

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

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COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

ON NINTH AVENUE.

Where a New York Millionaire Bachelor Found Happiness.

Mr. Eben Krumble was a man worth knowing. He had attained eminence by forcing his way into the group of magicians known as millionaires. People doffed their hats to him with a deferential air as he passed; and in social circles the good dames who had daughters for sale wore a smile so genial and warm that even summer clothing seemed oppressive. They angled for him with the patience of Isaac Walton, who used to say that no one was a true fisherman who wasn't willing to sit on the bank of a stream until a spider spun a web from his back to the nearest tree.

If Krumble was worth knowing he was also worth catcasing. I assure you. He had a body which turned the scales at one hundred and eighty, a heart bigger than his body, a couple of brilliant blue eyes, a shock of iron-gray hair, which gave him a leonine appearance, and a mustache which led strangers to address him as general.

At forty-three, the age at which I introduce him, he had skilfully evaded the blandishments and dangers of matrimony, and was sole possessor of himself in fee simple. He saw the traps which were set for his heart and fortune, especially the latter, and took a grim satisfaction in the thought that if he chose to take a wife he had money enough to support her in good style. He deliberately concluded, however, that it would be better, on the whole, to play the game of life with a lone hand.

Eben was a self-made man, and the product of his labor was extremely creditable. A great many people who try this experiment are dismal failures. They generally manage to acquire phenomenal self-conceit, but most of the best qualities of character are arrested developments. They become pompous, insolent and unendurable. They would have made good oysters, if they had been contented to have remained in that station, as Tony Weller said to his son Samivel; but, as the pureholders of the community, they are apt to be coarse, showy, ostentatious and hungry for adulation.

Money-getting is a noble employment. Everybody wants enough to furnish him with a good road and a warm blanket in his old age. That is all that gold or bank bills will properly buy. You can only eat your fill, and one overcoat is enough to keep the cold out.

If a man had a score of mouths and could enjoy eating with each one, or if he had the legs of a centipede and needed trousers for them all, the case would be different. But with only one mouth and only two legs, he ought to be easily satisfied.

Eben took himself by the coat collar, when he had just turned forty-three, dragged himself into a corner of his library, seated himself in an easy chair, and played with two or three logical propositions.

"I am not quite spending my income," he said to the handsome face which was reflected in the mirror. "I have half a drayload of first mortgage bonds, and the interest is paid every six months. I made it all myself; didn't inherit anything except some few debts which the old gentleman left. And," here he thrust his hands into his pockets with a self-satisfied air—"and, bless me, I made it all honestly. Nobody need shrug his shoulders at me."

Then he got up and stood in front of the glass. "Say, old boy, do you know the largest part of your life is gone, eh?" he inquired. "No wife, but lots of poor relations, who inquire after your health every Christmas and expect a good-sized check by return mail. If you should happen to get run over by a cable car, they'd contest your will, and prove that you were a blooming idiot who was unduly influenced to leave your fortune to the wrong parties. That's about all the recompense a man gets for dying rich. You'd better drop this drudgery and enjoy yourself."

And he did.

He played a good game of billiards at the club, and was champion of the whist table. He never dined at home, for splendid story tellers are eagerly sought. He went to Tuxedo, to Newport and to Lenox, and was the conquering hero of society everywhere. But he wasn't satisfied. No man ever is who hasn't a wife. A wife furnishes her husband with enough to occupy all his spare time. If he is profoundly in love with her, and the honeymoon—which is generally leased for six months with the option of renewal—continues indefinitely, he has all he can do to anticipate her wishes, and invent devices to secure her happiness. If, on the other hand, he thinks he has grounds for jealousy, he is equally busy, though in a different direction. He finds both days and nights too short for worriment, and sighs, and misery, and suspicions, and other hobgoblins and bugbears which he can call from the vasty deep.

But if one isn't married, he has so much leisure on his hands that he becomes embarrassed. That was the case with Krumble. He didn't know what to do, and was so tired of the humdrum that he would have spent a night in a haunted house just for the novelty of the experience. It would have given him something to anticipate and prepare for, and always provided he wasn't scared to death, something to talk of for a week after.

He became frightfully sick of dress suits, and dinings out, and felt into a sort of melancholy. The fellows chaffed him, and one or two had serious talk with him; but he gradually went from pale blue to a deep and hopeless indigo.

One afternoon he felt an impulse to get away from his kind, that is from his particular kind. He strolled down Fifteenth avenue, lifting his hat fourteen times in seventeen minutes, and then turned into Twenty-third street, west. After awhile he found himself on Ninth avenue, and enjoyed a sense of relief that nobody knew him and he knew nobody. A millionaire on Ninth avenue, with no special business to take him there, is a spectacle not seen every day.

Eben was in one of his absent-minded moods; but it wasn't his fault that the accident occurred. Whether he ran into the child, or the child ran into him, is a matter of small moment. The important fact is that there was a collision, and, as a result, the little one lay in the gutter, or rather in the mud of the gutter, and yelled most vociferously.

Krumble was amazed at his stupidity. He retired into the inner recesses of his soul for a moment or two.

But like a true gentleman, he picked the little girl up and stood her on her feet. If we are all made of dirt, that child had more than her share; enough raw material on her clothes to manufacture a whole family. He coaxed and cajoled, but, my! how that baby screamed.

"I hope," he said, turning to the wan-faced woman who was her mother—"I sincerely hope she is not hurt."

The poor creature grabbed the child, pressed her to her bosom, dirt and all, and with a few magic words brought back the old smile.

"There's nothin' the matter wid her," she said. "She's got good lungs, anyhow. Sure, it's only freight. A little wather is all she wants, and God knows it's the only thing I can give her."

"Pray, where do you reside, my good woman?" asked Eben.

"Reside is it?" she answered. "Well, sor, I'm not bothered much that way. But, beggin' your honor's pardon, me room is on the third back jist round the corner."

"If you have no objection, madam," said Eben, courteously, "I will accompany you and see that the child is all right."

It was an interesting trio. Krumble did not feel quite at ease in his surroundings, or, in the language of science, he was not in harmony with his environment. There was a startling contrast between his clothes and those which Mrs. Moloney wore, and between his well-fed appearance and her careworn face. I can't say he enjoyed the interview; but if one is *blase* even a toothache has the magic charm of novelty.

When the door of the room was opened, Mrs. Moloney remarked:

"The likes of yez has never come up in them stairs afore; but you're just welcome as the queen of England would be, and indead a little more."

She dusted a chair with her apron, and Eben took it with entire nonchalance and began to make an inventory of the furniture.

There was a pine table which had only three legs, the fourth having dropped through sheer decrepitude. It stood upright, however, for it leaned against the wall. There were four chairs, which wouldn't have brought about a dime apiece. The floor was wholly innocent of a carpet, but was scrupulously clean.

"Oh, ho," said Eben to himself, "I know now why I wanted to be worth a million. Life is such a place as this would be worse than death. No carpet? That last rug of mine cost four hundred and fifty. A twenty-five cent chromo on the wall? Why, I have an Appleton, Brown and a Dewey worth enough to run this little household for ten years. Either I'm mighty lucky, or Mrs. Moloney is particularly unfortunate."

His reverie was interrupted.

"When Pat was carried to the cemetery," said the woman, "I moved into wan room. Arrah, but thim was happy days before Pat died."

"How did it happen?" asked Krumble, sympathetically.

"Blowed up! At three o'clock in the afternoon he was at the works. Ten minutes later he was on his way to Hiven. An when they brought home what was left of him me heart died widin me, an' I've had a sorry time filled a page of the note-book."

"Where to?" asked the storekeeper.

"The widow Moloney's," was the answer.

"All right, sir. Seven dollars and twenty-three cents."

There was a pine table which had been safely deposited on the floor of Mrs. Moloney's room. And when Eben returned to see that his order had been properly carried out, he found the woman sitting on the edge of a chair, her head buried in her gingham apron. She was swaying to and fro, and sobbing like a child. At his entrance she looked up, and, as he said afterward, there was an expression of gratitude in her face which was almost too much for him.

"The Holy Mother protect ye!" she cried. "I never expected to see this day. Ye remind me, so ye do, of my Pat."

The child was munching a big slice of bread, and in an ecstasy of delight shouted: "Papa!"

"Well," thought Eben, "I must draw the line there. I am willing to have the old woman liken me to her red-haired husband, but I object to the pauper business."

Krumble walked home that afternoon with a light, elastic step. As he stood before the glass to arrange his cravat, he surveyed himself in his dress suit and remarked: "Eben, my boy, you are rather a good-looking fellow." When his toilet was completed he actually took a dozen steps of a dance about the room.

"Hello, Eben, what's the matter with you?" he said. "Are you growing young again? You seem to feel particularly jolly. I wonder why?"—George Hepworth, in *N. Y. Independent*.

"And it's not every Pat," interjected Eben, who had become interested, "that has a Bridget like you."

"Your honor's foolin' wid me," was the reply. "But I kept the house cleane, if I do say it myself. I darned his stockin's and putas neat a patch on his trouser knees as the best of 'em can; an' as for cookin' I wasn't to be beaten on any floor of the house. Thin days is a long way behind me now. I haven't had me mouth full since Pat died, an' me teeth has got loose, they've so little to do."

Her tongue was a bit loosened also, as she added, philosophically: "In them days I was treated respectful, an' they spoke of me as Pat Moloney's wife, which was enough for any woman to aspire to. An' when they met me in the street wid me foine clothes on, it was: 'Mistress Moloney, God bless ye! How do ye do?' But now I am called, indifferent like, 'the Widdy Moloney' an' all because there's no Pat on the premises. It's a quare wurold! It is that!" During this conversation Mrs. Moloney was scribbling the face of her child. The little one's tears had dried, and her eyes were full of laughter.

"Good Heavens! I believe that baby's really happy," thought Eben. "Mysterious, but true. Nothing to be happy for, but still happy."

"Hadn't you better take her dress off and put on another?" suggested Krumble.

Mrs. Moloney looked at him inquiringly. She was unwilling to confess that that was the only garment the child had, so she answered evasively:

"She might catch cold if I changed her suddenly, like that. When I git her under the bedclothes to-night I'll put the dress in a tub and give it a soakin'."

"But it's chilly here," continued Eben. "You should light a fire and at least keep her warm."

"Sorra a coal is there in the house," was the reply. "My front neighbor

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

"Lightning struck a woman in Jasper county, Mo., and made her deaf and dumb.

"The stability of electric locomotives at high speeds is much greater than that of steam locomotives and therefore there is less chance of derailment.

"Horse-racing, bicycle-racing and croquet are some of the out-of-door sports recently reported as having been carried on by the aid of the electric light."

"Telephony is making rapid advances in France, and Paris will shortly be in telephonic communication with all the principal towns in that country. There are already systems between Paris, Bordeaux, Lille, Lyons and Marseilles, and these installations are continually being extended."

