

The Chase County Courant.

Official Paper of Chase County.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

Democratic County Ticket.

- FOR TREASURER, W. P. MARTIN, of Toledo tp. FOR SHERIFF, J. C. SCROGGIN, of Falls tp. FOR COUNTY CLERK, E. W. ELLIS, of Falls tp. FOR REGISTER, FOR SURVEYOR, W. S. ROMIGH, of Falls tp. FOR CORONER, Dr. J. W. STONE, of Falls tp. FOR COMMISSIONER—3D DISTRICT, A. R. ICE, of Cottonwood tp.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Resolved by the Democrats of Chase county, Kansas, in convention assembled, 1st, That we hereby renew our allegiance to the Democratic party, and pledge ourselves to the support of its doctrines as laid down in its last National and Kansas State Platforms; and further, that we, the members of this convention, hereby pledge ourselves, on our honor, to support the nominees of this convention, without reserve; and further, that no nominee of this convention shall be entitled to the support of the Democracy of Chase county, who will not, unqualifiedly, pledge himself to support the ticket nominated, to day.

2d, That the election of Glick to the Governorship of Kansas was an instruction to the Legislature to re-submit to the people, by ballot, the Prohibition Constitutional Amendment, and the refusal of the Legislature to comply with the instruction was a flagrant disregard of the wishes of the people, which we heartily condemn.

3d, That time continues to demonstrate the folly of prohibition and the necessity of its speedy repeal.

4th, That we are in favor of a high license law, as the best means of regulating the traffic of intoxicating liquor.

5th, That we are opposed to a protective tariff, and we are in favor of a tariff for revenue only.

6th, That we are in favor of controlling monopolies by legislation.

7th, That we are in favor of an honest administration in county and State affairs, and a reduction of taxation to the lowest amount consistent with public good.

8th, That we favor of making Greenbacks a legal tender for the payment of all public debts and for duties on imports, and that the Greenbacks be issued by the Government, and bank notes be withdrawn.

9th, That we heartily endorse the administration and policy of Gov. Glick.

10th, That, as the Democratic party is the only medium through which the many wrongs which are heaped upon the masses of the people can be righted; therefore, we would urge the members of the party to vote and work for the support of that party, in all honorable ways; and further, we would urge the thinking men of all parties to join with us in our efforts.

Under our tariff laws it a man buys salt for the purpose of curing fish, he gets it with a rebate of duty, but the cattle men and pork packers pay full price for salt without a rebate.

"The duty on hand saws is 40 per cent., but furs, undressed, are imported free. Seal skin saccos being worn so much by the poor, and hand saws used by the rich, this Republican measure is solely for the benefit of mechanics and farmers."—Olathe Democrat.

The Capital of the 9th, says: "The same contest will be seen in Kansas in 1884 that stirs Iowa today to the four corners of the state." The exact issue; and the effort of the radical majority of the Republican party to smother that issue this fall will not avail them, the conservative and liberty loving masses see their cowardice and hypocrisy.—St. Mary's Express.

The Troy Chief in speaking of the Mother Hubbard gown, says: "Many of the female fashions are bandsome, and make the woman pretty, but those things that the young women and girls are wearing about the streets called Mother Hubbards are the next thing to indecent. They give one the idea that the girls forgot to dress when they got out of bed but went out in their night gowns."

Every Democratic county convention so far held in the state this

year, has resolved about as follows: "That time continues to demonstrate the folly of prohibition; and that we are in favor of a licence law as the best means for regulating the traffic in intoxicating liquor." We venture the assertion that every Democratic convention in the state will pass resolutions similar to the above—Parsons Palladium.

Demores's Illustrated Monthly Magazine continues to merit the high encomiums passed upon its literary and artistic merit. The October number equals in interest its predecessors, and contains many well-written and entertaining articles. It has a frontispiece, a fine steel engraving, after Dieffenbach's beautiful painting, "The Foster Mother's alarm." A litho-photo of Mrs. Phinney's statue of the Loreli, now owned by Mr. W. Jennings, Demorest, also adorns this number.

The question is asked: "If you do away with the protective system, how will you raise a revenue?" The simplest answer is, that a revenue tariff and a protective tariff are utterly different things. A tax system which takes \$900,000,000 annually from the people, in order to give \$150,000,000 to the government and \$750,000,000 to the privileged classes, is not a system suited to a Democratic republic. A revenue tariff would put duties on such articles, and to such amounts, that the highest returns might be obtained with the least burden to the people.

"Democrats can't read," is an expression used so often by our opponents in a way of derision, that it has, among a certain class, been accepted as true. This, no doubt, accounts for the absence of the sign boards of some business men in Democratic papers, asking for the trade of the members of that party. More than once we have heard men who are Democrats and who take our paper, mention the fact of the absence of an invitation from business men for them to come and trade with them, and in the same connection make the remark that if their custom was not worth asking for they considered it too good to give it to them.

