

Case-Lum-Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor. NEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY. VOLUME XI. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1885. NUMBER 20.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gleaned by Telegraph and Mail.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate on the 9th the resolution was concurred in authorizing the President to announce to foreign Governments the result of the deliberations of the International Conference held in Washington for the purpose of fixing a prime meridian and universal day. The House bill to prevent the unlawful enclosure of the public lands, better known as the "Fencing bill," was taken up. Amendments sent to the committee were concurred in. The bill was finally passed. The Anti-Silver Coinage bill taken up and debated. The Pension Appropriation bill was taken up and passed. The House then took up and resumed consideration of the bill repealing the prohibition against the sale of liquor to Indians. The bill was passed. The House then took up and resumed consideration of the bill to amend the act relating to the Pension Appropriation bill. The bill was passed. The House then took up and resumed consideration of the bill to amend the act relating to the Pension Appropriation bill. The bill was passed. The House then took up and resumed consideration of the bill to amend the act relating to the Pension Appropriation bill. The bill was passed.

add a few printing machines and manufacture certain printed goods of that country. The mill was established in 1826, runs 16,392 spindles and 4,092 looms. It will employ Mexican help.

An infernal machine was sent recently to August Feigel, the German Consul at New York. The machine was placed in a bucket of water and then opened. Had it been opened without this precaution a disastrous explosion would have occurred.

JOHN GAFFNEY, Thomas Judge and Patrick Gallagher were convicted in Scranton recently for violating the delegate election laws during the campaign of 1884.

The Sumner Prescription Glass Works, at Sharsburg, Pa., has resumed work on the co-operative plan. The strikers were still firm.

The boiler at Cumber's stone quarry near Harrisburg, Pa., exploded recently, causing the death of Christian Hone and John Spencer, and fatally injuring Peter Brown.

HENRY GEORGE, the great land agitator, has arrived in Brooklyn. He has just returned from Scotland.

The United States Grand Jury at New York has brought in another indictment against Ferdinand Ward, the former partner of General Grant, for crookedness in connection with the Marine Bank. Ward was still in Ludlow-street Jail.

The Church of Notre Dame at Fall River, Mass., has been interdicted by Bishop Hendrickson and the sacrament removed. The congregation, which was principally French-Canadian, objected to the services of an Irish priest.

A FIRE broke out the other night in Pratt's rag warehouse at Binghamton, N. Y., opposite the Erie depot. Loss, \$40,000. Four firemen were badly injured by falling from a ladder, Henry Murphy probably fatally.

FURTHER reports of the West Philadelphia Insane Asylum fire bring up the number of inmates killed to twenty-eight. Many others were seriously burned, but with a few exceptions, were progressing favorably.

Both shores of Long Island Sound were fringed with ice on the 13th for miles out from land, and from Hunting Bay down to Hell Gate there was a solid mass. It was impossible for sailing craft to make their way. Tug boats only got through by following in the wake of steamers.

THE WEST.

FARMERS were greatly exercised over the appearance of glanders among horses in the vicinity of Galena, Ill. Veterinary Surgeon Pauren ordered a number of horses to be shot.

SEVERAL weeks ago it was given out by Mrs. Richard Trump, living five miles south of Terre Haute, Ind., that her husband had killed himself while she was out in the coal-shed getting coal. She has since been arrested, and has confessed that she herself committed the deed.

A LITTLE son of Widow Taylor, who was playing around a new-born calf at Vandalia, Ill., was fatally gored by the cow.

WILLIAM F. ARNER, of Hardin County, Ill., aged fifteen, is in jail for the murder of his grandmother.

At an explosion at Brazil, Ind., recently, at the Central Iron and Steel Works, Mayor Collins, the owner, and four men were killed and eight others dangerously wounded. Loss, \$50,000.

GONSTON, the Chicago Anarchist, who has been at Cleveland organizing communistic societies, will go East on the same mission.

The wagon works of Fish Bros. & Co., Racine, Wis., were destroyed by fire on the 10th. Loss, \$450,000.

The Fremont Harvester Company of Fremont, O., has assigned.

A SMALL detached building belonging to the County Poor House, three miles west of Monticello, Ill., burned the other night, and three demented women, the only occupants of the building, perished in the flames.

A NOBLE-HEADED suburban train over the Illinois Central crashed into a train of empty passenger cars of the Baltimore & Ohio near Chicago the other night. Damage, \$8,000.

SIMON HARKNEY, a prominent citizen of Akron, O., was killed the other night by a runaway horse.

FIVE men were asphyxiated in a sewer at Kinzie street, Chicago, recently. On being brought to the surface, four were dead and the other died soon after.

The Board of Education of Chicago has ordered the suspension of Principal Barnes, of one of the high schools, for two weeks for flogging a pupil. An order was also passed to hereafter abolish corporal punishment in schools.

THE SOUTH.

The Crow-street Public School building at Atlanta, Ga., was destroyed by fire the other night. Loss, \$15,000. The fire was considered incendiary.

A HUNDRED years ago the first bale of cotton was exported to Great Britain, and the centennial of this event was fittingly celebrated at the World's Exposition.

The steamer Hornet, of Louisville, Ky., while ascending the Kentucky River, struck a cribbing lock five miles above Carrollton, Ky., and sank in twenty-five feet of water. She had on board a number of people and a large trip of freight.

The other morning five workmen employed in repairing a bridge over the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, Md., were thrown down on the ice by the breaking of a sea-fall. The fall was fifty feet and all went through the ice into the river. Two were reported drowned and three were in a precarious condition.

A DISPATCH from Abilene, Tex., reports the assassination of Detective Warren while sitting in his hotel. The deed was supposed to have been committed by fence cutters whom he had been engaged in prosecuting.

An attempt was made to wreck a passenger train on the New Orleans division of the Texas Pacific Railroad the other night below Marthaville, La. A rail on the bridge was taken up, but fortunately a

will freight struck the bridge half an hour ahead of the passenger, which carried two hundred lives. The engineer and fireman of the freight miraculously escaped.

The warfare between Mexicans and Texans in Dimmitt County, Tex., was brought to a conclusion by a treaty drawn up between the leaders of the opposing forces.

GENERAL.

DURING a ball recently at the town of Witkowitz, in Bohemia, a dynamite cartridge was exploded in the basement of the building. The staircase was demolished, and several persons injured, but no one was killed.

THIRTEEN men were killed in a coal mine explosion at Westville, Nova Scotia, on the 10th. Seven others were injured, some badly. The explosion was caused by striking a pocket of gas.

The murderer of the Vicar General of Gibraltar was a madman.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron Workers has issued a circular to members asking for an expression of views on a ten per cent. reduction of the scale for the coming year.

MARTIAL law was proclaimed in Panama on the 11th. The Assembly sits with closed doors. Communication with the interior is interrupted. President Vila will shortly assume command of the National troops to deal with the insurrectionists. DeLesseps declares the canal a success.

A DESPERATE battle was fought near Duka Island, Isthmus. In a bayonet charge which Earle was leading, at the moment of victory, he was shot dead. The command then fell upon General Brackenbury, who ordered the remaining positions to be stormed, which was successfully accomplished, the Arabs being driven into the Nile. In addition to the loss of General Earle the English lost three officers and eight men killed and thirty-five wounded.

The "Crinoid," from New York January 17 for Antwerp, has been passed by sea dismasted, abandoned and on fire.

GENERAL WOLSELEY, in a telegram to the English Government, dated Korti, February 12, stated that no reliable reports had been received of Gordon's fate. The reports had been based entirely on rumors.

The Swiss police report that two thousand Anarchists reside in Switzerland, and they are chiefly of foreign birth.

EVA MACKAY, daughter of John W. Mackey, the California millionaire, was married to Prince Colonna, at Paris, on the 12th.

The failures throughout the country for the week ended February 12 numbered: United States, 229; Canada, 31; total, 270; as compared with a total of 346 last week; 345 the previous. The large decrease is probably more apparent than real, as railroad and telegraphic communication in the West and Northwest were so interrupted that doubtless many failures in remote corners were not reported.

The Holland Government was reported negotiating with the American State Department for the reduction of duties on sugar imported in the United States.

COMMITTEES representing the National Protective Tariff League and the American Protective Tariff Association have decided to merge their organizations into one.

THE LATEST.

DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH, the noted medical leader, died in New York on the 15th.

CRISP OF POLICE BRAUN, of Pittsburgh, Pa., died on the 15th. He was chiefly noted for ordering the Austrian Consul's flag taken down under the pretense that it conflicted with the ordinance prohibiting signs.

A FIRE at Jacksonville, Fla., recently, destroyed five buildings and badly damaged as many more. Loss estimated at \$50,000.

An association of the creditors of the late Archbishop Purcell at a meeting at Cincinnati lately, resolved to push to the Circuit Court an appeal from the Common Pleas Court in that place.

The Union iron mills of Carnegie Bros. & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., employing over 490 men, has resumed operations.

The Hocking Valley strike ended on the 15th. The strike had been in operation since last April.

Two men robbed the passenger train on the Galveston & San Antonio Railroad at Luling, Tex., recently. They demanded cash of the passengers at the point of a pistol, and after securing about \$300 jumped from the train and escaped.

It was reported at Cairo that Prince Hassan would be appointed Governor General of the Sudan.

The death in Paris of B. B. Hotchkiss, is announced.

The Senate, on the 14th, discussed the Indian Appropriation bill. Other business was of a minor character. The House passed the Post-office Appropriation bill; also a pension bill, granting the widow of General G. H. Thaxel a pension of \$2,000 per annum.

FRANCIS A. DREXEL, head of the Drexel banking houses of Philadelphia, New York and Paris, died suddenly at Philadelphia on the 13th.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD celebrated his eightieth birthday at New York on the 13th.

EX-GOVERNOR ALEXANDER MOULTON, of Louisiana, died on the 13th at his plantation in Lafayette Parish, aged eighty-one years.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

Kansas Legislature. In the Senate on the 7th the bill authorizing the employment of stenographers for District Courts was passed. After transacting other unimportant business, the Senate adjourned on the 7th.

The Senate met at four o'clock on the 9th, and the Committee on Temperance made a report recommending the indefinite postponement of the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution. There was a minority report recommending its passage. Senator Smith offered a resolution calling upon the Attorney General to investigate the speaking arrangement for the purchase of the Territory of Kansas, which was ordered by resolution of the Railroad Commissioners made against the railroads of the State judicially, was called up and discussed at length. The House then adjourned until Monday.

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ANOTHER ASYLUM HORROR.

Burning of the West Philadelphia Insane Asylum—Eighteen Lives Lost. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., February 13.—A fire broke out in the insane department of the county almshouse of West Philadelphia last night. The flames spread rapidly and before the three hundred inmates could be released nineteen of them were burned to death. The others were left to roam about the grounds at will and many of them were picked up by the police throughout the city. Later—Eighteen raving maniacs were buried to death in the insane department of Blackley Alms House, on the west side of the Schuylkill River, last night in a conflagration which needed nothing to make it the most horrible disaster of the kind ever known in the history of the city. The fire originated in the wing of the old building of the insane department of Blackley, which fronts towards the Schuylkill River and directly east of the main building alms house. This wing is 145 feet front by sixty deep, connected on the south with the main building of the old structure's

INSANE DEPARTMENT. which runs 400 feet to a similar wing to the one in which the disaster occurred. In this north building where the fire broke out there were sixty separate cells for violent patients, twenty on each floor. In addition to this there was a large room on each of the three floors, in which cots for twelve men were placed, all of which were occupied when the fire broke out. On the second floor, opposite the central cell of the row, are separate cells. On the north side of the corridor, which runs from east to west, was a dry room heated by steam. This room, which was about ten feet square, was directly alongside the middle stairway leading to the floors above and below. Here the flames originated, but from what cause is not now known. At the time there were insane patients in each of the twenty cells on these three floors, ten in the large room on the first floor and twelve in each of the large rooms on the second and third floors. From all accounts to be obtained, it appears pretty certain that the first alarm was given by an insane patient on the first floor of the main building. This man, Joseph Nadine, occupied a room adjoining the stairway and drying room, about twenty other quiet patients. About 8:10 he saw smoke issuing from above the door which opened into the wing in which the cells were situated. He ran to the big iron grated door fronting on the main corridor of the building and cried out "Fire!" This fearful sound reached the ears of Joseph Schroeder, attendant of the ground floor, who was in his room directly opposite the one from which Nadine

HAD GIVEN THE ALARM. Mrs. Umstead, who has general charge of the kitchen, was at the time in the alarm reached her. She was in her office about two hundred feet from the dry room and at once hurried to the scene. She says an attempt was made to put out the flames with buckets of water, and at first it was supposed the flames were only burning from the ground floor near the stairway, but in almost an instant it was found the real point from which the danger came was the second floor, at the top and above the dry room. She then hastened to get the parties out from the main building extending from the east wing. Attendant Schroeder takes up the thread of the story at this point and thus relates some of the horrors of the dreadful night. "I do not know who sounded the alarm. As soon as I heard Nadine cry I rushed to the foot of the stairway, and after a short attempt to check the fire, at once set to work to get out the patients. First I unlocked the door of the room in which Nadine and his companions were. They ran out at once. By this time the flames were gathering in fury, and dense volumes of smoke were ascending into the upper stories. I succeeded in unlocking the doors of the cells on the first floor, and although with difficulty in some cases, succeeded in getting the inmates out. I had no time to look after them further than to run them to the yard, for the flames were getting so fierce it was almost impossible in the now fiercely burning building. The smoke in the upper stories was so thick breathing was almost impossible. While I was getting the men out below Attendant William Innatus was doing the same thing for the inmates on the second floor. I met Hanna, the night watchman, who was also helping, and we went up to the third story.

BUT WERE DRIVEN BACK by the flames which had forced their way through the stairway and were creeping along to the cells of the doomed inmates, and we ran around to the other stairway near the new building on the west and by that time some firemen arrived. All the inmates had been gotten out of the second story, so there remained about twenty-eight on the third floor, twenty in the cells and eight in the large common room in the west end.

BLOOMING BOOMERS. The Government Prosecution Ends in a Fizzle—The Boomers Jubilant. WICHITA, Kan., February 12.—The case of the United States vs. W. L. Couch, H. H. Stafford, George F. Brown and E. S. Wilcox, prominent boomers charged with treason and conspiring with armed resistance against the United States troops, came up before United States Commissioner Shearman yesterday at ten o'clock a. m. The defendants were promptly on hand, Wade McDonald, of Winfield, as their counsel. Witnesses for the prosecution failing to appear, a continuance was had until 1:30 p. m., when, for the same cause, the case was again continued until to-day at nine o'clock a. m. There were no witnesses at eleven a. m. The prisoners were discharged. This ended the miserable farce. Immediately after the adjournment of court, an Oklahoma meeting was announced to be held this evening, to be addressed by J. Wade McDonald. The colony are to meet at Arkansas City prepared to move March 5 next, with two months' provisions. Four or five thousand colonists are expected to move at that time. The boomers are in great good spirits, and are jubilant, and claim there is absolutely nothing in the case, and that the Government dare not come to a hearing of the case.

A WHITE CYCLONE.

