

Chicago

W.E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOL. XIX.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1892.

NO. 5.

DEDICATED.

Imposing Dedicatory Ceremonies at the Lako City.

The World's Fair Buildings Now Belong to the Country—A Great Event for Chicago—Programme of the Day—A Great Crowd.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—This was the great day of the week in which the buildings of the Columbian world's fair exposition were dedicated to the arts and sciences. As might have been expected, it caused an immense concentration of people in the vicinity of Jackson park, apparently unsatisfied with the enormous demonstration of Thursday. The national salute at sunrise inaugurated the ceremonies. The procession of in-

- Prayer by Bishop Charles H. Fowler, D. D., of California.
- Introductory address by the director-general.
- Address of welcome and tender of the freedom of the City of Chicago by Hempstead Washburne, mayor.
- Selected recitation from the dedicatory ode, written by Miss Harriet Monroe, of Chicago; music by G. W. Chadwick, of Boston; reading by Mrs. Sarah C. Le Moine.
- Presentation by the director of works of the master artists of the exposition of the world's Columbian exposition and award to them of special commemorative medals.
- Chorus—"The Heavens Are Telling!"—Haydn.
- Address—"Work of the Board of Lady Managers"—Mrs. Potter Palmer, president.
- Tender of the buildings on behalf of the world's Columbian exposition by the president thereof to the president of the world's Columbian commission.
- Presentation of the buildings by the president of the world's Columbian commission to the vice president of the United States for dedication.
- Dedication of the buildings.
- "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah"—Handel.

COLUMBIAN ORATION.

Address of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew at Chicago.

A Great Tribute to the Discoverer of America From the New York Orator—The Address of Welcome—By Mayor Washburne.

Mr. Depew's Address.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—When No. 15 on the order of exercises was reached at the world's fair dedication today, Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, advanced to the front and delivered the oration on Columbus, essentially as follows:

This day belongs not to America, but to the world. The results of the event it commemorates are the heritage of the peoples of every race and clime. We celebrate the emancipation of man, the liberation of the world from the shackles of servitude, the realization of the age-old dream of freedom, the first step toward the universal brotherhood of man. The cross of Calvary was hope; the cross raised on San Salvador was opportunity.

C. M. DEPEW.

But for the first Columbus sailed for the Indies, but for the second, there would have been no place for the planting, the nurture and the expansion of civil and religious liberty. The anarchy and chaos which followed the breaking up of the Roman empire necessarily produced the feudal system. The people preferring slavery to annihilation by robber chiefs, became the vassals of territorial lords. The reign of physical force lasted for centuries, whether of the skies or of the earth, whether on the scaffold, or under the anathemas of the church. The divine light of kings stamped out the faintest glimmer of revolt against tyranny; and the problems of science, whether of the stars or of the stars, whether of astronomy or geography, were solved or submerged by ecclesiastical decrees. The dungeon was ready for the philosopher who proclaimed the truths of the solar system, or the navigator who would prove the existence of the antarctic continent, or a French Garibaldi, or a German Bismarck, or an Italian Garibaldi, or a Spanish Castelar would have been thought worthy to share the fate of the condemned on the scaffold, and under the anathemas of the church. We had received the praise and approval of kings and nobles of princes and peoples. Reason had no seat in spirit or temple. Patriotism and piety was held possible by torture. Confessions of faith extorted from the writhing victims on the rack were believed to have the same force as those pronounced beyond the grave. For all that humanity today cherishes as its best heritage and choicest gifts, there was nothing then but hope.

Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his story. That he came from Genoa, and that his time is in harmony with the struggles of his period. The perils of the sea in his youth upon the rich argosies of Genoa, or his search for a shorter and safer route to the Indies, or his training as a skilful navigator and intrepid mariner. They had given him a glimpse of the possibilities of the unknown, beyond the high-walled monks of the convent of Rabida, who was his unflinching friend, he stood before the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella. His unshakable faith, that Christopher Columbus was commissioned from Heaven, with his name and his Divine command to carry "Christ across the sea" to new continents and pagan peoples, lifted him so far above the discouragements of an empty purse and a contemptuous court that he was able to command the obedience of his friends. To conquer the prejudices of the clergy, to win the approval and financial support of the state, to venture upon that unknown ocean, which, according to the beliefs of the age, was peopled with demons and savage beasts of frightful shape, and from which there was no possibility of return, required the zeal of Peter the Zealot, the chivalric courage of the Old and the imagination of Dante. Columbus had believed in that high order of cranks, who confidently walk where "angels fear to tread," and often become the benefactors of their country, or their kind.

The sturdy soul of the great Columbus was undaunted by the ingratitude of princes, and the hostility of the people, by imprisonment and neglect. He died as he was suffering mankind and preparing a campaign for the rescue of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem from the hands. He did not know what time had revealed, that while the mission of the crusades of Godfrey of Bouillon and Richard of the Lion Heart was a bloody and fruitless romance, the discovery of America was the salvation of the world. The one was the symbol, the other the spirit; the one a death, the other life. The town of the sailors, the man of the sea, the man of the sea, was a broad and fertile continent, the discovery of friends. To conquer the prejudices of the clergy, to win the approval and financial support of the state, to venture upon that unknown ocean, which, according to the beliefs of the age, was peopled with demons and savage beasts of frightful shape, and from which there was no possibility of return, required the zeal of Peter the Zealot, the chivalric courage of the Old and the imagination of Dante. Columbus had believed in that high order of cranks, who confidently walk where "angels fear to tread," and often become the benefactors of their country, or their kind.

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Washington and Adams were the new types. Their union in a common cause gave the world a republic both stable and free. It possessed neither the colossal egoism nor the liberty without license. It founded institutions strong enough to resist revolution, and elastic enough for indefinite extension to meet the requirements of governments of ever enlarging areas of population, and the needs of progress and growth. The Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, and a Dutch ship laden with African slaves, were on the ocean of the same time, the one sailing for Massachusetts and the other for Virginia. This company of saints, and first cargo of slaves, represented the forces which were to perill and rescue free government. The slave was the product of the commercial spirit of Great Britain, and the greed of the times to stimulate production in the colonies. The men who wrote in the cabin of the Mayflower the first charter of freedom, a government of just and equal laws, were a little band of Protestants against every form of injustice and tyranny. The leaven of their principles made possible the declaration of independence. It liberated the slaves, and founded the free commonwealths which form the republic of the United States.

The time has arrived for both the old world and a greater distance, between the world and the new. The former indiscriminate welcome to our prairies, and the present invitation to these palaces of art and industry, mark the passing period of a transient and unhealthy immigration can no longer be permitted to our shores. We must have a national quarantine against disease, pauperism and crime. We do not intend to have our shores a refuge for the hordes of the South, and the wretched natives, who come to undermine our institutions, and subvert our laws. But we will gladly throw wide our gates for, and receive with open arms, the intelligent, the virtuous, the patriotic, and the noble of every nation, who are worthy of receiving the equal advantages of the priceless gift of American citizenship. The spirit and object of this exhibition are peace and kinship.

The grandeur and beauty of this spectacle are the eloquent witnesses of peace and progress. The United States welcome the sister republics of the South and the North, the continents, and the peoples of Europe and Asia, of Africa and Australia, with the products of their lands, of their skill and of their industry. The United States welcome the products of the earth, the products of the earth, the products of the earth. The artists and architects of the country have been bidden to design and erect the buildings, which shall illustrate the height and the breadth of our hospitality. The peace of the world permits and protects their efforts in utilizing their powers in the service of art and science. The park of palaces. The originality and boldness of their conceptions and the magnitude and harmony of their creations are the contributions of America to the oldest of the arts and the most enduring of the sciences. The products of the earth to come and bring the fruits of the earth to the boundless opportunities of this unparalleled exhibition.

Ah! that Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, and apostle. We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all his deeds, past, present and to come, which are kind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Countless are his monuments, and unnumbered highways, and to present and to come, which are kind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Countless are his monuments, and unnumbered highways, and to present and to come, which are kind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue.

Address of Welcome.

Following is Mayor Hempstead Washburne's address of welcome: Mr. President, Representatives of Foreign Governments, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a privilege to welcome you to this city, which is the center of the world. We have gathered here today to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. This day is a day of national pride and joy. It is a day when we remember the courage and vision of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of a new world. It is a day when we celebrate the progress and achievement of our nation, and the progress and achievement of the world.

The four centuries past in review have witnessed the settlement of a newly discovered continent, the establishment of a new world, and the establishment of a new world, and the establishment of a new world. It is a day when we remember the courage and vision of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of a new world. It is a day when we celebrate the progress and achievement of our nation, and the progress and achievement of the world.

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DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

Henry Watterson Delivers a Masterly Oration.

The Memory of Columbus—His Name Honored and a Patriotic Invocation to the Country—All Nations Welcomed to Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—The oration of Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, at the world's fair dedication was listened to with rapt attention by all within hearing of his voice. After alluding to the struggles of the early settlers and the men who established national independence, he went on:

We are met this day to honor the memory of Christopher Columbus, to celebrate the 400th anniversary of his discovery of the west coast of America and the universe a concrete exposition of the world's progress between 1492 and 1892. No twenty centuries can be compared with these four centuries, either in importance or interest, as no previous ceremonial can be compared with this in its significance and reach: because since the advent of the Son of God, no event has had so great an influence upon human affairs as the discovery of the west coast of America. Each of the centuries that have intervened marks many revolutions. The mere catalogue would crowd a thousand pages. The story of the least of the nations would fill a volume. In what have we said upon this occasion, therefore, I shall confine myself to our own and, in speaking of the United States of America, I propose rather to dwell upon our character as a people, and our reciprocal obligations and duties as an aggregation of communities, held together by a fixed constitution, and charged with the custody of a union upon whose preservation and perpetuation the highest spirit and purpose of the future of free, popular government depend, than to enter into a dissertation upon abstract principles, or to undertake an historic essay. We are a plain, practical people. We are a race of inventors and workers, not of poets and artists. We have led the world's movement, not its thought. Our deeds are to be found not upon frescoed walls or in ampie libraries, but in the machine shop, where the splashing steel and the hum of the loom, and the steam plow, where the reaper and the mower contend with one another in friendly war against the obstructions of nature; in the magic of electricity as it penetrates the darkest caverns with its irresistible power and light. Let us consider ourselves and our conditions, as far as we are able, with a candor untroubled by cynicism and a confidence having no air of assurance.

A better opportunity could not be desired for a study of our peculiarities than is furnished by the present moment. We are in the midst of the quadrennial period established for the selection of a chief magistrate. Each citizen has his right of choice, each has his right to vote and to have his vote freely cast and fully counted. Wherever this right is essential for any cause wrong is done. It is the right of every citizen, and of every citizen which has an interest in all its parts, but is done to the community immediately involved, which must actually drink of the cup that has contained the poison and cannot escape its infection.

The abridgment of the right of suffrage, however, is a very nearly proportioned to the ignorance or indifference of the parties concerned by it, and there is good reason to suppose that, in the expanding intelligence of the masses, and the growing enlightenment of the times, this particular form of corruption in elections will be reduced below the danger line. It is to that end, as to all other good ends, the moderation of public sentiment must ever be our chief reliance, for whom men are forced by the general desire for truth, and the light which our modern vehicles of information throw upon the truth, to discuss public questions in the truth's sake, when it becomes the plain interest of public men, as it is their plain duty to do this, and when, above all, friends and neighbors counsel us to love one another less because of individual difference of opinion about public affairs, the struggle for unfair advantage will be relegated to those who have either no character to lose or none to seek.

It is admitted on all sides that the current presidential campaign is free from excitement and tumult than was ever known before, and it is argued from this circumstance that we are traversing the epoch of the compromise. We have no more of the dramatic and sensational, and need a season of mediocrity and repose. But may we not ascribe the rational way in which the people are going about their business, to a larger knowledge and experience, and a fairer spirit than have hitherto marked our party contentions?

Parties are essential to free government as oxygen to the atmosphere, or sunshine to vegetation. And party spirit is inseparable from party organization. To the extent that it is tempered by good sense and good feeling, by love of country and integrity of purpose, it is a necessary and a noble part of our government. We should have a republic in name only, but we should never cease to be admonished by the warning words of the father of his country against the excess of party spirit, reinforced as they are by a century of party warfare, which are happily culminating in the complete triumph of American principles, but brought many times dangerously near to the annihilation of all that was great and noble in the national life.

Sursum Corda. We have in our own time seen the republic survive an irrepressible conflict soon in the blood and marrow of the social order. We have seen the federal union, not too strongly put together in the first place, come out of a great war of sections stronger than when it went into it, its faith renewed, its credit rehabilitated and its flag saluted with love and honor by 60,000,000 of God-fearing men and women, thoroughly reconciled and homogeneous. We have seen the federal constitution outlast the strain, not merely of a reconstructive war, but of a presidential impeachment, but a disputed count of the electoral vote, a congressional deadlock and an extra constitutional tribunal, yet standing firm against the assault of its enemies, who, yielding itself with admirable flexibility to the needs of the country and the time. And, finally, we saw the gigantic fabric of the federal government transferred from hands that had held it a quarter of a century to other hands without a protest, although so close was the poll in the final count that a single blanket might have covered both contestants for the chief magistracy. With such a record behind us, shall we be afraid of the future?