Kansas furnished a good many soldiers during the late war; in fact, no State in the Union, taking population into consideration can show a better record; but Kansas has done less for its soldiers and their families than any other State. It is learned from a letter of Adjutant General Moonlight to Hon. Thomas C. Bates, member of the Massachusetts Senate, inquiring how much money Kansas, as a State, has paid to the men who were her soldiers during the late rebellion, and how much State aid to the families of soldiers, that "No volunteer from the State of Kansas, out of her nineteen regiments and three batteries, has ever received a dollar in money as a bounty or gratitude from the State, or in any way for their services as volunteers, except as paid by the United States Government. No money has ever been appropriated or paid to the families of these volunteers, living or deceased, since or during the war. In short Kansas has done absolutely nothing for her soldiers in the late war, and their families, during or since that time."

TIN WEDDING. Married, in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, September 22, 1873, by the Rev. N. F. Tipton, Mr. J. M. Tuttle and Miss Nettie Winters, both of Cottonwood Falls.

Sometimes during our voyage over the troublous waters of the stream of life, we are permitted to land, as it were, at some green-island in the ever-onward-rushing current and there, for a time, forget the cares and troubles of earth and enjoy the pleasures and beauties of nature, and drink from the elysian springs of our younger days, when we thought life all that it is not, and there, with our friends and neighbors, partake of the joys and sociability of that true friendship which makes the world akin; and so was it in this city, last Saturday night, when the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tuttle, of this city, gathered at the residence of that happy couple—on invitations neatly printed on tin—to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their wedding, which occurred on

that day, as will be seen from the foregoing notice.

After the company had assembled and the salutations and greetings proper on such an occasion had been made, the guests were invited to sit down to a most sumptuous repast prepared by the estimable wife of mine host, the Rev. A. K. Johnson asking the blessing.

After supper the company again gathered in the parlor, and ex-Mayor J. W. McWilliams, in the following neat and humorous speech, presented Mr. Tuttle with a large and handsome tin watch and chain:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND ESPECIALLY MR. TUTTLE: This is a watch, so taken and accepted to be such by all mechanics and watchmakers; that is, it is a watch in form and magnificence, and imposing dimensions. It is not such a watch as can boast of much intrinsic value; but it is such in association, in good will and high regard on the part of the givers for your long life and continued prosperity and happiness. It is, however, just as good a watch, as a timekeeper, as nearly all of you have, or, in fact, myself, that is carried on the streets and is more reliable, as you always know what time it is by the watch hands. Ask what time it is of most watch owners, and, before telling you, they either look at the sun or consult their appetite before you get their opinion. As long as you have this watch in the family, I feel that you will regard it as one strictly valuable for its beauty; and we are told that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." A watch is said to be and is a portable machine, moved by a spring to measure time, and the most perfect are called chronometers. Do not mistake this for a chronometer, nor attempt to run a railroad train by it, boil an egg, or run a brickyard. It will, however, be useful in timing some of our fast horses; in fact, it is a capital "stop watch," in sporting parlance. It will be useful, too, in telling when some of your delinquent customers will pay their bills, payment of which is often as slow as the movement of the watch. There are a great many kinds of watches. There is the "Watch on the Rhine," which is not a watch, but a glorious German air that awakes to glory the nationality of Germany. There is "Larboard watch," as sung by Mr. Pratt. Then there is watch your watermelon patch; that is a good kind of a watch, but a shot gun is better, as many of you here have experienced. This watch, in all seriousness, however we present to you as a memento of our good will to yourself and family—a watch that any man should be proud of, a watch with a chain just as valuable metal as the case; a watch upon whose dial the plastic hand of the proprietor of the Leader has made those figures that show time when there is no time; that indicate tick when there is no tick. May you wear this watch with honor to yourself and the syndicate that expended so much time and money in procuring it; and above all may you, in after years, be able to say with ever so much pride while pointing to that watch, your trusted companion: "There is one piece of jewelry that never has been in a pawn shop, because no one would take it in pawn."

The other presents and their donors were as follows: Mrs. Wm. Hillert, water. Mrs. L. P. Jensen, dish pan. Hon. T. S. Jones and wife, cake box. J. L. Cochran and wife, milk bucket and skimmer. Mrs. F. L. Gillman, funnel. Miss Hattie Gillman, quart cup. Mayor and Mrs. J. P. Kuhl, gem pans, cake pan and broiler. Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Simmons, dust pan. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Doehltle, watering can. Messrs. M. A. Campbell and H. Jackson, set of knives. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Morgan, set of silver-plated forks. Prof. Wm. M. Crichton and wife, granite coffee pot. Mrs. Jabin Johnson and Mrs. J. W. McWilliams, granite tea pot. Messrs. J. M. Kerr, S. P. Young, S. D. Beese and S. A. Breese and their wives, chamber set. Rev. A. K. Johnson, Dr. R. Walsh, Messrs. H. P. Brackett, O. G. Robinson, G. W. Estes and W. E. Timmons and their wives, chamber set. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sanders, spice box. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kinne, britannia tea pot.

