

House County Courier

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

HOW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOLUME X.

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A WEEK'S NEWS.

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CONGRESSIONAL.

In the Senate, on the 23d, a resolution was adopted directing the committee on Expenditures of Public Money to investigate the recent defalcations and frauds upon the Navy Department, and to inquire into the system of making disbursements and purchases of supplies, with a view to determining whether it embraces sufficient safeguards against defalcations and frauds. The Mexican Pension bill was then taken up. The pending question was on the amendment of Mr. Ingalls, dating the pensions of Union soldiers from the date of discharge or disability and extending to October 1, 1884, the limitation of time to the application for arrears. The amendment was voted down, yeas 29, nays 39.

Mr. Hancock introduced a bill authorizing the funding of the entire bonded debt of the United States, by the vote of the House. Referred. Mr. Randall, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, said he was directed by the committee to move the rules and pass the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill. The reading of the bill was proceeded with. Mr. Randall offered an amendment directing the Secretary of War to sell at public auction the following arsenals: Allegheny arsenal, Pennsylvania; Augusta arsenal, Georgia; Indianapolis arsenal, Indiana; Keokuk arsenal, Iowa; Maine, and Watertown arsenal, Massachusetts. Adopted. Also granting a bounty extra pay to the House employees. Adopted. Also to strike out the provision that no speech shall be printed in the House which has not been delivered upon the floor of Congress. Adopted, 162 to 17.

In the Senate, on the 24th, consideration of the Mexican Pension bill was resumed. The amendment was agreed to providing that no person shall be entitled to more than one pension at one time under the laws of the United States, unless the law specifically stated in the law. The bill then passed—yeas 77, nays 27. The House bill to authorize the President to appoint two additional Justices of the Supreme Court of Dakota and one additional Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Washington, was passed. In the House Mr. Foran submitted the conference report on the bill establishing a Bureau of Labor Statistics. Agreed to. The Senate passed granting letter carriers fifteen days' leave of absence each year. The House resumed consideration of the bill to amend the laws and amend the Homestead law. The bill passed, yeas 47, nays 41. The Electoral College bill was then taken up. The question having been ordered on the engrossment and third reading of the bill, the House passed the bill, yeas 127, nays 82. The Senate bill, as amended by the substitute, was read a third time and passed.

In the Senate, on the 25th, consideration of the bill to amend the laws and amend the Homestead law was resumed. After debate the committee's amendment was agreed to, striking out the clause directing consideration by a vote of yeas and nays. In the House, Mr. Hewitt, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill to amend the laws relating to the collection of revenue. The Chairman, Mr. Cook, demanded the previous question, and the vote returned on the second resolution presented by the committee. Yeas 106, nays 98. The first majority resolution was also lost, yeas 96, nays 101, and the majority resolution on the second resolution, yeas 96, nays 101. Mr. Chalmers then appeared at the bar of the House and took the oath of office.

In the Senate on the 26th the House bill was passed extending to water transportation routes the provisions of the statutes which applied to land routes only regarding the immediate transportation of dutiable goods. An amendment was adopted providing that the ports in the Congressional Record shall be an accurate transcript of the proceedings and debates of the two houses of Congress. Mr. McMillin, from the Committee on Commerce, reported the River and Harbor bill, with the request that it be printed and recommitted to the committee. The bill was then taken up by the bill to forfeit the unearned land grant of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company, and went into executive session and soon adjourned. In the House the Senate bill was passed authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Missouri at White Cloud, Kas. Mr. Bingham, from the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads, reported a bill fixing at two cents per ounce or fraction thereof the rates of postage on mail matter of the first-class. House calendar. Mr. Browne, of Indiana, endeavored to have the House proceed to consideration of the Mexican Pension bill with the Senate amendments, but the House declined to do so, yeas 135, nays 83—to consider unfinished business, being the bill to forfeit the land grant of the "Backbone" Railroad in Fort Leavenworth. The vote on the passage of the bill resulted: Yeas, 137; nays, 121.

In the Senate, on the 27th, the bill for the relief of William McGowan was reported adversely from the Committee on Private Land Claims and placed on the calendar. Mr. Mitchell introduced a bill to incorporate the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. A bill passed granting right of way through the Indian Territory to the Santa Fe Railroad were agreed to. Mr. Henry made an unsuccessful attempt to secure consideration of the Union Pacific bill, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the private calendar. At one o'clock the committee rose for the purpose of permitting the House to dispose of the "Backbone" Railroad Land Grant Forfeiture bill. The speaker announced the question to be on the motion to table the motion to reconsider the vote by which the House declined to pass the bill. The motion to table was agreed to, yeas 124, nays 114, and so the bill was lost.

THE EAST.
GEORGE WALLACE, fireman of Engine No. 12, was killed recently by falling from a ladder while at work at 253 Front street, New York, after the fire had been extinguished.

J. B. SWITZER and Hugh S. Fleming, appointed to appraise the property of the Penn Bank, of Pittsburgh, fixed the appraised value of the bank at \$1,000,000.

The bridge over the Delaware, at Calhoun street, Trenton, N. J., burned recently. Loss, \$40,000.

The iron mill strike at Newcastle, Pa., ended recently, Baldwin & Graham withdrawing the notice of a reduction of wages.

praisement at \$125,000. Several accounts with banks and bankers were yet unsettled, and would swell this probably to \$30,000 more. The liabilities were \$1,500,000.

In the boat races at New London, Conn., between Harvard and Yale and Harvard and Columbia, on the 26th, Harvard was defeated, losing both races. The Harvard and Columbia was a freshman race.

A DEMONSTRATION favoring the nomination of Butler for the Presidency was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Thursday. About 1,500 persons were present.

In the schedules of the firm of Herron &

Spence, New York brokers, the liabilities are placed at \$379,861, and nominal assets \$389,229, and actual assets \$289,504.

The schedules of Nathaniel Bloom, of New York, shows his liabilities to be \$82,640, nominal assets \$57,724 and actual assets \$26,284.

The will of the late Mary H. Drake, of New York, was filed in the Surrogate's office. She bequeathed to the theological seminary at Alexandria, Va., \$10,000, and \$5,000 each to a number of religious and charitable organizations.

At a special meeting of the Western Nail Association at Pittsburgh, it was decided that at the present time to restrict production and regulate prices it was impracticable.

At New York, recently, a stock broker named Burge committed suicide in his office, owing to financial losses.

WILLIAM REED, of Sewickley, Pa., while drilling a wild-cat oil well on the Criswell farm, near Butler, Pa., the other day, struck a heavy vein of gas. The pressure was so great that the roar of escaping gas could be heard several miles.

A SPECIAL from Easton, Pa., says the Belvidere Iron Company, which was largely engaged in mining operations in New Jersey, has suspended.

The general freight agents of railroads in Iowa have issued a general order announcing their purpose to observe the Iowa law respecting the sale of intoxicating liquors. All agents are prohibited from receiving any intoxicating liquors for transportation from any point within or without the State, to any point within its limits, unless there is delivered to such agent a certificate signed by the Auditor of the County, in which the point of destination is located, showing that the consignee has authority to sell liquors in such County.

J. B. WAKEFIELD was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Second District of Minnesota.

At Boston, recently, H. H. Bangs, doing business as the Bay State Casket Company, failed. Liabilities, \$40,000.

FIRST LIEUTENANT THEODORE SMITH, of the Fifth Infantry, United States Army, dropped dead the other afternoon in the Sturtevant House, New York.

THE WEST.
JAMES E. STEWART, the well known song writer, died in the workshop at Cincinnati. He had been committed a few days before for selling bogus tickets to a public entertainment.

While Arthur Robinson, was mowing grass recently near Zanesville, O., his horses ran away, throwing him in front of the mowing machine. He was not expected to recover.

LYONARDSON received direct from the City of Mexico gives the news that the American railroads in Mexico are to be handicapped by a law that all railroads in that country will be required to fence the entire length of their lines with fences on both sides.

THE C. I. S. L. & C. bridge over White River, just north of Indianapolis, gave way the other afternoon under the heavy weight of a freight train. Loss, \$15,000.

The planing mill at Tecumseh, Mich., owned by the Toledo Lumber Company, was burned recently. The loss was \$20,000; insured for \$8,000.

The soldiers of the Sixteenth Illinois Congressional District have called a mass convention to nominate a soldier for Congress.

The Railroad Commissioners of Iowa have given notice to all railroad companies of that State that in accordance with the statute the Commissioners must be promptly advised upon the occurrence of any accident on any railroad resulting in personal injury or loss of life, that the same may be investigated, if so deemed necessary.

A BOY named Louis Host, of Lima, O., was driving a team to quarry for stone recently. A sudden pitch of the wagon threw him under the wheels, two of which passed over him. He lived but a few moments afterward.

ERNEST GURBER, son of Rev. John Gurber, pastor of the German Lutheran Church of Sandusky, O., was run over by a Baltimore & Ohio Railroad train the other day, and had both legs cut off.

ANDREW PLUMMER, an aged farmer, who resides nine miles northwest of Elwood, Ind., fell off the fence recently, killing himself instantly. He was under the influence of whisky at the time.

MICHAEL TAYLOR, a sixteen-year-old son of Mr. M. Taylor, a prominent farmer living near Vincennes, Ind., was drowned while swimming in the Wabash recently.

A CHICAGO special from Cedar Rapids, Ia., says: Two convicts, Freeman and Farmer, escaped from the Anamosa penitentiary and were surrounded in the woods near there, and a fight ensued, in which Freeman was mortally wounded and Farmer dangerously so.

The Wabash Railroad hereafter will be disconnected with the Missouri Pacific system. The Wabash will be run with a smaller force of officials and on economic principles. Arrangements were recently made to discontinue some of the branch lines of the Wabash.

GUSTAVE JOSEPH LOWENGART, for many years a resident of New York City, and a nephew of Samuel Sells, of the firm of Althschul, Sells & Co., crockery merchants, shot himself dead at San Francisco the other morning. He had lost considerable money by gambling.

THE SOUTH.

The Louisiana Legislature recently passed the bill appropriating one hundred thousand dollars for the World's Exposition and the Governor signed it and work on the buildings was fast progressing. Both the horticultural hall and the main building are over two-thirds finished and will be completed before the time specified.

WILLIAM R. COX, of Raleigh, N. C., was recommended for Congress the Fourth in District by the Democrats.

Zeno F. Younge, editor of the Madisonville (Ky.) Times, fell from a two-story

window of the office the other day, receiving fatal injuries.

The annual convention of the National Association of Plumbers was in session at Baltimore on the 29th.

WILLIAM COX, in shooting at two men who were trying to break into his house at Danville, Ky., recently, shot and killed his mother.

At Baltimore recently the grand jury indicted John T. Rice, Martin Jordan, Charles G. Medinger, Henry G. Medinger, James Gamble and James James for selling pools on horse races.

GENERAL R. F. PATTERSON departed from Memphis for Washington to urge an immediate appropriation by Congress for the protection of their fur, which was daily becoming more alarming.

A FIRE broke out the other night in New Orleans probably causing a loss of \$400,000, including stocks and building as follows: McCracken & Brewster, \$100,000; W. G. Sebaut, \$125,000; J. B. Iolani & Son, \$50,000; Lawrence H. Christian, \$100,000; Leecees Fink, carpets damaged, \$10,000.

WILLIAM TANNER, a young man of Vicksburg, Miss., while in a somnambulist state walked out of his bedroom window and fell a distance of near thirty feet, striking on the top of a picket fence. He was badly injured.

P. E. BRULATOR & Co., of New Orleans, commission merchants, recently transferred their property to creditors.

LEON BROS. of New Orleans, boots and shoes, suspended. Liabilities, \$40,000; assets, \$60,000.

GENERAL.
TEN new cases of cholera were taken to the hospital at Toulon on the 25th. The alarm was abating. The Government physician confirms the sporadic character of the malady. At a meeting of physicians in relation to the cholera a majority expressed the opinion that it was Asiatic.

A MADRID correspondent says Italy and Spain have effected an understanding respecting the north of Africa. Italy supports Spain in Morocco and Spain supports Italy in Tripoli. It is alleged that France is willing Italy should take Tripoli, provided she withdraws from the Austro-German alliance.

THE Franco-American Committee will deliver the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to United States Minister Morton, on July 8th, in the presence of Prime Minister Ferry and a delegate representing President Grevy. The statue will be shipped to New York late in July.

THE purpose of the Italian man of war Carlot Puraso, on the Red Sea, which recently threatened to bombard Seydel, was to force the Governor to pay an indemnity to the family of Sheikh Abdurrahman, a protégé of Italy, and restore property belonging to the Sheikh.

A YOUNG man was arrested at Ems, Germany, recently, who had in his possession a revolver and dagger, and who it was believed had designs upon the life of the Emperor.

FAILURES for the seven days ended June 26 were: United States, 171; Canada, 28; total, 199; against a total of 205 last week, a decrease of six. The failures in the South were notably few, and in the Eastern States below the average.

THE LATEST.

ON account of the failure of the air brakes to work on the Virginia Midland the other morning, an express ran at an uncontrollable speed on to the bridge over the James River, near Lynchburg, Va.

The bridge gave way and the cars fell into the water. The passengers were rescued through holes cut in the ventilators, narrowly escaping drowning.

JOSEPH ALEXTON, thirty-five years old, was suddenly attacked with hydrophobia in St. Louis recently. He knelt down on all fours, barked and yelped and frothy saliva flowed from his mouth. He was handcuffed and strapped down in the ambulance and sent to the city hospital.

Three months ago he was bitten in the leg by a dog and since has had occasional spasms.

ANOTHER disastrous conflagration visited East St. Louis recently, burning Hugo Farnessee's brick hotel, Kingman & Co.'s agricultural warehouse, and two dwelling houses belonging to Mrs. Seidman, a widow. The total loss was \$85,000.

CAPTAIN JOHN A. STEVENSON, Republican candidate for Governor of Louisiana in the April election, suddenly died at his plantation in Iberville Parish the other night. He was sixty-six years of age and for forty years had been prominent as a steamboatman, merchant and planter, and more lately as a politician. He was born in Kentucky in 1818.

At Philadelphia recently a trifling fire in the Star match factory caused a panic among the employees, and it was with the greatest difficulty that a number of women were restrained from leaping from the third story, but was caught in the arms of a man and was only slightly injured.

DEPRESSION in the coke trade in Pennsylvania and the restriction of the output are seriously affecting miners and coke drawers, and the Hungarians are rapidly returning to their native country. From twenty to forty of these people leave Connelville every day destined for Europe.

In the Senate on the 28th the General Deficiency bill was under discussion. The House had a miscellaneous run of business, the most important of which was amending the eight-hour law.

The Ways and Means Committee agreed favorably to report the resolution providing for the appointment of a committee of five members to investigate the relations between the Alaska Commercial Company and the United States, the object being to learn whether the company has complied and is now complying with its contract with the Government.

A SPECIAL from London says: The Botnia yesterday took \$750,000 in American gold to the agent of the Bank of Montreal in New York City, money being a drug in London.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

A DISPATCH from Atchison of the 23d said that the prospects for wheat and oats are as flattering as previously reported. Harvesting of wheat had begun in the southern section of the State and would commence in Northern Kansas in about ten days. Rain had fallen very generally, with plenty of sunshine and hot weather. The reports that rust had affected wheat were in some respects true, but the damage so far was not material. Corn was growing wonderfully and giving promise of a big return. As a whole the condition of the Kansas crops maintained its usual high percentage.

SAMMY HAHN, of Topeka, was terribly burned the other day. The little fellow was playing in the yard when a gasoline man was making some repairs on a vapor stove. The oil exploded, the man threw the can out of the window, the burning liquid falling on the boy, inflicting some fearful burns on his back.

FENCE-CUTTING has been going on lately to a considerable extent in the Southwestern part of the State, causing great excitement among cattlemen. Recently the fences of Gregory, Ed and Co., cattlemen of Comanche County, were cut in several places. Six men were detailed to search for the perpetrators of the outrage, and after a short time discovered two men in the act. A fight ensued, in which both men were killed and S. Spillman, one of the attacking parties, mortally wounded.

COLONEL C. R. JENNISON, the noted "Kansas Jayhawker," died at Leavenworth on the 21st of the age of fifty years. Up to three months ago he owned and controlled a large gambling establishment in that city, but his health giving way, he went to Denver for a while, letting his business run down.

