, which the miners have fashioned as well as they could and walled it and trimmed it with every known wood the forests of old California could boast! And the miners themselves! A regular host met us when aunt and I "landed." There came from among them a woman, who gave us her name—"Nancy Blizzers"—and welcomed us to their rude town, while the men stood about shame-faced, awkward and brown—big, tall sturdy giants afraid, dear, of me!

We went home with Nancy, who made us our tea—I call it that, dear, by the time of the day, though there wasn't a leaf from the realms of Cathay within many odd miles!

The next day I went to the "school house" they'd made for me out of a

tent, and I almost laughed, Nora (and almost cried, too), when a big-fisted man showed me what he could do, and spelled "baker" proudly, correctly, and said: "I've got to two syllabubs, haven't I, now, Ned?"

"Why, that's nice, I answered him, touched in the heart I thought Charlie took with him.

"I'll do my part, and before summer's gone you'll be reading, trust me."

"Thunder!" said Ned, who was tall as a tree and straight as an arrow.

"Thunder?" said I; "why, I see no storm clouds at all in the sky, and one must have lightning before thunder sounds, and there's been no flash."

I heard some one say "Zounds, she's an angel, boy—war o' yer blasted loose tongue—ye know how't kin blasphe-me when worst it is bring'er the p'int!" And, Nora, though I've overheard blood-curdling language and many a word sworn once and again when they thought me away, they never so much as a "thunder" will say when my presence is with them. And now, Nora dear, I'll describe just a few of my good pupils here. There's "Fourteenth Street" who, having left a bad wife, came out in despair for the rest of his life—and he is called "Forty," for short! Then here's "Sin," a meek little fellow, short, faded and thin.

The "Gent from Arkansas" comes next on my list—broad-shouldered, with such a gigantic, hard fist. "Deacon Ben," a queer genius who drinks more than any, and who is more frightened at me, dear, than many soberer, steadier men—and I trust that kind Providence, always loving and just, will give me a chance once to frighten him so that the road to the bar 'll be the one he won't go! I think if I can not talk him to reason I'll enact a white specter at the best for a season, and waylay him at night; my pupils all say this will be the surest and likeliest way.

So you see we have "romances." Speaking of these, I'll tell you a romance I'm quite sure will please your fastidious taste. Before "act" or "scene" I must tell you that Antoinette here is called "Queen"; the cognomen started somehow with the men, and they would have it so, though again and again I have told them 'twas foolish.

Scene first shows a tree—a sovereign disconsolate—recognize me; and leaning thereon as she sits at its foot with her head on her hand and her arm on a root musing full bitterly; for, my good friend, my life isn't sunshine beginning or end.

Away in the distance the white mountain peaks lose themselves up in cloudland; while purplish streaks, barred with crimson and gold flame bright in the sun which kissed the Sierras, now his course was run, in loving "farewell!" The dark pines overhead moaned in the soft wind the words that I said to Charlie, again and again. The stream, as bright heretofore as a brook in a dream, flowed, sullen and brown, down low in the gorge; the orange light flamed from Tim Bel-lowses' forge like a faint mirrored "reflect" thrown down from the sky. The evening a picture in harmony; I, with my stifled bewailing, a blot on the scene; my life in its autumn, while fresh living green around me and o'er me its canopy spread from the moss at my feet to the horizon's red. Groups here of young miners, groups there of old—all rocking the cradles that bring them their gold.

And soon will come twilight. I rise from my feet and, trampling the emerald grass 'neath my feet, go loitering along the one "street" of the town to where my own cabin stands. Aunt has a frown on her angular features.

"My Antoinette. Heaven knows if it's wrong, dear, to send you—but, yet, there's a duel in prospect—you surely must go—the 'Gent from Arkansas' and 'Hatchet-faced Joe' are at odds—you will find them both down at the creek."

"To be sure, aunt," I answer. The latch gives a "click" and I am soon down at the stream-side. You'll think it "strangely ridiculous," Nora, you'd shrink at the name of a duel—well, once so would I! But now I go boldly to where I descry a knot of men, black looking 'gainst the gray gloom, but ere I approach them I see that the doom of a quick, instant death is averted.

"It's Queen, it's Queen Antoinette," they all cry; "hev ye seen a rum-look-in' fellar, a huntsman o' style, who wars reg'lar boots and whose har smells o' ile! And whose lining rib-buns hev buttons o' gold—gay fox—like 'nuff—about thirty years old?"

"Not I," I say solemnly; "what I came for was to ask you two men here the cause of this war—I heard that a life was in jeopardy—shame! Let cowards, not brave men, sirs, play at that game."

I never can tell why these men show such fear of my own insignificant presence. I hear low murmurs of "all right;" "I'll be —;" "no sir-ee—catch me a-pullin' a trigger at he."

"Shill I go bust my brains out agin that there stun, or what shill I do for repentance?" asks one. Says the other: "Jist order me suthin' to do—"

"Thank you, my friends; I am satisfied. Who was the stranger you spoke of?"

"Can't say for sartin'," answers an old man by name "Nosey Martin."

tell him who lived hereabouts. I'd jest named you, Queen, when them that blarsted shouts o' 'Hatchet-faced Joe' put an end to our gab. We harkened a bit to the fust. With the blab of a parson at full blast Dandy-Sleeve spoke as considerin' sich murder a number one joke for men to be playin' at!"

"He stopped you then?"

"Don't ask me, Queen Antoinette, tackle them men! He leekered severely, and while we was skeered at his eloquence, like enough, Dandy-Sleeve cleared!"

"He's gone then?" I answer. "Good-night, friends, good-night!" and up through the darkening gloaming take flight and ransure auntie.

Well, Nora, next day a nugget was found by "Sir Boston Bluejay." Excitement took hold of these pupils of mine and books were at discount. The nugget was fine and larger than any they'd found at that place. So the diggings took holiday—scattered apart or clustered together to talk of their prize.

Again the red sun sank away in the skies of crimson and gold over there in the west. I sat down to dream out the dream I loved best—of course, 'twas of Charlie. Was he in Rome? Or had he come back to his Toinette's old home and found her away? What use were these dreams? You'll ask me, my Nora. Wild will-o'-wisp gleams of hope for the future, with Charlie's dear arm supporting me ever—There came an alarm from the forest's deep heart—a voice on the air cried:

"Clear the way, miners! Take out Queen, there, and her aunt! Lead them up high—far up the Sierras—the fever is nigh! I'm bringing a stranger—a man near his death with the demon of typhus!" Deacon Ben's breath gave up after this, and he stood far apart from the miners, whose children and wives from the start of his cry had huddled in terror.

My aunt went straight to the "Deacon," beginning to rant in her usual fashion, and, spite of their fears, brought him into our cabin. The stranger's hot tear's baptized our hands lovingly.

Ah, well a day! The romance ends itself in the usual way! I went straight to Auntie—she frowned, then she smiled—"I knew you, young scape-grace—my own darling child!" "Sh, he's sleeping! Come closer; there now, Toinette, look well at him, darling!"

I'll never forget till the day of my death how I leaned o'er the face on the hot, tumbled pillow and noted the graces of his exquisite features, comparing the lines of his brow—fever-flushed—with those of the men of the mines, with their plebeian features. Deacon Ben came to "inquire for the stranger," giving his name as "young Dandy-Sleeve, who had settled the fray the previous evenin'." I found him away down in the gulches a-talkin' so queer that, Queen, I jest went up a purpose to hear—what kissin' my hand, are ye—old Ben mus blubber—"I ain't—sure—I ain't nothin' but an ole lubber—goo—good-ye!" and he left us.

The heart that I thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! 'Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young "Dandy-Sleeve." Suppose though the long nights of watching you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would you heart be as adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cool drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't start, you know I would follow my impulsive heart! "Rest, darling, be quiet. Forgive me, please, dear, I can guess what a wild goose chase has brought you out here—and the 'goose,' sir, is captive—no words from you, now!" and pushing the dark, bonny locks from his brow, I peered into his eyes. Such a world full of joy came from their brown depths! "Now, be a good boy, and rest you!"

Well, Nora, the rest is soon told. Sir Boston's Bluejay's mammoth nugget of gold was given next week to the "Queen." The prayer came with it, that our "Queen" should stay in the air of the mountains and marry the young Dandy-Sleeves before the late autumn had colored the leaves.

I turn to my hero—"Well, Dandy-Sleeve, dear, shall we stay with our subjects the rest of the year?"

"Vive la reine, love," he answers; "yes, stay till Jack Frost has shown that his feet o'er the mountains have crossed—then ho! for Italy—glorious Rome—where I've for the past year been making a home; where once I tried, darling, to ask you to go—but you stopped me abruptly!"

So, Nora, you know we are married. And would you please do this for me? Go down town to Stewart's and buy what you see quite stylish in dress goods, gloves, laces and shoes—the handsomest articles—you can't refuse? for which find the enclosed. Direct them, "Tough Case," wife of Charles "Dandy-Sleeve,"—"Queen Toinette" of that place.

My auntie sends love, dear; and Nora, don't fret, or waste sympathy on your old friend,

ANTOINETTE.

—Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

—Thomas H. Dodge has given a one-thousand-dollar lump of gold to the Worcester, (Mass.) Natural History Society.

## EBELLIOUS BEASTS.

Philosopher App Tells of His Tribulations, and How He Lost Confidence in Cows.

I turned the cows out, and as old Bess was a little slow in going I just caught her by the tail and gave her a switch with it to hurry her up a little. I've been feeding old Bess off and on for five years, and I thought that she honored me and respected me, but suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye and with malice aforethought, she raised her hind leg and let fly at me with all her might. She hit me on the shin-bone, and you might have heard the collision for fifty yards. It hurt so bad I let her tail prematurely and hol-dered. It was a cowardly act of hers, but nevertheless I shall hereafter let those cows' tails alone. I thought from the report that the bone was broken, and I took on powerful and let Carl help me all the way to the house, but when I examined I found the bone all right and only the epidemio cuticle abraded. I've lost confidence in cows. They have no gratitude and no emotions of an exalted character. They are not fit for pets. A horse belongs to the nobility, but a cow is a scrub. She has about as much affection as a mule. She is a machine to manufacture milk, and that is all.

Nevertheless, I never like to sell my cattle to the butcher. I never kill one for my own use, and I never want to eat a beef-steak that comes from one of my own raising. Now hogs are very different. I have no lingering affection for a live hog. I can see a fat one killed with perfect indifference. It is his nature to be killed. He had just as lief be killed as not. There is no attraction about him; no beauty or comeliness, no traits of character, but after he is dead and dressed and dissected there is a greater variety of good things about him than about any other animal. There is backbone and spare-rib and sausage and hog's feet and hog's head and brains and jowls and turnip-greens and souse and lard and cracklin-bread and middling and ham and shoulder, and they are all good and yet all different in taste and satisfaction.

Well, the other morning I went down to feed the hogs, and as I was throwing the corn over in the pen the old cotswo'd ram jumped in to divide the breakfast, and as he was butting the hogs around lively I picked up a little stick and climbed over the low fence to chastise him and make him depart those coasts. I had some little hesitation about this business, and proceeded slowly and shook the stick at him. He just stepped backward a little and bowed his neck and doubled up his fore feet and made a lunge at me, and would have knocked me clean over the fence but I was over before he got to me. I was as mad as Jul and Cesar, and I grabbed up a fence rail and stood outside and punched him until he jumped out where he jumped in.

The good book says that man shall have dominion over the beasts of the field, but it looks like mine are in a state of rebellion, and are trying to have dominion over me.—Atlanta Constitution.

## A Byronic Joke.

John Taylor, in his reminiscences, tells us that he was much in the habit of visiting the green-room of Drury Lane Theater in order to cultivate an acquaintance with Lord Byron.

"He always," says Taylor, "received me with great kindness, and I particularly one night when I had returned from a public dinner and met him in the green-room. I had by no means drunk much wine, yet as I seemed to him to be somewhat heated, and appeared to be thirsty, he handed me a tumbler of water, as he said, to dilute me."—Detroit Free Press.

## One Game She Could Play

"Let's go to the theater to-night," said Snuffkins.

"No, I can't do it. I promised to stay at home to-night and play cards with my wife. Very pleasant way to spend the evening. You ought to try it."

"It's no good. I've tried it."

"Perhaps your wife doesn't play a good game."

"Well, I dunno," said Snuffkins rubbing his head reflectively. "She's a first rate at draw poker."—Merchant Traveler.

## Why She Was Angry.

They sat on a rustic bench, under the moon's pale beam, in the garden of a stately Austin mansion.

"Perhaps you are angry with me for having been so bold as to kiss you. But it was only one."

"Yes, sir, that's just why I am angry with you."

The lover pondered a moment, and then mitigated her anger with another kiss.—Texas Siftings.

—Greece has 33 gymnasia, 200 secondary schools and 1,717 primary schools. The care is all public. Among the private educational establishments, the first place must be given to the Society for the Higher Education of Women, in connection with which a lycee for girls was established a few years ago, with a staff of 76 teachers and 1,476 pupils. Greeks send their girls there from all parts of the east. Education is very liberally endowed in Greece, and the sums which Greeks settled in foreign countries send home for this purpose are very large.

—Mrs. Mulhooly (to drug store clerk)—That porous plaster that yez sold me for me old man was s'igh kind him. He couldn't get the teeth av him 'troot it at all I tried it, an' this it wa'n't much tunderer an' he's far from well in shpite av it.—Tid Bits.

## SPRING MILLINERY.

Coming Fashions in the Shapes and Colors of Hats and Bonnets.