About 11 o'clock the company dispersed, bidding Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle: "Good night," and wishing them many joyous returns of their wedding anniversary.

Subscribe for the COURANT.

HARDWARE, TINWARE, WAGONS, ETC.

M. A. CAMPBELL, DEALER IN HARDWARE! STOVES, TINWARE, Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse-shoes, Horse-nails; a full line of Wagon and Buggy Material, Iron & Wood Pumps, a complete line of STEEL GOODS! FORKS, SPADES, SHOVELS, HOES, RAKES & HANDLES. 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.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, GROCERIES, ETC.

THE GREAT EMPORIUM! J. W. FERRY Desires everybody to know that he has one of the BEST AND 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, CLASS WARE, TIN WARE, And, in fact, anything NEEDED BY MAN During his existence on earth. BE SURE TO GO TO J. W. FERRY'S, Cottonwood Falls, Kas., and YOU WILL BE PLEASSED With his BARGAINS. jan4-11

KUHL'S HARNESS SHOP, 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. nov10-11

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

GRISHAM & EVANS, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW, Office upstairs in National Bank building, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS-162-11 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. aug10-11 C. N. STERRY, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, EMPORIA, KANSAS, Will practice in the several courts of Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties in the state of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein. July 13 COCHRAN & CARSWELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHASE COUNTY, KANSAS. Will practice in all the State and Federal courts and land offices. Collections made and promptly remitted. Office upstairs in National Bank building. feb29-11 JOSEPH C. WATERS, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Topeka, Kansas, (Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton. feb23-11 J. V. SANDERS, J. A. SMITH, SANDERS & SMITH, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW, STRONG CITY, KANSAS, Office in Independent building. apr5-11

MISCELLANEOUS.

Closing Out Sale - OF - HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, ETC. I will sell on my farm, a mile north of Elm-dale, beginning at 9 o'clock, a. m., on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22d, 1883, 100 head of stock, consisting of 20 stock cows, 12 first-class milk cows, 13 two-year-old steers, 10 two-year-old heifers, 10 yearling steers, 10 yearling heifers, 25 mixed calves, 1 Rose of Sharon bull. All the stock are high grades, and the cows and heifers are with calf by thorough-bred bulls. Also, 2 work horses, 3 three-year-old Hambletonian colts, 1 two-year-old Hambletonian colt, 1 fine brood mare and colt, 79 hogs, 4 brood sows, 75 acres corn in shock, 70 tons hay, 30 tons millet in stock, 15 acres oats, 4 acres wheat in stock, 2 good feed lots for feeding on place if wished; also, general farming implements and household stuff. TERMS.—One year's time, with 10 per cent. interest, on approved paper; a reduction for cash. E. P. ALLEN, JR., JOHN McCARTHY, Auctioneer. sep12-21

J. W. McWILLIAMS' 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. apr27-11r

MONEY. 7 and 8 Per Cent! CALL ON W. H. HOLSINGER. feb2-11 REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something bright & mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." \$66 a week in your own town. \$5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work write for particulars to HALLET & CO. Portland, Maine. feb1-11

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 Head-ache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Erection of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Bots before the eyes, highly colored urine, 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 Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three organs 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 natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O. Sold every where, 25c. Office, 41 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. Office, 41 Murray Street, New York. TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE!

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—President Arthur has four sisters, who are Baptists.

—Harry Garfield, eldest son of the late President, was one of the prize speakers at Williams College.

—Adirondack Murray, having failed in the cattle business in Texas, will open a law office in New York.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—General Sir Edward Sabine, who recently died in England, at the age of ninety-five, took part in the war of 1811 in this country. In 1814 he commanded the British batteries at the siege of Fort Erie.

—Mr. Phil D. Armour, of Chicago, "the ruler of the provision market of the world," is fifty-four years of age, started as a York State farmer boy, and is now estimated to be worth over \$10,000,000.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Mr. Frank C. Bangs, the successful actor, has decided to quit the stage since marrying an heiress. It is given out that he will invest \$25,000 in a Philadelphia soap factory. He believes that while there is life there's soap.

—Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., who is eighty-four years old, has no recollection of anything occurring in the past fifty years, but as to events in 1830 and before he is perfectly clear. He celebrated his golden wedding a few days ago.

—Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the lady lawyer of Washington, has eight clerks in her office, over 3,000 pension cases on file, no end of lawsuits and claims, rides a tricycle wherever she goes, and has an income of over \$20,000 a year.—*Washington Star.*

—An acquaintance of Mrs. Langtry says that the lady is employing some of her spare time writing a book, in which she gives her impressions very fully of American customs and American people. A New York publisher has arranged for the copyright.