"The passage through the Suez canal grows shorter every year. According to the annual report the average duration is twenty-three hours thirty-one minutes, some thirty-five minutes less than twelve months ago. This improvement is due to the electric light enabling the vessels to continue their voyage at night."

"Designers of arc lamps are now striving for better looking brackets and fixtures to be used similarly to the decorative effects noticed on interior incandescent lamp fixtures. The unsightly appearance of arc lights often prohibits their use in interior work and consequently an enterprising manufacturing concern is bringing out new styles of hangers for use on low tension arc lamps, which are intended to suit the popular esthetic taste on the subject."

"A new socket for incandescent lamps has been brought out which is flexible and will admit of the lamp globe being turned in one direction or another. A spring coil forms one of the connections to the lamp base, and takes the place of the thread on the regular socket. Another novelty about the spring is a sharp point on the end which prevents unauthorized persons from removing the lamp by pressing open the spring and allows only a person carrying a cover for this point to tamper with the socket."

"Thirty miles of underground electric railway similar to the City and South London line has been proposed for Berlin at an estimated expense of \$10,000,000. The plans describe two central powerstations, supplying power at 500 volts to forty-eight trains, each with its own locomotive, carrying in all 144 carriages at one time. It is proposed to run these trains at three-minute intervals; a little over half a mile apart, and at a fare of two and a half cents it is estimated that the traffic will be about five persons per car per mile."

"The census office report proposes to give authoritative credit and dates for the principal electrical inventions and engineering methods brought out in America, and wishes information as to who first invented or used commercially continuous current, voltage and variable amperage constant dynamos, lamps and motors; continuous current, variable voltage and constant amperage dynamos, lamps and motors; alternating current, constant voltage and variable amperage dynamos, lamps and motors; alternating current, variable voltage, and variable amperage dynamos, lamps and motors; also trolley contacts, single or double, and arc lamps, converters and accumulators."

TRIALS OF A PRETTY GIRL

Some of the Things a Restaurant Cashier Does Not Like.

The Karroo Colony, in South Africa, subject to Strange Annual Changes.

In the spring, in the year rain has fallen for two months, the Karroo region in the northern part of Cape Colony is a flower garden. As far as the eye can reach stretch blotches of white and yellow and purple fig flowers. Every foot of Karroo sand is broken up by small dowering lilies and wax flowers. In a space a few feet square you may sometimes gather fifty kinds. In the crevices of the rocks little hard-leaved flowering air plants are growing.

At the end of two months the bloom is over, the bulbs have died back into the ground by millions, the fig blossoms are withered, the Karroo assumes the red and brown tint which it wears all the rest of the year. Sometimes there is no spring. At intervals of a few years great droughts occur, when no rain falls.

For ten or thirteen months the sky is cloudless. The Karroo bushes drop their leaves and are dry, withered stalks; the fountains fall, and the dams are flooded by dried mud, which splits up into little squares; the sheep and goats die by thousands, and the Karroo is a desert. It is to provide for these long rainless periods that all the plant life in the Karroo is modified. Nothing that cannot retain life habitually for six months, and at need for twice that time, without rain can exist here. The Karroo bush itself provides against drought by roots of enormous length, stretching underground to a depth of many feet. At the end of a ten months' drought, when the earth is baked brick-dust for two feet from the surface, if you break the dried stool of a Karroo bush three inches high you will find running down the center a tiny thread of pale, green-tinted tissue still alive with sap.—Chicago Herald.

A certain Irish orator, whose daughter was going to marry Emmet, died of consumption. The day before he died, some friends asked him how his cold was. "It ought to be all right," he answered, "for I've been up the entire night practicing on it."

THE NATIONAL ROAD.

Bumping Along a Kentucky Road of the Pre-Railway Epoch.

The old national road, as it was called, leading from the eastern seaboard to the west and south, and constituting the main public thoroughfare in the pre-railroad epoch, takes part of its way through the hill country of eastern Kentucky, and along its devils route I was jolting and bumping one day in a buck-board when I met a "red brush."

"How are you?" I said to him.

"How d'y?" he responded.

"Got any worse roads than this around here?"

"Some."

"This un when you git about two miles furder down the crick."

"I thought the old national road ran through this way?"

"It does."

"Where is it?"

"Well, this used to be it," he said, drawing out the words, "but it disappeared durin' the war, an' ha'nt goin' back yet."

I hadn't the slightest doubt of the accuracy of a portion of his statement, and with a mournful farewell bumped along.—Detroit Free Press.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

He Is One of the Happiest Creatures of the California Groves.

Some of my most intimate acquaintances have been the mocking birds in California groves. It seems almost unnecessary to cage them, they are so happy among the ever-blooming trees; but cages hang in balconies, at doors and windows, all about the courts, and under the eaves; and passing down the streets one hears at all hours gushes of the melody from the wonderful minstrels in their prisons. It is a cheerful sound, yet I like better to listen to them as they fly at will where the wild pomegranate flower, where the wild figs rear their massive canopies, where they may hide their young as they choose in the fragrant orange tree-tops.

One splendid fellow has his perch on a windmill fan opposite my door, where all day long he pours out trills rapturous with glee. Some mornings he is in such ecstasy that he bubbles down his notes in snatches, wasting no time in weaving them together, whenever I appear on the doorstep. I know he watches for my coming, for he apparently holds his musical quiver full of gay darts, keeping silence for intervals when I am unseen, letting them fly in an arrowy shower, as if he would transport me, when I reappear. He is the saucy tyrant who pecks at my hat, my hair, my gown, when I venture to near the rose vine on the lattice where his newly-hatched babies are.

And still smaller kinsmen of his tries to rule with sovereign sway my neighbor's doorway. So domineering has the latter become that he appears regularly every Monday morning when the family washing is being hung to dry. Near at hand he lights on a bough and sings jubilantly. He tilts and courtesies and fairly gurgles with ecstatic gushes as the white garments go up in varied array to float in the breeze. But when the red bandanna handkerchiefs of the men are pinned flapping to the line, suddenly his ecstatic note changes, his jubilant mood deserts him, and his voice, but largely full of melody, becomes that of an unmistakable scold. He bristles, he blusters, he pours forth defiant menaces at the very top of his voice. And at last he retreats in high dudgeon, nor

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

What are you saying, mountain-brook,
And what does your murmur tell?
Is it something I may hear and know
Of Heaven above, or of earth below,
Is it tale of love or tale of woe,
You lisp through wood and dell?

What are you saying, mountain-brook?
Do you sing of forest glade,
Of pools with their silvery crystal sheen
Like a clasp of rock with a gem between,
Flecked here and there by the foliage green
From pine and oaken shade?

And what will you say, O mountain-brook,
When the shades of night shall close?
When the birds will sink in th' embrace of sleep,
They'll plash into pools o'er the mossy steep;
Through the night's long watch will you laugh
or weep.

When nature is in repose?

I know it is, O mountain-brook,
And my heart leaps in reply.
You are telling to me a Creator's praise,
And running o'er with your gladsome lays,
Bobbling the tail in a thousand ways
To earth, air, and sky.

And I learn from you, bright mountain-brook,
That a life of praise is best:
That a Maker's love is the only theme
To well to the brim of life's warm stream,
To employ the day and to mold the dream
With a love divine impressed.

—Louis E. Van Norman, in Boston Budget.



CHAPTER X.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

After I had been provided with food I was sent to bed in a cool, airy room through the open windows of which the summer breezes came laden with the sweet perfume of wild roses and red clovers. I was too exhausted to think or grieve, and within a few minutes after I lay down on the soft, white bed I was sleeping soundly. All night long I slumbered as an infant with no hideous dreams and no nightmare of past or impending evils to haunt me.

I awoke quite late the next morning, but when I descended to the family room I found Mr. and Mrs. Cornell, my host and hostess, awaiting breakfast for me. They both received me with a free, open-hearted cordiality that was unaffected and which had the effect of making me feel perfectly at home at once. Mrs. Cornell asked me a few questions as to how I felt and whether I had rested well, but made no allusion to my past whatever. Ignorant as I was, I readily understood that her silence on that point was out of a delicate regard for my feelings, and I resolved to enlighten her concerning my past when the opportunity offered.

Shortly after I entered the room, the son, my rescuer, came in. He greeted me with the same cordiality his parents had shown, and, like them, made no reference to the past. His name, I learned, was Charles, and now that I had the opportunity of observing him well I discovered him to be what I should term a perfect model of a fully developed manhood. He was tall, broad shouldered, broad chested, sinewy, robust, yet not rugged or overgrown. His eyes were keen and penetrating, and I felt that when they looked at a person they saw to the bottom of the heart, yet they possessed a sparkle of merriment, and there was a softening light about them that spoke plainly of generosity and tenderest sympathy. I knew nothing then of Charles Cornell, save what I have written, but somehow I was impressed with the thought that he was a fit champion of the cause of the weak and oppressed, and that his sympathies were all with the poor and friendless, and his greatest happiness was in serving them.

My impression, I soon discovered, was well founded, for soon after we were seated at the breakfast table the father and son entered into a conversation regarding some local land trouble, by listening to which I learned that their sympathies were with the poor settlers who were in danger of losing their homes through the greed of capitalists who held mortgages on them. Mr. Cornell, who lisped, began the conversation by saying:

"How wuth the meeting lath night, Charleth?"

"It was well attended, father," the son replied, "but there was very little accomplished. The agent of the capitalists was present and he listened to our requests, but he gave us no satisfaction in his answer."

"Wull," exclaimed the father, "what doth he proposit? I reckon he thurly don't wanth to taketh the peopleth from them, doeth he?"

"Well, I don't know," said Charles. "It looks very much as though the holders of the mortgages were not going to be satisfied with anything short of a full and complete compliance with the strict letter of the contract under which the mortgages were made."

"You thinkth they wonth, eh?"

"I'm afraid they won't, father. I have no hopes of a compromise being effected."

"Wull," cried Mr. Cornell, "why didn't you explain to the agent that the thettlelement would be ruineth if they held to the contract?"

"We did, father," the son answered. "We explained everything, and showed how utterly impossible it was for the people to meet their obligations and redeem their homes after two successive crop failures."

"Wull, whatdith the agenth thay to that, eh?"

"He had a great deal to say, altogether. His main objection, though, was that the settlers didn't try to pay off their debts and that the more leniency he showed them the more they would ask and expect."

"He'st a fool, Charleth. Doth he expecteth that people can pay when they can't live hardly? How ith they to try to pay when they ain't got nothing to pay with?"

"I'm sorry, father," Charles said, in a tone of true sadness, "that the meeting resulted as it did. I am sure, though, that the blame of our failure rests chiefly on the shoulders of Si Anderson. He is the leader of the settlers, you

know, and all through this trouble has taken a leading part. He has been their representative in their negotiations with the agent, and he was the instigator of the meeting last night. Yet yesterday he went to town and got drunk, as is a too common custom with him, and did not attend the meeting at all."

I looked up quickly when Charles Cornell spoke the last sentence, the idea for some cause possessing me instantly that Si Anderson was the man whom I met the night before out on the prairie. The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Cornell both turned their eyes on me at the same moment confirmed me in that idea, and I afterwards learned from Mrs. Cornell that it was correct.