The curse of slavery is gone. It was a joint heritage of war, to be wiped out and expelled in blood and flame. The miracle of the confederacy was vanished. It was essentially bonapartist, a vision of Arlecchino, the dream of a most attractive economic fallacy. The constitution is no longer a rope of sand. The exact relation of the states to the federal government is left open to doubt, but not by construction by the authors of our organic being, because they could not agree among themselves and union was the paramount object, has been clearly and definitely fixed by the three last amendments to the original chart, which con-

stitute the real treaty of peace between the north and the south and seal our bonds as a nation forever. The republic represents at last the letter and the spirit of the sublime declaration. The fetters that bound her to the earth are burst asunder. The rags that degraded her beauty are cast aside. Like the enchanted princess in the legend, clad in spotless raiment, and wearing a crown of living light, she steps in the perfection of her maturity upon the scene of this, the latest and proudest of her victories to bid a welcome to the world!

The men who planted the signals of American civilization upon that sacred rock by Plymouth Bay were Englishmen, and so were the men who struck the coast a little lower down, calling their haven of rest after the great republican commoner, and founding by Hampton roads a race of heroes and statesmen, the mention of whose names bring a thrill to every heart. The south claims Lincoln, the immortal, for its own; the north has no right to reject Stonewall Jackson, the one typical Puritan soldier of the war, for its own! Nor will it! The time is coming, is almost here, when hanging above many a mantle bedded in the sunny south shall be seen bound together in everlasting love and honor, two crossed swords carried to battle respectively by the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray. I cannot trust myself to proceed. We have come here not so much to recall bygone sorrows and glories as to bask in the sunshine of present prosperity and happiness, to exchange patriotic greetings and indulge good auguries, and, above all, to meet upon the threshold the stranger within our gate, not as a foreigner, but as a guest and friend, for whom nothing that we have is too good.

From wherever he cometh we welcome him with all our hearts—the son of the Rhone and the Garonne, our godmother France, to whom we owe so much, he shall be our Lafayette; the son of the Rhine and the Moselle, he shall be our Goethe and our Wagner; the son of the Campana and the Vesuvian bay, he shall be our Michael Angelo and our Garibaldi; the son of Ararat and the Indies, he shall be our Christopher Columbus, fitly honored at last throughout the world. Our good cousin of England needs no words of special civility and courtesy from us. For him the latch string is ever on the outside, though whether it be or not, we are sure that he will enter and make himself at home. A common language enables us to do full justice to one another at the festive board or in the arena of debate; warning both of us in equal tones against further parley on the field of arms.

All nations and all creeds are welcome here: from the Bosphorus and the Black sea, the Venetian woods and the Danubian plains; from Holland delta to Alpine crags; from Belgrade and Calcutta and round to China seas and the busy marts of Japan, the Indies, the Pacific and the far away ages of Africa—African, Christian and Jew—the American, loving no country except his own, but loving all mankind as his brother, bids you enter and fear not; bid you partake with us of these fruits of 40 years of American civilization and development, and behold these trophies of 190 years of American independence and freedom!

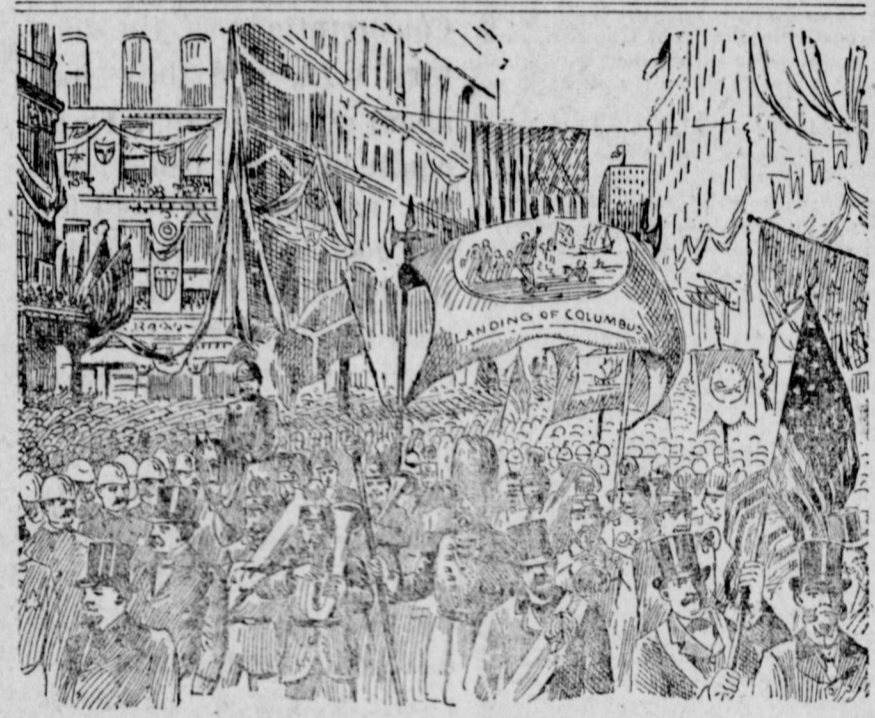
MILITARY BALL.

Though a Private Affair Col. Turner's Entertainment at the Chicago Armory Was Unique. CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—Fully 10,000 people thronged upon the floor of the armory of the First Infantry Thursday night in response to invitations issued by Lieut.-Col. Henry L. Turner, of that regiment. In point of numbers the event far surpassed the notable affair at the Auditorium and in brilliancy and success it was fully its equal. Col. Turner's courtesy was extended to the visiting officers of the national guard and regular army, members of the Loyal Legion, the distinguished visitors now in Chicago, to the friends of their friends. Despite the number which attended it, however, the ball was no crush.

Col. Turner, in the full dress uniform of his regiment, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Maj.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles and Mrs. A. H. Nettleton, Gen. A. B. Nettleton and Mrs. John B. Castleman, Col. John B. Castleman and Mrs. Porter, Maj.-Gen. Henry K. Douglas and Miss Castleman, Col. C. H. E. Kuch and Mrs. Laird, Mr. Schiller Hofsofer and Mrs. Koch, Maj. Fred Brackett and Mrs. Hofsofer. The reception began at 8:30 o'clock and lasted for two hours when the orchestra, which had been devoting itself to promenade music, changed to a livelier tone and in a few moments the hall was filled with revolving couples, moving in time with the exquisite waltz music of over 100 players.

Shortly before midnight the gentlemen who had been present at the Fellowship club dinner, arrived with Vice President Morton at their head to the Armory. Mr. Morton and his friends were met at the door by Lieut. Chamberlain and an escort of military men in full uniform and conducted to where the host of the evening was awaiting them. A few minutes after the arrival of the members of the Fellowship club and their guests, three bagpipers stepped to the front of the orchestra and the mellow notes of the "Officers Call" rang through the hall. It met a response from men who had been officers in days gone by and who had won their spurs in other places than ball rooms and dedication parades. They were the members of the Loyal Legion and they formed in a circle in the center of the hall. Around them gathered the officers of the regular army and of the navy and beyond these clustered the men of the national guard. When all was ready the old gray haired and gray bearded fighters burst forth with the words of "The National Guard," a poem written by Col. Turner for the occasion. They sang it to the air of "Maryland" and men who had won the gray from '61 to '65 clapped their hands with the men they had fought during four long and bloody years, and lent their voices in the praise and encouragement of the men who must do the nation's fighting now. It was a beautiful scene and the applause of the listening thousands was long and hearty.

After this the dancing was resumed and it was 3 o'clock and after when Col. Turner shook hands with his last departing guest. It was a private affair, but by its beauty, brilliancy and success, it has not been in vain, if anything, when compared with the other events of the week.



THE MONSTER PARADE IN CHICAGO.

ited guests was formed near the Auditorium hotel on Michigan avenue and proceeded southward to Jackson park in the following order:

1. Joint committee on ceremonies of the world's Columbian commission and the world's Columbian exposition.
2. The director-general of the world's Columbian commission and the president of the centennial commission of 1876 at Philadelphia, and the director-general thereof.
3. The president of the world's Columbian commission and the president of the world's Columbian exposition.
4. The vice president of the United States, the vice president of the world's Columbian commission and the vice president of the world's Columbian exposition.
5. The secretary of state and the secretary of the treasury.
6. The secretary of war and the attorney-general of the United States.
7. The postmaster-general and the secretary of the navy.
8. The secretary of the interior and the secretary of agriculture, and the director of works.
9. The diplomatic corps.
10. The supreme court of the United States.
11. The speaker of the house of representatives and the mayor of Chicago.
12. Ex-President Hayes; escort, Hon. John Sherman, Lyman J. Gage, ex-president of the world's Columbian exposition.
13. Ex-Secretary Thomas F. Bayard and W. T. Baker, ex-president of the world's Columbian exposition.
14. The senate of the United States, headed by the president pro tem.
15. The house of representatives.
16. The army of the United States.
17. The navy of the United States.
18. The governors and their staffs of the states and territories of the United States.
19. Ex-cabinet officers.
20. The orators and chaplains.
21. Commissioners of foreign governments to the world's Columbian exposition.
22. Consuls from foreign governments.
23. The world's Columbian commissioners, headed by the second, third, fourth and fifth vice presidents thereof.
24. The board of lady managers, headed by the president thereof.
25. One woman representing each one of the thirteen original states.
26. Board of directors of the world's Columbian exposition, headed by the second vice president thereof, and the director of works.
27. Board of management United States government exhibit.
28. The department chiefs.
29. The staff officers of the director of works.
30. The city council of Chicago.

This procession, escorted by United States cavalry and light artillery, proceeded south on Michigan avenue to Thirty-fifth street, thence east on Thirty-fifth street to Grand boulevard, thence to Washington park, where it formed in partial lines on the west side of the parade grounds of the park. The troops having passed in review became the escort of honor for the entire procession and continued the march via Fifty-seventh street to the exposition grounds, thence to the manufactories and liberal arts building, where the troops took positions assigned them, the officials occupying the platform prepared for them.

When Director-General Davis rose upon the platform to open the ceremonies there was spread before him such a vast sea of human faces as has probably never before been seen under a single roof. In front of him, massed before the great bulk of the audience, 15,000 distinguished guests occupied reserved seats. To his left on a special stand 5,500 singers were seated and a large orchestra helped to make the speakers ring again, while behind the speaker sat in state many of the greatest dignitaries of which a republican government can boast.

PROGRAMME IN THE BUILDING. At 12:30 o'clock the following programme of exercises took place under the director-general as master of ceremonies: 1. "Columbian March," composed by Prof. John K. Paine of Cambridge.

MOTHER'S POSIES.

Kind o' party, don't yuh think?
Green an' red an' yellow
Bloomin' in th' winter there
Sort o' makes a feller
Think 't summer's back agin,
Even though he knows his
Eyes 'n' 'ny caught th' shine
There 'n' mother's posies.

In th' old' tomatar cans
An' th' pots an' boxes,
There they bloom as big as life—
Pinks an' hollyhocks.
Creepin' things an' y'lets, too,
Partly colors an' 's'it
Peekin' through th' winder-pano
Out whur th' 's'-snowin'.

There's a great' big fuz there
Weth some ferns aside it,
An' a primrose weth some mosas
Tryin' fer tuh hide it,
An' geraniums an' 's'it
Cluttered all together,
Bloomin' there like sixty an'
Laughin' at th' weather.

Pots o' green an' pots o' red
Make up lights an' shades,
Weth th' ivy an' th' vines
Climbin' up th' leaders,
Whut I wittid out m' self
Jes fer to grow on—
An' th'F' busterin' th' snow
An' th' winder-blavin'.

Yes, sircce, it's party an'
Soothin' like, an' cheerin'
To set here on days like this
An' see mother clearin'
Out th' dead vines an' such things
Frum th' vines an' phloxes
In th' ol' tomatar cans
An' th' pots an' boxes.
—Carl Smith, in Harper's Weekly.

EDWARD'S RETURN.

Although as a Captive It Brought
Peace to His Mother.

Edward Drenton paused uneasily on the street as if trying to decide what to do. It was three o'clock in the morning, and all the houses in the row were dark, except one. In that a dim light was burning. He took out his watch, looked at the time, and then glided up the steps and unlocked the door.

It was a large house, luxuriously furnished, and as he crept along the soft carpets and up the stairs he made scarcely any noise. He went to the third story and entered the back room, where he lighted the gas, and, grabbing up a satchel, hastily and nervously filled it with articles, evidently for a journey. He stopped a moment to write a note, but when he read it he tore it up.

Then he turned out the gas, took the satchel and descended the first flight of steps.

He paused at the door of the room in which the dim light burned and listened, but there was no sound except a steady breathing. After another moment of indecision he went down and closed the door as softly as he could.

He walked briskly when he reached the open air and increased his speed to a steady swing. The streets were deserted and he saw no signs of life—not even a policeman—until he reached a large building where the electric lights, the noise of steam and of bells and the rows of cabs and groups of drowsy drivers told its character.

Very few people were at the station, and when Drenton stood before the ticket window he had to tap a coin on the marble slab to attract the attention of the sleepy clerk.

"Does the four o'clock train go to St. Louis?" he asked.

"There is a through car," was the reply.

"And the other cars?"

"Go to Chicago."

The train was on time and Drenton slipped through the gate and made his way to the sleeping car, where a porter perfunctorily took his satchel.