Two children, girls of James Link, were drowned in Six Mile Creek south of Topeka, on the 23d. There were five of them visiting in Wakarusa, and returning home he raised the creek so as to swim their team. The eldest, a girl of thirteen, swam ashore with the baby, and the boy, about fourteen years old, succeeded in getting out. The two lost were five and three years old respectively.

As almost fatal accident occurred recently at the residence of Richard Disney on Wakarusa Creek, twelve miles from Topeka. When in Topeka Mr. Disney purchased a supply of rat poison and took it home with him. His wife took charge of it, and thinking there might be some danger she placed the powder in a tin can and set it carefully away in the cupboard. A couple of days after, her hired girl went to the cupboard and got hold of the rat poison and used it for baking powder. The girl and Mrs. Disney ate some of the biscuit. Soon afterwards they grew deathly sick, but by timely assistance and medical aid their lives were saved.

An aged colored woman, Phoebe Moore, committed suicide at Atchison by drowning herself. She had been partially demented and had been repeating for some time threats of jumping in the river to end her life. A little colored boy found her lifeless body lying in a pool of water not more than a foot and a half deep, lying face downward under the culvert crossing, a small creek on Kansas avenue.

DURING the intense heat at Topeka on the 25th, Miss Hettie McPherson was prostrated. She was unconscious, but revived after being conveyed home.

Post-Office changes for the week ending June 21, 1884. Established—Leland, Woodson County. Stephen Cannon, Postmaster; Laneville, Labette County, Isaac W. Galyen, Postmaster. Name changed—Cummingsville, Atchison County, to Cummings. Discontinued—Terrapin, Kingman County; Truman, Montgomery County.

Appointed—Atchison, Atchison County, John Adams; Coonsville, Linn County, J. F. Shideler; Masner, Ellsworth County, D. B. Tracy; Neutral, Cherokee County, W. S. King; Pike, Wabasha County, Ransom W. Hodge; Shannon, Atchison County, John Riley; Troy, Doniphan County, Cyrus Leland, Sr.

The Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture recently sent 30,000 immigration documents in German, Swedish and Danish to the agents of the steamship lines running into Boston and New York, and an equal number to the Superintendent of Castle Garden. These are the books provided for by the last Legislature.

The first State Convention of women suffragists met in Topeka on the 25th in the Senate chamber at the State House, the convention having been called by Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, of Lafayette, Ind. Interested persons from various parts of the State were present, besides Mrs. Gougar, among whom were Mrs. Bertha H. Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Mink and Mrs. Anna Waite, of Lincoln; Mrs. Anna McCorkle, of Iowa; Miss Hammond, Mrs. Findley; Mr. Goodrich and Colonel John Ritchie, of Topeka.

An insane man from Butler County, by the name of Oliver W. Hawk, was taken to the asylum at Topeka recently. About four years ago Hawk received a severe stroke, and ever since then, when hot weather sets in he goes violently crazy. He has been kept at the asylum three summers. When cool weather commences he regains his rationality again, and goes home.

MR. C. L. NICHOLS, trainmaster of the Santa Fe, recently located a new yard and telegraph office near Turkey Creek at the mouth of the Kaw. As soon as the yards are completed the Santa Fe will withdraw from the Council Bluffs yards at Kansas City, which they have for some time occupied.

The census of the City of Wyandotte, which has just been completed, speaks well for the growth of that city. The total population was 11,137, divided among the wards as follows: First ward, 1,925; Second ward, 2,107; Third ward, 2,115; Fourth ward, 3,148; Fifth ward, 1,165; Sixth ward, 650.

MRS. BENNETT, an insane woman, was recently found in Topeka by the police and taken to headquarters. Her folks lived at St. Mary's. From a gentleman who knew the family it was ascertained that Mrs. Bennett had already been in an inmate of the asylum, but was allowed to go home, the husband so desiring. For a number of months the woman appeared perfectly cured, but all at once, without any warning, she disappeared. Two other insane women, Mrs. Snyder and Mrs. Bradshaw, were awaiting admission to the asylum.

"ONE MORE KISS, MAMMA!"

Rocked my baby boy awhile,
And called out many a sleepy smile
Upon the little lips, till he
Almost asleep had seemed to be.
Then in his crib I laid him down,
My little lamb with eyes so brown.
My kiss had reached his mouth so sweet,
A rosy flush came o'er his cheek.
Then turned to go, with noiseless feet.

But quick from mischiefland there flew
A little spirit. What did it do?
But whisper to my sleepy pet:
"Don't let mamma go from you yet."
Then set my boy upright in bed,
And shook his tangled, curly head.
"No more asleep, mamma, cried he,
So sum an' tis me, one-two-free!"

"Just one kiss more," I said, and pressed
The dear form closer to my breast,
But multiplying one by ten,
I kissed him o'er and o'er again,
Till, thinking he was satisfied,
Again I left my darling's side.

But just as I had reached the door,
A rosy voice called: "One more kiss more!"
I went again with kisses sweet
His own dear, cooing lips to meet,
And, while I waited, singing low,
To dreamland he at last did go.
Till, when he shall older grow,
Will guide us both till life be o'er,
And I may kiss my boy no more!

—Mary D. Brine.

HOW FLIES WALK UP GLASS.

The ease with which flies ascend the glass panes of the window, or other polished surfaces, has long attracted notice, and many scientific observers have put forward theories to account for the way in which these little creatures seem to set the law of gravitation at defiance. A French naturalist, Dr. J. E. Rombouts, has been recently engaged in investigating the subject, and has arrived at some conclusions differing from those commonly accepted.

The present article is mainly a resume of a paper by Dr. Rombouts. For a long time it was believed that flies and numerous other insects possessed their faculty for running over polished surfaces in consequence of the vast number of fine hairs with which their feet are furnished, and that they were able to insinuate these hairs into the minute pores of the glass, and so obtain a foothold. In order to convince ourselves at once of the absurdity of this idea, we have only to look at the surface of the glass with a microscope. Of course no modern naturalist would give this explanation of the phenomenon.

Another theory, which is often put forward, explains the fact in the following manner: It is alleged that the feet of the fly terminate in little "suckers," which in walking are pressed to the polished surface, so that at every step a vacuum is formed under each foot, which is thus held down by the pressure of the air. This process would be precisely the same as that with which boys amuse themselves, when a wet disc of moist leather at the end of a string is made fast to the pavement by suction.

But modern research has proved that such a contact as that which has just been described does not take place. Flies have walked over the inner walls of a receiver after the air has been withdrawn. Besides, the microscopic examination of the feet of a fly shows clearly that the "sucker" theory is not tenable. The base of the foot is furnished with such a quantity of fine hair, that the close contact needed for the production of a vacuum could not be effected.

Blackwall explains the phenomenon by asserting that a viscous substance exudes from each hair, and many modern entomologists support the same theory. But in reply to this theory, it is urged that if such a viscous substance was really deposited at each step, the flies would not be able to move after having remained for a long time motionless, because this substance would have dried up and hardened. Whereas we know well that a fly takes wing instantly at our approach, even after having rested on one spot without stirring for hours.

Dr. Rombouts has arrived at the conclusion that it is neither by the pressure of the air, nor by the use of a glutinous liquid, that flies exercise their faculty for running over polished surfaces, but that their capabilities in this respect are due simply to molecular action between solids and liquids, or, in other words, must be attributed solely to capillary action.

If we examine the lower portion of the foot of a fly with a powerful microscope, we see clearly that it is furnished with a large number of hairs disposed with such regularity. The lower end of each hair has a club-shaped termination, slightly varying in form. From these club-shaped ends flows a greasy liquid, which does not dry up or harden for a long time. The tiny drops left on the surface of a glass after the passage of a fly may be taken up after two or three days with a piece of fine paper without any necessity of moistening them.

By means of an ingenious little apparatus of his own contriving, Dr. Rombouts watched the under surface of the fly's foot while in motion, and the wet trace made by the tiny hairs. He says it cannot be admitted that the fluid causes the club-shaped ends of the hairs to act as suckers, as some naturalists assert. If so, these extremities would, by the act of suction, take the form of discs, whereas they were put down and raised with a facility that could not be experienced if they were really subjected to the pressure of the air.

In order to test the possibility of capillary action being exercised in this manner, Dr. Rombouts tried some delicate experiments. He found that a hair dipped in olive oil, or even in water, would hang suspended when just touched with a clean piece of glass. He carefully weighed these hairs, also found the average weight of flies, and calculated the number of hairs on their feet, and

was fully confirmed in his theory. He considers that there are from 800 to 1,000 hairs on each of the two divisions (palpi) of each foot, giving a total of from 10,000 to 12,000 hairs. The fly, however, when crawling over a window-pane, only has three or four feet on the glass at one time. Consequently the number of hairs in function at one time, and sustaining the fly by the force of the capillary action, is from 5,000 to 6,000.

The Doctor observed (as others have done) that flies cannot ascend glass when dimmed with vapor from the breath. Blackwall explains this fact by asserting that the viscous fluid which he credits them with becomes liquefied by humidity, and loses its capacity for adhering to the glass. If this were so, the liquid which is deposited by the minute hairs would mix with the condensed vapor on the glass. But this is not the case, as the Doctor proved by breathing over a glass with traces of flies on it and examining it through the microscope. It was copiously covered with moisture, but immediately the moisture had dried up he saw that the greasy droplets previously there were not altered in shape or volume, as would have been the case if moisture exercised any effect on them whatever.

The fall of the fly from the damp surface is because the greasy droplets will not mix with water, and find no place of adherence. If the glass is slightly greasy the fly falls from it, because the numerous hairs on its feet get clogged together, and thus their functions as independent points of adherence are hindered.

It is also exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for a fly to run over a vertical polished surface when covered with a thin layer of dust. If a fly be caught after an attempt to crawl up a dusty window-pane, and its feet be carefully examined under a powerful microscope, the spaces between the minute hairs will be seen to be filled up with fine powder.

A fly that has got itself into this predicament has to rub its feet one against another for some time, and rub them over its wings a few times, until it feels satisfied that all the dust is removed, and that it can conveniently resume its wanderings. This process, which must be frequently observed by any one who watches flies, is not engaged in, as has often been asserted, for the purpose of cleaning the wings, but with the object of rendering the feet once more capable of moving over smooth surfaces. The surface of each wing is furnished with a crowd of stiff hairs, which may very satisfactorily be used by the fly as a brush.

Blackwall affirms that the flies cleanse themselves in this way in order to remove from the feet the superfluity of the viscous fluid described in the preceding allusions to his theory. But if this were so the poor fly would be soon covered with a thin coating of this matter wherever he rubbed his feet, and all kinds of dust with which he came in contact would adhere to his little body. In a short time the fly would become a dirty, shapeless mass, whereas we know that flies are personally (if we may use the word) exceedingly neat and clean.

In the case of other insects which equally with flies possess the faculty of running up smooth surfaces, the feet are found to be similarly furnished with a crowd of minute hairs, terminating in club or ball-shaped ends. Their process of adherence is the same as already described.—N. Y. Observer.

The Man-Frog and Man-Goose.

The man-frog was first exhibited in 1866, at a French country fête. He had a stout, ill-shaped body, covered with a skin like a leather bottle, and a face exactly like a frog's, large eyes, an enormous mouth, and the skin cold and clammy. He attracted a good deal of attention from the Academy of Medicine, and a delegate was deputed to make him an object of study. He was all over France, and at the end of a few years retired to his native place, Puyre, in Gers. The man with the goose's head was first shown at the gingerbread fair in 1872. He was twenty years of age, had round eyes, a long and flat nose the shape and size of a goose's bill, an immensely long neck, and was without a single hair on his head. He only wanted feathers to make him complete. The effect of his interminable long neck twisting about was extremely ludicrous, and was so much appreciated that his receipts were very large. He now passes under his proper name of Jean Rondier, and is established at Dijon as a photographer. He is married, and, thanks to enormously high collars and a wig, is now tolerably presentable.—Chambers's Journal.

Successful Men.

In every class of business the princes of the trade are the men who began with nothing, and who look around on all the attainments of their age with the honest gratulation that they have been dependent for their success and prosperity upon their own integrity, fidelity and skill. And the circumstances of the commencement of active business life should not be regarded as a reason for regret or a cause for sorrow, for there is no other process less painful or harassing which will so surely stir up the gift which may be in a man, and bring out for circulation and use the veins of gold which may be embedded in his hidden mines. If he be faithful, honest, honorable, his early straits of condition will be an everlasting blessing. It is soil that will yield to appropriate cultivation the richest and most lavish fruit. But it will involve care, thought, labor, purpose and unshrinking honor to prevent its becoming not merely a perplexity in occupation, but a poison to the soul.—U. S. Economist.

Practice.—Buckley & Augustin.



Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

ONE DEAR LITTLE WOMAN.

One dear little woman,
With eyes of true blue,
A face like the sunlight
And breath like the dew,
A wealth of brown hair
That has no need of art,
So merry, yet earnest,
Possesses my heart.

No angel or fairy
This darling of mine,
But one quite as human
As she is divine,
With hands just as busy
As busy can be,
This dear little woman
So precious to me.

She may have a will
Of her own, it is true;
She gives me advice
As our way we pursue;
But her judgment is good,
And she is oft in the right,
This dear little woman
Who keeps my home bright.

She flits through the house
Like the sunshine each day,
And home is not home
When my darling's away;
The bird in his cage
Will not sing when she's gone,
This dear little woman,
My heart so does on.

Some say it is magic,
Some say it is love;
I know it is the latter,
And pure from above;
I promised to cherish
And love till I died,
This dear little woman,
My helpmeet, my bride.

—Mrs. M. A. Kuller, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE TRAINED HORSE.

A Detective's Story.

From Clayville to Booneton, in the United States, is about fifteen miles across a rolling prairie, and the road runs very near east and west. Half-way between the two towns the road is touched by a point where a heavy growth of pine trees sweep away to the northward into a dark, dense forest. In the spring of 1842 a man left Clayville in the morning, bound for Booneton. His name was registered at the inn as Richard Bizbee, of New York, and he was supposed to have money with him. He left Clayville upon horseback in fine health and spirits, but he was never seen in Booneton. Perhaps he had, unnoticed, gone part of the way and then returned. At all events he was never heard of more in that district.

About a month after that a man from St. Louis left Booneville for Clayville. He was also on horseback, and started off well and hearty; but he never reported himself at the place of his destination. Within a fortnight after this second disappearance two more travelers were missed. What did it mean? The road between the two towns was direct, and not even a by-way was there to lead any astray; so that to wander from the true path was impossible. During the month of July three travelers were missed, and the people turned out in a body to search. Of course attention was turned to the wood, and the search was extended for miles and miles, but without success.

On the 4th of August a young man, who gave his name at Clayville as Michael Dupont, of New Orleans, left the place for Booneton. He was on horseback, and when he was told of the dangers of the road he only laughed at them. He said he had a good horse and good weapons, and he was not afraid. But Michael Dupont never reached Booneton.

It was on the 19th of August that I arrived at Clayville, and put up at the village inn. I was on the track of two rogues who had robbed the bank in Jackson; and I had not been at the inn an hour before I made myself sure that the men I sought had passed that way only three days before. And then I heard this other story of the travelers who had so mysteriously disappeared from the road that lay before me.

When I had gone some five or six miles the next morning, I noticed that my horse began to falter, and in a little while afterward he came to a walk and seemed to be in great pain. Imagining that he would soon fall, I slipped from the saddle and led him out upon the grass to the side of the road. As I stood thus, wondering what in the world I should do, I saw a man coming toward me from the direction of Booneton. He was seated on a powerful black horse, without any saddle, and his only bridle was a piece of rope passed around the animal's nose. He was a simple-looking fellow, dressed in an ordinary farming garb, and behind him were what appeared to be some empty bags. As he came near to where I stood, I saw him gather his halter, as though he meant to put his horse into a run.

"Hello!" I cried. "Stop a moment." The fellow seemed to consider upon it and finally turned his horse's head toward me and soon dismounted by my side.

"I've hear' a good deal 'bout this road," he said, eyeing me from top to toe, "and I like to be keerful. Met with a fall, eh, stranger?"

"Not exactly a fall," I said. "My horse seems to have given in."

The fellow walked around my quivering beast, and when he came back he put his hand upon the animal's throat and gave a sharp punch. The horse started back with a grunt, and directly began to heave and slaver at the mouth.

"You don't belong to these parts, stranger," he said eyeing me again.

"No," I told him.

"I thought not, he added. "I guess your horse has been eatin' devil's tail."

I asked him what that was.

"It's a kind of poison," he answered, "that horses pick up hereabouts. He'll be well enough by to-morrow or next day, at the farthest."