"A fit man he ith to reprethent people," Mr. Cornell exclaimed. "I'll tell you what I think, Charleth."

"What is that, father?" Charles asked.

"Why, I think that thuch advocates at thil Anderthon ith a pothive hindrance to the peopeth cauth. Thuch fellowth ath him doth the moth good by keeping their mouth that. Don't you think tho, Charleth?"

"Yes, I do," the son answered, positively. "It would have been much better for the settlers in this instance if Si Anderson had kept his mouth shut. The agent told me after the meeting last night that he had about arranged to offer the settlers very fair terms, but that Anderson got to blustering around town yesterday, threatening repudiation and all kinds of things, and one of the mortgage holders happening to be in town and hearing the threats ordered that no compromise be offered.

"If we make terms with the settlers, now, after hearing the threats," said the capitalist to his agent, "this fellow, and others like him, will give out the impression everywhere that we were forced to it, and the consequence will be no end of trouble all along the line."

"I told the agent that it was wrong for the people to suffer on account of Si Anderson's actions, and he replied that he knew that, but before he could mediate between the debtors and creditors the settlers must discard such leadership as Anderson's and choose a representative in whom the capitalists could trust."

"Aye, thatt what I thay," Mr. Cornell exclaimed. "The peopeth muth have a lender who hath more thenthe and leath gab. I tell you, Charleth, the peopeth thuffer ten timeth more from their fool friendth than they doth from their thocalled enemyth. I've then the loth of them troubelth betweenth the deborth and creditorth, and every timeth thereth a lot of the thalawagth who get in the lead and pretend to be great frenth to the weak and oppresth, and who don't thueend in doing anything except to thir up trouble. I tell you, then, there alwayth bath been and there alwayth will be differenth between the rich and the poor, and the rich, ath a clath, will alwayth oppreth the poor; but if it wathen't for the blamed ratheneath who thet themselfveth up to lead the poor, and live off of them, there'd be loth different and oppreth than them ith."

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"That's very true, father," Charles replied. "If Si Anderson and one or two other men had kept quiet we could have settled this difficulty perfectly satisfactorily. I did everything in my power to influence the settlers into the right movement, telling them that an adjustment might be made, yet if they would change about and select a different man to represent them, but they refused to listen. They said:

"That's the blameth fooleth," exclaimed the father with a little show of anger, "don't you know that the reathon we ain't got any mortgage to pay it becauth we've already paid it? We did have a mortgage, ath big ath any of 'em, but we paid it off, and now the far ath we're contherned the capitalths can juth whithle with their opthossed."

The son soon found an opportunity to change the conversation, and the subject of the land troubles was dropped. I understood but little of the question at that time, for I had never heard it discussed before, and about the only conclusion I could form was to the effect, that men who followed the leadership of such men as the drunken brute who had attacked me did not have the slightest reason to expect success for their cause. I thought how much more sensible it would be for the settlers to choose for their representative a man like Charles Cornell, who was conservative in his ideas and demands, yet firm as adamant for the right, and who, best of all, had made a success of his own business, and was therefore in a position to inspire respect and confidence in the breasts of those with whom he came in contact.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE HAPPY WEEK.

Breakfast over I walked out to the yard and looked about the home of the Cornells. The house occupied a high position, commanding a view of the country for many miles in every direction. It needed but a glance to see what kind of farmers the Cornells were, for on every side thrift and enterprise shone plainly. There were no dilapidated fences, no nooks and corners growing up with weeds, no evidences of half-tilled fields; but, on the contrary, everything appeared to be in perfect order. It was so different from the generality of farms I had passed in my travels of the day before.

I had passed some minutes in the yard admiring the surroundings, and was on the point of returning to the house, when Mr. Cornell approached, remarking:

"It's a fine morning, ithn't it?"

"Beautiful," I replied. "You have such a magnificent farm."

"Doth you think tho? Well, I'm glad of it, becauth we've tried to make it pleathant. Peopeth don't live very long in thi world, and they ought to live ath comfortable ath they can while they are here. Don't you think tho?"

"I made no reply, for at that moment a memory of the past and of my old

home came to me, and with a sigh I recalled the fact that I was homeless. Mr. Cornell noted the sigh, I think, for he eyed me inquiringly for an instant; then asked:

"Ith your home in the city or the country?"

"I have no home anywhere, now," I replied, "but I have always lived in the edge of town."

Mr. Cornell watched me curiously for a little while, and was seemingly undecided whether to pursue the subject further, but just then Mrs. Cornell came out, and to the two old people I gave an account of myself. They listened attentively until I had finished, their kind old faces expressing the greatest sympathy for my hard lot. Mrs. Cornell made no reply to me, but came and put her arm about my waist and I knew by that action that she believed me and was my friend. Mr. Cornell only said:

"Well, a month, then. A week is mighty little time, sure enough." I protested against this generous arrangement, not very heartily, I suspect, for I did want to rest in that quiet haven of peace, oh, so much. The old couple refused to hear any objections I offered, but carried everything their own way, and in the end I was compelled to agree to remain one week.

Reader, I cannot tell neither can you imagine, what that week was to me.

It is an impossibility to attempt a portrayal of the happiness I experienced in those seven short days which went by like fleeting gleams of dazzling brightness. For the first time in my life I occupied an atmosphere of love. For the first time within my recollection I lived and breathed in an atmosphere of kindness. The old life of slavery and persecution was gone, and not a vestige of it remained to mar the pleasure of my new existence.

The contrast between the old and the new was so great that I could hardly believe I was in the same world. Where before I had been compelled to toil through long days of weary drudgery, I now had naught to do but amuse myself in idleness. Where before I had been urged to greater exertion by scolding words and cruel blows, I was now restrained by gentle threats and loving kindness. Where before I had known nothing but neglect, and my needs received no consideration, I was now an object of the tenderest solicitude and my wishes were divine and gratified without the asking. The change was so great, the contrast so marked, that I could scarcely believe it real. It seemed more like a beautiful dream, and at times I found it difficult to persuade myself that it was not.

The kindness of the parents was ably seconded by the son. He was a very busy man, I judged, for he idled at home very little, but when he was at the house he seemed anxious to add to my comfort and pleasure, never losing an opportunity to favor me with such little attentions as he could with propriety render. Nor was he unmindful of me when away, for often he brought me some rare species of wild flower or some curious plant of the prairie which he presented in such a way as to preclude all idea of familiarity or boorishness.

The more I knew Charles Cornell the better I liked him. In my esteem he grew more noble and grand every day. He possessed the same generous nature, the same kind impulses, that characterized his father and mother, and yet he was so firm, so manly and so broad intellectually. I looked upon him with an admiration akin to hero worship. It seemed to me his character was so noble, his bearing so grand, that he must inevitably command the respect and even the love of those with whom he met.

The truth is, reader, I had nearly fallen in love with Charles Cornell. I say very nearly, because I felt toward him as one does not feel toward a friend simply, yet did not feel for him all one feels for a lover. I should have loved him with all the ardor of my soul had it not been for one thing. I was in love already. Will Hanley's image was in my heart. For three years I had not seen my boy friend, and I was young when we parted, yet I loved him then dearer than life and my love had endured through the long separation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S INTUITION.

How a Berlin Wife Showed Her Presence of Mind.

In Berlin, not long since, a gentleman who held a small office under the government on returning to his home for dinner noticed that during his absence his wife had a pane of glass put in a broken window.

"Who put that new pane in?" he asked in an anxious voice.

She responded that Mr. Launderbact, the glazier across the street, had put in the new pane. The official sank into a chair. He turned as pale as a piece of old tripe, and tearing out his hair by the roots he exclaimed, in an agonized tone of voice:

"We are a ruined family. Don't you know that the glazier Launderbact is suspected of disloyalty to the government? He is a socialist in disguise. If the emperor hears of it I shall lose my position," and once more the official groaned in his spirit like an old horse with the colic.

His wife, however, with the quick intuition of a woman, was equal to the emergency. Seizing her husband's cane she smashed three window panes and then sent for the court glazier, who was, of course, loyal and in good standing with the emperor, to have the new panes put in. But for this happy thought the loyalty of the official would have been compromised, which is a very serious matter in that country.—Texas Siftings.

Australian Hospitality.

Australian station hospitality keeps the latch-string always out and says "Come when you wish, do what you like and stay as long as you can." A writer in Scribner says that the Australian host places himself, his family and all that is his at the service of the guest—fishing tackle, breach-loaders, horses and servants. Such hospitality is rarely abused, though the writer mentions one exceptional case, where a guest prolonged his visit until it wore out his welcome. To one station came a visitor, whose original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two. Six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs and guns, developed an encouraging appetite, and his host did not complain. After about nine months the host's manner became less warm, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, but lingered on for the space of a second year, when he departed and went to visit somebody else. During these two years he was never told that he had stayed long enough and would do well to go away.—Youth's Companion.

WARS during the last thirty-three years have cost 2,500,000 men and \$2,000,000,000.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

Titles to Land.

What are land titles? Not what the civil government declares them to be, but what can they be by the laws of nature? What do they imply where construed to conform to the order of things which nature, or the God of nature, has established? All titles are from the civil government and have no higher sanction. What can the state grant in the nature of things? Can it grant what is not susceptible of being granted and the grantee is not capable of being invested with—what is not, in the power of community to bestow? Government is only the representative of the people and can confer no interest in lands but what rests in the people—in mankind at large. But what is that interest? In man's relation to land, to the earth, what power has he? What can he do with land but to occupy it, use it, and leave it to others to use? What is land capable of, so far as man is concerned, but to be used in the supply of human wants. Man did not create the lands; he can not remove them; he can not consume them nor destroy one particle of them. It is the doctrine of the special creationists that God created the lands and gave or granted them to man to all men in common. But this is inaccurate and illogical so far as it implies any vestiture in the lands by the Creator.