The Recent Terrific Storm and Its Results Throughout the West and Northwest. CHICAGO, ILL., February 9.—A "White Cyclone" is what the Signal Service Bureau designated the storm which prevailed here last night. It was the worst blizzard Chicago has seen for many a year. Snow commenced to fall with blinding fury at eight o'clock Sunday night, and at this writing, twenty-four hours later, the fall has not abated a jot. Throughout the day the wind has been howling along at a rate varying from twenty to forty-five miles per hour. In two city courts business was abandoned, because a number of the jurors were snowed up at their suburban residences. In another the judge's absence was due to the same predicament. A number of theatrical troupes which should have left here last night to meet engagements, were unable to get farther than the depot, and are taking the situation as philosophic as possible under the circumstances. Few vehicles have been seen on the streets during the day, and the street car lines found progress difficult, even car four horses to a car.

At dusk to-night the snow was nearly two feet on the level, with no sign of abatement. The Signal Service reports, moreover, that the coldest wave of the season is at our doors, the temperature in Dakota and Minnesota this morning ranging from thirty to forty below.

Reports from other places state that the storm is general throughout the West and Northwest. Freight trains on all roads have been abandoned and passenger trains delayed. All trains arriving in Chicago were delayed ranging from two to five hours. These were the morning trains, and as the drifts have increased heavily during the day, the evening trains will suffer terribly.

"SEE ME KILL HIM." The Manner in Which a Texas Husband Settled With the Destroyer of His Domestic Happiness. COLEMAN, TEX., February 9.—A tragic murder occurred Saturday night at the ranch of A. J. Nations, ten miles north of Coleman. About dark a stranger rode up and, without dismounting, approached the door and asked a woman to let Dudley Henderson to come out, as he wanted to see him. As Henderson appeared in the yard, the stranger entered with his revolver and said to several bystanders: "Now, see me kill him."

Before any one could move he sent a bullet through Henderson's heart. After Henderson had fallen, the stranger fired four more bullets into his body, any one of which would have proved fatal. Bidding Mr. Nations good evening the stranger rode away.

The sequel to this mysterious murder is known to but few. Henderson was a handsome young man, who has sought this place to hide away from an infuriated and wronged husband who resides some fifty miles from Coleman. This man's wife and Henderson had been schoolmates in Georgia, and had loved each other from childhood. She married a wealthy Texas, but her lover, Henderson, followed her to Texas about a year ago.

For a time all went well, when by an accident, the husband discovered his beautiful wife's unfaithfulness. He sent her back to Georgia, and began his search for Henderson, which ended Saturday night. Henderson and the unfaithful wife belong to highly respectable families. The Sheriff is in pursuit of the murderer.

RAMPANT SOCIALISTS. A Growing Element in the Body Politic That Threatens to Cause Serious Trouble If Not Dealt With Promptly and Energetically. CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 12.—Two thousand Socialists, met last night at West Twelfth Street Hall to denounce the execution of Reinsdorf, the German Anarchist. All the speeches were in German, and of a bloodthirsty character. The meeting was called upon to combine with the dynamiters and "revenge the execution." Following the speeches was a tableau representing the Goddess of Liberty, as a sanguinary-looking female holding a red flag over the head of an Anarchist, who had a huge dagger in one hand and a box of dynamite in the other, and wearing a belt, with a border inscribed "Commune." Red fire in the wings lighted up the tableau. The crowd sang the "Marseillaise," and loud and prolonged cheers were given for the "Socialistic Revolution."

PITTSBURGH, Pa., February 9.—The story that Anarchists were armed and drilling here, and that dynamite was stored in various parts of the city, is confirmed by prominent Socialists. One of the officials states that a large supply of guns has recently been received from Chicago, and that the Anarchists have regular drilling nights. He states that there are about 4,000 members in Allegheny County.

The New Orleans Exposition. NEW ORLEANS, La., February 9.—The statement made to the President for the information of Congress by the managers of the World's Exposition, attributes the smallness of the receipts up to January 27th as chiefly to bad weather, the street car strike and the discouraging reports sent broadcast over the country by disappointed visitors. These conditions, it was asserted, impaired the revenue from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a day.

Since January 27th the receipts have met the expectations, and the fine weather which now prevails gives promise of an increased attendance. Two months after the date fixed for the opening, therefore, the financial condition of the enterprise shows a deficit of \$319,422.95, to which should be added unliquidated accounts of electric light companies, \$25,000, and awards in the agricultural department to February 1st, \$25,000, making a total of \$369,422.95 in liabilities. The cash in the treasury to the amount of \$18,671.74, and the margins on collateral to the amount of \$34,000, are held by the banks, making a net deficit of \$316,751.21.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

CATTONWOOD FALLS, - KAN 2821

PAWNING THE WEDDING-GOWN.

Its folds are thick and lustrous,
Its fabric rich and rare;
A Princess on her bridal day
Would scarce disdain to wear
A robe so chaste and lovely,
And dark is fortune's frown
When comes the mournful, widowed wife
To pledge her wedding gown.

Still young, though worn with sorrow,
But yesterday she seems
The music of the Wedding March
Was sounding through her dreams;
And friends were all about her,
A heart beat at her side,
She floated to the altar rail,
A brilliant, beautiful bride.

Enwreathed with orange blossoms,
Emwreathed with glancing pearls,
Her airy veil a forested plain,
Above her rippling curls,
Toward the altar she advanced,
And hangs severe and straight,
The dolorous erape that tells its tale
Of a crueling fate.

In that brief hour of gladness,
Yet not a day had been,
Was faintest pressure of the pain
That clouds their paler now;
What prophet's voice had foiled
The change beyond belief—
For riches, utter poverty,
For joy, the depth of grief?

Life's bloom all nipped and blighted
The shadow of a day,
Thrown black and black about the path,
Where still her steps are brave,
Where still her eyes are watching,
The withering weight of care,
With the weary, sunken eyes
Fath challenges despair.

Though desolate her errand,
Yet not a day had been,
Not wholly friendless and alone,
She lifts her steady head;
Herself might not suffer,
Ere in the blissful town,
Sole relic of the happy past,
She'd pawn her wedding gown.

But up a narrow stairway,
Within a tiny room,
A little face is waiting here,
A face where illness bloom;
Two weary eyes are watching,
Two arms will closely fold
The mother in their fond embrace;
Their clinging makes her bold.

For this is woman's comfort;
A child's hand which is pressed
Will ease the sharpest agony
That wounds a mother's breast.
Her arms about her neck,
On hunger's wailing cry,
She leaves, for food and fire and light,
Her wedding-gown in pawn.

THE CHIFFONNIER.

A Little Chapter of Life Translated from the French.

How often have we read stories of poor old misers who had died surrounded by abject poverty, and who have left secreted in odd stockings and out of the way places immense wealth, opportunely discovered after their demise! How often have these realities been dishd up by romancers in the shape of pretty little sketches, and been eagerly devoured by the novel-reading public.

"No matter how often," exclaims the impatient reader, "if you've got a story to tell, go ahead with it, and leave off your dull speculations."

Well, my dear sir (or miss), we have got a little chapter of life to relate, but it is in French; however as your education has been sadly neglected (?) and your school-day learning of that unique language has long been forgotten, we don't mean to put you to the trouble of hunting up your "Keetel," or to the mortification of showing your ignorance before your younger brothers and sisters by allowing your dotting parents a chance to request that you will "please translate this French humbug for us, my dear." So we give it to you in plain Saxon.

Suzette Borgne was one of the many Suzettes to be found in the great city of Paris. A very good-looking female of about twenty summers, an orphan from childhood, and indebted for her bringing up to an ugly old uncle. Said relative was a chieftain—we beg pardon—a rag-picker, and to judge by appearances he had followed that means of getting money all his life.

Suzette's earliest recollections were those of being perched upon a heap of rags in her uncle's garret, and playing with Misere, a large black tom cat that old Gregory had kept by him from time immemorial. Misere and Gregory were enough alike to be brothers—if you can imagine such a phenomenon—both being long, lank and lean, with large staring eyes, and a general grizzly appearance. They had even fought for each other, for many an intrusive cur had been driven yelping away from the vicinity of his master's premises by Misere, and many a scrape had the old cat got his master into with his thieving propensities and midnight serenades.

Once the house took fire, and these two friends, woken up by the noise and confusion, rushed outside their garret door and tumbled down three pair of stairs together, a mixed combination of human bones, cat fur and old rags. Landing at the bottom of the third flight, an excited member of the fire-police struck at the hobgoblin apparition with his axe, and poor Misere lost his caudal appendage, while Gregory was bereft of three toes. The old man was taken to the hospital and the old cat nursed herself; both recovered, and having been fellow-sufferers were, no doubt, more fond of each other ever after.

At another time the house was invaded by gens d'arms in search of an escaped prisoner, and while poking over old Gregory's rags they were set upon by the infuriated feline, who used his claws with such vigor as nearly to scratch the eyes out of two of them before he could be barged and flung out of the window. This infernal piece of cruelty maddened the aged rag-picker to such a degree that he struck one of the soldiers, and was ignominiously led off to prison. Misere, landing on his feet with a triumphant howl, went back to the dingy garret and kept guard over its contents till his master returned from durance vile. Here was another cord that bound them together. So you see how it came about that the old fellow loved his cat about as well as he did his niece.

Suzette had now grown to be a woman, and was quite tired of the dull life she was leading as a rag-picker's as-

sistant. A good-natured girl she was, and moderately fond of her uncle, but what charms had such a life for her? She must get out into the world, and Annette, wife of Daddy Publice, who kept the little bake shop over the way, fully agreed with her on this important point. In fact, little Annette was kind enough to offer her a position behind her own counter.

"For you see, mon cher," she said to her spouse, in private: "Suzette will attract customers with her pretty face, while you, Henri, and myself can attend to the ovens."

"Ah, yes," responded the amiable Daddy, with a knowing leer, "she'll do. Not a bad match for our Henri would that be, for savez vous, I think that old uncle of hers has money stored away!"

"Go along, you old wretch," roughly replied Annette, "you men are all for money and nothing else."

So Suzette branched the subject to her guardian, and after a good deal of grumbling and a consultation with his cat, he allowed her to take the situation in Daddy Publice's bake shop.

Suzette went gayly to her new sphere, and soon became a proficient in the mysteries of that little trade. The young students of the neighborhood were observed by inquisitive people to linger over the counter chatting with the new clerk much longer than was necessary, and the same busybodies noted a vast improvement in the dress of young Henri. To tell the truth, Suzette had not been in the shop three weeks before the hair apparent to the bakery was completely fascinated with her charms, and half the student customers had sworn terrible oaths that they loved the pretty girl to distraction.

The nice little compliments they bestowed upon her, and the before unheard-of liberality with which they bought sweet-cakes and refused to receive their change, greatly pleased Annette and the Daddy, and drove poor Henri nearly wild with jealousy. He watched her through the little glass door that separated the outer shop from the ovens, and as she laughed with and waited on the gay young fellows, the wicked boy actually wished they were all to the bad! Yes, he actually felt so bad as to swear about it! But swearing did not help the matter; who ever found that it did? and he had to vent his fury on the innocent pies and cakes, the most of which he burned to a cinder. In consequence, the Daddy called down maledictions on his head, and he in turn raved about Suzette, who, quite unconscious of the row she was causing in the rear, was chatting in front with one of her new-made friends, a certain Louis Franciscano, who kept a little book store on the next corner. This Louis was a dashing young fellow, did a thriving business, and sported a "beautiful moustache."

"Attraction enough for any poor girl," thought our heroine, and she accordingly accepted his invitation to spend an evening at the theater.

Suzette had she dared, would have treated poor Henri with scorn, and the fear of displeasing her employers, and thus losing her place, caused her to look upon him in a respectful manner, and to accept his little compliments with becoming grace. But an evening at the theater with handsome Louis was much better sport than walking with dull Henri, and a little bon-bonche from the former was received with the sweetest of smiles and a profusion of mercies, while trifles from the latter were taken with a hypocritical grin, and quietly thrown out of sight.

To sum up the case, Henri was in love with Suzette, Suzette ditto with Louis, and Louis ditto with old Gregory! "That's strange!" remarks the unsophisticated reader. Not at all, my dear sir, for bear in mind that our young bookseller was a very shrewd personage, and had his suspicions about hidden wealth as well as Daddy Publice. So he used to climb up to the old rag-picker's garret, and drive bargains with him for the produce of his toil, at the same time keeping an eye out for hints or suggestions regarding "the root of all evil."

Old Gregory was also shrewd and more than half suspecting the young man's design, and thinking he would be a pretty good catch for his niece, used to jingle the silver that Louis paid him with a satisfied chuckle, and nod his grizzly head in a mysterious way, thus confirming his patron in the belief that he stowed away all such treasures.

One afternoon Louis entered the garret very quietly and caught the old man on his knees before the fire-place, where he was depositing a small bag in a hole caused by the removal of a brick. Perfectly satisfied now he silently slipped out again, made a loud shuffling with his feet, and knocked at the door. On entering, the old gent was picking over his rags as usual, the brick was in its place, and Misere, the cat, was curled upon the hearth.

"I have come," said Louis, "to ask the hand of your niece. I'm a lonely young fellow and want a wife."

"Parbleu! a wife! How many Louis can you show to support one?"

"Enough of them, good Monsieur Gregory; besides, has she not some of her own?"

"How should I know? Does she not spend all her earnings on fine dresses and feathers?"

"But I mean, will she not come into a property one of these days?"

"A property! Saurez! I know of nobody who has anything for her!"

"Ah, you old miser!"

himself fell dangerously sick, and Suzette devotedly gave up her clerkship (much to the disgust of Annette, Daddy, the student customers, and even Louis), and faithfully watched over and cared for her lone old uncle. Henri, who had long foreseen the state of affairs between Suzette and Louis, and had given up all hope of winning her hand. Still loved her with that intensely peculiar to Frenchmen. He now became the kindest and most attentive of friends, constantly bringing up little delicacies for the uncle, and running of little errands for the niece, so that in a short time the latter began to wonder that she had never before noticed the many good qualities of the honest fellow. His actions shone more brightly by their contrast to those of Louis, which latter personage seldom made his appearance, and was always in a hurry to get away.

After many weeks of sickness old Gregory died, and Suzette was alone in the world. The day after the funeral, Annette, the Daddy and Henri came into the desolate garret to keep her company awhile. Presently Louis made his appearance, when the others, with unusual commotion, rose, were going home and leaving the young couple to themselves, but Louis detained them by saying:

"Don't go, my good folks, I want a little talk with you. You know of the engagement between Suzette and I, and now as her future husband, I propose that we together search this room for money which I think old Gregory must have secreted here. Come, let us begin with the fire-place," and he easily found the loose brick which he had seen in the hands of the rag-picker on the former occasion. Excitedly throwing it down, he thrust his hand into the opening, and drew forth an old stocking.

"Stop!" hurriedly exclaimed Suzette, "you are not yet the master, and have no right to open that. Give it to me."

"Just as you please," and handing it to her, he again thrust his arm into the hole, but found nothing more.

All now crowded round Suzette, curious and impatient, while she emptied the stocking of its contents.—An oblong lead box. Louis forced the lid open, and what do you suppose there was inside?

"Heaps of money?" No, sir. "A big bank-book?" No, madame. Nothing but a piece of paper, with this scrawled on it: "Suzette, my child, take good care of Misere, for the sake of your uncle."

With chop-fallen countenance, Louis was about to resume the search, when the voice of Suzette arrested him.