—Simon Cameron says that Daniel Webster stands alone. "His intellect was gigantic. Greater than his contemporaries, he has been unequalled in the directions in which he was particularly strong, and nature is not likely to repeat her work again. He was a stately column marred by little defects."

HUMOROUS.

—Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she can not understand why children are called the rising generation.

—Speaking of umbrellas, a scholar says: "The English name is borrowed from the Italian *ombrella*." This is proof positive that there has been from the start something borrowed about an umbrella.

—Rhubarb pies, says a cookery item, are improved by being baked in a slow oven. So there is one thing in this world which is the better done for being done in a slow-ovenly manner.—*The Judge.*

—"Mamma," said a little boy, "I gave Carrie a pretty good hint to go home today." "What did you do, my son?" asked his mother. "Oh, I filled her mouth with mustard and called it apple-sauce, and she took the hint!"—*Golden Days.*

—"Aye, there's the Rub!"—Bather No. 1: "I say, Charlie, I shall be glad of a glass of ale when I get outside, shan't you? By-the-bye, why is it people get so thirsty after coming out of the water?" Bather No. 2: "I don't know, unless it is because they rub themselves dry."—*Fun.*

—A gentleman sent his coachman with a favorite setter to have the animal photographed. When the man returned and presented the proof, his master observed: "This is a good picture, Mike; but there is a good deal more of you in it than of Flora." "Yes, sor," returned the coachman; "but, ye see, sor, she was restless, an' I tho't she'd be more content if she knew I was there."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—At a wood-cutting contest in McKean County two women won the first prize for cross-cut sawing. It is safe to wager that the aesthetic education of these women has been fearfully neglected. The probabilities are that they don't know a thing about crocheting a sky-blue dog on pink canvas, or painting frightful things on plaques, but they may be pretty well up in the accomplishment of kicking a tramp off the front stoop.—*Norristown Herald.*

They Paid No Duty.

There is a celebrated restaurant downtown, the proprietor of which sits, like Zaccheus, at the receipt of custom. He is a persuasive foreigner, with a most engaging air and that effusion of manner which convinces every patron that he is the latter's closest and dearest personal friend.

It has been for years a habit of this ingenious gentleman to say to each customer as he paid his bill and scrutinized the cigar stand?

"What for you bodder about does cigars? Here (in a deep whisper, and with an overwhelming wink) ist some cigars worth smoking. Dey are chennawine—but they have paid no duddy (another profound wink). Only ten cents!"

Equally flattered by being taken into his confidence and by the receipt of a good imported cigar in exchange for such a nominal amount as ten cents, the customer felt himself bound over and over again by a strong personal tie to the shrewd and insinuating gentleman of the counter.

But alas! one bright Monday the custom-house authorities, always on the *qui vive*, heard of these generous transactions of "imported cigars that had paid no duty," and an official raid was the natural result. A chief detective grabbed the celebrated inexhaustible cigar-box under the counter, and his subordinate took possession of some twenty or thirty others of the same brand.

"What's the matter?" inquired the astonished restaurateur.

"I seize these cigars as smuggled goods," replied the custom-house detective.

The honest restaurateur burst out into loud laughter.

"Donnerwetter! Dose is domestic cigars I bought in Chatham street, six dollars a hundred," he exclaimed, the tears running from his eyes.

"What are they doing in these Havana boxes?" inquired the man of the custom-house.

"I put dem in dose boxes to suit my own convenience," said the restaurateur, growing a bit thoughtful.

"All right," replied the detective, carelessly; for he knew by hearsay the clever little dodge of the restaurateur; "I'll take them and if you can prove what you say you can release them."

The Belgian's brow darkened. To prove his story, of course, would be to destroy his reputation with those of his customers on whom he had bestowed a real genuine cigar for ten cents. If the custom-house officials kept the boxes it would not be long before the murder would out. There was clearly only one thing to do, and that was to pay the duty.

"How much is the lot?" he inquired, ruefully.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars," replied the detective.

It was a bitter struggle, but in the long run the little Belgian's apprehensions for the future got the upper hand, and slowly and sadly he gave his check for seven hundred and fifty dollars for duty on about three hundred dollars worth of domestic cigars.

He finds some comfort, however, in the discovery that his customers have heard nothing about the matter, but, on the contrary, keep on joyfully paying each his ten cents for the "real" article from Chatham street.—*N. Y. World.*

—An Ohio man, aroused out of his slumbers by a burglar, pursued the fellow with a shot-gun, but did not succeed in shooting him. Soon the burglar came to a river and plunged in, but, not being a swimmer, he sank and was drowned. And now the grand jury has indicted the household for murder in the first degree for not going to the assistance of the drowning man. This is strange, as if he had previously shot the burglar nothing would have been done to him.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Mr. Charles Wooley, of Urbana, O., and Miss Louise Billman, of Hedgenville, Pa., were recently united in marriage at the home of the groom's father, near Urbana. The groom stands four feet three inches, and weighs 118 pounds, while the bride stands four feet even, and weighs 108 pounds. The bride made the trip from Hedgenville alone to marry her affianced, whom she had never seen before.

