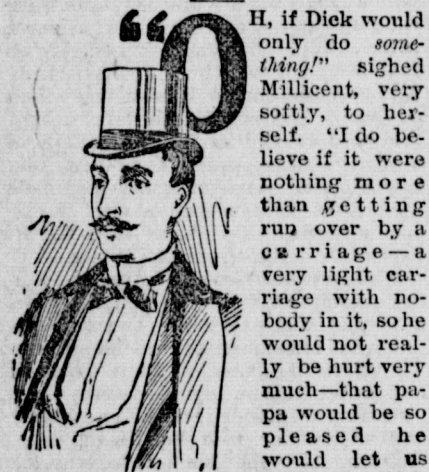


WHO KNOWS?

Who knows we have not lived before
In forms that felt delight and pain?
If death is not the open door
Through which we pass to life again?
The fruitful seed beneath the sod
In infant bud and bloom may rise;
But by the eternal laws of God
It is not quickened till it dies.
The leaves that tremble on the tree
Fall 'neath the stroke of autumn's storm;
But, by some mighty mystery,
With spring return in other forms.
As currents of the surging sea
From undiscovered sources flow,
So what we were and yet may be,
In this brief life we may not know.
But oft some unexpected gleams
Of past and unremembered years
Break through the doorway of our dreams
And some familiar face appears.
A gentle spirit, lost awhile,
Amid the change from death to birth,
Whose beaming eye and loving smile
Recall some former scenes of earth.
And thus, unconscious of the tie,
The mystic link that love creates,
Perhaps we see our own who die
In newer forms and other states.
Perhaps with every cycle passed
In all the ages yet to be,
Our loved will come to us at last
As parted waters find the sea.
Not wholly clad as they were seen
When death unbound their robes of clay;
But with seraphic face and mien
And souls that cannot pass away.
—David Banks Sleights, in N. Y. Sun.

DICK'S DARING.

A Lover Who Was Not Afraid of the Dark.



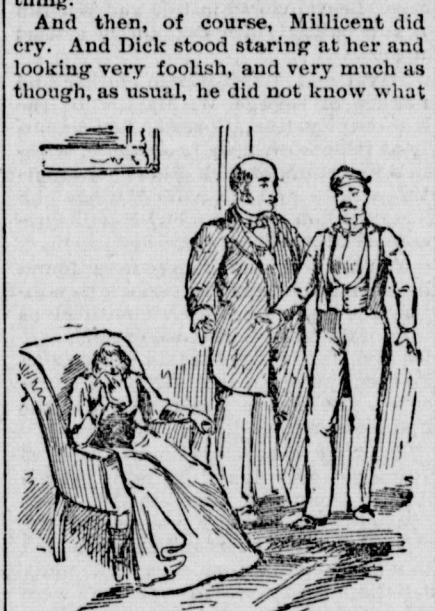
"H, if Dick would only do something," sighed Millicent, very softly, to herself. "I do believe if it were nothing more than getting run over by a carriage—a very light carriage with nobody in it, so he would not really be hurt very much—that papa would be so pleased he would let us marry each other, after all. But Dick won't. I'm afraid he'll never do anything. He never has." And then she looked over at Dick, who sat very meekly on the other side of the room twirling his gloves listlessly, and she pouted.
"I suppose you are pouting at me?" said Dick.
"Yes," she answered.
"I'm sorry," he continued. "I suppose it's because I don't amount to anything."
"Of course it is, Dick," she answered.
"Well, what in the world can I amount to?" asked Dick, dejectedly.
"I cannot go and make a fortune, for I'm rich already. I can't find a great family, because ours has been as good as over for centuries as a fellow can wish, and besides, that would take too long. I haven't the talent to be an artist. I haven't brains enough to be a professional man. Everyone agrees on that. I am too small to be a soldier. And if I went into business, it would only be a question of time before I'd lose my money instead of making any. They all agree on that too. All I can be is a gentleman, and no one seems to care anything about a gentleman any more. I believe your father would like me better if I were an adventurer."
"Oh no, he wouldn't," interrupted Millicent. "But the colonel would like to see you once in awhile without such awfully good clothes on. Papa has had a hard struggle in this world, and he doesn't seem to have any confidence in anyone who has not had. He is always talking about the duty a man owes to the world to do something for it."
"I would be willing to do anything for the world I could, Millicent, but I don't know what to do, and I don't believe I could do it if I did know."
"I believe if you had got angry and called him names when he refused to let me marry you, he would have turned right around and said yes. But all you did was to pick up your hat and gloves, and bow very politely, and say good-evening, and walk out. This is no way