"Louis Franciscano, you will find no secreted treasure, and as that seems to be your object in coming here, you may as well go!"

"Very good, mademoiselle, a penniless bride is a small loss, to my taste. I bid you a pleasant adieu."

It was now Henri's turn, and his offer to take Suzette for himself was not rejected. They were shortly after married, and she took her old place behind the counter of the Daddy's bakery.

On going to remove the few things from the old garret, Suzette remembered the lines her uncle had bequeathed her, and endeavored to remove Misere, when lo and behold, he couldn't be stirred! Henri was called in, but still old Misere wouldn't budge! A surgical operation with a pen-knife and a post-mortem examination revealed the cause—she was stuffed with golden louis!

Suzette, like the good girl she was, ever after took the best care of Misere, and his stuffing!—*Baltimore Monthly.*

WHAT HE GOT BY IT.

Showing That It Is Not Good Policy to Doubt a Good Man's Word.

"Come mighty nigh killin' a fine buck dis maw'nin'," said an old negro.

"Comin' long through de woods an' er ole buck he jump up an' bookery, bookery he run off a few yards an' stop still. Come in one er shootin' him, sah."

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"Diddn' hab my gun wid me, sah."

"Then how did you come within one of shootin' him?"

"Case, sah, I come in one o' takin' my gun wid me."

"Why didn't you take your gun?"

"Diddn' hab none, sah."

"Look heah, don' luse er man dat way when yer ain' got no cause. I man dat way, no gun, fer a feller dat I wuz er-bout ter buy one from axed me jes' one dollar mo' I could pay. So, I come in one o' gettin' de gun. Ef I had er got it I would er tuk it 'long wid me, an' ef I had it I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan come 'roun' 'busin' er man when de facts is all erger yin. I hab knowed folks ter fetch trouble on dar selves dat way. Er wuz on oughter be keerial in dis heah world o' science an' speckleration. Good maw'nin', sah. Sahez yer's beted dis way. I wuz enter gin vee none o' de meat ef I had er killed it. 'Ere yee talked dat way I would make yer present o' some o' de bucker. See what yer got by it, sah."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

The More Mr. Cleveland Is Known the Better He Is Liked.

The more that is known of Mr. Cleveland the more favorable is the impression gained of his character. All that was ever said against him before the Chicago Convention was that his experience of public affairs was confined to the State of New York. But when he published his letter of acceptance it was conceded that his friends had not been too strong in their statements of commendation; for in that paper he showed himself to be a statesman of sound views and broad vision, and as letter after letter was published by him, as the occasion arose, his practical wisdom and his deep-seated honesty became more and more apparent.

Cautions where he should be cautious, Mr. Cleveland is always clear and bold on these points: He is a Civil-service reformer; appreciating the fact that the books of the Government need overhauling, he will institute a rigid examination of all the departments; elected by the people and not by rings, he will be the people's Chief Magistrate.

When Grant was elected President he chose for his advisers notorious rascals, and appointed to office relatives and unscrupulous partisans that carried on a system of robbery during the eight years he occupied the White House. When Hayes, seated by fraud, assumed the Executive office, he called around him designing men whose chief object it was to plunder the Government. Mr. Hayes's administration is noted principally for the Star-route scheme, by which the Treasury was robbed of \$4,000,000. Mr. Arthur, on assuming the Presidential Chair, distinguished himself by taking into his counsel the renegade Mahone and the renegade Chalmers, and others of similar character and methods. He was ambitious to be elected to succeed himself, and no matter how many good qualities President Arthur might have had, his policy with regard to Virginia would have condemned him in the opinion of fair-minded men.

But Mr. Cleveland goes into office entirely free from corrupt alliances. He is not a candidate for a second term, his desire being only to administer the affairs of the Government with wisdom and fairness. And in keeping with the wisdom of Mr. Cleveland's published utterances has been his choice of statesmen as friendly and informal counselors. He invited Senator Bayard to a conference. That able and upright man was profoundly impressed with Mr. Cleveland's knowledge of public policy and with his sincerity in dealing with Civil-service reform. Senator Garland, of Arkansas, has recently had several conferences with Mr. Cleveland, and he, like Mr. Bayard, is deeply impressed with his wide mental range and with his honesty. Both of these gentlemen were most favorably impressed with the President-elect's manly bearing. That Bayard and Garland should have been selected by Cleveland as friendly advisers speaks much, we say, for the President-elect's sound sense and his desire to reform the Government.

Had Mr. Blaine been elected President he would have had before this many conferences with Jay Gould, the railroad wrecker, and Wall street gambler; Joyce, of whiskey-river fame; Jones, the iron monopolist; Dorsey of Star-route fame, and Everts, the unscrupulous lawyer, now Senator-elect from New York. These would have been some of the men of Blaine's star-chamber. Four years of corruption would have stard the country in the face. Let the people rejoice in the triumph of honesty over fraud.—*Richmond (Va.) State.*

PARTY UNITY.

Unnecessary Concern About the Danger Impending Over the Democratic Party.

Some of the prominent non-partisan newspapers of the country are just now giving themselves considerable concern over what they are pleased to term a danger impending over the Democratic party. These journals apprehend the most serious consequences from the lack of homogeneity or coherence of the Democratic organization, compared with the Republican party, and freely speculate on the probabilities of quarrels, blunders and other disturbing elements to set in as soon as the Democratic party assumes power in the country.

The Democratic people can not fail to be flattered by these evidences of absorbing interest in their affairs. But it may occur to many of them that these journals are borrowing trouble and inviting disasters that are not likely to come to their bidding. In the first place, that universal idea among the Republican but now independent editors that the Democrats are sure to blunder in every emergency that confronts them, is a tradition that has long since been exploded. It is not necessary to go back beyond the recent canvass to show that the blunders are on the other side, for while the Democratic managers played their game with severely an error, the other side was stumbling, faltering and blundering at every step.

There is as little foundation for the opinion that the Democratic party will go to pieces because of a want of unity on matters of grave public importance. The experience is that upon all questions of this sort there is a substantial agreement among the people and party leaders. On the tariff question at the last session a very small minority disagreed with the body of the party, in a matter of detail, but that difference has since been adjusted. The Republicans have not been so fortunate however and the defeat which has retired some of its most brilliant leaders has left those remaining in a state of disorganization from which there is no hope of recovery.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

The Maria Theresa is the only coin known in Abyssinia. Cloth and bars of rock salt, ten inches long by two inches wide and deep, bound with a red, serve as their ordinary means of barter. A recent traveler says he made overlasting friendship with a village chief by making him a present of an empty Worcester sauce bottle, the glass stopper appearing to be the source of delight and comfort to him.

CLEVELAND AT GREYSTONE.

The Visit of the President-Elect to the Home of Mr. Tilden—The Distinguished Gentlemen Closed in a Lengthy Conference—The General Estimate of Mr. Cleveland By His Partisans and Others.

New York, February 9.—G. W. Smith, Mr. Tilden's private Secretary, came down to New York from Greystone early yesterday morning to escort President-elect Cleveland and Daniel Manning up to Yonkers. The party left the Victoria Hotel about 8:30 o'clock, and got to the Grand Central Depot in time for the 8:50 train. Few in the waiting room recognized Mr. Cleveland as he walked briskly through to the train, but as his burly figure moved up the aisle of the last car, the passengers showed they knew who he was by staring steadily at him. His face was weary looking. Mr. Manning, on the other hand, looked fresh, and his black eyes snapped. There was a jerky conversation on the way up, in which Mr. Cleveland took little part.

Mr. Tilden's coupe, with a coachman in ivory on the box, was waiting at the Yonker's station, as was also a crowd of about fifty persons. Mr. Cleveland had got nearly to the carriage before the crowd fully identified him, and there was a wild rush to get near him, the end of all which was a knot edging around the spot where the carriage had stood before the driver whipped up his horses.

Mr. Tilden met his guests at the door, and a big mastiff rubbed his jaws under Mr. Cleveland's hand. The day was spent very pleasantly. There were no other guests. During the greater part of the afternoon the party, consisting of Mr. Tilden and his sister and secretary, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Manning and Mrs. Manning, (who had been left there on Saturday while Mr. Manning came down to the city), occupied the spacious dining-room, varying the delights of the table with a view stretching beyond the Palisades, and the half hour music of Mr. Tilden's tenuous set of chimnes.

At two o'clock dinner was served with Mr. Tilden and Mrs. Pelton, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Smith at the table.

The remainder of the afternoon was given up to talk of a confidential nature between Mr. Tilden and Mr. Cleveland. They were closeted for several hours. Men and measures were discussed, and the rich treasures of Mr. Tilden's political experience were heavily drawn upon by Mr. Cleveland, and as freely offered by Mr. Tilden. Names were mentioned, and the qualities and capabilities of the men at once given by Mr. Tilden. Mr. Cleveland played again his role of attentive listener, and took in the talk with which Mr. Tilden favored him as he did that of the dozens of politicians who have daily called upon him at the Victoria.

Late in the afternoon it was decided by Mr. Cleveland to remain during the night as a guest at Greystone. This was an earnest solicitation of Mr. Tilden, who was anxious to offer some social and personal attention to the President-elect. This fact was telegraphed to the waiting Colonel Lamonte at the Victoria Hotel, and at an early hour in the evening Mr. Cleveland was permitted to seek his room and find the rest he so much needed.

He rose early and came to this city, where he spent the day at the hotel. He did not receive the visits of the public, but gave up the day to private conferences with such statesmen and public men as had been particularly invited to meet him. It is the intention of Mr. Cleveland to return to Albany by this evening's express.

The visit was construed also as carrying with it incidental deference to the mossback Democratic element that still worships the Tilden idea, and that could be convinced in no way so well as Mr. Cleveland's sincere purpose to fit himself with the best counsel for his coming duties.

A close friend of Mr. Cleveland's said yesterday that on Saturday night Mr. Cleveland expressed himself highly pleased with the results of his trip. He had enlarged his acquaintance with representative party men, had gathered new ideas and strengthened his old ones, and felt much better prepared than when he came here to direct his mind in accord with the most advanced and most thoughtful views of his party friends, as well as for the common good.

In regard to Mr. Cleveland, Congressman Hewitt said this evening: "He is an able, sensible, careful man, thoroughly fit for the office of President. It would of course never do for me to tell what Mr. Cleveland told me privately. What he told me publicly all had an opportunity to hear."

"Can you give any idea in regard to the probable composition of his Cabinet?" "That is a matter upon which I can not speak. I can say this, however, that he is trying intelligently to make up his Cabinet, and when it is announced it will be perfectly satisfactory to the Democratic party."

In the corridors of the Hoffman, the Victoria and the Biltmore, no little amount of criticism circulated upon the visit of Mr. Cleveland to the city, and his manner of conducting himself while statesmen from the four corners of the globe were pouring advice into his ear. The opinion was general that the wisecracks who once picked up the Governor as an easy man to manage, have discovered in the ex-Governor's visit to the city that the easy man was one of the shrewdest, clearest-headed politicians that has come to light in many a day.

Congressman Delville, who came on with the Tennessee delegation to advocate the appointment of General Whitmore to the position of Secretary of the Navy, said that his last interview with the President-elect and a cursory consideration of the life Mr. Cleveland led in New York, made him feel more than ever that the choice of the Democrats was one founded on wisdom, and would be fruitful beyond all expectations. The Congressman went on to picture the honest Democratic fashion in which he had come and gone. When Mr. Cleveland enters the White House, Mr. Delville said, he would enter with a solid Democracy at his back, and the good wishes of the entire people would be with him.

AUSPICIOUS.

Some Remarkable Admissions by Republican Newspapers.

The Buffalo Courier closes an admirable article on the public record of Grover Cleveland as follows: "With such a record, with abilities tested and experience gained in the performance of high executive duties, Mr. Cleveland approaches the culminating point in his career, one of the best equipped of the men who have ever attained the Presidency of the United States. The fidelity to public duty, the vigilance, energy and firmness of character which he showed in his former position will now be devoted to the services of the Nation. As we said before, his past achievements constitute the strongest guarantee for the future. To the spirit in which Mr. Cleveland will enter upon the duties of his exalted position he gives expression in his letters of acceptance, the conclusion of which was in the following words: 'If I should be called to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation by the suffrages of my fellow-citizens, I will assume the duties of that high office with a solemn determination to dedicate every effort to the country's good, and with a humble reliance upon the favor and support of the Supreme Being, who I believe will always bless honest human endeavor in the conscientious discharge of public duty.'" The Brooklyn Union (Rep.) says: "If Mr. Cleveland lives up to his promises regarding the application of Civil-Service Reform principles, there can be no doubt that a much larger proportion of changes will occur in the offices at the South than among those at the North. The most discreditable thing in the history of the Republican party has been the low character of the men in that section whom it has permitted to pose as the representative not only of its own organization, but of the Federal Government. There is no use in mincing words about the matter. While there have been some honorable exceptions, Southern office-holders under Republican administrations have been as a rule disreputable men. Too many of them have been utterly unfit for their places by reason either of ignorance or dishonesty. The prejudice which is still felt in some parts of the South against the Federal authority is in large measure due to the outrageous abuses which have been fostered under it. Moreover, almost all of these men were appointed solely on partisan grounds; they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and, instead of being decent public servants, they prove themselves offensive partisans, and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management."—*Exchange.*

A NICE LOT. The Charges Against Mr. St. John, the Prohibitionist Candidate. The disappointed followers of Mr. Blaine have been doing their utmost to prove that ex-Governor St. John, the Prohibition candidate, entered into negotiations through a friend with the Republican National Committee to sell out his party and his principles for \$25,000 in favor of Blaine.

Of course Mr. St. John denies the story. But the Republican National Committee certainly makes out a strong case, and even the Republican organs which opposed Blaine are compelled to admit their belief in its truth. Well, if true, what does it prove? That Steve Elkins and other of Blaine's managers were willing and eager to purchase St. John and thus betray the honest Prohibition cause by lending themselves to a mean and contemptible conspiracy. According to their own story, they entered into negotiations to buy a dishonest man who was selected to represent a principle to which they have professed allegiance for years. But the negotiations were delayed until after the Oct election, and the result that State made Steve Elkins and his fellows believe that they could elect Blaine despite St. John and the Prohibitionists. So they forfeited their word, cheat St. John and kept the \$25,000 in their own pockets to put up on bets on Blaine's election.

This is the story, on their own showing. Of course, they may be lying about St. John in their malignant hatred of the man to whom they attribute their defeat. But as Mr. St. John is a life-long Republican who has been honored by his party and made Governor of his State, he can not blame people for believing him capable of the conduct charged upon him.—*New York World.*

The society bells has a new idea, and, instead of carrying around the cut-glass smelling-bottle, she produces something which looks like a snuff-box. The box is generally of silver and gold, handsomely engraved, and is carried in a sort of sachet which hangs by the side. But it doesn't contain snuff. It is a white powder, and the perfume is exquisite. The girl takes a little pinch, and can show as much grace and dexterity in the movement as in the handling of a fan. What the powder consists of I don't know. Nor do I know of any one who has ventured to ask.—*New York Letter.*

A well-preserved pine-tree shilling of "Massachusetts," dated 1652, was unearthed in Boston recently by an employe of the street department, who was engaged in digging up the highway. Both the date and every letter are perfectly distinct, though the coin is somewhat corroded.—*Boston Journal.*

A New London (Conn.) boy, aged five, eats all the woolen and worsted threads he comes across. He picks the nap from blankets and the worsted from chair tidies. His affectionate mamma does not know what to cover him with when she puts him in his little bed.—*Hartford Post.*

Crocodile farming is rapidly becoming a leading industry in certain localities. The largest animals are killed and skinned, their flesh being used to feed their descendants. One of the latest year supplied a St. Louis tanner with 5,000 skins.—*Chicago Herald.*

All sentimentality is wasted upon murderers and law-breakers generally. As a class they can only be dealt with by the application of the very severest punishment.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

LITTLE THINGS.

