

Chase County Courier.

W.E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW TO THE LINE. LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOLUME XII.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1886.

NUMBER 50

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A Summary of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Comptroller of the Currency recently fined five National banks \$500 for delinquency in responding to his calls for monthly reports. These banks, the Comptroller says, will be fined \$100 each for every day they are delinquent in responding to future calls.

A Washington special says: The Secretary of State, notwithstanding the release of Cutting, will, it is said, insist upon the abrogation of article 186 of the Mexican penal code, which confers upon Mexican courts jurisdiction, under certain circumstances, over foreigners for offenses committed outside of Mexican territory.

It was stated that Henry F. Beecher, son of Henry Ward Beecher, and late collector at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, is wanted by the Treasury Department to explain a deficiency. He can not be found.

Mr. Beecher was appointed a year ago last June, and had the office until the Senate rejected him, the day before it adjourned. The authorities at Washington deny the report and say it is a canard.

GENERAL DRUM, Acting Secretary of War, has given instructions that Geronimo, Natchez and the other hostiles who surrendered with them must be stopped at San Antonio and kept in prison there until a determination shall be reached as to what course of procedure shall be taken against them. They will probably be tried by a military commission.

A son of President Tyler was recently appointed chief of the private land claims division of the General Land Office.

THE EAST.

A SEA-SERPENT 100 feet long was seen by two excited gentlemen in the Connecticut river on the 8th.

STEPS have been taken in New York for the organization of a trust company to raise the funds needed to rebuild the ruined portion of Charleston, S. C.

AN explosion of gas occurred in the Youghis mines, near Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 8th. Four or five men were badly hurt.

Two hundred and five out of 240 Vermont towns have made returns and the result shows that Edmunds is assured of re-election by an overwhelming majority. The Republican State ticket was elected by 17,000 to 8,000 majority. The Republicans have elected all their county tickets. The State Prohibition vote will be smaller than expected.

The yellow fever case (Francis Golden) ended fatally in New York on the 7th.

The Westinghouse Air Brake Company find that it has a profitable business and will increase the stock from \$50,000 to \$3,000,000.

A SNEAK thief stole \$30,000 worth of booty from the safe of J. G. Harrison's Newark, N. J., commission store the other day.

HANCOCK & SONS, shoe manufacturers of New York City, have agreed to make their shop a union one.

The Western Union Telegraph Company directors have decided to pass the next regular quarterly dividend.

The excursion steamer Empire State, with 400 passengers, was recently reported ashore a mile and a half below Sandy Hook. There was quite a sea on and a dense fog. The other excursion steamers are coming in cautiously.

ERNEST SCHILLING, once coachman for Giovanni P. Morosini and later Mr. Morosini's son-in-law and conductor of a Sixth avenue car, quit railroading very suddenly the other day, and took his trunk and disappeared with it from his boarding house. It is stated that Morosini was so much pleased at his daughter's abandonment of her husband that he sent Schilling (the husband) his check for \$15,000.

THERE were plenty of disappointed yachtsmen in New York on September 10, for the second race of the international series had been postponed. After sailing in a fresh breeze from the eastward for four hours the Mayflower and Galatea were enveloped in a thick fog for ten miles east of Sandy Hook lightship and were compelled to abandon the race. The Mayflower had outsailed the Galatea on every tack from the start.

A CASE that physicians pronounced genuine Asiatic cholera was recently reported at Taunton, Mass. The patient was a young lady, who died a few hours after being attacked.

The socialists of New York are making great preparations for a reception to be given to Dr. Edward Aveling, a socialistic leader in England, and Wilhelm Liebknecht, a prominent German socialist and member of the German Parliament, September 19, at Union Park.

A NEW political party has sprung into existence in Philadelphia, called the English American Political Association, and starts out its first lodge with a membership of 300. The organization is to extend through the East and West during the winter.

It was rumored that the yacht Puritan was being prepared for an ocean race with the Galatea.

THE WEST.

Foalmen were seriously and three severely injured in Indianapolis, Ind., recently by the falling of the wall of a building which they were tearing down.

The Chicago University has been closed because of a debt of \$200,000 due the Union Mutual Insurance Company, of Maine.

White miners attacked imported negroes near Coshocton, O. A good many shots were exchanged, but no one was killed.

The coroner's jury on the powder explosion near Chicago recently have censured Laffin & Rand for storing dynamite in their magazine and recommended the removal of all magazines from the town of Lake.

On the Missouri Pacific railroad between Bartholdi and Laclede Junction, Mo., the other night the engine and tender with merchandise were destroyed, as were also their contents, by a collision between freight trains. The loss was \$50,000.

THE rumors of an outbreak among the Blackfoot Indians in Northern Montana were not confirmed in the War Department at Washington.

A CONDEMNED building known as the Bates House, fell at Indianapolis recently while workmen were pulling it down. Eight men were very seriously injured.

WISCONSIN Republicans have renominated Governor Rusk.

The wife of a man named Babinsky, arrested for keeping a "fence," recently attempted to bribe Justice Tearnay, of Lakeview, Chicago, with two \$5 bills.

The trans-continental railroad lines out of San Francisco have reduced freight rates east. Competition with the Canadian Pacific is the cause of the reduction.

WILLIAM J. CLINGER, a Chicago politician of some note, whose trial for defrauding the city to the extent of \$15,000 has been pending many months, died on the 8th. There was a rumor that he committed suicide, but it was strenuously denied.

THERE were fears of an Indian uprising at Fort Duchesne, Utah, on the 9th, and great anxiety was felt at the post and its vicinity from rumors that Indians were on the war path. The Government train en route there from Fort Bridger was believed to be in imminent danger, and Colonel Benton was throwing breastworks, and had sent requisitions for additional troops in anticipation of a raid by the Indians.

FIFTY molders at the Belleville, (Ill.) Pump and Slein works struck recently for a raise in wages of 10 per cent.

The National Federation of Miners in session in Indianapolis has adopted a resolution opposing union with the Knights of Labor.

The cases of the fifteen saloonists arrested at Alliance, O., a short time ago for violating the prohibitory ordinance, have been postponed. Their attorneys will apply to the United States Circuit Court in this city for an injunction to restrain the authorities from enforcing the ordinance.

DURING the past two months repeated attempts have been made to burn down the National stock yards in East St. Louis and two of the fires started by the incendiaries caused considerable damage to the pens and sheds, but were extinguished before the flames had communicated to any of the large packing houses. The perpetrators of these outrages remained unknown until recently, when John Colly, the night watchman at Whitaker's packing house, discovered several boys attempting to set the house on fire.

FIVE cars arrived at the Union Depot at Kansas City on the 9th, filled with Odd Fellows from the Rocky Mountains on their way to the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge at Boston.

THERE will be a meeting of the St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City lines interested in the Memphis business in St. Louis September 20, the object being, if possible, to meet an agreement on provision rates.

The Knights of Labor and members of the Central Labor Union of St. Louis, and other labor organizations of that city have combined under the name of the United Labor party and will hold a convention of delegates from the various assemblies and unions, on October 7, for the purpose of nominating a full city, Congressional and Legislative ticket.

WHILE recently playing in the wheat in an elevator at Millersville, Ill., Charles, aged fifteen, only son of M. G. Okey, a prominent and wealthy farmer, was smothered to death by being sucked down into a bin which was being emptied.

GENERAL.

PRINCE ALEXANDER signed his decree of abdication on the 8th, leaving Sofia the same day.

EDWIN DELBIELE proposes to introduce into the British House of Commons a bill forbidding members of Parliament receiving money from aliens or from foreign countries for political purposes. The bill is aimed at the Parnellite members.

SEVENTY-SIX new cases of and thirty-eight deaths from cholera were reported in Italy on the 8th.

A STEAM tug exploded its boiler at Matanzas, Cuba, recently, killing two and seriously injuring five persons.

MOROSINI has sent his son-in-law Schilling \$15,000 to settle all claims. Mrs. Schilling was supposed to be with family friends in the country.

ITALIAN parents named Calmon left the dead body of their infant in the bunk of a steamship which recently arrived in New York. No search could find the heartless parents.

It was officially announced in Berlin that Bismarck was not suffering from selatice, as had been reported. He strained or lacerated some muscles while returning from Gastein.

The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, of the 8th says: "Prince Alexander, when delivering his farewell address to the officers and informing them of the could not be obtained was under to leave Bulgaria, said: 'If my departure is not forever, it is until the National Assembly of Bulgaria decides the question.'"

The United Ireland says no power in Great Britain can collect the landlord's tribute in Ireland in the face of organized, united and level-headed people.

A LETTER from Seoul, Corea, dated August 2, stated that the deaths from Asiatic cholera from July 15 to 25 numbered 8,140 and since then from 367 to 467 persons have died daily. Coffins could not be obtained and the bodies were wrapped in sackcloth. In many places dogs and vultures have scratched away the light covering of earth and devoured the bodies.

It was reported at Matamoros, Mex., on September 10, that a wagon loaded with dry goods had been captured by revolutionists and that more risings were expected.

The Queen of Spain is suffering from pulmonary disease, which is making alarming progress.

The Chairman of the Westport, Ireland, Board of Guardians, who was formerly a prominent member of the National League, has accused the League of investing American contributions, instead of devoting them to the aid of evicted tenants.

A TELEGRAM to France from the Bishop of Tonquin recently said that 700 Christians had been massacred and forty villages burned in the province of Manho, and that 9,000 Christians are perishing of hunger.

UNITED STATES MINISTER PHELPS has written to the Lord Mayor of London, on behalf of the American Government, expressing thanks for the Mayor's generous offer of assistance to the sufferers by the earthquake at Charleston, which he says the people of America will never forget.

ENVOY SEDGWICK left Chihuahua on the 10th for Washington.

WHEN Mr. Taylor, agent of the Marquis of Ely, boarded the Waterford Company's steamer at Waterford a few days ago, to return to Duncannon, all the passengers immediately left the steamer, taking with their cattle, goods, etc.

DISPATCHES to Bradstreet's for the week ended September 10 report trade bright and growing better in all sections of the country.

A LEADING grain circular from London recently stated that the prospects for the British crops were not improving. Heavy rains had fallen, delaying the harvest and depressing the quality and condition.

DALY, one of the 1884 dynamiters, was reported dying in prison on September 11, and the National League adopted a resolution expressing indignation at the Government for refusing to allow Daly's relatives to visit him.

THE LATEST.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—Strenuous efforts are being made to effect a settlement of the charges against Charles P. Tasker, the young son of a wealthy family, who was captured some months ago in the South after forging the names of his relatives, Thomas T. Tasker and Stephen P. M. Tasker, to promissory notes for \$20,000. His grandfather, who says that every cent of the indebtedness shall be paid, is now paying 50 to 75 cents on the dollar and giving his notes for the balance. Bail will be secured for the young forger in a few days, and the holders of the notes having been pacified, it is thought that the wealth and influence of his family will be sufficient to cause the indictments to be swept away in some musty pigeon hole where they will be forgotten.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 10.—Last night unknown parties, generally believed to be colored, broke into the office of the *Living Why*, a newspaper edited and published by Rev. R. N. Countee, a noted colored minister, and literally wrecked it. Part of the things were thrown into the street, and the rest dumped into the bayou, and the press was dismantled. Rev. R. M. Countee was formerly minister of the Colored Baptist church, but was fired for undue intimacy with the sisters of the congregation. About one year ago an attempt was made to assassinate him, and he was severely wounded. His wife, he believes, is believed to be members of a secret colored society, which organization he denounced from the pulpit.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 11.—A young man named R. L. Abbott, a dairyman living on Prospect avenue, committed suicide yesterday morning about ten o'clock in the alley between Baltimore avenue and Wyandotte street. He was only partially dressed at the time and there were no papers or any thing else about him to lead to his identification. An empty laudanum bottle was found in his pocket, plainly indicating the means of his death. The remains were taken to Mathews' morgue where they remained unidentified until a man named Lynch called and recognized the body. He said Abbott had been sick lately with malarial fever and had been out of work, and probably that led to his insane act. He was absolutely penniless when found. His father is said to live in Lincoln, Neb., where he runs a dairy.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 11.—Kansas City, 6; St. Louis, 5.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11.—Chicago, 14; Detroit, 8.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—Washington, 1; Philadelphia, 4.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 11.—Athletics, 3; Pittsburgh, 4.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 11.—Baltimore, 6; Louisville, 1.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—Metropolitans, 5; St. Louis, 5.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 11.—Brooklyn, 8; Cincinnati, 4.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

The laborers employed on the Rock Island bridge at Topeka recently struck for an advance of fifteen cents a day.

The Democrats of the First Congressional district met at Leavenworth and nominated Colonel Everhard Bierer, of Brown County, for Congress.

By a runaway near Larned recently two estimable young ladies were seriously injured. Miss Clara Sunderland, daughter of Colonel M. S. Sunderland, and Lillie, granddaughter, were out riding. While driving down the hill on the west side of town the buggy ran on the horse, frightening him so that he became unmanageable, ran away and threw them out with such force upon the ground that the first named lady was terribly mangled about the face and it was supposed received internal injuries, and the other young lady was badly hurt. Both ladies were conveyed home in an unconscious condition.

The Grand Opera House at Topeka being refitted at an expense of over \$8,000, new boxes and new furnishings throughout being provided.

The Republican Congressional committee Seventh District met recently and arranged their campaign programme, setting the first grand rally at Hutchinson on September 24.

PENSIONS were allowed on the 6th to David Timenous, of Mound Valley; Archer Hamon, of Sedan, and Fall Prince, of Wyandotte.

PROF. WILLEY, chemist of the Agricultural Department at Washington, has gone to Ottawa to superintend experiments in the manufacture of sugar from sorghum.

WARDEN SMITH, of the penitentiary, has made his report for August, from which it appears that during the month two convicts died, 18 were discharged, one was transferred to the insane asylum and 18 were admitted. Total number in confinement at end of month \$70. The total earnings of the prison during August amounted to \$12,081.08, and the total expenditures were \$9,802.95.

The report of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture for August showed no material change in the area of crops from that shown by the July report. Dry and hot weather has been the rule in the eastern half of the State, resulting in short crops. West more rain has fallen during the month and crops promise a fair yield. The wheat crop (winter and spring) is estimated at 13,500,000 bushels.

A CHARTER was recently filed for the Topeka, Council Grove & Southwestern railroad. The object of the company is to build and operate a road from Topeka through the counties of Shawnee, Wagon, and Morris to Council Grove, and thence southwest through the counties of Marion, Chase, McPherson, Butler, Harvey, Sedgewick, Sumner, Reno, Kingman, Pratt, Harper, Barber, Comanche, Clark and Meade. Estimated length, 200 miles. Capital stock, \$5,000,000.

A BOX of antiquities from the American Antiquity Society, Worcester, Mass., was recently received by the Kansas Historical Society.

KANSAS has taken out seventeen national bank charters during the year ended June 1. The total capital stock of the new banks is \$295,000, with a circulation of \$217,000.

The case of John W. Weaver against the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad was up in the Supreme Court the other day. Weaver claims that on May 19, 1885, while in the employ of the above-named railroad, in the discharge of his duties as a locomotive engineer running a freight train near Fayetteville, Ark., without fault or negligence on his part, the locomotive was thrown from the track down an embankment into a stream, whereby his arm was broken and torn, and he claimed damages in the sum of \$25,000. At the trial of the case in Harvey County the plaintiff got a verdict for \$10,000. The judgment of the lower court was confirmed and the company appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

FRANK X. BYRON, who is charged with having embezzled funds of the firm of Taft & Hardy, of Topeka, by whom he was employed as cashier, and who it is also said has more than one wife, arrived in that city the other evening from Boston in the company of his brother-in-law, Richard Wilson, who brought Byron on a requisition issued by the Governor. He was committed to jail. His wife came from Boston on the same train, but traveled in another car and had not seen him for nearly a week. For nearly two months the parents had not heard from her, and they became much alarmed. It is charged that while in Boston he destroyed the letters which the young wife had written to her parents and given to him to be mailed; it is also charged that he stole his wife's wedding clothes and pawned them.

COLONEL S. N. WOOD has commenced suit in the district court of the Seventeenth judicial district against twenty-six men, whom he alleges, kidnapped him. He asks \$60,000 damages.

The grading of the Rock Island Railroad is completed to within twelve miles of Topeka.

The Board of Regents of the State Normal School report the sale of all the salt spring lands, consisting of twelve sections, except 200 acres, for the sum of \$75,882, or an average of \$10.50 per acre. The appraised value of the lands sold was \$75,523, the sale being an increase of \$3,359 over these figures. Six hundred and forty acres were appraised at 50 cents per acre, being almost wholly worthless, which fact makes the average a good figure. The 200 acres which remain unsold are in Saline and Republic Counties, and will have to be reappraised under the law. This is said to be the best sale of public lands ever made in the State.

CHARLES NELSON, a ten-year-old lad, was killed the other day near Fredonia, Wilson County. He was riding on a wagon and, falling off, the wheels passed over him and crushed him to death.

The second annual encampment of the Kansas National Guards will be held on the Fort Riley military reservation, commencing Monday, September 20, and continuing until September 25.

WIRT WALTON KILLED.

A Railroad Accident Results in the Death of the Brilliant Young Journalist.

JUNCTION CITY, Kan., Sept. 6.—The passenger train on the Fort Kearney branch of the Union Pacific jumped the track between Mulford and Alida yesterday. Hon. W. W. Walton, of Clay Center, was riding on the engine which fell on its side, and he was terribly scalded. He was brought to this city and is receiving every attention, but his condition is hopeless.

WALTON DEAD.