If God created the earth, there is no warrant for the assumption that he has made any grant or conveyance of to any man or men. The earth, it is believed, was either created by God or was developed in the order of nature, or has existed eternally. But it is nonsense to speculate as to the origin of things. What we know is that the earth is, and that man is placed upon it with no power to exist apart from it, with wants and needs which can only be supplied from it by his labor. He is but a part of the earth; arose from it and in a short time passes into it. It is preposterous that he who is but a product of the soil should own it or should be able to make a title to anything but its use. The products of industry, what we call personal property, by a law of nature belonging to the producer, because he created them and thereby originated the title in himself, and he has title against all the world by the same right he has to his own person. He instead of man creating the earth, or any foot of the land of which it is composed, the visible facts are that the earth, which is a part of the infinite, created him. Our reason, which is our highest guide, must conform to facts. "What can we reason but from what we know." It is a travesty upon every known standard of ethical reason that any man or number of men can own as private property any part of the earth to the exclusion of all others, for if they can, then they can own the whole and exclude all the balance which is the absurdum; and moreover all men are equal in the right to the usufruct. Nature has created no special privileges; but the power of community to regulate the use among the members is plain. Men are created as individuals, and as individuals they must have the use of land; they can not exist a moment without it, and so society, acting upon its power to regulate, does through its governments, parcel out the land to individuals and execute titles thereto. Now the foregoing ideas have been abundantly asserted, and elucidated by writers abler than myself; but what I wish to assert is that such titles, no matter what they purport in themselves, are nothing but the assurance of the community, through the pledge of the government, securing the use and only the use of separate parcels of the earth to the grantees and their assigns. This is the utmost effect any titles can have. But if community can do upon any conditions or terms necessary to the cause of equal justice to all, and so under the present system of conveying, the community does in all cases reserve the right of what is called eminent domain, and the right of taxation which in case of necessity is unlimited. What is this but the right of the community, the body politic, to assert its sovereign power of control whenever the exigencies of the public demand it? And this is utterly inconsistent with private property in lands. But the grant of the public to private use can in no proper sense convey or vest in the holder the right to the "unearned increment"—i.e., the value which the growth of the community and surrounding population gives to land. For this value is a thing apart from its use, and accrues as much to vacant as to improved land. It is separate from any use or improvement which can be made of the land; and, moreover, it has no existence at the genesis of any title, but is altogether prospective—to be realized in the future, and accrues from an outside source—from the community at large, and of right continuous in the community.

It is true, this accruing increase in value depends upon the demand for the lands for use, but the demand itself is from the community, and from no part of the usufruct of the land. It is, therefore, a violation of the laws of nature, and of natural reason to hold that any title which the community or the government can make or does make, includes the right to this "unearned increment." Under any kind of title it remains the property of the community, and the community or government can appropriate it by taxation. That the right of eminent domain and of taxation is impliedly reserved under all titles is a proof of this position.

Now to apply the single tax principles, there is nothing in which the popular mind is more confused than as to how the single tax is to operate. It is believed that because we hold that by the laws of nature there can be no absolute ownership of lands, that titles are to be set aside, and community is to assume control and hold all lands in common or divide them out again, or something of the kind. I need not say that we design nothing of the kind. We propose that all holders of lands shall remain secure in their lands precisely as they hold them now, and merely to take, by way of the admitted right of taxation, that which belongs to the community, which never has and never can pass by any proper construction

The Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher

Issued every Thursday.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.FOR PRESIDENT,
S. GROVER CLEVELAND,
of New York.FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ADLAI E. STEVENSON,
of Illinois.FOR CONGRESSMAN, 4TH DISTRICT,
E. V. WHARTON,
of Woodson County.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

WALTER N. ALLEN..... Jefferson County
H. A. CABEELL..... Pratt County
D. L. CHAMBERS..... Butler County
A. G. CHAMBERS..... Atchison County
H. G. BOWEN..... Montgomery County
S. A. MARTIN..... Greenwood County
A. J. MCALLISTER..... Cloud County
L. D. RAYNOLDS..... Jewell County
NOAH ALLLEN..... Sedgewick County

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.FOR GOVERNOR,
L. D. LEWELLING,
of Sedgewick County.FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
PERCY DANIELS,
of Crawford County.FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
R. S. OSBORNE,
of Roos County.FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
JOHN T. LITTLE,
of Johnson County.FOR AUDITOR OF STATE,
VAN B. PRATHER,
of Cherokee County.FOR STATE TREASURER,
W. H. BIDDLE,
of Butler County.FOR STATE SUPERINTENDENT,
H. N. GAINES,
of Salina County.FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICE,
STEPHEN H. ALLEN,
of Linn County.FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
W. A. HARRIS,
of Leavenworth County.FOR STATE SENATOR, 24TH DISTRICT,
PAUL F. JONES,
of Marion County.**VOL. XIX, NO. I.**

To-day the COURANT enters the 19th year of its existence, and it is also the 51st anniversary of the birth of its editor, W. E. Timmons, who has been its editor ever since its establishment, and who, with the exception of V. J. Lane, of the Wyandotte Herald, outranks every other Democratic editor in the State of Kansas in the number of years of continuous connection with the same paper. Thanking our patrons, one and all, for past favors, and wishing them an abundance of success and prosperity, the COURANT hopes to continue to merit their patronage in the future as it has in the past.

To fuse or not to fuse—that's the question.—Junction City Sentinel.

There is no question about it. Fusion was ordered by the highest tribunal of the Democracy of Kansas, on July 6, and all good, loyal Democrats of the State will obey, because, in so doing, they will rout the g. o. p., horse, foot and dragoon; and then, after that is done, Democrats will stand a chance of being elected to any of the offices in the State; but first the Republican party must be driven from its entrenchments, all along the line.

We are informed of the publication of a novelty in the book line which is certain of an enormous sale. This book is "Glimpses of the World." A Portfolio of Photographs" prepared under the supervision of the great traveler and lecturer—John L. Stoddard. It contains photographic views of famous scenes and places in all parts of the world. Every view is fully described. As an educator it is invaluable. It contains 550 pages and nearly 275 views, and is sold by subscription at popular prices. The R. S. Peale Co., Chicago, are the publishers and they desire an agent in this locality. They will gladly mail descriptive circulars, sample views and terms to all, on application.

In October the Arthur's New Home Magazine celebrates its 40th birthday. The leading article is an illustrated history of the magazine, from Mr. Arthur's time to the present. Illustrations include the press-rooms, bindery, offices, etc., while the history is an exhaustive record of the magazine's birth and growth. Photographs and sketches of many contributors, both past and present, are included. One of the curios of literature appears in the anniversary number of Arthur's. It is a manuscript found in a ruined city in Central America, written in the Old Maya language, placed in the hands of a priest (Juan Diaz, Izabal, Guatemala) by a dying Indian, one of his flock, who certified to the wonderful circumstances surrounding it. Father Diaz had it translated, and was so impressed with its weird significance that he sent a verbatim copy to Mr. Walter Fernandez Jackson, "to do with it as you will." Mr. Jackson has, with great care and ability, edited and given to the literary world a story passing strange. "The Man with a Hoe" is an illustrated story by Miss Eleanor B. Caldwell, and is a realistically horrible bit of pathos, suggested by Millet's terrible man leaning on a hoe, and a week spent in Barbizon. It is the second story by Miss Caldwell published in Arthur's. In the same number Julian Hawthorne tells a story beneath the title, "A Case Under the Black Act." Mary Angela Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens, begins a serial. E. Edgar Benet contributes an illustrated story, and the School of Fiction, and usual departments, poems, etc., prove the Arthur more than deserving of having attained its 40th year.

Before you go out to cut corn get a Corn-cutting Suit of Holmes & Gregory.

A PICTURE BY THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

"A White House Orchid," an exquisite painting on porcelain of a lovely bunch of orchids grown in the White House, executed by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, with the superior skill for which she is noted, has been reproduced in the highest style of modern art, and so perfectly—to the faintest tint of color, and even to the peculiar texture of the porcelain—that it is impossible to distinguish the copy from the original. Demorest's Family Magazine has the honor of being the medium through which this unique picture is offered to the mothers, wives and daughters of America, to whom it is lovingly dedicated. These superb reproductions of Mrs. Harrison's fine picture—the only one ever painted by a President's wife for the public—are the same size as the original (11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 15 inches), and with each copy of Demorest's for October, one of these wonderful pictures is to be presented free. Independent of its high artistic merit—Mrs. Harrison being one of the best flower-painters in America,—an opportunity to obtain a fac-simile of the hand-work of "the first lady in the land" has never occurred before, and probably never will again; therefore everyone should take advantage of this unprecedented chance. All patriotic citizens, and especially members of the G. A. R., will be interested in a fine paper in this same magazine.

"Heroes in Bronze and Marble" which is profusely illustrated with superior half-tone pictures of the noted monuments in Washington to the nation's heroes. "How Chromo-Lithographs are Made" is instructive as well as interesting, and is uniquely illustrated with views of the sixteen different tones used in reproducing "A White House Orchid." There are good stories handsomely illustrated; all the departments are, as usual, excellent; and there are nearly 250 black-and-white pictures; yet the price is as usual, 20 cents a single copy (including "A White House Orchid"), or \$2 a year. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th St., N. Y.

HOW TO GET TO TOPEKA ON OCTOBER 7TH.

You want a free ride to Topeka, and a free lunch, both liquid and solid, on October 7? If so, comply with the following and you will get it: In primo, you must either be a Democrat, have some times affiliated with the Democracy, or "know" some Democrat in Kansas. This is the only test required. After having satisfied your conscience on this score, drop a line to Hon. J. M. Simpson, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, at Topeka, stating the facts in the case, that you are desirous of "standing up," etc. That courteous and affable gentleman will then forward you a pass and the necessary where-with-all to keep the inner man from growing during your stay at the capital city. We give the matter publicity because we want the people of Kansas to understand how generous the Republicans are toward Democrats in this year of our Lord 1892.

While it is true, indeed, that over 400 passes have already been issued by the Republican State Central Committee for that straight out Democratic conference, still no Democrat nor any friend of any Democrat need feel any hesitancy about still applying, for we can assure them that the supply of passes, etc., will be fully equal to the demand. Remember that everything is as free as air, and that water will only be used for sprinkling the streets.—Topeka Democrat.

A \$2.00 MAGAZINE FOR \$1.00

The Postmaster General writes to the editor of ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE of Philadelphia: "As your magazine gets thicker it gets brighter. I congratulate you on getting what no one else has done in putting out two copies at the price others charge for one—it is half the price of other better magazines." This was written when the price was \$1.50, but the circulation has grown so large that we can afford to make it \$1.00, and have made it larger and better at the same time.

It has long been said that it was the best magazine in the English language for the money, and it is better to day than ever.

Every subscriber gets \$3.00 worth of McCall's Glove Fitting Patterns free.

Full particulars and sample copy (including a pattern order worth 25 cents), sent free for five two-cent stamps.

THE ARTHUR PUB. CO.
Walnut and Sixth Sts.,
(Lock Box 913). Philadelphia, Pa.
The above Magazine and the COURANT post-paid one year for \$2.25.

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE
OF
HORSES AND MULES.

The undersigned will sell at auction, at the farm of the late E. T. Baker, 10 miles south of Cottonwood Falls and 5 miles north of Matfield Green, in Chase county, commencing at 9 a. m., **TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1892.**

1 jack, 9 years old; 1 jennet and colt; 1 stallion, 8 years old; 6 work horses; 22 brood mares; 3 4 year old horses; 13 2 year old colts; 4 1 year old colts; 1 sucking colt; 3 3 year old mules; 12 2 year old mules; 14 1 year old mules; 12 sucking mules; 1 bull; 1 feed wagon; 1 buggy; 2 sets harness; 1 stirring plow; 2 breaking plows; 3 cultivators; 2 mowers; 1 hay rake; 1 stacker; 1 go-devil; 1 saddle; 33 year old horses; one saddle pony, and a lot of household goods. There will also be offered, for cash, 113 acres of corn in shock and 40 or 50 tons of millet. Terms—A credit of 12 months, at 10 per cent. interest, bankable notes, except on corn and millet. All sums of five dollars and under cash.