A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn,
And all day long the sun shines bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hours were born.
A little thing, a hasty word,
A cruel frown at morn,
And nothing brings you on their way
And nothing brings you on their way
Disappointed, sad, and lone.
Ah, bitter words and frowns! With them
No woe or pain compares.
Oh, pleasant words and sunny smiles,
Your hidden power our grief beguiles,
And drives away our cares.
—Hurlington Hawkeye.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSIVES.

Dynamite, What It Is and How Prepared and Used.

Other Explosives, Fulminates, Nitro-Glycerine, Gun-Cotton, Sebastine, Etc.—The Terrible Explosiveness of These Compounds.

The recent blowing up in England of several buildings, accompanying loss of life, calls public attention to the nature and composition of some of the explosives of modern times, and the facility with which they can be employed to produce devastation and ruin. There are many of these explosives, and new ones are discovered each day by enterprising chemists and experimenters, but the most common and deadly are noted below.

DYNAMITE.

Few people know what dynamite is, though the word is in common use. It is gunpowder; that is, an explosive material, varying in strength and safety of handling according to the percentage of nitro-glycerine it contains. Nitro-glycerine, whence it derives its strength, is composed of ordinary glycerine and nitric acid compounded together in certain proportions and at a certain temperature. Nitro-glycerine, though not the strongest explosive known, being exceeded in power by nitrogen and other products of chemistry, is thus far the most terrible explosive manufactured to any extent. Nitro-glycerine by itself is not safe to handle; hence dynamite is preferred. It is extensively made and consumed in the United States, under the various names of Giant, Hercules, Jupiter and Atlas powders, all of which contain anywhere from thirty to eighty per cent. of nitro-glycerine, the balance of the compound being made up of rotten stone, non-explosive earth, sawdust, charcoal, plaster of paris, black powder or some other substance that takes up the glycerine and makes a porous, spongy mass. Besides being highly explosive, nitro-glycerine and its compounds are more or less poisonous. So vicious is it that if touched by the tips of the fingers it produces violent headaches, frequently followed by colic. The smoke and fumes produced by explosions of it when inhaled are followed by similar results, and in mines where dynamite is used in exploding powerful drafts of air are immediately turned into a chamber where a blast has been fired to expel the noxious gases. In strength, as compared to blasting powder, dynamite contains seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and is ten or twelve times stronger. Both nitro-glycerine and dynamite congel at forty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and when frozen are comparatively safe, it being next to impossible to explode them until raised above that temperature. Above this temperature it is one of the easiest things in the world to explode, as experience has sadly proved. Nitro-glycerine was discovered by Salvemore, an Italian chemist, in 1845. Dynamite is prepared by simply kneading with the naked hands twenty-five per cent. of infusorial earth and seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine until the mixture assumes a putty condition, not unlike moist brown sugar. Before mixing, the infusorial earth is calcined in a furnace in order to burn out all organic matter, and it is also sifted to free it of large grains. While still moist it is squeezed into cartridges, which are prepared of parchment paper, and the firing is done by fulminate of silver in copper capsules provided with patent exploders. Dynamite has been subjected to many severe tests, such as throwing it down from great heights, smashing the boxes containing it by heavy weights, and allowing it to burn up quietly in a brick fire, so the explosive and detonating composition are absolutely essential for the explosion of dynamite.

Now many accidents occur which can not seem to be reconciled to this statement. How are they to be accounted for? There have been two explanations offered: one, that the oil oozed out of the infusorial silica, and being free, fell under the conditions of nitro-glycerine; the other, that the dynamite was frozen and then resembled the solid oil. The premature explosion at Bremen some years since was supposed to be due to the latter fact. The case containing it had been exposed to severe cold, and the dynamite was frozen and then exploded by being thrown violently from the dry. This property renders the transportation of dynamite in cold weather hazardous.

ODD ACCIDENTS.

To illustrate the terrible explosiveness of nitro-glycerine, the main part of dynamite, a few anecdotes are appended. In 1865 a prisoner was condemned to hard labor in a German mine. He escaped and carried a small three-pound can of nitro-glycerine. Ignorant of the nature of the stuff, he judged it to be of value from the care with which it was guarded in the mine. He sailed for New York, and slept on ship-board with the can under his pillow. Reaching New York, he put up at a saler boarding-house in Greenwich street. The can he left in the bar-room, and the boarders used it for a foot-rest. One day a fight occurred in the bar-room and one of the combatants in trying to

kick the other, struck the can. The fight ended. There was a general scattering of all the inmates, a crash of falling bricks and a splintering of timbers, together with a noise like a seventy-eight-pounder. A horse that was passing was knocked dead by a stick of falling timber, and, odd enough, none of the inmates were killed—only banded up.

In the following year the West India packet ship European, lying at Aspinwall, was blown to pieces, and forty-seven persons lost their lives by the explosion of a lot of nitro-glycerine that was styled "glonovone" or "glonoin oil," which was en route for the Pacific States. The loss was over \$1,000,000.

GUN-COTTON.

This explosive was brought to light by Prof. Schonbein, of Basle, Switzerland, in 1845. Cotton wool is converted into an explosive by the action of a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids. The name of gun-cotton was first given to the product; then it was called pyroxaline and trinitro-cellulose. A solution of gun-cotton in a mixture of alcohol and ether yields colloid, which is so essential in photography. A solution in camphor produces the substance called celluloid, which is so extensively used for making collars, shirt fronts, brush-handles, etc.

Gun-cotton has been subjected to many tests, and when diluted with unglazed cotton and compressed or spun into yarn or rope its use in artillery or blasting has been very effective. It can be stored under water, and dried by steam when required for use. Left to itself in dry packages, it is liable to spontaneous decomposition. The chemists, Abel and Link have much improved its preparation, but it has never come into general use either in the army or in mines, yet it is absolutely essential in photography. Gunpowder and gun-cotton will explode by a spark. Gunpowder and dynamite will not.

FULMINATES.

There is a class of explosives known as fulminates, which have long been known. In 1789 Howard discovered fulminate of mercury, but its character was so violent that for a number of years chemists were deterred from experimenting with it. Baron Liebig at last conducted his researches into its properties and preparation. Three parts of mercury are dissolved in thirty-six parts of nitric acid, and thirty-seven parts of alcohol are added. A stormy reaction takes place, and crystals of the fulminate collect on the bottom of the vessel. These are packed in very small packages in paper, or are best preserved and r water. Fulminates of silver and gold of an analogous composition are prepared and used in percussion caps and patent explosives.

GUNPOWDER FROM PICRIC ACID.
Was used during the siege of Paris. It was made by treating picric acid with carbolic acid and nitric acid. When combined with ammonia or potash it was exceedingly combustible. The powder was fired by the active modification of oxygen called ozone, and hence is liable to explode by electricity. It is difficult to store it, and is only of use during times of warfare.

Schutzen, of Potsdam, invented a powder that is named from him. It is prepared by acting on wood by means of sulphuric acid and nitric acid, and mixing the product with twenty-six per cent. of saltpeter. It is white, powerful, and must be kept moist. Sebastine, or vitrite, in its improved form, is said to be superior to dynamite, as it is cheaper, safer to handle and more explosive. It is made of nitro-glycerine and a specially prepared charcoal, in which all the oil is absorbed. No percussion cap is required to explode it; simply a fuse, providing the fuse-hole or bore-hole is properly secured by stronger wadding, as in an ordinary case of blasting powder. It is said that the Government of Sweden prefers this explosive in blasting to dynamite.

NITRO-GLYCERINE.

As will be seen, this substance is the basis of nearly all modern explosives. It is made of nitric acid one part, and sulphuric acid two parts, to which is added ordinary glycerine, and the mixture is well washed with pure water. Being a liquid it can be used for many purposes to which gun-cotton is applied. In 1853 Nobel, of Sweden, found that it required a concussion or sudden applied force to explode it, and from this he proceeded to place the nitro-glycerine in a vessel or bore-hole for blasting, and exploded it or near it a large percussion cap or charge of gunpowder. In 1866 Colonel Shaffner discovered that nitro-glycerine was too much concentrated in the bore-hole, so he mixed it with sand. Nobel went a step further, and used infusorial earth, which is found in large quantities in Holland.

This infuson is composed of small, microscopic silicious shells, which have lost their living creatures in the unknown ages of the past. The cellular parts receive the nitro-glycerine and hold it by capillary attraction, both inside and out. The earth is very light. Water is expelled from it by means of a furnace, and then, in the form of a powder, it is mixed with nitro-glycerine. Nitro-glycerine has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste, and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache when placed in a small quantity on the tongue or wrist. It freezes at forty degrees Fahrenheit, becoming a white, half-crystallized mass, which must be melted by the application of water at a temperature of about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. —*Chemist's Enquirer.*

Where He Made His Mistake.

After taking a seat in a Chicago lawyer's office, and being told to unbosom himself, he began:
"I am the Cashier of the Blank Manufacturing Company."
"Exactly, and you have absorbed the sum of—?"
"About \$6,000."
"What! only \$6,000?"
"That will cover every cent."
"Then you have made a mistake in coming to me. The lawyer next door deals with these trifling cases, while I never take a case of less than \$10,000. Sorry you didn't deal \$40,000 while you were about it, and I trust this may prove a great moral lesson to you. Good-day, sir—first door to the right as you go down the hall." —*Wall Street News.*

THE DWELLING.

Desirable Hints to Those About to Build a Dwelling House.

"After what plan shall I build?" "How shall I finish and decorate the interior of my house?" "How shall I furnish it suitably?" These questions, in various forms, are of frequent recurrence in our wide correspondence.

The bird will generally be determined by its nest. There are birds that appropriate the nests of other birds, and avail themselves of cavities in trees and the ground that they have not excavated. But the robin, the oriole, the yellow-throated warbler, the nighthawk, build their nests to suit their individual needs. There are families that can live comfortably only in houses of their own building, and there are those that seem as much at home in one house as in another, like the barn-swallow or hermit crab that is at home in any empty shell it may chance to occupy.

The ideal house is one that suits the family occupying it, in size, in finish, in decoration, in furnishing. In order to secure this most desirable end, when one has decided to build, there should be a family council to determine what rooms there shall be, how located with respect to each other, how furnished and decorated, and then the assistance of an architect should be obtained to draw a working plan combining all these suggestions. Books of house-plans may be consulted with advantage, so that all points important and desirable may be duly considered.

The interior finish and decoration of a house should be in harmony with its external appearance. We do not expect to find a plain wooden house floor with mosaics, unglazed wall satins and with ceilings elaborately frescoed. These finishings and decorations are for palaces of stone. So of heavy and expensive furniture.

The house is the "setting" of the family. Better a genuine diamond in a plain setting than a bauble gorgeously mounted. Better a fine engraving in a frame of varnished pine than a dabb in a frame of silver-gilt. If we can have fine pictures in fine frames, very well, but if we must choose between the two, we will, if we are wise, choose the fine picture and wait for the suitable frame. Vulgarity never shows off to such poor advantage as when framed in splendor.

Very much of the effect of interior finish depends on the colors employed. If these are neutral, restful, harmonious, the effect will be pleasing, though the materials employed may be of the cheapest. White walls and white wood-work have the merit of seeming clean, but a gray wall may be as clean as a white one, and it is vastly more comforting to the eye. Brilliantly hued carpets are striking, but do we want to be struck and stared out of countenance by a carpet? A gray rug will make a dash of color and in contrast with a quiet carpet make both rug and carpet landsome. According to William Morris, a high authority on household art, the proper colors for walls are "a full pink toned both with yellow and blue, a light orange pink; a pale golden tint and a pale copper color; these three you must be careful over, for if you get them muddy or dirty you are lost; tints of green from pure and pale to deepish and gray, always remembering that the purer the paler, and the deeper the grayer; tints of pure pale blue, from a greenish one to the color of a starling's egg; a gray ultra-marine color, hard to see because so full of color, but incomprehensible when right." The colors of the woodwork should be in harmony with those of the walls, and the tints in the furniture should blend with those of the walls. The same authority already quoted gives this simple rule for furnishing: "Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." In choosing useful articles we may have regard to beauty of form and finish, but should not sacrifice utility to luxury. In choosing beautiful things, one must depend on his taste and judgment as to what is beautiful, and the more highly these are cultivated, the finer and nobler will his choices be.

The craze for useless bric-a-brac and insane decoration has had its day. Sensible people do not care to live in china shops or museums, or apartments so crowded with furniture and so loaded with ornaments that a life in them is a burden, that enthusiasm is crushed under reptilian and appetite destroyed by satiety. A few well-selected decorations are ample proof of the taste of the owner and may be so disposed as not to be in the way and hinder the labors that go on about them. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Circumstances Alter Weather.

"Johnny, run across the street to the grocery and get me a cent's worth of yeast."
"Oh, doggone it, mother; what do you want me to go out in such cold weather as this for? You want me to freeze, do you?"
Just then a boy chum of Johnny's whistled for him, and looking out the window and seeing the whistler with a pair of skates hanging on his arm, said:
"Oh, mother, there's Sammy Boies out there with his skates and wants me to go a skating with him. Kin I go?"
"It's too cold, son. You might freeze."
No, it haint cold at all. Jist look out and see how warm it looks. I'll git yer yeast."

And he seized the cent lying on the table and was out and across to the grocery in a few seconds without renouncing his coat, which is a first-class sample of boy nature. —*Kentucky State Journal.*

"Murder hole" is the name given to a mysterious hole in the ground near Salem, Va. It is 40x60 feet in size and 136 feet deep. The average temperature at the bottom is 44 degrees.

The Mexican stage-coach always has two drivers, one to hold the reins and the other to do the whipping. The latter carries a bag of stones to throw at the leaders.

One of the Indian chiefs in New Orleans is expressively named *Haw Gall*.

NERVOUSNESS.

The Causes Which Tend to Produce the Malady.

The causes of nervousness in American women are many and various. Doubtless the malady is in many cases the result of overwork on the part of parents before the children are born. We know enough to be tender toward our domestic animals when they are producing offspring, but we have not yet practically learned that human beings respond as inevitably to proper and to improper treatment as do cows and horses. "The fathers (and mothers) have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." If we do wish the teeth of the next generation set on edge, we must not eat sour grapes.

Another cause of nervousness is our climate. We have all climates in one. The soft south winds blow and we are lapped in tropic luxury; the westerly points to the east, and cold rains chill our backs. It points to the north and frost benumbs us; it veers to the northwest and the winds from those vast forest and snow-covered regions blow and blow and blow till we are tired out with facing them and even listening to them; and between times, when the skies are uncertain what hue they will take, and the positive and negative electrical conditions of the air and the earth are at war with each other, we hold ourselves in suspense with nervous power till one or the other gets the ascendancy. There are days when we can not work enough, so stimulating is the atmosphere; there are other days when to work at all we must engage ourselves continually. Of course this ceaseless battle with the climate must wear upon the nerves. But we do not think it is nearly so much to blame for the nervousness of American women as some other things we can mention.