"I want a berth in which I can sleep until ten o'clock," he said.

"I don't know about that, sir."

"Here is a half dollar. I want the berth, and, if there is any objection about late sleeping, I'm ill. Do you see?"

"It's all right, sir. You can have the berth."

Five minutes later the train pulled out of the station.

Late the next morning a young lady went to the third-story room which Edward Drenton had left and knocked at the door.

"Edward, your breakfast is ready."

Finding no response, she knocked again and added: "Brother, I want to see you."

She knocked once more, and then turned the knob and looked in. She saw that the room had not been occupied, but she was not alarmed, because it had happened that way before.

A moment later, however, she was filled with a strange fear.

With the keen eye of a sister who watched over the household effects of an only brother she discovered that certain articles were missing. She quickly looked into the cupboards, the bureau, and on the stand. She found his writing desk disturbed, and on the floor were scraps of paper which she picked up and pieced together, with this result:

"Dear Judith—I am going away—far away. I have lost all the money—everything except a few dollars to take me somewhere, where I hope to reform and gain enough to repay everything. If you love me, for God's sake don't let mother know. Don't—"

And there it stopped. Judith read it again and sat like one dazed. In a moment tears began to flow, and then she got better control of herself and wiped them from her face. She went down the steps and entered the front room, where an aged lady lay upon the bed.

"Where is Edward this morning?" she inquired. "He has not been to see me to-day."

"Edward has gone away."

"Without saying good-by to me?"

"Yes, mother; he was called away suddenly on—on—business, to a town out west, and as he had to take a morn-

ing train he did not wish to disturb you."

The silvery-haired lady looked steadily at her daughter for a moment, and then said, softly and sadly:

"Judith, I am growing very weak, and I cannot live much longer. You must write to Edward and ask him for my sake to get back as soon as he can."

Judith endeavored to reassure her, bringing her a handful of flowers from the window and letting in the sunshine to cheer her.

The hours dragged slowly. Visitors came to make their usual inquiries; there was no change in the routine. With Judith it was only a waiting to know what she should do. She was unable to bring herself to tell even her own sister, Mrs. Nerlington, who lived only a few blocks below on the same street; at least not to tell her more than the fact that Edward had gone away.

In her misery she turned to Lawyer Wheat, who had managed the family affairs as long as she could remember. It was he who had written her father's will, and he who had turned over the estate to Edward Drenton when he became old enough to manage it.

She went to his office and in a few words told him frankly and freely all she knew. As she spoke a troubled look came over his face.

"I cannot understand how Edward could have got all the money from the bank," he said. "It was clearly understood that the checks were to be signed by your mother."

"Yes, I believe it was so understood," said Judith, helplessly.

"Then we must go to the bank."

They went. The cashier politely showed them the checks. In a moment the whole ease was clear.

Lawyer Wheat told Miss Judith that she had better go home. He would investigate and call in the evening.

He was on time, and to Judith and Mr. and Mrs. Nerlington he explained the full results of his investigation. It was a familiar story. Edward had gambled and lost the money. There was only one way to recover anything, and that was to have Mrs. Drenton bring suit against the bank, which would, of course, publish the affair to the world.

The three persons, with blanched faces, discussed the situation earnestly. Mr. Nerlington announced the decision.

"We have enough of our own left to live on," he said, "and to keep mother. It would never do in the world for her to know of the affair. It would kill her."

"I hoped that you would agree to that," said the lawyer, "for the suit would be such a fight that you would all regret it more keenly than the loss of the money."

There it rested. They went around from day to day concealing their miserable secret, and replying to the mother's anxious questions as best they could.

"Haven't you heard yet?" she asked.

"I am sure he will come back when he knows that I want him."

Two days after his call at the Drenton house Lawyer Wheat heard certain rumors that led him, for reasons of prudence, to a visit to the chief of police. To this official he went over confidentially and in full the details of the story, and said that the family had agreed not to prosecute him in any way, and wished the matter kept entirely quiet.

"As far as they are concerned," replied the chief, "this might easily be done, but unfortunately, young Drenton interested himself in other people's money."

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, he forced a check on the Third national, and we have been at work on it since the day following his departure. He bought a ticket to Chicago, but I have every reason to believe he branched off any way to St. Louis and from there on to the southwest. I am sorry, Mr. Wheat, but it is too late now to stop the case."

"Defaulter Drenton Caught!" was the headline that they read in the morning newspaper, and below it was a dispatch from Texas announcing his arrest while on his way to Mexican territory. "The identification is complete," it said, "and Drenton says he is willing to return without a requisition. The prisoner takes his arrest very hard and refuses to eat. Only a few dollars were found on him." Then followed a local note of three lines saying that the dispatch had been received too late to get any details from the prisoner's family.

Lawyer Wheat was at the house before breakfast, and when the reporters came he was the unyielding barrier between them and the family.

The afternoon paper gave these few lines: "Drenton left to-day in charge of an officer. He will arrive at his destination on Tuesday."

Mrs. Drenton was growing weaker, and the doctor called in two colleagues for consultation. They could give no hope. Judith went to the bedside, and the invalid asked:

"Have you heard from Edward yet?"

"He is so far away, mother, that I fear he cannot come."

Mrs. Drenton shook her head very slowly and said:

"He will come; I know he will come."

Judith looked out of the window.

"Dear," the invalid said, "in my will I left Edward half the money, and divided the other half between you and Matilda. A boy needs more, and you—you will have enough."

"Don't talk any more, mother; it weakens you. Try to go to sleep," and the young lady walked away and looked vacantly through the lace curtains.

Again the next day the mother wished to know if they had heard, and every day she repeated the question, and to their answer she replied:

"I'm sure he will come."

On Monday the doctors said that Mrs. Drenton could not last much longer. She seemed unnatural, and there appeared to be some excitement which was keeping her up.

When they left, Judith put on her bonnet and wrap and a heavy veil, and went down town, directly to the office of Lawyer Wheat. After a few min-

utes' conversation they left the office together. They soon branched off from the fashionable thoroughfare and followed a side street to a common part of the city, where they entered a large building on which were the words: "Police Department."

"I wish to see the chief," said Mr. Wheat to the office attendant. "Tell him, please, that Mr. Wheat desires an immediate interview."

After a wait of a few minutes they were ushered in. The lawyer lost no time. He explained briefly and rapidly the purpose of the call.

"It is very unusual," said the chief, "but I think it can be arranged. I have a telegram here stating that they will arrive on the ten o'clock train to-morrow morning. Will Miss Drenton and yourself be at the station? Of course I will be obliged to take certain precautions."

"We understand that and appreciate your kindness," said Mr. Wheat.

"I thank you with all my heart," said the young lady, extending her hand to the man whose cool face, that had been impassive in the presence of some of the most heartrending of tragedies, colored slightly at this expression of gratitude.

"I am very glad to serve you," he replied.

At nine o'clock the next morning a carriage drove up to the Drenton residence and Mr. Wheat got out. Judith was in the sick room and had just heard her mother tell of a dream that she had during the night, of the joyous return of her son, and of her own happiness in seeing him. The doctor had come in and had stopped the talking because it was too great a drain upon her vitality.

"Her mind is wonderfully clear," he said, "but her strength is going."

Judith went out to meet Mr. Wheat. She quickly put on her hat and veil, and in a few moments they were on their way to the station.

When the train came in Edward got off. He was haggard, gaunt and unnatural. There was a man with him, and the two were met by two other men. As they came to the exit Mr. Wheat advanced, and after a few words the group marched to the carriage.

One officer entered first. Edward followed. He quickly saw that there was some one by his side.

"Judith," he said, "you should not have come."

"I came to take you to mother," she replied. "She cannot live much longer, and she has been asking for you every day."

"I cannot go."

"She does not know—You must go."

Mr. Wheat got in. The other two men took a cab and followed the carriage.

When they arrived at the house an officer in uniform was standing at the door. They entered without speaking a word. Judith said:

"I will go and tell her you are coming."

When she entered the room, where the small family and the physician were standing around the bed, the doctor said:

"No excitement, please," but Judith did not hear him.

"Mother," she said, "Edward is here."

A look of gladness came into the dim eyes, and when Edward was ushered in safely but respectfully, followed by his attendants, she looked up and exclaimed:

"My darling boy!"

That was all. He stood there with his eyes suffused, and with his lips quivering as if wanting to speak, without being able to utter a syllable. For a moment every body seemed transfixed. Tears of gladness came into the eyes of the patient sufferer, and finally the young man bowed down, and taking up the emaciated hand, kissed it again and again.

Then it was that the doctor came forward and whispered:

"You had better withdraw. She cannot stand the excitement."

He took the hand once more and kissed it while the dim eyes looked lovingly at him. He started away, but paused, and as he paused the officer advanced and whispered:

"You must come with us."

They had reached the street and had begun their ride to the station when Mrs. Drenton looked up and with a smile of sweet fulfillment said softly, but joyously:

"I knew he would come."

Then she fell asleep, and as she slept she was smiling in her sleep.—Lynn R. Meekens, in Leslie's Weekly.

BUSINESS STABILITY.

The McKinley Tariff Productive of Commercial Discard.

When the advocate of the McKinley tariff is hard pressed for argument, he will at last resort to the plea that whether the tariff is what it should be or not, it is now, and has been for some time, in force as the law of the land; that the business of the country has adapted itself to it; that business men are making their calculations and arrangements on the basis of its provisions; that a change of system at the present time would expose the business world to new and harmful uncertainties; that there should at last be some stability in our economic policy to enable business men to know what conditions they have to deal with; that therefore the tariff should remain untouched, at least at present, leaving such changes as may be necessary for a more convenient time, and that to this end the republican party should be kept in power. This plea has a certain plausibility, but candid inquiry will show it to be essentially fallacious in several important points.

In the first place, the tariff, whether it ought to be left untouched or not, will not be left untouched by the protected interests themselves, if the republican party is kept in power. A protective tariff is in its very nature unstable. The protected industries themselves never have recognized, and never will recognize, any existing tariff as harmonious, symmetrical and generally satisfactory. Those of them that are put at a disadvantage by the advantages granted to others will always move for a revision of duties for their relief. Those which derive from the tariff the largest benefits will always ask for changes securing to them more certain or still larger profits. Adventurers who, without sufficient ability and business knowledge, have embarked in industrial enterprises, allured by the chances for the rapid acquisition of wealth, such as the tariff offers, and then come to grief by their own mismanagement, will always clamor to be helped out of the lurch by higher duties. In short, if the opponents of the protective system were ever so willing to abstain for awhile from disturbing the existing tariff, there would be incessant tinkering and interminable unrest, making business calculations uncertain, caused by its friends themselves. Already the cry for more has begun to be heard, the insatiable shepherds of Ohio leading the swelling chorus.

In the second place, is there any sensible man among those demanding the continuance of the present tariff on the ground that business has adapted itself to it who really believes that the opponents of protection will ever cease to question the justice of an economic system which, by the operation of the law of the land, enriches a small favored class at the expense of a large majority of the people? Does anyone really expect that in a free country like ours the voice of the opposition to a system which puts the government at the service of the selfish interest of a favored few, to the detriment of the many, will ever be silent? That opposition cannot be forced to desist, and it cannot be persuaded. Nothing is more certain than that so long as such a tariff as we have exists there will be here agitation for its abolition. If there are business men who advocate its continuance because their business has adapted itself to it, there are a great many more business men, taking the world in its widest sense, who wish to have it out of the way because their business interests are injured by it. The agitation, with all the unrest necessarily accompanying it, will therefore continue as long as the tariff exists, and both the friends and the opponents of the protective system will do their best to keep the business world in that state of uncertainty which the continuance of republican rule on the ground of business stability wish to avoid.

But this is not all. If we are told that the McKinley tariff may indeed not be what it should be, but that it should not be touched just now because business has adapted itself to it, the question arises, looking at the matter from that point of view, when the time will come for the changes which may be considered necessary. If business has adapted itself to the McKinley tariff now, a year and a half after its enactment, will not business have adapted itself to the McKinley tariff still more in five, or in ten, or in twenty years? And will not this reason for the undisturbed continuance of the McKinley tariff be in twenty years just as strong as now, and in fact a good deal stronger? Will not the same plea hold good forever? Is not, according to this course of reasoning, the McKinley tariff to be regarded as a permanent institution to be held sacred and inviolable forever, for the reason that the business of the country, having adapted itself to it, would be unsettled by any disturbance of that institution? These questions carry their own answer with them.

Evidently, if there are reasons why the high protective system should be done away with, it will be wise to make the necessary change before the business of the country has adapted itself to that system still more. The adapting process should not be permitted to go much farther. The longer we wait with the reform called for, the greater and more painful will be the wrench. All things considered, the most propitious time for doing that which must be done is now, and we should not hesitate to give power to the party that will do it.—Harper's Weekly.

or forty years ago. Wayne MacVeagh summarily disposes of all this rubbish when he says that "the average voter knows that the irredeemable paper currency in use before the war can never reappear."