MARY A. BAKER,
SAMUEL BAKER,
Administrators.

THE HOMELIEST MAN IN COTTONWOOD FALLS.

As well as the homeliest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get FREE a small bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is good for colds, and cures all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

LETTER LIST.

Letters remaining in the postoffice at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, Sept. 29, 1892:

J. M. Golden, Mry. C. R. Insley, John Jennings, John E. Jackson, Mrs. J. D. Jackson, Claud Lacky, Laura B. Moore, Henry Osborne, R. P. Roberts, Charles Shultz, Wm. Strong.

All the above remaining uncalled for, October 30, 1892, will be sent to the Dead Letter office.

S. A. BRESEE, P. M.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE**"Chase Co. Driving Club."**

TO BE HELD AT
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.,

0CT. 20TH, 21ST AND 22D, 1892
ON THE GROUNDS OF THE

Chase Co. Fair Association.

Stable, \$2.00. Hay Free.

We agree to pay purses in full.
J. C. TUCKER, President,
EARL BLACKSHIRE, Sec.
Elmdale, Kansas.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY.

1. Pony race each day. Entries free. Ponies of Chase county only (14 hands and under). Winner of each day barred from the next day. 5, 3, 2. Purse, \$10.00. 2. Green trot..... 30.00. 3. 2:40 trot..... 60.00. 4. Double team trot or pace..... 30.00.

SECOND DAY.

5. Farmers' trot—2 in 3-Chase county horses..... 30.00. 6. 2:30 trot..... 60.00. 7. Free-for-all pace..... 100.00. 8. 1 1/2 mile running dash..... 40.00.

THIRD DAY.

9. 3 minute trot..... 60.00. 10. 2:40 pace..... 60.00. 11. Free-for-all trot..... 100.00. 12. 1 1/2 mile bicycle race..... 20.00. 13. 1 1/2 mile and repeat running race..... 60.00.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

All trotting and pacing races will be governed by the rules of the American Association, of which our track is a member—exceptions noted.

All running races by the American running rules. Entrance 10 per cent. payable before starting.

Any horse distancing the field entitled to one money only. And no money for a walk-over.

The right to postpone or declare off races is reserved for sufficient cause. Four entries required and three to start.

Entries close the night before each day. Record made on 1st or 2d day no bar for subsequent days.

First published in the CHASE COUNTY COURANT, September 1st, 1892.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS, { ss.

County of Chase, { ss.

In the District Court of the Twenty-fifth Judicial District, sitting in and for Chase County, State of Kansas.

Charles K. Wells, plaintiff,

vs

J. W. McWilliams and

L. D. McWilliams, his wife, George Storch,

William G. Wheeler,

Wheeler, the wife of

the said William G. Wheeler, whose full and true name is unknown, defendants.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of the Twenty-fifth Judicial District, in and for Chase County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled cause, and to me directed, I will, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER THE 3D, 1892,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., said day at the front of the court house, in and for Chase County, State of Kansas, for sale and sell, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand the following described lands and tenements, with a reservation of certain rights to the sellers:

1. The southeast quarter (1/4) of section thirty-two (32), township twenty-one (21), range seven (7) east; also lot No. one (1) and one-half (1 1/2) acre, half (1/2) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of section thirty-six (36), township No. twenty (20), range eight (8), east of the sixth (6) Principal Meridian, containing 33 acres more or less, all in Chase County, Kansas.

said property is taken as the property of

said defendants, J. W. McWilliams and

the same will be sold to satisfy said order of sale and costs.

J. H. MURDOCK,

Sheriff of Chase County, Kansas.

Sheriff's office, Cottonwood Falls, Chase County, Kansas, August 31st, 1892.

First published in the CHASE COUNTY COURANT, September 23d, 1892.

Notice of Service of Summons

by Publica ion.

STATE OF KANSAS, { ss.

Chase County, { ss.

In the District Court of Chase county, in the

State of Kansas.

Lou Surles, plaintiff,

vs

Perrin and —

Thornton, the first and

last defendants re-

mained unknown, defendants.

You are hereby notified that you have been

served with process in the above entitled action, by David N. Burton, plaintiff in said action, and that said plaintiff has filed his petition in the

District Court of the county of Chase, in the

State of Kansas against you, that that

you have been served with process in the above entitled action, and that said plaintiff has filed his petition in the

District Court of the county of Chase, in the

State of Kansas against you, that that

you have been served with process in the above entitled action, and that said plaintiff has filed his petition in the

District Court of the county of Chase, in the

State of Kansas against you, that that

you have been served with process in the above entitled action, and that said plaintiff has filed his petition in the

We Are Ready for You!

WITH THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS IN THE COUNTY.

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Hats, Cloaks AND CARPETS.

We offer an extremely attractive line of goods in each of these departments, and as they were bought from first hands and AT BOTTOM PRICES, we can offer them to you at EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE PRICES. We have made an extra effort this season to make our DRESS GOODS AND CLOAK STOCKS second to none in this part of the country and we are satisfied that an inspection of our stock will make you one of our customers. We invite you to call and look through our establishment. The goods are on exhibition and we want you to see them and get prices, whether you buy or not. WE ARE THE MONEY SAVERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

CARSON & SANDERS.

COTTONWOOD FALLS,
Kansas.

The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.
THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1892.

W. E. TIMMONS, Ed. and Prop.

No fear shall awe, no favor sway;
How to the line, how to chips down where they
may."

Terms—per week \$1.50 cash in advance; af-
ter three months, \$1.75; after six months, \$2.00.
For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

HIRE TABLE.

TIME TABLE A., T. & S. F. R. R.

	EAST.	PASS.	FRT.	Mixed
Hymen.....	11 58pm	6 45pm		
Evans.....	12 17m	7 15		
Strong City.....	12 30	7 30	8 00pm	
Cottonwood Falls.....		8 10		
Gladstone.....		8 25		
Bazaar.....		8 40		
WEST.				
Bazaar.....				
Gladstone.....				5 15
Cottonwood Falls.....				5 20
Strong City.....	4 00pm	8 30am		
Evans.....	4 19	8 45		
Hymen.....	4 27	9 16		

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Fine fall weather.
For farm loans call on Frew & Bell

Hot and very windy nearly all last week.

School books at the Corner Drug Store.

J. W. McWilliams was at Emporia, yesterday.

C. P. Stroud, of Wichita, was in town, Monday.

Mrs. Furman, of Strong City, has moved to Topeka.

J. T. Prichard, of Saffordville, was in town, Tuesday.

J. S. Petford, of Toledo, was down to Emporia, Saturday.

L. W. Lewis, of Emporia, was at Strong City, last Thursday.

Rob. McCrum, of Strong City, was at Council Grove, Monday.

Earl Blackshere, of Elmdale, was at Emporia, one day last week.

The Misses Crocker, of Elinor, were at Emporia, Monday, shopping.

Mrs. St. Clair, of Michigan, is visiting her nephew, Dr. C. E. Hail.

Will J. Deshler has just returned from a trip through New Mexico.

F. J. Beardmore, of Emporia, was in town, the first part of the week.

L. W. Lewis, of Emporia, the bridge contractor, was in town, yesterday.

Dr. C. Hedinger and wife, of Strong City, are on a ten day's visit at Canton.

Mrs. A. R. Ice, of Clements, visited her two sons, at Emporia, last week.

The crusher, west of Strong City, has been shut down for the present.

Mrs. J. F. Kirker, of Strong City, visited in Emporia, one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Holmes were at Cedar Point, all the fore part of the week.

Isaac Matthews repainted the house of Ad. Reifsnider, in Strong City, last week.

W. B. Luther and W. B. Fredericks, of Emporia, were at Strong City, this week.

Miss Mabel Klein, of Elmdale, has gone to Topeka, to attend school there.

J. C. Seroggin, of Kansas City, here, Sunday, visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. U. Handy and children, of Strong City, are visiting relatives in Indiana.

Miss Maggie McCabe, of Bazaar, has our thanks for some very fine tomatoes.

Mrs. Nettie Carter will leave in a few days for Boston, where she intends attending the Conservatory of Music.

FOR RENT.—A two room house in this city. Apply to Mrs. Jane Carpenter.

92° in the shade, last Thursday and Saturday afternoons, and 93°, Tuesday afternoon.

Residence property for sale, cheap for cash, or on easy terms. Apply at this office.

New ties have been put down on the street railway, at the north end of Broadway.

October 21st, proximo, will be celebrated as Columbus day by the schools of Kansas.

Second-hand school books bought, sold and exchanged at the Corner Drug Store.

Miss Jennie A. Holmes, of Elmdale, returned home, Tuesday, from a visit at Emporia, Saturday.

Charles Massey has bought the N. W. Frisby property, in the southwest part of town.

Miss Esther Hildridge, of Oklahoma, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Jerry Brown.

Mrs. N. Brown, of Fox creek, expects to start, in a few days, for a visit in New York.

B. F. Talkington & Son, of Matfield Green, say they are selling cashmere for mere cash.

Mrs. John H. Scribner, who has been sick for some time past, is able to go out riding.

Jas. F. Hazel and family, formerly of this city, have moved from Kansas City to Chicago.

J. C. Tucker, of Elmdale, is attending the Fair and races at Council Grove, this week.

Charles M. Gregory, having bought the Massey residence property, has moved to the same.

L. W. Heck and H. A. McDaniels are now at work repainting the roof of the Court-house.

The Misses Maude and Minnie Barnes, of Elmdale, were visiting in Emporia, last week.

Isaac Matthews, of Strong City, is now painting the residence of Louis Duenh, at Clements.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Palmer, of Bazaar, were at Emporia, Tuesday, visiting at C. F. Shipman's.

Henry E. Lantry, of Strong City, is at home, from Arizona, for a few days' visit with his family.

Eddie and Florence Patton, of Elmdale, were at Emporia, last week, visiting Miss Sarah Davis.

We understand that C. M. Frye and family are about to move from Cheyenne to Frankfort, Kansas.

Born, on Wednesday, September 7, 1892, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schaefer, of Strong City, a daughter.

J. S. Dieford, of Toledo, was down to Emporia, Saturday.

L. W. Lewis, of Emporia, was at Strong City, last Thursday.

Rob. McCrum, of Strong City, was at Council Grove, Monday.

Earl Blackshere, of Elmdale, was at Emporia, one day last week.

The Misses Crocker, of Elinor, were at Emporia, Monday, shopping.

Mrs. St. Clair, of Michigan, is visiting her nephew, Dr. C. E. Hail.

Will J. Deshler has just returned from a trip through New Mexico.

F. J. Beardmore, of Emporia, was in town, the first part of the week.

L. W. Lewis, of Emporia, the bridge contractor, was in town, yesterday.

Dr. C. Hedinger and wife, of Strong City, are on a ten day's visit at Canton.