And foremost among these we must place unhygienic and wicked methods of dress. For forty years, perhaps more, intelligent physicians have been inveighing, and to a great extent in vain, against the style of dress worn by American women. Forty years ago it was the fashion to lace the waist very tightly and then hang around the hips about ten or twelve pounds weight in skirts. Thick-soled shoes were unknown among ladies for either summer or winter wear, and, fortunately, high heels were unknown at that time also. Of course this mode of dress produced its natural results, which any one familiar with the position and physiology of the internal organs does not need to have pointed out. How was it possible for women thus dressed to give birth to strong, healthy, robust children? Fortunately, 100 years ago in fashion and in the weight of the skirts diminished, and tight-lacing has never gone out of fashion save for a short time after the battle of Sedan, when German ideas prevailed above Parisian, and during that brief period it was possible for even a well-dressed lady to take a long breath comfortably. High heels and corsets and a weight of skirts hanging from one's hips ought to make any woman nervous. These instruments of torture may by habit become necessary to a woman's comfort, as do opium and tobacco and alcohol to the comfort of the drunkard. Physicians say that four-fifths of American women suffer from diseases regular to their sex, and their diseased condition is in great measure the direct result of violation of hygienic laws as to dress. How can a bitter fountain send forth sweet waters? How can an evil tree bear good fruit? How can a diseased mother produce healthy offspring?

Another cause of nervousness is excessive use of food (?) that stimulate but do not nourish, as coffee, tea, spices, condiments and malt and distilled liquors. A great many women depend on their morning cup of coffee for strength to do their morning's work far more than they depend on the food they take with their coffee, and if their energies lag, they spur them up with more coffee or with tea. Coffee and tea do not make nerve tissue or muscular tissue. They help us up rapidly, but they don't make it. Muscular and nervous force is built up by a plain, nutritious food so prepared as to be readily assimilated. When every woman knows how to enter wisely into the normal demands of her own body, and if she does not with her own hands prepare her food, can intelligently direct how it shall be prepared, we shall hear less about nervousness.

Another prolific cause of nervousness is the effort to live in a certain style, and up to a certain, fashionable standard. We must wear elaborately made dresses and have plenty of them. They must be fashioned in the latest style, too, and if we can't buy new, the old must be made over, and if we can't hire it done, we must do it ourselves. We must have our houses furnished at least as well as our neighbors, better if we can, and in this little contest how much vital force, how much precious time is consumed, and for what commensurate result? The death of the heir to the throne of France was announced to the royal incumbent, etiquette forbade any external sign of emotion, and etiquette had its way, but the monarch felt senseless at the feet of the physician who made the announcement. Divine grace can do a great deal to enable us to regulate and repress our emotions, but we have no right to break laws and then trust that somehow we may escape the penalty. It is true that Divine grace will enable us to bear with uncomplaining patience and fortitude the penalty of a self-imposed hygienic and other Divine laws, but it has its limitations. The penitent murderer hangs for his crime; the repentant thief serves out his term of imprisonment, and their innocent children must suffer for the offenses of the parents.

Anger, malice, envy, uncharitableness and all the viper brood of evil passions make war in the soul. When these are cast out and "the peace of God that passeth all understanding" reigns there, there is an end of anxiety, of strife, of apprehension, of regret and remorse. The soul is at one with itself and with its God, and in this state one can endure with tranquility even the sufferings brought upon himself by his own violations of law, from which sufferings there may be no escape this side the narrow portal to which we are all hastening. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

LUCKY FARMING.

What Is Termed Luck Is Only Another Name for Industry.

Some farmers, like other people, are attracted by any scheme that promises to give "something for nothing." They have no abiding faith in the "eternal fitness of things," but hope for profit from some marvelous production, some new seed that gives an impossible yield, some animal that lives on little, but produces three times the average growth. They do not expect to be rewarded for persevering, well directed effort, but by a lucky turn in the season. They are always speculating upon whether they are to have a lucky season, but never emphasizing their own timely labors in deserving a crop.

Frederick Douglass, after reaching freedom, was asked if he prayed for liberty, and he answered: "I prayed with all my might—I prayed with my legs!" Those farmers who believe in the great law of equivalents, are never looking for something to come from nothing; they do not expect a crop without reasonable planting and tilling. They believe in the constancy or equilibrium of nature. They are willing to trust the seasons, and go on with a quiet reliance in a favorable result of their labors—they "pray with their legs." The old negro said he "always had good luck with his 'aters' what he had well." Napoleon, in speaking of his wonderful military successes, said he had noticed that "Providence was always on the side of the strongest battalions."

Who has not been surprised, in traveling over a county in an unfavorable season for corn, when the general fields of this crop would be only eight or ten inches high, in suddenly reaching a field with the corn dark, glossy and vigorous, standing nearly to the top of the fence? On inquiring of a neighbor, he learns that the man with the large crop always has a good piece of corn, and he can not quite account for it. But you know the secret—"he prays with his legs."

Dairy-farming, the wheat king of the Northwest, without speculating upon the season, goes to work in dead earnest, and does the work of plowing, cultivating and drilling in the seed in the most thorough manner; and the result is that his average crop is large upon so enormous a tract of land that it might be cut up into three hundred farms of ordinary size. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable illustration of the success that attends farming when done on sound business principles. There is no luck in it. It is the inevitable result of faith in nature and deserving success.

Mr. J. H. Gillett, in his long success in cattle raising, is not depending upon "luck." He knows that raising good steers is not a matter depending upon lucky stars, but upon good judgment in breeding and feeding his steers. He knows that a sixteen-hundred-pound steer represents so much food, and the care of a good herdsmen. These steers are not produced by accident, nor by a lucky combination of circumstances. They are the result of the sure operation of the laws of animal growth. All cattle feeders who will study his methods, and faithfully carry them out, may raise as good steers as he does. He has no patent on the process.

In these observations, we hope to impress upon the minds of our readers a sense of self-reliance, a dependence upon well-directed work in farming, with an utter indifference to luck. Luck is the talisman of the gambler, and not of the honest worker. Farmers of all people should have faith in the laws of nature, and confidence in the promise to the husbandman. —*Live Stock Journal.*

DUCKS.

The Breeding of the Larger Varieties Considered Profitable.

The breeding of the larger varieties of improved ducks is now receiving attention from fanciers. Heretofore there existed a fancied impression that ducks or geese could not be raised without a body of water, and many farmers and cottagers not blessed with streams or ponds near by neglected this branch of the poultry industry.

Ducks are very profitable where good facilities are at hand for breeding, but they are not profitable if kept closely confined and hand-fed all the time, unless the wastes of the kitchen and garden are utilized and prepared so as to save more costly kinds of food, for they are good eaters and will consume more food than hens.

Although ducks can be profitably raised without much water to swim in, they will do much better if they can have daily access to a stream or pond, and be a saving of food, care and labor to the keeper. We know ducks like to swim and dabble in water, and know they are not particular whether it is clean or muddy. It is their natural element, we see that by their webbed feet and dense plumage. But domestication and civilization have modified some of their natural traits, and we see them nowadays doing remarkably well with enough water to drink and a little to bathe in. As soon as the ducks begin to lay the eggs should be gathered every morning and put away until you have a broody hen to set on them. When hatched give the ducklings crumbled bread sopped in milk. Continue this, with change of johnny-cake, oatmeal, barley-meal, and occasional messes of boiled potatoes and cut vegetables. Do not allow them to frequent streams or ponds until they are almost half-grown. —*Boston Globe.*

Arrow-root sauce for bread or rice puddings is made of two teaspoonfuls of arrow-root, the juice of one lemon, a little grated nutmeg, half a pint of water and sugar to the taste. Wet the arrow-root with the water; stir it until it is smooth, add the other ingredients and let it all come to a boil. A little wine is an agreeable addition. —*Toledo Blade.*

Study your climate first and your soil next, as more failures occur from climatic changes than from lack of fertilizing elements or texture of the soil. No two States possess the same advantages or disadvantages. —*Prairie Farmer.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

It is well to head trees to a proper height and form when they are young. —*N. Y. Herald.*

There are more carriages manufactured in this country than in all Europe. This makes a large demand for second growth timber such as ash and hickory.

A few drops of ammonia will be effectual in removing grease from a dish pan, and it is a good plan once in a while to add a little to the water used to cleanse the sink. —*Exchange.*

Rubbish should not be allowed to accumulate. All matter not suitable for the manure heap should be burned, which destroys the harboring places of insects. Even in the manure heap all the substances should undergo decomposition.

Soda Biscuits: One quart of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of salt; mix thoroughly and rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter and wet with one pint of sweet milk. Bake in quick oven. —*The Household.*

A great many fields, especially those that are long and narrow, are always plowed the same way. An exchange, referring to the practice, suggests that simply changing the direction of working will often make a great increase in productiveness. The furrow cut across the old lines of furrows is not stopped by the same stones, while new soil is opened to the growth of plant roots. —*N. E. Farmer.*

The Agriculturist says that in proportion to its importance, in setting out trees, protection from the sun is perhaps more neglected than any other essential. But in many seasons to neglect it is fatal. When young trees are dying, an examination will often show that the bark on the tree north every part of the trunk, where the sun at its hottest, at two o'clock, would strike it, is burnt up. Protection, at this time of the day, is essential in a hot season.

A fruit-layer cake is a delicious novelty in cake-making. Take one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup and a half of flour, half a cup of wine, one cup of raisins, two eggs, and half a teaspoonful of soda; put these ingredients together with care, just as if it were a very rich cake; bake it in three layers and put frosting between—the frosting to be made of the whites of two eggs with enough powdered sugar to make it thick. The top of the cake may be frosted of you choose. —*N. Y. Post.*

THE HORSE.

The Anatomy of the Animal Indicating How He Should Be Fed.

To properly understand the management and feeding of a horse it may not be out of place to state that in several parts of his anatomy the horse is one of the most interesting of existing mammals, but none of his organs shows more marked peculiarities than his stomach. The first noticeable feature in this organ in the horse is its relatively small size. This is most strikingly brought out by comparing it with the stomachs of the other domesticated animals. The capacity of the stomach of an average-sized horse is about three gallons. The stomach of an ordinary dog, such as a collie or a retriever, will hold more than half a gallon, and that of a pig nearly two gallons. The ox and the sheep have four cavities that are generally termed stomachs, and one of these—the paunch—has a capacity many times exceeding the single cavity of the horse.

Another interesting feature of the horse's stomach is not noticeable until it is cut open. It is then seen to have two quite different kinds of lining. Thus, its left half—the one at which the food enters—is lined by a white, thick membrane like that of the gullet; while the right half by which the food leaves, has a soft, pinkish yellow color. Now, from the microscopic structure of these two parts of the lining membrane, it is known that the left half takes no share in the manufacture of the gastric juice, the formation of which is the main duty of a stomach. It thus happens that the serviceable part of the horse's stomach is even one-half less than would appear from looking at the outside of the organ.

A third peculiarity of the stomach of the horse is that it is so constructed that it is almost or quite impossible for the animal to bring food that has once entered the stomach up again by the gullet; in other words, to vomit. Everybody has seen a dog vomiting, and the act is performed quite easily by the pig. The ox and sheep vomit as a normal part of the process of preparing their food for digestion and for rumination.

The relatively small size of the horse's stomach points to its being very active, and recent observations seem to show that, whereas in other animals the stomach forms gastric juice only when a meal has been taken, in the horse it forms it constantly. A consideration of the anatomy of the horse's stomach affords some useful indications regarding feeding and watering.

When convenient, horses should be fed at short rather than at long intervals. This is an obvious indication, for the small size of the stomach precludes the horse from rapidly ingesting a quantity of food sufficient to serve him for a long period. This applies with even greater force to watering. It is a very common practice to water horses only three times a day, the water being by some given before meals, and by others afterward. Whatever of these plans is adopted the system is bad; but it is worse when the latter method is adopted. For when the horse, with his small stomach already filled with food, injects a large quantity of water, a great portion of the food must be washed on into the intestine before the gastric juice has had time to act on it. And if it be the case that gastric juice is formed even in the fasting stomach, then watering before meals must wash away this juice into the intestine, where it is of no service. Horses should, therefore, have water at short intervals, and, where practicable, they should have free access to it in their mangers.

When this is the case, the horse drinks frequently, but never in quantities so great as practically to wash out his stomach. —*North British Agriculturist.*

The Chase County Courant,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS., THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1885.

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

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS: Governor, John A. Maclean; Lieutenant Governor, P. B. Maguire; Secretary of State, E. R. Allen; Attorney General, S. B. Bradford; Auditor, E. P. McCabe; Treasurer, J. H. Lawrence; Supt. of Pub. Instruction, J. D. Brewer; Chief Justice Sup. Court, J. A. Horton; Congressman, Ed. D. Thomas.

COUNTY OFFICERS: County Commissioners, A. H. Miller, M. E. Hunt, E. T. Baker; County Treasurer, W. P. Pugh; County Clerk, C. J. Whittson; County Clerk of Deeds, J. J. Messey; County Attorney, T. H. Grisham; Clerk District Court, E. A. Kinne; County Surveyor, J. W. Nesbit; Sheriff, J. W. Nesbit; Superintendent, J. C. Davis; Coroner, C. E. Hall.

CITY OFFICERS: Mayor, C. Whittson; Police Judge, E. B. Hunt; City Attorney, T. O. Kelley; City Marshal, W. H. Stone; Councilmen, J. M. Kerr, J. M. Tuttle, C. E. Hall, W. H. Hollinger, E. A. Kinne; Clerk, S. A. Breece.

CHURCHES: Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. N. B. Johnson, Pastor; Sabbath school, at 10 o'clock, a. m.; every Sabbath; morning service, at 11 o'clock, every alternate Sabbath, class meeting, at 12 m.; service every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. M. E. Church South—Rev. B. M. Benton, Pastor; service, first Sunday of the month, at Dougherty's school-house on Fox creek, at 11 o'clock, a. m.; second Sunday, at Cove branch, at 11 a. m.; third Sunday, at the Harris school-house on Diamond creek, at 11 a. m.; fourth Sunday, at Strong City, at 11 a. m.

SOCIETIES: Knights of Honor Lodge, No. 247, meets on the first and third Tuesday evening of each month; J. M. Tuttle, Dictator; J. W. Griggs, Reporter. Masonic—Zoar Lodge No. 80, A. F. & A. M. meets the first and third Friday evening of each month; J. P. Kuhl, Master; W. H. Hollinger, Secretary. Odd Fellows—Anchors Lodge No. 58, I. O. F. meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock, N. G. C. C. Whittson, secretary.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS: Business losses, under this head, 20 cents a line, first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. 10th below zero, Tuesday night. It snowed some on Saturday and Sunday. Mr. H. E. Webb, of Elm Dale, was down to Emporia, last week. Mr. C. I. Manly, of Strong City, was down to Atchison, last week. Dr. E. W. Fisk, formerly of Strong City, is now living in Emporia. Mr. Louis Matter has bought Mr. G. L. Skinner's billiard hall in Strong City.