Summer Resort Quotations.

GOOD FISHING.

"I believe you advertise good fishing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Over in the lake. We never fish on dry land here."

"But I have been over there all day and never had a bite."

"Of course not. If you want to fish come here in June. This is July, and the fish won't bite. Sorry, but you are a month too late."

AT THE NEAREST RAILROAD STATION.

"How far is it over to Rosebush Lake?"

"Sixteen miles, sir."

"Why, I was told that it was only half a mile from this station! This is a pretty state of affairs, I declare! How do you get over there?"

"I have never been there, sir. I presume you can hire a farmer's team or walk it."

"It's a dead swindle!"

"Well?"

"And I'm a fool for leaving home!"

"Yes."

"And I'll take the down train."

"Certainly. Only sixteen hours to wait for it. Sit down in the freight-house and make yourself comfortable."

TOO PREVIOUS.

"See here, landlord, didn't you advertise an entire absence of flies and mosquitoes at this place?"

"Certainly, sir; but those advertisements were prepared in March, and I assure you in the most solemn manner that we weren't troubled in the least until the last of May. If you had only come up here in April you would have had a glorious time."

AN OFF YEAR.

"Hot! Why, it's five degrees hotter here than at home! I thought this was one of the coolest places in the country?"

"My dear sir, this is an off year, you know! Every year but this we have had to keep up fires in July, and we shall probably have to next year again. It is a sort of an extra season, you see."

"But where are those cool breezes you advertised?"

"Oh, they are over on the other side of the lake to-day. You see, this is only one side of the lake, and we can't expect to monopolize all the breeze there is. We must divide up and give the other resorts some of it."

CAME IN HANDY.

"See here, landlord, you advertised a big, four-story hotel, with a grove, fountains, bathing, boating, etc., and I arrive here to find a shanty stuck in the pine woods and the nearest lake a mile away. Explain yourself, sir!"

"With the greatest of pleasure. The cut of the hotel was one left on the printer's hands, and he worked it in to fill out the column. I ought to have mentioned in the advertisement that it was a cut of a hotel at Long Branch, but I neglected to. Come, right in—beautiful scenery, woods full of snakes, rates down to four dollars per day and children charged full prices."

DOG CHEAP.

"Landlord, this bill is downright extortion."

"How is that?"

"Why, I can stop at the Grand Pacific for less than you have charged me!"

"Yes, sir, but is the Grand Pacific among the hills? Is it surrounded by pines? Has it a boiling spring? Can you walk over a precipice within two hundred feet of the Grand Pacific? I charge two dollars a day for the precipice, another for the hills and the spring, and if twelve shillings a day for hotel rates are not dog cheap then I don't know how to please you. Why, sir, if the Fifth Avenue Hotel was on the brink of a precipice two hundred feet high, you couldn't stop there for eight dollars a day!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

White Lace Dresses, Etc.

For dress occasions, for fetes and dinners at the watering-places, white lace dresses are the first choice, and these are made short, and are considered appropriate both for day entertainments, when a hat of the lace may be worn with it, or for the most elaborate dinner party, where a trained skirt was formerly *de rigueur*. White French laces, woven precisely like the well-known black French laces that imitate Chantilly, are the novelties for these dresses, and are used in piece lace for the basque

and over-skirt, and with scalloped edges as trimming lace. These are made up over inexpensive and soft white satin Surah as a foundation skirt and basque lining, and are simply fashioned as a postilion, or else a very short basque that is even around the hips, and trimmed all around the edge with full frills of the lace, or a lace ruche with rosettes, or else with soft puffs, or it may be a panier drapery that forms the old-fashioned panier basque. The Surah lining is high in the neck, and follows the outlines of the basque, but all lining may be omitted in the lace sleeves. The Surah skirt has box-plaitings of Surah at the foot, on which the garniture lace is arranged in thick plaits at intervals, forming a ruche, and the spaces between the plaitings are filled in with oblong rosettest of very narrow white satin ribbon so thickly clustered in loops that five or six yards are required for each rosette; sometimes several hundred yards of ribbon are on a single dress, as there are similar rosettes on the sides of the skirt, down the front of the waist to the point, and on the postilion and the sleeves. White Oriental net in the piece, with lace to match, is also used for these dresses, and is trimmed with wide strips of crystal-beaded net cut from the piece and laid along the apron drapery, either lengthwise or horizontally, as the height of the wearer may determine. The sleeves are made entirely of the crystal beading, and the neck, whether square, a pointed surplice or with a vest, has this beaded net gathered inside of it, to partly fill up the open space or form a vest or plastron. Black French lace dresses made in the same way, and trimmed with jet-beaded net and satin ribbons, are laid as transparent over black satin Surah, and are considered the choicest black dresses of the summer. Antique silk guipure lace in the piece and in trimming widths is again in fashion for black dresses, and is very handsome when made up over black gros grain. The designs of flowers, leaves and stripes worn ten years ago are again seen, and there are also quaint figures of birds, dragons and animals woven in these rich guipure laces. *Harper's Bazar.*

A Story for the Marines.