JUNCTION CITY, Kan., Sept. 7.—Wirt Walton died yesterday afternoon. Of the others injured in the railroad accident, Fireman John Fries was dangerously scalded about the face, head and right side, but will recover. He is at his home on Fourteenth street in this city. Engineer James Mullis was also scalded, mostly about the arms and shoulders, extruding Mr. Walton. His home is on Jefferson street. At first the physicians supposed that Mr. Walton's injuries were merely flesh wounds. They were dressed and he was left for the night. He was perfectly conscious and it was supposed he would recover. About three o'clock yesterday morning he commenced to decline and the doctors were again summoned. Then it was learned that he was at death's door, the five minutes or more that he had remained under the engine lighting the white hot steam having fairly cooked his lungs. He was informed of the fact and took it very coolly. At 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon he passed quietly away.

Mr. Walton was born at Seloville, Scioto County, Ohio, May 21, 1852. His early childhood was spent in Lawrence, Mo., and in 1870 he removed to Walton township, Labette County. In 1871 he removed to Cowley County, Kansas and was almost immediately elected County Surveyor. He served in this position for a number of years. In 1875 he was elected Journal Clerk of the Kansas House of Representatives and in 1876 he served in the border Indian war. He served through the struggle, escaping without any injury. In 1875 he became connected with the *Winfield Courier*, and also acted as deputy postmaster of that city. In 1877 he was unanimously elected chief clerk of the House of Representatives and re-elected in 1879 and 1881. In 1883 he served as a member of the lower House, representing Clay County, to which he had removed, having purchased the Clay Center *Dispatch*. In this legislature he was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the most important which a member of the House could hold. In 1884 he received the Republican nomination for Senator from the Clay Center district, but in the interest of harmony and unity he withdrew from the race. In 1884 he served as secretary of the Republican Central Committee, and this year he was delegated to the Republican State convention and was again chosen a member of the central committee, but a short time after his election he declined to serve. On July 29 he was chosen chairman of the convention which nominated John A. Anderson for Congress at Clay Center. In the present campaign in the Fifth Congressional district he had identified himself with the Anderson faction of the Republican party. Mr. Walton was engaged to be married to Miss Jennie Streeter, who was shot in the attempt which was made upon the life of Dr. M. Munford in Kansas City a few months ago.

LABOR DAY.

Great Processions of Mechanics and Other Workingmen in Chicago and Milwaukee.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—The annual "Labor Holiday" is being observed on a very general scale to-day. Business of all kinds, especially in the manufacturing houses, is largely suspended, and the streets in the business center are crowded with holiday seepers. The parade, which started toward eleven o'clock, was in nine divisions, and the number of participants was estimated at from 15,000 to 25,000. There were twenty-two bands. In the first division were the Bricklayers' Union and four thousand hod carriers; second division, horsehoes, molders, machinists and blacksmiths, tin and sheet iron workers and can makers; third division, plasterers, lathers, carpenters, broom makers, rattan workers and woodworking machinists; fourth division, Typographical Union, Pressmen's Union, Stereotypers' Union, shoemakers, tanners and carriers; fifth division, harness makers; sixth division, cigarmakers and tobacco allied callings; seventh, Pullman employes; eighth, South Chicago iron workers and local assemblies of the Knights of Labor, while the ninth division was made up of an exposition of all business firms employing union labor. The turn out is said to have been the largest ever seen west of the Hudson river. Many industries, among them brick-laying, type-setting, press-feeding and iron-molding, represented in active progress in the parade. The line of march was through the principal streets of the business center to Ogden's Grove, where a mass meeting is being held this afternoon.

IN MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 6.—"Arbison's Day" was celebrated here by a monster labor parade, which started at ten o'clock, and in which nearly 10,000 workmen participated in accordance with the proclamation issued by Mayor Wallber there was a very general suspension of business in industrial establishments, factories and workshops. The attendance at the labor picnic this afternoon at Schlitz Park is very large.

Rough on the Editor.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 7.—Intense excitement was occasioned in Wyandotte, Kan., at seven o'clock last evening by the scolding on Minnesota avenue of Mr. Russell B. Armstrong, one of the editors and proprietors of the Wyandotte *Gazette*, by the two sons of Billy Gamble, the well known saloonkeeper of Wyandotte, who is at present suffering a term of four months' imprisonment in the county jail for an offense against the prohibitory law. The cause of the violent assault was an article which appeared in the *Gazette* of last Friday, which argued—referring to a petition being circulated asking for the release of Gamble from jail—that it would be preferable to allow the wife and children of the saloonkeeper to be supported by the county rather than that any portion of his sentence should be abated.

WHAT IS IT?

A Suspicious Smoke Seen Off Hilton Head Light—What Is It, a Volcano or a Ship on Fire?—Prof. Mendenhall's Theory of the Earthquake.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Sept. 9.—The keeper at Tybee Light-house, at the mouth of the Savannah River, reports that between one and two o'clock yesterday afternoon an immense white column, at first supposed to be a water-spout, was noticed twenty miles out at sea, in a northeasterly direction, or apparently twenty miles due east of Hilton Head light, at the mouth of Port Royal harbor. Glasses were leveled on the mysterious stranger, but it was so far distant, and the atmosphere so hazy, that a good view was impossible. The fact that it still remained stationary at five o'clock dispelled the water-spout theory, and at that hour the light-house keeper signally telephoned that the column had assumed unmistakable evidences of being smoke of light color, peculiar to that from volcanoes. No disturbance of the sea is reported, and has preceded the appearance of the column, but the people of the island are convinced that a volcano has sprung up. The smoke is visible from the cupola of the *Morning News* building in this city, and it is felt certain here that it is either of volcanic origin or rises from a ship on fire at sea. As it is a forty mile cruise from this city, it is impossible to learn anything definite concerning the mystery. The first shock of earthquake felt in this city Tuesday night undoubtedly came from a northeasterly direction, and this fact, coupled with Prof. Mendenhall's theory, indicates that the base of the disturbance is at sea, somewhere off the coast between this city and Charleston.

BILOXI'S PEST.

The Doctors Fail to Agree as to Its Nature, But Think Precautions Measures the Safest Course—All Convalescent.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 9.—The war between the doctors as to whether the disease at Biloxi was yellow fever or not, rages as warmly as ever, although the sickness has disappeared. Dr. Holt, president of the Louisiana Board of Health, one of the experts who pronounced it yellow fever, made a long speech before the Board, in which he severely handles the physicians of the opposition. He gave a complete diagnosis of the case, declaring that the two sick persons, who had died of the fever, had died with black vomit, and that their bodies turned yellow and presented other evidence that confirms the yellow fever theory. He declared that Biloxi physicians had made only a superficial and careless examination of the cases, but he made no allusion to the report of Dr. Godfrey, of the United States Marine Hospital service.

Dr. Godfrey has arrived here from Biloxi. He adheres to the belief that the disease was not yellow fever, but he gave the mayor of Biloxi the advice to quarantine General Hamilton, that the convalescents should be kept under supervision for six days, and all the precautions taken to prevent a spread of the disease, after which quarantine and other restrictions could be abolished. Popular and medical circles are still divided as to the character of the Biloxi fever. It is, however, it is ended, as there are no new cases and the sick are well again.

BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

A Georgia Young Lady, Who Had Lost the Power of Speech, Recovered It as the Result of Excitement Incident to the Earthquake.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—A Savannah special to the *Times* says: A strange incident of last week's earthquake shock is the recovery of the power of speech by Miss Mamie Martus, daughter of a retired officer of the regular army. At the close of the war her father was put in charge of Forts Pulaski and Jackson, below the city. While at the former fort, the daughter, then a bright, intelligent child, had an attack of meningitis, which left her voiceless. The best medical skill was obtained, and the father took his afflicted child traveling, but nothing did her any good. She was dumb, but had all the other senses.

During the earthquake of the first earthquake shock last Tuesday night, she in her fright attempted to call her brother. He was frightened himself when he heard her whisper his name. Since then she has gradually regained her voice and now talks with perfect fluency. She says she was almost delirious with joy when she found that she could speak. Her voice was low and her throat, sore for three days, and she had trouble in finding words to express her thoughts. It was much like learning a new tongue, except that she knew the words, but had forgotten how to pronounce them. City physicians are deeply interested in the case. Their explanation is that the recovery was due to intense mental excitement.

What the Scientists Have Discovered.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—Prof. Powell, director of the Geological Survey, expects the members of the survey who were sent to Charleston to make observations of the earthquake to return in a few days. From the preliminary reports already received it is evident that some very interesting and, probably, some very important scientific facts have been discovered. Several hundred reports have been received from persons in the center of the earthquake region. From these reports and the observations of the government scientists Director Powell concludes that the earthquake had its center in North and South Carolina, to the northeast of Charleston. The land area of the earthquake was 900,000 square miles, one-third of the total area of the United States, and the maps which have been prepared show that the shock traversed this distance in fifteen minutes. The earthquake did not come from the direction of Bermuda. Mr. McGee will bring with him some valuable specimens of the soil and stones which were thrown up through the fissures. Director Powell says the scientists will agree as to the main facts of the earthquake.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

BOTTONWOOD FALLS - KANSAS

TO A SERENADER.

I hear thy music soft and low,
And then it comes again;
Thou strain! I hear thee come and go
As on my couch I lie.

Now near, now far, it dices away,
And then it comes again;
Ah, me! To keener dread a prey,
I listen to that strain.

Just as soft slumber o'er me crept
I heard thy melody;
Hadst thou but wait'd till I slept,
'T would have been well for thee.

Thou might'st all night on me have fed,
But now thou'rt 'midst thy dream,
For I'm about to spring from bed
To chase thee round the room.

I know that thou art swift to flight,
But rage and hate are ditto,
And maddened thou't surely be to-night,
Pestiferous mosquito.

—Boston Courier.

UNQUENCHABLE LOVE.

Old Aunt Dorothy and Her Ever-Noble Prince.

"What was all that commotion about just now?"

"Oh, nothing. It was only some stupid old man who had not been in the town for ever so long going by, and Mrs. Brown called us to see. What have I done with my gloves? I know I brought them in here. Oh, there they are, under that chair. What plagues things are!—Coming, Annette, coming!"

"Did she say who the old man was?"

But the words were spoken to empty air, for the heroine of the gloves was already flying down stairs in the best approved costume for the fashionable promenade.

Her great-aunt, Miss Dorothy Fielding, bent back, meditating, in her chair. She was a cripple of many years' standing from rheumatism and sciatica, and could move but little without assistance.

She was very old; but although her face had many wrinkles, there was abundant play of expression about it yet, and living evidence that she had by no means outlived her faculties. An ordinary face it never had been, although, equally, she had never been beautiful. In her youth some had called her plain, some good-looking, some pretty; but full of life and expression that face had always been; full of character, and that no ordinary one, full of vivacity, the light of which after four-score years was even yet unquenched.

Her eyes were dark brown, sensible, true and very kindly. Any one with a degree of imagination in their brains would have felt certain her companionship even now would not be dull; so sympathetic, bright, and, in the evening-time of life, so placidly content was the countenance that looked forth under the matronly cap and thick grey hair. She had been full of love and lovers with the brightest, once upon a time; she had dreamt many a waking dream, had been attractive and popular; but she had never married. She was Miss Fielding now, as she had been at the beginning of the chapter.

The young people around her were on the whole a selfish, preoccupied set, who had few thoughts to spare from dress and gaiety, and who would as soon have thought of giving up one of their pleasures to sit for an hour with Aunt Dorothy as of being hospital nurses. When she had come amongst them some months previously, she had looked forward to being their confidante on various points. All her soul kindled yet over a real love affair, and she sympathized also with minor matters of small flirtation and girlish fun. But even she could make little of these graces of hers. Her innate good taste recoiled from their fastness, with unscrupulous stratagems, their loud-spoken ill-nature toward other girls, and the utter absence of all love, worthy the name, from their scheming, worldly, and unwomanly love affairs.

Their father had taken this house, which was large and handsome, for the four months' season at Fairbeach, and as he was very fond of his aunt, and rooms could be spared for her use, he had asked her to come to them for that period. Old Miss Fielding, being very comfortably off, had never sunk into the immoveable habits that she had been expected from her age and infirmities, and she accepted the invitation and enjoyed the change. She had long ago made her intentions plain as regarded the money she had to leave; it was all to go to this, her only nephew, with the exception only of a few legacies to old servants, friends, and God-children. One of these last was her niece Laura; and whether it is that people are by nature like their God-parents or not, Laura was very much the niece of the four Miss Fieldings. She had a happy disposition, and could bear a disappointment without going into depths of despair or getting thoroughly cross until the next diversion dawned, as her sisters did. It was, alas, a very uneducated character, for Mr. Fielding was easy-going and over-indulgent to his children, while their mother was a worldly woman of lady-like exterior, and very comfortable principles as regarded coarse-minded schemes for marrying her daughters "well."

Laura, therefore, as might have been expected, was no paragon of perfection, but she was obviously improvable, than which few better things can be said of any human being. Not only good temper, but a little more earnestness of aim, a little more delicacy of feeling, and greater warmth of affection distinguished her from her sisters. Aunt Dorothy took her home to her large heart and believed in her, and Laura was, half-unconsciously, already the better from this sojourning of their aunt among them. She came into the room soon after her sister's departure, and was asked the same questions given before.

"It was an old Mr. Picardy, who lives a few miles off, and had not been in the town for ages. He has driven in an open carriage up Friar's hill."

"Then he must return this way?" said Aunt Dorothy.

"Yes, I suppose so." Humming a tune, Laura went on rummaging a distant table-drawer for something that she wanted—things do mislay themselves in a thoroughly untidy house.

"Laura," said her aunt, "come here, my dear. I used to know this Mr. Picardy, formerly, and should much like to see him passing back. Do you think, without saying anything to any one, you could manage to wheel me in my chair into the drawing-room?"

It was on the tip of Laura's tongue to raise objections. Aunt Dorothy kept entirely in her own rooms, and it would be quite an innovation to establish her in the drawing-room. But she just looked at her aunt's face and saw there so much eagerness and wishfulness that something stirred her heart. She was almost surprised at herself for the alacrity with which she said: "Certainly, Aunt. Let us try."

"The drawing-room door is of course wider than this," said Aunt Dorothy, "so we need take no measurements. Go, my dear, and clear away the mats in the way, and see that there is room made in the best window for seeing from, and close the folding doors. Be quick, or somebody will come."

Even in old age, Aunt Dorothy's clear brain could foresee difficulties and provide against them, so that her niece had nothing to do but obey her orders. There is a certain pleasure in following distinct directions, even if given in a fatherly peremptory way—as these were. Aunt Dorothy did not "shilly-shally" to the end; she was no "limp" person, even yet, when anything was to be done, and these are always the best captains in war or out of it.

With a look of strange excitement on her face, she waited Laura's return. Almost in a dream she heard her niece's voice saying: "Now, the coast is clear," and answered she was ready, with a singular feeling of talking in her sleep.

Carefully through the first door, carefully through the second, with a little difficulty about the turn, was the chair propelled. Easily then, along the smooth carpet to the window, underneath which the carriage, of necessity, must pass.

"Thank you, dear child. He was a very dear friend in times gone by. Now leave me," said Aunt Dorothy. "If any one comes they must be shown to the inner room. I wish to be alone."

And Laura went away with a suspicion of the truth that made her smile a little half-sadly, then sigh, and sighing, think: "We shall all be old some day."

Meanwhile Aunt Dorothy looked out of her window, which faced one of the principal hotels and commanded a long stretch of street, winding up towards Friar's hill. No carriage was in sight. It was the other window of the room that had the sea-view, but to the right of the houses a pretty piece of country was seen, where "heaths, starred with broom" mingled their gold with the sunset rays that poured on them from the opposite horizon towards which the sun was declining.

Aunt Dorothy did not see it just then. She leaned back in her wheel-chair, and covered her eyes with her hands. A half-smile—but it was a very sad one; much sadder than any tears could have been—was on her lips, and she said in an undertone:

"I am again for Cydnus, to meet Mark Antony!"

Then came silence.—She was not an old woman any longer. Oh no! It was all a mistake that she was crippled and helpless, that life and its abundant opportunities had drifted into the past, and she was only a great-aunt without any nearer ties to bind her. Young, strong and straight—alas what words are those to whom the realities are gone by for ever!—but straight, and strong and young she stood, once more, in fancy. Was she twenty-three, or twenty-four, or twenty-five? No matter; now one, and now the other. She was Dorothy Fielding, with life stretching out before her, fair, as if glistening with the sheen of early morning, and breathing promises to her that surely nothing could belie. Within her stirred:

"Impatient wishes that besieged the sky,
Nor disbelieve of any miracle, say that life's longings and its hopes could die."

She was Dorothy Fielding, full of love, hope, and a thousand fulfillments that, half unrecognized, came lavishing their joy about her path. The turf sprang under her tread, but her feet sprang quicker. The very best of life, the very fairest of its hours were hers. And who was that beside her, whose look thrilled hers with that first, desperately-sweet, never-to-be-forgotten shock of love's desire? Who was it that lingered with her on matchless eyes of June, when roses bloomed around, surely sending some intoxication into the air? Who was it that held those immortal jests, or josting joy one moment at arm's length with the very caprice of happiness, followed after it the keener when the graver time was spent?

Ernest Picardy, always—Ernest Picardy. There had been others, many others, who had loved her smiles. What mattered any one of them? There can be but one Jove on an Olympus, and that one was Ernest Picardy. Since time began, all love-making and all lovers had lacked somewhat until now. And oh, never again to the voice of love let any heart throbb so wildly, so joyously, so regardless of imagined doom! Until now, nobody had gazed it all quite thoroughly. The delightful peril of risking a life's happiness against half an hour's caprice, was surely until now an untried adventure. And the morning and the evening, the sunshine, and the rain, the very birds and breezes moved to one refrain:

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As Love's young dream."