"I'm afraid it's a burglar,"
to handle papa; he needs an iron hand, and he gets it occasionally from his only daughter, too." Here Millicent shook her head emphatically.
"But I respect your father too much, Milly, to say anything mean to him, and if I had, then he wouldn't have let me come to see you any more, and that would have been more than I could have stood."
"You're not like other men, Dick."
"No, I'm afraid not. I suppose that's why they call me a dude. But I'm not a dude; I'm not silly. I can't get my clothes soiled, no matter how I try, and as I never seem to wear them out, I haven't got any that look like old ones!

The fact is, I can't help looking like what I am—a boy who has been brought up in a kid glove. If I wore blue jeans and a flannel shirt they'd always look new."
"Why couldn't you get into a fight with some one?" suggested Millicent, desperately.
"I'm afraid no one will fight with me. I'm so small," he answered.
"Papa was awfully delighted with the butcher's boy and the grocer's boy the other day when they got into a fight in our back yard. It frightened me, but the colonel went out and gave them each a dollar and laughed all the rest of the afternoon about it."
"I might get the boxing master at the club to give me a black eye. I don't suppose it would hurt very much. But if I did the colonel would find out that I didn't get it in a fight, and he would think that I had been trying to deceive him."
"Dick," said Millicent, seriously, "I wonder if you are afraid?"
"I don't know what you mean."
"Afraid of the dark or of danger, or anything like that—for instance, I'm afraid of the dark."
"No," answered Dick; "I don't think I'm afraid of the dark. I don't know about anything else, for I don't believe I ever had anything to be afraid of."
Millicent sighed again very softly to herself. It was rather a hard state of affairs. Here was the man she wanted to marry; just the kind of a man she, with her imperious ways, could get along with beautifully; a boy whom she had known all her life; whose father had been her father's friend; whose mother had been her dead mother's friend; and a man, too, whom she loved—and always had—since she was a little girl in short dresses and a boy in knee trousers, and they could not get married because, in the eyes of her father, he didn't amount to anything. Would he ever amount to anything? What did she care? Was he brave and manly? What did she care? Was he brave and manly? The question gave her an inspiration. It wouldn't be much of a trial, but it would at least be a little bit of fun; and all they had done in all their courtship was to sit on opposite sides of the parlor and talk to each other. She rose and went out into the hall. Dick eyed her as she went out, but he never questioned anything she did, so he said nothing. She walked back to the stairs leading to the basement and looked down. Everything was satisfactorily dark. The light in the lower hall had been turned out, and from this she knew that the servants had gone to bed. It was nearly midnight she noticed by the dining-room clock. With a satisfied smile she walked on tiptoe and with a great pretense of fright back to the parlor.
"Dick," she said, in a whisper that seemed quite terrified, "I heard some one downstairs, and I'm afraid it's a burglar. Would you just as lief go and see?"
"With pleasure," he said, in that calmly polite way he never forgot.
She smiled as she noticed that he carried his gloves in his hands just as he would on the street, and felt unconsciously of his necktie to see if it were adjusted correctly. Dick walked to the head of the back stairs, while she remained in the parlor peering out, half hidden by the portiere. He leaned forward and listened intently.
"Do you hear anything?" she asked, in a whisper.
"Yes," he answered.
She smiled. "What does it sound like?" she continued.
"Like a man sawing," he answered.
She had hard work to prevent herself from laughing outright. She had been in the identical spot where Dick now stood but a moment before, and she knew that the basement was as still as the grave. It was his frightened imagination; that was all. She would see the thing out. Perhaps Dick was afraid, after all. She whispered again:
"Do you want a revolver?" she asked.
"No," he answered. "I wouldn't know what to do with it if I had one." Then she saw him disappear down the stairs.
She went back into the parlor and picked up his hat. She smiled as she noticed how new it looked, just like everything else he had. Then she tried it on, and stood before the glass wondering if it wouldn't make a pretty riding hat. She remembered that if any other man were to come back into the parlor and find her with his hat on her head, he would promptly demand a kiss, after the good old custom. But Dick—no, Dick would never think of such a thing, or dare do it if he did. Presently she wondered why he was gone so long. He wasn't afraid of the dark, after all. He must have decided on a very thorough search. She wished her father would come downstairs and discover that Dick had at least done that much in the world. But no; she could hear her father walking up and down the room immediately above her, thinking of all sorts of things that she called important, but which did not interest her at all. She was just beginning to feel lonely, and to wish that Dick would get through and come back, when she heard a dull sound as though something heavy had fallen in the kitchen. There was silence for a moment after that, and then she heard a great crashing of glass, and she heard Dick calling lustily for the police. Her heart leaped up into her throat. She wanted to call him to come back to her, as he loved her, but she could not utter a word. She ran to the front window in her fear, and threw it open. A stockily built fellow, who looked gigantic in the half light of the street lamps, was just making his escape through the gate and down the street, while right underneath her, bareheaded, but still with his immaculate gloves in his hand, ran Dick after him, still calling at the top of his voice for a policeman. She saw them go, forty feet apart, down the street at the best speed they could make. She saw them disappear from the light of one street lamp and come out into the light of another twice, and then she saw the stockily built fellow wheel quickly around; she saw a little sharp line of flame; she heard a loud report; and then—she faintd.