The average voter knows that such currency cannot be made legal tender and that he cannot be compelled to take a dollar of it unless he wants it. He knows that the constitution expressly provides that no state shall make anything but gold and silver a legal tender. He knows that state bank notes would not circulate one hour in company with the \$1,000,000,000 of paper in which the people have confidence unless issued by the most substantial of banks. He knows that if there was the faintest suspicion regarding the solvency of any bank its notes would not circulate at all. He knows, finally, that the question as to the issue of state bank notes is not an issue in this campaign any more than the question as to the disposal of "arid public lands," which occupies a conspicuous place in the republican platform.

The very men who are fighting so valiantly against the wildcat currency of the last generation are particularly vehement in their assertions that the force bill is not an issue involved in the campaign. With respect to that Mr. MacVeagh pertinently observes: "It must not be forgotten that only two years ago such a measure was warmly advocated by President Harrison, earnestly supported by the republican party, and very narrowly escaped becoming a law."

Mr. MacVeagh might have added that the Minneapolis platform is not more explicit or emphatic upon any other subject than upon the one of the force bill. It demands that such law "shall be enacted and enforced," and declares that "the party will never relax its efforts until such laws are enacted and enforced. If the republican platform means anything by its most deliberate and explicit declarations the party is as much in favor of a force bill as it was two years ago or at any other time.

The republican party must be sadly short of confidence when it abandons and repudiates one of the most conspicuous of the planks in its platform and seeks to magnify into a thing of tremendous portent a little hid-away plank in the democratic platform which is of no more importance in this contest than the republican deliverance about the Nicaragua canal. A party which abandons half of its platform and stands in mortal terror of the other half is in a very bad way indeed.—Chicago Herald.

TO BRACE UP the system after "A Grippe," pneumonia, fever, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and used-up, the best thing in the world is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you \$500 in cash."

About seven years ago I had Bronchitis, which finally drifted into Consumption, so the doctors said, and they had about given me up. I was confined to my bed. One day my husband went for the doctor, but he was not in his office. The druggist sent me a bottle of Piso's Cure for Consumption. I took two doses of it, and was greatly relieved before the doctor came. He told me to continue its use as long as it helped me. I did so, and the result is, I am now sound and well—entirely cured of Consumption.—Mrs. P. E. BAKER, Harrisburg, Illinois, February 20, 1891.

TWO GREAT REMEDIES.

The human citadel is open to attacks from two sources and aside from accidents these two are the avenues from which all of the maladies that afflict the race spring. The first of these are what is known as the excretory organs—the lungs, the kidneys and the skin. These suffer from congestion which takes the form of colds. Starting from what is called a cold the maladies that result are wide spread ranging from a cough to consumption. They attack all ages and all stations. No one is free from these troubles. There is, however, a remedy that is a safeguard. This is REID'S GERMAN COUGH AND KIDNEY CURE. It contains no poison, and it will heal any form of lung trouble or any malady that arises from a cold. The other class of disease arise from derangement of the digestive organs and result in constipation. When the bowels do not act the stomach soon refuses to digest the food and we are troubled with indigestion and a long train of disorders that embrace a large range of maladies. THE LAXATIVE GUM DROPS will correct any difficulty of this sort. They contain nothing deleterious, but are safe and pleasant. Get them of any dealer. SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

MISSISSIPPI MAKERS

FIND THE Latest Styles

L'Art De La Mode.
7 COLLEGE PLAZA,
ALL THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Order it of your New dealer or send 25 cents for latest number to W. J. BENTLEY, Publisher, 27 East 14th St., New York

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

When applied to the nostrils, it will be absorbed effectually, cleansing the mucous membrane from catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from infectious colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 50 Warren Street, New York

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DODGING THE ISSUE.

Republicans Repudiating Part of Their Own Platform.

The organs and attorneys of monopoly are making a desperate effort to divert attention from the one great issue of the campaign by making long speeches and writing long articles against the wildcat currency with which the country was afflicted thirty

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your cough for 50c.

IF WE COULD KNOW.

If we could know how to assume
A cheerful face through days of woe,
To look beyond the doleful gloom,
And a submissive spirit show.

If we could know when fortune flies
And takes life's pleasures all away,
Although the darkest storms may rise,
That there would be a brighter day.

If we could know that we are blest,
Though life is never free from care,
That there are some far more distressed,
Whose burdens are much worse to bear.

If we could know the grief which lies
Beneath some nature's proud and cold,
What pity for them would arise,
If all their troubles could be told:

If we could know that all is right,
"The good or bad which may befall,"
Through sun and storm, by day or night,
A guiding hand is over all.
—Alice D. Abell, in Good Housekeeping.



CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

My mind was calm and collected when I awoke and I reasoned easily. My position was a good one, I thought, inasmuch as it enabled me to live by my own exertions, and if I gave it up I realized how difficult I should find it to secure another through my own efforts. Then I remembered, Mr. Bernard was a connection, and I ought not to have any fear of him. It was true he had done and said things that I considered improper, and even shocking, but I was inclined to excuse him now, believing that he had lost control of himself for the instant, and that in his calmer moments he would regret his conduct most sincerely. I reasoned, too, that I had but to maintain my own proper conduct, deporting myself toward him as prudence demanded, to be safe from any designs he might have. My reasoning may not have been very philosophical, but it must be remembered that I was ignorant and unschooled in the ways of the world and the arts of man.

When I came down to breakfast my jittered, haggard looks attracted the attention of my landlady, and all during the meal she kept her eyes on me with a curious, inquiring gaze. Her action embarrassed me, sending a crimson glow to my cheeks and causing me to cast my eyes down. When I was about to leave the table she detained me, saying:

"You are not looking well this morning, Miss Owens. Are you sick?"

"No, ma'am," I replied, a little shyly, wishing above all things to be spared any questioning just then.

"You are looking real peaked, I'm sure," she continued, "and one would think you spent a bad night. I think you must either be sick or troubled. I hope you have had no bad news?"

"No, I have not," I answered.

"I'm very glad," she said. "I saw you had a letter last night, and I didn't know but you might have had unpleasant news."

I assured Mrs. Bond, my landlady, that she was wrong in her surmises, and, wishing to escape any further conversation on the subject of my appearance, made another effort to leave the room. Mrs. Bond, however, was one of those curious prying old women who are not satisfied until they get to the bottom of everybody's secrets and who have no respect for anyone's rights and feelings, but who continue to probe and delve into people's actions until they unearth their motives and the causes that influence them to the very bottom.

"Perhaps," she observed with a smile I did not like, "the gentleman who came to visit you last night had something to do with your appearance this morning?"

I offered no reply, but I was conscious that the increasing color in my face betrayed the fact that she had guessed aright, and that added still more to my confusion, thus the more plainly confirming her supposition.

"I thought when I saw him go out last night," she went on, "that something of an unpleasant nature must have transpired between you. He was so excited that he hardly seemed to know what he was doing or where he



was going. I couldn't imagine, though, whatever could have taken place between you."

I understood perfectly that she had offered that observation as a bid for an explanation on my part, but I did not choose to accept it as such, so I kept silent. She continued, apparently a little disappointed that I did not proceed to gratify her curiosity and enlighten her as to what had taken place in my room.

"He had the appearance of one of the finest of gentlemen," she remarked, "and I suppose he is, though I know very little about him. I never saw Mr. Bernard but two or three times before that day he came here with you, but I've always heard him spoken of very highly. Still, he's rich, and rich men can do pretty much as they please, and not be faulted either. I don't doubt but what if Mr. Bernard was poor, people would find plenty to say against him. But, law! I don't suppose you

will believe that, for he appears to take a great interest in you, and I reckon he's doing a great deal for you. I've often wondered why it is he shows so much concern for your welfare. Of course, in a way, there's a sort of connection between you, but land salesmen like him are not apt to care anything about their wife's poor kindfolks, and especially when it comes to second cousins."

She paused and looked at me as if inviting a reply, but I offered none, and after the lapse of a moment she proceeded:

"Mind now," she said, "I don't say there is anything improper in Mr. Bernard's attentions to you, and I don't mean to hint that he has any improper motives, but at the same time I must say that people have room to form suspicions. I don't say that I have them, but I know other people will, because they can't see what good motive would prompt a man like Bernard to interest himself so much in behalf of a poor girl like you."

These words brought all the deluge of grief and fear back to my heart again, agitating me beyond description. Could it be possible, I wondered, that Mr. Bernard entertained wicked designs on me? Was it true that because of his attentions I should be made a target for scandal, and be pointed at and remarked about as a characterless woman? Ah! how I longed then for some one to advise with me and instruct me. How keenly I felt the need of a mother's counsel or a father's protection.

I could not advise with Mrs. Bond, for I felt that she was cold and unsympathetic, having far more interest in gossip and scandal than in the poor creature who might be maligned. To make any revelations to her would be like scattering them to the four winds, and I knew enough of the world to understand how things were magnified and distorted by gossips until a very little was made to mean a great deal. I could not advise with Mrs. Bond without making my situation worse, and there was no one else in the town to whom I could go, because there was no one else with whom I was sufficiently intimate to warrant my making a confidante of her.

I would have given the world could I have only had the privilege of seeing and talking with Mrs. Cornell. My heart turned to her as to a mother, and to her I should have hesitated an instant in pouring out all the circumstances of my situation, knowing that she would have advised me well, keeping all my secrets safely locked in her own bosom. But Mrs. Cornell was far away, and I could not go to her with all my troubles and griefs.

"Mrs. Bond," I said, breaking the long silence, "you don't believe Mr. Bernard has any improper thoughts toward me, do you?"

"Law, Miss Owens," she exclaimed, "how do I know what to believe? I can't tell what he has in his heart. You ought to know better than I what he thinks, because you know what he says and does, and I don't. If I knew what he says and does I could tell you what he means."

This was another bid for my confidence, but I affected not to understand. She continued, considerably exasperated, I think, and showing some displeasure in her tones:

"There's one thing about it, though, and that is this: It don't look well for a married man, who is no nearer related to you than he is, to be coming here at night, and for hours being closeted with you in your room. Anybody seeing him when he went out, and seeing you now, would know well enough that something took place between you very much out of common, and if you won't tell what it was people will form their own opinions about it; and perhaps you couldn't wonder much if those ideas were not very complimentary to you."

I saw that Mrs. Bond was disposed to put an unfavorable construction on the affair if left to draw her own inferences, but I did not see wherein I would be benefited by giving her my confidences, since she would augment every possibility into an assumed fact. I pondered the matter long, and arrived at the conclusion that I had better keep my own counsel and go on about my duties just as though nothing had happened, relying on my own strength of character, love of right and consciousness of innocence to bear me safely through.

I left Mrs. Bond to form whatever conclusion she chose, and making what preparations were necessary, went direct to the store. Mr. Bernard was sitting at his desk when I entered the office, and he looked up and spoke, simply passing the compliments of the morning. He was quiet, calm and collected, apparently having forgotten our meeting of the night before. He made no reference to the fact that I was later than usual—made no remarks to me at all except to give me a few brief instructions regarding my work. He was courteous, but nothing more, and within an hour the embarrassment I first felt wore away, leaving our relations undisturbed and easy, just as they had always been.

CHAPTER XVII.
MR. BERNARD AND CHARLES CORNELL.
"Well, Charleth, it is a wonderful thstore, you know; tho' whath the harm in thaying tho'. Juth becauthe we never thec thstoreth like thith, muth we let on like it th common with th; If a feller don't know anything and never thaw much whath the uthe for him to pretend like he knowth a heap and hath theen wonderth? If a feller ith a gynnamuth he'd juth whell let folkh know it, enuthe they'll find it out pretty thoon anyhow."

It was one morning about a week after the occurrence of the events described in the last chapter when I was aroused from a fit of abstraction by hearing the above words spoken in Mr. Cornell's well remembered voice. I was in Mr. Bernard's office alone, he having stepped out but a few minutes before, and I was thinking of the Cornell and their home when I was disturbed by Mr. Cornell. The well-known, kindly tones, heard

so unexpectedly, caused my heart to flutter and my limbs to tremble at such a rate that for a moment I was quite incapable of moving from my chair. It was as if a long absent father had returned; and it would be impossible to depict the joy I felt. Before I could calm my agitation in the least Mr. Cornell entered the office with his son just behind him.

"Well," exclaimed the old gentleman, coming forward with outstretched hand. "I'm more than glad to see you, thure! Are you well, Mith Owens?"

"Yes, quite well," I replied, hardly able to restrain my tears in the presence of his generous solicitude. "That's a fact, Mith Owens," the old gentleman agreed enthusiastically, a pleased smile illumining his whole features. "Thath the truth, thure. Thathc hath got the beth heart I ever knew, and the beth heart, I believe, that ever wath."

I had just time to shake hands with my visitors and ask after the health of Mrs. Cornell before Mr. Bernard entered. I was at a loss what to do, not knowing whether my employer would



like an introduction to my country friends, and really anxious lest he consider their presence in his office an intrusion. He stood a little while in the door, looking upon the strangers in surprise, then, casting an inquiring glance at me, walked forward to his desk. I was puzzled and embarrassed, not knowing what to do under the circumstances. But, fortunately for me, Mr. Cornell solved the difficulty. Walking up to Mr. Bernard, he said:

"You ith the gentleman thath owth thith thstore, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir; I am," Mr. Bernard replied, a little stiffly.

"Well, I'm glad to meet you, thure. My name ith Cornell, Aaron Cornell, and thith ith my thon Charleth. You don't know nothing about th, of courthe, but Mith Owens doth. Thshc ith a friend of ourth, and, being in town, we thought it wathn't no more than neighborly to call and thec how thathc wath."