Mr. Frank Daub, formerly of this county, is living at St. Anthony's colony, Florida. Born, on Sunday, Feb. 8, 1885, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Hornberger, of this city, a boy. Leo Ferlet was confined to his bed, last week, with a severe attack of diphtheria. Miss Katie Daub is not dead, as we reported last week, but is lying very ill in Kansas City. Born, on Payton creek, on Thursday, February 12, 1885, to Mr. and Mrs. Nem Miner, a son. Miss Mamie Nye went to Newton, last Thursday, on a visit, and returned home, Monday. Mr. F. P. Cochran went to Emporia, Monday, to defend Mr. John Henderson in the train-wrecking case. Mr. Joel B. Byrnes is acting Deputy Sheriff during the absence of Deputy C. W. Jones in Kentucky and Ohio. Died, on Friday, Feb. 13, 1885, at her home in Bazaar township, Mrs. Nancy Sharp, one of the first settlers of Chase county.

ier, of Hillsboro, were visiting at Mr. T. H. Grisham's, last week. Died, on the Romigh place, west of town, of scarlet rash, Bertha, the eighteen months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Waddell.

Persons delinquent on personal property tax have only a short time yet in which to pay without costs; So don't delay this matter too long.

Mr. J. R. Blackshere, who was called to West Virginia a few weeks ago by a telegram announcing the death of his father, has returned home.

Mr. George R. Barse and daughter, of Kansas City, who attended the Stockmen's dance, last week, were the guests of John R. Holmes, while in this county.

Mr. J. C. Ragsdale has moved into Mr. W. T. Birdsall's house, in the southwest part of town, and Mr. Birdsall has moved out to Mr. A. B. Moore's, on Prairie Hill.

Mr. W. H. Hoover, of Strong City has gone to Soroco, N. M., to look after the interests of Messrs. B. Lantry & Sons, at that place. He will be gone about two months.

The train known as the "Thunder Bolt" again stops at Strong City. It had to stop there for water and, hence, it was concluded to have it stop there for passengers.

Ex-County Treasurer J. S. Shipman and wife spent a portion of last week visiting friends in Winfield, and, returning home, left last Monday, for the World's Fair at New Orleans.

The invitations to the celebration of the 105th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, in the Opera House at Strong City, on Wednesday night, March 4, are now out. We will publish the programme next week.

There will be an examination of applicants for teachers certificates in the school-house in Cottonwood Falls, on Saturday, March 7, 1885, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m.

J. C. DAVIS, County Sup't. I am prepared to make any kind of pictures that you may want, and will make as fine work as you can get in the State. Views, babies' pictures, enlarging and groups a specialty. J. H. MATHEWS.

Mr. John Gincherich, aged about thirty years, while getting potatoes out of the pit on his place, on Peyton creek, last Saturday morning, was killed by the pit's falling in on him. He leaves a wife and child.

Deputy Sheriff C. W. Jones took the negro Harry Wallace, whose arrest we announced last week, to Christian county Ky., to answer the charge of grand larceny. From there Mr. Jones went to Ohio to spend a few weeks at his old home.

In making up our "forms," last week, one whole column of matter was put into the paper without the "proof" having been corrected, our "devil" thinking we had corrected it, and we thinking our "devil" had corrected it; hence, the number of mistakes that were noticeable in last week's COURANT.

Married, in this city, at the residence of ex-Mayor N. J. Swayze by the Rev. N. B. Johnson, at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, Feb. 7, 1885, Mr. C. F. Shipman, of Elm Dale, and Miss Jennie A. Thomas, of this city. We wish them a happy journey through life; and may their troubles only be little ones.

A little laughing now and then is relieved by the best of men; But a laughing that ends in death should not receive a single breath. Therefore, when the mining company that was organized in this city, last Friday night, have struck gold, if they will inform us of the fact, we will so announce it to the public; but just now we have neither time nor space for any nonsense.

THE STOCKMEN'S DANCE. As per announcement, the ball and banquet given by the Chase County Stockmen's Association came off in this city, last Thursday night, the Central Hotel, M. M. Young, Proprietor, furnishing the supper, which was a banquet abounding in all the good things of the season, such as oranges, grapes, celery, nuts, cakes, candies, vegetables, all kinds of meats, etc., and the beautifully decorated tables were arranged in the double dining hall, with plates for 120 at a sitting.

This association was organized last March for the advancement and protection of the stock interests of this county, and its officers are, D. J. McCaskill, President; W. P. Martin, Wm. Norton, J. R. Holmes, J. R. Blackshere and J. Blackburn.

ice-Presidents; J. C. Soroggin, Secretary; and, as the Emporia News truthfully says, "the importance of this organization is commensurate with the importance of the Chase county stock interests, which are its chief interests," there having been about \$1,000,000 worth of cattle, hogs and sheep shipped from the county during last year, which, compared with the outlay for imports and other purposes, is indicative of a gratifying prosperity and increase of wealth.

When the hour (8:30 o'clock) for the "Grand Round-up March" arrived there were gathered in the ball room (Music Hall), which was beautifully decorated, as pleasant a company of prominent stockmen and their friends, together with the fair daughters of the land, as a person will see in many a day's journey. After the grand march Dr. J. McCaskill delivered the following extemporaneous address of welcome:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: By the force of circumstances that have existed recently, I, with other of our stockmen, have been too much preoccupied to give much thought to this address. Cowmen and cowboys became affected when their cattle became affected. The ladies are not interested however, in the cattle question, but in the cattle, and desire to know what kind of men they are. There are few interests that can muster a larger hearted, braver, more intellectual class of men. The natural circumstances thrown around them are productive of these results. Sharing each other's hardships and trials when making their first start in wild new countries under difficulties has tended to make the former statement true. When caring for their flocks amid the thunder's mighty roll, the lightning flash, the wild beast's roar and howl and bark, and the red man's savage attack upon them, bravely they defend their friends and guard their flocks faithfully. You may take your example of their bravery of character from sacred history. Men were called to meet the foe's giant, but none came till finally the lad, David, a cow boy, a shepherd boy, from among his flocks responded. He was derided, but was finally told to go, and he smote the mighty Philistine. Their hospitality and free, open-hearted disposition are often manifested, as they are here to night. They do not confine the enjoyment of their pleasures to cowboys, but open the doors to their friends, and I am solicited to invite you all now to eat, drink and be merry with us.

After the close of the address the programme was continued; and at an intermission in the order of dances the company repaired to Central Hotel, where their appetites were satisfied; after which the dancing was resumed, and "short-horn" waltzes, "full bod" polkas, "Galloway" lancers, "Hereford" quadrilles and "thorough-bred" tempets were kept up until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when all left, well satisfied with the night's pleasures. As near as we could ascertain, the following parties were in attendance: From Kansas City—George R. Barse and daughter Grace, George Burton, and W. R. Gooding, of the Live Stock Indicator. From Topeka—W. J. Burk, R. R. Coleman and sister Nellie, Mr. Byrthe, and the Heck Band, consisting of L. Heck, Jr., Fred. Nilsson, H. Richardson, Lon Vogle and Thos. P. Schreve. From Wichita—Misses Agnes and Clara Lynch, guests of Mr. B. Lantry's family. From Emporia—O. W. Way, D. King, J. N. Frazzo, Charles Cross, W. H. Sedgwick, and J. M. Garver, of the News. From Marion—Mahlon Riggs and daughter. From Florence—J. J. Funk and wife. From Hillsboro—Mrs. Josie Gardener. From Madison—Mr. Sutton. From Johnson county—G. L. Hogue. From Chase county—Safford—S. T. Bennett and wife and J. A. Burnley and wife. Clements—Capt. Milton Brown and wife, W. H. Shaft and daughter Etue, Dick Jackson and Mrs. A. R. Ioe. Elm Dale—C. R. VanMeter, W. K. Stotts and Miss Pracht, A. Seaton, J. R. Holmes and wife and daughter Joannie, E. C. Holmes and wife, Miss Helen Park, Allie J. Holmes, C. Fred. Shipman and wife, O. H. Kline and wife, Dell Park and sister Edie, J. C. Farrington, J. Stine and wife, J. C. VanMeter and wife, and Misses Campbell and Stevenson. Matfield Green—H. S. Lincoln and wife. South Fork—J. L. Pratt, G. W. Hays, W. F. Dunlap and wife, A. R. Palmer and wife, E. T. Baker and wife, and Wm. Norton and wife. Bloody creek—Dr. J. McCaskill and wife, and Columbus Stout.

Strong City—T. B. Johnston, E. A. Hildebrand, A. C. Burton, J. G. Burton, C. J. Hildebrand, Chas. J. Lantry, B. Lantry and wife and daughters Lizzie and Nellie, J. C. Soroggin and wife, B. Lantry, Jr.

HARDWARE, TINWARE, WAGONS, ETC. JOHNSON & THOMAS, DEALERS IN HARDWARE, STOVES, TIN AND GRANITE WARE, NAILS, Barbed Wire, Buggies, Wagons, Agricultural Implements, And SPORTING GOODS. AGENTS for the Celebrated Columbus & Abbott Buggies, Olds & Schuttler Wagons, Pearl Corn Shellers, Buford Plows, Farmers' Friend Corn Planters, and Bakers' Well Vapor Stoves. OUR STOCK IS NEW. Call, and Examine our Prices before Purchasing Elsewhere. JOHNSON & THOMAS, East side of BROADWAY, between MAIN and FRIEND Streets, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

E. F. BAUERLES' 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, RED FRONT NORTH SIDE Main Street, Cottonwood Falls. BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY. Feed Exchange, Paid to, ALL ORDERS, Good Rigs at ALL HOURS.

R. Hoffman and wife, Miss Agnes Tracey, G. K. Hagans and wife, J. C. Lyette and wife, and Frank Hardesty. Cottonwood Falls—J. W. McWilliams and wife, Mrs. Sallie Kellogg, Nat Scribner and sister Dotie, T. H. Grisham and wife, Miss Marian Hemp-hill, J. H. Scribner and wife, M. A. Campbell, A. P. Bond and wife, J. L. Cochran and wife, Jas. VanVechten and wife, Mr. Bigelow and wife, J. R. Stearns and wife, J. Stearns, C. R. Simmons, Chester Gandy, Jabin Johnson, G. P. Hardesty, Dan Hinote, Wm. Stearns, J. H. Mann and daughters Katie and Rosie, W. H. Spencer, J. W. Griffin, Mrs. Ashley, Ed. Pratt and wife, Dr. J. W. Stone and Ed. W. Ellis. WANTED, A position as clerk, by a young married man, who has had five years' experience in the grocery business, and can give good references. Address J. H. WRIGHT, Matfield Green, Chase co., Kansas. BUSINESS BRIEVITIES. 50 head of steers for sale at John L. Pratt's, on South Fork. Boots and shoes at Breeses'. For sale, at the ranch of John L. Pratt, on South Fork, forty head of 2-year-old stock steers. T. B. Mason's sale has been withdrawn. A car load of Glidden fence wire just received at M. A. Campbell's. All kinds of stoves at Johnson & Thomas's and they will be sold as cheap as dirt, if not cheaper. Go and get one or more. You can get anything in the line of dry goods at Breeses'. Go to Breeses for your fresh, staple and fancy groceries and for any kind of dry goods, and where you can get the highest market price for your produce. A car load of Moline wagons just received at M. A. Campbell's. Read the "Seed" ad. in another column. Go to Breeses for your fresh, staple and fancy groceries, and where you can get the highest market price for produce. A team for sale; apply to E. A. Bruner. Good goods and bottom prices at Breeses'. Meats 25 cents, at P. Hubberd's, next door to the Congregational church, and board and lodging 83 a week. Single meals at any hour.

ROAD NOTICE. STATE OF KANSAS, ss Chase county, ss Office of County Clerk, Jan. 5, 1885. Notice is hereby given that on the 5th day of Jan., 1885, a petition, signed by John C. Denby and 16 others, was presented to the Board of County Commissioners of the county and state aforesaid, praying for the location and vacation of a certain road, described as follows, viz: Commencing at the northeast corner of section twenty-two (22), township twenty-one (21), range seven (7) east; thence north on the section line, as near as practicable, one mile; thence in a northerly direction, along the foot of bluffs and hills, to intersect the Morris road at the sixth mile stone. And to vacate all that part of the Morris road lying between the aforesaid two points. Whereupon the said Board of County Commissioners appointed the following named persons, viz: Bernard McCabe, F. V. Afford and H. H. Chandler as viewers, with instruction to meet, in conjunction with the County Surveyor, at the point of commencement of said road, in Bazaar township, on Wednesday, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1885, and proceed to view said road and give to all parties a hearing. By order of the Board of County Commissioners. J. J. MASSEY, County Clerk. [L. S.] Chase County Land Agency ESTABLISHED IN 1869. Special agency for the sale of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad lands, well watered, improved farms for sale. Lands for improvement or speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

PHYSICIANS. J. W. STONE, M. D. Office and room, east side of Broadway, south of the bridge. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. W. P. PUGH, M. D., Physician & Surgeon, Office at his Drug Store, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. A. M. CONAWAY, Physician & Surgeon, Office in McIntire's drug store, residence opposite the post-office. Calls promptly responded to. DR. S. M. FURMAN, RESIDENT DENTIST, STRONG CITY, - - - KANSAS. Having permanently located in Strong City, Kansas, will hereafter practice his profession in all its branches, Friday and Saturday of each week, at Cottonwood Falls. Office at Union Hotel. Reference: W. P. Martin, M. Watson and J. W. Stone, M. D.

MISCELLANEOUS. TOPEKA DAILY JOURNAL 75 cts a Month, Mailed. KANSAS STATE JOURNAL \$1.50 a Year. Published by the Journal Co., TOPEKA, KANSAS. DEMOCRATIC, NEWSY AND FIRST-CLASS IN EVERYTHING. LE GRAND HYMINGTON, EDITOR.

DO YOU KNOW THAT LORILLARD'S CLIMAX PLUG TOBACCO with Red Tin Top; ROSE LEAF FINE CUT CHEWING; NAVY CHAMPAGNE and Blue, Brown and Yellow STRIPS are the best and cheapest quality considered.

SEED Send 50 cents for the GOLDEN BELT FARM JOURNAL for one year, and receive our premium package of GARNEY SEEDS, FREE. Address: Golden Belt Farm Journal, Chapman, Kansas.

ROAD NOTICE. STATE OF KANSAS, ss Chase county, ss Office of County Clerk, Jan. 7, 1885. Notice is hereby given that on the 7th day of January, 1885, a petition signed by Gordon A. Hickey and 25 others was presented to the Board of County Commissioners of the county and state aforesaid praying for the location and vacation of a certain road, described as follows, viz: Commencing at the section corner of sections twenty-five, twenty-six, thirty-five and thirty-six (25, 26, 35 and 36), township twenty-one (21), range eight (8) east; thence north on section line between sections twenty-five and twenty-six (25 and 26), as near as practicable to the center line of section twenty-six (26), to township twenty-one (21), range eight (8) east; thence west on center line of said section twenty-six (26) to center of said section twenty-six (26), township twenty-one (21), range eight (8) east; thence to intersect with the Loomis road. And also to vacate the old road, from the point of commencement to the terminus of the road above petitioned for. Whereupon the said Board of County Commissioners appointed the following named persons, viz: A. R. Palmer, E. Mitchell and A. Russell as viewers, with instructions to meet in conjunction with the county surveyor, at the point of commencement, in Bazaar township, on Thursday, the 5th day of March, A. D. 1885, and proceed to view said road and give to all parties a hearing. By order of the Board of County Commissioners. J. J. MASSEY, County Clerk. [L. S.]