And years went on, until the bond grew firmer, and Ernest Picardy, handsome, oh, so handsome, young and gallant, ruled over love's kingdom, and should rule forever and forever. Stop there. Even in memory—even now—she shrinks from the pain of living over what came after. The foolish pride, the mistaken offense, the misadventure and misery of it all, when she called on heaven to help her; when she clung desperately to the hope that blessed chance or strange adventure might come in friendly aid; when the fond belief still lingered that some kind heart, ere hers was broken quite, would

take home her sorrows and come to her rescue. That, and that, and that—such little things—might have been done and all saved; and no one did them, and the critical time went by, and the world went circling on, and mad cries of resistance and despair went up to heaven, and still there was no answer.

Let it all be forgotten now. A long life-time lay between that time and this. If the edge of the weapon still be keen, let it lie in the sheath. It is in the happy time, the magical time she lives now, while she waits to look upon the lover from whom she parted half a century ago. She saw the carriage coming from afar. Two men were in it, one of middle age, with but slightly-grizzled hair; the other old with time of many winters on his scanty locks. She knew him at once—the lover of her youth. She would have known him anywhere. But oh! the change. Yet the features were handsome still, and a calm dignity was on them, that looked like an habitual expression. Age, extreme old age, was there, but in no repellent form. Only the eyes that had sought her own, and wrecked her peace of mind so sorely, would never look again on maiden, sky, or meadow. Their lids were dropped so as completely to conceal them; for during many years he had been stone-blind.

He sat with his face slightly upturned, as is the manner with blind people, his hands resting on the head of his staff, and as she looked down on him, so fully visible to her as he was, he turned in conversation to his companion and smiled. Do not the old colors of the regiment, riddled with shot, battered and stained out of all their early beauty, bring to us a sight of loving tribute to the glories so present to the spirit, so little discernible otherwise now? The tears rained from the old woman's eyes as she looked, so changed and yet with such an ineradicable likeness to the days of youth that she smile of her former lover.

The carriage stopped. The younger gentleman dismounted with some papers, with which he disappeared for a few minutes into the hotel. The old man, gay, active, handsome Ernest Picardy that once had been, sat still, patiently and calmly, as one who knew well how to wait. And who knows that his heart did not respond with some deep desire to the fervent blessing breathed to him from above by the woman watching so near—the woman he had loved so passionately long ago? Face to face they had met at last, although only one was conscious of that meeting, and her soul cried out to his, full of old love and new—yes, love even now, freshly-born of tender truth and woman's undying faithfulness.

His friend joined him, and the carriage drove on. It was "adieu pour jamais" between them now. But when the last sight of him was lost, she covered her face with her trembling hands and murmured forth:

"Thank God! Ah, so much, much better than the meeting I had hoped for and so often planned. What Heaven gives comes always mystical with satisfaction. What would I have done if we had spoken of it all, but mingle our tears and pierce each other's soul once more with unavailing regrets? Better for us both to be spared it. But oh! my love, my love! parted to me, I know and feel it, only true by our own mad pride and folly! We are calm enough now! We have both grown old, very old, my dear, but it has been together, although apart. If your brow had been smooth as I remember it, and your locks raven as when I saw them last, I could not have claimed you for my own as I do now. We should have parted company then; but now we are one—we were young together, we are old together, and the tie of mutual age has a sacredness in it which nothing can dislodge. And then, when this brief portion of our life is over, we shall meet at last, my love, without a tear, young, and perfected, and blest for ever in the kingdom of God."

Again her tears streamed forth. Excitement and weakness had shaken her self-control to its foundations; and for a few moments of rare indulgence she did not stem their flow. Only a few moments, however, for aged eyes can not weep long.

When Laura came back, Aunt Dorothy had returned to perfect calmness, and greeted her with a smile that had conquered sorrow. This girl was certainly growing more and more kindly-natured from contact with her aunt. She said, quite gently now:

"Was he greatly altered, Auntie? You must have seen much change in him, I fear."

"I knew him," returned her aunt. And then, after a pause: "He was my lover for many years, and I never loved but him. Only, misfortune, chiefly of our own making, rash and foolish that we were, came between us."

"You are very white, Aunt Dorothy. Had you not better, after all this, let me bring you some wine?"

"No, my child, nothing. Leave me here alone a little while longer, for I want to rest, and may God bless you and make you truly His."

Laura looked at her aunt half-frightened at the solemnity of the words and tone; but already Aunt Dorothy had turned from her and was gazing abstractedly on the moor, where the gorse and broom caught from the sunset blood-red tints, that rippling like waves over their surface, left shadows of deep purple in between.

When she was alone: "I have had a very happy life," said Aunt Dorothy; "although some things were denied, and the greatest joy granted me was followed by the direst sorrow. But I buried the sorrow. It was the joy that lived and has been my companion and comfort all these long, long years; the joy of having known love fully once; the certainty that all true love holds immortality within it. Thank God that He gave me strength to take up my cares and interests and to live 'with all my might.' It has not been a useless life, and now at the end, He has given me the great wish of my heart, this crowning joy—to look even yet again upon the face of Ernest Picardy."

She had no tears to shed, they were done with for ever, and she was very calm. Two or three sighs she gave, but there was nothing to tell whether

they sprang from sadness or from the satisfaction of a deep content.

When Laura returned she found her aunt still sitting there, but her spirit had flown. Disease of the heart had long threatened, and agitation so unwonted at her age was all that was needed to snap life's silver cord. The fullness of her cup had overflowed, and the hour in which she had looked again upon her early love had been her last. In one heartfelt *Nunc Dimittis*, she had passed from age and helplessness and pain into the country where such things are not, and it is many a year now since Ernest Picardy joined her there. When she lay in her coffin and they went to look at her and give her a last kiss, who had always spoken to them such wise and loving words, they were awed, even the most careless, at the unutterable joy and peace upon her face. And they said that a look of her youth had come back to it, in this, her final sleep.—*The Argosy*.

WILLOW BASKETS.

The Process of Manufacture Employed in the Large Factories.

Were you ever in a willow basket factory? Few persons have had the pleasure of witnessing the making of a willow basket. I had often longed to know how they were manufactured, and having lately an opportunity to visit a basket-making establishment, I watched the process of manufacture with much interest.

The shop or manufactory was a large barn-like structure, wherein many boys and girls were employed. The process is a simple one. A log of beech or basswood of considerable length, and perhaps eighteen or twenty inches in thickness, is thoroughly steamed, and then suspended horizontally in the open frame-work of an iron table, by gudgeons fastened in the ends. The log is then made to revolve by steam power. A stout knife, of the length of the strip required, and gauged to cut the requisite thickness, slices off a portion from the surface of the log. As the knife is constantly advancing toward the log, the shaved portion drops off in the shape of a continuous sheet, which either breaks off itself, or is broken off by the attendant workman into pieces of a few feet in length. The sheets thus broken off are taken to another iron table close by, and placed between grooved rollers, when, by a ratchet-wheel arrangement, a long knife descends perpendicularly, clipping off at each stroke a strip of the width desired.

These strips, still wet and thus soft and pliable, are next carried to benches to be woven together by boys and girls. At the back of these narrow benches rise frames, inclined backward at an angle of ten or fifteen degrees at the top, and from the top also projects a strip of board, of two or three inches in width, with bits of wire an inch or two in length fastened in them regularly, of the same distance apart as the width of the strips.

Now when the little operator goes to weave her basket—for the girls work much faster than the boys—with a quick motion she places upon her upright frame four of the strips, placing them between the alternate wire divisions for one side of the braid, and places a strip across them at the bottom, and then quickly puts over that the transverse strips, and the four other alternate strips for the upper side of the braid. Then, with flying fingers she inserts the remaining strips with unerring eye. In and out she weaves the strips almost as fast as your dazzled eye can follow her little hands. She selects and throws aside the defective strips in an instant. In a few moments the ends of the strips, comprising about half of the square, but forming a smaller square, are woven and thrown upon the floor, where there is a pile which grows at the rate of perhaps four or five a minute.

A pile of these woven squares is next taken to a bench, to front of which is fastened, projecting toward you, a hollow box of steel or sheet iron, whose external size and shape exactly correspond with the interior dimensions of the basket to be made. Upon the end of this box the operator places a strip of steamed elm, slipping its edge under projecting bits of iron, for the inner rim at the top of the basket. He then places the woven square upon the end of the box nearest him, and having a shallow iron box or follower, of the same size as the outside of the basket, but only about a couple of inches in depth, standing immediately behind, by a lever he places it quickly upon and over the flat side of the braided square, thus doubling up the sides and ends of the basket in shape. Then above the shallow box he whips the loose ends through each other to complete the braiding of the upper part. This done, he seizes another strip of elm and lays it over the inner elm slip, with the basket between them, and then, with his mouth full of tacks, proceeds rapidly to drive the tacks, turning the basket over as he proceeds, and clinching the tacks on the iron box underneath, and in a minute his part of the work is completed and the shaped basket joins its fellows in a huge pile on the floor.

It only remains that the ragged, projecting ends of the strips be shaved off with a knife, and the handles which have been steamed and bent into shape, be put in place, when the basket is completed. They are then packed into nests of a dozen each of large market baskets. The best are sold at the factory at thirty-five cents a nest, or less than three cents per basket. Other baskets for various uses are made in a different manner, yet the process is much the same.—*N. Y. Observer*.

A little three-year-old boy became unruly at home, and his mamma wishing to get him out of the way, lifted him over into a great wood box in the kitchen and bade him stay there. An older brother came in soon after and seeing him there said: "Well, Charlie, what have you been doing now?" "O, nawthin'," was the reply. "Only mother's having one of her bad spells."—*Boston Record*.

Let the boys take an interest; even give them a share of the crop. You have trained them to work, they can help you better than any on you can hire. Make their labor interesting that they may stay with you.—*Prairie Farmer*.

STARTLING FIGURES.

Facts Gleaned From the Recently Issued Internal Revenue Report.

The dry figures of the internal revenue report, when examined, yield much information. It appears that the consumption of beer increased 1,524,980 barrels. The consumption in 1885 was greater than ever before, and adding the officially reported increase, it appears that no less than 642,000,000 gallons of beer were consumed last year. The population is over 60,000,000, but the consumption for the year ending June 30 must be reckoned upon the mean population for that year, which was about 59,257,030. On that basis the consumption of beer appears to have been 10.83 gallons for every inhabitant, babies included. Considering that a large part of the population does consume beer at all, this seems to imply an enormous consumption to those who do, and yet, since those who use beer at all certainly consume as much as half a pint daily, they would at that rate get rid of twenty-three gallons each. Apparently the consumption is about equivalent to a pint a day for half the adult population.

The increase in the consumption of whisky was 1,606,108 gallons, which makes the consumption for the year 70,763,010 gallons, or 1.19 gallons per capita. That is much more than was consumed in the years of depression, the fiscal years of 1878 and 1879, when the tax was the same as it is now, but much below the consumption of 1883 and 1884, when the quantity was 1.41 and 1.42 gallons per capita. The increase in the consumption of beer, which has risen from seven gallons to nearly eleven gallons since 1878-9, accounts for some diminution in the use of spirits, and probably the rapid spread of prohibition at the South has affected the consumption still more. Fifteen years ago, when the tax was only 50 cents per gallon, the consumption ranged between 1-1/2 and 2 gallons per capita.

The increase in consumption of tobacco in various forms has been remarkable. Snuff-using, it may be remarked, is on the decline; 195,747 pounds less were used last year than the year before. But the consumption of manufactured tobacco, for smoking and chewing, increased 11,010,574 pounds, reaching 191,023,663 pounds, or 3.22 pounds per capita, which is considerably in excess of the consumption in any previous year. Prior to 1870 the quantity consumed was from 1 to 2 pounds; in 1870 it rose to 2.38, and until 1879 averaged about 2.50; then it rose in 1880 to 2.75, in 1882 to 3.06, and has been above 3 pounds ever since. But the increase in this form of tobacco would have been greater but for the increase in the consumption of cigars and cigarettes.

The number of cigars consumed increased last year over 151,925,855, making a total consumption of 3,510,372,539, or 59.2 per capita. Just twenty years ago the consumption was 10.2 yearly; in 1870 it rose to 30; in 1875 to 35.9, and then declined a little with the hard times to 40.5 in 1878, but in 1881 it rose to 52.6, reaching 61.5 in 1884, and declined to 58.2 in 1885, but has now risen again to 59.2. Thus the consumption is a shade lower than the greatest yet recorded, and there is some reason to doubt whether this small decrease betokens the pressure of hard times, because the consumption of cigarettes has greatly increased. Last year alone the increase was 251,212,112, or about 25 per cent, making 1,310,556,512 in all, or 22.1 per capita. In 1865 there was a small consumption, but practically none officially recorded in the years 1866-1869. In 1870 it rose to 4 per capita, in 1875 to 9 per capita, and in 1876, just ten years ago, rose to 1.7 per capita. But that was only the beginning; in 1880 it had risen to 8.2 per capita, in 1884 to 16.1, in 1885 to 28.3, and now averages 22.1 per capita. Of the influence of this change upon health doubtless physicians may have something to say, but a considerable increase in the use of tobacco in other forms is evidently prevented by the manufacture and use of cigarettes, whether that change be beneficial to health or not.

It remains to add that, supposing cigars to average only five cents each, and cigarettes twenty cents a package, tobacco a dollar per pound in retail forms, beer five cents a glass, and spirits five cents for half a gill, prices which are certainly not as high as those paid by most consumers, the cost of these articles to the people of this country is over \$1,189,000,000, or \$19.82 for every inhabitant.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune*.

The Wilmington (Del.) News says a huge waterpump formed several days ago in Burton's bay, on the eastern side of Accomac. It extended in a spiral column all the way up to the overhanging clouds, and standing out against a clear blue sky, formed a beautiful sight to persons, many of whom witnessed it at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. It broke before doing any damage, but several fishermen had to row with all their might to get out of the track of the whirling column as it swept up the bay. It is supposed that the water-spout was at least thirty yards in diameter. Persons living along the shores of Burton's bay were greatly excited and frightened by the novel occurrence.

A husband who was apprised of his wife's flirtation with the handsome basso of a comic opera company at Long Branch, wired her that he would run down from New York and arrive at Long Branch at 6.47. Instead he arrived early in the afternoon, and saw her drive off in the family equipage with the basso. He followed in a hired cab for a long distance, then called to his own driver, who halted. Stepping out of his hired equipage he sent it back, forced the basso to mount the box by the coachman, stepped in and sat by his wife, and then had the coachman drive very slowly by in full view of the hotel. The flirtation was completely broken up.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Seventy and sixty-three were married a few days ago in Pierce County, Ga. They were sweethearts during their youth and have courted each other ever since.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Cornell will add a law school to its other departments in the fall of 1887.—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal*.

The foundations for the twenty-second Protestant Church in the city of Rome were laid a few days since.

In Augusta, Ga., the churches have rules which forbid gentlemen from sitting on the right side of the house, as that part is occupied by ladies.

There are five hundred and ninety-seven young men actively occupied as volunteer workers on the various committees of the New York Young Men's Christian Association and its various branches.—*N. Y. Witness*.

Mr. Elliot F. Shepard has paid a \$15,000 mortgage on the Seventh Presbyterian Church of New York. "A church debt," says he, "is a mortgage upon the altar of God."

The Presbyterian Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Northwest has 1,500 subordinate societies, which contributed \$60,000 to the mission cause last year, and sustained sixty-one missionaries.

Mr. McMasters, of Toronto, who built the fine edifice of the Baptist Institute at Woodstock, Can., and endowed seven of its professorships, has recently added \$250,000 to his noble gifts for the purpose of making it a full college.

When Christ says, "I am the Rose of Sharon," it is suggested that he is perfect in character. He was the only perfect man that walked on this planet without fault, without flaw. No man has pointed to anything in his character unworthy of humanity. As one exemplifying in his life all the virtues deemed necessary to a faultless human character, he stands as the one in whom no guile has been found.—*Sam Small*.

The Bishop of Exeter, Eng., recently confirmed a number of idiots, and the act provoked so much criticism that he has thought it necessary to justify his conduct. He does so by saying that the idiots were more devout than a great many wise Christians, and quotes the dying words of a poor idiot known as Silly Billy:

"O, what does Silly Billy say?
Three in One and One in Three,
And One of Them has died for me."

It is very important to learn to write in a plain, legible hand. The habit of careless writing has entailed no little loss and trouble to many people. It is not right to tax the time and patience of persons to whom we write by requiring them to make repeated efforts to decipher an epistle with one-fourth of the letters only partly formed, and another fourth so badly formed that the person addressed can hardly tell from whom.—*Chicago Standard*.

The New West Education Commission has three schools in different sections of Salt Lake City. The labors of their teachers, and of Rev. A. B. Peebles, have developed such a marked religious interest that the Home Missionary Society has appointed Rev. Alexander Monroe as permanent missionary there. He has already begun evangelistic work in the city, with those Sabbath schools as centers. The New W. E. Commission are to erect a building to serve both as school and as chapel.—*The Interior*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Common dollars are not scarce where common sense is abundant.

Some will find fault where others would never think of looking for it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

China and Japan buy our dried apples freely. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.—*Boston Transcript*.

Lawyer (to witness)—In that case you spoke of, was the testimony written or oral? Witness—It was oral, sir. All about the stroke-or in the race.

"Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" asks four-year-old Mammie. "Yes, dear; I do not care if you do." "Thank you, ma," was the demure reply. "I've been."