I noticed that Mr. Bernard fixed a searching gaze on Charles Cornell the moment his name was mentioned, and I saw, too, that a look of displeasure, amounting to almost a frown, swept over his features. He saluted the two men rather coldly, I thought, making them a scarcely perceptible bow, but deigning no word of welcome. Mr. Cornell apparently took no notice of this, but Charles Cornell did, I knew, for he flushed up instantly.

"Charleth ith going to remain in town a day or two," Mr. Cornell remarked to me, "and he will thec you again; but I'm going back this afternoon, tho' when I go out I muth thay good-by. I'm very glad you're well and happy; and Thuthan will be glad to hear it, tho', though thec would be much better pleathed if you would come out and thspend a few dayth with her."

"She would not be better pleased than I would," I returned. "I know of no place I'd rather go, and no one I'd rather visit."

"Then juth thay the word and we'll theud down for you," he cried, eagerly. "I cannot now," I replied.

"Why can't you?" he questioned. "I'm thure Mithern Bernard would thspare you a little while."

Mr. Bernard heard this remark, which was addressed to him rather than to me, but he took no notice of it, continuing to ignore the visitors entirely.

After a little more conversation the Corneils withdrew from the office, Charles arranging, however, to come for me in the evening and see me home. I resumed my place at the desk immediately, and took up my work where I had left off at their entrance. An hour or so passed in perfect silence, save for the scratching of Mr. Bernard's pen, he never once looking up from the page on which he seemed uncommonly intent. At last he threw his pen down, closed his ledger, and turning his chair about sat facing me. I glanced up for an instant, then went on with my writing.

"Are you done with those letters?" he asked, directly.

"I'm sure," I replied with a tinge of warmth, "that he's a most excellent man, and as generous and kind-hearted as he can be."

"Oh, yes, I suppose he's very well in that respect. Now, how about the son? He's generous and kind-hearted, too, I think you said?"

"He is," I answered.

"And a most excellent man, I believe?"

"Well, sometimes people deceive their appearances."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Why, simply that I didn't see anything remarkable in the young man. But then, perhaps, I am not good at reading character from outward appearances, and especially where these country bumpkins are in it."

I bit my lip in very vexation. Why would Mr. Bernard persist in speaking complimentary of Charles Cornell? Why should he show a dislike of him when he certainly had no cause to feel it? Why need he refer to him in terms so uncomplimentary and so entirely inappropriate to his looks and character? It seemed to me unwarranted and rude. To say the least, because Charles Cornell was not an enemy to Mr. Bernard, and he was a friend to me.

"I'm sure," I said, with an unusual show of spirit for me, "if you see anything in Charles Cornell's outward appearance that contradicts what I have said of him, you are not capable of reading his character from them. I speak the truth of him, and I speak from actual knowledge."

"Why, dear me," he exclaimed, sourly, "one would think you a warm champion of the young farmer to hear you so readily defend him. A woman must feel a very deep interest in a man when she shows such spirit in his defense. Now, without any intention of boasting, and not wishing to remind you of what I have done, I venture to say that I have been as mindful of you and as generous in my conduct toward you as this Cornell has. Do you deny that?"

"No, sir; I do not deny that you have been very good to me, and that you have favored me far beyond my deserts. I do not want you to think me ungrateful enough to ever be unmindful of the debt of gratitude I owe you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIG GAME.

A Sportsman's Veracious Account of His Great Luck.

A newspaper published at Apt. in southern France, La Presse, publishes an account of an extraordinary hunting adventure which lately befell a citizen of that town. A Paris journal, in copying the story, explains that occurrences of the kind never take place except in southern France. But that is not true. Go into any hunter's camp in the wild and woolly west and you may hear yarns just as ingenious and not a bit more truthful than this.

A hunter who had spent a considerable part of the day in an unsuccessful quest for game and had discharged his shotgun many times without result caught sight on his way home of a superb pigeon well up in an oak tree which grew on a very steep hillside. The hunter's gun was charged with powder but he was entirely out of shot. In this emergency and resolving firmly that he would have the pigeon he sat down on the ground, took out his pocketknife and with it pulled several nails out of the sole of his shoe. With these he loaded his gun.

The pigeon still sat in his place. The hunter aimed, fired and the pigeon was nailed to a branch of the oak tree with the shoe nails.

The hunter was almost in despair, seeing the game apparently fastened beyond his reach. But he climbed the tree, ascended with difficulty to the place where the pigeon hung and had just taken the pigeon off, when he lost his footing and fell through the air. As chance would have it the hunter landed in the midst of a covey of partridges and striking about him with the hare he succeeded in killing nine of these admirable birds.

He then picked himself up and took himself homeward with his pigeon, his hare and his partridges, well satisfied with the results of his shot.

The Little One's Version.

A party of young people stopped playing whist long enough the other evening to hear a good story. "In my Sunday-school class," said a bright young woman, "is the sweetest little cherub you ever saw. She is much younger than the other members, but she insists upon remaining in my class. Some days ago I instructed each of the little ones to memorize a verse or sentence from the Bible. Knowing that the infant brain could not retain a long sentence, the mother of my youngest pupil gave the child the shortest in the good book: 'Jesus wept.' The following Sunday I called upon the class to fulfill my instructions. Finally I came to Margaret. 'What is yours, my dear?' I asked. 'Jesus k'ied,' she lisped."—Kansas City Times.

The Hatching Hen.
Instinct teaches the hen that it would be no good to warm only one side of her eggs, and so when she feels that they are "done" on one side she turns them gently round. Anyone who has watched setting hens has seen them rise every now and then and shuffle about for a few moments on the nest. That is when they turn the eggs over.

"VIVA MEXICO!"
Typical Mexican "Fourth of July" Celebration.

The Exercises Invariably Begin at Eleven O'clock at Night—Elegant Costumes Worn by Senor and Senora Dominguez.

[Special Letter.]
Those who have traveled on the coast line and strained their eyes looking at the Camulos rancho, perhaps have noticed a water tank near an arroyo or dry creek, two miles north. A few hundred yards to the left of that tank may be seen, and is seen, a long, low adobe house, with two undecked flag poles in front. This house is the social and political headquarters of the Mexicans of Pina settlement and even beyond. It is the home of Senor Dominguez—a truly hospitable and knightly old gentleman of the Spanish school. While tarrying in the windy town of Ventura, where a person must hold down the hair on his head to keep from being blown baldheaded, I accepted an invitation from Senor Solari, who, with a number of native Californians, boarded the train for the "Rancho Dominguez." The "hacienda" bore the usual national holiday appearance.

During the entire afternoon the sun-browned sons of Montezuma were coming in from the canyons, the hills and the mesas. They came on horseback three and four deep, and in frail wagons drawn by pitiful-looking horses almost too weak to cast a shadow. The more aristocratic came in buggies, generally three and four on a seat. Following in the wake came the small boys, walking; also, the smaller girls, who carried their shoes in their hands—preserving them intact for the dance. The men walked alongside of the wagons and buggies urging the horses by prodding them in the sides with sticks. The ladies were dressed in all the colors of the rainbow—the three original

colors, red, blue and white, predominating. They wore their ball dresses en route, as the room accommodations at the ranch were considerably limited. There had also arrived the usual motley gang of hoodlums from Santa Paula, and a few three-card monte thieves and "thimble-riggers" from Los Angeles.

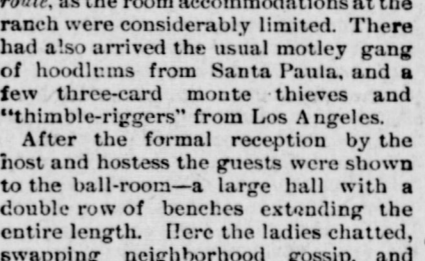
After the formal reception by the host and hostess the guests were shown to the ball-room—a large hall with a double row of benches extending the entire length. Here the ladies chatted, swapping neighborhood gossip, and rumors of betrothals, while the men were out in the "plaza" telling tall stories about their horses, or the losses of their senoritas, and a few were taken in by the card thieves. About five o'clock dinner was announced. It was a typical Mexican dinner, in every dish of which red pepper made itself felt. The cooking was excellent, and the dishes very good—barring the red pepper. The host and hostess were dressed very plainly, but their grace, courtesy and hospitable manner at once showed that they were "not of the common people." Immediately after dinner, several Americans expressed themselves as eager for the dance, and were surprised when Senor Dominguez very courteously replied: "Not until eleven o'clock, senor; then dance until daylight, and until next day if you like."

It was just at the hour of eleven o'clock on September 15, 1810, that the "patriot priest" and other conspirators rushed out into the plaza and exclaimed: "Viva la Mexico!" "Viva la Libertad!" So, on that hour, to the minute, the celebration begins. The two hundred guests put in the time the best they could until 11 o'clock. A few minutes before that hour Senor Dominguez and the senora appeared in the ball-room, or reception room, to greet the guests anew, and officially, and to announce that the celebration was now on. Both had made a wonderful "make up." The senor wore black cloth pantaloons, with a wide braid of silver on the outer side of each leg, instead of the usual stripe. Around his body was a flaming red sash, about eight or ten inches in width, and hanging to his left side was a huge sword of the old regime. His ruffled shirt front was a gorgeous affair, from which glistened a brilliant diamond pin—a family relic from away back.

The senora wore a dress of black over yellow, which made a beautiful combination, and over her shoulders was a wide scarf of yellow and orange-green. She was literally bedecked with ribbons of various colors, and the long, dark tresses of her hair were radiant with spangles, heightened by the flashes of gems—family jewels of many generations.

The senor and wife headed the procession, and all adjourned to the piazza to witness the celebration. Those who could not find seats rallied round the flags in the plaza. The host and hostess and the "privileged few" sat on the platform, where was also the orchestra, consisting of a violin, flute and guitar—Senora Grehilja, the performer on the latter, being an accomplished musician as well as a magnificent type of Spanish beauty. The senor inaugurated the ceremonies with a few words of welcome and a "Viva Mexico; Viva Patria; Viva Libertad!"

The gunners fired a salute from an



GOING TO THE CELEBRATION.

old anvil, the Mexican and American flags were simultaneously hoisted on the adjoining poles, the crowd shouted itself hoarse, and the string band gave a national Mexican air, with a vocal accompaniment by the crowd. Those who did not understand Spanish, sang in English. The orator of the day, or night, then spread himself, and at each "outburst of oratory," the auditors cheered, especially those in the background who could not hear. Then the lance began. While partners were taking their places others were being escorted round the room and introduced to the senoritas. The master of ceremonies carried a small box, and as he introduced the stranger he would shake

the box and the lady would take out what looked like a white ball. A tough from Santa Paula asked if it were a game of fifteen-ball pool?

These were casqueronis—eggs with the meat blown out, and golden spangles and ologue blown in. The shells are then painted various colors. On being introduced, the senor bows his head in meek submission, and the senorita breaks the casqueron over his head. She laughs, and he also makes an attempt, but fails, inwardly, for he knows that it will take a week's scrubbing to get those itching spangles out of his thick hair. After several introductions, the senor's hair glistens like the coiffure of a court lady of the time of the grande monarch Louis XIV. This is considered an expression of admiration, but several of the Americans whose heads had served as targets for the mischievous senoritas thought there was too much unanimity for much admiration. This is also the first step toward engaging a partner for the dance, after introduction.

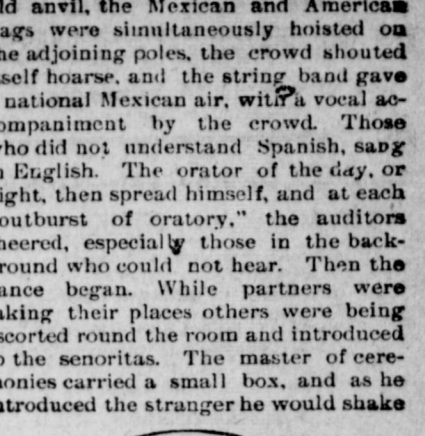
The American who attempted the mazes of the cachana, balero, and the zambra soon sat down, and watched the easy, graceful, slow and sinuous movements of the senors and senoritas. Every hour or so coffee and cakes were passed around, and in this the Americans seemed to be at home. Dancing was continued until about seven o'clock in the morning, as there were not enough sleeping apartments. After breakfast the teams were hitched, and the all night revelers began climbing into their wagons, buggies and on their horses, and soon resumed their march homeward. They wore the ball room costumes in which they came, but their faces were not so bright and fresh,

J. M. SCANDLAND.
Some Oddities of the Calendar.
The days of the month and week are always the same in March and November, in April and July and in September and December; that is, if March "comes in" on a Monday, November will do likewise, the same rule applying to the other months named above. In leap year January is with April and July, in other months it is with October. February, in leap year, is with August, in other years with March and November. The last day of February and the 4th day of July always occur on the same day of the week; the same is true of May day and Christmas.

Made a Name for Himself.
Wicks—By the way, what has become of Bjackson? I haven't seen him for a good many years.
Hicks—Bjackson? Why, don't you know? He went west fifteen years ago to make a name for himself.
Wicks—A name for himself, eh? And did he make it?
Hicks—Oh, yes.
Wicks—What was it?
Hicks—Dennis.—Somerville Journal.