THIS PAPER may be found on file at G. P. Howell & Co's, Newspaper Advertisers Bureau (20 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for L. E. W. & Co's.

YOUTHS DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Ah, boys! now you stand at the portal of life. And the path stretches onward, away through the dim, distant future, through sunshine and shade.

And through night alternating with day; The world lies before you, unconquered, untried— Unknown yet its pains and its joys, And life, full of promise, lies close at your hand.

Oh! what will you do with it, boys? You may make what you will of that life, my dear boys— A failure, a mighty success, All depends, my young friends, on the way that you use.

The talents consigned to your care— Oh! right! the standard of honor and truth. Let your motto be "Labor and prayer!"

Don't expect Madame Fortune to trot by your side. Smoothing all the rough places away; Depend on yourself—curve your own onward path.

And fight your own battles each day; There is work for your brain, and your heart, and your hands. And there's need of a plenty of pluck! But there's no "fate" to conquer—on that rest assured— And there's never a question of luck.

Ah! what will you do with your talents, my boys? When all of life's battles are done, And you look down the vista of long-vanished years.

To the hour those battles began, Oh! what will you see? and what record will stamp Those hours of struggle and strife? Oh! pause now, while all is before you, and think.

What, what will you do with your life? —Kate Dyer, in Golden Days.

A GENEROUS SNOW-MAN.

Little Johnnie's Self-Denial, and What Came of It.

When the first snow came little Johnnie Lovell was out on the hill with the rest, stamping his feet to keep them warm, blowing on his numb fingers and eyeing the coasters wistfully.

"Hello, Johnnie. Don't you wish you had a sled?" said Rob Hilliard, mockingly.

"Yes, I do," said Johnnie, emphatically. "What's more, I'm going to get one."

"How?" demanded Sam May.

"Oh, work, and earn money, and save up. See if I don't."

"Good for you, little chap! Here's a dime to begin with," said Rob, tossing him ten cents.

"And here's a nickel," said Sam. "If I had more I'd give it, but I haven't," and off he went.

That was a beginning! Johnnie was a little boy, but he was industrious. He shoveled snow, he carried bundles, sometimes he even took care of Mrs. Dempsey's baby, but that was his work and he hated it.

Every night he went to the big hardware store to price sleds. There was a beauty there, a red one, "The Reindeer," and it only cost two dollars.

Two dollars! That was very cheap. But, dear, how long it takes one little boy to earn two dollars!

Then there was Margie, Johnnie's lame sister. He never could resist the temptation to buy her an apple, or an orange, or a bright picture. He began to be afraid the snow would all be gone before he got the sled.

I wonder why it never occurred to anybody to give him one! There were plenty rich people living around them, but they always gave presents to Margie, or to Granny Lovell, who was old and rheumatic. Because Johnnie earned such a bright little fellow and earned money for himself, they never thought of giving presents to him. Th-y never noticed that his sharp little elbows had worn holes right through his sleeves, his hat was brimless, and his poor little toes were peeping out of his shoes. But what was that to Johnnie, if he could only get the red Reindeer?

At last he had the money! It had taken three long, long months to earn it, but now—twenty-five cents for carrying Mr. Hilliard's bundle, instead of only ten, as he had expected, and the two dollars were his.

He stopped at the hardware store on his way home to look at the Reindeer, but he did not tell anybody he was going to buy it that very afternoon. Something might happen to prevent; his money might be stolen or burnt up before he got home. Terrified by the thought, he sped home, burst open the door, tore up stairs—yes, it was safe! He counted it twice to make sure. Each time it came out two dollars. He was rushing out again when Margie called him.

"Johnnie never could refuse to hear that plaintive voice. He turned back to the kitchen. She sat in the wheeled chair by the window, her pale, tired face aglow with some great excitement.

"O, Johnnie, only think!" she cried. "Dr. Brown says I can walk if I have a pair of crutches!"

"Hoop! Hip hip hurrah!" shouted Johnnie.

"But the crutches cost two dollars," said Margie.

"Two dollars!" Johnny staggered up against the wall and stared at her.

"Yes," she went on. "I heard the doctor say so grumpy. He said he could get them cheap. Two dollars isn't much for a pair of crutches, you know!"

"N-no, it isn't much," assented Johnnie, woefully, doubling up his little red fist over the two dollars that had cost him three months' labor.

"Granny, she said the doctor might as well say ten dollars as two; but I know you could earn money, Johnnie, so I thought I'd ask you to save up for that, after you get the 'Reindeer,' of course. O, Johnnie, how nice it will be when I can walk!" Johnnie saved up for it, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I'll save up for it," said Johnnie, in a queer, choked voice. "—I— I guess I'll go out now. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye! I hope you'll hurry up and buy the 'Reindeer,'" said Margie, cheerfully.

Somewhat the snow looked dull and dead, and the sun shone with a dim light after that. Johnnie would never have a sled now. The coasting would be gone long before he could save up another two dollars, and next winter he would be old and gray-haired and rheumatic—far too old to care for sleds.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

IF.

If this were all that followed birth, This troubled sequence men call life, Ah! then, indeed, it were not worth The toil, the anguish and the strife.

If this were all, then why not scheme To win what'er our nature craves, Since joy and hope and love's sweet dream Alike are ended at the grave?

If this were all, my well might we strive Each chance fair to grasp and drain, Nor care our shallow souls to strive, With naught beyond to lose or gain.

If this were all, my well might we grieve For every earthly joy we miss, And pray for death a brief reprieve, Ere love shall cease to live in us.

But through this blinding fog of doubt, Ere through the flendish "if" to rout With promise of a fairer day.

Though here we bend beneath our cross Through sunless morns and midnight drear, In Heaven will be no sense of loss For any joy denied us here.

There age shall find the fount of youth, Nor high again for pleasures down; There hearts deceived shall know the truth— And love shall find and claim its own.

And there, oh, blessedness untold! There kneeling 'neath the waving palms, We shall the Master's face behold, And join the seraphs in their psalms. —Mary B. Steight, in Christian at Work.

TO SEEK AND TO SAVE.

The Gospel the Only Institution That Combines the Two Objects—The True Mission of the Church.

The life of Jesus and the history of the church show that seeking and saving must go together. The Gospel is not merely a tower of refuge to which men can flee, nor a light-house to direct them into a safe harbor. It is rather a life-boat that goes out to where they are shipwrecked and drowning, and seeks them one by one and saves them.

There are many institutions for seeking in this world, and there are some for saving. But the only institution that combines the two objects, that seeks to save, is the Gospel. Human governments have their police forces and their organizations of detectives. When crime is committed, a pack of human blood-hounds is put upon the track of the criminal. He is sought for by day and night—in city and in wilderness. And this is right. But these men seek to punish, and not to save. Companies of gold hunters are organized wherever there are deposits of the precious metal. They seek for it in mountains, gulches, they dig for it in granite rocks. They turn aside the beds of rivers, hoping to find it in the sand. They enslave hunger and thirst; they risk health and life in the search. But their motives are selfish, and if they get the gold they will hoard or squander it. The Arabs on the Eastern coast of Africa organize bands of seekers, and push far into the interior of the Dark Continent. But the object of these expeditions is to procure slaves. They stir up wars among the native tribes, and buy the captives. They blight with their selfish greed scores of villages. They drag thousands from their homes and consign them to hopeless slavery. Keen hunters of those Arabs, but it is like the hunting of wild beasts. And such hunting is not confined to Africa. There are those in our nominally Christian lands who only seek to destroy. They have offices on Wall street. They have club-rooms on Fifth avenue. They have their headquarters in gambling dens and drinking saloons all over the land. The bands of head-hunters and soul-hunters who prey upon their fellow-men are many, zealous and successful. They do not stay in their places of business like the spider in his web, and wait for victims. No. They go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. They seek the young and the unmarried, one by one, and entice them into their snares.

Over against these organizations of those who seek to destroy are some saving institutions—hospitals, asylums, etc. But they do not send out agents to find the sick and destitute. They think that they are fulfilling their mission when they receive and take care of all who apply. Such organizations are called benevolent, and truly. But how inferior is their benevolence to that of the Saviour!

We repeat, for it is a fact that needs to be emphasized in these days of formalism, that it is the mission of the Church of Christ to seek as well as to save, nay, to seek in order to save. And her success will depend largely upon the prevalence of the seeking spirit in the hearts of her members. Indeed, if God uses the right word in describing the condition of the world, there can be but little hope of saving without seeking. He says that men are lost. How can one who is lost reach a place of safety? Imagine a traveler in the Alps. There is a sudden storm. The snow blinds his eyes and obliterates the path. He wanders about in the gloom, calling "Lost! Lost!" A few miles away is the convent of St. Bernard. It was built on purpose to save such lost travelers. But do the monks heap fuel on the fire and prepare food and beds for those who may come and knock at the gate? If that was all they did very few would be saved. Instead of waiting for lost travelers, they go out and seek for them. They take dogs trained to find those who may be buried in the snow. The go up and down the mountain paths with lighted torches, and shout aloud to attract the attention of the lost and perishing.

Our churches are in some respects like that hospice in the Alps. They are built and sustained to save men. But the men we would save are lost. They are wandering in the wilderness of sin. They are benumbed by the cold atmosphere of selfishness until they are "dead." We can not expect them to come to us; we must go out after them. That is the first duty. That is the duty most sadly neglected in our day. We send missionaries abroad to seek the heathen and to try, by the aid of the Spirit, to save them. But we do not go out into the lanes and alleys, into the garrets and hovels at home and try to find the heathen who live and die within the sound of our church-going bells.

We remember a convention of Christian workers in another city some years ago. The question under discussion

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

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On the third day the patient's pulse fluttered, his voice became weak, and his breath quick and laborful. The faces of those about his cot showed their alarm. The sick man read there in that death was nigh. Without asking a question, he desired that his medical friend might be sent for. When he entered the sick chamber, the patient asked to be left alone with him, and taking his friend's hand and looking in his face calmly, he said:

"Old friend, I know that death is near. No one has told me so, but I feel it and have read it on the faces round me; but I think that you, above all others, might have warned me."

"I never thought there was immediate danger—not one of us thought there was," replied the friend, shocked at what he saw.

"Well, never mind. I did not send for you to upbraid you, but to see you once more, to say good-bye, and to give you my last message of love for those at home. Tell them when you meet them, that I passed away in peace, and that my last thoughts were of them."

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Moved by the sudden pause, the surgeon raised his head and saw that all was over. The Christian soldier had met death not only fearlessly, but hopefully. "Another friend" had not forgotten him in his hour of greatest need. —Youth's Companion.

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Nothing is the foundation of our civil and social, as well as of our philosophical and religious, order. In Socialism, Nothing is the outcome of our past history and our present civilization; and the Russian Socialists are Nihilists, or Nothingites. The original chaos in which Nothing and Something are indistinguishable looms up as the coming of Nothing, and in which all knowledge and all aspiration will be merged and extinguished. Indeed, Nothing has been endowed with so much by some modern thinkers that their disciples are beginning to look into it as the great field for future discovery, hoping to recover what has been given to it. Instead of the emptiest of all worlds, it is getting to be the richest. Men who have been taught that everything is Nothing are beginning to ask: What is this wonderful Nothing? Men who have heard everything explained into Nothing are now trying to evolve everything again out of Nothing, and to believe in Nothing more strongly than they ever did in Something.

As an article of faith, and a ground for social and religious order, we prefer Something to Nothing. —Christian Union.

THE PASTOR'S MAINTENANCE.

Any occupation to which a man gives the best years of his life ought either to pay him well enough to lay up sufficient for his maintenance in his old age, or else it ought to provide for his support with a regular pension. The usual salary of the clergyman, with the demands upon him of hospitality to his brethren, with the social courtesies and gifts to charity which are expected of him, will barely keep his family from actual want. He seldom has the opportunity to save anything for a rainy day, and he has always before him the prospect of an old age of uselessness and privation. He deserves all the help which his parishioners can give him; and the chief way in which they can aid him is to remove pecuniary annoyances from his path while he is ministering to them, and save his old age from danger of want. —San Francisco Chronicle.

JIMMY BROWN.

He Tells a Story About Ghosts, Mr. Martin and the Baby.

The night before Christmas we had great fun at our house telling ghost stories. Mr. Travers told about an awful ghost that used to live in an old house where one of Mr. Travers' friends lived. It was a tall, thin woman-ghost, with her hair all down, and dressed in a white nightgown. She used to come into a room in the middle of the night with a rope in her hand, and she would look all around until she found a good place to hang herself, and then she would put the rope round her neck and hang just as if she was dead, and the man that saw her would faint away, and when he woke up in the morning she would be gone.

One night a young man, who was a book agent, and wasn't afraid of anything, went in the middle of the night to the ghost's room, and looks around for a nail to hang herself. The young man said: "Good-evening, ma'am. Going to hang yourself, I see. Let me help you." So he helps the ghost put the rope around her neck; but instead of hanging her, he ties the rope to the bed-post so she can't get away, and then he lights a lamp and reads to her out of a book that he tells every respectable ghost ought to buy.

The ghost stood it awhile, and then she begged and implored him to stop. So he kindly and affectionately pointed out to her that she had no right to go and hang herself in other people's houses, and that if she'd promise never to do it again he'd let her go, but if she didn't, he'd read the whole book to her, and it had moratorium pages. Well, the ghost promised, and the young man let her go, only he kept the rope, and nobody ever saw her again. Mr. Travers says he saw the rope himself, which proves that the story is true.

I went to bed pretty late that night, and woke up about twelve o'clock dreaming of ghosts. I wasn't a bit frightened, though I was a little nervous, just as Sue is when she thinks she hears burglars; but I was afraid mother might be frightened, so I thought I would go into her room and tell her it was all right, and nobody would hurt her.

My littlesister and the baby sleep in the same room with mother, and the first thing I saw was the baby hanging from the head of my sister's bed. This almost frightened me, for I thought the baby had got up in the night and committed suicide. So I called mother as loud as I could, and she sat right up, holding another baby in her arms.

This made me sure that the baby hanging to the bed-post was a ghost, and the lady I admit I was frightened. After awhile I found out that it was made of rubber, with a loud squeak in it, and was meant for a Christmas present.

The rubber baby was just about the size of a real one, and I could hardly tell it from our real baby, only it made less noise. Christmas morning we all had our presents, and had a good time over them. My littlesister would take her baby to church with her, only mother found it out, and hid it under her coat, where it squeaked every time mother knelt down or stood up.

Mr. Martin came to dinner Christmas-day, and spent the evening with us. He was very good-humored, and brought me a knife, and I forgave him everything. He was very pleasant to mother, and said he'd so want to see the baby. After dinner we all went into the parlor, where it was rather dark, for one of the lamps didn't burn very well till it was turned up. Mr. Martin dropped into a big chair, and sat very quiet, thinking, as he said, only I believe he was more than half asleep.