The spring importations of wholesale millinery houses repeat in straw many of the shapes already seen in the winter bonnets and hats. Small bonnets and large hats will both be worn during the coming season. Importers predict the general use of fancy braids, though many Milan straws are shown in dark shades of color. There is an effort to introduce lower crowns, but high square crowns are shown on all the hats and nearly all the bonnets thus far opened. Bonnets remain very close at the side, the trimming being massed on top by the milliner in various ways to suit her fancy and the face of the wearer. While it is anticipated that ribbons and piece velvet will be standard trimmings for spring and summer, there are many fancy gauzes which will be used with flowers and for veiling flowers. There is a growing tendency to make bonnets individual in style, so that no two bonnets shall be alike; this necessitates the use of a variety of materials in trimming, and ostrich pompons, tips, aigrettes of feathers, and aigrettes and piques of fine flowers will all be used.

The colors of the spring will be on a subdued order or if any rich colors are used the aim will be to blend them so carefully that there will be nothing pronounced or bizarre in the effect. There are many rose tints among the new colors which will probably take the place of the brilliant cardinal and red shades of the previous seasons. These rose shades are shown in various tones of color from a fade tapestry pink known as "old rose," to the brilliant Charles the Tenth colors which repeat the shades and tints of the wild rose, and are usually called "eglantine" colors. Other pink shades are variously known as "crustacées" and "vernon Japan," which in its palest tint approaches in color the brilliant hue of the Japanese minnow and in the darkest shades becomes a purplish magenta. The "flamant" shades of red are a brilliant scarlet color. The beautiful blue-green tint of last season, called "Salambo," is imported again under the name of pigeon-green. Renaissance green in a color shade darker than Nile green—a fade tapestry tint taken from the old green of Gobelin embroidery. Pale Sevens blues in greenish tones are shown in several shades. Yellows range in color from the pale primrose yellows to the deep orange shades. Purples are imported in many shades and tones of color; there are reddish purples called this season "anemone" on the importers' cards of color, but these are better known by their old name of heliotrope; there are pale lilacs, lavenders and violet purples. Natural beige tints, drabs and standard colors complete the list of tints and shades. It is anticipated that two or more shades of the same color will be considered in better taste in millinery than strong contrast, whence some milliners speak doubtfully of the pronounced shades of rose introduced this spring, although these colors are very popular in Paris.—N. Y. Tribune.

## STORIES OF DUELING.

Some Amusing Anecdotes of Men Engaged in "Satisfying Honor."

The duel arose out of the ancient judicial combat, known as the trial by ordeal. One form of this trial was the Wager of Battel, which consisted of a personal combat between two antagonists in the presence of the judges. The principle of the trial was a reliance on the immediate providence of God to interpose to give victory to the innocent. The practice outlasted the principle. The duel took the place of the judicial combat, and a point of honor, which sanctioned revenge and murder, was allowed to thrust aside an appeal to God. The motive was no longer to obtain justice, but to avenge an insult by murdering the insulting man.

Dueling became so fashionable that a man, if challenged, had to fight or submit to social ostracism. But even in those days, here and there a man was to be found who refused to fight a duel because it was a sin against God. A brave soldier once refused a challenge for reasons which were set forth in the following lines:

"What, you're afraid, thee?" "Yes, I am—you're right. I am afraid to sin, but not to fight. I fear not man nor devil; but though, odd, I'm not ashamed to own, I fear my God."

The absurdity of two men settling a point of honor by shooting at each other was seen even by those who seconded them.

Two attorneys once fought a duel, and one of them shot away the other's coat-tail.

"If your antagonist," said the good shot's second, "had been a client, you would have hit his pocket."

The witty remark created a general laugh, under the influence of which the antagonists shook hands and made up.

Two men, engaged in "satisfying honor," were so nervous that each shot wide of his antagonist. One of the seconds suggested that honor being satisfied, the duelists should shake hands.

"That is wholly unnecessary," replied the other second; "their hands have been shaking this half-hour."

The two English radicals and demagogues, Home Tooke and John Wilkes, once quarreled. Tooke challenged Wilkes, who, being then sheriff of London, returned him this masterly retort:

"Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life. But, as I am at present High Sheriff of the city of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will advise for it that you shall have no ground to complain of my endeavors to serve you."—Youth's Companion.

## A MEAL FOR A CENT.

Lunch Houses Established by a Charitable Woman for the Poor of New York.

"Giv' us a cent, mister, for to git a lunch?"

The correspondent had for some time been cognizant of a tugging at his overcoat. Looking down in response to the hail he saw a diminutive street arab, with a package of papers under his arm, who repeated, when he found that he had succeeded in attracting the reporter's attention: "Won't yer giv' us a cent, sir, for a lunch?"

"You can't get a lunch for a cent," said the reporter.

"Yes," said he, pointing across Ann street to a little red booth; "pork and beans and coffee and a big hunk of bread."

"All for one cent?"

"Ce't: try it on yourself, if you don't believe, or ask any of the fellows."

Handing the lad a cent the reporter stepped aside to note the result.

"Hey, Pikey," said the recent applicant as he went across the street at a bound, "ketchef another sucker."

As the reporter had reason to believe that he was the "sucker" referred to, he determined to investigate and went over to the booth. There was a neatly-dressed man inside, and upon the visitor placing a cent on the counter and asking for a lunch, the individual handed out a plate of pork and beans and a cup of coffee, and what the gambler had designated as a hunk of bread. In response to inquiries as to how it was possible to supply so much for so little, the reporter was told to apply to 125 Madison street. Meanwhile a large number of youthful spectators had crowded about the booth. The beans were excellent, and the coffee better than the average served in ordinary restaurants. As the newsman turned away the youngsters cried in chorus: "How much did he giv' yer?"

In the next basement, 125 Madison street, the visitor was courteously received by Mrs. Lamadrid, who is the good Samaritan through whose exertions this boon to the poor was established. "There is not much to tell," was her reply to the reporter's question.

"The thing is not original at all. It has been in operation and with much success in London and it occurred to me that it might be made a success in this city, where the need is very great. I charge one cent for a satisfying meal, simply for the reason that the recipient may not feel that he is receiving charity. Of course it costs more than that, but not much more, as we systematize it. Come out in the kitchen and I'll show you."

She led the way to a roomy kitchen in the rear, and here was a large kitchen range on which were huge boilers filled with coffee, an ample oven, from which had just been withdrawn appetizing pans of pork and beans, while an attendant was just cutting up immense loaves of bread into the "big hunks" which had excited the admiration of the news-boy. "It doesn't cost much," said Mrs. Lamadrid; "very much less than you might suppose."

"You are simply the almoner of the bounty of the charitable."

"No. All that has been done I have done at my own expenso, and I have been able to park a stand at Ann street and Park Row, and one at Broadway street and the Bowery. If I can get permission from the Aldermen, I will have ten more stands on city property, and maintain them all the year round, giving the poor in summer out meal and milk, or rice, or something of that kind."

"Then you have no society at your back, seeing the placards 'St. Andrew's' on the stands."

"No; I call it St. Andrews on account of the eighth and tenth verses of the sixth chapter of John, where Andrew suggests the feeding of the multitude. I thought that would be a good name for it. I have no one with me, and have had no one. If any one chooses to assist in it, we'll be good friends, but at present all I ask is permission from the authorities to put up my stands on private property. Gentlemen have given me permission to erect them on their grounds."

"Are you sure that you reach the most deserving in this way? Is it not probable that your charity will be taken advantage of by those not worthy of it?"

"To some extent, certainly. I can't help that. But at the same time I am certain that no one who needs a meal need go hungry. We have a great many that come here, and I think we can generally tell from their manner whether or not they are deserving. The men we place in charge of the stands are discriminating, and so far as may be, they see to it that we reach the class we aim to benefit—the very poor. At any rate, if we don't do much good, we can't do any harm. My husband calls it my hobby, but he is quite willing to indulge me in it. If you are going to write any thing about it, say that we don't expect impossibilities; we have no idea of abolishing all want in a great city like this, but that while we are aware that what we do will be a mere drop in the bucket, we claim the right to contribute that drop in this way, and if all the charitable people shall do the same to the extent of their means, the city will be surely none the worse for it."—N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—An English alliterative triumph is the following line, composed by a lady in the year 1800 on the occasion of a gentleman of the name of Lee planting a lane with lilacs:

Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane, in which not only every word, but every syllable, commences with the same letter.



# Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

## THAT KNOCK.

[The following excellent parody was written by a girl not fourteen years of age.—Ed. Philadelphia Call.]

I.  
Once upon a morning dreary,  
As I dozed, weak and weary,  
From the strife of day before,  
Suddenly I heard a sound,  
Like a footstep on the ground,  
Creeping toward my chamber door,  
Only this and nothing more.

II.  
And as I was almost napping,  
Suddenly I heard a tapping,  
As I'd often heard before,  
Well I knew that direful warning,  
As I lay there every morning,  
Time to get up,  
Nothing more.

III.  
As I lay there almost fainting,  
Louder then my pillow's ringing,  
Of my chamber door,  
Came again that fatal calling,  
Always sounding so appalling,  
Time to get up,  
Nothing more.

IV.  
Presently my soul grew stronger,  
Said to myself "no longer  
I'll be troubled by that bore."  
Then again I heard a knocking  
And somebody try the locking  
Of my chamber door,  
It was a maid, but not Lenox

V.  
Back into my pillows sinking,  
Set I then my wits to thinking  
Of a ruse not used before,  
But I could not fall a-snapping,  
For that everlasting tapping  
On my chamber door,  
Merely this and nothing more.

VI.  
But as still I heard the sounding  
Of that never-ending pounding  
On my chamber door,  
"Will it never cease?" I questioned  
With an adjective not mentioned  
Nameless here for evermore.

VII.  
But as now had grown the knocking,  
Into something almost shocking,  
"Yes!!!" I yelled, and something more,  
Then as came another knocking  
With a muttered "eight o'clock!"  
Through the barrier of the door  
Out I hopped upon the floor.

VIII.  
Oh! that rap so sad and mocking,  
Oh! that hateful, horrid knocking  
In the morning on my door;  
Will I never have release?  
Will that knocking never cease?  
Says my instinct,  
Nevermore.

## MAKING TURPENTINE.

A Great Industry of the Old North State.

The Pine Region—A Crop of "Boxes"—Who Do the Work—Converting the Crude Article into Spirits and Rosin.

Turpentine is the product of the long-leaf pine, whose growth covers large areas in several counties of Eastern North Carolina, where the working of the tree is the principal industry. North Carolina has for years held the lead in the product of turpentine. In 1880 her output amounted to 6,279,200 gallons; of rosin, 66,893 barrels, and 80,000 barrels of tar, the total value reaching nearly \$8,000,000. This does not take into account the lumber which is made from the yellow, or long-leaf, pine after it has been exhausted as a turpentine producer. Some years ago the turpentine business was much more actively carried on in this State than for the last two or three years preceding 1886, because it was then much more profitable. Along in 1875 to 1878 the turpentine business was the "short cut" to wealth, and fortunes were rapidly piled up by those who pushed their business with energy. Then the demand for all the products of the long-leaf pine was active and the prices were good, and nearly every man in the pine belt who owned or could rent a few thousand trees went at the business. The consequence was that the market was "glutted," prices dropped and the demand ceased. The industry is, however, reviving again.

The turpentine or long-leaf pine region of North Carolina lies east of the Great Pee Dee river, which crosses the State near its center and is the dividing line between the hill country and the lowlands or sandy section. A large body of long-leaf pines is called a "flat," and one could not well imagine a more desolate place than one of these flats. It covers probably five hundred acres—sometimes a great deal more—and one may traverse its entire length and breadth without seeing so much as a daisy or blue bell, the most common of flowers, to relieve the monotony of pines. It is literally a forest of pines, which rear their giant forms forty, sixty, a hundred feet high. The trunks are invariably "as straight as an arrow" and free from limb or branch until within about fifteen feet of the top, where the limbs branch out and give the top the appearance of an expanded umbrella. There is no undergrowth, save now and then a scraggy blackjack or gum which attains to only a very small size. Nearly every forest has its swamp, or "boy," as the rustics call them, which are very prolific of moccasin snakes, frogs and mosquitoes, the only living things which inhabit them nowadays, though they used to be a "sheltering refuge" during the days of slavery for runaway negroes, and for deserters during the war. The swamps vary in width from fifty yards to five miles, and are covered with an almost impenetrable growth of gum and alder bushes, bamboo briars, wire grass, etc., with here and there a large poplar or cypress, and through all runs or creeps a black, sluggish stream.

Every turpentine forest, no matter

how large, is divided up into crops of 8,000 to 10,000 trees. The first step in working a virgin forest is the boxing of the trees. For this purpose an axe, much longer and narrower than the ordinary "club axe," is used, and it occupies the time of two men for a week or ten days in boxing a crop. The box is cut on the side of the tree some two feet from the ground. It is eight to ten inches across the face and about four inches deep, shaped somewhat like the buckets in a grain elevator. Each box holds from a pint to a quart of turpentine. After the trees have all been boxed they are left alone for about a week, at the expiration of which time the ground has all to be gone over again. This time the boxes are "cornered," that is, two or three more chips are taken from the corners of the boxes, thus exposing a little more broken surface to the action of the sun, for, it must be understood, no turpentine exudes from the tree except where the bark is removed. Now begins the work in earnest. At intervals of one week the crop has to be gone over and each tree "chipped" or "hacked." This process consists of beginning at the upper edge of the box and at each round taking off a strip of bark about three inches in width, inclining from the outer edge of the tree and converging in the center. As the bark is removed the turpentine spontaneously exudes from the tree and runs down into the boxes which were first cut near the bottom of the tree. When the tree has been hacked as high up as it can be reached, then comes the more laborious work of "pulling." This is virtually the same as hacking, the difference being that an oval-shaped tool is used, to which is attached a handle ten or twelve feet in length. The "pulling" is continued until the tree is stripped of its bark up about twenty feet, which is as high as it can be successfully worked.

During all this process of hacking and pulling the boxes have to be dipped regularly about once a week. Barrels are placed all through the forest at convenient intervals, and the "dippers" provided with buckets and small vessels for dipping the turpentine out of the boxes, go through the forest and collect the turpentine which has accumulated in the boxes and empty it into the barrels.