A Big Undertaking.
"I wonder if another effort will be made to reclaim the Potomac flats this year?"
"I don't know about reclaiming the Potomac flats, but next winter will be a good time to reclaim some of the flats in congress."—Texas Sittings.

The Religious Attitude.
Miss Gasket—Mr. Fosdick calls on me religiously once a week.
Mrs. Flypp—Why do you say "religiously?" Does he go on his knees and pray you to marry him?
Miss Gasket—No, we are already engaged. I go on his knees.—Truth.



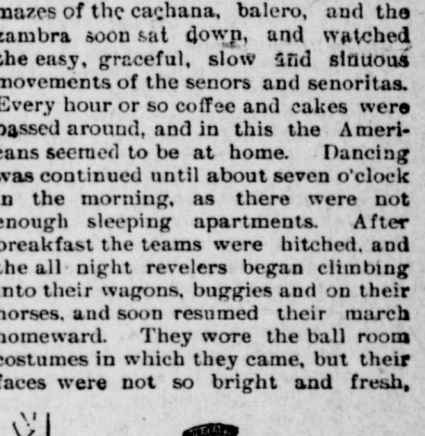
SENOR DOMINGUEZ IN ANCIENT COSTUME.



THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

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CLOAKS

Our line of Cloaks is now complete and we are ready to show the ladies of Cottonwood Falls and vicinity, as handsome a line of Cloaks and Jackets as will be found in this part of the country.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS! CLOAKS!

We consider every garment in our stock a particular bargain, so it would be impossible for us to pick out the best bargains and quote you prices here.

CLOAKS

If you intend to buy a Winter Wrap of any kind this season, be sure to see our line before you buy, and come early, so you can pick out of the stock.

Yours Respectfully,

The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANS. THURSDAY, OCT. 27, 1892.

W. E. TIMMONS, Ed. and Prop.

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

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



TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, C.K. & W.R.R. and various train routes and times.

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LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

S. D. C. what is it? S. D. C. where is it? W. C. Giese is on the sick list. For farm loans call on Frew & Bell.

F. P. Cochran will speak at Newton, to-night, in the interest of the Republican party. Geo. G. King, of Emporia, was here Tuesday, visiting his sister, Mrs. J. E. Duchanois.

Notwithstanding the outside speculation on the vote that will be given in Chase county, for E. V. Warton, for Congressman, his majority in this county will be over two hundred.

While there was no formal celebration of Columbian day in this city, on last Friday, October 21, 1892, several of the business houses of the city were handsomely decorated with bunting and the national colors, among which were E. F. Baucle's bakery, J. W. McWilliams' real estate office and the COURANT office, that attracted much attention and elicited favorable comment from all who saw them.

Lion Shoe Store,

EMPORIA, KANSAS. A. MOHLER, Proprietor. The Shoes we handle are all of First-class make. We do not deal in inferior grades. We never misrepresent any of our Goods, and if you are in need of footwear, it will be to your advantage to give us a call before making your purchases.

Supplemental Tax Sale of 1891. STATE OF KANSAS, County of Chase, ss. I, A. M. Breeze, County Treasurer in and for the county and State aforesaid, do hereby give notice that I will, on the fourth Monday in October, 1892, and the next succeeding days in the city of Cottonwood Falls, Chase county, Kansas, so much of each tract of land and town lot herein after described as may be necessary to pay the taxes, penalties and charges thereon for the year 1891.

THE MILD POWER CURES. HUMPHREYS' Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared, and used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success.

FOR SALE. A blacksmith shop—stone building, 22x52 feet, two fires, with tools, also residence with three lots, good well, stone barn on premises, about 120 grape vines, will be sold cheap, on account of bad health of owner. Apply at this office or to W. C. GIESE, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION. There will be an examination of applicants for teachers' certificates held at the High school building, Cottonwood Falls, Kas., Saturday, October 29th, 1892, beginning at eight o'clock, a. m. THEO. B. MOORE, County Superintendent.



THE STEARNS WIND MILL. The lightest, strongest, most durable, has been built and in constant use for years, has stood the test of time, is suitable for all classes of work; ask for illustrated matter giving description of our wheel made with malleable iron rollers, strongest and lightest wheel in the trade.

STEARNS MAN'G. CO., CONNERSVILLE, IND., U. S. A.

THE MOORISH EMPIRE.

European Diplomats Are Ready to Divide the Sultanate.

Why England Does Not Take Immediate Possession of Tangier and Other Cities.

[Special Letter.]

The sultanate of Morocco has played an important part in European diplomatic affairs during the past six months. The country, which is bounded by Algeria, the Mediterranean, the strait of Gibraltar, the Atlantic and the Sahara desert, is one of the richest in the world.

Experienced travelers know that the judicious application of a bribe is a measure of economy. Taxes are levied on everything brought into the harbor.

The sultan, whose name is Maley el Hassan, can increase or decrease taxes and import duties at will. He is an autocrat, responsible to no authority.



THE PALACE AT FEZ.

Every run low, he orders the arrest of some wealthy citizen and has him conveyed to Morocco or Fez, the two capitals of the sultanate. No reason is given or expected for such arbitrary action.

Under the democratic platform adopted at the Chicago convention, which nominated Cleveland and Stevenson, declares: "We denounce republican protection as a fraud—no robbery of a great majority of the American people for the benefit of a few."

It is therefore no new doctrine nor new declaration that the democratic platform makes. It remains simply in line with all that is just, fair and constitutional in the successful management of governmental matters.

Under the democratic low tariffs of forty and fifty and sixty years ago, there were prosperous times, and we have the word of James G. Blaine himself that then progress and plenty went hand in hand.

The Sultan, who has become opulent and arrogant as the beneficiaries of the republican tariff inquisition.

The principles upon which the republicans justify high and oppressive tariffs is in itself wrong. The money to be collected is simply for the good management and the safe and adequate requirements of the government.

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No one knows better than Mr. Harrison the utter hollowness of the tin plate pretense up to date, and it seems incredible that he should so far presume upon the ignorance of the people as to bring forward the antiquated subtleties of reasoning so often exploded in defense of the infant.

One or twice," says Mr. Harrison, "in our history the production of tin plates has been attempted, and the price obtained by the Welsh makers would have enabled our makers to produce it at a profit.

The history of the price of imported tin plates for the past twenty-five years has been gauged strictly by the world's market price of iron.

THE TARIFF ROBBERY.

It Is Unjust and Unconstitutional—Besides It Is Legalized Robbery.

Andrew Jackson, in his farewell address, in pointing out the evils and the dangers of exorbitant tariffs, said: "Do not allow yourselves, my fellow-citizens, to be misled on this subject. The federal government cannot collect a surplus for such purposes without violating the principles of the constitution."

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Now, if these premises are correct—and it is difficult to see how they can be disproved—it would seem to follow that to seek to make taxation, which is a fit contrivance only for raising revenue, an instrument for effecting some ulterior purpose, be it never so just and legitimate, to seek to use it for the attainment of any other advantage than the obvious one of raising money, is to lose sight of a fundamental principle of every free government.

Every interference with trade is a check on the wheels of progress. He who tunnels a mountain, bridges a river or in any way removes any impediment to the freest intercourse between people is a public benefactor.

newspaper reports could be believed, tin plate mills were starting up by the hundreds? Yet it was during this very period, owing to a speculative demand for plates, that the price was run up over \$1 per box.

It lacks only a few days of two years since the McKinley law was enacted. The reports quoted by Mr. Harrison show that 13,636,719 pounds of tin andterne plates have been produced.

Would Mr. Harrison as manager of a business corporation not backed by a government bounty and organized under the expectation and assurance that the industry would be self-supporting in less than nine months, felicitate himself in realizing that after two years the industry of which he is the responsible head had cost the company \$25,000,000, and that the only asset was a labor account of \$16,374.04?

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REFUSE TO DEBATE.

Protectionist Weapons Are One Hundred Million Pages of Documents and the Contents of Three Safes.

The American Protective Tariff League refuses this year to accept the challenge of Hon. E. Ellery Anderson, president of the Reform club, to debate the tariff question at county fairs.

Mr. Harrison, in his letter of acceptance, reiterates the exploded arguments of his party in defense of the tin plate industry, so called, which has been born under the midwifery of his administration.

No one knows better than Mr. Harrison the utter hollowness of the tin plate pretense up to date, and it seems incredible that he should so far presume upon the ignorance of the people as to bring forward the antiquated subtleties of reasoning so often exploded in defense of the infant.

One or twice," says Mr. Harrison, "in our history the production of tin plates has been attempted, and the price obtained by the Welsh makers would have enabled our makers to produce it at a profit.

The history of the price of imported tin plates for the past twenty-five years has been gauged strictly by the world's market price of iron.

Now, if these premises are correct—and it is difficult to see how they can be disproved—it would seem to follow that to seek to make taxation, which is a fit contrivance only for raising revenue, an instrument for effecting some ulterior purpose, be it never so just and legitimate, to seek to use it for the attainment of any other advantage than the obvious one of raising money, is to lose sight of a fundamental principle of every free government.

Knew How to Keep a Hotel. Guest—I'd soon starve here. Proprietor (country hotel)—There's plenty to eat.

"Perhaps so, but those waiter girls of yours don't attend to me." "Here's some wax." "What good is that?" "Put it in your mustache, of course, and curl the ends. You've got too much of a married look."—N. Y. Weekly.

Medical Student—I think, father, when I have graduated I will become a specialist. Father—What kind of a specialist? "I think I will make a specialty of cough diseases."

"I think you had better become a tooth specialist: man has only two ears, but he has fifty-two teeth that are ways more or less out of order."—Texas Siftings.

Miserly. The man who was so mean that he sat in the back pew in church to save the interest on his cent while the contribution box was coming around has at last found a rival.

This, man, it is declared, took his supper a little later each night. "Now, why does he do that?" some one asked, in surprise, who didn't know him very well.

"Why, so that presently his supper will come after twelve o'clock, and then he'll call it his breakfast and save one meal!"

How She Wanted Him. The lady was trying to beat down the price of a canary bird.

"Why, madam," said the dealer in a hurt tone, "would you ask me to let him go for a song?"

"Well," she replied, significantly, "if he can't go that way I don't want him at all," and she paid the price.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Fit for a Hog. Customer (paying check at restaurant counter)—That steak I ordered was a disgrace, sir. It wasn't fit for a hog to eat.

Proprietor—Very sorry, sir. Pray send it back and have anything else you choose to order, sir. Customer—Oh, it's too late now. I've eaten it all.—Truth.

NATURE'S SHOWER BATH IN ASIA.



The reporter had just come in from an assignment in a murder case. It was a rainy day and he had to cross a plowed field on foot.

"I see," observed the city editor, looking with some displeasure at his large and muddy boots, "you have brought the scene of the murder with you."—Boston Globe.

He Will Not Be Forgotten. "Beg pardon, sir," said the servant, as Ballston was about to leave the restaurant, "but it is usual to remember the waiter."

"Then you won't forget me," replied Ballston. "I waited about half a day for you to bring my dinner."—Truth.

Suspicious Propinquity. Mr. Hall B. Roome—Do you buy your sausage by the pound, Mrs. Hamong? Mrs. Hamong—Yes, why? Mr. Hall B. Roome—Nothing; only I would humbly suggest that in future you select a butcher shop a little more remote from that institution.—Puck.

Her Windows. Said to Maud, who loves to shade Her earnest orbs' bright lashes brown: "I've been windows of the soul. Now tell me why, most charming maid, You always keep the blinds pulled down."—Judge.

TWO WAYS OF TAKING A DRESS.



Harry—I notice that Miss Spurre doesn't speak to you at present. You haven't been making any careless remarks about her red hair, have you? Jack—No, but I invited her out riding the other day, and the fool of a liver man brought around a white horse.—Truth.

True Forgiveness. The Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, but—ahem—the gents here usually remember my services. (The guest pocketing all the change) —Do they? They ought to be more charitable and forget it.—Boston Globe.

So Spoke Too Soon. (Scene—breakfast-room in a suburban town.) Daughter presiding over one of those finer receptacles warranted to make coffee on the table in five minutes. Pauper (who has lost one train and has doubts about getting his coffee and the next train)—Look here, Clara, that thing's enough to try the patience of Job.

"Why do you say that, papa, it hasn't come to a boil yet."—Life.

More Time Than He Needed. Penning Clarkey—Yes, I leave the hotel this morning. Miss Lenox—Isn't that rather sudden? Penning Clarkey (importantly)—Yes, very. I have been telegraphed for. And now, I have only just time to kiss you good-by and catch the train.

Miss Lenox—Oh, if you're in such a hurry you can save some of that time, Mr. Clarkey.—Life.

Excessive Frankness. "I wasn't looking for this sudden change," remarked Rivers, with a shiver, "or I would have put on some thicker underwear." "This thing of wearing thinner underclothing in summer than you do in winter," said Parks, "is all nonsense. I'm wearing the same undershirt now I wore last January."—Chicago Tribune.

His Chesterfieldian Compliment. Miss Ainsley (decidedly plain)—Are you an admirer of beauty, Mr. Badbreak? Mr. Badbreak (inspired by a desire to be polite)—Really, Miss Ainsley, if I did like beauty—I—er—couldn't be ungallant enough to say so.—Chicago News Record.

UNSATISFACTORY WORK.