Mrs. A. R. Ice, of Clements, visited her two sons, at Emporia, last week.

The crusher, west of Strong City, has been shut down for the present.

Mrs. J. F. Kirker, of Strong City, visited in Emporia, one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Holmes were at Cedar Point, all the fore part of the week.

Isaac Matthews repainted the house of Ad. Reifsnider, in Strong City, last week.

W. B. Luther and W. B. Fredericks, of Emporia, were at Strong City, this week.

Miss Mabel Klein, of Elmdale, has gone to Topeka, to attend school there.

J. C. Seroggin, of Kansas City, here, Sunday, visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. U. Handy and children, of Strong City, are visiting relatives in Indiana.

Miss Maggie McCabe, of Bazaar, has our thanks for some very fine tomatoes.

Mrs. Nettie Carter will leave in a few days for Boston, where she intends attending the Conservatory of Music.

HOLMES & GREGORY ARE RECEIVING THEIR FALL GOODS. THEIR STOCK WILL BE VERY LARGE, AND CONTAIN THE LATEST STYLES. THEY ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. L. Cochran and Geo. W. Somers, who are on the sick list, last week, are both again well and attending to business.

There was a large number of the people of Cottonwood Falls and Strong City attended the circus, at Emporia, Saturday.

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L. W. Heck and H. A. McDaniels are now at work repainting the roof of the Court-house.

The Central Baptist Association which met at Strong City, last week, was very largely attended, and the exercises were very interesting.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Carter, Mrs. D. K. Carter, Mrs. Frank Lee, nee Nannie Carter, and Miss Nettie Carter were down to Emporia, Sunday.

Miss Laura Stoker, of Sugar, Kansas, who had been visiting Miss Leeta Wotring, of Strong City, for the past two months, returned home, last week.

Mrs. Catherine Fritze and daughter, Miss Lena, of Strong City, went to Newton, Monday, for a few days' visit to Mrs. Fritze's daughter, Mrs. Rev. Hamm.

The Jones-Nelson Pasturage Co. still has some 12,000 head of cattle running in this county, which they are putting on the market as fast as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Jones, of Strong City, have gone to Kansas City to make that their home, and where Mr. Jones will engage in the commission business.

Dr. J. T. Morgan returned, Tuesday morning from Chicago, Ill., where he took four car loads of cattle, on his way home he visited his mother, in Missouri.

J. S. Doolittle shipped six car loads of cattle from Bazaar to Chicago, Sunday night, and H. F. Gillett, Frank Hatch and Frank Strail accompanied him with them.

F. E. Smith and family have moved from Emporia to Kansas City, Kansas, where Mr. Smith will open law office with his son, J. A. Smith, formerly of this city.

FOR SALE.—A new process gasoline stove; will exchange for a young cow or yearling heifer; reason for wanting to sell, owner has two of these stoves. Apply as this office.

John Shofe returned home, Tuesday, from Reading where he was working on the bridge Rettiger Bros. & Co. were building there, and which they completed that day.

Frank Blackshere, of Elmdale, will leave, to-day, for a visit to relatives in West Virginia.

Mrs. W. W. Rockwood will go to Chicago, in about two weeks, on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Maude Dinwiddie.

Mrs. James O'Byrne, of Strong City, visited her sister, Mrs. Al. Roberts, at Emporia, last week, who was quite sick.

Bernard McCabe, of Bazaar, left, Monday, for Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he will be treated for rheumatism.

J. E. Vanderpool was at Emporia, yesterday. He will go, in a few days, to Kansas City, to attend a medical college.

Mr. J. J. Davidson and family, of Strong City, have gone to Brown county to visit friends there, for a few weeks, before taking their departure for Lake Charles, La., where Mr. Davidson is now engaged at railroad work, of the groom.

George Winters, of Strong City, returned home, last week, from Newton, where he sold a large quantity of ice shipped there by his father, J. G. Winters, of Strong City.

Dr. J. T. Moran intends going to Colorado, about the 1st of November, for the health of his wife; but in the mean time he will be at his office on Wednesdays and Saturdays, as usual.

Married, on Monday, September 26, 1892, by Judge G. W. Kilgore, in the Probate Court room, in this city, Mr. Geo. M. Ford and Miss Emma Galusha, both of Diamond Creek township.

Capt. B. Lantry received the sad intelligence, last week, of the death of his cousin, Miss Ella Lantry, at Brasher Falls, N. Y., who paid him a visit, some months ago, at his home in Strong City.

J. R. Blackshere returned to his home, near Elmdale, to-day. While in the city he completed arrangements for two of his sons to enter the Presbyterian College.—Emporia Gazette, September 26.

THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

Ex-Judge Altgeld, of Chicago, on the Leading Issue.

A Lengthy and Able Address by the Illinois Democratic Candidate for Governor—Effect of High Duties on Wages.

The presidential campaign was opened in Illinois by a democratic rally at Joliet on September 13. In the evening there was a grand parade of democratic marching clubs, after which the throngs of people present assembled before the courthouse and listened to an eloquent address by Ex-Judge J. P. Altgeld, of Chicago, the democratic candidate for gubernatorial honors. In speaking on the tariff he said:

"In every country of the old world where the so-called pauper labor exists, where the laborer has been reduced to the condition of a slave without even a master to give him decent burial when he dies, they have a high protective tariff and have had for centuries, and the conditions which the tariff has created in this country—that is, the concentration of wealth in a few hands and the impoverishment of the many—have been the bane of the few at the expense of the many—grew up there while they had a high protective tariff. England had a high protective tariff about forty years ago, and had one for centuries, and it was during the time that England had a high protective tariff that the unequal conditions that still exist there are, that is, the concentration of great wealth in a few hands and the impoverishment of the many."

"While wages are still low in England they have doubled since she wiped out her tariff—in fact, since the abolition of the tariff in England her population has doubled, wages have doubled, her trade with foreign nations has increased five fold, her manufacturing and commercial affairs have increased more than five fold, and the moral, political and intellectual condition of the people has improved greatly. In fact, the greatness of Great Britain can almost be said to have begun with the abolition of her tariff. Her industries at once became diversified, the energies of her people bounded out along almost every line of human endeavor, and even those protected interests, which had had a kind of nothous existence and had always been looking to the government for help, just as the slaves in the South were assisted by a kind father, and who consequently never became self-reliant, but are always in distress and always calling for more help; these interests, thrown out on their own resources and compelled to study the conditions which are necessary to success, soon had a natural growth, acquired a strength and a prosperity which they never could have done to itself."

"It is a further noticeable fact in all other countries of the world where they have a high protective tariff, it is the rich, the privileged classes who are interested in maintaining it. In none of them does it help the laborer, because the laborer's wages have long been at the starvation point: long been to the lowest point possible without compelling him to go to the poor-houses."

"In this country we have had tariff legislation for about a century. It is not necessary here to name the different tariff acts and the rates they impose. During the first half century what was then called a high tariff alternated with revenue tariff. I wish, however, to call attention to the fact that that was during the last sixteen years. It was never adopted a high tariff, and sufficient to protect American industries was equal to one-third of the present tariff. In other words, those who have been advocating the principle of protection have found themselves obliged to raise the tariff every time that they had it in their power. They now have a tariff that is nearly four times what it was during the early part of the century, and it is nearly double what it was even during the war of the rebellion, when they enacted what was considered an excessively high tariff in order to raise revenue for the government—a tariff which they then declared to simply a war tariff and which should be reduced when the war was over, but which, instead of reducing, continued to constantly increase. Under the act of 1883 that very year, when the war tax, and under the McKinley act they again increased the tariff duties of 1883 by an average of nearly 40 per cent, so that to-day we have an average tariff rate of over 60 per cent, or about four times what they deemed necessary when they started in to protect infant industries and build up manufacturing interests a century ago. If you will take any section of the republic party again and discuss the tariff it will nearly doubtless, for every successive increase since the war has been very large."

"In contradistinction to this let me call attention for a moment to the last so-called revenue, or free trade tariff, enacted in 1846, and in force for upward of ten years to near the outbreak of the war. It was known as the Walker tariff, because it was proposed by Senator Walker of Rhode Island, who was a member of the cabinet. This tariff abolished the high duties which then existed and imposed only moderate duties to secure revenue for the treasury. It was enacted in 1846, and notwithstanding that the whigs won a victory in 1848 and had possession of the government they did not disturb it. A few years later in 1850 this fact Mr. Blaine, his twenty years in Congress, said:

"The tariff of 1846 was yielding abundant revenue and the business of the country was in a flourishing condition at the time the administration of Gen. Taylor was organized. Money became very abundant, large enterprises were undertaken, speculation was prevalent, and for a considerable period the prosperity of the country was at its highest point. The principles embodied in the tariff of 1846 seemed for the time to be so entirely vindicated and approved that resistance to it ceased not only among the people but among the protection economists and even among the manufacturers to a large extent. So general was the acquiescence that in 1850 a protective tariff was not suggested, even by a single representative, which presented a singular condition. Certainly this cannot be said to be the judgment of a biased man. And it is a fact that during this period not only did the manufacturers who had formerly been protected prosper, but there was general prosperity throughout the country. All industries thrived, agriculture prospered, the business of the country prospered, and it was during this period of short duration that we built up the greatest commerce then on earth. Mr. Blaine tells us that our tonnage exceeded that of any other nation on the globe. There was not a sea in the world upon which a ship could float but what it had upon it American ships laden with American products and flying the American flag. It was during this period of our history that we were driven from the seas we had before, and that our country developed so as to enable it to successfully cope with the great civil war. The avowed object and principle of the tariff in this country for fifty-five years has been to keep our foreign competition on what was styled pauper-made goods and to enable the manufacturer to pay higher wages to his men. In fact, the pauper laborers have been enabled to keep in power almost solely through the cry of protection of American labor."

"This had a beautiful sound, and we shall presently see that it has turned out to be a cruel deception, by means of which both the laborer and the farmer have been robbed of their substance. The first effect of the tariff is to enable the manufacturer to sell his goods at higher prices than he can have if there were no protection. In fact, the effect of the tariff on the object and effect there would be no use in having it. But it is not only the theoretical but it is found to be the practical effect of it. It is true that for awhile there were men who argued that the importer paid this tax levied by the government and that the consumer did not pay it.

"It is rare that we now meet with a man who has so little knowledge of politics and intelligence as to still claim that. There are many articles for instance, plate glass, upon which the duty is in the neighborhood of 140 per cent, depending somewhat upon the size of the pieces. If a man brings \$1,000 worth of it over before he can land it he must pay \$1,400 tax to the government. Now, if it were true that the importer pays the tax and the consumer does not, and that it costs the consumer nothing, then we would have the spectacle of a man paying

\$1,400 in cash for the privilege of landing goods in the port and sell it at \$1,000 when he had landed them. This illustrates the workings of the whole system. The fact is that the importer simply adds the amount he has to pay to the government to the former price of the goods, and the consumer pays not only the former price of the goods but the tax which the importer has paid, together with the profit which again upon this tax, for instance, \$140 worth of glass will cost the consumer in the neighborhood of \$2,000, so with articles upon which the tariff is lower.