All the work is done by negroes, who are paid by the piece—that is, they are paid so much to do a certain work. For instance, after a crop of trees have been boxed, one man is hired to do the hacking, another the dipping, etc., of that crop. One crop, or 10,000 boxes, is considered an average week's work for one man in each department of the work. The work is superintended by a responsible white man, who "rides the woods" at stated periods to see that the work is properly carried on and to direct its management. The owners probably never see the forest at all. They are located at the most convenient points on the railroad, where they have a store and where the distillery is located.

After a forest has been worked over one time and all the turpentine has been procured from the first boxing, it is again gone over and back-boxed—that is, the other side of the tree is boxed and it is worked just as in the first instance. From this working as good a yield is often obtained as from the first, though the turpentine is not always of as good quality. After the tree has been worked the second time they are no longer of any value as turpentine producers, but are then cut down and converted into lumber and shingles. When a forest of long-leaf pine is cut down and destroyed the growth which follows it is invariably the short-leaf pine, which does not produce turpentine; indeed it is fit for nothing but fence-rails and fire-wood.

The process of converting crude turpentine into spirits and rosin is an interesting one, and yet it is difficult of lucid description. A still consists simply of a large copper vessel and a "worm." The vessel or pot is built up in strong masonry, with a furnace underneath. By the side of this tank is built, in which is placed the "worm," a spiral-shaped coil of copper piping, and the tank is filled with water. The pot or still is then filled with crude turpentine and a "cap" is placed over the top of the still. From the cap a copper pipe runs to and connects with the worm in the tank, care being taken that no crevice is left through which the steam can escape. A fire is then built in the furnace under the still and the turpentine is soon boiling. The steam generated by the boiling turpentine, having no other means of escape, passes through the copper piping attached to the "cap" and from there into the worm in the tank. The worm, being kept constantly covered with cool water, condenses the steam and it passes out of the worm into a tank provided for the purpose, and is then ready to be barreled and shipped. During the process of boiling care must be taken to keep a good fire, for if it is allowed to die down the turpentine will boil over. If the least particle of it comes in contact with the fire there is no extinguishing it.

When a "run" has been made and all the spirits extracted from the turpentine, what is left is still called rosin. That is, it is the crude turpentine from which the spirits have been extracted. This rosin is taken from the still and put into barrels for shipment. It is also called pitch and is used, principally, for calking ships and vessels.—B. W. Knight, in Philadelphia Times.

—Nine of the Wells, Fargo & Co. stages were stopped last year by highwaymen, who got but one thousand dollars for their pains.

## TWO CASES.

A Far-Off "Outrage" Over Which Republicans Are "Politically" Indignant and One Near at Hand Which They Will Not Consider.

Three citizens of Texas, or three men claiming to be such, appeared at Washington not long since with a harrowing tale of political outrage whereof they were the victims. They asked that the Senate investigate the case and that body by a strict party vote has decided to do so. The story was practically unsupported—except so far as each of the three men supported the other two. It was very suspiciously like a number of stories which have come from the South at times when the Republican party was in need of fuel to fire the partisan hearts and keep the rank and file from falling into a condition of confidence in the South. Moreover, if the story was true it furnished no basis for Senatorial or Federal action. It might turn out in every line and word and detail exactly as narrated, and it would still be as purely a case for the tribunals and authorities of Texas as the horrible outrages in the north woods of Michigan and Wisconsin are cases for the tribunals and authorities of those States. The Senate can do absolutely nothing in the premises unless it be to make, or attempt to make, political capital for the Republican party. It can not punish the offenders or even compel the State of Texas to do it. Yet it has resolved to investigate the charges, and the Tribune of this city applauds the resolution and urges the investigation with the utmost enthusiasm.

Some days before the alleged citizens of Texas made their appearance at Washington with their outrage budget a poor widow in this city gave her husband an account of the suffering her husband, who had just died at the Soldiers' Home in Grand Rapids, had undergone in that institution. It would have been a sad and pathetic tale if the sufferer had been a pauper in the county house, or even a convict in one of our prisons. Told, as it was, of a gallant soldier who had been taken in charge by the great State of Michigan to protect and care for in a home which the generous bounty of the people had provided, it was a tale calculated to make the blood boil in the veins of every patriotic citizen. It was followed by other tales from inmates of the same institution, all freighted with the same burden of mismanagement, neglect and consequent suffering. Those who should have been the welcome and honored guest of the State in a real home, with the care and the comfort that sacred name implies, were represented as finding the place a "mockery of a home" and a "hell."

Naturally an indignant cry went up for investigation of the alleged abuses and for a speedy remedy; and the Legislature was at once appealed to. There was nothing partisan in the cry. The charges were not made by citizens of a distant State. And the appeal was to a body which has full jurisdiction to examine and full power to cure the abuses, if any are found. It was a stronger case in its appeal to humanity and in the evidence by which it was supported than the Texas case; and it was presented, as the latter was not, to a perfectly proper tribunal. But the petty party organ saw no merit in the case. The wail of the stricken widow and the appeal of the suffering soldier were "insinuations" which deserved no attention from the Legislature or anybody else. The management of the Soldiers' Home was too great and wise and generous and good to be even suspected of anything; and it was only when a member of its own party with a manly consciousness of the disgrace the State would incur if the whitewashing policy were pursued moved for an investigation that this petty partisan organ abandoned its opposition and grudgingly joined in the demand. It had sharp eyes for alleged outrages in far-off Texas; it had crocodile tears to shed over alleged wrongs committed there; and it was exceedingly prompt in its demand for an investigation when there was the faintest prospect that its party could make political capital, though there was no possibility that any wrong could be redressed. But it had no eyes or tears to moisten them when the alleged sufferers are its own fellow-citizens in whose kind and generous treatment the whole State is interested. It could not even see its way clear to asking for an inquiry into the matter until the resolution offered by a member of its own party satisfied it that the partisan whitewash brush could no longer be wielded with safety.

There is a good deal of this "Mrs. Jellaby" business of straining the sight so in looking after the far-off suffering that the eyes are blinded to the misery close at hand. And it is all the more contemptible business when the ignoring of the suffering and misery near at hand is deliberate, as it has been in the Tribune's dealing with the Soldiers' Home matter.—Detroit Free Press.

## POLITICAL FALSEHOODS.

How the Lie, Called History, is Made Up from Some Newspapers of the Period—The Tilden Letter, the Vest Case and the President's Message.

There is ordinarily little use in paying any attention to political announcements unless the evidence is conclusively given. The art of correct statement in print about leaders and parties has disappeared from almost every newspaper. If a politician says a thing himself in a letter or a speech that is one thing. If in any journal, which he can not be suspected of making his medium, an announcement is made concerning him, the announcement may be accepted as certainly incorrect. No list of current inaccuracies can be made complete. A few signal ones, however, can be referred to.

As often and as specifically as the two declarations indicated are made appears another to the effect that Mr. Daniel Manning developed Grover Cleveland as a candidate for Governor at Syracuse, in 1882, and elected him to the office. Mr. Manning controlled the Albany delegation at that convention. The delegates voted against Cleveland on every ballot from first to last in that convention—one man excepted, Rufus W. Peckham, who insisted on voting for him and who did it alone. The eleven others voted for Slocum on every ballot, including the last, pursuant to a promise Mr. Manning made to General Slocum in Albany before the convention. Every daily in this State had the ballots in it on September 22, 1882. They will tell the story. Yet nearly every daily will continue the declaration which those ballots confute to the end of time. Journalism seems to be the calling which is based on forgetfulness and inspired by imagination, just as Sir Astley Cooper said medicine was based on conjecture and improved by murder.

Again, just before Congress last met, the report was well-nigh universal that Senator Vest had read the riot act to President Cleveland about the suspension of District Attorney Benton, in Missouri. Vest and Cleveland are alive and are not given to lying. The Senator did not say one word of the kind ascribed to him. He paid his respects to the President, as one man to another. The incident of his visit was accepted as sufficient basis on which to erect the superstructure of mendacity that he had called the President to account. Newspapers have created an opinion for themselves in the minds of the President and the Senator by that performance.—George Hope, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Shortly after Mr. Tilden's death, for instance, a writer on the New York Sun, A. M. Gibson, said that Mr. Tilden had mailed to President Cleveland a copy of his (Mr. Tilden's) letter on coast defenses, which was formally addressed to Speaker Carlisle. Mr. Gibson said: "Mr. Tilden read to me the letter himself and in my presence dispatched a copy to Mr. Cleveland." This was written long after the letter had become public, and shortly subsequent to Mr. Tilden's death. The intention was to acquit Mr. Tilden of the charge that had been brought against him at the time of the publication of the letter, to the effect that he had taken a good deal on himself in addressing Congress through the Speaker, in advance of the President's message, on a National subject, over the President's head. Mr. Tilden had never met the charge. John Bigelow, Marston Marble and Andrew H. Green had never refuted it. They were the men of all men who would be expected to do so, for they did much of Mr. Tilden's writing business for him. G. W. Smith, Mr. Tilden's secretary, has never met that charge. A. M. Gibson sought to meet it with an explicitness that was unmistakable. His statement was accepted and commented on adversely to Mr. Cleveland by all the anti-Cleveland papers, among which was many a paper that had been anti-Tilden, until it could use a mock respect for Tilden as a club with which to hit Cleveland.

The fact that the men reported to be nearest to Mr. Tilden never dealt with this matter has been referred to to attach to Mr. Gibson's statement this appendix: Mr. Cleveland never received any copy of that letter from Mr. Tilden or any one else. The first he ever saw of it was when he opened the morning papers and found it in them. The authority for this statement is the President himself. He is not a liar. He is not dead. No one need wait until after his death to deny that he received it or inquire of others that he whether he ever received it. He is alive. He can be asked any time. This declaration is made without any design of reflecting on A. M. Gibson's certainty that he saw the letter mailed to Mr. Cleveland. It may have miscarried. The man to whom it was intrusted for mailing may have lost it. The only thing that is surely a fact in the case is that Mr. Cleveland never received that letter. He never adopted and never has concerned himself about the theory of having been slighted by the fact of the letter not having been sent to him. Small suggestions do not affect him. But he has an opinion of that comment which has been based on the allegation that he did receive the letter and took no notice of it.

Another statement has been positively made to the effect that the President's sister, Miss R. E. Cleveland, wrote that part of his last message about Mormonism. The statement was made in a way to be offensive to the President and the lady. It could not have been more positively made had it been made by either or both of them. It was and is an absolutely truthless statement. The lady knew nothing about that or any other part of the message until she read it in the papers. Intrinsically the statement, true or false, was unimportant. Morally it has the character which any entirely false declaration, large or small, has. The squibs, slurs, arguments and overt or covert sneers built up on this often-reiterated lie have not been few. They are multiplied constantly. A quiet man in Washington and a studious lady at Holland Patent know at least two things: One, that the statement is an untruth; two, that those who originate it and periodically reissue it are aware that it is an untruth. Of that impurity of the mind which a lie denotes, they also have an opinion.

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## MADAME MALIBRAN.

Unfortunate Career in America of the First Opera Singer Heard in Washington.

Mme. Malibran, who was the first opera singer heard in Washington, came to the United States with her parents, Senor and Mme. Garcia, when a girl. In November, 1825, the Garcia troupe made their first appearance in New York, in "Il Barbiere." They also produced several of Rossini's operas, which were novelties there and then. But this daughter was not considered to have succeeded. Rosina and Cenerentola were her most popular parts, but she made a very favorable impression as Desdemona, in which one night when she came to the footlights to obey an encore, the audience begged her to sing "Home, Sweet Home," which she did, much to their satisfaction, and perhaps to her own amusement.

Garcia soon saw that his enterprise must fail. There was then in New York a French merchant named Malibran, certainly fifty years old, who had the reputation of being immensely rich. He fell in love with Miss Garcia, and offered her his hand. The poor girl, not quite eighteen, knew not what to do, what to say. Malibran, in reply to Garcia's complaint that his daughter's marriage would deprive the family of the fruits of her natural gifts as a vocalist, magnificently promised to pay him 100,000 francs as an equivalent. So December and May were matrimonially united. Malibran made handsome marriage settlements on his bride, and the nuptials came off on March 23, 1826, one day before the lady had completed the ripe age of eighteen. In a few weeks Malibran became a bankrupt and a prisoner for debt, without having paid any thing to Garcia, who went off to Mexico. Mme. Malibran got an engagement as a singer at one of the New York theaters, her salary being paid every night in advance to her husband. She had already, from a sense of justice, surrendered to his creditors the marriage settlement which he had executed. At last she was compelled to leave him and return to her native Paris, in December, 1827, before she was twenty. There she resided with her husband's sister. Never again did she visit America, though she always hoped, after she had become the best singer in Europe, to have had that satisfaction.

Mme. Malibran sang in private, before a select and very critical company, very soon after her return to Paris, and the verdict being emphatically in her favor, she immediately was asked to perform at the Italian opera, which she did in January, 1828, in "Semiramide." The impression which her youth and beauty produced upon the largest and most brilliant audience she had ever seen was not weakened by her singing. She received a regular engagement at the Italian opera, and soon established herself a decided favorite with the audience. She appeared in many of Rossini's operas, which the vast compass of her voice (contralto) enabled her to do justice to. Once successful in Paris, she was welcomed everywhere else, and possessed increasing popularity in England, France and Italy during the rest of her life, a period of not less than eight years. She died in the autumn of 1836, in her twenty-ninth year.—Ben Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.

## FEATHERED PROPHETS.

Peculiar Notes Foretelling Rain Sounded by Certain Species of Birds.