"If that's the case," I said, "perhaps you'll let me bargain for yours."

"I never owned anything yet that I wouldn't sell if a man wanted it more'n I did," he replied.

"Well," I said, "and may I ask what price you set on your beast?"

"Just seventy dollars."

I had expected to hear him say a hundred. I took him at his offer in a moment.

The bargain was made: I counted out seven ten dollar pieces, put my saddle and bridle upon the new horse and then mounted.

"Perhaps," said the fellow, as he gave the sick horse another punch in the gut, "if I should meet you in Booneton one of these days ye might like to change back again?"

I told him we'd see about that, and then, bidding him good morning, I started off.

I had certainly got a splendid horse. He stepped as lightly and gracefully as a dancing master, and bore me as easily as though I had been in a carriage.

In a little while I touched him with the whip and he pranced gayly. I patted him on the neck and told him that I liked him. We were now just at the point where the angle of the wood reached the edge of the road, and with-out apparent cause the horse started into a gallop.

I spoke to him and tried to hold him in, but he only went the faster. In a few minutes he wheeled out of the road and struck into the wood, and now he ran for dear life.

I yelled with all my might and tugged at the rein till my arms ached, but I could neither turn his head or slacken his speed. He flew on like the wind, selecting his course where the trees were farthest apart—flew on, sweeping now to the right and now to the left, just as the passage through the forest seemed most favorable.

As soon as I found the horse was not to be stopped I turned my attention in another direction, and very quickly I flashed upon me that the flying beast had been trained to just this kind of work.

Like horses I had read of in Arabia, he would take his course for his master's habitation, let it be where it would. The man with whom I had traded was one of the gang, and there must have been another at the stable of the inn at Clayville who had given my horse something to make him sick. These thoughts only passed through my mind with lightning-like rapidity, but they were systematically arranged as they came, and I knew that I had been trapped, and that the animal was bearing me to the haunt of the robbers.

For a moment there was a desire to go on and meet the rascals, but that would only be madness. I must get out of the saddle somehow.

Ha! the opportunity presented itself. Ahead I saw a stream of water. I withdrew my feet from the stirrups and placed my hand upon the pommel. One more leap and the horse's feet touched the pebbly shore. With a sudden spring I lifted myself clear of the saddle, and as the beast flew from beneath me I dropped into the brook without hurt of any kind. As quickly as possible I scrambled up the bank, and when I reached the wood I stopped to consider.

The horse had stopped on the opposite side of the stream as though looking for his rider, and for a moment I thought of firing a pistol-ball at him. However, I did not waste my powder, and in a little while the animal turned and trotted off and was soon out of sight.

Now, what should I do? Of course I must get out of the wood; and to do that safely I must go back by the way we had come. I looked to my pistols and started. The sun gave me my direction, so I could make no mistake. By-and-by I heard the tread of a horse ahead, and as quickly as possible I found shelter behind a huge pine tree.

The horse came along within a hundred yards of me. The horseman was my honest countryman who feared I might be a robber, and the horse was the one I had owned an hour before. The animal still foamed at the mouth, but cantered along without apparent trouble. So the "poison" had not been so very deadly; and, moreover, the punching in the gut had not been without its effect. Surely the plan had been a cute one, and the game had been adroitly played—only I had chanced to gain one effective play before their game could be finished.

I remained behind the tree until the horseman disappeared and then moved on again. Had I been nearer to the rascal I might have intercepted him, but as it was the thing could not well be done. I hurried forward with all possible speed, and in a little while after I reached the highway I had the good fortune to be overtaken by a man in a wagon. When I first hailed him he drew a pistol, and seemed disinclined to stop; but in a moment more he recognized me as one whom he had seen on the road beyond Clayville the day before, and finally pulled up and addressed me. I soon convinced him that I was an honest man, and he took me in. He was bound to Booneton, and was glad that he had found a safe company; but I did not tell him what I had discovered. I explained the fact of my being afoot by telling how my horse had failed me by the wayside.

I reached Booneton by the middle of the forenoon, where I found two shrewd, intelligent-looking officers, to whom I communicated my secret, and together we laid a plan for finding the robbers. On the following day we disguised ourselves and proceeded to that point in the road where the trained horse had turned off into the wood, but we found nothing. On the next day we went again, and this time we had the good fortune to meet a man carrying horse-trader astride of the very animal that had carried me to the brook. He did not recognize me, and readily stopped when my companions halted him; and, as may be supposed, we captured him without much trouble. At first he expressed much surprise, but when he came to recognize me he ceased his railing and professed a willingness to go with us where we pleased. We carried him to Booneton, and while the officers were taking him into the tavern I took good care that his horse was safely housed in the stable.

The fellow gave his name as Mark Sackett, and swore that he knew nothing of any robbers or anything of that kind, and touching the affair of the horse, he declared that that was something which he could not explain. He said that he saw me when I was carried into the woods, and as the horse I had left with him began to revive he had mounted and followed me. Beyond this we could get nothing from him.

But I had an idea of my own. I believed that if there was a haunt of robbers anywhere in the wood, the prisoner's horse would take us there, and when I gave my opinion to the officers, they jumped at the conclusion. It was now only an hour past noon, and in less than an hour we had twenty men, well mounted and well armed, ready to follow us. The black horse was led out, saddled and bridled, and I took my seat upon his back, and he behaved

well as he started off. In fact, he seemed to like the company of the other horses, and to be proud of leading them. When we reached the wood I gave him the rein, and he turned off just where he had turned with me before; but he did not dash away this time as he had done on that former occasion. Being in the society of steady horses seemed to sober him down, and he led the way as a well-disposed pioneer should.

On by the very path I had been before—across the brook where I had made my leap—and then away through the dark, deep wood beyond. By and by we came to another stream, upon the opposite side of which arose a high perpendicular bluff, and it appeared to us that there could not possibly be any passage that way. But the black horse pushed into the stream, and when he reached the other side he walked down a few rods in the shallow water, and then turning to the right he entered a narrow pass which had been before invisible.

A little way through this curious passage, and we came into a deep, circular basin or hollow, walled in upon all sides by an almost perpendicular bank, and here, sitting beneath some small trees, we found six men. They started up when they saw us, but as our pistols were quickly out they did not offer resistance. One of them, however, made a dash toward a point in the wall directly behind my two companions, but he was quickly stopped, and as my eye followed the course he had taken I discovered an open place in the face of the bluff like the mouth of a cavern.

I need not tell how we overcame the villains, nor need I transcribe the thousand and one wicked things they said. Suffice it for me to tell that we secured them, and that we then examined the opening in the bank which I had discovered. It proved, as I had suspected, to be the mouth of a large cavern, within which we found plenty of arms and ammunition, and also many valuable trinkets and other articles.

The whole thing had happened very fortunately for us. Had the robbers been in the cave when we entered the basin, or had they been in possession of their firearms, we might have had some hot work, for they were desperate characters; but we fairly caught them napping.

And one thing more; I discovered my two bank robbers in the party. We returned to Booneton, and after the rascals had been taken from jail, the one whom we had captured upon the road, and with whom I had changed horses, turned State's evidence, and his story was just about what I had expected. He said that the gang had been together for several years, operating in different parts of the country. The horse had been trained by one of their number, who had been an old circus performer, and had been taught, when sent away from home without any breakfast, to dash off with the victim as he had done with me. This was done to avoid any bloody scene near the highway. But the victim was not always taken to their cavernous retreat. When a prize was expected some of the gang stationed themselves along in the wood between the two streams, ready to stop the horse and dispatch the entrapped traveler, but I was assured that, if I had been taken across the first brook, I should have met my death very quickly afterwards. They had no accomplice at the inn. When a traveler was "spotted" either at Clayville or Booneton, one of their number was sent to look out for said traveler's horse, who, by careful management, had little difficulty in administering a sickening dose to the animal.

The rascals were tried, condemned and executed, and I retained possession of the trained horse, but I did not keep him long. One bright morning I missed him from the stable, and all search for him was vain. It is possible that the intelligent brute unfasted his own halter strap and ran away, but I have chosen to give the matter a different solution. I believe he was stolen by the honest-looking countryman in whose hands I first found him, and who was set at liberty on account of turning State's evidence.

The Chancellor's Practical Joke.

One day he went out snipe shooting with a friend. They had to trudge a weary march, into which Bismarck's companion, a short, stout, ponderous gentleman, suddenly sunk up to his armpits. After struggling some time to extricate himself and reach firm ground, he called aloud for help; and seeing his friend picking his way slowly toward him, looking about all the while to see whether a stray snipe would get up, he fervently implored him to let the confounded snipe alone and drag him out of the vile bog-hole, the muck of which was fast rising to his mouth and nose. "My beloved friend," answered Bismarck, with the utmost calm, "you will certainly never be able to scramble out of this hole; it is quite impossible to save you. It would pain me extremely to watch your futile struggle, or to see you slowly stifle in that disgusting filth. I'll tell you what, my boy: I'll spare you a protracted death agony through suffocation by lodging a charge of shot in your head. Thus shall you die with promptitude and dignity." "Are you beside yourself?" shouted the other, making frantic efforts to wriggle out of the swamp; "I don't want either to suffocate or to be shot; so help me out in the name of three devils." Raising his gun to his shoulder, and taking careful aim, Bismarck replied in a mournful accent: "Keep still for one second. It will soon be over. Farewell, dear friend: I will tell your wife all about your last moments." Stimulated to superhuman exertions by the danger threatening him so imminently, the unlucky sportsman contrived somehow to wrench himself out of the mud, and crawled on all fours to terra firma. As soon as he felt himself safe he burst into a torrent of vehement reproaches. Bismarck, smiling, listened to him awhile; then simply remarking: "You see I was right; every one for himself," turned his back upon his infuriated companion, and strolled off leisurely to look for more snipe. —Dr. Busch's Life of Bismarck.

—A "theatrical" mission has been started in London by the Salvation Army.

A Just Punishment.

Mr. Abednego Jones thought that he could play a joke on his friend Patterson, the merchant. The other day Abednego went into Patterson's room to speak to him concerning a matter of business, and seeing a new pair of pantaloons lying across a chair, he chuckled and said:

"By George, I'll have Pat on his head. I'll take these pants and he'll think that some one has stolen them."

He took the trousers and carried them to his own room. Shortly afterwards, while Abednego was standing in the hallway, Patterson came along and said rather excitedly:

"Have you seen anybody come out of my room?"

"Yes, saw a fellow come out just now with a bundle of something under his arm."

"That's the feller."

"What feller?"

"The feller that stole my new pants. Just paid eighteen dollars for them. Wish I could catch him. It's just my luck. I wanted to go away on a little trip and wanted to wear them."

Patterson went back into his room and Abednego caught hold of the bandsters and laughed. "I'll give 'em back to him in a day or two," he mused.

"He's always playing pranks on a feller and I'll teach him a lesson."

Patterson went to the chief of police and made a statement, requesting him to secure the thief if possible. "I am going away to-day," said he, "and if you catch the thief beyond a doubt, why deal with him to the full extent of the law."

The chief employed a detective to take the matter in hand, gave him a description of the property, and told him to keep the sharpest kind of a lookout. The detective went to Patterson's room in the Colindale building, and while passing Abednego's door, saw that gentleman hold up and examine a pair of trousers. His suspicions were aroused, and entering the room, he said:

"Where did you get them trousers?"

"None of your business."

"Ain't it?"

"No, it ain't."

"Well, it just is. What's your name?"

"None of your business."

"Ain't it? Get out of my room."

The detective went down, learned Abednego's name, and procured a warrant for his arrest. When he again entered the room Abednego was sitting in a rocking-chair, smoking a cigarette.

"Cap'n, I want you."

"Yes, confound your ugly mug, and I want you. I want you to get out of my room."

"I'll get out, Cap'n, but I'll have to take you with me," and the detective read the warrant.

"That's only a joke," said Abednego. "Is it?"

"Of course it is."

"Well, come on up to the City Hall, and we'll see."

"I shall do no such thing."

"Won't you?" and the officer seized the young man and snapped a pair of handcuffs on him. He begged piteously, but the officer led him through the streets. A large crowd collected, and the report that the prisoner had committed murder was circulated. The crowd wanted to mob Abednego. The young man was taken before a Justice of the Peace. He related the story, how he would play a joke on his friend, but no one believed him. He was sent to jail to await trial. Every effort to reach Patterson by telegraph failed, and Abednego was compelled to remain in a cage among a party of criminals. The morning paper contained a long account of the affair, lamenting the fact that Abednego Jones, who stood so high as a Sunday-school teacher, should be arrested on such a charge. The paper went on to say that the proof was direct, and that Mr. Patterson, not wishing to appear against his former friend, had gone away from the city. The evening paper spoke of Abednego's love of dress, and said that many of his friends had long suspected his dishonesty. Miss Lorena Miles, the prospective wife of the young man, sent him a note breaking the engagement, and in cruel words said: "My father has never had any use for you, believing you to be a thief."

When Patterson returned the matter was explained, and the young man was liberated, but his former friends persistently refuse to recognize his innocence. It is a great pity that all practical jokers do not receive a similar reward. —Arkansas Traveler.

The Bang.

It is only a few years since the bang was unknown amongst us, and although it has achieved popularity, we are notified that the day of its glory is past, that its renown is on the wane, and that it must prepare to return to sweet simplicity and severe, unmitigated primness.

"From thee how shall we part?"

Girls who were almost plain have become pretty under its regimen; faces past their first bloom have borrowed something youthful from its kindly spell; it has softened the most severe outlines; it covers a multitude of unbecoming wrinkles. Shall we be content to surrender it without a murmur? Will the pretty girl be glad to drop her mask and resume her native homeliness? Will the eye that has been used to the line of beauty be pleased with precision? To be sure, there are some faces upon which bangs would seem like an intrusion, but to most of us it has become dear as the apple of our eye. What homely intellects and foreheads will emerge from seclusion when the fiat has gone forth! what disclosure of waning locks which the crimp mercifully concealed! And what shall we do with the shorn tresses before they have time to grow in grace? how shall we coax them to abandon the kink we have been to such trouble to invoke? These are conundrums that we celebrate; it has added a new terror to high winds and damp weather; there are bangs and bangs, and one would be glad to see a certain moderation observed in them, which should delegate them to their proper sphere without permitting them to trespass upon the eyebrows, and should dictate to her who needs the support of her forehead the propriety of not hiding it behind a picture of curls and snarls. We shall,

perhaps, be glad when all femininity no longer confronts the world with the same style of coiffure, the scullion as well as the lady of elegant leisure, whether it harmonizes with her face or no, whether she is obliged to struggle night and day to retain the illusive wave, or whether nature curled it for her, and relieved her of so much anxiety and toil and expenditure of bandoline. When the bang has become a thing of the past, when not even a select few or an eccentric spinster dares to patronize it, we shall wonder, perhaps, that such a frivolous style could ever have found favor with young and old, rich and poor, that the matron could have believed it appropriate to her years as to sweet sixteen, while the photograph book of to-day will seem a travesty upon the taste of the period. —Harper's Bazar.

Fish Lines Six Miles Long.

"They fish with lines six miles long in Winnebago Lake, Wisconsin, and use 20,000 hooks on every line," said a New York fisherman who has been there, "and if they don't haul up 2,000 fish they call it indifferent luck. And every fish will weigh from twenty to seventy pounds. That's the way they fish for sturgeon out there."

"One of these lines will reach half way across the lake. It is a rope an inch in diameter. It is carried out in the lake, large buoys being attached to it at intervals to keep it on the surface. The 20,000 hooks, baited with pieces of meat or fish, are lowered to the bottom of the lake by 'snoods' of the proper length, attached to the line. It takes twenty boats, with two men in each, to look after this big fish line. Each boat has 1,000 hooks in its charge. The hooks are placed eighteen inches apart, and to bait all the hooks once requires not less than 1,000 pounds of meat. It takes the forty men and twenty boats ten hours to set the line for the first time. After that the fishermen are constantly employed in going to and fro over the line, hauling in the sturgeon that have been caught on the hooks, and rebaiting where it is necessary."

"To haul in a seventy-pound sturgeon from the bottom of the lake is an exciting piece of work, but requires more strength than skill, as the fish always has the hook several inches down his throat, having sucked bait and all down without any regard to consequences. There is no danger of losing the fish unless the snood or the hook breaks. When the fish is hauled to the surface a gaff, like a meat hook, is thrust into the side of its head, and the sturgeon is drawn into the boat and knocked in the head with a mallet. The hook is cut out of its throat, rebaited and thrown back into the lake."