Mother had gone upstairs to see the baby, but presently she came down, and said to Sue: "Where on earth is the baby it isn't in the nursery Susan do you know anything about it?" Mr. Martin said, very politely: "What's that? Baby missing? I'll find him for you." And with that Mr. Martin gets up and turns around, and gives a most dreadful yell. There was a baby lying on the chair just as still as if it was dead. Mr. Martin was sure that somebody had let out the baby in the chair, and of course he supposed he would have to be hung, and that father and mother would be offended with him. Then mother and Sue they shrieked as if a mouse was after them, and rushed to pick the baby up, and found that it was the rubber baby, and that it wasn't hurt a bit, except that the squeak was spoiled. Just then the nurse brought the real baby in out of the kitchen, and everybody was happy again.

That is, everybody but Mr. Martin. He got angry, and said he knew it was one of that boy's infamous tricks, and he took his hat and went home; but I never put the rubber baby in the chair, and I don't care what he says. —Harper's Young People.

THE MUSKRAT.

Habits of the Animal and How He Makes Himself Valuable to His Mortal Enemies.

The muskrat is a very dainty eater, and one of the swell members of the animal kingdom. He not only washes himself before and after he eats, but he washes all his food and observes the rule of cleanliness with unvarying regularity. Personally he is a short-legged little animal, from twelve to fifteen inches long, with a tail two-thirds the length of his body. He sports six rows of side-whiskers, and he wears a scared, surprised sort of an expression on his rather homely face that makes him look as if at some time he had been guilty of some great crime. His dress is as useful as well as ornamental. It is of hair, very soft and warm, dark brown on top, and rather lighter below. He is a good feeder, and his bill of fare embraces roots, grasses, vegetables, fruits and mussels. He can stick a mussel as easily as a champion shucker can handle an oyster. Sometimes he eats meat, but this is rare. He is mainly a vegetarian. At this season, however, he goes rather heavy on mussels, and, for evident reasons, he always takes them raw.

The uses of the muskrat are twofold. Its hide is sold to furriers. Formerly, when muskrat was fashionable, the hides

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FASHION AND COMMON SENSE.

The Voice of the Latter Not Heeded in the Reins of the Former.

If there is one locality more than another where the voice of common sense is never listened to it is in that very extensive one where fashion reigns. Who ever thinks of listening to the suggestions of the former when the decrees of the latter potentate has gone forth? Tight sleeves for the ladies and tight continuations for the gentlemen is the fashion, supposing. The advocates of common sense protest, saying it is impossible to move one's limbs in them; I can not bend the knee before the portrait of my fondest hopes, says one; I can not get my hands on the back of my head, says another, which is far more important. And fashion replies, I can not satisfy all tastes. My laws are mostly made for the unreflecting; if you reflect you will never be satisfied. That which you complain of now is only a temporary inconvenience; when I can no longer tighten in your limbs, sleeves and leggings will take such ample proportions that the real size of an arm or a leg will be a subject for divination. Fashion has no respect for people who are already taller than they care to be. The latter must wait their turn for the opposite fashion, and then usually short persons must have their boots made to order if they wish to reach up to the elbow of the superior in height, or submit to be looked upon as dwarfs by tall people, if they prefer to keep in the fashion.

Fashion pretends to have an eye for beauty; if this be true, she enacts at least that all her followers be modeled after the same fashion. They must have heads and faces of a uniform size and shape, that the hat or bonnet of the season may become them all, and they must have a uniform tint of complexion, that the color a la mode may suit it. Those who study fashion in dress at the expense of their personal comfort are surely wanting in common sense.

Common sense suggests that in hot weather clothing for both sexes should be light in texture and color; but if fashion ordains that ladies' dresses be heavily trimmed, and if she refuses to give her consent to garments of a summery nature being introduced for gentlemen, no one has the courage to pay attention to personal comfort. When ladies' skirts are made so narrow as to be inconvenient for walking, and liable to assist the wearer to an awkward fall in descending from a carriage, or when they are widened to a ludicrous width to admit of unmanageable crinolines, or burdened with useless trains, to be dragged in the street or trodden on in the ball-room, who ever thinks of refusing to obey the nonsensical mandate? Even the most obtuse end by giving in, believing that they are more ridiculous to hold out, than to stand alone with common sense. Nothing, for instance, could indicate more plainly the folly of making long-trained dresses the fashion than to see a year or two ago how the latter was necessarily bunched up in the most ungraceful manner, or the wearer was compelled to have one hand always engaged with holding up the superfluous yard or two of stuff, making her invariably walk with that artificial hands had come into fashion with the trains, to allow of her using her natural ones in some more proutable way. —London Standard.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

An Important Constitutional Question Sprung by Senator Edmunds.

WASHINGTON, February 11.—The galleries of the House were not opened until 10:15 this morning and were soon crowded and the steps utilized for resting places.

On motion of Mr. Keifer the Clerk of the House was instructed to inform the Senate that at twelve o'clock the House would be prepared to receive that body in conformity with the provisions of the concurrent resolution relating to counting the Electoral votes.

Senator Edmunds, on calling the assembly to order, said: "The two houses of Congress have met in pursuance to the constitution and laws and a concurrent resolution for the purpose of executing the duty required by the constitution and laws in the matter of counting the electoral vote for President and Vice-President of the United States, cast by the electors of the several States, for the term commencing March 4, 1885. The tellers appointed by the two houses will please take their places."

At 1:25 p. m. the Senators returned to their chamber, and the President pro tem, having resumed the chair the tellers on the part of the Senate (Hoar and Pendleton) appeared, and on their behalf Senator Hoar reported the electoral count.

Another Battle—Earle Killed. LONDON, February 12.—The Standard's correspondent with General Earle's column sends the following dispatch, dated Dulka Island, Tuesday: The British troops advanced to attack the enemy who held a strong position on the hills, but after some fighting they were completely surrounded.

A Daisy Jail. BAINBRIDGE, GA., February 12.—Quite a sensation has been created by the discovery of the Grand Jury of Decatur County in relation to the treatment of prisoners.

The Jennie's First Trip. WHARTON, TEXAS, February 11.—The steam tug Jennie made its first run up the river to this point today, loaded with a cargo of cotton.

Four Men Burned. QUEBEC, CAN., February 12.—News is just received from Lake Simons, the temporary terminus of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad, that Sunday last a camp situated six miles from there and occupied by four men, was burned, together with the men. No particulars.

CIVIL SERVICE.

Report of the Civil Service Commission—Last Year's Work—The Work to be Accomplished—Notes.

WASHINGTON, February 12.—The President has transmitted to Congress the second annual report of the Civil Service Commission, covering the period from January 16, 1884, to January 16, 1885. In his letter of transmittal, he says: "The commission is in the second year of its existence. The President congratulates the country upon the success of its labors, commends the subject to the favorable consideration of Congress, and asks for an appropriation to continue the work."

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THE WAR IN EGYPT.

Further Particulars of the Fall of Khartoum—General Gordon's Fate—Arrogant Arabs.

LONDON, February 11.—The Daily News appears in mourning for General Gordon, and publishes the following from Gakdul: "Natives who escaped from Khartoum say that General Gordon was killed while in the act of leaving his house to rally his faithful troops. The latter were cut down to a man, and for hours the best part of the town was the scene of a merciless slaughter, even women and children being spared not. All the notables were killed except the treacherous pashas and their followers."

STABBED IN THE BACK and fell dead. The tumult was caused by the Mahdi's troops, who had gained access to the interior of the town through treachery, and who were soon in complete possession of the place, including the citadel. A fearful massacre of the garrison followed.

More than a hundred women and young girls were given over to the Mahdi's followers to be used as slaves. After the slaughter, many Arabs were seen rushing about the streets with the heads of Egyptians impaled upon spears. The next night was spent in the execution of the women and children. Since the capture of Khartoum the Mahdi has repaired the fortifications and made the place well nigh impregnable.

THE WAY IT WAS DONE. KORTI, February 11.—Colonels Wilson and Wortley, with the expedition to Khartoum, arrived here to-day. They made the journey from Gubat in four days. They report that the march was not without difficulties.

LONDON, February 10.—Lord Wolsley telegraphs further particulars of Beresford's rescue of Colonel Wilson. "When the steamer had come down the river about three miles a battery of the enemy on the left bank opened fire upon it. The steamer returned the fire, which was kept up while the steamer anchored for repairs. Meanwhile Colonel Wilson, with a small party, took to the hills and hid in the rocks.

EASTERN FRESHETS. Warm Weather East Causes Damage by Floods. CHESTER, PA., February 11.—Heavy rains are melting the snow fast. Chester Creek rose to an unusual height last night and caused considerable damage. The Lenni dam broke and let an avalanche of water escape. Burntree's mills at Rockdale were flooded and \$3,000 worth of goods damaged.

Frick's Frenzy. PITTSBURGH, PA., February 10.—Between fifty and seventy-five members of the International Workingmen's Association met at Jefferson Hall in Allegheny City last night, to discuss Socialism and Anarchism. Joseph Frick and John Stubb made lengthy addresses. Frick spoke in German and denounced the United States Senate for passing the dynamite resolution.

Negroes Hanged. LITTLE ROCK, February 13.—Rush Johnson and Lije Parker, colored murderers, were hanged yesterday morning in the jail enclosure. The execution was witnessed by two hundred persons. Several hundred gathered on side. The doomed men passed the night in religious devotion. Johnson murdered John Wall, Superintendent of Governor Reitor's plantation, for motives of revenge. Parker murdered Louis C. Fox, a rich planter; motive, revenge and pecuniary gain.

WINTER WHEAT.

Late Reports Concerning the Condition and Prospects of the Winter Wheat Plant in Various States—The Outlook Not Encouraging.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., February 9.—S. W. Talmadge is in receipt of the following late information as regards the area, condition and prospects of the winter wheat crop: Virginia—Randolph Harrison, Commissioner of Agriculture, says: "I have official figures from all sections of the State, and the acreage is short fully thirty per cent. from last year."

Missouri—J. W. Sanborn, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, says the area sown to wheat is ten per cent. short of 1884. I hear of but little damage to the plant as yet. Illinois—The acreage sown to wheat is about fifteen per cent. short of last year. Some damage, but nothing serious, was reported in the southern part of the State.

Tennessee—A. J. McWhirter, Commissioner of Agriculture, says that the crop of Tennessee is fully twenty per cent. less in acreage than last year and the damage by frost is all of ten per cent. Kansas—The area sown to wheat in the State is about thirty per cent. as compared with last year. Some of the largest wheat-growing counties in the State have reduced their wheat area from twenty-five to fifty per cent., owing principally to the ruling low price of wheat during the past season.

North Carolina—The area sown to wheat is very much less than last year, and the condition is not very encouraging on account of the long continued drought of last fall. The winter has been unfavorable, and much complaint of winter-killing is heard. New York—The area sown to wheat is somewhat less than last year. The condition is favorable. No damage by winter-killing or other causes is heard of.

West Virginia—John H. Strider, statistical agent, under date of February 10th, says: "The acreage of West Virginia is short fully twenty per cent. as compared with last year. The condition is very unpromising. With our worst weather, March winds, freezing and thawing, yet to pass, the present outlook will not warrant a half crop."

Minnesota—H. H. Young, statistical agent of Minnesota, says in regard to the spring wheat seeding, the area sown to wheat will probably be fully ten per cent. short of last year, or not more than two million five hundred thousand acres. Dakota—James H. Bains, statistical agent of Dakota, says: "Not more than one-eighth of the crop in Northern Dakota, and three-eighths in southern Dakota remains in farmers' hands, and the elevators are kept well cleaned out. If prices remain low the area to wheat will not be increased any this spring."

A MERCENARY SCAMP.

The Bridgroom in an Ill-Advised Match Would Sell His Bride for Lucre—He Wants \$20,000. BRYANS, O., February 9.—This place during the week has been the scene of a domestic event that caused a sensation. The lady in the case is Miss Rebecca, only child of E. R. Kearsley, ex-Auditor of Crawford County, a wealthy and respected citizen. Miss Kearsley is a beautiful girl of eighteen, with a fortune in her own right, besides being the prospective heiress of her father's property.

An Orange Grader. There is no standard orange grader. The grader in use at Riverside consists of a stand thirty-eight inches by nine and a half feet in surface dimensions. It is inclined from one end to the other, the higher end standing thirty-six inches from the ground and the lower eighteen inches. At the upper end there is a table inclined somewhat, but not as much as the rest of the apparatus; dimensions, thirty-eight by thirty-three inches. Below this there are two series of slats running lengthwise, each forty inches long. These slats perform the office of a riddle for the oranges in process of sorting.

A Practical Joker's Fate. LONDON, February 9.—Last night a sentry at Woolwich Arsenal saw a man approaching whom he challenged. The stranger made no reply, but continued to advance. The sentry thereupon attacked the stranger with the bayonet, running him through and killing him instantly. News of a man having been killed at the Arsenal spread rapidly, and it was reported that he was a Fenian, who was there for the purpose of blowing it up. Investigation proved that the stranger was a comrade of the sentry, upon whom he attempted to play a practical joke.

SOILED LINEN.

How and Where It is Made Clean—Something About Washdays and Laundries.

There has been such an increase in the laundry business in the last ten years that those engaged in the industry not only make a good living, but realize such handsome profits that they are able to increase their facilities, and are constantly devising new machinery for carrying on the business with ease and dispatch. This is due largely to the multiplicity of flats which house innumerable families, all bent on simplifying housekeeping even if economy is lost sight of in some directions. A great many families who occupy whole flats prefer to send their washing out rather than submit to the annoyance of taking their turn with other tenants.

The help in the laundries are paid by the piece, wages running from four dollars to twelve dollars a week, according to the strength and skill of the operators. Work begins in some of the establishments at six in the morning and continues as long as the hands care to remain. The rooms are, as a rule, well ventilated, but the heat and steam are very trying, and combined with the hard and poor care the women take of themselves, soon break them down. The machinery is under the care of the men, who find the work less oppressive. The girls often give up their places and take to kitchen work for better food and easier times, although the wages are smaller.

Laundrymen are enabled to do considerable speculating in white goods. Transients will frequently leave a bundle of clothes to be done up, and either forget all about them or are forced to depart before being able to recover them. In this way small parcels, containing collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, hosiery, shirts, etc., accumulate, and at the end of the year the list of un-called-for articles is reckoned up in the thousands. It is a rule with the large down-town firms to hold goods one year, at the expiration of which time various dispositions are made of them.

Female garments are rarely offered in lieu of money, but occasionally a petticoat or dress—flooded, and frilled and tucked and padded to distraction—will be seen at half mast in a laundry, labeled "four dollars" or some such rate, the actual cost of doing it up.—Chicago Tribune.

There are plenty of laundrymen who make quite a profit on the impetuosity of a class of customers who are now quite numerous. Sometimes a young man brings in a big wash and when it is finished offers to take half, or a third, and leave the rest in payment. There is no deception about the operation; the man is without money, but stands in need of clean clothes and finds there is no other way of getting them. The shirts sell at never more than fifty cents each, collars thirty cents and cuffs fifty cents a dozen.

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—It is said that the originator of the Concord grape has raised over twenty thousand seedlings in the past thirty-five years without making his ideal grape, and only twenty-one had desirable qualities.

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CLOTHING,

HATS & CAPS,

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Glassware, Tinware,

HARNESS, SADDLES, Etc.,

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During his existence on earth.

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COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.,

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