Quite a number of birds announce the coming of rain; for instance, the magpie, the owl, the yellow thrush and the greenfinch. This is also done by means of peculiar notes which they never sound on other occasions. Nicololet has essayed to reproduce these notes by letters. There are also storm birds, so-called procellaria, which in a similar manner—that is to say, by the use of certain peculiar sounds—predict the coming of a storm, even a long time in advance. Birds thus can feel and announce the coming of rain and storm; and the ancients ascribed to them the faculty of prediction. In their flight and in their voices indications of coming events were sought. The augurs of old had established a whole science of the flight and the voices of birds. Nor is it improbable that training was resorted to, to aid in procuring such predictions—that is to say, to create favorable or unfavorable omens, whichever might happen to best suit the plans of the priests at the time. Louis Napoleon, in our nineteenth century, intended to convince the French people, by the aid of a trained eagle which was to have alighted on his head at the right moment, that he was the predestined successor of his great uncle, Nicolardot does not go quite so far as the augurs of the ancients, but he also ascribes to birds a prescience of coming events, especially of approaching misfortune, to which feeling they lend expression by certain peculiar sounds. As an example he cites a tale from O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena." When the French entered Moscow, this author relates a great flock of ravens came and settled on the towers of the Kremlin. From there the birds, to which the ancients ascribed great sagacity, came flying down close to the heads of the soldiers, flapped their wings, and kept up a continuous croaking. The troops were much disheartened by this occurrence and feared misfortune. Shortly before the terrible conflagration broke out all the ravens had disappeared, flying away in great numbers.—Ueber Land and Meer.

—The Indian still holds 134,000,000 acres in this country

## FISH CULTURE.

Words of Caution and Advice to Those Desirous of Engaging in It.

I am almost daily in receipt of inquiries of "How may I best obtain practical information on the cultivation of fish?" First of all, I recommend reading so far as possible, good works on the subject. By so doing you will be saved many vexations and mistakes made by those who were obliged to learn by hard study and experience. When I first began practical fish culture I had but very little of this literature to guide me, and consequently it sometimes took me considerable time to work out problems which now appear very simple.

After you have informed yourself about the necessary requirements for success, commence by obtaining a few spawn or fish, and make your first experiments in a small way. Although you may be well versed theoretically, you will find, in attempting to make an actual application of your knowledge, that you will meet with obstacles that you did not know of before; in other words, you must educate your hands as well as your head to do the work.

Commence in a small way, and conduct your first experiments as cheaply as possible. "But why?" you may say. "I have read up thoroughly on the subject, and the path seems clear enough. Why let a year go by without doing work that will amount to something?" My friend, could you reasonably expect to read how to make a clock, or any other piece of machinery, and then sit down and make it? There are, undoubtedly, geniuses who are able to do this, but they are the exception and not the rule. The chances are even that you will make some fatal mistake the first season, and your experience will be just as valuable, and not nearly so expensive, if you start on a small scale. A great deal can be learned by visiting some establishment which is in successful operation, and the observations made there will be of great value to the beginner.

Many failures occur through the impression that fish culture is so very simple. This is a great mistake, as to conduct it successfully requires constant attention, the same as any other business. The value of experimenting and making practical tests can not be too highly estimated. There are so many things which to your vision look clear and practicable, which an actual trial will prove to be useless. Theoretically they may be true, but practically failures. I have many times caught an idea which seemed to be just the thing and must prove a success, and found I was wrong, so that my usual plan now is, when I undertake to solve a difficult problem, to have several different experiments under way at the same time, and among them will be some which I had made up my mind would be certain failures, and many times some one of these would be just the thing I wanted.

There are many waters of which it is impossible to tell whether certain fish will live in them without putting some in and giving them a trial, as, for instance, if any one wishes to stock a stream with trout, and says that it is impregnated with some sort of mineral—perhaps iron or sulphur—of course he would have no way of knowing how strong the waters were impregnated, or just what degree of strength the fish could endure; and so I always advise placing a few in the waters in question as a sure means of ascertaining. Of course there are certain kinds of fish which, if deposited in waters having the necessary temperature, depth, bottom, etc., we can say almost to a certainty will thrive if placed therein, and many waters which possess such characteristics that we know that certain fish will not live; but when the waters are such that it is a matter of doubt, the correct way is to experiment.

A new beginner can not expect to learn it all the first year, nor the second. The more he studies and experiments the more he will find there is to learn; in fact, fish culture does not differ from any other business in this respect. I have been working at practical fish culture for about twenty-three years, and had it on my mind since the year 1837, and I find there is still a great deal to be learned and discovered about fish and how to raise them.—Seth Green, in American Agriculturist.

## Training Domestic Animals.

Neither the horse nor any other domestic animal should ever be made afraid of man. The horse or cow that is afraid of its keeper will never thrive as well the animal that has a trusting confidence in the hand that feeds and controls. In a well trained animal good behavior becomes a habit. It is just as easy for a cow to stand with her legs in the right as in the wrong place when she is being milked, and it is not necessary to continually pound her into submission. It is no hardship for a horse to pull a reasonable load or trot at a reasonable gait, and there is no necessity for exciting his fears in order to secure the desired result. Let young animals early learn that man is their friend, and that they have nothing to fear at his hands so long as they are well-behaved animals.—N. Y. American.

—The artificial honey now made in New York is so close to the genuine that only the experts can detect the difference. It is in rucks, the same as the natural product, and now and then the wings and legs of a few dead bees are to be found to further the deception. It can be sold at a profit for ten cents per pound, and the honey-bee may go.—Detroit Free Press.







Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1887.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop.

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for ad size (1 in., 2 in., 3 in., 4 in., 5 in., 6 in., 7 in., 8 in., 9 in., 10 in.) and rows for duration (1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 4 weeks, 5 weeks, 6 weeks, 7 weeks, 8 weeks, 9 weeks, 10 weeks, 1 year).

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

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for direction (EAST, WEST) and time (am, pm) for various routes (Cedar Pt., Elmdale, Strong, Safford).

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

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

Warm and spring-like, this week. Mrs. H. P. Brockett is visiting in Marion.

The gutters in Broadway have been cleaned out. Mr. W. G. Hait has moved into the Walker house.

The farmers are getting ready for spring plowing. Mr. T. J. Turner was down to Emporia, this week.

Dr. R. Walsh is confined to his house by sickness. Mrs. S. D. Breese has been quite ill for more than a week.

Mrs. J. M. Kerr returned, Tuesday, from a visit at Emporia. Mr. Jacob Hornberger is building an addition to his residence.

Miss Jennie Glass, of St. Louis, is visiting at Mr. Scott E. Winne's. The Hon. J. W. McWilliams was down to Kansas City again, last week.

Mrs. A. B. Moore, of Emporia, was in town, last week, visiting friends and relatives. County Treasurer Wm. P. Martin and family moved back to their farm, last week.

Mr. H. Bonewell has bought the P. Hubbard property north of the Eureka House. Messrs. J. D. Minick and J. W. McWilliams went to Kansas City, Monday night.

Mr. Lee Swope had his right shoulder dislocated, Sunday, by a horse falling on him. Mr. H. P. Brockett has purchased the store of Messrs. Ferry & Watson, in Strong City.

Mr. R. M. Watson, of the Strong City Independent, was down to Emporia this week. Mr. L. A. Loomis, of Coronado, Wichita county, called in to see us, last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. B. F. Wasson has bought lots 4, 5 and 6, block 6, Cottonwood Falls, from Mr. Lee Swope. J. R. Blackshere, of Elmdale, has a house and farm to let, he wants corn raised by the bushel.

Mr. Edwin Pratt has purchased the Charlie McMillan property, in the southeast part of town. Died, on Friday, February 18, 1887, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Beck, of Elmdale.

Mr. O. H. Drinkwater, of Cedar Point, attended the Industrial convention at Cincinnati, last week. Mr. F. P. Cochran who has recently been in Elk county and at Newton on legal business, is again at home.

Mr. A. M. Leaycraft, of Buck creek, left, Monday night, for New York city, to build three houses there. Mr. S. F. Jones, of Strong City, returned from a business trip to West Las Animas, Col., last Thursday.

Union service in the M. E. church, next Sabbath evening, at 7:30 o'clock; sermon by the Rev. A. S. Dudley. There are about three hundred men at work between here and Strong City, on the grading of the new railroad.

When you are in town and want a good cigar, glass of cider, or to play a game of billiards, go to Tom Strader's. Mr. S. A. Breese and family have moved into the residence lately occupied by County Treasurer W. P. Martin.

Mr. Tom Strader keeps on hand a stock of fine cigars, cider, nuts, etc., at his Billiard Parlor, adjoining the Union Hotel.

Every reader of the COURANT should send it back east to some friend as soon as he and his family have done reading it.

Every issue of the COURANT is in itself a boom for the town and county in which it is published; therefore, send it East to some one.

Mr. E. F. Bauerle has refitted his restaurant and confectionery store so as to make it more convenient for himself and his customers.

Mr. S. H. Fosnaugh went to Wichita, last week, as the delegate of Strong City Lodge No. 110, A. O. U. W., to the session of Grand Lodge.

Mr. E. A. Hildebrand, of Strong City, returned home, last week, from Elk county, where he was successful in a law suit involving \$30,000.

Mr. Howard Grimes, of Bazaar township, went to Atchison, last week, returning, yesterday. He will move to Atchison county, this spring.

Mr. William Ryan left, Sunday, for Lyons, to superintend the putting down of a well twenty feet in circumference, for the city water works.

Mr. Wm. Newsom, formerly of this city, who has been back in Kentucky for some time past, was in town, this week. He will remain in Kansas.

The M. E. Church supper and mum party at Strong City, Saturday night, was both successful and enjoyable, and the net proceeds were about \$30.

Mr. Tom Strader has just his Billiard Parlor overhauled and refitted by Mr. Harry D. Burcham. He has had new cloths put on the tables and has sets of new balls.

Mr. C. C. Watson has purchased the 70 acres of land adjoining this city, on the southeast, of Mr. H. P. Brockett. It includes the McWilliams' Addition to Cottonwood Falls.

In giving an account of the crystal wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Harris, of Diamond creek, the type made us say the 25th instead of 15th anniversary of their marriage.

Mr. P. Donahue, brother-in-law of Mr. B. Lantry, of Strong City, arrived at that city, last Saturday, from Prairie du Chien, Wis., and will engage in railroad work in this county.

Messrs. Ed. A. Hildebrand, J. M. Tuttle and Breese & Crawford have purchased from Mr. A. J. Pence the 100 acres of land adjoining this city, on the south, and will soon lay off the same into town lots.

Sheriff Griffith has engaged Mr. L. T. Simmons to put down a stone walk from the front entrance to the courthouse yard to the front steps of the courthouse, and he is now getting out the rock for the job.

If you owe us anything on subscription to the COURANT, please to come in and pay it, as we need money to meet our obligations and to make improvements in our paper in keeping with the boom our town and county are having.

Mr. W. P. Martin has purchased two lots at the south-east corner of Main street and Broadway, from Mr. M. A. Campbell; also a foot of ground and one-half of the stone wall adjoining said lots, from Mr. M. P. Strail, for all of which he paid \$700.

At the Consolidated Street Railway meeting, last Thursday night, Wm. H. Holsinger was elected Vice-President, and an assessment of 25 per cent. was made on the stock subscribed, to be paid by March 9, and C. J. Lantry, W. P. Martin and W. H. Holsinger were appointed a committee to establish the grade and advertise for bids for same.

When you leave your eastern home, with a view to securing a home for yourself and family, be sure that your ticket brings you to Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, which is reached by way of Strong City, a mile and a half north of here, and where you can secure a good home at reasonable price, with the advantages of railroads, schools and churches.

Last Friday night being the first anniversary or paper wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Comstock, up on the Cottonwood river, they gave a most enjoyable party and palatable supper to their friends, at which about thirty were present. That the cakes were excellent we can bear testimony, as we had a supply of the same, for which the happy couple have our thanks.

Mr. T. J. Turner has resigned his position in Mr. J. M. Tuttle's store, and is going back to Emporia to take a position in Bayard Bros. store. He will leave here in about two weeks. He is one of our best citizens, and he and his family stand high in the estimation of this community, who will regret their departure, but whose best wishes will follow them back to their old home.

As announced last week, the High School social is to take place, next Saturday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The object of the entertainment is to raise funds to purchase an organ. There will be a short literary programme, consisting of reading, recitations and essays, by pupils of the school, the whole well sprinkled with music. After the completion of the regular programme a lunch will be served by the young ladies of the school. Some school work of last term will, also, be exhibited in one of the rooms. Another interesting feature will be an Art Gallery, where some of the finest paintings, statuary, etc., will be on exhibition. Everybody is expected to have a good time himself, as well as to contribute not a little towards the happiness of others. It behooves every patron of the school to be present. Admission, at the door, 10 cents; and lunch, 25 cents.

W. H. Holsinger has purchased the lot north of the Pence building, on the east side of Broadway, from A. Hinkle, for \$600.—Last week's Leader.

This is the lot formerly owned by blind Smith whose house on the same was burned down, leaving him the hole in the ground as a homestead, and for whom a collection was taken up to let him and his family get back to friends and relatives in Illinois, and which lot, it will be remembered, was forced to be sold at Sheriff's sale, about four years ago, for a \$19 grocery bill due the Leader outfit, the advertising for which sale was done in the Leader at a cost to Mr. Smith of more than his original bill, and which lot at that sale brought \$87, out of which the debt and all costs had to be paid; and the Leader man was angry because he did not get to the sale in time to get the lot himself. In this circumstance there is food for thought.

Just received a car of Cherokee coal, at Pete Kuhl's. It is nice, hard and clean; leaves the stove as nice as if wood were used; lasts longer than Canon City coal, and at only \$6.50 per ton. feb24-tf

CHEROKEE COUNTY COAL.

Hay for sale by B. Stout, on Rock creek.

If you want a coal that is as good as Canon City coal, call at Pete Kuhl's.