"Take an article upon which the tariff is 50 per cent. If it formerly cost \$1 and the importer has to pay 50 cents before he can land it, then he is obliged to get \$1.50 or a little more, because he must have a profit on the goods which the consumer buys. Then the consumer buys the same goods. This was all done for the benefit of the importer and I will now raise your wages from 30 to 50 per cent."

"In fact, there is not an instance in America

where wages have been raised, in the last twenty-five years except where it was forced by organized labor. A few lines of skilled labor that could not be supplied instantly by means of organization to prevent a reduction down to standard wages. But even in that case there has been a steady decline. In fact, the congress which enacted the McKinley bill and merely doubled the duties on many articles had scarcely adjourned when upward of 300 of the largest protected establishments in this country at once reduced wages. And it is a melancholy fact that during the twenty months that have elapsed since the enactment of the McKinley bill, the number of the largest protected establishments in this country have reduced wages, have had strikes and lockouts, the most serious of which was at the Homestead works, near Pittsburgh, owned by Mr. Carnegie, a gentleman who has been enabled to make \$50,000,000 because the government assisted him practically in levying a tax upon the whole American people for his benefit."

SILENCE OF THE PLAINS.

All Sounds Are Muffled on Great Treeless Tracts.

We speak of darkness which can be felt. Similarly we may speak of silence which can be heard, and this is another impressive element of an experience of the plains. On the sea, except in calm, and in the forest and among the places of human habitation, there is always sound, even at night; but on the treeless plains, in the midst of normal activity, there is silence as of the grave. Even a hurricane is comparatively inaudible, for there are no waters to dash, no forest to roar, no surfaces to resound, while the short grasses give forth no perceptible rustle; and there is something awful in the titanic rush of contending natural forces which you can feel, but cannot see or hear. The wind may sweep away your breath on a current of sixty miles an hour, and the clouds may rush through the sky as in a tornado, but no sounds confound the ear. A winter blizzard, which carries on its frigid breath destruction to life, which blinds the eyes, and which drives the particles of ice and snow with cutting force against the frozen cheek and through all but the heaviest fur clothing, is comparatively inaudible, and the traveler appears to him to struggle vainly with an implacable, ghostly force which fills the whole creation. When, also, nature is undisturbed in tranquil summer mood, and the sky is blue and flecked with feathery clouds floating far aloft, all sound seems to have died out of the world, and a mantle of silence enfolds everything. Partaking of the predominant natural sentiment, man becomes silent also; he ceases to talk to his mates and becomes moody and taciturn. The merry song of the voyager, re-echoing between wooded shores, the shout, the joke of the cheerful traveler here are stilled—stifled, you might almost say by the immeasurable muffle of silence. Here are no woods to give back the answering shout, and the crack of the rifle is insignificant. The cry of the passing wild-fowl in the darkness, as you lie awake in your tent at midnight, comes to you with a weird, faint, far-away sound as if heard in a dream, and even the rare thunder breaks impotently on the continent of silence. If a comrade is lost, and you wish to make some sign to direct him to the camp, no noise which you can make with voice or firearms will be of any avail, for such noises will penetrate only a few rods at farthest. By day the only resource is a flag on some elevation or a smoke of burning grass; by night rockets must be sent up as at sea, or, if these have not been provided, firebrands from the camp-fire may be thrown up with some hope of success. No one can know, until he has experienced it, the longing which takes possession of one who has been for weeks practically separated from speaking men, once more to hear the sounds of common life, the roar of the city streets, the sound of bells, and even the crowing of the cock in the early dawn.

Society to Control Husbands.

Berlin is amused by revelations concerning a society of married women of the upper class in that city. The society's constitution and records were communicated to an editor by a male victim of its methods. The society is called: "The Association of Married Women for the Control of Husbands."

The aim of the society is to enable members to prevent their husbands from going on sprees or associating with women of doubtful character.

The society employs detectives, who, upon the complaint of a member against her husband, are sent out to watch the suspected man at night and eventually to decoy the apprehended offender into a meeting of the association.

At this meeting the husband is informed of the proof at hand against him and is threatened with exposure if he does not promise to reform.

All but one of the men arraigned by the society in the last year found it expedient to accept a reprimand and reform without uttering a protest.

The one who refused to submit to the society's discipline betrayed its secrets to the newspapers.—Argonaut.

She Squelched the Lawyer.

An old colored woman was in court on some pretty "clothes-line" case and the complainant was a young white woman. In the course of the matter an impudent young attorney, who appeared for the complainant, made some stinging remarks and wound up by referring to the prisoner as "that black wretch who couldn't be believed!"

Quick as a flash the old lady in the dock drew herself up to her full height and retorted, in a ringing voice:

"I may be black, sah, but I've got white principles."

The roar of laughter that followed showed how effectually the pert lawyer was squelched.—Chicago News.

The man who thinks only of himself looks at the rights of everybody else through the wrong end of the telescope.—Ram's Horn.

WANTED: A representative in each town to distribute specimens.

10c per week. West. Agent, 415 Dearborn St., Chicago.

A Real "Discovery Number"

both in text and illustrations is the October WIDE AWAKE. Its frontispiece is a dainty drawing by Meynelle. "In 1492," and shows a group of children waving their good-bys to Columbus as he sets sail. Elbridge S. Brooks gives a brief narration of the Irishman whose presence in the crew of Columbus has been discovered by Mr. John Fiske. Theron Brown's stirring ode and chorus, "In 1492," fitly introduces this "Discovery Number." These verses have been set to ringing music by Prof. E. C. Phelps for this number also. Copies of the leaflet containing this song are offered free to schools throughout the land.

A characteristic southern story by Richard Malcolm Johnston, "The Bee Hunters"; "A Cane Rush," by Malcolm Townsend; "I Spy," by John Preston True; "The Diver," by H. P. Whitmarsh; "On Board a Pirate Junk," by Lieut.-Col. Thorndike, and culminating chapters in the two capital serials "The Coral Ship," and "That Mary Ann." The poetry consists of verses by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Lillian Crawford True, Mary E. Blake and others.

Price 20 cents a number, \$2.40 a year.

On sale at news stands or send postage

on receipt of price by D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

A CYCLOPS FOR

The Best Cough Syrup.

Tastes Good. Used in time.

Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

seven

About

years ago I had Bronchitis,

which finally drifted into

Consumption, so the doc-

tors 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 be-

fore 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 Con-

sumption.—Mrs. P. E.

BAKER, Harrisburg, Illino-

is, February 20, 1891.

A LONG DROUGHT.

Farmer Hayseed—Them city

boasters more'n they come to.

Mrs. Hayseed—They pays good prices.

"That don't make up for the ruina-

tion of the crops."

"How do they hurt 'em?"

"Where's your eyes? Don't you see

every blessed thing dryin' for want of rain?"

"Yes, I see that."

"Well, it'll never rain while they're

here. Every blessed one of 'em carries umbrellas."—N. Y. Weekly.

Just What Is Wanted.

Business is alive to a great coming event, which is likely to be of great importance for the Columbian Exposition in 1893, too much is already seen on the streets of a fanföli or amusing nature, both superfluous and catch-penny. There has been ob-

served a void in the line of the strictly useful, combining therewith instructive object lessons and the like, but the exhi-

bition at Philadelphia shows that the mass of these were mere trifles and unserviceable. The horde of visitors were ever at a loss for a handy pocket guide of official stamp, not only reliable, but pleasing and always fit to keep just what is wanted of unique and original interest, made especially for the purpose from the official plans, by America's best known water color artist, Charles Graham. A copy of this exceptionally fine production will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps by The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

This Portfolio is a rare and beautiful ex-

ponent of the many architectural fea-

tures of the Great

Exposition at Chicago in 1893. The fourteen magnificent structures

are faithfully exhibited, while the Bird's-eye View gives a realistic glance at the lay of the grounds, with their principal buildings, lagoons, etc. The illustrations are exact reproductions of the original drawings, made especially for this purpose from the official plans, by America's best known water color artist, Charles Graham. A copy of this exceptionally fine production will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps by The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

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DASTARDLY DEED.

Miscreants Wreck a Passenger Train on the Santa Fe Road.

Four Persons Killed and Twenty-Five Injured—Evidently the Work of Robbers, But They Were Fired Away.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 22.—Passenger train No. 8 on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad was wrecked by unknown miscreants, undoubtedly train robbers, three miles west of Osage City at 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning and the engine, the baggage, express and mail cars, two day coaches, two chair cars and three sleepers thrown over an embankment three feet and the first six cars telescoped. Four persons were killed outright and twenty-five seriously injured.

The killed were:

Frank Baxter, express messenger, Kansas City.

Bloomenthal, express guardsman, Mexico.

James Chaddicks, fireman, Topeka.

Ed Mayer, engineer, Topeka.

The injured were:

Mary Lyman, Bloomington, Ill., injured about head and face, both ankles broken.

Miss Jessie Grant, Pedro, Mo., injured in back.

William Dow and child, Chillicothe, Mo., badly bruised and scratches.

Mrs. M. Jones and two children, Wichita, slightly bruised.

A. C. Roark, Newton, head cut.

J. E. Johnson, Minneapolis, Kan., badly bruised.

H. C. McClure, Richmond, Mo., knee fractured and head cut.

W. D. Minor, Ness City, knee hurt.

H. S. Foster, Lawrence, Kan., postal clerk, badly bruised.

R. B. Donahue, conductor, Kansas City, face cut, leg badly bruised.

C. B. Kinney, Kansas City, express messenger, leg broken and internally injured.

J. B. Oberlin, Kansas City, postal clerk, injured in back.

Thomas Nelson, Topeka, bruised about the head.

M. A. Roberts, Emporia, back slightly injured.

J. F. Waddell, Boyer, Kan., right hip injured.

S. G. Kelley, Kansas City, postal clerk, internal injuries; probably fatal.

C. F. Wardlaw, Elliott, Ill., badly bruised.

W. A. Curry, Burlingame, head cut.

Mrs. Ollie Young, Poplar Bluff, Mo., head badly cut.

Mary E. Reed, Great Bend, Kan., left hip and side paralyzed.

Jessie Gould, Great Bend, Kan., bruised about arms and left thigh.

W. W. Smith, Lawson, Mo., left leg seriously contused.

Mrs. W. W. Smith, Lawson, Mo., head severely contused.

R. H. Stratton, Milan, Mo., contusion of back.

W. W. A. Curry, Chautauqua Springs, Kan., contusion of left temple; left hand and right knee bruised.

D. V. Miller, Rockville, Ind., hands and arms bruised.

J. L. Bales, Lawrence, Kan., contusion of the right foot.

Raymond Cook, Oskaloosa, Kan., cut on head.

Mrs. Emma Roberts, Emporia, Kan., left side of abdomen and left hip bruised.