An advertisement reads—"Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter," and the *Cleveland Leader* asks, "What will be the result when the doors slams?"

It doesn't follow, young man, because you are smitten with a young lady that she is dead in love with you. The mosquito has a strong and abiding affection for the human race, but who ever heard of its being requited?—*Boston Post*.

Mr. Algernon (to Boston young women)—Did you have a pleasant time at the literary society last week, Miss Eugenia? Miss Eugenia—Yes, indeed; we had an evening with Emerson. Mr. Algernon—Why, I thought he was dead.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A young man who has a good deal of spare time on his hands wishes to learn of something that will keep him occupied. We can think of two things right off—getting married and tipping over a beehive.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"They speak of the value of books," said Jones, "but can a man who is ignorant and unable to read find anything interesting in a book?" "O, yes," replied Smith, "in certain books."

"What kind of books?" "In a pocket-book, for instance."—*Boston Courier*.

A Boston girl wrote a bit of poetry which she headed "A Madrigal," and sent it to a newspaper as a contribution. But a blundering printer set up the head "Mad at his Gal," and when the author read it you never saw a madrigal than she was.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.—*Jeremias Taylor*.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, who, by the way, was a noted wag, replied that "one way they ran up, but the other way they ran down." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look up at the ceiling.—*Chicago Standard*.

BEYOND RECALL.

Bring not to-night Your words of praise— You spoke them not In other days; For not the lips So silent now, Drop not your tears Upon her brow.

It is not meet To offer here; The boon she sought From year to year; No word from you Could bring to-night To her still heart A faint delight.

Look on the face So lovely yet; It bears no trace Of dim regret; Death swept away The look of pain And left it calm And fair again.

She feels no more The cruel slight That hid from her Love's holy light; She hid not her Tears from your eyes As penance small— The work you brought Is past recall.

Annie Wilson, in Detroit Free Press.

THE BLACK TIGER.

How He Was Captured by a Young Honduran.

"If we take him alive, without a scratch, Francisco, you shall have five doubloons." Francisco tore his cigar from between his lips and dashed it to the ground. "Ten hundred doubloons," he cried in an agony of impatience. "Senior Henrigo, not for 10,000 doubloons can we do that thing. It is impossible! You hear me, Senior Henrigo, it is impossible! I kill him. Yes, I kill him for one doubloon. But catch him alive! Non, non. Not any tigero in Honduras can do that thing. You know how strong is this tiger Nero—this black tiger? With one slap of his paw he kills me an ox. He is big like a horse, nimble like a cat; he can jump like a bird and his claws and teeth—they are cuchillos—they are crooked knives, with edges like a razor."

A soft, musical voice interrupted him. "Buenas dias," it said, and Francisco and myself turned at the same moment to recognize the speaker. He had named Guillermo, who had been working with a gang of mahogany cutters in the forest near the hacienda where I was stopping. He was apparently not more than sixteen years of age, but his bare arms and legs were knotted with bunches of muscle and his handsome face had an open, fearless expression seldom met with among the peons, or laborers, of Central America.

"Good day," he repeated, "what is the talk?" "Folly," replied Francisco, "much foolishness. One tiger Nero is kill fourteen oxen in three weeks for Don Jose Geray, here at the hacienda. He is come into the pens and carry off three calves; he is kill one herder, and the whole hacienda is frightened of him. I know him. He is the biggest tiger in all Honduras; and what you think, Guillermo, Don Henrigo is give me five doubloons when I catch him alive! Eh, how is that like you? I am not kill him. I am catch him in my hands, and Senior Henrigo gives me five doubloons." The extravagance of the idea made Francisco laugh. He was one of the boldest "tigeros," or professional tiger hunters, in Honduras, and with only his spear had killed dozens of the beasts which prey upon the herders' oxen; but he had never before thought of capturing one of them alive, and the idea seemed to him absurd.

But the boy, Guillermo, did not laugh. "Five doubloons!" he said, gravely; "how much real is so many doubloons?" "Six hundred." He brought his right fist down into the palm of his left hand with a sounding blow. "I catch him for you, Senior Henrigo," he said, quietly. "Not one scratch he shall have. I know the patch of sarsaparilla where he hides, and to-night I catch him. Six hundred real! Yes, Senior Henrigo, I catch him to-night for six hundred real." And the boy turned on his heel and vanished as quickly as he had come, but not so quickly that he failed to hear Francisco's jeering cry: "You catch him? You—a boy—catch a tiger Nero alive? Caramba! He will bite you in bits."

At five o'clock that night Guillermo was again at the hacienda. "The trap is built, Senior Henrigo," he said quietly, "but I have no bait. I am only a boy—I and to catch the tiger the trap will need one calf, one young cow, to cry and cry, so that the tiger may hear it and come. I am only a boy—I and I have no calf."

"That's all right, Guillermo," I said at once, for I liked the boy's spirit, and while I doubted that he could do that which so old and experienced a tigero as Francisco declared impossible, I was willing to aid him to the extent of furnishing bait for his trap. "If you would like to see Don Tiger walk into the cage, it can be so," Guillermo told me a few minutes later, as he laid the bawling calf which I had procured from my friend's herd across his shoulders. "There will be a young moon to-night, and I make you a nest in the vines high up in a mahogany tree where you can see, but tiger not see you."

The trap proved to be an inclosure of logs, about seven feet long by five wide, and six high. The sides were made of strong young tree trunks firmly planted in the ground, close together. The top was built into the sides by notching the top and side timbers, and the whole was so secured by wedges and dovetails as to be solid as a rock. In front—directly below the perch which Guillermo soon built for us in a mahogany tree overrunder by vines—a sliding door was raised and secured by a bar which passed along the top of the trap, and was so arranged that a violent pull at the bait would spring a spindle which communicated with the pole through a grapevine rope, and send the heavy door, sliding in its grooves, smoothly and swiftly down to the grass.

Darkness came suddenly. The calf kept up a continuous crying, and made Guillermo—who was crouched beside me—say more than once, "Poor calf! Poor little cow! But it is better so," he would add, "better that calf be killed, and tiger caught, so he can not kill so many more cows and may be people." I had just looked at my watch, and saw that it was ten o'clock, when a sharp, wailing cry broke the stillness of the night, and made me jump so that the watch slipped from my hand and would have fallen to the ground but for the chain that held it. The cry was repeated three times, and each time it seemed more mournful and blood-curdling. It was not like the roar of a lion—rather, the cry of anger of an enormous cat. For a moment the calf's bawling stopped, but presently it began again, louder than before, and Guillermo clutched my arm and pointed through a rift in the vines to the grass in front of the trap.

A little shape had suddenly leaped out of the shelter of the jungle and was crouched before the trap-door. Its body seemed to be as big as the average horse, but its short legs and crouching position brought its belly to the grass. Its tail moved slowly from side to side, and its eye-balls glowed in the half-darkness like live coals. In the moonlight the shape was as black as a shadow. There came another cry, shorter and fiercer than the others. The figure lifted itself from the grass and shot like a great bird into the mouth of the dark trap. The pole which confined the door flew from its position and the heavy door of hewn logs dropped with a solid "clunk," plainly audible to us on our distant perch.

"Now we will go home," remarked Guillermo quietly, as he proceeded to climb down the tree's knotted trunk. "And leave the tiger?" I asked. "Guillermo laughed. "He will stay, Don Henrigo. That trap is solid like rock and hard like iron. He will stay, and to-morrow you can cage him."

In the morning we transferred the brute, which had almost worn himself out in pacing his prison, to an iron-bound cage, previously prepared. I had the pleasure the same afternoon of paying Guillermo his six hundred and twenty real, being five doubloons—which in our money would be \$77.50—in hard silver. The average pay to a peon for a day's work, in Honduras, is one real, or twelve cents, so that by his energy and pluck that Spanish lad in a single day earned as much money as many who considered themselves his superiors earned by continuous labor in two years. The ease with which it was done taught Francisco that the nimble mind of a boy is often of more value than the experience of a man.—Detroit Free Press.

Interior of a Venezuela House.

The house is plain and substantial-looking outside. It is entered through a passageway paved with marble, and when wide enough to drive a carriage through, perhaps, with great mahogany doors, the outer ones standing open through the day. You enter into an open court or patio, having an overhanging roof, so as to make an inner piazza, and still further within is a wholly open space filled with the most beautiful flowers and most odoriferous shrubs. Three sides of this little garden are surrounded—to use an incorrect word—to use the rooms of the residence, large, cool, neat, restful, peaceful; the rooms of home. The one side is a high wall between this house and its neighbor. One day a pleasant, bright little American lady asked me to call with her at this Caracas home. We found the lady of the house surrounded by beautiful, healthy children and the other flowers, and passed an agreeable half-hour in their company. The mistress of this elegant home was the daughter of a man who has given delight and offered wisdom to all Americans—Josh Billings.—Cor. Chicago News.

The Power of Lightning.

During a severe thunder-storm which passed over central Norway recently, a remarkable example of the power of lightning was witnessed. In a field at Løiten, a fir tree eighty feet in height was struck by lightning some twelve feet from the ground, with the effect that the tree was cut in halves, and the upper portion—about sixty feet in length—thrown a distance of several yards. The most curious part is, however, that the surface of the detached part is as smooth as if the tree had been sawed through, while that of the stump remaining in the ground is jagged, charred and splintered to the root. The ground around the tree is furrowed in all directions, one being several feet in width and depth, and extending for some ten yards. A spruce tree close by shows a furrow an inch in width, running from a height of six feet down to the root.—Nature.

In a Virginia City (Nev.) saloon, once upon a time, a visitor opened his umbrella and unintentionally raised it over the head of a gambler, who drew a pistol and discharged its contents into the person of the owner of the umbrella, killing him instantly. The gambler was arrested, and the defense set up at the trial was that he had killed the stranger as the only effectual method of removing the hoodoo placed on his luck by innocently raising an open umbrella over his head. Ticking the nose is said to be a cure for hicough.

GOT THE HORSE.

How a Connecticut Man's Knowledge Was Increased by Experience. A Meridian (Conn.) man had a horse for which another man made repeated offers, which were refused. The other day the horse died of colic, and while his owner was looking at the body some one offered him ten cents for it and he took it. Then the purchaser looked up the other man who wanted the horse. The Meridian Republican tells the rest of the story thus:

He happened to drop a remark that he had purchased the horse of the original owner, but was sorry for his bargain. The would-be owner here saw a chance to become the possessor, and remarked as much. The stranger, however, he didn't want to stick anybody on the bargain.

"Oh, never mind that," remarked the man who wanted to purchase. "I understand horses from A to Z, and will take my chances." "But can't warrant the horse sound," remarked the stranger. "Don't care if you can't. What I want is the horse. What will you take for him, under whatever condition he is?"

"Five dollars," cried the delighted man, pulling out a V from his pocket. "The horse is in the stall, but when I left this morning was suffering rigor mortis. It won't last, however, over one day. Do you know any thing about that trouble?"

"O yes! I think so. Will have him fixed up, any way, by the doctor. It can't be worse than the colic." "Well," said the stranger, as he slowly folded up the bill and tucked it in his vest pocket, "I have told you all about the horse. I can't warrant his being perfectly sound, and he has rigor mortis, but you are willing to take the chances, are you?"

"You can just bet I am," remarked the man, tickled with the thought that he had got his wish at such a low figure, even if it was not sound, and had rigor mortis along with it.

Three days saw the new owner as he approached the stable and sought the stall where his yearning hay. It took him some time to see that the animal was dead. His next move, after swallowing down a mixture of wickedness and disappointment, was to consult a dictionary and ascertain the nature of the complaint from which the stranger said the horse was suffering. His five dollars worth of horse-trading and medical knowledge is now carefully hoarded.

HIS CERTIFICATE.

How a Congressman Got Rid of a Cheeky Vendor of Corn-Plasters. Public men are often at their wits' end to avoid office-seekers, and people who seek their influence to carry out new enterprises, or to further their personal interests. A prominent politician in an evil hour bought some corn-plasters of an agent who was selling them from door to door. He was sealed one day in his office in the midst of notes for a Congressional debate, when a shy, cadaverous man was shown in. Thinking the stranger might be either an M. C. from the rural districts, or possibly a constituent, the politician received him with his most genial air.

"Good morning, sir. I called to see if I could get your certificate for them corn-plasters you bought of my agent the other day." "Why, sir; I do not understand you." "Merely a certificate, sir, fur benefits derived from my corn-plasters." "Oh—ah—yes. I understand; certainly, certainly!" and the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern, this is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be a thousand years old next July. For one hundred and seventy-five years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. Day before yesterday I bought a box of Bulfinch's corn-plasters. Since then can run twenty miles an hour. Any man who believes this, and wishes further recommendations, will gladly be supplied with like information if this corn-doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn-plaster took it in silence, and departed.—Youth's Companion.

For Literary Ladies.

The following offer is made in the advertisement columns of the Times to ladies with a hankering after journalism: "Lady of position (titled preferred) is offered an opportunity of earning from £500 to £1,000 a year in a pleasant manner, payable weekly, monthly, or as may be arranged. Occupation in connection with high-class journalism such as any lady may undertake without social inconvenience and chiefly out of doors. Private carriage provided if she has not one of her own. The lady should be young and clever. Post permanent to a suitable applicant. Numerous social advantages in addition to the income."—London Times.

Preparing for the Meeting.

Bagley—Just one moment. DeBaggs—Excuse me. I'm in a bit of a hurry. I expect my wife home from Atlantic City, to-day. "And you are going to meet her?" "No; I'm going home. I haven't seen the house since she left, and I want to brush the cobwebs from the front door. You see, I dated all my letters 'At Home.'"—Philadelphia Call.

The Camden (Me.) Herald describes the case of Benjamin P. Paul, now living in Camden, who suffered from traumatic tetanus, or lockjaw, caused by the bursting of a gun, blowing off the thumb of his right hand and shattering the wrist. Lockjaw came on the twenty-first day after the injury, and continued through seventeen days. Though advised by five surgeons to have his arm amputated, he refused by the advice of his attending physician, and made a perfect recovery.

Marrying a woman for her money, says a philosopher, is very much like setting a rat-trap and baiting it with your own finger.—Church Press.

SELECTING SEED CORN.

It Should Be Done While the Ears Are Still on the Stalk. Before the corn crop is cut up or gathered from the stalk, a day or two should be spent in the field selecting seed corn for the next year's crop. A man who grows forty acres of corn can hardly use a day to better financial purpose than by spending it in the field selecting seed. The selecting should be done while the ears are still on the stalk, and they are yet green. This is necessary that the character of the stalks, as well as the ears, be observed. Any one who has been in a corn field knows how the stalks vary; some are large, some small, some short, some tall, some two, three or more ears, and many have none. This last class of stalks should not be allowed to exist in a field from which seed corn is to be selected, for the pollen from them fertilizes other ear-bearing stalks.

As the grain is the object sought in raising a corn crop, the selections should be from those stalks bearing the largest proportion of this to stalk. A little investigation in the field will show that the largest and best ears are not, as a rule, produced on the largest and tallest stalks, but rather on medium sized, shorter ones. It will be observed, that unless affected by disease or insects, the medium sized stalks, bearing the best ears, are the first to ripen. The growth of such has been more continuous through the season, and have been able to mature their seed more quickly and perfectly. Size, then, of stalks and time of ripening are two points to be observed in selecting seed corn, and it is obvious that these can only be considered while the corn is yet standing and somewhat green.

After noting the character of the stalks, then that of the ears must be looked to closely. The attachment of the ear to the stalk and the character of the husk, are points worth considering. Any one who has gathered corn knows how much easier and faster certain kinds can be gathered than others, solely because of the difference in this regard.

Then the size and character of the ear must be considered. The model ear is the one having a small cob, deep grains set closely with the tops of the kernels square, so there will be as little vacant space as possible between the rows. Rows should be straight, and the ear preserve a nearly equal size from butt to tip.

As the selecting for all the points named above can best be done while the corn is yet somewhat green, rather than the picking of the ears from the stalk, we prefer the plan adopted by Prof. Sanburn at the Missouri Agricultural College. The stalks on which the selected ears are borne, are cut, carried out to the edge of the field and put in very small shocks until thoroughly dried, when the corn is husked out and housed. The place of storage should be dry and have an even temperature, and be free from rats and mice.

All this care and work may seem useless and foolish to many, but we are convinced that for a man growing forty acres of corn, a day spent thus will increase his crop at least fifty bushels, and probably twice that.—Colman's Rural World.

LAKE TAHOE.

Something About the Depth and Temperature of This Famous Sheet of Water. So many reports are spread abroad concerning the depth of this wondrous sheet of water that but few really know which to accept. Some reports go to show that no soundings were ever obtained in the center of the lake, and others that the greatest depth is 2,300 feet. The following, ascertained from John McKinney, one of the oldest residents of the lake shore, and who assisted in taking the soundings, may prove interesting to the general public.

Fifteen miles of the lake on the State line average 1,400 feet. The center of the line is 1,500 feet deep. Three hundred yards from the mouth of Emerald bay the water is 700 feet deep, and four miles east thereof the soundings are 1,400 feet. At Rubicon rack, 300 feet from shore, the water is 850 feet deep, and four miles out, easterly, it reaches 1,460. At Sugar Pine point, one-half mile south, the depth is 770 feet, and four miles out, pitching to the north, 1,500 feet. Half a mile from Idlewild the depth is 780 feet, and six miles out, 1,525 feet. At Saxton's old mill, near Tahoe City, 772 feet of water is found one-quarter of a mile from the shore, and five miles east by north, 1,603 feet is reached. At Observatory point, one-quarter of a mile northeast from Tahoe City, soundings are 1,300 feet, and four miles east 1,640. Four miles south of Hot Springs 1,645 feet, the greatest depth in the lake, is found. Blue water in any part of the lake averages 1,300 feet.