Since the passage of the suffrage bill a vote has been taken in this city among the ladies, to ascertain who is the most popular photographer in the State, and they voted, unanimously, that Caudle is the leader of them all. Call and examine the list of voters.

Before buying a heating stove anywhere else, go to Campbell & Gillett's on the west side of Broadway, and see what nice ones they have.

The choicest assortment of candies and confections at L. I. Billings' bakery, Main street, west of Broadway.

You can buy more Flour and Feed for the same money, at the CITY FEED STORE than at any other place in the county. dec30-tf

Don't forget to take the C. C. C. Go to Smith's (Rockwood & Co.'s old stand) for meat, all the way from 5 to 10 cents per pound.

Barbed wire, at wholesale, at Campbell & Gillett's.

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

Call and see my life-size portraits, cheap as dirt. ART. B. CAUDLE.

A full-blood pup coon dog for sale Apply at this office. feb17-tf

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

Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store.

I have just added some new and costly Backgrounds and Accessories, and am better prepared to make fine Photos than ever. call and examine for yourself. A. B. Caudle the Photographer.

Heating stoves, glass and paint, at cost, to close them out, at Campbell & Gillett's.

Campbell & Gillett, can furnish you with any kind of a cooking stove that you may want.

A farm of 80 acres to rent, on South Fork, Falls Township, by J. V. EVANS.

Frames of all kinds and sizes to order, of A. B. Caudle, "The Photographer."

All agree in saying that Caudle is the best photographer in the State.

Do not order your nursery stock until you see George W. Hill, as he represents the Stark Nurseries, of Louisiana, Mo., the oldest and best in the West. j22-tf

L. Ford, jeweler, does all kinds of watch and clock repairing in a workmanlike manner, without any humbuggery whatever.

In the photograph gallery of S. H. Waite, 6th Avenue, west of Commercial street, Emporia, you will find photographic work made in the best possible manner, and finished in the very highest style of the photographer's art; and all his work is guaranteed.

Giese & Krenz are buying old iron at 15 and 25 cts. per hundred pounds.

A starry night for a ramble with your best girl. But any day for photographs at Caudle's, "The Photographer."

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

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

Go to J. S. Doolittle & Son's for bargains; and don't you forget it.

You can get anything in the way of tinware or hardware or farming implements at Campbell & Gillett's.

The best and cheapest place in the county to buy frames, is at Caudle's, "The Photographer."

BAUERLE'S CONFECTIONARY AND RESTAURANT AND BAKERY. My friend, I thank you for your kind advice. It is worth a good bit to know where to get a first-class lunch! I will patronize Bauerle.

Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

SETH J. EVANS, PROPRIETOR OF Feed Exchange EASTSIDE OF Broadway Cottonwood Falls. BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY.

W. H. HINOTE, BARBER SHOP, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC Veterinary Specifics. Cure Diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.

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

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

A. M. GONAWAY, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Residence and office, a half mile north of Toledo. j21-tf

DR. S. M. FURMAN, Resident Dentist, STRONG CITY, KANSAS. Having permanently located in Strong City, Kansas, will hereafter practice his profession in all its branches.

MC'Q. GREEN, M. D., ECLECTIC and HOMEOPATHIC Physician & Surgeon, WONSEVU, KANSAS.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. THOS. H. CRISHAM, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Office upstairs in National Bank building COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. feb-tf

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

C. N. STERRY, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW EMPORIA, KANSAS. Will practice in the several courts of Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein. j21-tf

CHAS. H. CARSWELL, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHA. E. COUNTY, KANSAS. Will practice in all the State and Federal courts and land offices. Collections made and promptly remitted. Office, east side of Broadway, south of bridge. mch25-tf

JOSEPH G. WATERS, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Topeka, Kansas, (Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton. feb23-tf

MISCELLANEOUS. NEW DRUGS. AT THE OLD STONE STORE.

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

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JOHN B. SHIPMAN Has MONEY TO LOAN In any amount, from \$500.00 and upwards, at low rates of interest, on improved farm lands, call and see him at J. W. McWilliams' Land Office, in the Bank building. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. If you want money. ap28-tf

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

MARTIN HEINTZ, Carpenter & Builder, Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop, at his home, northwest corner of Friend and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. j26-tf

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

UNPARALLELED OFFER. No 1.—CHASE COUNTY COURANT... \$1.00 No 2.—The American Agriculturist... 1.00 No 3.—The A. A. New Poultry Book... 1.00 No 4.—The A. A. History of the United States... 1.00 No 5.—The A. A. History of the United States... 1.00 No 6.—The A. A. History of the United States... 1.00 No 7.—The A. A. History of the United States... 1.00 No 8.—The A. A. History of the United States... 1.00 No 9.—The A. A. History of the United States... 1.00 No 10.—The A. A. History of the United States... 1.00

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THE GREAT EMPORIUM! FERRY & WATSON. Best and Largest Stocks, CONSISTING OF, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CROCERIES, COFFINS, FURNITURE, BOOTS and SHOES, CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS, QUEENSWARE, CALASSWARE, TIN WARE.

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YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

A REASON FOR SMILING.

Bertha was a little maid. Wrapped in blindness' awful shade; Yet her face was all alight With a smile surpassing bright.

THE BEAUTY OF HANDS.

A Wise Mother Tells Her Little Daughter Wherein Lies Their Comeliness. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Kathleen Gray, as she dropped her book.

"What a dismal sigh, little daughter," said mother's cheery voice. "And what other girls do you wish you were like, and in what way?"

"Why, the girls you read about, mother—their hands. They always have such beautiful hands, you know. Now here's the girl in this book; it calls her hands 'tiny,' or 'white,' or 'dimpled,' or 'dainty,' or some such things every time it speaks of them.

"I saw another pair of hands—ugly hands the world called them. Not small nor comely nor white, and wearing no jewels but tears from grateful hearts whose loads they had lightened. Hand's the possessor of which none would envy; over which no one would bend, calling them beautiful. But they were hands often folded in humble devotion; hands which had carried blessings to many a home; which had smoothed many a dying pillow, and wiped away many a falling tear; which were never lifted to push away the children or brush away the poor; which were weary, misshapen and hard with toiling and doing for others. Ugly hands the world called them. God and the angels called them beautiful."

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

IN MEMORY OF AN OLD MAN.

And he is gone—the general, dear old man, Whom all his townsmen knew, and knew to love; Whose simple word another's oath outran, Whose daily thoughts had long found rest above?

Long had men missed him from the busy street, From hearths and haunts frequented many a year; Yet still they said: "Where men and Christians meet His place is vacant, but his heart is here."

And has he passed beyond our words and ways, Whose life was humble as his faith sublime; Whose sunken eyes, with serious, far-off gaze, Saw other than the trivial things of time?

Yes, he is gone; his more than ninety years Are numbered with the never-changing past; We do not mourn him; youth claims all our tears; We give him joy that Heaven is reached at last;

Where age no more the senses can destroy, Nor grief pursue, nor calumny assail; Where trouble can not qualify the joy, Nor trifles burden, nor desire fail.

We shrink from an eternity untried, But none can for a moment wish him back; His faith has changed to vision; doubt has died; The life eternal can no blessing lack.

Who would not choose a lowly lot like his, So sweet a odor to embalm his name, In place of gifts that a high purpose miss, And honor that the good but reckon shame?

Who would not feel, when he lies down to die, And earthly treasure drop from his embrace, The mist and darkness from his vision fly, And fadeless light illumines his face?

What language speaks he now we do not know, Nor of his thoughts can comprehend the self, But should their current through old channels flow, Perhaps he would indite this epitaph:

"No further strife with ill is vain; No more encroachment of death and rust; Earth's bath retained, this borrowed partice Of seldom-noticed, soon-forgotten dust;

"No longer freed from its native skies, And freed forever from its earthly clod, The spirit, in the Heavenly Paradise, Is returned to its Father-God."

—Rev. Edward N. Pomeroy, in Golden Rule.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD CHEER.

A Stimulating and Sustaining Atmosphere Surrounding the Religion of Christ. Were there no other one thing to be said of Christianity, as a source of blessing to mankind, one fact alone, if appreciated, would place it apart and on high among all the religions of the world, either those of the present or those of the past.

This thought occurred to us as we read the opening paragraph of the opening article in the Baptist Quarterly Review for January. Treating, in this article, of "The Glory of the Redeemed as Related to the Work of Christ," Dr. Heman Lincoln, the writer of it, says:

"The Bible teaches no pessimism. It tolerates none in Christian believers. Its record of creation opens: 'And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good.' It goes forward with the song: 'The Lord is good to all, and His loving kindness is over all His works.' It closes with a vision into the New Jerusalem, where God shall wipe all tears from the eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.' It utters no long-drawn sighs, like Buddha and Schopenhauer, that existence is an evil, because it has longings that that can never be satisfied. It formulates no hard dogma, like John Stuart Mill, that the Creator can not be both benevolent and omnipotent. Its tone never sinks to the minor key, when treating of actual life on earth, like Pascal in his Thoughts on Religion, or Baxter and Howe in their sermons on the doctrine of piety, or John Cotton and Cotton Mather in their gloomy letters on the decay of Puritan zeal. The Bible gives striking portraits of weak and nervous men, of a man who looked instinctively on the dark side of life and man, like Jacob: 'Few and evil have been the years of my life,' and wall, like Solomon, after royal debauches: 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' But the broad sweep of revelation is towards gladness and praise. Its cheerful tone is inspiring: 'O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.' 'Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.' 'Praise the Lord, O my soul.'"

The writer of the article proceeds in the same style of admirable discrimination yet forcible statement to show that, even in dealing with that saddest and most depressing fact in the history and condition of mankind, human degeneracy and sin, and while exhibiting the shame of it, the guilt of it, and the certain final perdition toward which it tends, the Bible is still a cheerful and a hopeful book. Over against all this it sets the redemption wrought in Christ, and without encouraging any such notion as that through some weakness of the Judge the incorrigible sinner may escape, and without in the least enfeebling that motive which law and penalty supply, this revelation of final truth makes it clear how triumphant in the end are goodness and happiness, and how the light of God, shining in the face of Jesus Christ, is yet to irradiate the universe.

The moral effect of cheerfulness is perhaps not so often thought upon as it might be to advantage. The effect of pessimistic views of human life and temper and conduct influenced by them, is often noticed in individuals. The demoralizing tendency of such views is always painfully evident. That saying of the apostle, "We are saved by hope," is true in a very large sense, and in an intensely practical one. Many and many a one, even as respects things of this life, has been "saved by hope." And there is reason to believe that thousands upon thousands have been ruined by sheer hopelessness. What have you left in a man to be for him a motive to exertion, a stimulus to improvement either in his condition or in himself, a saving and lifting force, when you have taken hope out of him, and left him shut up in a prison of gloomy thoughts, seeing all things on their dark side, and forever saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?" It is doubtful if there is one source of the widely prevalent tendency in these times toward revolt against existing conditions of human life, against all that "makes for righteousness," so intensely fruitful of evil as mixed pessimism and atheism. Precept ruled by such influences, when asked if life is worth living, will answer yes, if you

can be allowed to spend the brief period of it doing what you like, enjoying all it is your nature to crave, with all distinction of mine and thine, of good and bad, of lawful and unlawful put out of the way. If life can be made a scene of riot in which you shall forget its misery and its hopelessness, it is worth living; otherwise not. Who can wonder that of this hideous parentage come lawlessness, vice, and every form of murder and suicide.

The world will perhaps never adequately know the amount of its just debt to the Christian religion for the element of hope and good cheer it has brought into human life. Some inferences might be drawn, and used to good purpose if fairly dealt with, from a comparison, at this point of view, of the life of heathenism with the life of Christianity, and from the significant fact that for all it has of useful invention, of improvements in the conditions of life in the world, for intellectual stimulus and growth, for all those things which make nations great and humanity a thing to rejoice in—for all this mankind must look, as it has done for centuries, not to pagan but to Christian hands. When would the far East, slumbering in the shadows of its pagodas and temples, have even dreamed of such achievements as are the common incidents of Western life? When, even in Christian countries, would that philosophy which shuts itself away from the world, and glooms over its problems of the origin and destiny of man, hopeless even of any solution—when would it, have moved the world on those courses of rapid improvement which have characterized the last four centuries, and which owe their inspiration so much to those very ideas of the possibilities of human life which Christianity creates? Accept Christianity or not, you must still admit that there is in the whole atmosphere of this religion a stimulating and sustaining property that puts humanity upon doing its best in all directions; infusing it with that ozone of cheerfulness which alone can rouse its inertness and push it on to a glorious destiny.—Chicago Standard.

It Can't Be Lost. We feeble mortals have the privilege of speaking to our Maker. We utter words here or pour out our desires in the closet, or when walking in the street or engaged in our daily employment we breathe an ejaculation. The word may be scarcely louder than a whisper. It may be inaudible to our neighbor, and yet it can not die away into silence, nor can it be lost through blending with other sounds; nothing can drown it or prevent reaching its destination. It passes beyond sun and stars; it enters the presence-chamber of the Almighty. Amid the ceaseless strains of praise, the whisper reaches the Divine ear, touches the Infinite heart, moves the Omnipotent arm. It brings forth troops of angels and ministries of mercies. It gets in motion long trains of events, and brings down showers of blessings on those who utter it.—W. Landels.

GEMS OF THOUGHT. —Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn.—Epistlet Weekly.

—What man want is not talent, it is purpose, in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Dulwer Lytton.

—I should like to kill fear—only by killing wrong thought; fear is but the shadow that always follows at the heels of wrong.—Donal Grant.

—The soul that can not entirely trust God, whether man be pleased or displeased, can never long be true to Him; for while you are eyeing man you are losing God and stabbing religion at the very heart.—Manion.

—Unmeasured and unlimited With noiseless slide of stone to stone, The mystic Church of God has grown, Invisible and silent stands the temple never made with hands.—J. G. Whittier.