"A warm day like this," said the nautical "cop" yesterday afternoon at Eighth and Chestnut streets, as he shook the beads of perspiration from his walking cane "reminds me of a pretty warm place I once got into, and on a freezing cold day. Don't know what a 'case whale' is, do you? Well, it's a whale that has a cavity in its head which holds just one-third of all the oil that the whale produces. The body of a seventy-five barrel 'case whale' yields fifty barrels and the head twenty-five barrels. The incident I speak of happened while I was on board the whaling-ship *Eliza F. Mason*.

"We had captured a hundred-barrel whale, and after the head was split open I was detailed to dip out the oil. It's just like going into a big bath-tub, and a man stands almost up to his arm-pits in oil. I was wading about in the monster's head when I was suddenly startled by seeing the surface of the oil burst into a blaze, caused, as I afterward learned by one of the crew accidentally dropping a box of burning matches. The only thing to do was to dive under the oil, and I did it, with my sheath knife in my teeth. I turned my head after I got underneath and could plainly see the flames jumping about three feet. After I could breathe no longer I attempted to come to the surface, but the heat was so intense that I had to dive back again, and made a desperate effort to dig my way out with the knife. I managed to dig a hole large enough to thrust my head through, and then, by a mighty effort escaped into the sea. It was a pretty tight squeeze, I can tell you, and my body was so warm that it made the water hiss around me. The Captain of the vessel thought I had been burned to death, and when I swam to the side of the vessel he was so frightened that he told me there was only one thing that prevented him from turning gray in a night."

"What was that?" asked the listener. "He was bald-headed."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—James Payn, the novelist, declares that he is a slow writer, producing only three or four pages a day; yet he has published over thirty novels.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE STRANGER.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent. The sky was dark and all the plain was bare. He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent; His haggard look implored the tenderest care. The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes, But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the east. Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies, The bounteous table seemed a royal feast. But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare, The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer? Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship, God?" He answered: "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said: "Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night, Fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky; In all the tent was filled with wondrous light, And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh. "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said, "That asked for shelter from the driving blast? Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?" "Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made, With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee. "Ah me! the stranger might with me have staid, But O, my God, he would not worship Thee." "I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait, Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?" —Walker Bruce, in Harper's Magazine.

FINDING THE TRAIL.

Here in the shadow of this grim mountain is a camp of cavalry—two hundred men in faded and ragged blue uniforms, every face sunburned and tanned, every saber and carbine showing long use, every horse lifting its head from the grass at short intervals for a swift glance up and down the valley.

Here, at the foot of the mountain, the Apache trail, which has been followed for three days, has grown cold. Aye, it has been lost. It is as if the white men had followed a path which suddenly ended at a precipice. From this point the red demons took wings, and the oldest trailer is at fault.

The men on picket looked up and down the narrow valley with anxious faces. Down the valley, a mile away, a solitary wild horse paws and prances and utters shrill neighs of wonderment and alarm. Up the valley is a long stretch of green grass, the earth as level as a floor and no visible sign of life. The pines and shrubs and rocks on the mountain side might hide ten thousand Indians, but there is not the slightest movement to arouse suspicion. It is a still, hot day. Not a bird chirps, not a branch waves. The eye of a lynx could detect nothing beyond the erratic movements of the lone wild horse down the valley and the circular flight of an eagle so high in the air that the proud bird seemed no larger than a sparrow.

For an hour every man and horse has looked for "signs," but nothing has been discovered beyond what has been described. It is a lost trail. There is something in it to arouse suspicion as well as annoyance. Ten miles away the trail was as plain as a country highway, and the Indians had no suspicion of pursuit. Five miles back there were signs of commotion. Here, in the center of the valley, every foot-print suddenly disappears.

Look, now! A sergeant with grizzly locks and fighting jaw rides down the valley, followed by five troopers. They are to scout for the lost trail. Every man has unslung his carbine, every saddle-girth has been tightened, and every man of the six looks over the camp as he rides out as if he had been told that he was bidding a last farewell to comrades. They ride at a slow gallop. Each man casts swift glances along the mountain side to his left—at the green grass under his horse's feet.

What's that! Afar up the slope to the right something waves to and fro for a moment. Higher up the signal is answered. Across the valley on the other side it is answered again. Down the

valley, a full two miles beyond where the wild horse now stands like a figure of stone, and where the valley sweeps to the right like the sudden turn of a river, the signal is caught up and two hundred Apaches, eager, excited and mounted, draw back into the fringe at the base of the mountain and wait.