It was but half an hour later that a cab drove up to the colonel's door, and Dick alighted—not the immaculately clad Dick that he usually was, but Dick with a bloody handkerchief tied around his head, and with much dirt on his trousers, and his necktie all awry, and with no gloves at all. He did not have to ring at the door, for it was opened ere he was half-way up to the front steps by the colonel himself, who came out with his great grizzled hand outstretched toward him.
"I came back to get my hat and overcoat," Dick began to apologize.
"No, you didn't," said the colonel, shaking his head heartily. "You came back to see Millicent. Did you get the fellow?"
"Yes, sir; a policeman caught him eventually, and he's in the station-house now."
"Well attend to him to-morrow," said the colonel. "In the meantime come in and see your sweetheart. She fainted; and I'll tell you right here that if you expect to wear a hat away from this house to-night, it will have to be one of mine, for she has hugged that one of yours ever since the alarm was given, and it's rather out of shape."
Millicent, still very pale, was reclining in an easy-chair when Dick entered and a maid was rubbing her temples. She looked very much as though she wanted to cry. Undoubtedly she had been crying.
"Good evening, Milly," said Dick.
"Oh, Dick! did he hurt you?" she asked.
"He hit me over the head with something down in the kitchen just as I discovered him. But don't worry; the doctor said it wouldn't amount to anything."
And then, of course, Millicent did cry. And Dick stood staring at her and looking very foolish, and very much as though, as usual, he did not know what



"GO OVER AND KISS HER!"
to do. And probably he would still be standing there if the colonel, in his gruff voice, hadn't said to him:
"Go over and kiss her, my boy. Don't you see that's what she wants?"
"But I'm all blood and dirt," apologized Dick.
"Blood and dirt!" roared the colonel. "Blood and dirt! You ought to be proud of it. Why, you're the first member of your line who has had any blood and dirt on him since your great-grandfather was wounded at Bunker Hill. Go and kiss her."
And Dick did, and it seemed to him that fortune had suddenly concluded to shower on him all her blessings when he heard the colonel saying, as he went out of the room:
"I'll give you two just half an hour to decide when you are going to get married, and then you must say good night."—Thomas Winthrop Hall, in Harper's Weekly.