—If sorrow could enter Heaven, if a sigh could be heard there, or a tear roll down the cheek of a saint in light, it would be for lost opportunities, for the time spent in neglect of God which might have been spent for his glory.—Payson.

—There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the kind and sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice and every sort of malevolence, as is the Gospel. It breathes, throughout, mercy, benevolence and peace.—James Beattie.

—Heaven begun is the living proof that makes the Heaven to become credible. "Christ in you is the hope of glory." It is the eagle eye of faith which penetrates the grave, and sees far into the tranquil things of death. He alone can believe in immortality who feels the resurrection in him already.—Robertson.

—After all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they would hardly be such strong agents unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling. The great world struggle of developing thought is continually foreshadowed in the struggle of the affections, seeking a justification for love and hope.—George Eliot.

—Some of our greatest authors have never published a book until they had reached the meridian of life. The crisis of a great war brings out the hidden handwriting of God on brave hearts. So this word charity was in the world long before Jesus came. But Jesus brought out its real and glorious character and forever stamped it with His own noble image. Jesus may not have discovered charity, but He brought it out.—Rev. Charles Coulton.

—Better stick to the farm rather than become a "stick" in the city.—Field and Farm.

—Horses enjoy the kind familiarity of their owners and drivers, and work more cheerfully with than without it.—Chicago Journal.

—It is certain that it costs less in the long run to feed and tend the poultry stock properly than to keep them in a half-starved and neglected condition.—N. Y. Times.

—The annual product of maple sugar in the United States is estimated at 40,000,000 pounds. It would be much larger if farmers prepared for sugar-making in winter, so as to be in full readiness when the season opens.—Albany Journal.

—A stone fence only wants binding crosswise, it does not fall down lengthwise. A crooked rail should never be put in the fence near the bottom. A crooked rail, like a crooked man, makes more trouble than it is worth—better make wood of it.—Western Rural.

AT A CHURCH WEDDING.

How Upper's "ndom Conducts Itself Just Before the Sacred Rite is Performed. Whispers in the pews while waiting for the bride: Miss Decolletee—What a stupid usher, poking us in here with these frumps!

Miss Pompon—My dress will be ruined, and I can't see a thing. Miss Decolletee—There's very little floral decoration.

Miss Pompon—And only one clergyman in the chancel. Miss Decolletee—Is that so? I felt sure that Nell would have an "assisted" ceremony.

Miss Pompon—Oh, I expected at least one Bishop. Nell has been so awfully High, lately. Miss Decolletee—Yes, it's been quite amusing, hasn't it?

Miss Pompon—Particularly when one remembers she was so Low a year ago she didn't even bow her head in the creed.

Miss Decolletee—Oh, that was when she was after that young Presbyterian swell, you know, who married Kitty Foster.

Miss Pompon—Have you seen the presents? Miss Decolletee—Oh, yes. Some quite pretty.

Miss Pompon—Ye-es; the groom's is nothing much. Miss Decolletee—A pearl cross—quite churchly and touching.

Miss Pompon—Very small pearls; I thought it quite a skimpy affair. Miss Decolletee—It was really rich, do you know, to hear Mrs. Carlton go on.

Miss Pompon—Oh, I suppose so. Miss Decolletee—The day I was over there she came in with such an air. "Eleanor, my dear," she said; "don't fatigue yourself over that embroidery." Then she turned to me: "She has so much before her, you know; to-night is the church rehearsal, and afterward Mrs. Clarke gives a supper to the bridal party." All with such delicious complacency!

Miss Pompon—Oh, the entire family have acted as if no one was ever married before.

Groom's Mother (raising her eyeglass)—My dear, is that young man over there in naval uniform? Groom's Father—Well, yes, he is an ensign.

Groom's Mother (with crushing sweetness)—Dear Mrs. Carlton has talked so much about their relatives in the navy. He must be them—I don't see any others.

Groom's Sister (married)—Mamma, I don't think Lander is to play to-night at the house.

Groom's Mother (sharply)—Why? Sister—I asked Nell to-day how many of Lander's men would be there, and she was quite embarrassed; said she didn't know, as "Papa arranged all that."

Groom's Mother—I shall be mortified to death. The least they can do, marrying their daughter as brilliantly as they are, is to give her a perfectly appointed wedding.

Groom's Sister (unmarried)—Mamma, this is Nelly's fourth season. Edith Connor told me so yesterday. She came out the same autumn with Edith's sister, Mrs. Jarvis, you know.

Groom's Mother—Oh, I don't doubt it; but, of course, you spoke of her having been a year abroad, and a year in mourning?

Groom's sister (unmarried)—Oh, yes, indeed. I quite snubbed Edith.

Bride's Mother—Now, Mr. Carlton, don't fail to be on the watch when the minister asks: "Who giveth this woman?" You must step right forward, and don't tread on Nelly's train.

Bride's father—I wish the dayvilish fuss was over. Did you tell the caterer that untouched pieces were to be returned and allowed for?

Bride's Mother—No; I did not. Blank never serves in that way, and if I had to have second-class music I was bound to have Blank cater. Those Clarkes are so supercilious; they'll be sure to discover that Lander isn't playing.

Bride's father—Blankety blank the whole lot! I'm paying the shot, and not Clarke. I wish he was.

Organist (to friend in loft)—What time is it? Friend—8:35.

Organist—My contract was from 7:30 to 8:30—it'll cost just about ten dollars more to keep me here another quarter of an hour.

Bride (in lobby, to Sister, who is maid of honor)—Is the church packed? I hope so. Tell the ushers to be sure and walk slow enough. Now, Elizabeth, if you don't keep step with me I'll give my old black velvet to Kate. Pull the lace out on my train to show the pattern a little better. Are you sure the pillow at the altar is just in the right place? Signal that organist to begin the wedding march. Is dear mother Clarke safe in her place? Stinky old thing, she'll be furious when she sees I didn't wear the skimpy little lace flounce, "the one, my dear, I wore on my wedding day." A pretty bride she must have been. Wait a minute till I get my face straight. There! am I looking down enough? Come on, real slow, and do do do keep step.

Minister (to slow music)—Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.—Philip H. Welch, in Puck.

—Henry Bergh has no patron like the late Baron Jost, of Paris. He left \$500,000 to the Paris Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—N. Y. Sun.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Better stick to the farm rather than become a "stick" in the city.—Field and Farm.

—Horses enjoy the kind familiarity of their owners and drivers, and work more cheerfully with than without it.—Chicago Journal.

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—Plant on the roadside the whole length of the farm, such trees as naturally grew on the same place. Put them eight feet from the line. Have some planted around the dwelling, and in the gullies and waste places, where nothing else can grow, and cover the country with trees. They will help the climate and water supply.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—This is the Caterer's recipe for molasses candy: One quart of molasses, quarter pound brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls best essence of lemon. Let the molasses boil, then put in the sugar; when half done, put in the butter, add the lemon when you take it off the fire. Boil one hour, stirring it. Pour into buttered plates when done, and keep in a cold place.

—To prevent creaking hinges to make latches slide easily, and, indeed, to reduce any refractory iron work to terms, the application of a soft lead pencil is equally as effective as oil. One clear advantage is that the use of the pencil for this purpose obviates the chances of soiling the hands or garments, while the annoyance is ordinarily removed by a very few touches of the pencil.—Exchange.

—The wise suggestion is made that there should be instituted a system of equality in the child's bedrooms, the boys' room being made and kept as pretty and cozy as the girls' and as scrupulously clean, as is too commonly the case, barely furnished with only the strictest necessities, and in a state of untidiness and disorder.—N. Y. Examiner.

—A good way to find out whether seeds will sprout is to fill a gallon crock nearly full of mellow soil and cover with one end of a piece of muslin twice as large as the crock. Wet through and through with hot water. Sprinkle the seeds on the cloth, throw the other end of it over them, put half an inch of soil on top, and keep in a warm place for four or five days. Then turn back the cloth and see what you have.—N. E. Farmer.

—One of the most important values of fertilizers is their action on quick-growing crops. Strawberries, for example, must gather most of their food in a few weeks, and in that time must have it in super-abundance in most available form. Grass, on the other hand, takes as many months to perfect its growth, and plenty of time to gather its food, which is about the same for one-half a ton of timothy as for five thousand quarts of strawberries.—Montreal Witness.

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

Correct and Inconceivable Ideas About Order and System in the Household.

System in conducting a piece of work is absolutely necessary to its successful completion; but why will people insist upon misapplying this excellent, helpful force, turning it into a sort of tether or weight to hold them in a narrow rut of habit, of setting certain days for certain duties, and doing those duties upon those days, sick or well, rain or shine, even though the skies fall in consequence? Monday is unquestionably the better day to do the family washing; it is so pleasant to feel that it is done and off one's mind and hands; but is this satisfaction sufficient recompense for the suffering often undergone in consequence of cold caught by exposure to unsuitable weather to attain it? Other work, which does not necessitate such exposure, may just as well be done if Monday chances to be stormy, and clothes washed on Tuesday, or any other propitious day, will be just as white and sweet as if washed on Monday. So in regard to other "set days" for sweeping, baking, etc. A broom and dust-pan kept handy in the chambers and used as often as needed, and no oftener, obviates the necessity for a set sweeping day, and keeps the house in a condition which you will not feel ashamed to disclose to any chance visitor. A judicious watch upon the larder will keep it unfailingly supplied, so that an unexpected tax upon it may not be dreaded. One does not feel the work of making a "batch" of cookies now, and two or three pies next day, perhaps baked while the dinner is cooking, as one does the standing for hours to mix and bake a great quantity of pastry on "set" baking days. By the former method the food is always fresh, which is another advantage to be considered.

Order and system do not consist in setting apart certain days for certain work, but in choosing what one's judgment, in consideration of health and strength, and other contingencies, decides to be the best time for doing each duty, and then planning how to do the work with the least outlay of time and strength.—American Agriculturist.



WORK FOR WOMEN.

Some of the Most Glaring Weaknesses of Struggling Womanhood.

To find remunerative work for women is one of the problems of the day, a problem not likely to be solved while women, as a rule, want "to eat their cake and have it." But I am strongly of opinion that there is plenty of work for those who will do it. With regard to painting as a remunerative employment, I am convinced that in the ordinary way it is hopeless.

Needle-work is a very different thing; a long experience has taught me that, in the hands of a good worker, needle-work can be and is remunerative. I have no doubt that in this sentiment, uttered on a platform, would evoke loud cries of "No! no!" and the "shrill sisterhood" especially would be loudly indignant; but nothing would shake my conviction, and I should know that their unbelief was the unbelief of ignorance.

Then, again, women, as a rule, are ashamed to let it be known that they work for money. To employ them assumes a quasi-charitable aspect quite detrimental to success, which very greatly increases the difficulty of the position. It can not be too strongly insisted upon that honest labor conscientiously performed is a matter for pride, and that until all nabby-pabby ideas to the contrary are swept away it will be impossible to help women in the battle of life.

—One million pills were burned up in a recent fire in New York City.

A Royal Practitioner.

Europe can boast of an exceptionally large number of royal literateurs at this moment; but the number of royal "scientists" is much more limited; and it is safe to say that Duke Charles Theodore, of Bavaria, is the only member of a reigning family who has signaled himself by the publication of a scientific treatise.

—A four-seated hansom cab has been introduced in England.

LAW OF FRICTION.

The Leading Principles Governing It Arranged Under Six Heads.

1. Friction is greatly influenced by the smoothness or roughness, hardness or softness, of the surfaces rubbing against each other.

2. It is in proportion to the pressure or load; that is, a double pressure will produce a double amount of friction, and so of any other proportionate increase of the load.

3. The friction does not depend upon the extent of surface, the weight of body remaining the same.

4. The friction is greater after the bodies have been allowed to remain some time at rest, in contact with each other, than when they are first so placed; as, for example, a wheel turning upon gudgeons will require a greater weight to start it after remaining some hours at rest than it would at first. The cause of this appears to be that the minute asperities which exist even upon the smoothest bodies gradually sink into the opposite spaces, and thus hold upon each other.

5. The friction of axles does not depend upon their velocity; thus, a railroad car traveling at the rate of twenty miles an hour will not have been retarded by friction more than another which travels only ten miles in that time. It appears, therefore, from the last three laws that the amount of friction is as the pressure directly, without regard to surface, time or velocity.

6. Friction is greatly diminished by unguents, and this diminution is as the nature of the unguents, without reference to the substances moving over them. The kind of unguent which ought to be employed depends principally upon the load; it ought to suffice just to prevent the bodies from coming in contact with each other. The lighter the weight, therefore, the finer and more fluid the unguent should be, and vice versa.—Phrenological Journal.

SYSTEM IN BUSINESS.

Difference Between the Human Automaton and the Man Ready for Emergencies.

System is a good servant, but a poor master. A man who has no thought of system in his daily life is likely to use his time and strength to little advantage. But a man who gives the chief place to system in his daily life, is likely to limit his labors to the routine demands of his system. No man is so proud of his system in life who could not conform himself to a system, if it were necessary. Nor is any man of the highest practical efficiency who will conform himself unvaryingly to a system. The man who will rise at a certain hour every morning, and will retire at a certain hour every night, and will have his meals at certain hours every day, and will do all his work in a certain order and in a certain way, is as valuable as a cuckoo-clock in calling the hours for those who want to know and to improve their passing time. But such a man is worth little for an emergency, and is quite incompetent to meet the special and extra-requirement of such exceptional days as are continually thrusting themselves into every busy man's lifetime.

—The general markets.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, WHEAT, COBEN, RYE, CHEESE, EGGS, BACON, LARD, POTATOES.

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INJUSTICE CORRECTED.

Convincing Verification of Widely-asserted Statements.

To Our Readers: In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at least a permanent conviction in the public mind. Seven years ago we stated that the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly increasing. Three years ago we stated that a marked check had been given it.