The temperature of the lake water at 800 feet is found to be 42 degrees; at 1,500 feet, 39; at the surface, in winter time the temperature is 44, and in deep water, during the summer, 65 degrees. The above will doubtless attract both interest and comment, but, coming from the source it does, must be entered to consideration. The theory of Mr. McKinney, as to the original formation of the lake, is that it occurred in the glacial period, and not from volcanic action, and if space permitted his opinions on the subject would be given at this time, but it is certain that the bottom of the lake is uneven, as are the surrounding mountains, into chasms and ravines, leaving plateaus that extend for miles, as do other valleys or land. Could the water be drained from the lake the bottom would be several hundred feet lower than Carson valley, which valley was undoubtedly caused by the same operation as the lake, and was itself an inland sea or fresh-water lake.

A deal of sound sense and deep study is evidenced by Mr. McKinney's theories and argument, and it would be much to the benefit of science if they could be published.—Carson (Nev.) Tribune.

A Bridgewater lady has made a twenty-five-yard carpet from small remnants of brussels carpets. It contains over three hundred pieces, and is said to be a very neat and handsome specimen of crazy work.—New Haven Register.

CARRIED HER POINT.

How a Woman Manipulated a Judge With Great Success. "I want to speak to you a moment," said a woman to a Dakota judge, just after court had adjourned. "My husband is on the jury and I want you to excuse him."

"That would be impossible, Madam, the case is nearly finished, and if I should do that we would have to begin all over again."

"But his work is being neglected and he ought to be at home." "Very likely, but I can't let him go."

"One of the children is sick." "As long as it is not dangerous he will have to stay."

"We are out of the wood and flour and—"

"You will have to arrange something, madam, your husband can't get away at present."

"But, judge, one of the horses is sick." "Which one?" "The roan."

"That big roan that I saw him driving?" "Yes."

"Well, well, that's too bad; I hate to let your husband go, but he ought to be at home at such a time as that, I suppose. Say, you haven't tried your vermica, I suppose?" "No."

"It's the best stuff made for a sick horse. Just wait a moment till I get my hat and I'll walk over with you and your husband and help him give the horse some.—Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

Health officials of Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities, endorse Red Star Cough Cure. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"Was the man intoxicated who fell in the circus tent last evening?" asked Mrs. De Groof of her husband. "No, the man was all right," was the reply. "He was walking a tight-rope."—Life.

Cattle and Land Sale At Strong City, Chase Co., Kan., on Santa Fe Ry., Wednesday, Sept. 15, one of the finest herds of 300 Galway cattle in Central Kansas—120 young cows, one imported Galway bull, 4-year-old, remainder spring calves, yearlings, 2 and 3-year-olds—half steers—3 months credit without interest. Stockmen can not afford to miss this sale. Also 450 acres farm lands in Sycamore Tp., Butler Co., Kan., on railroad one mile from Casady, w. 1/2 sec. 11—25-7. Sold to suit purchasers, on terms unheeded of—1.5 cash, rest 1, 2, 3 and 4 years at only 5 per cent. No finer stock and grain region in Kansas. Other lands assured. See posters. H. B. ALLISON, Des Moines, Ia., Auctioneer. W. M. JONES, Des Moines, Ia.

Gray hair, however caused, is restored to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer. Those suffering from Ague of long standing will find a specific in Ayer's Ague Cure.

The New York Journal heads an article: "Temperers give ear." A great many of 'em have to say nothing of a few teeth and the skin of their noses.—Boston Post.

Those Nuisances, Rheumatism and the Gout, are relieved by GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

A new game of cards is called "matrimony." If the man wins he takes the girl; if the girl wins she takes the man.—Philadelphia Call.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Pisto's Cure for Consumption. "ARTHUR"—Yes, we should like to have you write for our paper. Address your letter to the business office, and it will be sent to you.—N. Y. Independent.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. J. M. Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell 5c.

A POETESS sings: "I threw my love to him, and it hath gone astray." Of course, a woman never can throw astray.—N. Y. Graphic.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF FEVER AND AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. USE NO OTHER PILLS.

Price, \$1.00 per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$5. DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER. The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

ELY'S CREAM BALM. It is wonderful how quick Ely's Cream Balm has helped and cured me. I suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head. For a week at a time I could not see.—Mrs. George S. Judson, Hartford, Conn. ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLIC, HEADACHE, BRUISES, BURNS, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL THE PAINS OF THE BODY. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ELY'S CREAM BALM, MANUFACTURED BY ELY BROTHERS, LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS. THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury! Contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agents—MEYER BROS. & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes. Celebrated "ECLAIRAGE" HALFTHE AND FULL SIZE Combines can not be slipped by any horse. Sample copies of any paper for sale at 10c. Free, on receipt of \$1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to Wholesale Trade. Send for Price-List. T. C. LINDSEY, Rochester, N.Y.

30,000 CARPENTERS Farmers, Butchers and other SAW FILERS use our PATENT MAKE MARK. Write to the Head, Rip, Butcher, Book, Printing and all kinds of Saw, Planer and other machinery. Filers free for \$1. Illustrated circulars FREE. Address E. ROTH & BRO., NEW OXFORD, Penn.

HARTSHORN'S Shade Rollers. BEST NOTICE MARK. NOTICE MARK. NOTICE MARK. A GOOD LIVE AGENT WANTED in EVERY COUNTY in this State to sell "WONDERFUL EIGHT," the BIG BELLER, BIG PROFITS, BIG BUSINESS. For particulars, circulars and Sample Book, send for free. MORLEY BROS., ST. LOUIS, Mo.

PISO'S CURE FOR GORES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes like Candy. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

FACE, HANDS, FEET. And all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superficial Itch, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Acne, Freckles, Sunburn, Black Heads, Scars, Pimples and other troubles. Dr. JOHN H. WOODRUFF, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Est'd 1876. Send 10c. for book.

OPIUM HABIT absolutely cured. In time, free, inflexible remedy. Not a particle pain or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book free. Dr. C. W. WEAVER, N. Kansas City, Mo.

\$65 A MONTH and Bowed Young Men or Ladies in each county. Write to W. E. BROWN, 212 1/2 E. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED A WOMAN country for business in her locality. Salary \$1000. References: E. J. Johnson, Manhattan, N.Y.; J. H. Hardy's Eye Balm cures At druggists or by mail 30c. W. L. FLETCHER, St. Joe, Mo.

\$5 TO BE A DAY. Sample worth \$1.50 FREE. Send for circular. Write for particulars. Dr. J. M. Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell 5c.

Think of This

Many people have neglected slight manifestations of humor in the blood till the foul matter has become so powerful as to cause terrible scorbutic sores, awful suffering, and, finally, as the system becomes drained of all its strength, death. Some have neglected distress after eating, heartburn, occasional headaches, and other early symptoms of dyspepsia, till this painful disease has become incurable, and the victim barely sustains a miserable existence. Others neglect that tired feeling, pains in the back, weakness, languor, till general debility and kidney or liver disease becomes firmly fixed upon them and there is no hope of recovery. Be wise in time: Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure, who in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, catarrh, rheumatism, that tired feeling, and any disease or affection caused by impure blood of low state of the system. Be sure to get "the peculiar medicine."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS., THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1886.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

No fear shall have, no favor sway; Let the true, let the chips fall where they may.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 4 weeks, 5 months, 6 months, 1 year. Includes sub-table for Local Notices.

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 time table: EAST, PASS MAIL, E.M.T., P.M.T., F.R.T., F.M.T. Lists times for Cedar Pt., Elm Dale, Strong, Safford, and West.

The "Thunder Bolt" passes Strong City, going east, at 12:13 o'clock, p. m., and stopping at no other station in the county, and only stopping there to take water. This train carries the day mail.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Business locals, under this head, 20 cents a line, first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Mr. C. C. Watson was down to Emporia, Friday. Mr. Z. T. Lillard, of Newton, was in town, Tuesday. Mr. Scott E. Winne was down to Emporia, Tuesday. Mr. K. J. Winters, of Illinois, was in town, last week. Mr. Ed. W. Ellis is attending the Kansas City Fair. Full line of the "Walker" boots and shoes, at E. F. Holmes'. Mr. John E. Harper left, Tuesday night, for a visit in Ohio. Mrs. L. A. Hemphill moved into the Winegar house, Monday. Judge S. P. Young left, Friday, for a visit at Rushville, Ind. Dr. McQ. Green has moved from Strong City to Wauseva. Mr. Matt. McDonald is suffering from a poisoned left arm. Look at those wool Kersey Pants for \$1.00, at E. F. Holmes'. Look at those \$2.50 and \$3.00 Rubber Boots, at E. F. Holmes'. A 200-barrel cistern is now being built on the school grounds. Mr. H. A. Chamberlain, of Strong City, was at Topeka, Sunday. Mr. Jacob Hornberger is now occupying Mr. J. L. Cochran's shop. The Rev. S. Davis is now conducting successful revival at Elmdale. Mr. A. Ferlet returned, Monday, from a prospecting trip to Winfield. Mr. W. T. Birdall has a new sign—"Bakery"—over his place of business. Mrs. T. S. Jones, of Dodge City, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Doolittle. Mr. G. R. Simmons has moved into the house formerly owned by Mr. H. S. Fritz. Mr. John E. Harper was down in Greenwood county, last week, attending Court. Messrs. B. Lantry and S. N. Wood, of Strong City, were down to Topeka, this week. Mrs. J. W. Griffin is enjoying a visit from her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, of Indiana. Born, August 14th, 1886, to Mr. and Mrs. John McCarthy, of Prairie Hill, a daughter. Mrs. Frew, of Strong City, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Fletcher, in Saline county. New Fall Stock of Neck Wear, large assortment in the newest patterns, at E. F. Holmes'. Miss Lillie Hildebrand, of Strong City, has gone to Topeka, to attend Bethany College. Capt. and Mrs. H. G. White, of Sedgewick county, were visiting friends at Dazaar, last week. Mr. H. B. Keeler, agent of the A. T. & S. F. R. R., at Wichita, was at Strong City, last week. Mr. B. Lantry, of Strong City, is enjoying a visit from his mother, Mrs. Quinlan, from Wisconsin. Born, on Sunday, September 5, 1886, to Mr. and Mrs. Winfield, on the Cottonwood, a 12-pound boy. Mr. Geo. Seelinger, of Erie, Pa., arrived here, last Friday, on a visit to his sister, Mr. M. Gamer. Born, on Thursday, September 9th, 1886, to Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Pennell, of this city, a 12-pound girl. Born, on Monday, September 6th, 1886, to Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Fritze, of Strong City, a 15-pound boy.

Mr. H. K. Hadden, of Elmdale, has just received a back pension of \$1,130.00, with \$8 per month hereafter. Mr. Henry Lantry, of Strong City, arrived home from El Paso, Texas, last week, on a visit to his folks. Mr. Chas. J. Lantry, of Strong City, was down to Topeka, hiring hands to work in the Strong City quarries. Large assortment of Soft and Stiff Hats, in all the latest shapes and colors, just received, at E. F. Holmes'. Dr. John Carnes, of Matfield Green, was down to Kansas City, last week, buying goods for his new drug store. The County Commissioners were in session Tuesday, and ordered a special election for October 19. See Notice. Charles Dibble, nephew of Mr. R. M. Watson, of the Strong City Independent, is now working at that office. Mr. L. C. Ferguson, of Strong City, has moved his stock of goods into Mr. D. Rettiger's new store room in that city. Mr. L. S. Palmer has been appointed City Marshal and Street Commissioner vice Mr. Geo. Mann, removed from the city. Our "devil," H. D. Edmiston, was down to Lawrence, last week, taking in Bismarck Fair and visiting his old home. Mr. P. Fogarty, of Strong City, with a crew of men, is at work on the E. & E. Short-line bridge across Rock creek. Mr. P. E. Simpson, of the Peabody Graphic, was in town, last week, posting the Peabody Fair, which is now going on. Mr. Chas. M. Frey has rented the Dr. Hilt tenement house, and expects his family here, this week, to go to house-keeping. Largest Fall Stock of Clothing ever brought into the county. You can get suited at the right Prices, at E. F. Holmes'. Capt. Henry Brandley, Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, has taken up his headquarters in Topeka. Mr. Louis Hillert went to Kansas City, Monday, to attend the Fair. Mr. H. B. Jackson, of Clements, accompanied him. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hegwer, of Hutchinson, were visiting Mrs. A. F. Fritze, of Strong City, last week. Mr. Hegwer's sister. Died, in this city, on Wednesday, September 15, 1886, Edwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Bartlett, aged, five weeks, one of their twins. Mrs. M. L. Fishbaugh and her son, Ross, of Strong City, have gone to St. Joseph, Mo., in order that Ross may attend a business college. Mr. W. H. Hoover, of Strong City, went to Atchison, last week, and returned with a number of hands to work for Messrs. B. Lantry & Sons. Born, on Monday, September 6, 1886, in this city, at 12 o'clock, m., to Mr. and Mrs. Win. C. Thomas, of Hamilton, Greeley county, Kansas a son. Would it not be a good idea for the people to keep an eye open on the fellow over the way and the County Attorneyship for the coming election? Mrs. J. E. Overall, mother of Mrs. J. E. Harper, has returned from Illinois, where she was called some two months ago by her father's fatal illness. Mr. R. Coleman, Road Master of the Santa Fe R. R., and his sister, Miss Nellie, of Topeka, were visiting at Mr. B. Lantry's, Strong City, last week. Mr. C. F. Shipman, of Elmdale, left, last Friday, for Grand Rapids, Michigan, where Mrs. Shipman is visiting, and will return with her in about a week. Mr. J. H. Windish, of Conrad's Grove, Grundy county, Iowa, who has purchased the J. G. Louks place, in Cottonwood township, called in to see us, yesterday. Mrs. Chas. McDowell, of Cottonwood Falls, sister of the Sheehan Brothers, came in, Saturday, for an extended visit with her mother and relatives.—Cowan's Star. Mrs. John Strauch and Mrs. Alex. Stewart, of Erie, Pennsylvania, arrived here, last Friday, on a visit at their father's, Mr. Geo. Gamers, Sr., on Diamond creek. Dr. Wm. P. Pugh accompanied his daughter, Mrs. C. C. Dart, as far as Kansas City, on her way to her home at Dallas, Texas, returning home himself, Friday evening. We have received a communication in regard to the shooting of Mr. John R. Sharp, which we prefer not to publish, as the facts will, no doubt, be brought out in the trial. Mrs. Will Winters, of Strong City is enjoying a visit from her mother Mrs. R. J. Henry, of Ochiltree, Kansas, and her aunt, Mrs. Spear, of Limestone, Pennsylvania, who arrived here on Wednesday of last week. Mr. John Scott, of St. Louis, Mo., one of the largest railroad-grading contractors in the West, was in Strong City, last Thursday, visiting his old friend, Mr. B. Lantry. He was on his way to Kiowa, to look after a contract on the Southern Kansas.