AN OBLIGING BIRD.

Polly Was Willing to Serve Them All, But It Must Be "One at a Time."
There was a keeper of a hotel in the old country famed for its excellent accommodation and superior bitter beer. His name was Joseph Norris, but among the boys he was better known as "Joey."
Joey was a little man, no more than five feet two inches in height. He dressed faultlessly and was methodical to a degree. No guesswork about Joey. When he said yes he meant yes. But Joey had a little temper of his own, and nothing delighted the boys more than to rush into Joey's barroom eight or ten at a time and all call at once for their glasses of bitter beer, while keeping up a running fire of chaff. This invariably irritated the little man and he used to exclaim: "This is too bad of you. One at a time, gentlemen; I'll serve you all in turn."
Joey had a gray parrot that usually adorned the barroom, and this mode of "rushing Joey," as the boys called it, occurred so frequently that Polly was not long in "catching on," and I have seen her literally scream with delight when the boys entered with a rush, and in the thick of the fun Polly would exclaim: "One at a time, gentlemen, I'll serve you all in turn."
Polly became a great favorite with the customers, but her language was not at all times up to drawing-room standard. However, one fine morning the boys entered as usual but poor Polly was missing. It appeared that in cleaning the cage the servant had thoughtlessly left the door open and the bird had escaped to the garden and flown off. Nothing was heard of her for a couple of days or so, when Joey was informed that Polly had been seen in a field a few hundred yards from the house in the midst of a flock of rooks and jackdaws. With ease in hand Joey and a few of the boys started in pursuit of the missing bird. On approaching the field where Polly had been seen they heard a mighty clamor among the rooks, and, looking over the fence, discovered that Polly was there but in a most unenviable position. The rooks had pecked and crowded her back into one corner of the field, where she was supporting herself by her tail and one foot, while with her beak and the disentangled foot she was defending herself, at the same time exclaiming at the top of her voice: "One at a time, gentlemen; one at a time. I'll serve you all in turn."—N. Y. Recorder.

HUNTING SNAKES.