"The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country shows that in 1883 and 1884 the mortality from kidney disorders did not increase over the previous years; other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim that for checks these rates are 'Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health; within the past five years the cost of life insurance companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day millions of dollars are refused, because chemical examination discloses unsuspected diseases of the kidneys.

"The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption, and other ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases of life insurance companies.

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was not the cause of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the uric acid, which overtook him in his bed was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain of this man's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood.

"The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to testify to the fact that they have made, that the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all other remedies failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australasia and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many different diseases because it does, and can remove the uric acid from the blood through the kidneys.

"Our readers are familiar with the preparation named. Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns, and we believe it. We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and integrity.

"We are certain they have awakened a wide-spread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe we have made, that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

"As stated above, we most cordially commend the personal description of this preparation by our readers, believing that in so doing we are fulfilling a simple public obligation. —Philadelphia Call.

—Don't you think I look killing?" inquired Mrs. Biastford, as she entered the room in a new brick-dust costume. Mrs. Biastford is what one might call decidedly plump; and when Biastford calmly replied, "Yes, my dear, you look fat enough to kill, if that is what you mean," it was not unnatural that Mrs. B. should flounce out of the apartment with a very flushed face and a quivering tongue.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength. Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The hypophosphites, with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for Consumption (the affection of the Lungs) it is unequalled. Please read: "I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a short time."—The. FARM. M. D., Alabama.

Is it not possible to freeze a thing and melt it in red hot? Try a red pepper.—Danville Breeze.

A Lovely Complexion. "What a lovely complexion," we often hear persons say. "I wonder what she does for it?" In every case the purity and real loveliness of the complexion depends upon the blood. The complexion is unlovely, blotchy faces may make their skin smooth and healthy by taking enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" to drive out the humors lurking in the system.

A SAILOR can truthfully speak of the vessel in which he sails as the place of his berth.

When the follicles are not destroyed, Hall's Hair Renewer restores hair to bald heads.

For all ailments originating in disorders of the stomach and liver, take Ayer's Pills.

The boy that sprained his ankle has a very lame excuse for not attending school.—Record.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases. They are used always with good success. Price 25 cts.

In summer the toboggan is not worth ascent.—Providence Telegram.

DANGER Signalled by a Cough is averted with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pale's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The miser, talking to himself, will speak in many tones.—N. O. Picayune.

Mild, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Well Wishes—a man digging for one.—Texas Sittings.

Is afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

"NOVEMBER 1880," wrote Jos. P. Murphy, Springfield, Tenn., "my wife suffered eighteen months with neuralgia and paralysis. By the use of St. Jacobs Oil, she could walk." October 7th, 1880, he writes: "My wife recovered entirely." Price fifty cents.

Charles Tiel, of Philadelphia, Pa., was in a hopeless condition from throat trouble and asthma. Red Star Cough Cure cured him. Price twenty-five cents. At druggists.

ALASKA is growing, and there is talk of organizing it into a Territory. It has its seal already.—Buffalo Commercial.

The Poor Little Ones. We often see children with red eruptions on face and hands, rough, scaly skin, and often sores on the head. These things indicate a depraved condition of the blood. In the growing period, children have need of pure blood by which to build up strong and healthy bodies. Dr. E. C. Allen's "Golden Medical Discovery" is given, the blood is purged of its bad elements, and the child's development will be healthy, and as it should be. Scrofulous affections, rickets, fever-sores, hip-joint disease or other grave maladies and suffering are sure to result from neglect and lack of proper attention to such cases.

"WHEN you're down my way drop in," remarked the well-water to the "old oaken bucket."

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is an unfailing cure for all diseases originating in biliary derangements caused by the miasma of miasmatic countries. No other medicine now on sale will so effectually remove the disturbing elements, and at the same time give the whole system. It is sure and safe in its action.

CREAM PUFFS—milk advertisements.—Puck.

The removal of Prof. Sanborn, of N. H., after being pronounced incurable by a score of physicians, from Las Vegas, N. M., to his home, was effected by administering Dr. Hartner's Iron Tonic, which has restored him to his former good health.

The champion belt of the world is without doubt the equator.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 35c.

TIRED OUT! BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Languor, Lack of Energy, etc. It HAS NO EQUAL, and is the best medicine for the blood. It enriches the blood, invigorates the system, restores appetite, aids digestion, it does blacken or stains the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—after Iron medicines do. E. M. W. Warner, Quaker, Pa. I can recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility. Its effect was toning up the system, renewing life and vigor of the blood, increasing the appetite, and strengthening the digestive organs. I cheerfully recommend it.

DR. SANFORD'S INVIGORATOR

It is a valuable remedy for Liver Complaints and is indicated by a depressed or torpid condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, cleanses the blood, strengthens the system, restores digestion, and invigorates the system. Thousands of testimonials prove its merit. ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

For 15 years I was annoyed with catarrh, severe pain in my head, discharges into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. I have overcome this trouble with Ely's Cream Balm. Case, St. Louis Hotel, Broadway, N. Y.

BENSON'S CAPSICUM PLASTER

HIGHEST AWARDS OF MEDALS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

THE BRYANT'S SHALLOTT

WE WANT YOU! A live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$50 per month and expense, or large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one has credit and testimonials free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Don't Buy SEEDS, ROSES, FRUIT OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES

BEST we ever issued, containing the latest and choicest. THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., FAIRFIELD, OHIO.

Why did the Women of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886? Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS, THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury. Contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agents: KEYSER BROS. & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

HAINESVILLE, N. J., October 15, 1886.

Dear Sir: I was taken with a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me to use PISO'S CURE for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my Cough was cured.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND OFFERS THE SUREST REMEDY FOR THE PAINFUL ILLS AND DISORDERS SUFFERED BY WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

It relieves pain, promotes a regular and healthy recurrence of periods and is a great help to young girls and to women past maturity. It strengthens the back and the pelvic organs, bringing relief and comfort to tired women who stand all day in home, shop and factory.

Leucorrhoea, Inflammation, Ulceration and Displacements of the Uterus have been cured by it, as women everywhere gratefully testify. Regular physicians often prescribe it.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" mailed to any lady sending stamp to the Laboratory, Lynn, Mass.

Vaughan's Seed

TELLS THE WHOLE STORY FOR THE GARDENER, THE FARMER, AND THOSE WHO LOVE PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

GRIND your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the BEST MILL. (Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. Also POWER MILLS and FARM application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

THE BRYANT'S SHALLOTT

WE WANT YOU! A live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$50 per month and expense, or large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one has credit and testimonials free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Don't Buy SEEDS, ROSES, FRUIT OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES

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Why did the Women of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886? Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

What Schools

Have better music than those that use the sterling School Music Books

FOR THE LITTLE ONES. Kindergarten Chimes (31) is a charming book with songs, plays, games and full instructions for teachers. Songs for Little Singers (30 cts., \$1 per doz.) is a nice picture song book. Fresh Flowers (25 cts., \$2.50 per doz.)—this last having several music only. An. School Music Series. An eminently practical book by practical school music teachers.

FOR COMMON SCHOOLS. We can recommend nothing better than the famous Song Series (30 cts., \$2.50 per doz.) for a general collection, and for learning the notes. Book 1 (25 cts.) and Book 2 (30 cts.) of the Song Reader, by Irving Emerson and O. Brown. An eminently practical book by practical school music teachers.

FOR THE HIGHER SCHOOLS. Song Selections (30 cts., \$2 per doz.) is the newest and best book containing a large number of songs and glees in excellent taste, selections and voice exercises.

Please send for full lists and descriptions. Any book mailed for retail price. LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

PENNYROYAL PILLS. "CHESTER'S ENGLISH" The Original and Only Genuine.

Always Reliable. Beware of cheap imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chester's English" and take no other, or inquire for it, for particulars in letter by return mail. N. K. PAIN. CHESTER'S CHEMICAL MANUFACTURING CO., 2115 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

HARTNER'S IRON TONIC THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and take no other, or inquire for it, for particulars in letter by return mail. N. K. PAIN. CHESTER'S CHEMICAL MANUFACTURING CO., 2115 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

LADIES

DR. HARTNER'S IRON TONIC is a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Promotes appetite at convalescence only after the original. Do not experiment—immediately try it. Dr. Hartner's Liver Pills (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Directions mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.) THE DR. HARTNER MEDICINE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

LIVE STOCK CUTS. We will supply duplicates of LIVE STOCK CUTS or any other Cut shown to any Specimen Book, at or below quoted prices for same.

A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO., ELECTROTYPERS, STEREOGRAPHERS AND ENGRAVERS, 314 West Sixth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

NINE IMPORTATIONS IN 1886. The best DRAFT HORSES in the world are

CLYDESDALE and ENGLISH SHIRES.

We have the LARGEST and BEST COLLECTION of Draft Horses in the United States, including the winners of all premiums last fall. Terms Free. Send for Catalogue No. 5. BREEDERS and Importers, CALBRAITH BROS., JAMESVILLE, WIA.

IF THIS

MEET THE EYE OF ANY OF THOSE TERRIBLE HAZARDACHES AND EXHAUSTIVE WEAKNESSES women are so much afflicted with, the cure is at hand. It is a vegetable remedy, KIMIKI, the greatest discovery of the age for all female troubles. Those that have used it say they will never be without it. One trial convinces. Price 75 cents for package containing one month's treatment. If you can not get nearest drug store send price to us and a package will be sent at once to your address by mail secure from observation. Address the HOME TREATMENT ASSOCIATION, No. 109 Park Street, BOSTON, MASS.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Your "Tansill's Punch" 5¢ cigars are going like hot cakes. I intend that they shall be well advertised. WM. F. H. STEPHENSON, Buffalo, N. Y. Adames R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

Pain's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

30,000 CARPENTERS

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.

PENSIONS for soldiers and widows of the Mexican War and Rebellion. All tested. Circulars of Government Claims Collected. U. S. Claim Collectors, Indianapolis, Ind.

15 one-cent stamps will bring you return mail our book on "Pencil Blanks and Artificial Teeth" and Hand-some Illustrated Catalogue of the Trade. Free. Address E. ROTH & BRO., NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

Hardy's Eye Balm cures All Druggists or by mail 25c. W. H. FENNER, St. Louis, Mo.

For \$1.00 will mail sample Burglar Alarm and Fire & Window Protection. Agents Wanted. Address JNO. L. FAINTER, Bellevue, O.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY & RET. Agents' business. chance ever offered. Ad. J. D. BROWN, Jr., Boston, Mass.

\$5 TO \$5 A DAY. Sample worth \$1.50 FREE. Lines not under the Home Protection. Write HUBBARD SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Italy, Mich.

HOME SURETY. Secure a Business Education by mail, from BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y. A. N. K.—Do. No. 1123



THE MORMON ORGAN.

The Desert News Defies the Anti-Mormon Legislation of Congress.

SAULT LAKE CITY, Utah, Feb. 23.—The Desert News, the chief organ of the Mormon Church, after conceding the probability that the President will sign the Edmunds-Tucker bill...

SKWERED FOR GRIEF.

A Sioux Indian Skewers Himself Because of the Death of His Brother.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—A Sioux Indian in Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, Muzza by name...

HOWARD'S DEFLICATION.

The Deplorable State of Affairs in the Indiana Southern Penitentiary—Howard Arrested.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Feb. 23.—Warden Howard's defecation and the deplorable state in which the Indiana prison, South, has been found...

The Plegian Treaty.

HELENA, M. T., Feb. 23.—The account of the signing of the treaty with the Plegians at Blackfoot agency...

A Schooner Lifted and Turned Over.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 21.—Just before dusk last evening a seventy-five foot schooner that was sailing down St. Johns river...

The German Ecclesiastical Bill.

BERLIN, Feb. 23.—The ecclesiastical bill proposed by the Bishops of Osnabrück and Linburg shall be authorized to establish seminaries for the scientific training of priests...

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

Later Returns Give Bismarck a Good Majority—Increase in the Socialist Vote.

BERLIN, Feb. 23.—Returns from 265 districts show the election of 44 Conservatives, 18 Imperialists, 48 Centerists, 85 National Liberals, 3 New German Liberals, 8 Socialists, 8 Asiatics and 4 Poles...

MONTANA MISERY.

Twenty-five Persons and Thousands of Animals Frozen to Death.

BUTTE, Mont., Feb. 23.—As reports from different ranges come in, it is found that the weather was more severe than even reported. The loss of life will probably reach twenty-five persons...

A Mysterious Death.

PORT ELGIN, Ont., Feb. 23.—Detective McGowan and Constable Hoffermer to-day arrested James Keys and Henry Raymond...

Murder Will Out.

FAVETTESVILLE, Ark., Feb. 23.—Rebecca Watkins, who was arrested charged with being accessory to the murder of her husband...

THE NEW PARTY.

The Industrial Convention at Cincinnati Adopts the Name of "Union-Labor"—The Platform.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 24.—The craft called the Industrial Convention opened at ten o'clock yesterday morning. The Committee on Credentials made a final report.

At the evening session Chairman Robert Schilling, of the Committee on Resolutions, presented the report of that committee. He explained the long delay in preparing it by saying that the many interests involved and the many suggestions made, amounting to more than 200 in all, necessitated much time in agreeing upon a platform.

At the present session Chairman Robert Schilling, of the Committee on Resolutions, presented the report of that committee. He explained the long delay in preparing it by saying that the many interests involved and the many suggestions made, amounting to more than 200 in all, necessitated much time in agreeing upon a platform.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

A Social Accomplishment That is Far More Useful Than Music.

It is the natural wish of every mother to educate her daughters in some social accomplishment that will add to their attractiveness and agreeableness.

Adverse to Beck's Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—An adverse report was today ordered by the Senate Finance Committee on Mr. Beck's bill to provide for the retirement of United States gold tender and national bank notes of small denominations...

RAILROAD-BUILDERS.

Italians Supplanting Irishmen and Scandinavians on Great Contracts.