Miss Dora L. Vose and her mother of Strong City, left, Friday, accompanied by little Eddie Kirk, for a visit to relatives at Dayton, Ohio. Miss Vose will purchase her fall and winter stock of millinery and ladies' furnishing goods while away, and will return home in about two weeks. John M. Warren, of Cottonwood Falls, and Miss Jennie E. Wright, of Elk, were united in Marriage at the Methodist parsonage, last evening, the Rev. Thos. Audas performing the ceremony.—Marion Register. Mr. and Mrs. Warren have our best wishes in their new state of life. Ray Hinckley went away with the Chase & Bernard Madison Square Comedy Co. which gave a series of very good entertainments in this city, last week. Ray was a member of the Cornet Band of this city, and, by the way, was well up in his parts, and will be quite an acquisition to this troupe. Mr. J. Edwin Irving, one of the performers in the Madison Square Dramatic Company, was prostrated by a paralytic stroke, last Thursday morning, and was unable to appear during the Company's engagement here, and he was taken to Emporia, Sunday, and placed in the Catholic hospital. The new law which goes into effect this fall provides that back taxes must be put on the tax rolls, and requires the County Treasurer to note the amount and date of sales on tax receipts. Consequently, land owners can tell whether or not their lands have been sold for taxes, by consulting the tax receipt. The furniture of S. F. Jones, of Fox creek, was shipped to Kansas City, last Thursday, and Mr. Jones and family followed on Sunday, to take up their residence there, temporarily, to give his daughter and two granddaughters, the Misses Adare, an opportunity to attend one of the excellent schools in that city. David Biggam left, last week, with fourteen men, to work on the bridge of the Florence, Eldorado and Walnut Valley Railroad, across the Walnut river, at Winfield. B. Lantry & Sons have the contract, and Mr. Biggam will superintend part of the work. The erection of this structure will take 300 car loads of stone from the quarries at this place.—Strong City Independent. We have made arrangements with the New York World, (the subscription price of which is \$1.00 per year) whereby we can furnish the World-the COURANT and a magnificent History of the United States (price, \$1.50) for the small sum of \$2.00. No copies of this book will be sold or given away. Every copy must represent either the subscription of a new friend or the extension of the subscription of an old reader to either or both of the papers. Has the position of County Attorney become such an onerous office that no one wants it? or have the hard times so pinched the lawyers that they are unable to pay spot cash for announcements? or have they formed a compact whereby to force upon the people the election of some particular one of themselves, whether or not that one be the choice of the people? Gentlemen, your silence is ominous, and the people should closely watch your every political move. PROGRAM OF THE Chase Co. Agricul. Society's Fair -AT- COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN., SEPT. 19 & 20 & OCT. 1, 1886. No. 1—Half-mile running race for ponies under 15 hands that have never been trained to run on a track. Entrance free. Purse, \$15; 1st horse, \$6; 2d, \$4; 3d, \$3; 4th, \$2. No. 2—Double team trot or pace. Must be owned or controlled by one man for at least 60 days previous to fair. Purse, \$30; 1st team, \$15; 2d, \$10; 3d, \$5. SECOND DAY—OLD SETTLERS' DAY. 9:30 a. m.—Class A. Lot 1 to 34 inclusive. 9:30 a. m.—Class B. Lot 1 to 27. 9:30 a. m.—Class C. In full. 9:30 a. m.—Class D. In full. 9:30 a. m.—Class E. In full. 9:30 a. m.—Class F. Lot 1 to 20. 9:30 a. m.—Class G. Lot 1 to 20. 9:30 a. m.—Class H. In full. 9:30 a. m.—Class I. In full. 9:30 a. m.—Class J. In full. 9:30 a. m.—Class K. In full. 1 p. m.—Address by Senator P. B. Plumb. No. 3—Green trot, mile heats. Purse \$30; 1st horse, \$15; 2d, \$10; 3d, \$5. No. 4—Pacing race, 3 minute class. Purse \$30; 1st horse, \$15; 2d, \$10; 3d, \$5. No. 5—Running race, half-mile and repeat. Purse \$30; 1st horse \$15; 2d, \$10; 3d, \$5. No. 6—Three minute class, trot. Purse \$75; 1st horse, \$40; 2d, \$20; 3d, \$10; 4th, \$5. THIRD DAY—SOLDIERS' DAY. A sufficient number of tents have been promised by the Adjutant-General so that all who desire to occupy them can do so without charge during the fair. 9:30 a. m.—Class A. Lot 35 to 47. 9:30 a. m.—Class B. Lot 28 to 64. 9:30 a. m.—Class G. Lot 21 to 40. 9:30 a. m.—Class H. Lot 21 to 40. 9:30 a. m.—Class I. In full. 10:00 a. m.—Class M. Sweepstakes. All Classes C and D. 11:00 a. m.—Class N. Lady Equestrianism and baby exhibit. 1:00 p. m. prompt—Class M. Sweep-

BAUERLE'S CONFECTIONARY AND RESTAURANT AND BAKERY. My lean, lank, hungry-looking friend, why don't you take your lunch at Bauerle's Restaurant and grow fat? 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 THE FEED EXCHANGE EASTSIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS. LOWEST PRICES. PROMPT ATTENTION. Paid to ALL ORDERS. Good Riggs at ALL HOURS.

BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY.

KANSAS CITY LADIES COLLEGE. Located in INDEPENDENCE, MO. Buildings heated throughout by steam; light and water supplied in halls. For particulars send for catalogue to Rev. Timothy Hill, D. D., Kansas City, Mo., or to Rev. Jas. M. Chaney, D. D., Independence, Mo.

stakes. All of Classes A and B. 1 p. m.—Address by Gov. Martin. No. 7—Running race, mile heats. Purse \$60; 1st horse, \$30; 2d, \$20; 3d, \$10. No. 8—Free for all pacing race, mile heats. Purse \$60; 1st horse, \$30; 2d, \$20; 3d, \$10. No. 9—Trot 2:40 class. Purse \$100; 1st horse, \$50; 2d, \$25; 3d, \$15; 4th, \$10. No. 10—Free for all trot. Purse \$150 with addition by citizens of Cottonwood Falls; 1st horse, 50 per cent. of purse; 2d, 25 per cent.; 3d, 15 per cent.; 4th, 10 per cent. 7:30—Camp fire in Court-room. Short speeches by Gov. Martin, Col. Webb, Col. Moonlight, Sergt. Tim McCarthy and others. Music, singing and a good time generally. Persons desiring to enter articles for competition at the Chase county fair should bear in mind that all entries must be made on or before the close of the first day of the fair as the entry books will be turned over to the awarding committees on the morning of the second day. Entries can be made now by letter to the Secretary or in person.

RULES OF SPEED RING. Entrance fee ten per cent. of purse. All entries will close at 6 o'clock, p. m., on day before race. Races commence promptly at 1:30 p. m., each day. All trotting and pacing races, mile heats, 3 best in 5, and will be conducted under the rules of the National Trotting Association of 1883, except where otherwise mentioned. Horses distancing the field, or any part thereof, will only be entitled to first money. All running races to be governed by the American Racing Rules adopted at their last meeting. Four entries and three starters are required, and any horse distancing the field will only be entitled to first money. Weights, distance and all rules will be enforced this year as well as class to be entered in. All communications may be directed to E. A. KINNE, Sec'y, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

CLEMENTS. Capt. M. Brown shipped a car load of hogs east, this week. J. Smeither fell from his horse, the other day, breaking two of his ribs. Dr. Rich was called in. Mr. J. T. Patten shipped nine car loads of fat cattle, this week. The Wheeler Bros. are putting an addition to their livery barn. They are an enterprising firm, and keep as good turn-outs as will be found in larger towns. Mrs. L. Duehn has been sick for a few days past. We are glad to see her around again. W. H. Shaft made a trip to Kansas City, this week. John Beilman has moved his family to town, and has his butchering business now well established, keeping the people well supplied. L. P. Santy & Co. are driving their business as fast as men and money can push business ahead. More men can find employment.

FOR SALE. Eighteen acres of land at Elmdale, on which is a story-and-a-half residence, 24x32, a well, a cistern, a rock smoke-house, a buggy house, a stable, a corn-crib, a cow shed, a bearing orchard, all under good fence; also 200 acres of land, 2 1/2 miles north of Elmdale, all well fenced, and with wind mill on it. For terms apply to M. MARTIN, je17-tf Elmdale, Chase Co., Kas.

BUSINESS BREVITIES. Go to W. T. Birdall's for your melons, cigars, tobacco, candies, etc. The "lightning" process is used in making all photographs at the Cottonwood Falls gallery. It is sure to catch the babies. je10-tf 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. je22-tf L. I. Billings, successor to Bartlett Bros., Main street, west of Broadway, keeps constantly on hand a supply of fresh bread and cakes. Bread delivered every day, except Sunday, to any part of city. E. W. Brace has rented the dining hall at the Fair Grounds, during the fair, and has engaged Mrs. J. N. Nye to do the cooking, which assures good meals at that place.

MISCELLANEOUS. Harper, Johnston & Johnston, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, REAL ESTATE AND LAND AGENTS. Will do a general law business, buy and sell real estate and loan money. Abstracts of title furnished free to persons making loans through us. Office on Broadway opposite the Chase County National Bank. R. M. RYAN, TRAINER AND BREEDER OF ROADSTERS & TROTTING HORSES; ALSO Feed and Training Stable; Will Feed Boarding Horses; CHOP FEED, AS WELL AS CORN AND OATS. South Side of Main Street, East of Broadway. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. feb20-14 M. A. CAMPBELL. H. F. GILLET.

Campbell & Gillett, DEALERS IN HARDWARE! STOVES, TINWARE, Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse-shoes, Horse-nails; a full line of Wagon and Buggy Material, Iron & Wood Pumps, a complete line of STEEL GOODS! FORKS, SPADES, SHOVELS, HOES, RAKES & HANDLES. Carry an excellent stock of Agricultural Implements, Consisting of Breaking and Stirring Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Wheelbarrows, &c., and is Agent for the well-known Wood Mowing Machine and best makes of Sulky Hay Rakes. Glidden Fence Wire. Sole agents for this celebrated wire, the best now in use.

Full Line of Paint & Oil on Hand. A COMPLETE TINSHOP. Have an experienced tinner in my employ and am prepared to do all kinds of work in that line, on short notice, and at very low prices. WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. 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. feb18-17

Bettie Stuart Institute Springfield, Ill. For Young Ladies. Will commence 15th Sept. 20th, 1886. Well arranged courses. Classical and English. Unsurpassed advantages in Art, Literature, Music and Modern Languages. A refined and comfortable home. Address Mrs. McKean Bennett. WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners successful readily. None fail. Terms free. HALL'S BOOK CO., Augusta, Maine. GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Sumner & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive their card, and full information about work which they can do, and live at home. Send them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$100 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug life fortunes. All is here. WANTED—LADY Active and intelligent, to represent in her own territory, an old firm. References required. Permanent position and good salary. GAY & BROS., 18 Barclay St., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC Veterinary Specifics Cure Diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY. In use for over 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R. E., &c. Used by U. S. Government. 25¢ SATTLE CHART Mounted on Rollers & Book Mailed Free. Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of otherwise, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUB & CO., Augusta, Maine.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

LOOK UP!

(Written while looking down on the Boston common.)
The wonderful, woe-filled city
Below my window lies
And a rush of love and pity
Bedews my gazing eyes:
Under the budding tree-tops
The grass is green and sweet,
And the broad path through is trodden
By a thousand hurrying feet.
For every man and woman
That needs that granite stair,
I think "I too am human;
I too know want and care!"
And my heart goes out like a river
To reach its kindred sea;
For the sad, and glad, and lonely,
Are each akin to me.
I know the heart of the mother,
Whose deep eyes mourn her child;
I know the joy of the maiden
With spirit, love, and merriment.
I feel in my soul the science
That speaks a man's despair,
And the child's abounding gladness
Still finds an echo there.
I am glad it is almost over,
Almost all done for me;
That the pain of joy and love
Is passed to history:
That life has come and tried me,
That things are not as they seem,
That the doubtful, anxious meaning
Yields to the setting sun.
But out of pain and passion,
Dead as the street's gray dust,
Has sprung a bloom eternal
Of steady hope and trust.
And in heart speaks in its longing
Dumb to the throes below,
O weary men and brothers,
Look up from want and woe!
"Look up! the heaven above you;
There, in the lighted place,
The Father looks downward,
With tender, pitying grace.
There stands the Man of Sorrows,
Who suffers even as you;
With hands and feet pierced thro'
He fought, and conquered, too.
He knows all wrong, sad crying
Of every human heart;
In every mortal anguish
The Master had his part.
"Look up! with you, my brothers,
He suffers the most agonizing;
Come unto me, my Brother saith,
And I will give you rest."
"Rest for the sad and lonely,
Rest for the weary brain;
Lift up your eyes! Lift up your hearts!
He hath not died in vain."
—Bass Terrence, in "Your Companion."

RELIGION AS A METHOD.

It is not a "something" to be taken as a last resort in old age, or in the shadow of the gallows—Not a luxury to be enjoyed periodically.
To many people religion is an essence rather than a method of life; an actual substance to feed the emotions on rather than a moral and spiritual motive; a kind of Heavenly manna, falling into the heart at auspicious seasons and in moments of peril, rather than a constant conformity to the law of God embodied in the Scripture and illustrated in the life of Christ. Such people talk of getting religion. It is something to be gathered, like early peaches, from without. It matters not whether people get it at sixty or at twenty years of age, just so they get it. A man, it is true, runs some little risk waiting till old age to seek religion, for he might be killed by a stray bullet, or a sudden fall, or a locomotive explosion, without a moment's time to make the proper preparation. But the chances are that each individual will have a few hours' time to get ready to die; then there has been a clear gain of thirty or forty years of untrammelled worldly pleasure. A man has lost nothing who waits forty years to have his house insured, as it has not caught fire during that time, but has really gained the cost of insurance. So, by waiting till near the close of life to get religion, one gains the cost of church membership, the cost of being honest and the cost of being benevolent. Besides, by intimate acquaintance with the remorse and disgust that comes from transgression, there is developed within a person more than the average capacity to know what religion is when he sees it, and to enjoy it when he gets it.
Others there are, with views very similar to the above, but, not being willing to take the risk with regard to religion, content themselves with an annual setting apart of a few weeks' time to its enjoyment. With this class it is perhaps regarded, more in the light of a luxury, existing like wine and silks, to be enjoyed, than as an anesthetic to be administered to the ruined soul, in times of distress and danger. With either class it is of no mortal use in health. It is the correlate of disease and weakness. It comes along with rainy days, old age, thunder-storms, and graveyards. In the prevalence of such views is found the solution of the strange fact that when men are arrested and imprisoned for crime, they nearly always experience a change of emotions, generally in proportion to the enormity of the crime. The sorrow for being caught is mistaken for repentance, and the physical calm of the new and quiet surroundings in the prison for a change of heart. It often happens that great emotion in the presence of tragic death on the gallows, guided by a wrong opinion as to what religion is, expresses itself in shouts of triumph. Having insulted every law, human and Divine, and reached the legitimate consequences of a course of vicious conduct, men often seek to reverse the nature of things, and present the contradictory spectacle of extracting holiness from limitations imposed by crime.
It is true that it would be heartless to rob a poor, ruined man of hope to which he would cling in the hour of ignominious death. Still, it is nearer the truth that the only religion that has any merit in the world, or in the church, or in the Kingdom of Heaven, is not secured when the very conditions of its existence are not present—the capability of choosing between the evil and the good.
Another mischievous bearing of this view of religion is that it totally overlooks the subjective effects of the sins of which we have been pardoned, and puts no premium on a lifelong consecration to God. That a man is smaller in this world, and in that which is to come, by every sin he commits, from the years of accountability to old age, is a very wholesome doctrine, whether

it is comforting to some people of lax notions or not. A man who begins to live at sixty is not so large by forty years, with all involved in them, as he would have been had he begun to live at twenty. Many pygmies, who might be giants, will be walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.—Christian Union.

AT YOUR DOOR.

Work Always Within Reach—"Do the Duty That Lies Nearest You."
It is stated that Howard spent his youth in dreams of heroic deeds and impossible ventures for the help and elevation of uncivilized nations. Being captured while at sea by a French privateer, his attention was drawn to the cruelties practiced on prisoners, and on his release he began an inspection of the jail in his native village. The reform he inaugurated spread throughout all the prisons in Europe. Charles Dickens, while a boy in Jones' school, was in the habit of writing romances for the amusement of his companions of the most vague and lofty character. His great fame came to him through his pictures of Mrs. Minns over the way, of the policeman, shop-boys, butchers and cooks who came in his way in his daily walks in the streets of London.
A middle-aged merchant in one of our large cities complained a couple of years ago that he had been thwarted in his true work in life.
"My hope was to carry Christianity and civilization to some heathen nation. Then I should not have lived in vain. But I have been anchored here inexorably.
"The heathen have come to you," said his friend, nodding to a Chinese laundryman with his wooden shoes and pig-tail, who was passing.
The hint was taken. Mr. Blank went to Ah Sing's laundry and made a friend of him, persuaded him to come with four of his friends to his house, twice a week, to learn "M'lican Religion." There are now nearly twenty Chinese men in a Bible class taught by Mr. Blank, of whom a large percentage are sincere Christians.
It is the habit of young and imaginative people to search the far horizon for their career, their work and rewards in life. Of one fact they may be sure, that when God has work for a man to do in the world He puts it within his reach. The great authors and painters of all ages have earned success by depicting that which was most familiar to them. Here in our everyday life, in the commonplace kindnesses, trades-people and servants that surround us, is material for all the power in our brains or souls. The religion, too, which will save a man is not a far-off, visionary rapture; it is in his heart and in his mouth while he is about his daily work.
An humble work-woman taught an English shoemaker the happiness of a spiritual life. On the shoemaker's wall was a map, and the shoemaker looked at it at times while at work, and it conveyed to him the impression that the larger part of the world was ignorant of the inward light and joy that made of his life a psalm. The map haunted him night and day. It became an inspiration and in the heart of this man English evangelized missions were begun. He is honored here, but we can not doubt that the poor work-woman has her reward in being among those who, having turned man to righteousness, "shine as the stars."
Miss Alcott, whose own life has been very practical and useful in meeting the duties of her home and town, was once handed an autograph book, and asked to write a sentiment in it. She wrote: "Do the duty that lies nearest you." The thought recalls those simple but telling words of Scripture—"He first findeth his own brother Simon." But work for others does not end where it began; it is progressive; its influence grows, and is eternal.—Youth's Companion.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—False friendship is like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.—Robert Burton.
—What a man should not say he should not hear. The things which defile a man in going out of his mouth defile him also when they go in at his eyes and ears.—Tertullian.
—The more entirely I can give up my Sabbaths to God, and half forget that I am not before the throne of the Lamb, with my harp of gold, the happier am I, and I feel it my duty to be as happy as God intended me to be.—Robert Murray McCheyne.
—The man who will not do a thing for duty will never get so far as to derive any help from the hope of goodness. But duty itself is only a stage toward something better. It is but the impulse, God given, I believe, toward a far more vital contact with the truth.—Paul Faber.
—Sanctified afflictions drive us from the world to God, teach us to live by faith, warm the spirit in prayer, and urge prayer into supplication. We usually send up faint prayers in time of prosperity, when halcyon calms are upon our tabernacle; but in stormy times we fly to our Rock.—Walsman.
—Nothing is more needful in doing good work than patience. If one sways to-day and expect to reap to-morrow, he will be disappointed, and if he then dig up the seeds his prospects must be blasted. If a man be taught the truth, it is too much to expect that he will all at once recognize and obey all its claims; let him have time.—United Presbyterian.
—Sin, suffering, sorrow and self-sacrifice follow each other in human experience in some mysterious, but almost fatal connection. Suffering and sorrow have their roots in sin; out self-sacrifice comes into the sequence from the opposite direction as the suggestion of some uncorrupted principle in the will which, though exemplified in suffering and often in the closest connection with sorrow and sin, is designed to carry the sufferer and the sinner over the gulf into the life which is done forever with sorrow, suffering and sin.—N. Y. Independent.