How a Party of Sportsmen Captured a Slimy Copperhead.
The most exciting pastime in the south is a well organized snake hunt. The low, swampy rice fields of the Carolinas provide an abundance and variety of game for the sportsman, and on a hot summer's day he can bag as many reptiles as he feels inclined to.
A party of rice planters organized a recent hunt at Ingleside, a desired South Carolina plantation which had once been the pride of a southern family, but the war had exterminated its male members. At any rate the place has been turned over to the negroes and is in the last stages of dilapidation.
About 10 o'clock in the morning the party reached the fields, which were great sheets of black water acres in extent, on the surface of which floated thousands of white and pink water lilies, while on the marshy banks countless blue flags lifted their delicate leaves. For half an hour the horses plunged in the soft mud, which had once formed a bank as hard as cement. Here and there might be seen little ripples, as the small black head of a moccasin or turtle glided away. A moccasin in the water never submerges its head. A stranger in the party was told not to mind them, as they could not strike while swimming, and as long as they were in the water were perfectly harmless. Nevertheless, when one of the hideous reptiles swam towards that stranger's legs, which dangled in the water, he quickly drew them up on his saddle and struck out vigorously with the handle of his whip. He missed the object of his aim and the first accident of the day occurred. He fell over his horse's neck and lay floundering in three feet of cold, black water. Every time he tried to rise he felt that moccasin tangled in his legs and down he went again on all fours. To add to the unpleasantness his companions rode away and his horse followed. He dashed through the water and at last overtook his hosts, who laughed and declared that what he took for a snake was only a drifting piece of root.
Stretched across the road, the four feet of beautiful, copper-colored scales glistened in the sun. The ugly, flat head drew back; lazily the bulky body, which was as large around as a man's arm, formed itself into a double circle. It was in fighting position. Its head was raised a foot from the ground, and the neck became horribly attenuated.
No one was very anxious this time to be the first to attempt the capture of a reptile whose bite meant almost certain death. Slowly a stick was thrust forward. The snake arched its neck until it was seen above the head, which was suddenly drawn back and then, with lightning-like rapidity, it shot forward. The serpent's jaws were widely distended as it struck the wood with its fangs. A greenish liquid squirted out upon the ground several feet ahead, and everybody retired a few feet with despatch. A man in front tripped and fell, and before he could arise the loathsome reptile was preparing to strike him. Quickly he rolled over toward the side of the bank, and with angry hisses the infuriated snake followed. The man sprang up, but his foot slipped in the treacherous mud, and, with a splash, he fell into the canal. The matted vines bore him up, however.
The others soon placed the prong of a stick behind the reptile's head, and with a sudden twisting of its body it freed itself again and slipped into the water. The man tangled in the vines yelled and was badly frightened as the triangular head shot through the water in his direction. His eyes closed and his pale face sank lower among the vines. Then an aged college professor, who had insisted upon accompanying the party, sprang forward, and seizing the overhanging bough of a young bay tree, lowered himself until he could touch the water, then put out a thin but muscular hand and seized the snake just behind the head not an instant too soon.
But it was impossible for one man to lift twenty or more pounds of struggling snake single-handed and in that position. So the others, shamed into their duty, assisted the professor, who retained his vise-like grip upon the narrow neck of the snake, while they clutched the writhing body and lifted it from the water. But then new difficulties confronted them. The professor held the head firmly, but the whole weight of his body hung by the other hand from the limb of the young bay tree. If he let go his hold of the tree he would fall into the water, and either let go the snake or drag the others all in the canal with him. The professor solved the question.
"Pull, boys!" he shouted, and they did. Making use of the snake as a rope they swung the professor in to the bank and then pulled until he was once more on dry land. Not one dared release his hold for an instant, and the professor found it necessary to hold the creature's neck with both hands.
The matter might have ended disastrously had not the man among the water vines extricated himself and come to the rescue. Quickly fastening a strong piece of twine about the snake's neck he secured the other to a stout pole, and going a few feet away used it as he would a fishing-cane, gently lifting the loathsome length of shiny folds from their grasp. It was quickly lowered to the ground and dragged to the old oak tree, where, with more or less difficulty, it was strung up, head down.—N. Y. World.