Heman Clark is one of the most extensive railroad contractors in the United States. He employs men by the thousand all over the country, and has had a long experience with laborers of all nationalities.

"Do you consider the Irishman the most efficient railroad laborer?" "The Irish and the Scandinavians are the best. We employ a great many of the latter. They are good hands and, like the Irish, are ambitious, only their ambition takes another form."

FARM NOTES.

A Kentucky farmer calls one of his cows "Human Kindness," because she gives such poor milk and so little of it.

Governor Lee, of Virginia, says that the farmers in that State are worse off than at any time since the surrender at Appomattox.

The wheat in this vicinity is winter-killed to some extent, but with favorable weather we expect a fair crop.—Salina (Kan.) Herald.

Mrs. George Clark bosses a farm near Noblesburg, N. B. He claims to have raised 700 bushels of corn hulled last fall to replenish the family purse and to break the monotonous round of domestic duties.

Stockmen and other experienced farmers claim that the Black Russian cats are the best for this portion of the State. They mature earlier and yield better than any other kind, but should not be sown later than March.—Russell (Kan.) Journal.

Feed young turkeys on ground oats and milk, cooked together as bread, with chopped onion in it, and give finely chopped meat and bone meal at least once a day. Feed often, and vary the food to any thing they will eat after they are a week old, but always feed meat.

Upon inquiry among the dealers in garden and field seed it is certain that a large amount of farming will be done this season. Quite a number of farmers will put in spring wheat. A large quantity of millet and sorghum seed has been sold to farmers who live at quite a distance from the city.

Prof. Henry, of Wisconsin, advises farmers to go slow on alfalfa. He thinks it will little faith in its proving profitable except where it can be irrigated and on land having a loose, porous subsoil, many feet in depth.

A Harlan County (Neb.) correspondent of the Prairie Farmer advocates shallow cultivation for corn. The theory of deep plowing he says is wrong. Deep plowing injures the roots. He tells of a field of corn last year that did not have a cultivator put into it until it was more than twenty inches high.

At such times the plant is tender and brittle, and liable to break—but in the heat of the day when one can kill weeds and not injure the corn. This field was absolutely free from weeds and grass when the harrowing was discontinued, and in about ten days or two weeks, it was "laid by" with an ordinary cultivator, set so as to not go over three to four inches deep.

There is one social accomplishment far more useful than music, and that is the art of agreeable conversation. The girl who plays the piano finely, but is unable to converse, is always at a disadvantage when compared with one who, devoid of "accomplishments," knows just what to say and when to say it.

What are the requisites for a good conversationalist? First of all, a kindly and sympathetic disposition, together with a readiness to be pleased by others. Add to this the impalpable quality we call tact, and a fund of varied information, such as comes only with much desultory reading, and we have all the material. If we do but use it aright.

If we make up our minds to really please people we are pretty sure to succeed. But there is one noticeable fact—a person may often gain a reputation for agreeable conversation merely through listening pleasantly to what others say. So, to be truly agreeable, we must cultivate the art of listening as well as talking, and, like Madame de Staël, enliven the conversation by "brilliant flashes of silence."

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The swine plague which has been raging in Northeastern Iowa is gradually losing its virulence.

An Iowa tobacco grower has taken out a manufacturer's license and will work up his tobacco into home made cigars.

The Iowa Farmers' Alliance is having an almost phenomenal growth in that State. Local alliances are springing up everywhere and nearly all of the leading farmers in the State are enrolling under its banners.

The leading breeders of draft horses in Iowa met recently and organized a State association. A constitution was adopted and signed by thirty-five leading breeders.

STOCK ITEMS.

In selecting a thoroughbred cow, see that she has already produced one or more calves; that she is with calf or has one at her side; that she is large, well formed, of good constitution, and above all, a good milker. Good milkers are usually good breeders.—Exchange.

Each breeder will learn what is the most useful class of horses raised in his vicinity, will get the best of that class and will induce his friends and neighbors to do the same, he can soon increase tenfold the profits of horse-breeding.

A lean stock show is proposed in England for dairy cattle, sheep, agricultural (draft) horses and hunters. The aim of the show is to be that animals should be exhibited in their natural breeding condition, as apart from and to prevent the evils of the present show system, viz.: the over-feeding of breeding animals. There is a pointer in that for many of our agricultural fairs that are degenerating into fat stock shows that are ruining many of our best breeding animals by encouraging over-fatting for show purposes.

Every day we receive fresh indications that the users of draft horses are changing their minds—are beginning to realize that weight is not the most essential qualification for their requirements. They find that there is more profit in insurance than in weight without constitution to back it, and naturally look for the horse possessing, with the requisite weight, good feet, short, strong legs, deep chest with heavy shoulders, short back, strong loin and ample "bread basket."

The sheep admired as much as any on the farm are the Oxforddown-Merinos. The size of the Merinos is nearly doubled, with a long and close fleece of very strong wool. Cloth made of such wool would be very lasting. The face is brown and handsome, covered with wool. One more cross with the Oxforddown would give the face a blacker hue and the body a larger frame.

The rations of sheep in winter are too little varied. Often it is dry hay and that alone from autumn until spring. Any addition to this is mostly in the way of dry grass. Costiveness is the frequent cause of skin irritation. Dry, heated food is a prolific cause of costiveness. This may be relieved by administering green food occasionally. Cabbages are much relished by sheep and the sulphurous properties in them are highly beneficial in keeping the system in order.

Process employed in the Manufacture of Fibrous Pulp Tiles.

A roof pronounced superior to that of slate, because of its lightness and other advantages, is now made of any fibrous pulp. From this material tiles of any shape desired are formed by pressure under machinery or by any other method which may suggest itself.

The pulp tiles are partially dried previous to being subjected to a water-proof solution. Thoroughly impregnated with the preparation to resist moisture, they are baked to harden them in the water-proof mixture. After the baking, the tiles are surfaced; to this is added a coating of sand, whereby the pulp is rendered proof against the action of heat or flame.

By the use of different colored sands, a variety of tints may be imparted to the tiles, which, after the application of the enameling mixture and sands, are baked a second time, after which they are ready for use.

Beside the inherent lightness of the pulp tiles, which obviates the necessity of a heavy frame to support a weighty roof, the pulp tile being tough and not brittle like slate, is far less liable to be broken from blows, stones thrown upon them, or human footsteps.

Again, slate tiles can not be laid compactly together on a roof on account of their brittleness, which prevents their being drawn tightly together by nails. Through the fibrous pulp nails may be driven as close home as in shingles, thereby binding them closely to the bed and together without any possibility of lateral movement, or "being blown away in high winds, as slates loosely fastened on roofs are."

Nails penetrate the pulp tiles more easily than shingles, and line closer together, being more elastic than wood.

—Ill's National Builder.

POULTRY POINTS.

Some of the Characteristics Sure to Be Wanted in the Coming Fall.

Breeding for fancy outward marks enters too largely into the improvement of poultry. Hardiness, thriftiness in growth, readiness to fatten, prolificacy in egg product, size, quality of flesh, and disposition, are some of the essential characteristics which should stand first. Color and markings of plumage, form and size of comb and wattles, and other outward peculiarities, are often useful as indications of the more substantial qualities, but of themselves are of no practical value. The great mass of poultry-keepers, who depend for profits on the sale of eggs and fowls, do not care to give their feed and time to the production of enormous combs, or finely-marked plumage. Those who keep poultry for eggs principally, prefer the kind of fowls that produce the greatest amount of eggs from the food consumed. It makes no difference to them whether the fowl is silver-tipped or not. Those who work for the production of meat want a sort of fowl that will manufacture from the food and care the greatest amount of good meat.

The farmer and other persons who choose merely for the money there is in the eggs and meat will probably care very little for the fancy points so carefully bred by fanciers. Small combs and wattles, solid colors, shape, but smooth, plumage, good legs, with bodies shaped and constituted for the particular use the fowls are bred for, are some of the characteristics sure to be wanted in the coming breeds.—Prairie Farmer.

Prof. Henry, of Wisconsin, advises farmers to go slow on alfalfa. He thinks it will little faith in its proving profitable except where it can be irrigated and on land having a loose, porous subsoil, many feet in depth. At the Wisconsin experiment station he had never succeeded in getting it through the second winter. He thinks the common red clover far superior to it except where the alfalfa can be irrigated.

A Harlan County (Neb.) correspondent of the Prairie Farmer advocates shallow cultivation for corn. The theory of deep plowing he says is wrong. Deep plowing injures the roots. He tells of a field of corn last year that did not have a cultivator put into it until it was more than twenty inches high. This field had been harrowed with an ordinary slanting tooth harrow, from the time it was planted until it attained that height—not when the ground was wet, not early in the morning or late in the evening.

At such times the plant is tender and brittle, and liable to break—but in the heat of the day when one can kill weeds and not injure the corn. This field was absolutely free from weeds and grass when the harrowing was discontinued, and in about ten days or two weeks, it was "laid by" with an ordinary cultivator, set so as to not go over three to four inches deep. This man cut very few, if any corn roots. His field of forty acres yielded eighty bushels per acre, while a field adjoining that was cultivated deep, and kept clear with an equal stand, and similar conditions with regard to soil and previous cultivation, yielded but forty-three bushels per acre. He thinks it would be well for farmers to experiment on a few acres.

Notes.

The swine plague which has been raging in Northeastern Iowa is gradually losing its virulence.

An Iowa tobacco grower has taken out a manufacturer's license and will work up his tobacco into home made cigars.

The Iowa Farmers' Alliance is having an almost phenomenal growth in that State. Local alliances are springing up everywhere and nearly all of the leading farmers in the State are enrolling under its banners.

The leading breeders of draft horses in Iowa met recently and organized a State association. A constitution was adopted and signed by thirty-five leading breeders.

FULL OF FUN.

—It is the spur of the moment that makes time fly.—N. O. Picayune.

—A wife rightly bred makes a good loaf—but a girl bred to loaf will not make a good wife.—Texas Siftings.

—John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir; if the old hen laid any, she mislaid them."—Poultry World.

—The name "Plymouth Rock" is very appropriately given to a breed of hens, inasmuch as it was very foul weather when the Pilgrim fathers struck that historic boulder.

—The little chick— The chick now through the eggshell breaks, Which many weeks has hid it; Cries, as its weak existence wakes, "My little hatch it did it."

—"I could just live on that air," said a young lady, rapturously, at the opera the other night. "If you can live on air I'll marry you," said her companion, who was an editor.—Texas Siftings.

—"Conductor, why didn't you wake me up, as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station." "I did try, sir; but all I could get you to say was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute!'"—Boston Transcript.

—Mrs. B. (who, though still young, has been three times married)—Oh, if I were a man, I would make a name for myself Tom (who is No. 3)—Strikes me you've done pretty well as it is, my dear. This is the third you have made.—Life.

—An extensive acquaintance Miss Washington Square—Why, where's your hat, Mr. Weeder? Mr. Weeder—Oh, I never wear one now. My bowing acquaintance is so large that I find it impossible to keep my hat on at all, so I hung it up for good.—Tid-Bits.

—One of our school teachers was endeavoring to explain to a small boy in her class the meaning of the word "collision." She said: "Suppose two boys running on the street should come together real hard. What would there be?" "A fight," responded the little fellow loudly and with astonishing promptness, and the teacher gave it up.—Bangor Commercial.

PAPER ROOFS.

Process employed in the Manufacture of Fibrous Pulp Tiles.

A roof pronounced superior to that of slate, because of its lightness and other advantages, is now made of any fibrous pulp. From this material tiles of any shape desired are formed by pressure under machinery or by any other method which may suggest itself.

The pulp tiles are partially dried previous to being subjected to a water-proof solution. Thoroughly impregnated with the preparation to resist moisture, they are baked to harden them in the water-proof mixture. After the baking, the tiles are surfaced; to this is added a coating of sand, whereby the pulp is rendered proof against the action of heat or flame.

By the use of different colored sands, a variety of tints may be imparted to the tiles, which, after the application of the enameling mixture and sands, are baked a second time, after which they are ready for use.

Beside the inherent lightness of the pulp tiles, which obviates the necessity of a heavy frame to support a weighty roof, the pulp tile being tough and not brittle like slate, is far less liable to be broken from blows, stones thrown upon them, or human footsteps.

Again, slate tiles can not be laid compactly together on a roof on account of their brittleness, which prevents their being drawn tightly together by nails. Through the fibrous pulp nails may be driven as close home as in shingles, thereby binding them closely to the bed and together without any possibility of lateral movement, or "being blown away in high winds, as slates loosely fastened on roofs are."

Nails penetrate the pulp tiles more easily than shingles, and line closer together, being more elastic than wood.

—Ill's National Builder.

POULTRY POINTS.

Some of the Characteristics Sure to Be Wanted in the Coming Fall.

Breeding for fancy outward marks enters too largely into the improvement of poultry. Hardiness, thriftiness in growth, readiness to fatten, prolificacy in egg product, size, quality of flesh, and disposition, are some of the essential characteristics which should stand first. Color and markings of plumage, form and size of comb and wattles, and other outward peculiarities, are often useful as indications of the more substantial qualities, but of themselves are of no practical value. The great mass of poultry-keepers, who depend for profits on the sale of eggs and fowls, do not care to give their feed and time to the production of enormous combs, or finely-marked plumage. Those who keep poultry for eggs principally, prefer the kind of fowls that produce the greatest amount of eggs from the food consumed. It makes no difference to them whether the fowl is silver-tipped or not. Those who work for the production of meat want a sort of fowl that will manufacture from the food and care the greatest amount of good meat.

The farmer and other persons who choose merely for the money there is in the eggs and meat will probably care very little for the fancy points so carefully bred by fanciers. Small combs and wattles, solid colors, shape, but smooth, plumage, good legs, with bodies shaped and constituted for the particular use the fowls are bred for, are some of the characteristics sure to be wanted in the coming breeds.—Prairie Farmer.