The little band gallop straight down upon the lone horse. Now they are only half a mile away, and his breath comes quick and his nostrils quiver as he stands and stares at the strange spectacle. A little nearer and his muscles twitch and quiver and his sharp-pointed ears work faster. Only eighty rods now, and with a fierce snort of alarm and defiance he rears up, whirrs about like a top, and is off down the valley like an arrow sent by a strong hand. The sight may thrill, but it does not increase the pace of those who follow. The men see the wild horse fleeing before them, but the sight does not hold their eyes more than a second. To the right—to the left—above them—down their valley—they are looking for a hoof-print, for a trampled spot, for a broken twig—for a sign however insignificant to prove that men have passed that way. They find nothing. The signals up the mountain side were visible only for seconds.

After the first wild burst of speed the lone horse looks back. He sees that he is not being pursued, and he recovers courage. He no longer runs in a straight line, but he sweeps away to the left—swerves away to the right and changes his gait to a trot. When he hears the shouts of pursuit and the louder thumps of hoof-beats, he will stray ten away and show the pursuers a gait which nothing but a whirlwind can equal.

Look! It is only a quarter of a mile now to the turn in the valley. The lone horse has suddenly stopped to sniff the air. His ears are pointed straight ahead, his eyes grow larger and take on a frightened look and he half wheels as if he would gallop back to those who have seemingly pursued. Five, eight, ten seconds, and with a snort of alarm he breaks into a terrific run, takes the extreme left of the valley, and goes tearing out of sight as if followed by lions.

"Halt!" The grim sergeant sees "signs" in the actions of the horse. Every trooper is looking ahead and to the right. The green valley runs into the fringe, the fringe into dense thicket, the thicket into rock and pine and mountain slope. No eye can penetrate that fringe. The Indians may be in ambush there, or the horse may have scented wolf or grizzly. "Forward!"

No man knows what danger lurks in the fringe, but the order was to scout beyond the bend. To disobey is ignominy and disgrace; to ride forward is—wait! There is no air stirring in the valley. Every limb and bough is as still as if made of iron. There is a silence which weighs like a heavy burden, and the harsh note of hawk or buzzard would be a relief.

Here is the bend. The valley continues as before—no wider—no narrower—level and unbroken. The wild horse was out of sight long ago, and the six troopers see nothing but the green grass as their eyes sweep the valley from side to side.

"Turn the bend and ride down the valley for a mile or so and keep your eyes open to discover any pass leading out."

"Halt!"

"It is more than a mile beyond the bend. No pass has been discovered. No signs of a trail have been picked up. The sergeant has raised himself up for a long and careful scrutiny, when an exclamation causes him to turn his face up the valley. Out from the fringe ride the demons who have been lurking there to drink blood. Five—ten—twenty—fifty—the line has no end. It stretches clear across the valley before a word has been spoken. Then it faces to the right and two hundred Indians in war paint face the grim old sergeant and his five troopers.

"Into line—right dress!"

It is the sergeant who whispers the order. Six to two hundred, but he will face the danger. To retreat down the valley is to be overtaken one by one and shot from the saddle or reserved for torture. Down the valley there is no hope; up the valley is the camp and rescue. The two lines face each other for a moment without a movement.

"Now, men, one volley—sling carbines—draw sabers and charge!"

A sheet of flame—a roar—a cloud of smoke, and the six horses spring forward. Then there is a grand yell, a rush by every horse and rider, and a whirlpool begins to circle. Sabers flash and clang—arrows whistle—revolvers pop—voices shout and scream, and then the whirlpool ceases. It is not three minutes since the first carbine was fired, but the tragedy has ended. Every trooper is down and scalped, half a dozen redskins are dead or dying, a dozen horses are struggling or staggering, and turning the bend at a mad gallop is the sergeant's riderless horse. He carries an arrow in his shoulder, and there is blood on the saddle. In five minutes he will be in camp, and the notes of the bugle will prove that the lost trail has been found.—Detroit Free Press.

Curiosities of the Cholera.