A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

Amendment Offered to a Woman Lecturer's Advice.
A few evenings ago a Boston woman journalist who writes the essays about bookmarks, gluten bread, dress-reform corsets, and the like for the woman's column of a Boston Sunday paper, read a lecture to a parlor full of Harlem women. Her subject was "How to Bring Up Children."
One thing that she insisted on was that children should be taught to "do things," to be prepared for emergencies.
"For example," said she, "I would teach a child what to do in case of a fainting fit. I say to my girls:
"Girls, I am not much of a hand at fainting, but if I do take a notion to faint some day when you are about, get me some cold water. Pour it on my head and face. Cold water, girls, not hot water."
"I'm sure that if the unexpected comes and I fall in a fainting fit some fine morning the girls, if they happen to be near, will know what to do, and will do it promptly."
"May I interrupt you for a moment?" asked a little brown-haired woman who looked to be about fifty.
"Why, certainly," answered the lecturer.
"Well, what I wish to do," said the brown-haired woman, "is to taken issue with you on this proposition of yours that it is the proper thing to instruct children, what to do to their mothers when they faint. On other points I have nothing to say. Maybe you are right in the general proposition that children should be taught to do things, but as to this matter I wish to utter a warning word, to offer an amendment, so to speak.
"I used to think as you do. I remember as well as can be how I used to tell my girls to do the very thing that you say you told yours to do. I thought as you do, that it would be a shame to leave any person who should faint in the presence of my girls go without proper care. So I used to say, 'Remember, girls, to use water. That's the thing when a baby faints.'
"Well, one day some one came to my house and told me that a little boy had been hurt in the next yard. I was almost ill at the time, but just the same I rushed out to the scene. The little chap was badly hurt, and it took me quite a while to get him in such a way that I could safely leave him. But the time came at last and I started for home.
"When I was within about a rod of my own house I grew dizzy and saw stars and then fell in a heap in the gutter.
"A couple of Irishmen picked me up, each taking an arm and dragged me up my front steps and laid me out on the piazza. And then they rang the bell, and when my daughter Isabelle came to the door, one of them pointed to me and said:
"Good avenin', Miss, an' is that yer mother there, lyin' all in a haze dead fainted away?"
"Isabelle gave one look and then called out to her two sisters: 'Quick, girls, ma's fainted.'
"After that the deluge. Yes, that tells the story. Isabelle got the ice pitcher, Mary a foot tub, and Kate a ten-quart tin pail. I consider it almost a miracle that I'm alive to-day.
"Of course, I'm telling all this from hearsay. I didn't know anything from the time that I fainted until I heard Kate frantically crying out, 'Water! More water! Quick, Isabelle, more water! and just after that one of the Irishmen saying, 'Be aisy, darlint, or ye'll be afther drownin' yer old mother!'
"Well! Well! that doesn't begin to tell the story. I was soaked, and great streams of water were running off the piazza and down the stairs.
"You did just right, girls," I said as soon as I could speak. "You did just what your mother told you to do, but don't do it again."
"Then I got down on my knees and wrung out my skirts as well as I could, and while I was in that position I could hardly keep myself from saying, 'Oh Lord, I thank Thee that they didn't call out the fire department.'
"Now, I've taken up lots of your time, but I wished to make an amendment to your proposition. What I would propose is that every mother save her own self from the danger of drowning by saying to her girls when she bids them pour water on 'fainters,' 'be sure, my dears, to try the remedy for the first time on somebody else than your own dear mamma.'—N. Y. Times.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 line display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harper Medicine Co. This house places a "Crest" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.
SPEAKING OF the small piece of ice, it's generally a warm day when it's left.—Philadelphia Times.
The tramp prefers "loaf" sugar in his coffee.



ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

HOW 40 BRIGHT GIRLS
won their college course and education in music WITHOUT EXPENSE
"Girls Who Have Push"
A 28-page illustrated pamphlet will be mailed FREE to any girl sending her address to
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia



HOUSES FOR HOMELESS CHILDREN!
THE CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY.
HELP A CHILD TO FIND A HOME.
Children's Home Society (chartered as the American Educational Aid Association) has provided 230 children with homes, in families. All children received under the care of this Association are of SPECIAL PROMISE in intelligence and health, and are in need from one month to twelve years, and are sent FREE to those receiving them, on ninety days' trial, unless a special contract is otherwise made providing for expenses.
Homes are wanted for the following children:
A lovely boy, 5 months old, dark blue eyes and fair skin.
A 6 months old boy, light blue eyes and clear skin.
A 3 months old girl, blonde. And many other children from 3 months to 12 years old.
REV. M. B. VAN BRADALE,
General Superintendent,
Room 41, 230 La Salle Street, Chicago.
Send stamp for reply.
SEND THIS PAPER every time you wish.

"August Flower"
I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deadly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa. @

A TWISTED TALE.

Once on a time—this tale is true—
There lived an individual
Who believed his intellect held more
Than other men's did to him o'er.
He had most everything down pat,
Enlightened folks on this and that,
And "pointers" gave to great and small,
This man who used to know it all.

He told the farmers how to till
Their fields, their bins to overfill;
He told the merchants how to sell
Their goods that their gains might swell;
He told the writers what to write
If they the people would delight;
Prosperity to them would fall
Who heeded him who knew it all.