McGuire (after his first day's work at the quarry)—Oh worrak no more at that place. They destroy every drop of worrak Oi do.

Mrs. McGuire—For phoy, Dennis? McGuire—Oh spint hours to-day drillin' holes in th' rocks, phen a mon comes round an' puts powder in thim holes, and blows thim all to smithereens.—Puck.

Not a Lothario. Mr. Dudley—I suppose you get lots of love letters? Miss Chorusgirl—Yes, but not as many as my brother. He gets a hundred a day.

"Is he an actor?" "No; letter carrier."—Texas Siftings.

What She Spent. Husband—How much did you spend to-day? Wife—Seventy-six dollars and seventeen cents. Husband (ironically)—Was that all? Wife (with an injured air)—That was all I had.—N. Y. Weekly.

Insisting on Accuracy. Dumley—Brown, I understand that Robinson referred to me yesterday as an old fool. I don't think that sort of thing is right. Brown—Why, of course it isn't right, Dumley. You can't be more than forty at the outside.—Boston Globe.

Too Easy. Wiggs—The fat man has challenged the walking skeleton to a duel. Futtiles—That gave the bone the choice of weapons.

Wiggs—Yes, and he was mean enough to make it Winchesters, at forty rods.—Brooklyn Life.

Presumptuous. Maissie—What do you suppose that horrible Mr. McChubb I was engaged to at the beach has done? Gladys—Give it up. Maissie—He had the impudence to call on me when I got back to town.—Chicago News Record.

A Common Case. "Parker, I'm dead in love." "Well, why don't you marry?" "Can't." "Won't she love you?" "She? Who said anything about a she? It's myself I'm in love with."—Harper's Bazar.

When Greek Meets Greek. Miss Summit—Mr. Jagway, I don't see how you have the effrontery to call on me. I saw you last night and you were in a disgraceful condition. Jagway—I saw you also, Miss Summit, and I noticed that your hat wasn't on straight.—Life.

Disinterested Advice. He—I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it? She—I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter.—Life.

To Be Put in Repair. Footpad (three a. m.)—Wot time is it, mister? Belated Citizen—Er—er—my watch doesn't run. Footpad (producing a revolver)—Well, you just hand it over ter me an' watch me and it run fur a few seconds.—Chicago News Record.

Not for Girls. Little Dot—I wish you'd let me ride your bicycle. Little Dick—These big-wheel bicycles won't do for girls. "Why won't they?" "Cause every time you'd fall off an' get 'most killed, you'd cry."—Good News.



MR. CHARLES EUAN SMITH.

exchanged between the foreign offices of the great European powers. From these documents it is learned that France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Austria have a finger in the Moorish pie, and that each demands to be assured of a cut before allowing any other government to land troops.

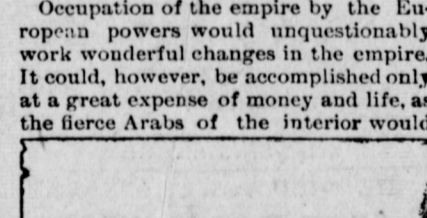
It is safe to assert, however, that the autonomy of Morocco cannot be maintained much longer. The powers are united in demanding the dismemberment of the empire of Morocco, but, like boys quarrelling about an apple, they cannot agree upon a division.

Unless diplomacy succeeds in averting a coup d'état the Morocco embryo, insignificant as it may now seem, threatens to fire the European mine. Any discrimination in favor of Italy or Germany might be considered a casus belli by France, which has for a long time viewed with distrust the expansion of German influence in the Mediterranean.

never consent to Christian domination without a terrible struggle. The Cross and the Crescent would have to be matched until the followers of one or the other have been wiped from the face of the earth. G. W. WEPPERT.

His Vocation. Miss Blanche—What a successful Arctic explorer you would make, Mr. Remayne! Remayne—Why so, Miss Blanche? Miss Blanche—Because there the night is six months long.—Truth.

A Useless Accomplishment. Amateur Yachtsman—How does it happen that you have always lived near the water, yet do not know how to swim? Fisherman Boy—Don't have to swim. I know how to sail.—Good News.



A STREET IN TANGIER.

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Easily Pleased. Miss Elderly—I don't care anything for society. Heaven be praised, I am satisfied with being in my own company.

FAST EXPRESS.

It Runs Into a Coal Train Near Philadelphia.

DISASTER OCCURS IN A TUNNEL.

The Wreck Takes Fire and Terrible Deaths By Cremation Follows—Ten Killed and Probably Forty Injured.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25.—The fast express train from Shamokin on the Reading road, due here at 9:30 yesterday morning, ran into a coal train in the West Manayunk tunnel, 10 miles from the Reading station here, and a collision resulted in which, according to the latest estimates, at least ten persons were killed. The cars caught fire in the tunnel and several of the bodies were burned.

The Shamokin express usually leaves the upper coal regions on Monday morning loaded with men employed along the line who take advantage of their Sunday's rest to go home Saturday nights and spend the day with their families.

The first rumormonger to reach the city was that eight persons had been killed and a number injured. This was followed later by the more alarming statement that not less than twenty-eight lives had been lost, and later still, the figures rose to the appalling total of fifty-two killed, but at noon it was declared that ten were dead and forty injured.

The ill-fated train was known as No. 2 which leaves Shamokin at 5 a. m., Pottsville at 7 and Reading an hour later. It is an express and makes few stops. It was running on the northbound track, which had been ordered kept clear, when a few minutes after 9 o'clock it crashed into engine No. 54, running north in the Manayunk tunnel.

The engineer of No. 54 had been ordered to lie at Pensyod station, a short distance north of the scene of the accident, and it was due to his disobedience of these orders that the accident occurred. Had he remained there a few minutes longer the loss of a dozen lives and the injuring of over a score of persons would have been averted.

Both engines were badly wrecked and both tracks were blocked. In addition, portions of the wreckage were thrown against a telegraph pole, causing the breaking of the wires and rendering communication between the city and the wreck difficult.

A few minutes after the smashup the wrecked passenger cars caught fire. An alarm brought out engines, but it was some time before the flames were extinguished. Undertakers' wagons from Manayunk were soon at the accident and willing hands extracted from the wreckage the maimed and dead passengers. Up to noon fifteen injured people had been removed to St. Mary's hospital at Roxborough, a short distance away, and ten dead bodies had been taken charge of by the undertakers.

The killed so far as known, are as follows:

Thomas Walsh, fireman of the engine of the passenger train.

Jacob Kilrain, brakeman.

A mother and daughter named Smith, from Phoenixville.

David S. Herr, of Harrisburg, a member of the state legislature.

W. Decker, Pottstown.

Newsboy on passenger train.

OUTRAGED AND MURDERED.

Startling Crime at Sedalia—A Handsome German Woman the Victim.

SEDALIA, Mo., Oct. 25.—About 6 o'clock this morning a colored man found the body of a young woman in the weeds near the corner of Seventh and Moniteau streets. Dr. A. V. Small and a number of other persons living in the vicinity were soon on the ground. The head and face of the dead woman were covered with blood and a small pool of blood was found about six feet from where the body was lying. It was evident that she had been dragged by the feet after she had been killed to the place where the body was found.

It was soon learned that the murdered girl was Johanna Scholman, whose parents live near Lincoln, Benton county, and who had for the past eight months been working as a domestic in the family of Maj. E. W. Stevens.

Coroner Muhl had the body removed to an undertaker's, where a post-mortem examination showed the fact that the woman had first been outraged and then murdered, the death being caused by a stab in the left side of the neck which completely severed the carotid artery. Her hands and body were bruised, indicating that she had struggled desperately.

The murdered woman was a handsome young German, about 25 years of age, but had only borne a fair reputation since she had worked in this city.

THE FEUD RENEWED.

The Tolliver-Howard Vendetta of Eastern Kentucky Breaks Out Again.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 25.—A telegram received here says the Tolliver-Howard feud has broken out again in eastern Kentucky, a general fight occurring at Hogtown, Rowan county, last night between the two factions in which Col. Tolliver was shot in the breast and killed and Wylie Tolliver shot in the bowels, while Sam Howard received four rifle balls in the body. The relatives and friends of the two sides are arming and a battle is expected.

This feud had been slumbering for two years when Col. Hank Tolliver married the widow of one of the Howards, he had killed and everybody thought the troubles ended.

This feud has already resulted in more than fifty deaths and the present trouble promises to add many to this list.

Suicide of a Cashier.

LEOTI, Kan., Oct. 25.—George W. Young, cashier of the Leoti State bank, shot himself accidentally yesterday. The wound will likely result fatally, though there is some hope.

WARLIKE CHINA.

Preparing to Act Energetically on Account of the Exclusion Act.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 24.—War Koo, a Chinese newspaper published in this city, prints what purports to be a mail summary of news from China by the last steamer.

Among the articles was one printed as a supplement to the paper and believed to be inspired by the Chinese government and to be in the nature of confidential instructions to Chinese consuls in the United States. It suggested that they make speedily and emphatically as possible certain representations to senators and congressmen at Washington.

The proposition advanced is that all Chinese in this country are compelled by the Geary law to register within a year, with the alternative of going to jail and being expelled from the United States. Concerning this proposition the article, as translated, reads as follows:

"China has plenty of wealth, plenty of guns, and big ships of war of modern construction and plenty of soldiers. China is not afraid of the United States and can cope with her in war. But China does not want to fight with the United States, for there are many other means of retaliation."

The article goes on to state that the people of the United States were nervous after the New Orleans affair, when it was feared Italy might send warships to their shores to demand satisfaction for the slaughter of her citizens, and that the United States began hastily to construct battleships and guns. China, it says, has both these, but the United States is not ready. If the registering act is persisted in, China will insist that American residents in China shall register and wear tags on penalty of imprisonment and expulsion.

China will also impose a heavy tax on American imports, particularly flour and cotton, Chinese ministers, consuls and others in the United States are instructed to dwell on the fact that this country has in years past been friendly to China and afforded protection to Chinese residents, but that the change of sentiment as indicated by the registering act, has been brought about by the machinations of office seekers who desire to gain favor with a certain class in the United States, and eventually obtain a share in the control of public affairs.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

Judge Brewer Allows Railroads to Make Through Rates Without Changing Local Rates.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Judge Brewer's decision in the Northwestern case, declaring that two or more roads may make proportionate rates to meet the through rates of a competing line without in the least disturbing their local rates, is causing a good deal of comment among railroad men. They are both surprised and gratified. Heretofore they have been restrained by the interstate commerce commission from meeting Canadian competition on the ground that to do so without cutting down locals to a corresponding level would be a violation of the laws.

Generally speaking, the local traffic of the roads both east and west of Chicago is too valuable to be sacrificed for the purpose of protecting through traffic, and, as a consequence, the Canadian Pacific and its allies have for several years been able to appropriate a large percentage of their through business that has properly belonged to the American roads. Judge Brewer's decision changes all this. In effect he tells the American roads that they can legally meet such competition without changing their local rates at all.

For example, the Canadian Pacific has published a tariff on the basis of 51 cents first-class, Boston to St. Paul. The lowest first-class rate from Boston to Chicago is 50 cents. From Boston to St. Paul it is 60 cents, make the through rate, which is based on the sum of the locals, \$1.10 per 100 pounds. The lines connecting at Chicago are told they may join in making a 51-cent rate from St. Paul to Boston, by way of Chicago, without reducing any of their local rates, notwithstanding the construction that has heretofore been put upon the long and short haul clause of the interstate commerce law.

LATEST DOG HORROR.

Two Savage Brutes Strip the Flesh Off a Boy and Devour It.

SYCAMORE, Ill., Oct. 24.—Fred Ulrich, 14 years of age, while returning from a republican rally at DeKalb had occasion, after leaving the train, to alone pass the house of Mrs. H. H. Mitchell, in the western part of this city.

Mrs. Mitchell and her neighbor, William Walrod, own ugly dogs, and the boy crossed to the far side of the street to avoid them. Mrs. Mitchell's dog, however, ran across the street and attacked him, and the Walrod dog, which had been chained, broke loose and joined the attack.

The boy fought desperately for his life. His only weapon was a small pocket knife and the cuts he was enabled to give the dogs only served to increase their fury. Screaming for aid, the little fellow was borne to the ground. Before help reached him the dogs had bitten him in over fifty places.

They were literally eating him alive when help came and drove the brutes away. The flesh was all eaten from one leg. The bone was as clean as if parboiled. One arm was stripped and other portions of the body were horribly mangled. He died shortly after help had arrived.

Suffering For Water in Pennsylvania.

READING, Pa., Oct. 24.—The extent of the inconvenience and suffering caused by the great scarcity of water at points north of here can hardly be imagined, and it is stated as an actual fact, that at some places beyond Port Clinton it is actually necessary to guard the tanks of the locomotives to prevent the people from carrying off the water. It is likewise stated that on one of the divisions of the Lehigh Valley railroad the water to supply the locomotives is transported quite a distance by engines. Owing to the drought mountain fires have broken out at several places.

SHE IS DEAD.

Death of the President's Wife at the White House.

Her Strength Declines as the Hours and Minutes Fly By and Surrounded by Her Family She Peacefully Passes Away.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—Mrs. Harrison is no more. At 1:40 o'clock this morning she died at the White house, and for a second time in the history of the White house a president's wife died within its walls. Mrs. Harrison met death with the patience and resignation of a devout Christian.