"The average catch of sturgeon is one to every ten hooks. When a boat is loaded with all it will carry of sturgeon, the fishermen row back to shore, where others take the fish and dispose of them. The fishermen know the particular sections of the line on which they work by the arrangement of the buoys. These are placed ten feet apart, and every fifth one is red. The space between the red buoys contain 1,000 hooks. The sections are numbered, and each boat has its number corresponding with the section it fishes. While the average catch is one sturgeon to ten hooks, it is no uncommon thing for the fishermen to find but one or two on an entire section of 1,000 hooks."

"The Lake Winnebago sturgeon is highly prized among the lumbermen and others in the region. Its flesh is finer, and of better flavor than the salt water sturgeon's. The fish sells for six cents a pound at retail. Large quantities are salted and smoked, for use in the lumber camps." —N. Y. Sun.

The Boys and their Father.

We most earnestly commend to the fathers of America the example of the father of President Eno, of the Second National Bank of New York. When the young man, while amusing himself by playing bank President, had involved the toy to the amount of \$2,000,000, his indulgent papa steps in and says: "Ah, my son, you have broken your new play-thing. That is very careless. Here, paste this \$2,000,000 plaster on the broken place and it will be all right. Now go into the nursery and get your arithmetic and then study your arithmetic lesson." That's something like a father. And, you see the kind of a boy that kind of a father is pretty liable to bring up. Good boy of the kind, no doubt, but not exactly the kind of a boy the other boys want to deposit their money with. And seriously, aren't the "boys" of New York running things a little too much to the exclusion of the old gentleman, lately? And wouldn't it be well for the public if the old gentleman came down to the office a little earlier in the morning and looked over the books himself, once in a while? You see, we have been told so much about the young man, and his courage and ambition and energy and shrewdness and all that sort of thing, that we have been disposed to push the old gentleman back into the easy chair and let slipers by the fire, while the boy flew around and run the business under the firm name of "Young Hyson and Father," and made things howl generally. And he has made them howl. He has run things, but he has run them into the ground. He has bit off more than he could chew. So long as the young man bites from his own plug nobody cares a cent how much he takes, or how badly he chokes. It is then his own cremation. But when he begins to lay tricky hands on the plugs of confiding depositors, when he asks you for a little bite, just enough to fill a hollow tooth, and then keeps the plug and hands you back the bite or even retains both bite and plug himself, the public has a right to demand that the young man go back to the broom and the shoe-counter until he has learned the rudiments of business. It is becoming painfully apparent that as a manager of colossal enterprises the New York young man is just about as young as a young man of the same age from the prairies.—Burlington Hawkeye.

"Lady, to small boy with dog—

"Johnny, does that dog bark at night?"

"Johnny, who is a connoisseur in dogs—

"No ma'am; he barks at cats and other dogs."

"Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything."

High Expectations Fulfilled.

The Independent element of the Republican party has fulfilled the high expectations that were entertained of it and bolted the nomination of James G. Blaine. We congratulate the Times, the Post, the Brooklyn Union, the Philadelphia Times and Ledger, the Boston Herald and Advertiser, the Buffalo Commercial and Express, the Rochester Post-Express, the Chicago News, the Springfield Republican and the rest of the Independent Republican organs on their courage, honesty and consistency. It is so much easier to swallow humiliation, eat words and slink along behind the party than to defy established custom and organized pressure and dare to stand alone. The sentiment which moves these Independent journals to revolt is a wholesome one, and highly creditable to those who entertain it.

The situation is peculiar. The division is not on an abstract principle, but on the personal character of a candidate. The rebellious minority is strongly Republican. Not for a moment does it admit that Democratic principles are better than Republican. But if a good man is nominated it unquestionably desires the success of the Democratic party. The Republican party organization is corrupt to the core. Its candidate envelops in his unique personality all the most vicious excrecences that have grown out of the party during its career of unbridled power. Moreover, he is a confessed bribe-taker and a fascinating and tolerant political profligate. To men of sound morals, of decent lives, of elevated conceptions of political duty, such a man is inevitably repugnant. When he is chosen by acclamation in a National convention, it shows that not the most distinguished men only, but a majority of all the representatives of the Republican party have equally low views of public duty and personal integrity. With these, conscientious men can not remain.

But if honor is the impulse, confidence is the backbone of this Independent Republican movement. Two years ago it showed its strength in one of the most magnificent vindications of the principle of pure nominations ever witnessed. Then, too, the minority has force of character, and because of it is self-reliant. It knows itself and what it wants. It will not compromise, halt, shift, or back down. Composed of no empty idealists or flighty theorists or chronic wranglers, but of men who are better Republicans than partisans and better patriots than either, it holds enough votes to punish if not to rule. It is the citizen soldiery of Republican politics, made up of men who do not fight in conventions for a livelihood. At general elections these men are accustomed to vote under orders, as it were, for the candidate of the regular army. But their leaders lead only on sufferance. When it is worth the trouble to hold an opinion of their own, they hold it for all the trouble is worth.

While the Democratic party would have won the next election without the assistance of the anti-Blaine element, it will be glad to have the anti-Blaine votes. We believe the Independents are sincere in offering to endorse any good Democrat, and we will give them such a sterling candidate at Chicago in July that they will forget the novelty of their position in the pleasure of helping to elect him.—Washington Post.

Will Not Support Him.

There will be nothing ambiguous about the defeat of Mr. Blaine. He who runs may clearly read the verdict in advance. "A candidate unworthy of confidence and a party too careless of its own honor to be longer trusted with the Nation's." That defeat will be the salvation of the Republican party. It will arouse its torpid conscience, it will stir it to self-purification, it will depose the false leaders who have fastened themselves upon it, it will send the rogues to the background, and will make the party once more worthy of honor and of power in the Republic it has so nobly served. When the party has passed through the fires of defeat and is well rid of its peccant humors it will come back to the impregnable ground of right it stood on when it beat down treason and disunion, to a position in which it shall embody the highest and best impulses of America life, to a state of heart and mind which shall fit it to be again the custodian of that matchless trust, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

One word as to the position of the Times. It will not support Mr. Blaine for the Presidency. It will advise no man to vote for him, and its reasons for this course are perfectly well understood by everybody that has ever read it. Without the mention of names the course of the Times was foreshadowed in its issue of May 29, when it replied to the question of a correspondent in these words:

"If the nominee of the Chicago Republican Convention is a man worthy to be President of the United States, the New York Times will give him a hearty and vigorous support. If he shall be a man unworthy to hold that great office, a man who personally and politically, in office or out, represents principles and practices which the Times shall find it counselled its party to shun, we shall watch with great interest the efforts of those responsible for such a nomination to elect their candidate, but we can give them no help."

The interest the Times will take in this canvass is that of a friend and physician. It is not with cynical indifference, but with unspeakable sadness, that it sees the Republican party perversely set its face toward error and its feet in the wrong paths, for it has done some service to the party. But with patience and with unflinching hope the Times will cheerfully and with sincerity labor to set the party right again, and when it shall have had its new birth to draw to it all that is soundest, best, and worthiest in the manhood of this Republic.—N. Y. Times (Rep.).

The popular belief which assigns the origin of the bagpipe to Scotland is a mistake. Long before it sounded "the war note of Lochiel" it had been heard in various countries of Europe, especially in Rome, where it was held in so much esteem that Nero gave it a place on the coin of the Empire. The famous instrument has always been popular in Scotland. The magistrate of Aberdeen in 1630 forbade its being played in the streets of that city.—Chicago Times.

A curled mustache is the latest freak of fashion. New York barbers produce a beautiful curl for twenty-five cents.—N. Y. News.

The Chase County Courant.
Official Paper of Chase County.
W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

The Babyland for July, published by D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, Mass., subscription fifty cents a year, a nice little monthly magazine, is on our table.

The Kansas delegation paid handsomely for their whistle at Chicago. The eighteen members were assessed \$255 each for their five days' sojourn there, making a total of \$4,590.

Our Little Men and Women and Pansy, excellent little monthly magazines, for July, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass., at \$1 and 75 cents, respectively, are on our table.

The Christian Register says: "There can be no mistake as to the feeling of many intelligent and conscientious voters over the nominations made at Chicago. These voters have no further interest in the Republican party."

No magazine has been more successful in entering to the wants of the household than Demorest's Illustrated Monthly. The July number embraces a variety of reading well calculated to entertain and instruct. The steel engraving, "The Storm," is very fine, and the illustrations generally good.

If the Democrats nominate good men from New York and Indiana, they can safely count on both those States, this fall. Then suppose the Greenbackers and Anti-Monopolists concentrate their forces and pull Ben Butler through in Massachusetts, where will Jim and John get their electoral votes?—Council Grove Cosmos.

The Democratic Convention will meet in Chicago, next Tuesday, and while what we may say will not influence a single vote in that convention, it is our opinion that the ticket to be put in the field will be Senator Thurman, of Ohio, and Senator McDonald, of Indiana. With this ticket in the field, the Democrats can carry New York, Ohio and Indiana, and what more do they want, unless it be to sweep the country, as by a tidal wave?

The following papers supported Garfield but bolt Blaine: New York Times, Truth, Telegram, Herald, Staats Zeitung, Puck, Harper's Weekly and Post, Brooklyn Union, Philadelphia Times and Record, Boston Herald, Transcript and Advertiser, Springfield Republican, Reading (Pa.) Eagle, Chicago Herald, News and Staats Zeitung, Buffalo News and Express, Rochester Herald, New Haven News, Newport News, Worcester Spy and Gazette, St. Louis Post and Syracuse Herald.

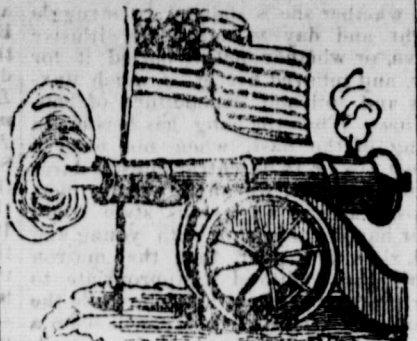
"There must be," says the Clavion (Pa.) Democrat, "a tremendous amount of latent good feeling between the Blainites and Stalwarts, when it provokes a bar room fight in a quiet Pennsylvania village, in which three lives are reported lost. About forty-five men were engaged in the affray, and warrants are out for thirty-five. John Sherman should take his Danville committee to Perry county. The killed and wounded were all of the anti-Blaine persuasion, but good Republicans."

WHAT THEY DID.
The Central Committee of the 20th Senatorial District, composed of Chase, Marion and Morris counties, convened in the parlors of the Hotel Coolidge, in this city, yesterday.

The committee, as present, consisted of Messrs. W. S. Smith and P. D. Montgomery, of Chase; T. K. Johnson and J. M. Miller, of Marion, and W. A. Stanton and S. T. Howe, of Marion. There were present, also, from the district Messrs. F. P. C. Morgan, W. H. Carter and W. A. Morgan.

Mr. Wm. S. Smith, of Chase county, Chairman of the Committee, presided. The convention to nominate a candidate for State Senator was set for July 23d, 1884, at 10 o'clock, a. m. It is to be held at Council Grove, and is to consist of seven delegates from Chase county, eleven from Marion county and ten from Morris county, with an equal number of alternates from each. This apportionment is based on the vote of James Smith, Secretary of State, in 1882. A vote of thanks was tendered the proprietor of the Hotel Coolidge for courtesies extended to the committee.—Emporia Republican, June 26.

FOURTH OF JULY.



The Fourth of July will be duly celebrated at the Fair Grounds west of town. Everybody is invited, and a good time is anticipated. The following is the PROGRAMME.

Salute of 38 guns at sunrise. 10 o'clock, a. m.—Procession from the Court house to the grove, in which the Burns Club and other civic societies will take part, led by the Cottonwood Falls cornet band.

10:30, a. m.—Calling to order. Music by cornet band. Prayer by the Chaplain. Reading of Declaration of Independence, by J. C. Davis. National song with band accompaniment.

Oration, by Judge L. Houk. Music by cornet band. Original poem. Basket dinner.

Music by cornet band. Toasts as follows, interspersed with music by cornet band: "Our Country," F. P. Cochran. "American Ladies," A. W. Harris. "Perpetuation of American Institutions," W. M. Crichton. "Future of the Republic," J. K. Crawford.

"Past, Present and Future of Kansas," T. H. Grisham. "Influence of Education on the People," Elmer Johnson. "Foreigners in America—Their Patriotism," John Madden. Amusements on the speed ring, consisting of trotting and running races, for purses of \$50 each.

4 p. m.—Six large balloons, 15 feet high, will be sent up from Floral Hall.

8 p. m.—A grand pyrotechnic display, including 12 illuminated balloons.

Followed by a grand ball in Music Hall, music by Emporia Knights Templar Orchestra.

ELMDALE ITEMS.
ELMDALE, KAS., June 30, 1884. To the Editor of the Courant:

Fine growing weather, and the crops look fine; but, owing to the wet some time ago, the corn got too large to plow, in some places, before it was clean.

Our town is still improving. The frame of the church is up and ready for cover and siding. We also hear that S. E. Yeoman is to build in town.

It was circulated that one of Elmdale's leading Republicans was to speak at the school house on last Saturday evening, but, owing to the fact that nobody went to hear him, he did not speak; and, right here, it would be proper to state that the people are getting tired of being gagged into voting the Republican ticket just because it is the Republican; they must have some better reason, as they are getting weary of paying taxes to support the rich in idleness. If I had stolen Little Rock and Fort Smith R. R. bonds and you would vote for me, how much better would you be than I? The thinking people will consider these matters before they cast their ballot.

There were seven cars of cattle shipped from here on Saturday. The mercury stood at 100° in the shade at one time, I believe, last week. NEPTUNE.

THAT COLLEGE PROPOSITION.
The meeting of the citizens, at the Court-house, last Monday night, to consider the proposition to build a college at Cottonwood Falls, was called to order by S. P. Young, who nominated Ed. Pratt for Chairman, and who was elected.

C. F. Nesbit was elected Secretary.

S. P. Young stated and explained the proposition, substantially as it appeared in last week's COURANT.

T. O. Kelley offered the following, which was adopted: Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the people of Chase county should accept the proposition of the Christian Church to establish and maintain a college at Cottonwood Falls, and we should organize for that purpose.

A Board of Trustees was then elected, as follows: President, J. M. Tuttle; Vice President, Jabin Johnson; Treasurer, Edwin Pratt; Corresponding Secretary, J. W. Griffin; Secretary, T. O. Kelley. Charter proposed by S. P. Young discussed.

Moved by S. P. Young that it is the sense of this meeting, that the Board proceed to incorporate, and begin a canvass for stock. Carried.

On motion of M. A. Campbell, the capital stock of the association was fixed at \$50,000. On motion of J. W. Griffin, the shares were fixed at \$25 each.

PATENTS GRANTED.

The following patents were granted to citizens of Kansas, during the week ending June 24, 1884, reported expressly for this paper by Jos. H. Hunter, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, 934 F Street, Washington, D. C.: George E. Britton, Fredonia, device for fastening removable pins to brooches; Robert H. Cornett, Emporia, vehicle spring; Wm. Ellis, Jr., North Lawrence, road scraper.

CHEAP MONEY.

Interest at 7 per cent., on two, three, four, or five years time, real estate security. Call on Thos. O. Kelley, at Young & Kelley's Law Office. nov23-tf.

FOR SALE.

A stone blacksmith shop with two fires and all necessary tools; also, a residence of five rooms, good cellar and well, and two lots. Apply at this office or to Wm. C. Giese, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

CASH.

For eggs, butter, chickens and other products, at Pennell's restaurant

DRY GOODS, ETC.

THE GREAT EMPORIUM!

FERRY & WATSON

Desire everybody to know that they have one of the

BEST & LARGEST STOCKS

Of goods ever brought to this market.

CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

COFFINS

FURNITURE,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CLOTHING,

HATS AND CAPS,

QUEENSWARE,

GLASS WARE,

TIN WARE,

And, in fact, anything

NEEDED BY MAN

During his existence on earth.

BE SURE TO GO TO

FERRY & WATSON'S,

Cottonwood Falls, Kas.

and

YOU WILL BE PLEASED

With their

BARGAINS.

Jan3-tf

Garden Growth Teas.

Families can save about one half by sending to us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years.

HARDWARE, TINWARE, WAGONS, ETC.

M. A. CAMPBELL, DEALER IN

HARDWARE! Enclosed-Gear Mower.