THE RIGHTS OF BOYS.

What Little Robbie Has to Say on This Important Subject.

My mamma is always talking about woman's rights—says they are going to have them, too, but I guess the poor little boys haven't got any rights, or if they have, big folks are a long time in finding it out.

I just tell you there is never any thing done wrong about our house, but what papa or mamma or nurse or somebody says: "Oh! the boys did it, of course." I've heard that in some places, every thing bad is blamed on the cat, but in our house every thing is blamed on the boys.
If somebody pinches pieces out of the cake before tea, or upsets the tea-pot, or breaks a cup, or eats the jelly, cook walks square into the house and tells mamma the "boys did it." Yes, she'd say the boys did it, if there wasn't a boy near, and the house was full of girls.

And just as soon as a little boy wants to have some fun making mud pies, or tying tin cans to the dog's tail, or throwing brick-bats at other little boys, or tying strings across the walk to throw folks down, or some other innocent amusement, some meddlesome person runs off and tells his mamma, and she comes out and spansks him, or shuts him up in a dark closet. I think that's cowardly, too, for mamma always says if a big boy whips a little one, it is a sure sign that the big fellow is a coward, so she must be a coward when she whips me, 'cause she's the biggest.

I don't like little girls one bit—or I wouldn't if I could help it, but somehow I can't. Anyhow, everybody treats them better than boys. Any thing will do for the boys, big folks say, so they have to wear the coarse shoes and common clothes, and be scolded when their buttons come off or their pantaloons need patching. Then they are always sent out of the parlor when company comes, 'cause they are not fit to be seen."
Once in a long while they are allowed to stay in, and then if they try to be sociable and tie the visitor's coat to the chair leg, or stick a pin for him to sit down on, or slip the tea chair from under him when papa tells him to be seated, like enough that poor little boy's bad mamma will send him off to bed just for that. I think it is a shame!

But the little girls are always called into the parlor when company comes, and called "my dear" and "darling" and lots of nice names, and they play the piano and "show off," and bang their hair and wear ruffles, and that's all girls are fit for.
Boys are a great deal smarter than girls. I know that must be a fact, because every boy I talk to about it says so.

Mamma often tells papa that the boys worry the life out of her, and papa says: "Well, never mind, dear; may be they'll turn out Senators or lawyers or contractors or something yet," and then mamma shakes her head and says: "May be so," but I do not think she believes it.—Detroit Free Press.

A VALUABLE MAN.

Movements of the Washington Correspondent of the Black Gull "Gutter-Snipe."

With the letter received, this week, from his Washington correspondent, a Dakota editor found the following personal note, which strongly illustrates the force of habit: "As Congress has adjourned, I have decided to close my correspondence bureau for the present. I was just chatting with Secretary Bayard, in his private office, a few minutes ago, and he said he hoped I would not do so, but I am convinced that it would be best. My books show that there is a balance due me from you of ten cents—for this letter and the last one—and I wish you would send it as soon as possible, as I need the money. Just as I was coming out of my hotel, this morning, I stumbled onto the President. He linked arms with me and we strolled up to the White House. He was surprised when I told him that I had decided to leave the city for a few weeks' vacation, and warmly urged me to remain. Mrs. Cleveland also extended an invitation, in her most charming manner. I have decided to take a rest—the fact is, this newspaper work at the capital is terribly wearing. What is the show for you giving me a sit, till Congress meets? If you think you could I will try and come out, though it will take several weeks to make the trip, as there are so many of us leaving now and the baggage keep such a close watch. Try and give me a job—I can't set type but I could help about bringing water, and think I could kick a job press some. Don't forget about sending that money."—Estelle (D. T.) Bell.

A Bad Little Girl's Pun.

I've seen a wooden Injun," said a little girl as she returned from Sunday-school, "but what on earth is a wooden Jew?"
"A wooden Jew!" repeated father and mother both in one breath, "I never heard of such a thing."
"Well, you would if you had been to our Sunday-school this morning."
"Who talked about a wooden Jew at your Sunday-school?" asked her mother.
"The superintendent. He said: 'I would rather be good than be bad, wooden Jew!'"
Then her mother gave her a serious talking to. She forgave her, however, and reader, wouldn't you?—Texas Siftings.

A Husband's Undying Love.

"Dear Charles," said Mrs. Smith, a young married woman, leaning on her husband's shoulder as he sat at his desk writing.
"Well, what the mischief do you want now?" he growled.
"Dear Charles, do you love me as much now as you did when we were first married?"
"I told you so more than forty times. If you ask me again I'll bounce a paper weight on you. Yes! yes! yes! Are you satisfied now?"—Boston Budget.

TREES IN WINTER.

Some Facts in Relation to Fall-Growth and Winter-Killing.

The condition of a tree when winter sets in has more to do with its survival intact than most persons imagine. A tree may be perfectly hardy in one soil and situation and in another near by it may be tender. In the one case it may have been kept growing late in the autumn, and freezing weather found it green, sappy and susceptible to a temperature that had its wood been fully ripe, it would have successfully resisted. The seasons in the West are often favorable to late autumn growth. If in the case of fruit-trees bearing a full crop, weakening the vitality of the tree, favorable weather for fall growth ensues, especially if warm winter suns should occur followed by cold nights, disaster is pretty sure to come. The extensive winter-killing of the apple tree in Illinois two years ago is a case in point. The disaster was most marked in early and constant-bearing sorts, while shy bearers, even those considered tender, went through comparatively unscathed. The reason was obvious. Growth was natural and the wood was fully ripened, while the bearing trees, in the attempt to do two years' work in one, failed. Dry seasons, under plenty of rain and favorable autumn weather, may force trees into a second growth in fall. If so there will be danger of winter-killing. To avoid this every means possible should be used. Above all no cultivation should be allowed, since this will stimulate growth. For trees where special means may be used heavy mulching would be indicated, since this will keep the soil less susceptible either to excessive wetting or heat. To prevent the killing of young seedlings probably no better plan could be used than to protect them with woodchips, and as an additional protection the summer shade usually given should be continued through the winter. The relative hardiness of young forest seedlings, from observations made at the Ohio Experiment Station after severe winters, is given as follows:

"Seedlings of green ash and yellow locust escaped without any loss; 1 per cent. of scarlet maple and of black ash was killed; 5 per cent. of red oak, 6 per cent. of white ash and wild cherry, 7 per cent. of maple sugar, 8 per cent. of catalpa, 20 per cent. of red oak, 38 per cent. of cucumber-tree, 50 per cent. of black walnut, 55 per cent. of chestnut and 81 per cent. of white oak seedlings were killed."
With age the white oak is one of the hardest trees of our Northern forests, but like the black walnut and chestnut, is peculiar in respect to soil and situation. It is more than likely that locations and conditions had much to do with the great fatality in the trees named. Hence the tree-planter should consider the conditions of soil, location and climate to insure success.—Chicago Tribune.

EAR AND LEG-ACHE.

Some of the Tortures of Childhood and How to Cure Them.

One of our little girls has been troubled with ear-ache since her babyhood. No sores have gathered, but a cold or exposure to a strong wind is almost certain to cause her acute suffering with ear-ache. After trying nearly every thing that I have seen or heard recommended, I have settled on this application as giving surest and quickest relief. It is a flannel bag stuffed with hops and wrung from hot vinegar. I lay the bag over the child's ear, as she lies on her side, covering the whole side of the face with dry flannel and change the hop bag as often as it becomes cool. The warm steam filling the child's ear, soon relieves the pain.
Stuffing the ear with the "heart of a roasted onion," trinklings of molasses, wads of peppered cotton and lumps of mutton tallow, has never yet in my experience, eased ear-ache, and such irritating messes crowded or poured into the delicate labyrinth of the ear may do much mischief.

Another child is a victim of leg-ache. Inherited, possibly, for well do we remember what we suffered with its tortures in our own childhood. Heat and moisture gave us relief and, following in our mother's footsteps, we have routed night after night from warm quarters, in the dead of winter, to kindling fires and fill frosty kettles from water-pails thickly encrusted with ice, that we might get the writhing pedal extremities of our little heir into a tub of hot water as quickly as possible. But lately we have learned all this work and exposure is needless. We simply ring a towel from salted water—a bowl of it standing in our sleeping-room, ready for such an emergency—wrap the limb in it from ankle to knee, without taking the child from his bed, and then swathe with dry flannels, thick and warm, tucking the blankets about him a little closer, and relief is sure.

A croupy cough can often be loosened and prevented by swathing the throat with dry, warm flannels; a thick pack of them to sweat the throat and chest die fires can speedily be put out, and to take the child with it, speciac or to wake the house kindly fires and preparing hot packs.—Clarissa Potter.

Oats for Laying Hens.

Oats are excellent for hens, especially if fed in connection with grass. During the summer there is no necessity for feeding an exclusive grain diet, but if oats are given plentifully the hens will lay without becoming too fat. The supposition that oats, when eaten, swell in the crop and do damage is not true. Any kind of grain will swell, but as the fowls begin to lessen the quantity of food in the crop as soon as it is full there is room enough for the oats to swell, but it is doubtful if even enough moisture is taken to swell them, as some kinds of food are preferred in a dry condition. The dry oats are excellent, but if they are buried in the ground, and allowed to sprout they undergo a chemical change of composition, and will be greedily scratched up and devoured.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

In China two people of the same surname are forbidden to intermarry. That must be hard on the Chinese Smith family.—N. Y. Telegram.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

Wonderful Engines for the Blowing Up of Iron-clad War-Vessels.

The Goubet submarine torpedo boat is of iron, 16 feet 5 inches long, 3 feet 3 1/2 inches wide, and 5 feet 10 1/2 inches deep, including the lookout dome.
The weight of the boat, with its water reservoirs empty and without the crew, is 3,196 pounds (1,450 kilograms), and its displacement when submerged is 4,056 pounds in sea water (1,800 liters). Its buoyancy is, therefore, 860 pounds, and the boat is submerged by the weight of the crew and the water admitted to the reservoir.
Each man requires about 400 liters (fourteen cubic feet) of air per hour. To provide for this a reservoir contains air at a pressure of fifty atmospheres, in sufficient quantity to last the crew of two men for ten hours. The carbonic acid and other acids are absorbed by chemicals, and an air pump expels the foul air.
To drive the boat at its maximum speed of 5 knots a power of 12 kilowatts (555 H. P.) is required, and may be furnished by a Siemens motor, working from accumulators. (This would necessitate a weight of 4,000 pounds for motive power.)

There is no rudder, but a universal joint in the screw shaft permits the screw to move through an arc of 90 degrees on each side.
In submarine boats it is essential that the trim should be very exact, as otherwise the motive power might cause the boat to jump out of water or dive to unsafe depths. To maintain the trim in the Goubet boat there is a water-tank at each end of the boat connected with a double-acting pump, which draws and delivers in opposite directions, according to the direction of motion of its operating shaft. This shaft ends in a crown wheel, which may gear with either of two wheels on a shaft at right angles to the first, and revolving constantly in the same direction. As long as the boat remains with its axis horizontal, the pump is motionless, but on any change of the axis a pendulum throws the pump into gear with one of the two wheels on the second shaft and water is pumped from the lower to the higher tank, bringing the boat to a level axis.

The torpedo is carried outside the boat and is secured by a bayonet-catch controlled from the inside. On arriving under the enemy the torpedo is released and rises by its reserve of buoyancy until it catches on the vessel's bottom by spikes, with which its upper surface is provided. The torpedo boat then withdraws, maintaining its connection with the torpedo by unreeling a wire. When the boat is at a safe distance the torpedo is exploded.
The boat is also provided with a small torpedo, which, when released, rises to the surface and explodes, forming a signal which, by its noise and the color of its flame, calls attention to the boat and indicates the depth at which it is. The torpedo may also carry up a telephone wire.

A large weight is attached to the bottom of the boat by a screw and nut, and may be released at any time, thus permitting the boat to rise.
In case the motor breaks down there is an arrangement for working two oars, which habitually trail alongside. These oars fold longitudinally. When in use they open at the stroke and close at the recovery.
To attach a vessel the boat proceeds along the surface until it is thought necessary to dive, when the captain directs the boat at the enemy by the sight-gauge; the other maintains the course by compass, and the boat sinks by admitting water to the tanks.

It is stated 300 of these boats were ordered for Russia in 1881, and that fifty were delivered in 1883. The early form of the boat was driven by manual power.—Nautical Gazette.

TELLING FIGURES.

The United States as a Meat and Grain Producing Nation.

Although our wheat crop is much larger than that of last year—in need our winter wheat is exceptionally good—yet the fact remains that we are never likely to sell as much grain to foreign nations as we did from 1877 to 1884. For one thing, we consume more grain ourselves, for there are ten million more of us now than there was in 1880, when the last census was taken. But while we will export less grain, we shall send abroad very much larger quantities of beef, mutton, pork and lard. This will be an advantage to us, for the cropping of grain robs the soil of its fertility, while the raising of cattle not only enriches the land but returns us a larger profit. Since 1860 we have developed prodigiously what may be called our beef, hog and fish crops. In 1870, we had 23,820,000 head of cattle. In 1885, we had 45,000,000. At the present rate of increase, we shall have 70,000,000 in 1905 and 140,000,000 in 1925. Then the great corn crops we have had since 1870 have enormously increased the number of hogs for our own use and for export. For the last two years our corn crops were unusually large, while it is very promising this year, and this means that hog products of all kinds will be plentiful and cheap, for two years to come. Wheat can be raised in many quarters of the globe, but the only great available cattle ranches outside of the United States are in Australia and South America, and we have the decided advantage of being nearer the meat-consuming nations. Then, within ten years there has been a wonderful development of fish food, due to the artificial hatching of fish ova by the National and State Fish Commissions. There are probably twenty pounds of fish to-day available for food where there was one ten years ago, and the process of stocking our waters is still going on; and then there will be immense additions to our stock of poultry and dairy products. So far as physical necessities are concerned we are the most favored nation on earth. We have a practical monopoly of corn. We grow more grain than we can consume, while our animal food products are so abundant that we could feed half the world and have enough for ourselves besides.—Demore's Monthly.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—It costs less to keep a fat team than a lean one.—Cincinnati Times.

—The profit of a crop is the last few bushels and the profit of a fat animal is the last few pounds. Thoroughness pays.—Boston Post.

—Would you like to drink the water the cows are drinking? Do your children drink the milk made from this water?—Western Rural.

—Better spend two minutes putting a thing in its proper place when you have it in your hand, than hunt for it an hour when you have forgotten where you used it last.—Exchange.

—Who has such an excellent chance to have a beautiful lawn about the house as the farmer? He can surround his house with a much prettier green carpet than the average suburban resident can.—Boston Globe.

—Tea cakes: Mix for fifteen minutes four eggs with half a pound of sugar, half a grated nutmeg and as much powdered cloves as will lie on the tip of a dimer knife. Then add half a pound of dry sifted flour, and mix thoroughly, have a greased or waxed tin, drop a tablespoonful of the dough at intervals upon it, and bake a pale brown in a moderate oven.—Boston Budget.

—A wise creed: Whether the tempests fall or blow, Whether the currents ebb or flow, Whether the future smile or frown, Whether the harvests blight or grow, Whether the years are swift or slow, In days of joy or days of woe, In fortune high or fortune low, This be my creed for friend or foe—Gather the roses as you go.

—Few farm crops take up so much potash as the potato. It is an alkaline juice that stains the hands when paring potatoes; and it is best removed by oxalic acid. This alone should be a sufficient hint as to the kind of fertilizer most needed for potatoes, and is the reason why this crop soonest fails on sandy soils, where potash is usually deficient.—Troy Times.

—There is no doubt that much first-class honey does not bring first-class prices because of the manner of putting it up. Its delicate flavor is lost and it soon becomes tainted by being put into whisky or molasses barrels, or even fresh wooden barrels may give a taste. Tin cans are perhaps safer for storing or shipping honey in than any sort of wooden receptacle.—N. Y. Farmer.

—Too many horses have a number of teachers and are taught in this way by one, in that by another and in an entirely different way by a third, hence he gets things mixed; so mixed indeed, that he doesn't know this from that, or indeed, what is expected of him half the time; this usually results in the use of the whip, a tug at the lines, or a shout fit to awaken terror in a rock and then more whip and yet more tugging and blessing.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—Next to the man who fails to supply fruit for his family during the summer, we put the man who will not go to dinner when the signal is given. Many good men seem to be unable to understand that house-work is as much of a business as their own work. They always wait to hoe another row, take another load, or do a little more after dinner is ready. This is all wrong. Nothing is gained by the extra work; the house-wife is often put out of patience, and the dinner may be injured. Stop work when you hear the bell, and go to dinner.—N. Y. Herald.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

Beaded Bonnets Which Should be Boycotted by All Friends of Birds.