Much of his precious time was spent
In howling at the government,
And Providence he'd often raked
For making some great mistake.
There wasn't anything but what
He thought he knew it to a dot,
And wisdom waited at the call
Of him who used to know it all.

But strange as it may seem to you—
This man no more strange than it is true—
This man never in a single day
To prove to other folks that he'd
The brains whereby he could invent
A plan to make a single cent.
Good luck it seems would not befall
This man who used to know it all.

One day he saw—this knowing fool—
A farmer try to lead a mule.
The mule was stubborn-like and slow,
And finally refused to go.
And as the farmer pulled and swore
The mule hung backward all the more,
"It won't do any good to maul
The brute," said he who knew it all.

"But I've a little plan, you bet!
To make that mule get up and get!
I'll neither beat, nor dog, nor flog,
The beast, I'll simply twist its tail!"
The farmer said, "It will not do."
The wise man said he guessed he knew.
"Huh! Bah!" The farmer was small
Of him who used to know it all.

There may not be a moral here,
But yet this thought is pretty clear,
We're very, very, very wise,
But yet some day to our surprise
We may bump up against a fact,
And get our dome of wisdom cracked.

"I've never to now and then recall
The tale of him who knew it all."
—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Times.

OVER THE WIRE.

Familiar Telegraph Talk As It Looks in Type.

Many Abbreviations and What They Mean—How an Operator Judges of a Fellow Laborer's Temperament and Sentiments—Some Short Stories.

There are pairs of men who have been in daily communication with each other over the same telegraph wire for years, and who have never seen each other. Each is well acquainted with the other's temperament, his moods, his disposition, and his sentiments. Telegraph instruments and telegraph wires are unfeeling and stolid-looking things. Yet, through them a man is able to convey emotions of sorrow or joy almost as plainly as they may be expressed facially. The fact is perfectly palpable to the man at one end of the wire, while he is receiving dispatches, that the man who is sending them is ill or well, or—through the sender may make use of no terms of friendliness or of swear words—that he is in good temper or bad.

In their conversation telegraphers use a system of abbreviations which enables them to say considerable more in a certain period of time than they otherwise could. It is not quite as compact as the Phillips code, but answers their requirements very well. Their morning greeting to a friend in a distant city is usually "g. m.," and the farewell in the evening "g. n.," the letters of course standing for goods morning and good night. The salutation may be accompanied by an inquiry by one as to the health of the other, which would be expressed thus: "Hw r u s mgs?" And the answer would be: "I'm pty w; hw r u?" or "I'm nt fig vy w; fraid I've gt malaria."

By the time these courtesies have taken place some early messages have come from the receiving department or from some other wire, and the man before whom they are placed says: "Wl hrs a fu; got darn ts everlastin grind. I wish I ws rich." And the other man says: "No rest for wicked, min pen," the last words indicating that he wants the sender to wait a minute while he adjusts and tests his pen. Presently he clicks out "g. n.," meaning "Go ahead," and the days work has begun.

Operators laugh over the wire, or rather they convey the fact that they are amused. They do this by telegraphing "ha ha!" Very great amusement is indicated by sending "ha" slowly and repeating it several times, and a smile is expressed by sending "ha" once or perhaps twice. Transmitting it slowly and repeating it tells the perpetrator of the joke at the other end of the wire that the listener is leaning back in his chair and laughing long and heartily.

When the feeling between two operators in two cities, instead of being that of gentle affection is that of strong dislike, the affection can be made just as apparent as though they were within a few feet of each other. No personal collision can occur, of course. This is one of the drawbacks. But a man can call names and make threats over a wire with almost the same facility as by word of mouth. One of the favorite resorts when two operators are quarreling is that known as "fighting circuit." Not much is accomplished by this, however, for when two operators strive at the same time to call names over a wire neither can succeed.