STOVES, TINWARE.

Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse-shoes, Horse-nails; a full line of Wagon and Buggy Material, Iron & Wood Pumps, a complete line of

STEEL GOODS!

FORKS, SPADES, SHOVELS, HOES, RAKES & HANDLES.

Carries an excellent stock of

Agricultural Implements,

Consisting of Breaking and Stirring Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Wheelbarrows, &c., and is Agent for the well-known

Wood Mowing Machine, and best makes of Sulky Hay Rakes

Glidden Fence Wire.

Sole agent for this celebrated wire, the best now in use.

Full Line of Paint & Oil on Hand.

A COMPLETE TINSHOP.

I have an experienced tinner in my employ and am prepared to do all kinds of work in that line, on short notice, and at very low prices.

WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

Established in 1867;

ALWAYS ON HAND

Harness, Saddles, Blankets,

Robes, and Everything Belonging to the

HARNESS BUSINESS;

ALSO, TRUNKS, VALISES & BEST OSAGE COAL FOR SALE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To whom it may concern: I announce myself as a candidate, on the principles of temperance, for the position of Senator. Yours, truly, W. H. CARTER.

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS'

Chase County Land Agency

ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

Special agency for the sale of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad lands wild lands and stock ranches. Well watered, improved farms for sale. Lands for improvement or speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. ap27-1yr

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

DRS. STARKES & PALEN

NOT A DRUG

A NEW TREATMENT.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all chronic and Nervous Disorders.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, having received great and permanent benefit from the use of "COMPOUND OXYGEN," prepared and administered by Drs. STARKES & PALEN, of Philadelphia, and being satisfied that it is a new discovery in medical science, and that it is claimed for it, consider it a duty which we owe to many thousands who are suffering from chronic and so-called "Incurable" diseases to do all that we can to make its virtues known and to inspire the public with confidence.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

THOS. H. GRISHAM,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

Office upstairs in National Bank building, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. feb2-tf

MADDEN BROS.,

Attorneys - at - Law,

Office, Court-house, Cottonwood Falls, Will practice in state and Federal courts. All business placed in our hands will receive careful and prompt attention. aug16-tf

C. N. STERRY,

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Will practice in the several courts of Lyon Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein. jyl3

CHAS. H. CARSWELL,

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Topeka, Kansas, (Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Ideno, Rice and Barton. feb2-tf

J. V. SANDERS, J. A. SMITH,

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7 and 8 Per Cent!

CALL ON

W. H. HOLSINGER.

TREES! TREES! TREES!

Farmers, Planters, Tree Dealers and everybody who feels at all interested in the subject of TREE GROWING, will confer a favor by sending a postal card for copy of my catalogue for season of 1884, free to all. Prices low. Trees good, and packing superior. Address J. C. PINNEY, Proprietor Sturgeon Bay Nursery, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. mch27-tf

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"A. Affenator," "Home Ruler," "Palace Car," "Golden Days" and "Nancy." oct26-6m

WELLS! WELLS! WELLS!

WHO WANTS WATER?

J. B. BYRNES

Has the

GIANT WELL DRILL

Nine Inch Bore,

The

Largest in the Country

Guarantees His Work

To Give Satisfaction;

TERMS REASONABLE.

WELLS PUT DOWN

ON SHORT NOTICE.

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COTTONWOOD FALLS, OR

STRONG CITY, CHASE COUNTY, KAS. mch16-1y

JO. OLLINGER,

Central Barber Shop,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

Particular attention given to all work in my line of business, especially to ladies' shampooing and hair cutting. Cigars can be bought at this shop.

TUTT'S

PILLS

TORPID BOWELS,

DISORDERED LIVER,

and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels constive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Erection of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected one's health, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Liver and Skin is also prompt, removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have regular passages. I feel like a new man."

W. D. EDWARDS, Fairbury, O. Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

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TUTT'S ANNUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

The Chase County Court.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.,
THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1884.

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

"No fear shall awe, 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.

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2 weeks	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00
3 weeks	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50
4 weeks	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00
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25 weeks	13.00	13.50	14.00	14.50	15.00	15.50	16.00	16.50	17.00	17.50	18.00	18.50
26 weeks	13.50	14.00	14.50	15.00	15.50	16.00	16.50	17.00	17.50	18.00	18.50	19.00
27 weeks	14.00	14.50	15.00	15.50	16.00	16.50	17.00	17.50	18.00	18.50	19.00	19.50
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37 weeks	19.00	19.50	20.00	20.50	21.00	21.50	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50
38 weeks	19.50	20.00	20.50	21.00	21.50	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00
39 weeks	20.00	20.50	21.00	21.50	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50
40 weeks	20.50	21.00	21.50	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00
41 weeks	21.00	21.50	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50
42 weeks	21.50	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00
43 weeks	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50
44 weeks	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00
45 weeks	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50
46 weeks	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00
47 weeks	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00	29.50
48 weeks	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00	29.50	30.00
49 weeks	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00	29.50	30.00	30.50
50 weeks	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00	29.50	30.00	30.50	31.00
51 weeks	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00	29.50	30.00	30.50	31.00	31.50
52 weeks	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00	29.50	30.00	30.50	31.00	31.50	32.00

CITY AND COUNTY NEWS.

OSAGE MILLS.

J. S. SHIPMAN, Proprietor.

CUSTOM WORK

SOLICITED.

MARKET PRICES

—PAID FOR—

WHEAT AND CORN.

Manufactures

"GILT EDGE"

—AND—

"THE CHOICE OF THAT WIFE OF MINE."

Corn Meal, Bran, Graham

Flour and Chop

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Osage Mills, near Elmdale, Chase co., Kas.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

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

Cloudy, yesterday.

Warm, warmer, warmest.

Subscribe for the COURANT.

Strong wind, Monday night.

Mr. L. W. Heck has returned from Wisconsin.

Mr. J. J. Massey has moved into the Perrigo house.

Much of the wheat in this county has taken the rust.

Mr. N. A. Dobbins was down to Emporia, Monday.

Mr. E. F. Bauerle was down to Emporia, Monday.

Mr. F. P. Cochran was down to Emporia, last week.

Mr. Alfonso Biagi, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is in town.

Mr. Geo. Hughes has our thanks for three bottles of beer.

Mr. Thos. Baker and wife went East on a visit, last Sunday.

Mr. Charles Hagans' wife and child were very sick, last week.

Mr. C. I. Maule, of Strong City, was down to Emporia, last week.

Mr. S. K. Hartman, of Kansas City, came to town last Thursday.

Township Trustee S. A. Perrigo is putting a new floor on the bridge.

Messrs. Johnson & Thomas have put an awning in front of their store.

Mr. Thos. Baker has bought the old jail property where he is now living.

The Chase County Teachers' Institute began, Monday, with a good attendance.

Mr. Jos. G. Faris, of Diamond Creek, was down to Kansas City, last week.

Mr. J. S. Shipman and daughter, of Elmdale, were over at Council Grove, last week.

Mrs. Clements, of Ohio, is visiting at her brother-in-law's, Mr. Robert Clements.

Mr. Arch Miller has been appointed administrator of the estate of Asa Taylor, deceased.

Sixteen pounds of brown sugar for \$1.00, for cash only, for one week, at Ferry & Watson's.

Mrs. Evans, of Illinois, sister of Mrs. Jas. McChandlee, is visiting here, with a view to locating.

Mr. Wm. H. Stephenson, of Sumner county, formerly of this county, is visiting friends here.

The postoffice in this city will be open on July 4th, between 7 and 9 o'clock, a. m., and 4 and 6, p. m.

Born, on Saturday, June 21st, 1884, to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Hilt, of Diamond Ranch, a daughter.

Mr. Richard Cuthbert shipped seventeen head of cattle, averaging 1,450 pounds, to Kansas City, last week.

Mr. E. D. Hilliar, of Valley Falls, representing the Northwestern Masonic Insurance Co., is in town.

Died, in Lawrence, last Monday, of congestion of the bowels, Mrs. T. H. Warton, formerly of this county.

Mr. J. D. Minnick and J. C. Scroggin were down to Kansas City, last week, with several car loads of cattle.

The District Court began its two weeks' special session, last Tuesday. We will give the proceedings, next week.

Mr. H. S. F. Davis, of Peyton creek, and Mr. G. C. Millar, of South Fork, were down to Emporia, last Monday.

Mr. Wm. Smith, of Bittletown, Lyon county, was visiting his brother, Mr. Jos. A. Smith, of Strong City, last week.

Mr. J. R. Blackshore, of Elmdale, went to Arkansas City, Monday, with two car loads of Galway cattle for grazing.

The Santa Fe road announces special half rates for the Fourth of July, good for all points on the line, and tickets on sale to-day.

Mr. John D. Strouse, having sold his store building, south of the Congregational church, to Mr. P. Hubbard, has moved to Topeka.

Mrs. Clara Phelps, nee Cunningham, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was visiting friends and relatives on Fox creek, started home, last Thursday.

Married, in Emporia, on Monday, June 30, 1884, by Elder Lotz, Mr. Jay P. Carter, of Emporia, and Miss Ella C. Turner, of Toledo, Chase county.

Mr. T. O. Kelley was down to Emporia, Monday, and brought home his daughters, Blanch and Maud, who had been there visiting their grand-mother.

Mr. E. W. Brace will have the refreshment stand at the Fair Grounds on July 4th, and right well does he know how to satisfy the wants of the people.

The citizens of that old place will be astonished to know that the State papers are saying that "Matfield Green is the name of a new town in Chase county."

Born, on Sunday, June 29, 1884, at 3 o'clock, p. m., in Kansas City, Mo., to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. F. Hazel, formerly of this city, a son. At last accounts the mother and child were doing well.

Police Judge A. W. Harris, of Strong City, has resigned his position, and 'Squire John Miller has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Judge Harris has been appointed City Attorney of that place.

The Leavenworth Weekly Standard is one of the best Democratic papers published in the Missouri valley, and you can get it until January 1, 1885, for 50 cents, or you can get it and the COURANT for one year for \$2.25.

Married, on Thursday, June 26, 1884, at the residence of the bride's parents, in this city, by the Rev. W. B. Fisher, Mr. Chas. Burlin game, of Pawnee City, Nebraska, and Miss Clara Sanders, daughter of Mr. Wesley Sanders.

Judge D. K. Cartter, of the District of Columbia, arrived here, on Thursday evening last, accompanied by his grand-daughter, Miss Nannie Cartter, and his son, Dr. W. H. Cartter, who went to Kansas City to meet his father and daughter.

Mr. Ed. Bruner, who hauls brick from the brick yard to town, got into the deep hole in the river, just below the bridge, last Friday, but by the assistance of the brick-yard hands he and his team and wagon were got out of the river unharmed.

We understand there are only seven Republican aspirants for the State Senatorship and three for Representative. Gentlemen, a V will announce your desires to the people, through the COURANT. Do not be modest, but come on with your \$5 Williams.

The Republican County Convention, to nominate a county ticket and to elect delegates to the Senatorial Convention, as also to the State Convention, will meet in this city, at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Monday, July 14, 1884, and the primaries will be held at the usual hour and places on the previous Saturday.

Last Friday, while the thirteen-year-old and six-year-old sons of Mr. H. P. Coe were crossing the Cottonwood, above Elmdale, they got into deep water, and the wagon bed raised from the wheel and floated down the river; but the boys and horses got to shore unharmed; and the wagon and bed were afterwards got out of the river.

Last Friday night as one of Mr. E. W. Brace's daughter was going home from writing school she was followed and run nearly all the way home by some large boy or man. When she got home a search was made for the pursuer, but without avail. That same night some one tried to break into Mr. Virgil's house on Main street, opposite the school-house.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

There will be a meeting of the Democratic County Central Committee at the COURANT office, at 2 o'clock, p. m., on Saturday, July 12, 1884. The following named gentlemen compose the Central Committee: G. P. Hardesty, John Dowd, J. M. Beaman, Al. G. Meyers, John R. Holmes, E. Campbell, Richard Cuthbert, W. E. Timmons, W. H. Shaft and L. W. Coleman, and it is desired that they will all be present.

L. W. COLEMAN, Ch'm'n.
W. E. TIMMONS, Sec'y.

WANTED.
From twenty to forty acres of land broke on C. C. Watson's farm on Rock creek. Apply at Ferry & Watson's, in this city.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

Pay up your subscription. Flour at Ferry & Watson's. Boots and shoes at Breese's. Harness at Ferry & Watson's. Hats and caps at Ferry & Watson's.

Wanted, two girls, at the Union Hotel, dec6-1f

Good goods and bottom prices at Breese's.

Go to the Union Hotel for your ice cream.

First-class organs at E. Cooley's for \$50 cash. jy6-1f

Go to Ferry & Watson's for your boots and shoes.

Oranges, lemons, apples and cider, at Pennell's.

You can get your staple dry goods at Breese's.

A large stock of furniture at Ferry & Watson's.

Dry goods, clothing, etc., at Ferry & Watson's.

Go to Howard's mill if you want to get the best of flour.

Fresh goods all the time at the store of Breese, the grocer.

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

A car load of glass ware just received at Ferry & Watson's.

I have a few hundred cash in hand to loan. C. C. WHITSON.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The debt of New York City and county is \$130,000,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*
—The net profits of the Suez Canal for 1888 reached \$35,000,000 francs.
—Foreigners own 20,647,000 acres of land in this country.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The Nation receives about \$150,000,000 a year from the New York Custom-house.

—It takes 600,000,000 pounds of white paper annually to supply the newspapers of the world.—*Boston Herald.*
—Freund's Weekly figures up the losses of fifteen New York theatrical speculations during the season and makes the total \$186,870.

—About 6,000 palace, sleeping and hotel-cars are now operated by the Pullman Company in this country and in England.—*Chicago Times.*

—Minnesota is the greatest cold water State in the Union. It has within its borders 7,000 lakes, covering an area of 2,700,000 acres.—*St. Paul Press.*

—The domestic supply of wool of the United States for the year 1884 is estimated at about 330,000,000 pounds. This is an increase of about 10,000,000 pounds over 1883, and will represent for many years to come the largest clip ever raised in the United States.

—Most of the Coolies taken from India to work on plantations remain after the terms for which they are engaged expire and become good citizens. They are industrious and frugal, and some of them are Christians. On the island of Trinidad they already number 60,000.

—A New York dispatch from Havana shows that while the sugar crop—the most important crop of Cuba—will at the outside not exceed \$25,000,000 in value, the estimates for expenditures for the next fiscal year are about \$30,000,000; consequently the entire sugar crop will be insufficient to pay the taxes.

—Why should astronomers be longer lived than men engaged in other pursuits? For, unlike statistics lie, they are so. Comparison of the lives of 1,741 astronomers from ancient to modern times showed them to average 64 years and three months. It may be that this unusual longevity astronomers owe to the necessary quiet and seclusion in which much of their existence is spent, their remoteness from the wearing discontents and turmoils of the world, and something, too, perhaps, to the soothing and elevating influence of constant communion with silent spheres.—*Hour.*

—The school statistics of San Francisco show that the native element is gaining in that city. Of all the children in the city 20,904 are the children of native parents; 14,874 are of mixed parentage, and 48,216 of foreign parentage. The number of foreign-born children is only 888. In 1880-81 the figures stood as follows: Children of native parentage, 15,653; of mixed parentage, 10,440, and of foreign parentage, 50,288. The increase this year in the children of native parents is in round numbers 20 per cent; in the children of mixed parentage, 40 per cent; with a decrease of four per cent in the children of foreign parentage. Not long ago the children of foreign parentage were two to one of the natives. It is believed that by 1890 the children of native parents will be largely in excess of the others. The same change is going on in the voting population.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but it rests only in the bosom of a fool.

—Money is a two-face article. It can be your best friend or your worst enemy.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—The more self is indulged the more it demands, and, therefore, of all men, the selfish are the most discontented.

—Habit is likened to a cable. We weave threads of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—To each of us there is a time set, and if by the end of that time our task is not fulfilled, it can never be fulfilled.—*Kehle.*

—Time to Skip.—
Tata, my love, take,
My piece now champs his bit,
I hear the tread of your papa,
'Tis time that I should skip.