Scarcely has the summer waxed to its greatest height when suggestions of the coming autumn are seen in the costumes worn in the mountains and at the seashore. The scarf veil of gauze is used to cover up large hats, bonnets are veiled in double tulle—red over blue, and black over white—light hats are abandoned for those of dark blue or brown or black rough straw, and feathers and birds take the place of flowers for their trimmings. Thus, instead of a white sailor hat with white wings and pulls of muslin spread like sails, there are now dark blue sailor hats with two bands of inch-wide gros grain ribbon around the crown, tied in quaint little bows on the side, and a great cluster of blue plums, or damsons, or blackberries is massed in the front to rest on some high forked ends of ribbon; brown hats have peaches or grapes with their bloom upon them, and black hats have luscious currants, red, white and black, with bands of red or black watered ribbon. Still later, fancy feathers and birds will be added, and as it is quite English to wear these straw hats throughout the autumn, the fashion will be adopted here.
Jet and beaded bonnets generally will be worn for dress during the next months. At present these are trimmed with colored tulle, notably green, yellow and red. The beaded bonnet is a small capote of beads strung in trellis or other open patterns, and the tulle is massed along the edge of the whole bonnet, and forms high rosettes or loops in front supporting jet wings, a bird, or butterfly, and beads from each side in wide strings that are to be tied under the throat. Other jet bonnets have a rosette of the narrow velvet ribbons that come with cord loops on the edges; the rosettes may be of pistache green, or of yellow, cream white or scarlet, and in some cases two or three colors are used, a mass of green loops forming a third of the rosette, a yellow cluster for another third, and cream white loops completing it. Red and green velvet loops form other rosettes, a cluster of green loops forming half, and red loops the other half of the rosette. The new Sal-lambo blue, which is pale gray-blue, is massed with rose and cream-colored velvet, and out of the centre of the rosette is an aigrette of the whitest heron feathers. Pale pink beads, blue beads, white beads with gold centres and clear crystal beads are used for the small bonnets worn for evening dress. The fronts are edged with tulle shirred tulle, the whole bonnet has tulle drawn over it, and a flower cluster is held by ribbon loops in front. Such bonnets seldom have strings, but lace strings may be added, with a small loop at the throat set with jeweled pins.—Harper's Bazar.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

SUCCESS.

There is only one way to succeed, my boy: There is only one way to win: It is the right down to your creed, my boy. And with head and with hands pitched in For the profit and gain of a great success Never come through the ways of idleness.

A FORTUNATE CREATURE.

How a Good, Dead Lady at Last Saw the Whole of an Elephant. "And did you really, Aunt Keziah, never see an elephant?" questioned Ned, his eyes full of wonder and the sincerest commiseration.

A BRAVE BOY.

The Prompt, Wise Way in Which He Saved the Life of a Friend. Every now and then we read of some act of youthful heroism performed by one of our American boys, and we learn what noble and courageous men we are growing up among us.

THE DAIRY.

-Let the milking be done quickly and quietly, regularly and thoroughly. -Farm, Field and Stockman. -A small cheap centrifugal separator is wanted. It is a wonder that no inventor has yet made one for the use of individual farmers.

-Do not attempt to dry off a cow that is in good flesh while she is giving any considerable amount of milk. It is much safer and less injurious to milk them till they calve.

-It is said that you can make butter as salt as possible with washing it while in the granular state in strong brine, working and packing it immediately, and yet it will never be streaked, nor will it have the objectionable mottled appearance if additional dry salt is added after it is washed in brine.

-Never tolerate a slow milker, and if a cow holds up so that she can not be milked rapidly turn her off to the butcher. If the milk flows rapidly a good milker should be able to strip a cow in between four and five minutes.

-Let a drop of fresh milk fall into a glass of pure water. If the milk promptly disseminates itself through the water, the cow that yielded that milk is not with calf, but if it sinks to the bottom of the glass as it falls upon the water, and does not produce but little of a milky cloud, the cow is pregnant.

-Much of the poor butter we get in the market is poor from the fact that the cream had been kept too long before it was churned. Some portions of it probably began to decompose. Cream is but animal matter at best and when decomposition commences must necessarily be bad and unwholesome as would be putrid meat.

-Various speculations and notions concerning cream from the centrifugal separator are being indulged in just now and mainly so, we think, because as a people we know so little about it.

-The boys had happened to be in the act of climbing a wall. Charles missed his companion, and turning to look for him saw the snake. By this time, however, it had expended its poison and was gliding rapidly away.

-Quick as he had been the leg began to swell and Charles was glad to see a farmer's boy approach. He sent for water, and between them they restored John to consciousness. They then made arrangements for getting him home.

-The physician does not hesitate to say that John owes his life to the prompt and intelligent action of his friend. There was not the interval of a minute between the bite of the snake and the tightening of Charles' handkerchief about the leg.

-All honor to brave Charlie! I wish we could know what he will be and do as a man. He can scarcely perform a nobler deed than that of his boyhood's happy days, but his life will surely be one of usefulness and high achievement in whatever he may undertake.

-The decipherers of the papyri which have been brought to Vienna from El Fayum have learned from one of them the existence of a town in Lower Egypt, all trace of which seems to have disappeared for the last twelve hundred years or more.

-It remains a fact, however, that butter made from separated cream sells well in the market, and largely so, we think, because the best butter market requires a fresh flavored article and does not care for long keeping qualities.



INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y. Not a Hospital, but a pleasant Remedial Home, organized with

A FULL STAFF OF EIGHTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely-celebrated institution.

A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine for yourself, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view the marvelous accuracy of the microscope, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must become better acquainted with the case belongs. Men, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

Grid of medical advertisements including: MARAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES; DISEASES OF WOMEN; DISEASES OF DIGESTION; BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and kindred maladies; KIDNEY DISEASES; GAUTON; WONDERFUL SUCCESS; BLADDER DISEASES; STRICTURE; NERVOUS DISEASES.

"Did he ever shoot one?" asked Ned.

"Well, no, I don't think he did. I guess Sam had an experience like me - he was allers on the edge of things," with a sigh.

Aunt Keziah came from Connecticut. She had lived on a little farm all her life until she was forty-seven, when a letter unexpectedly arrived from her niece, Caroline Willis, whom she had not seen since she was fourteen.

There was no reason why she should not go, for Maria, her brother's wife, was a strong, thrifty woman who needed no assistance. But Aunt Keziah, who had been dreaming all her life of the great city and its marvels, suddenly felt a strange reluctance to leave the scrubby little farm, with its meager crops.

Quick as he had been the leg began to swell and Charles was glad to see a farmer's boy approach. He sent for water, and between them they restored John to consciousness. They then made arrangements for getting him home.

But nothing happened. She arrived safely at the depot and was met by her niece, who knew her instantly, people change so little in country life except to grow older. She was secretly shocked by Aunt Keziah's deafness and extreme simplicity, and began to doubt whether she had not brought another burden upon her tired shoulders until she saw her among the children, who were instantly won by Aunt Keziah's homely kindness.

Even Ned, whose weak point was a circus, and about whom his mother had been in perpetual anxiety, became fond of her old-fashioned stories, and as soon as he heard she had never seen a whole elephant, conceived an attachment for her that was all the stronger because based on the profoundest pity.

"Why don't you go to the circus, then, Aunt Keziah?" he asked, still meditating on her hard destiny. "Why, honey, I would be ashamed of myself to spend money on that, and then it would be kinder light and frivolous in an old woman like me."

"No!" called Jimmy from the hall window, "it's turned down another street." "Put on your bonnet, Aunt Keziah," urged Ned, "and we will go down on the corner, and there we'll be sure to see it."

"You dear children," said Aunt Keziah, and she actually sat down and cried for a minute.

And that was the way Aunt Keziah went to see the elephant. - E. F. Mosby, in Christian at Work.

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OH! FOR AN ISSUE.

These Birds of Ill-Omen, the Republicans, Flopping Around Aimlessly and Disconsolately.

Our Republican friends are very much perplexed as to what they can furnish for an issue the next time they go before the people. The bloody shirt has become such a venerable chestnut that it no longer excites even a laugh.

Never was there an Administration so shamelessly attacked and misrepresented and against which all the batteries of slander and falsehood were so industriously plied.

OBEYED THE ORDER.

How a Tennessee Gentleman Was Nominated for Governor, Although He Obed the President's Order.

The dispatch which came over the wires from Washington in relation to a recent order of the President warning office-holders not to be too busy about caucuses and conventions must have been a hard blow to Republican papers which have been wildly abusing the Administration and charging that the order was simply issued for effect—that it meant nothing unless it was to hoodwink the people.

Edmunds has declared in favor of the wild West for a Presidential candidate for the party. Which is another way of intimating that Mr. Blaine lags superfluously on the political stage.

MUST BE LIVELY.

The Efforts Being Made by Mr. Blaine's Friends in the Maine Campaign to Give Him a Presidential "Boost."

To a person innocent in the ways of politics it must seem very strange that up in Maine, a State which two years ago gave a Republican majority of nearly 14,000, the campaign for the election of a Governor and Congressman is this year to be conducted with all the preparations of a Presidential year, including not only a continuous series of speeches by Maine's "retired" statesman, Mr. Blaine, but nightly speeches by as many political orators from other States as can be induced to go down East.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

Should the Republicans, through the efforts of Mr. Blaine, succeed in carrying Maine, it is likely that they may succeed in retaining their grip on Vermont.

While Logan is reveling in a perfect garden of Eden Blaine is perspiring over twelve "greatest efforts," with which he hopes to keep Maine corralled until the snow flies in 1888.

We are inclined to agree with the World that the President departed widely from the Democratic policy of Jeffersonian simplicity when he traveled from Washington in a special car of mahogany, elegantly fitted up with silk, satin and velvet.

A Good Start Made.

The preliminary steps toward the creation of a new navy are now being taken. It is a matter of congratulation that the near future promises the realization of the hopes of the people in that direction.

The present administration of the Navy Department has proved its freedom from any corrupt collusion, and the consequence is that the appropriations have been made and the work will soon be begun.

The two cruisers and dispatch boat contracted for by the late Administration and the six vessels now about to be commenced will make a fair start for a navy. They are to be of various types and widely different in capacity as well as in speed and power.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Captured Apaches—Important Land Decisions—Beecher's Shortage.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The President has telegraphed Adjutant General Drum, Acting Secretary of War, vesting him with discretionary authority as to the present disposition of Geronimo and his band. When the President returns he will decide upon a permanent place of confinement for these Indians.

IMPORTANT RAILWAY LAND DECISIONS. WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—In the case of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, Benjamin V. Clark, involving the right of said company to lands embraced within that part of the Crow Indian reservation released under an agreement of sale ratified by Congress April 11, 1882, and decided by the Department September 17, 1884, Acting Secretary of War, Beecher, has decided in favor of the company.

IN THE CASE OF W. D. JARRETT vs. THE MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILROAD COMPANY, involving land in section 11, township 35, south range 22, east, in the Independence land district of Kansas, which lies within the ten mile granted limits of the grant to said company, and also within the ten miles of the located route of the Kansas & Nebraska Railway.

BEECHER'S SHORTAGE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The apparent shortage in his accounts has rendered the Treasury officials somewhat anxious to hear what had become of Henry F. Beecher, son of the Brooklyn preacher, who, since his rejection by the Senate has not been heard from. While he was collector at Port Townsend, W. T., a quantity of opium was seized there, aggregating about \$40,000 in value.

THE YACHT RACE.

The Mayflower, While in the Lead is Shut Out by a Fog.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—The wind was blowing at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour this morning when the two yachts, the Mayflower and Galatea, followed by a concourse of tugs and vessels of every description, came up the bay to the island. Bunting was displayed everywhere, but the fog was not made until the display which had accompanied the first race. At 11:55 a. m. the vessels were ready to start and the signal was given. The Galatea was given the same allowance—thirty seconds—as in the last race. It sped along in splendid shape.

12:55.—The Mayflower is now an eighth of a mile ahead.

1:30.—A dense fog has settled over the course. Nothing exact is obtainable. A tug boat has just returned with the news that the Mayflower is still an eighth of a mile ahead.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—There were plenty of disappointed yachtsmen in New York last night, for the second race of the international series had been postponed until Saturday. After sailing in a fresh breeze from the westward for four hours the Mayflower and Galatea, with an accompanying fleet of nearly a hundred vessels, were enveloped in a thick fog ten miles east of Sandy Hook lightship and were compelled to abandon the race.

Kansas Hoosiers.

PARSONS, Kan., Sept. 10.—Probably the largest body of Indians that ever assembled outside of the State of Indiana were here yesterday, attending the reunion which lasts until to-night. Most of the business houses are decorated with flags and bunting, and fully 8,000 strangers were in the city to-day. Two extra trains were run, bringing strangers from the south part of the county.

THE YANKEE WINS.

The Mayflower Wins the Great International Yacht Race.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Yesterday was the greatest yachting day that New York has ever seen and another day of glory for Boston, for her latest and proudest product of naval architecture—the sloop yacht Mayflower—won the first race of the international series against a powerful antagonist, the British cutter Galatea.

At 10:50 a light breeze from a little east of south came seaward clearing away the haze and rippling the waters of the bay. Quickly the two contestants and the immense flotilla of steamers of all sizes from the 20 foot launch to the three decker, Grand Republic, clustered about the starting point. The preparatory whistle screamed out its warning at 10:45, and ten minutes later came one for the start. Both yachts, carrying the same sail—mainsail, clubtop, jib and foresails, had been maneuvered into good positions, and down they came for the line.

At 11:30 they made a stretch over Staten Island. The Mayflower held the windward position and, with the last of the ebb tide on her bow, she managed to keep it and began "outfooting" the cutter at once. Hundreds watched this first part of the battle from the heights of Fort Wadsworth and Hamilton. At 11:02 the Galatea set her jib tallsail and at 11:12 the Mayflower tacked close under quarantine, the cutter following suit a minute later.

Vermont Election.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Vt., Sept. 8.—Although this is an off year and no questions of public policy of a very important nature were to be decided by yesterday's election, both Republicans and Democrats were out in full force, and the voting was much heavier than that usually cast in an off year.

A FATAL CRASH.

Several Men Seriously Injured While Pulling Down a Condensed Building.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 8.—Intense excitement was created here last evening by a terrible crash in the Y. M. C. A. building situated near the Bates House. It is an old three story brick that has been condemned and was being torn down to give place to a new structure. Twenty men were employed inside the building, when the roof fell in with a loud crash, carrying with it the inside brick wall.

Citizens of Akron, O., Resist the Laying Down of a Railroad Switch.

AKRON, O., Sept. 9.—Some time ago the City Council passed an ordinance giving the Valley railroad the privilege of crossing Ash street on grade with a switch. The provisions of the ordinance were not generally known until yesterday, when attention was called to it in a published card.

Disturbance of Mexico.

NEW LAREDO, Mexico, Sept. 7.—The special train came in from Lampaas at eight o'clock this morning bringing in forty-five cavalry and mounted rangers. During the night the mounted police and rangers engaged in Sunday's fight came in by twos and threes. The ranger Martenas was captured and about to be shot when one of Coyote's lieutenants recognized him as a former friend and secured his release.

The Fastest Sneeze.

LONDON, Sept. 8.—Sueci, the fastest Italian, is causing the greatest surprise by his extraordinary muscular activity. He does not seem to be in the least weakened by his abstaining from nourishment and is as energetic as a man who eats regularly. If his fast is bona fide, as it is believed to be, it is certainly a most remarkable instance of vitality.

Died of Yellow Fever.

NEW YORK, September 9.—Francis Golden, the fireman of the steamship Alva, of the Atlas line, who showed yellow fever symptoms, died in the reception hospital at 12 o'clock last night. An autopsy which was made to-day showed unmistakable indications of yellow fever. The liver had the peculiar appearance due to that disease, and signs of any other trouble were conspicuously absent.

GOOD-BYE.

Alexander Signs the Deed of Abandonment and Leaves Sofia Amid Throngs of His People—Comment.

SOFIA, Sept. 9.—Prince Alexander has signed the deed of abandonment and has departed from Sofia. A compact mass of people witnessed the Prince's departure from the palace, and thousands lined the route taken by him through the town. The Prince stood up in his carriage and saying "Good-bye, my brethren." The populace were much affected. Tears sprang to many eyes, and hearty wishes were expressed for the Prince's speedy return. He will go first to Lom Palanka.

A manifesto was issued by Alexander prior to his departure in which he says: "We, Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, being convinced that our departure will contribute to Bulgaria's liberation, having received assurance from the Czar that the independence, liberty and rights of our country shall remain intact and that nobody shall interfere with its internal affairs, inform our beloved people that we renounce the throne, wishing to prove how dear to us are the interests of Bulgaria for which we are willing to sacrifice that which is more precious to us than life."

After expressing his affection for his subjects and his heartfelt gratitude for their devotion, the Prince says he will pray God to shield and prosper the country. He concludes by asking the people to obey the regency and the ministry to the end that order and peace may be preserved.

The Porte has sent a note to the powers, praying them to prevent a foreign military occupation of Bulgaria.

It is stated that M. De Giers threatened to withdraw from the triple alliance if Germany and Austria insisted on the retention of Alexander.

EXPERIMENT'S CONSEQUENCE.

LONDON, Sept. 9.—The Standard urges England not to oppose whoever may be elected to succeed Alexander. It continues: "If Alexander's successor be a pro-Russian he will the more quickly bring Austria to a full consciousness of what concerns her in Bulgaria, and force Germany to decide whether to sacrifice Austria to Russia or vice versa. Russia is the old man of the sea for Austria and Germany. By their recent subservience they have got him tighter around their necks than ever."

The St. Petersburg Novoe Vremya urges Russia to secure a good understanding with Turkey and urges Turkey not to abandon its traditional policy of adapting itself to existing circumstances. A Russo-Turkish alliance, it adds, would solve the Bulgarian question. Russia should concern herself less about Western Europe in order to obtain a firmer hand in the east.

The Vienna Neue Freie Presse says: "Prince Alexander, yesterday, when delivering his farewell address to the officers and informing them of the urgent necessity he was under to leave Bulgaria, said: 'If my departure is not for ever it is until the National Assembly of Bulgaria decides the question.'"

The same paper also says that in spite of her promises Russia will not permit the appointment of any other than a Russian as Governor of Bulgaria.

PHYSICIANS.

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

A. M. CONAWAY, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Residence and office, a half mile north of Toledo, 1711-12

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