R. G. Jennings, F. R. A. S., writes to the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, "to call attention to the attack of cholera on Southern and Western Europe now due. Such visitations come with more regularity than most people imagine. It is remarkable that every attack on Egypt is followed by an extension to England. Such cholera is not of the true Asiatic type; it makes its appearance first in the Hadjiz, on the tropic of Cancer, in the neighborhood of Mecca, some times the year before, some times the same year, in which it appears in Egypt. In 1831 it broke out at Mecca, the same year appeared in Egypt, and traveled in a northwest direction to England. In 1837, six years after, it appeared in England again, having started from Hadjiz in 1835. In 1848, eleven years after, it broke out at Mecca, appeared in Egypt, and reached England the same year. In 1854, six years after, it was in England again, having broken out at Mecca two years before, and spread to Egypt. In 1865, eleven years after, it broke out at Mecca, spread to Egypt, and reached England the same year. In 1871, six years after, it broke out near Mecca, but extended as far as the north of France only. In 1882, eleven years after, another attack on Europe fell due. It will be observed that these outbreaks occur every six and eleven years alternately; a great outbreak happening every seventeen years, as 1831, 1848, 1865 and 1882. In every instance in which Egypt has been attacked, Southern and Western Europe have suffered. There has been some delay in regard to the commencement of the present attack; but that is a reason for believing that the advance will be rapid. In the other great attacks, the cholera has advanced from Egypt to England in a few months. On the 25th of March, 1865, the disease broke out at Mecca; on the 2d of June it appeared at Alexandria, killing 60,000 people in Egypt in three months; on the 11th of June, only nine days after, it reached France, and on the 11th of September it was in England. It would appear, then, that the cholera which visits our shores is not Indian, but Arabian—diseases generically the same, specifically different. There are, as I endeavored to show eleven years ago, when I stated that the next great attack would be in 1883, as a matter of fact, seven different species, which descend from the atmosphere at seven different points, situated equally distant from each other along the tropic of Cancer, and move in a northwest direction. The Indian and Arabian streams intersect in England. As a matter of fact, the Indian, from its much longer course, exhausts itself in Russia and Germany, and in all probability we have never had an attack of it, unless, perhaps, it be when the North of England suffered in 1831. As regards the assertion one so often hears, that all cholera can be traced to the Ganges, what is to be said about the cholera which commenced last July in Mexico, and last January was carrying off by fearful ravages an immense number of victims? Before the present year closes I expect to hear that cholera has broken out in every quarter of the globe."

—A lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon. "May be you don't know what a phenomenon is? Well, I will tell you. You have seen a cow, no doubt? Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple-tree? Well, an apple-tree is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up the tree tail foremost, to pick the apples, that is a phenomenon."

Sad Results of Being Honest.

The other morning a citizen who had been cautioned to send up some butter as he went down town or eat dry bread for dinner stepped into a grocery and bought and paid for three pounds. The cash tendered was in the shape of a bill, and the citizen did not count his change until he had traveled several squares. Then he made a discovery.

"Why, I gave him a dollar bill and he has given me back over nine dollars," he soliloquized. "I could keep this money and he would be none the wiser, but I'm not that sort of a clothes-pin. I will at once return it."

He was as good as his promise. Returning to the store with the money in his hand he said:

"Lucky for you that I am an honest man. You gave me nine dollars too much in making change."

"I guess not."

"Well, I guess you did, and here it is. I want only what belongs to me."

The grocer sulkily thanked him and the citizen went his way, but in an hour or so he made another discovery. He found the one-dollar bill and missed the ten.

"It was a ten I gave him and the change was right," he gasped. "I must go to him and explain."

He started for the grocery, hung around for awhile and then stated his case.

"You are a vile swindler, sir!" promptly replied the grocer.

"Oh, no; I'm not! I'm simply a victim of a too honest conscience."

"You get out! I didn't like the cut of your phiz in the first place, and when you brought back the nine dollars I knew you had some sort of a game. Now, sir, you travel, or I'll call the policeman!"

"But I'm an honest man! I tell you there's a mistake here, protested the buyer.

"You promenade! I'm on all the little games, and you can't make a cent. Boy, call in a policeman!"

The citizen walked out and kicked lamp-posts and rubbed against baby carriages, and refused to recognize his best friends. He had not only paid over three dollars per pound for butter, but he had beaten himself all around. He rushed to a lawyer to see what he could do, and the lawyer replied:

"Bide your time and pass a counterfeit twenty off on him—fee, five dollars."

—Detroit Free Press.

Even With the Dentist.

A meek little man in deep black, with a tasty straw hat and dark, orange-colored tie, crept up a pair of stairs on State street one evening last week until the second floor was reached, when a doctor's sign was seen at one side of a door. Suspended from a string against the door was a slate bearing in large white letters the words "Walk in." He did so, but the room was barren of any human form. On the table was a square card bearing the words: "Sit down and wait."

A gleam of intelligence succeeded the look of disappointment on the little man's face as his glance rested for a second on a fine upholstered dentist's chair, with a rack of instruments at its side. He placed his hand up to the side of his face, and then somberly sank down on one knee. His right hand was uplifted a moment; then he arose. For a short time he stood irresolutely about the room. Then he spied the card. It was but the work of a moment for him to carry this and the huge dentist's chair out into the hall. The slate was turned, and when the silent man had finished his work on it, the words "Dead drunk; be sober to-morrow" appeared. The card with "sit down and wait" was next placed under the slate, and the man chuckled noiselessly as he went joyfully down the stairs. His oath of vengeance had been satisfied.—Chicago News.

—Alligators are getting more and more impudent every day. Yesterday quite a large specimen of the species took the water at the foot of St. Francis street, and became the target of half a dozen poor marksmen. When last seen, the amphibious lizard was gayly swimming up the stream.—Mobile Register.

—"Blessed are the piece makers," said the hired girl when she dropped a fine French china dish on the brick pavement.—Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.