—Only in obedience to law is true freedom. Within certain limits we are free; overstep those limits and we are inexorably bound on every side. If we choose what is right and good we have all truth to expand in.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—A Pittsburgh fishing club has applied for a charter. We did not know before that a charter was a part of fishing apparatus; but, perhaps, our failure to catch anything heretofore has been the result of neglecting to take a charter along. We will remember this.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—"I think I saw you standing in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-day," said a New York young lady to a dude who was making an evening call. "Ya'as," it replied, with a silky look. "I saw-dine there every day, y'know." "Do you?" she sweetly said, "and don't you tire of toothpicks?"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—If a boy steadily improves his time, tries to learn his business, obeys his father and mother, is truthful and industrious, is respectful and pleasing toward others, he will succeed. No one can stop his doing well in life. He has determined that he will be a noble specimen of a man, and every good person will help him.

—"You are very late sending your evening mail out," said the editor to his daughter when he came home at two in the morning and met a timid, shrinking young man from the front door and the gate. "Not at all," answered the thoughtful girl; "Charles Henry is now a morning edition."—*Middleton Transcript.*

—The little brother came quietly into the parlor where Mr. Featherly was making an evening call, and, after looking eagerly around, remarked to his sister: "Aunt Jane is mistaken." "What is it?" his sister asked, pleasantly, patting the dear little fellow on the head, while Featherly gazed at the two in rapt admiration. "I don't see any cap," he replied, "but Aunt Jane just said you were in the parlor setting your cap for Mr. Featherly."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Russian Legend of Sitka.

Visitors to Sitka are at once attracted by the old castle on the hill, once the home of the Russian governor, who ruled with almost despotic power, but now, alas! converted into a United States signal station. Once destroyed by fire and once prostrated by an earthquake, it was each time rebuilt. Signs of dilapidation are observable, but its massive walls will probably stand for generations. The desolation of its appearance lends an added charm to the legends which hang about it. One of these traditions is to the effect that Baron Romanoff, when occupying the castle as governor, had in his household a niece, an orphan young lady, as all traditional maidens are or should be. She had bestowed her affections upon a young lieutenant, and when the Baron commanded her to wed a powerful prince, then stopping as a guest at the castle, she refused. The Romanoff, concealing his displeasure under a cloak of urbanity, gave the obstructing lieutenant an honorable command and dispatched him upon an expedition to some distance. During the absence of the lover the maiden yielded to the threats and demands of her stern uncle, and the wedding preparations were hastily made. The timid and heart-broken girl and the prince stood before the priest, who solemnized the forced union, the marriage bells rang out their mock peals of joy, and revelry held sway in the great hall of the castle. Suddenly the young lieutenant stood in the midst of the gay throng, his garments travel-stained and torn, and his countenance haggard with suffering. He paused before the unhappy maiden, took her hand in his, gazed into her face, and then upon the ring the Prince had placed upon her finger. Without uttering a word, and while the assembled guests were staring with amazement and curiosity, he drew a dagger from his belt and plunged it into her breast. He rushed from the castle and leaped into the sea, to find rest in the bosom of the waters. On the anniversary of her wedding night, the spirit of the murdered girl can be seen passing through the castle halls, dressed in her rich bridal robes, tears streaming from her eyes as she presses her hand over the wound in her breast. Often before a severe tempest she may be seen on the tower of the abandoned light-house, burning a light till dawn to guide the spirit of her lover on the stormy sea.—*Portland (Vre.) West Shore.*

The Right Railway.

The Right Railway, on the Lake of Lucerne, may be referred to as a marvel of railway enterprise. To make a line to the summit of a mountain five thousand feet high could certainly have been no ordinary undertaking. This railway, which will be briefly described, was opened in the year 1871, the terminus being at Yitman, the point of landing for steamers. The railway goes in an almost continuous and direct line five miles long, not, as might be imagined, by a zigzag route up the mountain, the view of the surrounding country extending in interest as the height increases. The route includes an inclined tunnel two hundred and twenty-five feet long, and a girder bridge across the Schnurbel Gorge. An extension of four miles from Kaltbad has been added to the original line, proceeding along the ridge of the mountain, 5,280 feet above the level of the sea. The line, which is a single one with a five-foot gauge, consists of three rails; the center rail is fitted with cogs. In other words, the middle rail is a ladder up which the engine climbs by means of cog wheels fitted below the floor. The engine has a very remarkable appearance, resembling very much a huge black bottle, and when on level ground it leans on one side as if about to fall. When ascending the incline the engine assumes an upright position. Only one carriage is attached; this is ten feet wide, and somewhat resembles our tramway cars. There are nine seats placed transversely, arranged to accommodate fifty-four passengers. In ascending the carriage is propelled instead of being drawn, but in the descent the locomotive precedes the carriage, and acts as a powerful brake. The train proceeds at a rate of about eight miles an hour. Great care is necessary to insure the road being kept in order, hence one mile of the line is under the superintendence of a man whose sole duty it is to precede the train and remove obstructions. The Right has been described as a mass of pudding, with millions of stones for plums; the danger is lest any of these stones should accidentally get into such a position as to prevent the proper working of the cog-wheel on the engine. A journey on this railway is looked upon by many as quite an adventure. Timid folks are advised to sit in the middle of a seat, so as to avoid the sight of the gulf and precipices over which the line runs.—*Exchange.*

What Should She Call Him.

What ought a wife to call her husband in speaking to a third person? Should she say, "My husband," or should she use the surname without any prefix, as Mrs. Carlyle used to talk of "Carlyle," or should she adopt another plan of "that lady's" and speak, as it were, of "Mr. C." Perhaps it is a matter of indifference in England, but in France a woman's usage in the matter is taken as a test of breeding. In the provinces, it seems, wives speak of their husbands as "monsieur," as if their particular "monsieur" were superior to all others. Or perhaps they think this style expresses an indifference indicative of "bon ton;" my husband, they imagine, would be vulgar. With the polite world of Paris, on the contrary, "my husband" is accepted as the proper phrase, subject to two exceptions. A very affectionate wife may speak of her husband by his Christian name, while after a certain age any other style except the surname, with the prefix "monsieur," is held to be ridiculous and a sign of "provincialism."—*Pull Mail Gazette.*

A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement; and these are bred in years, not in moments.—*F. D. Huntington.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—A subterranean Coptic Church of the fifth century has been just discovered on the site of ancient Thebes.

—The home industrial schools in New York have sheltered 30,000 children, and found country homes for 6,000.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The Superintendent of Schools for Steuben County, Indiana, reports that there is no child in the district between ten and twenty-one years of age unable to read and write.—*Chicago Times.*

—It is estimated that about 45,000 workmen are engaged in watchmaking in Switzerland. Excellent horological schools are established throughout the country, in which boys are taught the trade of watch-making in all its branches by the most skillful workmen to be found.

—Rev. H. W. Key, a colored presiding elder of Tennessee, having failed to receive expected aid from the church extension society, made and burned the brick with his own hands, and now has a church worth \$10,000, free from debt, and with an average congregation of 1,000.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The University of Pennsylvania has organized a new department of biology for experimental research as well as teaching of the higher class. At the head of the faculty is Dr. Joseph Leidy, professor of anatomy and zoology. The new department will receive women as well as men.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Thomas W. Bicknell, of Massachusetts, was elected President of the National Sunday-school Convention at Louisville recently. The report of the Statistical Secretary shows that there are 103,516 Sunday-schools, with 1,089,229 teachers and 8,056,799 pupils in the United States.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A significant sign of the times in France is the fact that hundreds of curacies remain vacant in that country for want of young priests, and in spite of this the Chamber of Deputies has refused to allow the exemption of ecclesiastical pupils from the three years' military service by the overwhelming majority of 386 to 91.

—The General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, at Pittsburgh, adopted the report of the Committee on Discipline that condemned liquor traffic licensed by the Government and provided for the excommunication of such members as dealt in spirituous liquors or who rented property to tavern-keepers. The last clause met with strong opposition, but after a heated discussion was adopted.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

How Paper Pails are Made.

At a paperware factory in Syracuse, intended to turn out five hundred paper pails a day, the process of making is thus described:
Rags and paper waste are steamed in vats for a few hours, and then thrown into beating troughs partly filled with water. The "beating" is done by a revolving cylinder with fifty knives set at different angles. The knives reduce the rags to a dirty purple pulp, and change the newspaper wrappers to a soft mass. About four hundred pounds of material are put under each beater. When paper and rags are each reduced to pulp, the opening of a trap let it run into the stuff chest. One part of rag pulp to three of paper is run into the chest. When pumped from the stuff chest into the trough of the winding machine, the future pail looks like thin water gruel. A hollow cylinder covered with brass wire splashes around in the trough, and the pulp clings fast to the wire. After the cylinder has performed a half revolution it comes in contact with another cylinder, covered with felt, that takes off the pulp. As the large cylinder goes down on the return trip, and just before dipping into the trough again, all little particles of pulp sticking to the wire are washed off by streams of water from a sieve. On the inside of the cylinder is a fan pump that discharges the waste liquid.

From the felt covered cylinder the pulp is paid on to the forming cylinder, so called. It is about the shape of the paper cone caps worn by bakers and cooks, but made of solid wood and covered with zinc, with the small end or bottom part of the pail toward the workman. The forming roll drops automatically when pulp of the required thickness is wound around it. From here the now promising pail is put in the pressing machine, which looks something like a silk hat block, in six sections, with perforated brass wire upper faces. The sections move from and to a common center, and the frame is the exact size of the pail wanted. The workman drops his damp skeleton of a pail into the frame, touches a lever, and the sections move to their center and squeeze the moisture out of the pail. The pail is still a little damp, and spends a few hours in the drying room at a temperature of about one hundred and fifty. The sections of the pressing machine mark the bands which are seen on the finished pail. After it is dry the pail is ironed, or calendared, as it is called. The pail is drawn, like a glove, over a steel forming roll, which is heated, and is ironed by another revolving calendar, with steam thrown on the pail to keep it moist as it were a shirt bosom. The pail, or rather its frame, is pared at each end, punched with four holes to fasten on the handle, and corrugated, or channeled, for the putting on of the iron hoops. A wooden plate large enough to spring the pail so that the bottom can be put in, is inserted and the paper bottom held under a weight which drops and knocks the bottom where it belongs. The factory has a machine of its own invention for the bending of the hoop into shape.

After it has been bent to the proper length and width, the straight strip of iron is run over a semi-circular edge of stone on which it is held, and drops on a floor a round hoop with a fold in the middle to catch the top and bottom edges of the pail. After a waterproof composition is put on, the pail is baked in a kiln for about forty-eight hours at a temperature between 200 and 300 degrees. It is dried after its first coat of paint, and sandpapered, and then takes two more coats of paint, with a drying between, and a coat of varnish which is baked on, before with its wooden handle and brass clamps—the pail is ready for the hand of the dairy-maid, hostler, or cook.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.*

Poor Little Billy.

"Please, Mr. Conductor, I ain't got no money, but I want to get home quick, for Billy's hurt very bad."

The speaker was a shabbily attired little girl, apparently about nine years of age, who had just entered a car near Dover street, carrying in her arms, wrapped in a faded shawl, what appeared to be a baby.

"I knows your car, mister," she continued, "it goes close to my street; and I'll get the money from father an' pay you."

"All right, sis," said the conductor, kindly. "How did the baby get hurt?" "It ain't a baby," she answered, "it's my brother Patsey's dog. He was run over by a herd of cattle."

"Cattle?" said the conductor, "what was the dog doing with the cattle?" "He had hard work speaking when there was a convulsive movement in the shawl, followed by a subdued yelp; then all was still. Half opening the bundle, the little girl glanced into it.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried, bursting into tears, "what shall I do? Billy's dead."

So saying, she threw back the shawl, and exposed to view the bruised and battered remains of a small mongrel terrier, that looked, in truth, as much like a piece of ragged door-mat as anything.

"Oh! dear! dear," she repeated, again and again, between her sobs, "what shall I do?"

There was not a dry eye in the car as a tall, benevolent-looking gentleman of the rather Taylor stamp arose, took off his hat, and without saying a word passed it round. The coin showered into it—every one gave something—and the amount, materially increased by the gentleman himself, was poured into the little girl's lap.

"There," said the gentleman, "don't cry. That will buy another dog for your brother, and some playthings for him, too."

Her face brightened somewhat, as she sobbed. "Thank you kindly, sir, but she looked anything but happy as she left the car near Northampton street, carrying in her arms, as one would carry a baby, the remains of poor Billy."

Alaska Not an Iceberg.

The climate of Alaska, or such portion of it as will ever be made of much consequence, is far from being as arctic as is popularly supposed or the latitude would suggest. The Japan current, the Kuro Siro, the great river of warm water flowing northward from the coast of Japan is divided by the Aleutian Islands. A portion is deflected through Behring's Straits—a fact which accounts for the absence of floating icebergs at a latitude where the Atlantic is dotted with them—while the main stream is diverted to the east and reaches our coast near the head of Queen Charlotte Islands. Here it is again divided, one branch flowing south to give us the magnificent climate we enjoy, and the other sweeping around the Alaskan coast northward and westward to modify the arctic severity of the temperature. Observations at Sitka for thirteen years show that the mean temperature ranged from 38.1 to 48 degrees, and the winter mean from 27.7 to 34.8 degrees. In January, 1880, the thermometer indicated 7 degrees below zero, and the native Russians asserted that for fifty years it had never been so cold, as it had been below zero but four times within that period. During many winters cattle have been able to obtain food continually, and roses have been gathered from outdoor gardens at Christmas time. This, of course, only applies to the islands along the coast and the adjacent mainland. In the interior, beyond the wall of mountains that oppose the passage inland of warm ocean winds, Old Boreas holds undisputed sway. Snow seldom falls at Sitka to a depth of six inches, and generally disappears quickly before the melting rains. The atmosphere throughout the year is extremely humid, the rainfall much exceeding that which has won for Oregon the title of "Webfoot."

To this is due the luxuriant growth of native grasses and the dense forests that fringe the coast and cover the numberless islands.—*Portland (Or.) West Shore.*

The Ruined City in Arizona.

The ruined cliff city discovered in Arizona last summer occupied the sides of a canyon which has been christened Walnut Canyon. It is an immense fissure in the earth, with nothing above the general level of the country to indicate its existence to the traveler until he stands upon the sides of its almost precipitous brink. The sides have been gullied by storms and torrents, leaving shallow, cave-like places of great length at different heights, along the bottom of which, when the ledge furnishes a sufficient area, dwellings in groups or singly were built. The village was about three-quarters of a mile in length, and consisted of a single row of houses, the common rear wall being the living rock, while the sides and fronts were of large square stones laid in clay. A narrow street or path extended along the front. Similar villages extended along the canyon for a distance of five miles. Although many domestic implements were found, nothing was discovered which indicated the character of the people who once inhabited them. There were no weapons of war, temples or idols, hieroglyphics or pictures. There was nothing to identify them with the uncivilized races of the present day, and though the wide extent of the ruins indicate the existence once of allied races covering large portions of the present Territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah, as well as Northern Mexico, their origin and history constitute an unsolved problem. Four hundred years ago, when first discovered, they were, as now, vacant and ruined.—*Boston Journal.*

—Grease a plate with lard, and set it where ants congregate; place a few bits of wood so the ants can climb on the plate easily; they will forsake any food for lard; when the plate is well covered with them, turn it over a hot fire of coals; they will drop into the fire, and you can then reset the plate for another catch. A few repetitions will clean them out.—*Chicago Times.*

—Milk porridge is very nourishing if it is thickened with arrow-root instead of flour.—*Chicago Journal.*

Youths' Department.

A SMALL BOY'S CONCLUSION.

"If I had a coach and horses eight, I would choose to ride on the farm-yard gate;
The big red gate with its five strong bars, It swinks so slowly against the grass
When into the meadow the cattle pass, I hold on tight, though I'm not afraid
When Jerry, the cleverest fellow made, Turns it slowly back with 'Come! This is the way they go to home!'"

"Yet had I a coach and horses eight, I'd be too grand for a farm-yard gate! I should wear new jackets the whole year round,
And never go barefoot. Why, I'll be bound The President hasn't much better fun Than a boy when his mother says: 'You may run!'"

I sit astride the farm-yard gate And make believe I am something great; I own the wood-stock, the river, the mill, The house I sure Elder built on the hill;
That pair of ponies Miss Elder tries, Or I've just come back from an Indian war. This is why the flag's on the school-house roof.

It's going to be Fourth of July a week! The rusty old cannon will have to speak.
"If I had a coach and horses eight, I'd like to drive it through such a gate: Stupid old fellows might sit inside. The coachman has the best of the ride, O, the way I'd manage the reins and whip
—Silly old men!—and not a slip. Wouldn't Harry and Walter stare? Captain Buncombe would twitch his hair: I'd take the road as I took the sea; Reckly, the youngster is beating me."