About 12:30 o'clock, while Dr. Gardner sat by Mrs. Harrison's side with his fingers lightly pressed to her pulse, she peacefully passed away. Her weakness of the heart's action followed almost immediately by a slight decrease in respiration. He noticed the grief-stricken family and it gathered around the couch. The end appeared to be very near and unless she soon rallied from the stupor into which she then was drifting she could scarcely live half an hour longer.

This intelligence had a most depressing effect upon the president who had been in constant attendance upon his afflicted wife for over nine hours and he sustained himself with the greatest difficulty. If it were possible to add to the gravity of the situation and to



MRS. HARRISON.

stimulate the agonized apprehension of the sorrowing family, gathered about the scarcely animate form of the beloved wife and mother, those results were attained when Dr. Gardner, after carefully examining the countenance and feeling the pulse of the dying woman, said that the indications were that she could not last more than half an hour. This was fifteen minutes to the minutes few past, at 1:30 the help-less form, however, still retained the sacred spark.

The resistance offered by the constitution of the patient was surprising to the physician and all at the bedside. There was no struggle, no exhibition of pain, but a seemingly passive resistance that was beautiful in its quietude. Dr. Gardner took up the feeble hand and felt the wrist. The blood still crept through the arteries, but it slowly. He shook his head and said that a brief fifteen minutes must surely finish the struggle.

The condition of the family could no longer be controlled and realizing his utter helplessness to longer cope with her formidable foe, and from consideration for the sacredness of such grief as this the physician and friend bowed his head and passed out of the door.

Outside of the threshold he took his station and waited. It was not a long time. The minutes flew like seconds and suddenly there was an expression of heart-stricken woe and the end had come. The president was beside his dying wife, as he had been for nine hours continuously, and his were the last loved features her eyes had dwelt upon. Her breath was labored and quick toward the next hour it grew fainter yet and less frequent, and as the time-piece marked the hour of 1:40 o'clock there was an interruption of the feeble breath, a resumption and then a stop, this time to be the last. Life had gone out peacefully and quietly, and without pain.

All of the family in Washington were present at the death bed except the three little grandchildren and the venerable Dr. Scott, the father of Mrs. Harrison. They were President Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison, Lieut. and Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Dinnick and Mrs. Newcomer. In addition Mrs. Harrison's faithful maid, Josephine, and Miss Davis, the trained nurse, were in the room.

The members of the family spent a few minutes around the lifeless clay. When they emerged with sorrowful faces the president retired immediately to his own room and closed the door.

The others also retired and gave place to Dr. Gardner. His practiced eye told the story. He passed out and then the last sad offices for the dead were performed by the nurse, Miss Davis, who composed the remains for the hands of the undertaker. The doctor went home, and the last of the many questions put by the knot of waiting newspaper reporters were answered by Mr. Halford, the lights were dimmed and the quiet of the grave crept upon the great white mansion. Several policemen, who had been summoned, were stationed at all the entrances of the grounds to prevent people from intruding on the privacy of the president and family in their bereavement.

Clippings.

Von Molke's famous economy in language used to inspire bets among the officers and general staff every year at the king's birthday came around, as to the number of words he would employ in proposing his master's health. Some backed a nine word speech, others put their money on eight words. Molke's habit was to say, "To the health of his majesty, emperor and king;" or, "To his imperial majesty's health." In 1884 an oyster breakfast was staked on the marshal's not using more than nine words, but, because he began with the word "gentlemen" the bet was lost.

THREE MILLION ACRES.

The Amount of New Land to Be Thrown Open Through the Comanche, Kiowa and Apache Land Allotments.

ANADARKO, Ok., Oct. 22.—After four weeks of council the Cherokee commission yesterday finished its negotiation with the Comanche, Kiowa and Apache tribes and effected an agreement. The negotiation began at Fort Sill the 26th of last month, at which time a proposition on the part of the government was submitted to the Indians. The proposition provided that these Indians should take allotments of 160 acres each and relinquish the residue of the reservation to the government to be attached to Oklahoma. For this white settlement. For this the Indians shall receive \$2,000,000.

Of this sum \$200,000 will be paid in cash within 120 days after the ratification of the agreement, \$200,000 within one year and \$1,000,000 within two years. The remaining \$1,500,000 will be left in the treasury and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. payable annually. Minor paragraphs of the agreement provide that existing treaties are not to be disturbed, legally executed leases shall not be interfered with until limit expires, customary school sections and land occupied and used for religious purposes to be reserved, and adopted members of the tribe are to receive lands. The proposition was accepted on the 7th and since that time the commission has been engaged in securing sufficient signatures to make it effective.

The treaty of 1868 entered into on Medicine Lodge creek provides that no agreement for the relinquishments of lands shall be valid unless signed by three-quarters of the male adults living upon the reservation. The three tribes number about 2,800 people and about 375 bucks over 21 years of age. Yesterday the requisite three-quarters were secured. The agreement will become effective when ratified by Congress. Of these three tribes the Comanches are the most advanced in civilization and were the first to accept the proposition. These were followed by the Apaches. A large number of Kiowa banded together to oppose its acceptance and endeavored to intimidate those inclined to sign. The three head chiefs, however, attached their names.

The reservation lies between the Washita and Red rivers in the southwestern corner of the Indian territory and embraces nearly 3,000,000 acres. It is by far the best land yet negotiated for in the Indian territory. It is well watered and fertile and will develop into magnificent corn and cotton land. This is the tenth agreement entered into by the Cherokee commission since May, 1890, from which a total of almost 20,000,000 acres of land have been reclaimed from Indian occupation. Ten thousand five hundred Indians will have been placed upon allotments and will cease to draw rations from the government. Five of these agreements have been ratified by congress and the reservations have been opened to settlement. These are the Iowa, Sac and Fox, Pottawatomie, Shawnee, and Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations. Four have been reported to congress for legislative action—the Kickapoo, Wichita, Toiyava and Cherokee outlet. Of the first three there is no time limit, but for that of the Cherokee outlet it is provided therein that unless ratified by congress by March 4, 1893, the agreement shall be void. Those interested in the opening of this domain would do well to note this feature of it. The commission will proceed to the Pawnee agency on the outlet to negotiate with that tribe.

STARTLING SUICIDE.

Tragic Occurrence at a Scene of Festivity in Vienna.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The Vienna correspondent of the News reports a tragic occurrence in that city, bringing a scene of festivity to an abrupt and startling conclusion. While the 20-year-old son of Fater Benevo was playing on a violin at a party which had been given to celebrate his success at some examinations which he has just passed in a creditable manner, he suddenly threw down the instrument and before any of the guests could divine his intention he drew a revolver and shot himself dead. When the young man's father was informed of his son's suicide he appeared greatly shocked and fell dead from heart disease.

OPERATORS RESUME.

The Telegraphers' Strike on the Texas Division of the Santa Fe Ended.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 22.—The latest development in the Santa Fe operators' strike situation is an agreement that the operators resume work pending a conference at Chicago between a Texas committee and President Marvel. The understanding is that the schedule that may be adopted at the Chicago conference shall have effect from the beginning of the strike. It is stated here that a conference by wire with President Marvel resulted in a practical agreement on all points except wages. All operators will be reinstated and an order from the strike committee to all operators to resume work was forwarded.

Charged With Murelling.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—Edward Goodacre, a member of the firm of Redfern & Co., the women's tailors, and the manager of the New York branch of the establishment at 210 Fifth avenue, was arrested by special inspectors on a charge of smuggling clothes into this country by women agents.

Indians Terribly Searred.

WINNIPEG, Man., Oct. 22.—Indian throughout the Canadian northwest are in a high state of excitement. They declare that two new born infants on the Soree reserve, near the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad, had spoken and predicted that a terrible storm would sweep the country in a very short time and destroy trees, houses and everything in its course. This absurd story has been taken throughout the country by Indian runners and the Indians are alarmed to such degree that they are now all engaged in digging large pits in which to take refuge when the storm comes.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

Kansas City, Kan., is seeking more light—or rather a number of electric light companies are anxious to give her more light—for a handsome consideration.

Duane Freeman, democratic candidate for congress in the Sixth district, has withdrawn, and the central committee has endorsed Congressman William Baker.

The first annual fair of the Kansas Equal Suffrage association met at Topeka on the 18th. Addresses were made by Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Laura M. Johns.

The bankers throughout Texas are making up a fund for the families of the Coffeyville victims of the Dalton raid. One banker sent out a circular to the banks soliciting ten-dollar subscriptions which is being promptly responded to.

The Kansas State Bankers association convened at Topeka on the 20th for its sixth annual session. The attendance was not large, owing to the fact that many Kansas bankers had gone to Chicago to attend the dedication ceremonies of the world's fair buildings.

Several men under the direction of a land syndicate were lately digging industriously upon a piece of land, adjacent to Kansas City, Kan., for treasure reported to have been buried during the border troubles and estimated at several million dollars. When it is found due report will be made.

Mrs. Minnie Padrick was granted a divorce in the district court of Wichita the other afternoon from her husband, Marshall Padrick, and before the party left the court room a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the plaintiff was dead, her demise having occurred an hour before the termination of the trial.

Bank Commissioner Johnson has completed his report for the quarter ended September 1, and it makes a very flattering showing of the condition of the banking business in Kansas. The total deposits in Kansas state and private banks on June 1 were \$18,445,944.50, and on September 1 they had increased to \$20,143,884.50.

The chief of police of Kansas City, Kan., recently received a telegram from the police of Logansport, Ind., asking that Walter Cox, aged about 19 years be arrested. He is charged with stealing \$250 from his father, John Cox. The telegram instructs the chief to secure the money and bicycle the youth took with him, and let the prisoner go, providing he catches him.

The premature discharge of a cannon used at a republican demonstration at Emporia the other evening resulted in badly wounding two men. Julius Kovalski had both arms fearfully lacerated and one finger torn entirely off, while Zeene S. Adair had a portion of one hand blown off and was otherwise injured by the powder. The former is a married man and the latter single.

At the recent meeting of the great council of the Improved Order of Red Men at Fort Scott the following officers were elected: Great prophet, E. H. Littlefield, Topeka; great sachem, E. H. Perry, Cherokee; great senior sagamore, Charles B. Hill, Kansas City; great junior sagamore, W. T. Martin, Minneapolis; great chief of records, J. H. E. Wiegant, Leavenworth; keeper of wampum, C. S. A. Day, Atchison; representatives, E. H. Littlefield, Topeka; Charles Fletcher, Emporia.

A disgraceful row took place in a joint at Horton the other night between a notorious tough by the name of Noonan and Charles Greer, a colored man. Next day Noonan rode up to where Greer was at work carrying a hod and fired at him. Greer pulled his revolver and a general fusillade began. About ten shots were fired. A stray shot struck W. H. Kemper, a prominent business man, inflicting a severe wound in the arm. Greer received a scalp wound and Noonan was hit in the back and thigh. He was then jailed.

In the United States circuit court at Leavenworth the other day proceedings were begun that may have a far-reaching effect on military prisoners and the regular army. Habeas corpus proceedings were instituted for the release of a military prisoner who deserted from Fort Reno, was captured, tried by court-martial and sentenced to two years and a half confinement. The prisoner was a minor and enlisted without his parents' consent, which is the main ground on which his release is demanded. The right of a court-martial to confine any one in prison is also raised. A decision will not be rendered for some weeks. Should it be favorable to the petitioner it is said that more than half the military prisoners in the United States would be released on the same grounds.

Senator Frank P. Harlness, of Clay Center, was seriously if not fatally injured by being run over by the cars at McFarland the other afternoon. He was on his way to Kansas City, where he expected to meet his wife. At McFarland his train was met by the west-bound passenger train, and thinking that his wife might be on that train he started to board it, with the intention of looking through the coaches. He walked up the track toward the west-bound train, but directed his attention to the train on which he was taking passage. While looking intently at one train the other started up and ran into him. He was thrown under the locomotive, but was pulled out before the entire train had passed over him. One leg was broken and his ankle was badly crushed. He is also thought to have suffered several internal injuries.

Henry Humphrey, a farmer of Bourbon county, was recently overcome by gas while digging in a well on his farm. A neighbor named Joe Carter, who was manning the bucket, saw him fall in the bottom of the hole and went down in the bucket to his rescue. He also was prostrated. A brother of the former called for help and was let down to rescue them, but Humphrey was dead and Carter died later.

The university football club returned to Lawrence with flying colors after defeating the Colorado team at Denver. The boys were given an ovation and banquet.

KANSAS DAY.

Dedication of the Kansas Building at Chicago—Chief Justice Horton Delivers the Address.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Although the national dedicatory services of the world's fair closed Friday night, there were attractions at the grounds Saturday sufficient to draw many thousands of people, but instead of gathering under one vast roof they divided into parties by states for the state buildings—or at least a portion of them were dedicated during the day.

The militia of the various states represented in Friday's parade served as escorts, each for its own governor and orators, and the scenes at the park were even more diversified than those of Friday.

Among the structures presented to the world's fair management by the state representatives were those of Kansas, New York, Ohio and Iowa. Each building was gay with bunting and the flags of America, Spain and Italy as well as the state banners. About each great crowd gathered and for each orator there was liberal applause. The words of the speakers could be heard by all their auditors

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