William F. Ripley, Olathe, Kan., nose severely bruised.

Mary F. Gruber, Leavenworth, Kan., head slightly cut.

Mrs. Josie Van Voodale, Wamego, Kan., left shoulder bruised.

Miss Dedier, Council Grove, Kan., left shoulder severely bruised.

The rail was removed at a small bridge which crosses a ravine. There was a down grade run of five miles from Barclay to that point and the train was running fully forty-five miles an hour. It was impossible for the engineer to see the twisted rail in time to check the speed of the train and the coaches piled one over the other until the baggage and express car was completely hidden from view.

Men, women and children were piled over each other, caught in the broken seats and thrown through the windows of the cars.

An examination of the track was made, and it was found that the fish plates had been carefully removed and the bolts taken out and the spikes drawn from ten ties and the rail bent over to the inside.

The one million dollars in currency was on its way from the Mexican Central railroad to its headquarters in Boston.

In examining the ground about the wreck a spot was found in which three men had lain in the grass and tracks were found leading from this spot to the track. A wrench and a sledge hammer, stolen from the Barclay tool house, were found and the fish plates and bolts which had been removed were also discovered.

The mysterious feature of the whole affair is that the robbers did not make an attempt to take the money, which could have easily been picked up.

The passengers saw men run for the bush near by, but it is not known how many there were.

Here the spikes had to be drawn from ten ties of a rail on the north side of the track. The east end of the rail had been pried out of place, thus forming a switch leading to the embankment, making it certain that the entire train would be derailed, even though it were running at a low rate of speed.

No Flies on This Divine.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 22.—Rev. J. W. Arney, who made a reputation because he raced horses week days and preached rattling sermons Sundays, and who was thrown out of the Methodist church for it, is going back to the pulpit. He however, will race the season out, having won six purses in the Greenville meet and lowered Guarantee's record to 2:20. To-day he has sold Montie, Patchen and Tillie S. to Manistee parties for \$1,200 each, with permission to fill out the season with them. He leaves the track and sulkey in two weeks, just in time to ask the conference for a pulpit.

GEN. HUSTED DEAD.

Death of the New York Republican Leader After Much Suffering.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Sept. 26.—Gen. James W. Husted died at his residence here at 7:30 o'clock last night. At his deathbed were gathered Dr. Marone, the attending physician, Mr. Husted's wife and sons, Thomas, William and J. W. Husted, Jr., and his two daughters, Mrs. Frederick Shedd and Miss Husted.

Gen. Husted was taken ill on his way to the republican convention in June last. He left New York with the republican delegates and before he arrived at Minneapolis he was taken down and it was feared he would expire before reaching his destination. As soon as he was taken ill, some of those aboard the train administered to him a dose of medicine, and it is said that it was an overdose and caused the illness from which he died. After the convention the general was brought home to Peekskill in a special car and taken to his residence, where he remained hovering between life and death.

Yesterday the general gradually grew worse and at half past 4 o'clock he began to sink, dying three hours afterward. He passed away peacefully. He was conscious to the last.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Gen. Husted was born Oct. 15, 1823, in Chester county, Pa., and died at 7:30 a.m. on October 13, 1883. He graduated from Yale college in 1844, one of his schoolmates being Dr. Chauncey M. Depew. He was admitted to the bar in 1857. He has held many public offices and has had the longest legislative service of any man in the history of the state—namely, eighteen years. He also had the distinction of having been speaker of the house of representatives more times than any other man having been speaker six times.

For over thirty years Gen. Husted had been in active political life. He became a member of the republican party in 1859 and attended its national conventions as a delegate in 1876, 1880, 1884 and 1892. He had also taken an active interest in the National guard of the state, serving as a member of the organization and serving as judge advocate of the First brigade and major general of the Fifth division.

Mr. Husted was a distinguished member of the Masonic fraternity and once held the position of grand master of that body. He was also a thirty-third degree man.

A PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

William Walker Springs One in the Washington Post.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—William Walker, in a letter to the Washington Post, raises a question in connection with the approaching election, that may be of importance as it certainly is of interest. Referring to the general accepted theory that the electoral college of 1892 will contain 444 votes, Mr. Walker says:

"Paragraph 2, section 1, article 2, of the constitution is as follows: 'All states shall appoint in such manner as their legislature thereof shall determine, a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in the congress.'

"To which congress does this refer is the question. Is it the one in existence, or the future? The Fifty-third congress, upon which is based the 444 electoral votes, cannot exist until after the next president and vice president shall have been elected. If the membership of the Fifty-second congress shall decide the election in case there should not be an election by the electoral college and not the Fifty-third congress, why is it that an electoral college based on the new apportionment under which the Fifty-third congress is to be elected shall decide the election?

"Each political party seems to be acting upon the same premises, but would it not be wise to consider this question in time to avoid what might eventuate into a dangerous complication?"

FIGHT ON THE BORDERS.

Mexican Outlaws Have a Bloody Battle With United States Troops.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Sept. 26.—Official information has reached headquarters of the military department of Texas of an affray on the lower Rio Grande border, above Rio Grande City, between a detachment of United States troops under command of Capt. Francis C. Hardie, of the Third cavalry, and a band of Mexican outlaws, who are believed to have organized for the purpose of carrying on smuggling operations and other depredations.

The skirmishers attacked them, but it resulted in no fatalities. Capt. Hardie has forwarded full particulars of the affray to Gen. Frank W. Heaton, department commander, by letter, which is expected to reach here to-morrow. A posse of deputy United States marshals was with the soldiers and participated in the fight.

A Panic at Sea.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 26.—The steamer Rosedale with 1,000 excursionists on board collided with the steamer Uno off Shinnecock point. A big hole was stove in her starboard side, carrying away the lower cabin. The schooner's bowsprit was torn off. In a sinking condition the schooner was towed to Glen Cove.

A panic followed the collision and in the excitement several passengers on the Rosedale were injured. A seaman on the Uno was swept off and drowned. Robert Norton, a fireman on the Rosedale, was caught in the crush and so severely injured that he will die. Patrick Ellis was injured, perhaps fatally, as well as another man named Gregory. It was dark and foggy when the accident occurred.

The Oklahoma Census.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Ok., Sept. 26.—The territorial commission appointed by congress to take the census and apportion the legislative representation to various counties, consisting of Gov. A. J. Seay, Hon. L. H. Ross and Hon. Samuel Crocker, has completed the census of the territory. They found the territory to contain 133,100 people, divided among the counties as follows: County A, 16,500; B, 16,000; C, 3,000; D, 1,000; E, 300; F, 700; G, 1,000; H, 1,600; Beaver, 2,000; Payne, 1,000; Logan, 22,000; Oklahoma, 21,000; Cleveland, 14,000; Canadian, 15,500; Kingfisher, 16,500.

Prices of Paper to be Raised.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 23.—There was a large attendance of writing paper manufacturers yesterday when the question of a shut down of mills was considered. Those present represented a daily output of 300 tons and the outcome was that the loft drying mills will shut down for a month before December 1, while an increase of two cents per pound for paper seems extremely probable. The machinery mills may also shut down later. The association voted to increase the price of loft dried paper and it is possible that the prices of book and news will also be raised.

THE NEW COMMANDER.

Capt. A. G. Weisser, of Wisconsin, Chosen Commander of the G. A. R.—Other New Officers—Resolutions and Council of Administration.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The Grand Army encampment work so far has been most harmonious, Indianapolis being selected by acclamation as the place for the next encampment and A. G. Weisser, of Milwaukee, being unanimously chosen commander-in-chief to succeed Gen. Palmer. Lincoln, Neb., withdrew from the competition for the former honor and Deputy Commissioner of Pensions Lincoln dropped

NEW COMMANDER out of the latter contest when he found how the land lay.

The election of a senior vice commander-in-chief was then taken up, but while it was in progress a communication was received from the president that his affliction was too deep to leave his bedside of his wife, and he therefore begged to be excused from any attendance on the encampment. Comrade B. H. Warfield was then unanimously elected senior vice commander-in-chief.

On the first ballot for junior vice commander-in-chief there was no election. The candidates were: Ayers, of Delaware, 292; Beggar, of Texas, 223; Kennedy, of Colorado, 115; Menton, of Kentucky, 24; necessary to a choice, 328.

There being no choice another ballot was ordered, which resulted in the choice of Peter B. Ayers, of Delaware.

For surgeon general, W. C. Weil, of Danbury, Conn., and W. H. Johnson, of Minden, Neb., were the candidates.

The ballot resulted: Weil, 423; Johnson, 165, and the former was elected.

For the place of chaplain-in-chief there were four candidates, namely: J.

H. Frazer, of Tennessee; D. R. Lowell, of Kansas; E. H. Haggerty, of Missouri, and W. H. Gottheil, of the District of Columbia. D. R. Lowell was the favorite candidate, and was elected.

RESOLUTIONS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The committee on resolutions reported to the G. A. R. encampment a large number of resolutions and propositions which had been referred to them, recommending that a large majority of them be laid upon the table. Among the resolutions reported favorably by the committee and adopted were the following:

Asking congress to pass a law giving the same right of precedence in appointments to all honorably discharged soldiers that is now given by law to soldiers that were discharged for disabilities.

Commanding the order of Commanders-in-Chief Palmer forbidding any G. A. R. to march under the confederate flag.

Authorizing the commander-in-chief to issue a circular commanding the Veterans' Protective Association Bureau of Information in connection with the world's fair, in case he shall find it worth.

Declaring it to be inexpedient for the national encampment G. A. R. to express an opinion on the subject of opening the world's fair on Sunday, in view of the fact upon which the members of the G. A. R. are divided.

Favoring the establishment of a soldiers' home in the Marine hospital building at New Orleans.

Requesting that the census of veterans of the war and their post office addresses be published immediately.

Asking congress to provide for the erection of a monument to the private soldiers of the army.

Asking the secretary of war to provide a flagstaff at Fort Sumpter, upon which the national flag shall float the same as at all government posts.

Advising the council of administration to call to the meeting of the next annual encampment not later than the first week of September, 1893.

THE COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

The council of administration for the next year has been named by the various departments as follows:

Attala, J. C. Mills, of Green Pond.

Arizona—H. P. Lightner, Phoenix.

Arkansas—Logan H. Root, Little Rock.

California—N. D. Ayle, San Jose.

Colorado and Wyoming—W. Barker, Manitou Springs, Col.

Connecticut—T. L. Gill, Hartford.

Delaware—M. B. Fowler, Wilmington.

Florida—G. T. Foote, Belwood.

Georgia—G. L. Shoup, Solomon City.

Illinois—H. S. Dietrich, Chicago.

Indiana—W. H. Armstrong, Indianapolis.

Indian Territory—R. T. Masters, Krebs.

Iowa—L. H. Raymond, Hampton.

Kansas—E. B. Jones, Holton.

Kentucky—Jonathan McKey, Louisville.

Louisiana and Mississippi—H. C. Warmouth, New Orleans.

Maine—E. C. Milliken, Portland.