"When's got a tumble? You're rather small To balance yourself on the gate a too tall! Which is it, sonny?" He rubs his head; Grass isn't quite as soft as a bed; "Spurred I was crying! Now, Jerry! Lane, Wait till you hear a fellow complain! I was thinking—well, thoughts got jumbled."

If I had a coach and horses, you know, Always harnessed to take a ride, I wouldn't mind sitting sometimes inside! —*Wide Awake.*

BOUND IN HONOR.

"There is Jeanie Paul. She has been visiting at Lulu Hardy's," said Constance Stacy to Eleanor Ames. "Now we shall find out whether Lulu's father is as stern as he looks, and why Mrs. Hardy always has such a sad, woe-begone face."

The two girls joined Jeanie, who greeted them very pleasantly. They walked on together, and presently Miss Constance, bent on gaining information, inquired after Lulu.

"Lulu is well, and sent her love to all the girls," said Jeanie.

"And did you enjoy yourself in Arlington?" asked Eleanor.

"Very much, indeed. Lulu's home is lovely, and she is so very thoughtful of her friends. It seems as though she can not do enough for a guest."

"Isn't her father awfully queer and cross?" pursued Constance. "He frowns so in church, and never seems to be enjoying himself. I cannot imagine how you dared to stay in the house with him."

Jeanie's face was quite a study; her dark eyes almost flashed as she turned to Constance, saying:
"Mr. Hardy is a kind good man, and Lulu's father besides; but if he were what you seem to fancy, do you suppose I would tell you? I could not be so mean. Mother has always told me that I see or hear in a friend's house which a friend might not wish to have known would be unworthy of a lady."

At the corner the girls separated, Constance and Eleanor looking rather ashamed, and Jeanie walking down her own street with a very stately step, holding her head high. That she should be supposed capable of tale-telling was a great annoyance to her, for her mother had trained her to be honorable.

"Children, dear, may I whisper to you that we are sometimes bound in honor, not to gossip about persons or occurrences, even when nobody has forbidden us to speak?"

Should you happen to be sitting, you little Susie, or you, Walter, as quiet as a mouse, in a corner of the parlor with your book, and mamma coming in with a friend holds a conversation not meant for your ear, you should either get up and go away, or if you can not go away, you should forget all about what has been said. Above all, never go around looking wise and dropping mysterious hints, which curious people may take up, as pegs to hang their questions on. Curiosity, when it leads you to study carefully God's wonders in stones and flowers, is a good thing. It is a good thing where it sends you to the library to find out everything the cyclopedia can tell you about a subject. When it is only an idle desire to peer into somebody's home life, it is a very bad thing. In fact, I hardly know of any way in which trouble is so surely made in this queer world of ours, as by foolish people who go from one person to another thoughtlessly carrying wicked little bits of gossip.

If Nanny or Lucy tell you that Maggie says you are awkward, or slow, or vain, or any other thing which is complimentary, you are not very likely to feel pleased with Maggie. She should not have spoken unkindly about you, for her part; but if you will blame any one, the needless talkers who carried her comments are worse than she. The Bible says that: "A whisperer separateth chief friends." It was true in the old Bible times, and it is just as true to-day.

A private and confidential note should never be shown to a second party of eyes.

If you ever have reason to think that a friend does not wish a matter to be repeated, make it your business to be silent.

"By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." This is another bit of wisdom from the best of books. We can not always control our thoughts, children, but we can control our lips.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*

Money as a Means of Happiness.

Joe Bradley, a boy at our school, wrote a composition the other day, and one thing he said in it was this:
"There is nothing in the world that can give a person so much happiness as plenty of money."

Now I always felt that plenty of money was a good thing, and wished I had a pile of it, but when I tried to remember all the rich people living in our town I could think of only two who seemed happy. Some are sick; some are afraid of thieves; some don't seem to know how to pass away their time, and one man is troubled for fear that he may become poor.

Then I thought of our two nearest

neighbors. Mr. King has a large factory, and employs several hundred workmen. He lives in a handsome house, and dresses well, and has the best in the market on his table; but his face always wears a look of care, and he never seems to take any time for enjoyment.

He has only one son, George, who associates with low fellows, and is a constant cause of trouble to his father. Yet Mr. King is called one of the richest men in town, and appears to have everything that money can give him, but he certainly doesn't seem very happy.

Our next neighbor, in the other direction, is Mr. Lee. He is a farmer and wears coarse clothes. But he is industrious and saving, and his wife is a good manager. His house is very plainly furnished.

But his children are obedient and respectful, and they always stand among the first in their classes at school. I don't know a family anywhere that seems happier than they are.

In these two cases Joe's idea doesn't seem to be true.

While I was thinking over the matter Uncle John came to visit us. So I asked him about it, and this is what he said:

"It is true that money can be made the means of great happiness. If a person has plenty of money he can not only occupy a handsome house and live in good style, but he can also travel, buy books, help those who need assistance, and he can obtain with it every earthly comfort. But it takes a great deal of judgment to spend money wisely. There are some persons who consider that their money was only given them in trust, and they look about them to see where they can use it to the best advantage in relieving suffering and in aiding worthy objects. Many persons lay aside a certain proportion of their income yearly for this purpose.

"I am glad to notice, by the papers, that the number of people who endow charitable and educational institutions is increasing. More persons, too, seem inclined to carry out their plans themselves, while living, than to wait till their death before the money can begin its good work. In such cases, money is made to perform its true office as a servant.

"But on the other hand, money can become the means of great unhappiness. A person may occupy an elegant house, and be doing a large and profitable business; but this frequently involves great risks, which, in many cases, burden the mind with care and anxiety.

"When a man gives all his energies to money-making, he loses, in a great measure, his power to sympathize with others; so that he is thereby not only unfitted to himself enjoy the pleasures of home and social life, but even his presence interferes with the happiness of those by whom he is surrounded.

"Then, too, the wealth of parents often leads their children to imagine that they need do nothing but enjoy life's pleasures. By this means extravagant tastes are acquired, and habits of dissipation frequently follow.

"In these cases, money is perverted from its true office, and becomes a master. So you see that, to one who has a worthy object in life, money wisely spent will be of great assistance in promoting it.

"But to one who has no such object, money in abundance becomes a temptation to evil, which it will promote with even greater power. Therefore, money can be either a benefit or a curse, according as it is made a servant or becomes a master."

I thought over Uncle John's words, and they gave me some new ideas. I always used to suppose that people who had plenty of money would be happy because they had the means of getting almost everything they wished.

But now I look at it in a different way. Money seems to bring a good many cares and responsibilities with it, because it possesses so much power for good or evil, and it must require a great deal of wisdom to spend it to the best advantage.

I hope that, hereafter, I shall always have some worthy object in view, and I ever become rich that I shall feel as the people do that Uncle John spoke of, and consider that the money was only given me in trust to do good with, and to add to the comfort of others.

Then the money would produce double happiness, for it would not only give comfort and pleasure to the needy and suffering, but it would bring to me more real happiness than I could get from it in any other way.—*Golden Days.*

Queen Charlotte Islands.

The Queen Charlotte Islands, the extreme northwestern lands of the Province of British Columbia, are situated in the Pacific Ocean, between 53 deg 25 min. and 54 deg 15 min. north latitude, and 131 deg 2 min. and 133 deg 5 min. west longitude, about 600 miles northwest of Victoria. They are three in number—Provost, Moresby and Graham—altogether about 156 miles in length, Graham Island, the largest, being fifty-two miles in width. Although in common with the whole Northwest Pacific Coast region, the islands are rugged mountains cover the greater portion of the surface, they are reported to contain considerable tracts of open arable land, well adapted to stock-raising and agriculture, also deposits of coal and other minerals, and waters teeming with cod, halibut and other excellent fish. Their sole inhabitants down to the present time, with the exception of the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company and recently of the Skidegate Oil Manufacturing Company, are the Hydash tribe of Indians, now numbering about 800 souls. Among all the Indians of the Pacific coast they are distinguished for their fine physique, intelligence, mechanical skill, enterprise and thrift. Owing to their isolated position—though mariners, traders, prospectors and missionaries have skirted the shores of these islands—they are at the present time practically unexplored and unknown. But the advancing tide of emigration is now setting far up the north coast and will soon invade the home of the Hydash. The route thence from Victoria is through a wonderland of unique and striking topography, touching at numerous Indian villages, trading and fishing stations, and missionary posts, presenting a succession of scenes of absorbing interest.—*Portland (Or.) West Shore.*

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS,
please say you saw the Advertisements
in this paper.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

SPRING IN THE ALLEY.

She stooped and told him that the Spring was born:
A ring of triumph in her fresh young voice;
For she, poor child, was in her life's glad
And the soft sunshine made her heart re-
joice.
"Wert thou not longing for the Spring?" she
said;
But the pale sufferer sadly shook his head.
And gazed with aunken eyes upon her face,
Till his pure beauty filled his soul with peace,
Then smoothed her locks, and in a fond em-
brace,
Clasping her slender form, he whispered:
"O cease
To sing the praises of the young Spring flow-
ers;
Child of the narrow courtier they are not ours!"

Over the despondent sufferer bending low,
Till her fair tresses swept his throbbing brow,
With tender glancing eyes, and cheeks aglow
With joy and hope, she softly told him how
Not very far away, the golden bow
Wooded the white clusters of the hawthorn trees.

She spoke of twittering birds, and raised her
eyes,
Bright with the glory of poetic thought,
To the dark ceiling that shut out the sky,
And lowered upon her, aashy vainly sought,
With words of loving sympathy, to cheer
The flickering life that suffering made so dear.

For oh, that life, unlovely though it seemed,
Was the dear object of her fond love;
Volumes of wretchedness she dreamed above
Morn, noon and evening, as she bent above
His weary form, yet neither light nor bloom
Could tempt her footsteps from that dainty room.

Often, when she heard his hollow cough, she
wept
In the still midnight—how it wrung her
heart!
Yes, she could hear it even when she slept,
And often wept, in many a tearful prayer,
To ease the pain that she so longed to share.

Blithely she caroled when the morning sun
Rose over the valley like a blushing bride;
Or grave and silent, like some meek-faced
nun,
Piled his weary body to the sufferer's side—
And oh, it was a messenger from fairyland,
Till her hands trembled, and her eyes grew dim!

Till from those weary hands her work would
fall,
And her dim vision could distinguish
nought
Save the black spiders crawling on the wall,
And the dead violet that lay on the floor,
With the few coppers she had stored away
From her poor sister's earnings day by day.

For when before the market-stall she stood,
Her little purse clasped tightly in her hand,
She needs must purchase—for each daisy bud
Second like a messenger from fairyland,
And well her purse poetic fancy knew
The sheltered places where the violets grew.

And when she raised them to her eager lips
With the pure rapture of a little child,
The dewdrops twinkled on their nature tips,
Till the young dreamer bent her face and
smiled
With the sweet consciousness that they would
bring
Into the meekest slum a breath of Spring.

Returning home her joyful footsteps fell
O'er the soft path of the summer rain;
And oh, one weary sufferer knew it well,
And meant a welcome from his bed of
pain!
Close to his breast she crept, and kneeling
there,
She kissed the violets in her sunny hair.

Oh, from his fretful mood, the sufferer
said
One thin white hand upon her worn gray
dress:
"Dear child! no murmured, while the sun-
beams gleam
At his and each and each wandering tress,
Withdraw the blue-lit in the roomy room;
I, too, am grateful that the Spring is here!"
—Fanny Corcoran, in Chambers' Journal.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

If there was one thing that she par-
ticularly disliked it was a dog. Her
antipathy to the whole canine species
was unreasonable, but like all women
she asserted her right to be unreason-
able when she pleased, and now she
thought it too bad that a dog—and a
poodle at that—should be allowed to
disturb the smooth current of their
matrimonial bliss. They had been mar-
ried just a month, had Jack Applegate
and Winnie Matthews, and as yet she
had scarcely grown accustomed to be-
ing called Mrs. John Applegate. That
month had been spent in a delightful
honeymoon trip, and never had young
married people enjoyed themselves
more fully, but now on returning home
came the first domestic jar. It was all
occasioned by a note that Jack found
awaiting him. It read:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
Dear Jack: Just heard of the happy news.
Let me congratulate you. Will send you and
your other half a Rocky Mountain poodle by
Adams express to come on the occasion.
With joy to yourself and bride.

PRANK PARSONS.
"Ah," said Jack, on reading the note,
"Frank has heard of our marriage.
The dear old fellow, and though he is
way out in San Francisco, yet he is
bound to remember us with some kind
of a present. Peculiar idea to send us
a poodle, eh? Frank always was a lit-
tle odd. That's how he came to go
West and seek his fortune on the Pacific
Slope. Now, the first thing that is to
be done is to write to the good old boy,
telling him that for his sake we will
always cherish the gift."

"But," objected Winnie, "you know
I can't endure dogs, and poodles espe-
cially."

"Yes," said Jack, reflectively, "I
know you don't like them, but in this
case you might make an exception.
Frank is my oldest and best friend."

"Your best friend?" interrupted his
wife, with an injured expression.

"Of course," he continued, "I mean
my best male friend, and what he
wouldn't do for me is not worth doing.
Why, we roomed together at college,
and once he saved my life. I am eter-
nally indebted to him, and his poodle,
even though it is an unusual wedding
present, should be received with dis-
tinguished honors."

"Still I can't endure dogs, I [detest
the very sight of them.]"

"But Frank's dog ought to be the
giver, and I think it rather in-
teresting in you to make the least ob-
jection!" and Winnie's face
"be not at all inconsiderate,
he dogs I don't like, Frank

remarked her hus-
band over so small
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"No, no such animal had come. Then
he explained to the expressman that he
was expecting a Rocky Mountain poo-
dle and that it might be well fed and
for on the road he left quite a sum

of money. Then he serenely proceeded
to business.

Meanwhile at home his wife was as
miserable as she well could be. In one
breath she blamed herself, in the next
he was at fault. She felt that her heart
was breaking, and life no longer was as
bright as it had appeared during the
happy days of the honeymoon. When
Jack returned she was still gloomy and
depressed. Supper was melancholy
enough, and Jack did not allude to the
poodle question until it was over.

"I was at the express office to-day,"
he observed.
She did not reply or even look up.

"Yes," he continued, ignoring her
silence, "but there was no news of our
San Francisco wedding present."

Then he paused, but still no answer.
"By the way," he went on, studi-
ously not noticing the fact that she was
silent, "what do you think will be a good
name for the animal? Seeing that he
comes from the metropolis of the Pacific
Slope, wouldn't it be a good idea to call
him 'Frisco'?" "Frisco," "Frisco," it is
not such a bad name for a dog, is it,
eh?"

"Jack Applegate!" cried his wife,
with a sudden burst of anger, "you're
a cruel, unloving husband!" and then
she sought the refuge of her chamber,
and like the bride of a month sobbed in
despair of soul. The world had grown
black to her and no longer was there joy
or brightness in it.

It would be hard to describe the mis-
eries and discomforts of Jack Applegate
and his wife for the next few days. He
tried to be buoyant, but all to no pur-
pose; and for her part she was thor-
oughly unhappy. That such a state of
affairs could ever have existed would,
but a few short days ago, have seemed
impossible. Now it was a sad reality.

Every day Jack would call at the ex-
press office and inquire concerning the
expected poodle, but there was no
news of it. Meanwhile he had the
name "Frisco," painted on the kennel,
which, standing conspicuously in the
yard, ever reminded his wife of the de-
plorable and unspannable chasm that
was widening between them.

Not to continue this story to an un-
reasonable length, let it be said that
matters went on thus, growing worse
and worse every day, for a full week.
Then one morning, shortly after Jack
had left for business, what should drive
up to the door but one of the large
wagons of the Adams Express Com-
pany, and Mrs. Applegate signed a re-
ceipt in a big book for a bulky bundle.

Both were perfectly sincere in the
opinion that the other was to blame.
She thought that he should be willing
to dispose of such a valueless thing as
a poodle if she wished it, and he thought
that for his old-time friend she should
make much of his gift. But it would
be a waste of words to attempt to follow
the arguments and counter-arguments
concerning that poodle, which, for all
they knew, might never have left San
Francisco. The more his discourse the
more the animal appeared as the para-
gon of all earthly virtues, while she
continued to paint it as a blacker and
still blacker, ferocious and blood-thirsty
wolf. This heated discussion was
inauspicious way of beginning life be-
neath their own roof-tree, but neither
paused to think of that. Finally Jack
rose from his chair, and standing up in
oratorical fashion, as he did when he
was very much in earnest, he said:

"Mrs. Applegate, that poodle is com-
ing, and we must receive it in decent
style, so!"

It was the first time in all their mar-
ried life that he had coldly and for-
mally addressed her as "Mrs. Applegate,"
and for the moment she felt the blood
in her heart chilling. Then her woman
nature asserted itself, and in a voice
fully as determined as his, she began:

"Jack, if you wish to destroy the
peace of our happy home—"

But Jack was gone, and instead of
completing the sentence she walked
into the next room and, throwing her-
self upon the bed, cried as if her heart
would break.

Her husband, when he left the house,
rapidly walked down the gravel walk—
they lived in the suburbs—and lighting
a cigar, began smoking furiously. He
did not return until supper, and then
the subject of debate was evidence that
their quarrel was still uppermost in
their minds.

The next day, some hours after Jack
had left for business, Mrs. Applegate
was surprised to see three or four work-
men prepared with tools and lumber
in the yard. Not knowing their busi-
ness she slipped on her hat, and going
out, inquired.

"Going to build a dog-kennel,"
answered one of the men.
"Mr. Applegate said as late as he was
going to get a Rocky Mountain poodle,
whatever that may be, and he left or-
ders this morning for a kennel."

And what could Mrs. Applegate do?
She could not order the work stopped
or hinder it in any way, as it would be
degrading to her self-respect to reveal
to these workmen that she and her
husband were not in perfect accord. So
she merely nodded, and going into the
house listened all the morning to the
hammering, and it seemed as if every
nail that was driven sent a pang through
her heart. Such is the strange power
of women, however, that she pre-
pared a dinner of those things which
her husband particularly liked, and in
the little womanly touches about the
house she did all she could to make
everything attractive. At dinner Jack
was unusually jolly, and he tried to
make up for her silence by a constant
flow of small talk. After the meal he
went into the yard and leisurely in-
spected the nearly completed dog-
kennel.

"Nice bit of architecture, that," he
casually remarked, on returning.

"Oh, Jack!" said his wife, with half a
sigh.

"Now, Winnie," he began, "do be
reasonable. This thing—"

But he said no more, for she had
rushed into another room, and closing
the door was lost to sight and hearing.
Feeling decidedly uncomfortable, but
still with the reassuring consciousness
that he was in the right, Jack Apple-
gate left his home without making the
least attempt to kiss his wife good-by.
With the poodle in his thoughts he went
to the office of the express company
and asked if a dog for him had arrived.
No, no such animal had come. Then
he explained to the expressman that he
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a cigar, began smoking furiously. He
did not return until supper, and then
the subject of debate was evidence that
their quarrel was still uppermost in
their minds.

The next day, some hours after Jack
had left for business, Mrs. Applegate
was surprised to see three or four work-
men prepared with tools and lumber
in the yard. Not knowing their busi-
ness she slipped on her hat, and going
out, inquired.

"Going to build a dog-kennel,"
answered one of the men.
"Mr. Applegate said as late as he was
going to get a Rocky Mountain poodle,
whatever that may be, and he left or-
ders this morning for a kennel."

And what could Mrs. Applegate do?
She could not order the work stopped
or hinder it in any way, as it would be
degrading to her self-respect to reveal
to these workmen that she and her
husband were not in perfect accord. So
she merely nodded, and going into the
house listened all the morning to the
hammering, and it seemed as if every
nail that was driven sent a pang through
her heart. Such is the strange power
of women, however, that she pre-
pared a dinner of those things which
her husband particularly liked, and in
the little womanly touches about the
house she did all she could to make
everything attractive. At dinner Jack
was unusually jolly, and he tried to
make up for her silence by a constant
flow of small talk. After the meal he
went into the yard and leisurely in-
spected the nearly completed dog-
kennel.

"Nice bit of architecture, that," he
casually remarked, on returning.

"Oh, Jack!" said his wife, with half a
sigh.

"Now, Winnie," he began, "do be
reasonable. This thing—"

But he said no more, for she had
rushed into another room, and closing
the door was lost to sight and hearing.
Feeling decidedly uncomfortable, but
still with the reassuring consciousness
that he was in the right, Jack Apple-
gate left his home without making the
least attempt to kiss his wife good-by.
With the poodle in his thoughts he went
to the office of the express company
and asked if a dog for him had arrived.
No, no such animal had come. Then
he explained to the expressman that he
was expecting a Rocky Mountain poo-
dle and that it might be well fed and
for on the road he left quite a sum

of money. Then he serenely proceeded
to business.

Meanwhile at home his wife was as
miserable as she well could be. In one
breath she blamed herself, in the next
he was at fault. She felt that her heart
was breaking, and life no longer was as
bright as it had appeared during the
happy days of the honeymoon. When
Jack returned she was still gloomy and
depressed. Supper was melancholy
enough, and Jack did not allude to the
poodle question until it was over.

"I was at the express office to-day,"
he observed.
She did not reply or even look up.

"Yes," he continued, ignoring her
silence, "but there was no news of our
San Francisco wedding present."

Then he paused, but still no answer.
"By the way," he went on, studi-
ously not noticing the fact that she was
silent, "what do you think will be a good
name for the animal? Seeing that he
comes from the metropolis of the Pacific
Slope, wouldn't it be a good idea to call
him 'Frisco'?" "Frisco," "Frisco," it is
not such a bad name for a dog, is it,
eh?"

"Jack Applegate!" cried his wife,
with a sudden burst of anger, "you're
a cruel, unloving husband!" and then
she sought the refuge of her chamber,
and like the bride of a month sobbed in
despair of soul. The world had grown
black to her and no longer was there joy
or brightness in it.

It would be hard to describe the mis-
eries and discomforts of Jack Applegate
and his wife for the next few days. He
tried to be buoyant, but all to no pur-
pose; and for her part she was thor-
oughly unhappy. That such a state of
affairs could ever have existed would,
but a few short days ago, have seemed
impossible. Now it was a sad reality.

Every day Jack would call at the ex-
press office and inquire concerning the
expected poodle, but there was no
news of it. Meanwhile he had the
name "Frisco," painted on the kennel,
which, standing conspicuously in the
yard, ever reminded his wife of the de-
plorable and unspannable chasm that
was widening between them.

Not to continue this story to an un-
reasonable length, let it be said that
matters went on thus, growing worse
and worse every day, for a full week.
Then one morning, shortly after Jack
had left for business, what should drive
up to the door but one of the large
wagons of the Adams Express Com-
pany, and Mrs. Applegate signed a re-
ceipt in a big book for a bulky bundle.

Right and Left.

M. Delaunay, of Paris, has made an
extended and careful investigation to
ascertain if in the majority of cases the
right upper and lower extremities be
crossed over the left or the right over
the right, and which side most persons in-
cline to when in a sitting posture. Ac-
cording to M. Delaunay, certain breeds
of dogs, terriers, Newfoundland and
poodles cross the right foot over the
left. The Chinese and Japanese cross
the left over the right. Europeans
cross the right over the left. M. De-
launay observed, in the "creeches and
salle d'aisles," that infants under three
years of age cross the left arm over the
right, older children crossing the right
over the left, sixty per cent. doing so at
six years of age. Robust children
cross the right arm over the left; the
idiotic and weak, including those who
are incapable of working, cross the left
over the right. The Calmucks and
Arabs cross the right over the left, like
the Europeans. A great many women
cross the left leg over the right. Among
the opera-dancers, some cross the right
leg over the left, but not one the left
over the right; the majority cross the
left differently. Robust children cross
the right leg over the left earlier than
their weaker playmates. Persons who
cross the right leg over the left lean
toward the left when sitting; those who
place the left uppermost lean to the right.

Hence, consistently with what might
have been expected from what is ob-
served in children with regard to cross-
ing legs, until six years of age children
lean toward the left. French school-
masters, it would appear, try to pre-
vent their pupils from assuming this
position, believing that scoliois results;
hence they encourage or enforce the use
of elbow-rests (accoudoirs), which oblige
the children to sit straight, a useless
measure according to M. Delaunay, as
the position they choose is in conformity
with the process of evolution. Tailors
affirm that the back of a pair of trousers
is always more worn on the left side
than on the right. Left-handed people
always sit toward the right. M. De-
launay concludes from these observa-
tions that the left brain develops pre-
viously to the right, and finally the right
predominates.—British Medical Journal.

A Novel Table Luxury.

If, in England, a man was pushed to
discover a new animal food, it would, I
think, be a long time before he hit upon
bats as at all likely to furnish him with
a desirable addition to his table, even if
their diminutive size did not place an in-
superable obstacle, in the way of their
being so utilized. But in many of the
South Sea Islands, where the flying-fox,
a species of bat, fifteen inches or so
across the wings, is common, it is used
as food by the natives, and its flesh is
by no means to be despised even by
Europeans. The animal usually confines
itself to fruit—ripe bananas of the best
quality, and plenty of them, being about
his mark. It would seem absurd to a
stranger to the country to be informed
that such an insignificant animal as a
bat could seriously threaten the fruit
harvest in countries where it was so
abundant; but he would change his
opinion when informed that the flying
foxes often settle in hundreds in any
likely plantation; and as they always
destroy very much more than they con-
sume, the loss and inconvenience they
cause to the natives may be properly
estimated.

The bat in question is not so strictly
nocturnal in his habits as his English
brother; and although he usually sallies
out at sunset, yet I have often seen him
them sailing about in broad daylight,
provided the weather was dull and over-
cast; the flight is even and regular, very
like that of a rook, and not in the least
resembling the erratic mode of progres-
sion affected by our native species. The
natives prepare them for food by first
cutting off the wings and then passing
the body through the fire to remove the
fur, and with it the strong foxy smell
with which it is impregnated. It is
then carefully scraped, split open, and
afterward grilled on the coals, spitch-
cock fashion, when it is ready for con-
sumption, and is capital eating, having
a rich, gamey flavor, something between
a hare and a woodcock.—Chambers'
Journal.

A Lesson For Young Widows.

One of the most attractive young
widows in New York society has re-
fused half a dozen offers since the death
of her husband, out of deference, it is
presumed, to the wishes of his father,
who has allowed her an income of four
thousand dollars a year and maintained
an equipage for her. The other day
the old gentleman quitted this mundane
sphere, and when his will was opened
it was found that he had not mentioned
her, having divided his property be-
tween his widow and his brothers. The
daughter-in-law was cut to the quick at
being ignored, and when the dowager
widow wrote to her that she would con-
tinue the allowance herself, answered
that she must decline to accept it, add-
ing that her own parents had more than
made good the loss. It is general y
felt that the old gentleman acted in ex-
cusable taste in thus repaying his
daughter-in-law's devotion—he man-
ifested the greatest liking for her up to
within a day of his death, but it is, none
the less, a lesson to all widowed daugh-
ters-in-law not to wait for dead men's
shoes, but to seize the passing moment
and marry when they may. Fortunate-
ly, the lady in question, like Volante in
"Honey-moon," has not hung so long
upon the parent stem that she may not
still be worth a millionaire's attention.
—N. Y. Cor. Boston Herald.

Geologists report the existence, in
a line across Central Alabama and Mis-
sissippi, of strata of green sand beds,
and decomposed sandy calcareous beds,
in all some twenty feet in thickness,
which are impregnated with phosphoric
acid. Though the geological position
is different, the general character of
these phosphate beds is much like that
of the South Carolina phosphates; and
their commercial value may prove to be
equally great.

Nature is very much like a shiftless
child, who, the more he is helped the
more he looks for it. The more
medicine a man takes, the more he will
have to take, whether it be anodyne,
tonic or alternative.—Exchange.

Diseased Potatoes.

Many of the potatoes raised every
season are unfit for the market on ac-
count of being partially rotten or be-
cause they are in the condition known
as scabby. The cause of scab in com-
mon potatoes has never been the sub-
ject of scientific investigation or even
careful inquiry in this country. It re-
sults in large losses to potato-raisers
every season, and any facts that throw
light on its cause or prevention will be
of value to farmers. Scab in pota-
toes is similar to some of the skin
diseases in animals. It ordinarily
does not injure the food value
of the flesh at any considerable dis-
tance below the surface. Still it in-
jures the appearance of the tubers to
such an extent that they are unsalable
at the prices which fair smooth potatoes
command in the market. Those who
bake potatoes or put them on the table
boiled with the skin on decline to pur-
chase them even at a very low price.
Scabby potatoes are not worth nearly
as much as those that have smooth
skins for the reason, among others,
that a considerable portion of them is
wasted. The part that is lost is the
most valuable. Observation shows that
the best part of the potato is directly
under the skin, and that the poorest
part is near the center. A large variety
of potatoes are likely to become dis-
colored by the process of boiling, and
are unsuitable for food. Observation shows
that scabby potatoes are much more
liable to rot than those which have
sound and smooth skins.

Varieties of potatoes that have long
been in cultivation are much more likely
to be scabby than those that have recent-
ly been produced by planting the seeds
obtained from ripe balls. The Early
Rose was almost entirely exempt from
scab till it had been cultivated several
years. Its fine appearance did much
to make it a favorite in the market.
During the past few years potatoes of
this variety have been badly affected
by scab. The newer varieties, how-
ever, both late and early, have gener-
ally been exempt from it. Some of the
old and once favorite varieties became
so liable to scab that most farmers gave
up attempting to raise them. The
vigor or vitality of potatoes appears to
become impaired by continued propaga-
tion. They become more liable to
disease each successive season. More
attention should be given to the pro-
duction of new varieties of potatoes, if
for no other purpose than to secure
tubers that are free from scab. New
varieties, however, are desirable for
other reasons. They are more vigor-
ous and better prepared to resist the at-
tacks of insect enemies. They also
withstand the unfavorable influences of
the season better. Scabby potatoes are
liable to "produce seed after their own
kind." When a variety of potatoes be-
gins to grow scabby, under good man-
agement and in favorable seasons, it is
time to give up planting it, and to seek
a kind that is more vigorous and less
liable to an affection of the skin. No
variety of potatoes can be depended on
to produce smooth tubers during many
years. The seed must be changed.

The season, location, and the natural
condition of the soil all exert an in-
fluence on the production of scab. An
even season, or one in which great ex-
tremes of heat and cold, dryness and
dampness, do not occur, is favorable to
the production of potatoes that are
free from scab. This disease frequently
appears somewhat suddenly when cold
and damp weather follows that which
is warm and dry. If these changes are
reversed, the effect is likely to be the
same. Scab is more frequent on pota-
toes in the Southern than in the North-
ern States, probably for the reason
that droughts are more frequent after
the tubers are nearly of full size. It is
somewhat rare in the regions where
the seasons are short and nothing oc-
curs to interfere with the steady growth
of the tubers. The presence of iron in
the soil apparently tends to produce
scab in potatoes, as it does a discolora-
tion on the shells of peanuts. Scab is
more frequent in potatoes raised on
heavy clay than on light, sandy soil.
Especially is this the case when the clay
contains considerable iron. Scab is
more likely to appear on potatoes raised
on land long in cultivation than in
those planted on land whose sod has
recently been subdued. Potatoes raised
on soil that has been burned, or the
farm which a forest has been cleared
off but the trees burned, are not likely
to be affected with scab. Probably the
large amount of potash in newly-rotted
turf and in soil that has been subjected
to the action of fire, tends to make the
tubers healthy.

Rank and unfermented manures, as
hog dung, poultry droppings and blood
fertilizers, may produce a large crop of
potatoes, but they will be very likely to
be scabby. The presence of sawdust,
shavings and fine chips, the first being
often used for bedding horses and
cattle, is believed to favor the formation
of scab. Forest leaves, well-rotted
compost, and fermented stable manure
are regarded as the best fertilizers for
potatoes, when it is the object to secure
freedom from scab. A soil that has
become well rotted contains nearly all
the materials necessary to produce po-
tatoes, and none of those that are likely
to cause scab or other diseases. A fresh
sod, by the development of acids, may
cause the formation of scab. The
timely harvesting of potatoes when they
are ripe may prevent the appearance
of this disease. Scab does not appear
on tubers after they are dry and placed
in the cellar. It forms while they are
in the ground, and its spread stops
when they are taken out of it. They
could be hardening by drying when they
are fully matured, and not be allowed
to remain where they may become af-
fected by disease that will injure their
value, if it does not impair their excel-
lence for food.—Chicago Times.

The plan adopted last year in Lon-
don of sending poor and delicate chil-
dren into the country for three weeks
in midsummer