Telegraphers have an old story about "fighting circuit." James Austin, who is located on Newspaper row, who is a Canadian by birth, brought the story to this city, one of the operators in the story being located at Toronto and the other at Buffalo. After a successful exchange of uncomplimentary remarks, they began to fight for the circuit—that is, they both tried to send epithets over the wire at once. They fought for some time. Neither would yield. The man at Toronto, who was old and astute, saw that the man at Buffalo was young and stubborn and was in for an all-night struggle. The Toronto man looked around for a proxy. He found it in the clock wire, which was a wire

attached to the clock's pendulum, the swaying of which acted to open and close the circuit. He connected the Buffalo wire with the clock wire and went home to bed, leaving the Buffalo man valorously battling with the tick-tick-tick-tick of the clock. The story concludes with the victorious statement that when the Toronto man reached the office the next morning he heard the Buffalo man still fighting the clock, and that when the former disconnected the clock wire and closed the circuit the latter snapped out triumphantly: "I downed you at last, did I?"

"Fighting circuit" is probably the most annoying occupation there is. The very impotency, the very futility of it is maddening. Here is a man who has offered a grievous insult. Yet the insultee cannot get at the insulter to kick him. They may be separated by thousands of miles. The practice of calling head names is not infrequent, possibly, for that reason. "Fighting circuit" has several times driven men to the verge of frenzy. There is on record in the archives of the Western Union office in New York the tale of an excitable operator who, after a long and unsuccessful struggle to say something mean to a man in Albany whom he hated, and who at the same time was trying to say something mean to him, suddenly arose from his chair and darted from the operating-room in New York city and ran down the stairs into the street.

There he gazed wildly around, looking for some object on which to vent his anger. Near him a peaceable, mild-looking gentleman was having his boots polished. The unhappy operator rushed at him, struck him in the face, and shouted: "Blank, blank you, you're always getting your boots blacked." But that was in the old days.

Not always, however, have differences arising over a wire been without a bloodless termination. It has been the case on a number of occasions that the insulter has boarded a train for the town of the insulter, and upon the insulter being pointed out to him the two have come together in an affray. But such instances are exceptions. Even though a man may board a train full of thought of vengeance it is likely to ooze out after a few hours' ride, and the visit, instead of being sanguinary, may be one of harmonious peace and good feeling. It may be stated positively that no quarrel begun over a telegraph wire has ever resulted fatally.

They tell a good story up at the big Western Union office on Fifteenth street. One of the night men was sending press to Richmond. The operator at the latter place said: "What's the matter? You come so heavy I can't adjust enough."

"Is that so?" responded the operator at the Washington end. "Wait a second."

"Then came a pause."

"How's that?" asked the Washington man.

"That's splendid," replied the Richmond operator. "What did you do?"

"I took off my cuffs," came back the reply from the Washington man, and even the relay and sounder exchanged smiles.—Washington Star.

OCEAN TOWING.

An Invention That Claims the Solution of an Important Problem.

The subject of long-distance ocean towing has been receiving much consideration at the hands of American ship owners. A proposal has already been made to employ hermetically sealed steel barges for ocean transportation, these barges being towed by specially designed tugs and towing apparatus. It is believed by many ship owners in this country that we are nearing the time when the towing steamship will be largely employed to drag freight barges across the Atlantic. The possibilities in this direction have been suggestively indicated by some noteworthy feats of towing done recently by the United States tug steamer Saturn, which is about twenty-two hundred tons and is fitted with very powerful engines. The chief difficulty in ocean towing is the failure of the tow rope or steel hawser or its fastenings. Neither manila rope nor steel wire rope can withstand the sudden strains caused by the motion of the towboat, and her consort in a heavy seaway, the great want being elasticity. To overcome this difficulty the Saturn has been fitted with a towing apparatus invented by an American engineer. It is a balancing cable drum, which is so geared up that the normal pressure of the engine cylinders, situated on either side of the drum, will balance the normal strain on the cable or hawser; but if the strain on the hawser is increased the drum revolves and the hawser pays out, running in again when the strain is relieved. The inventors of this ingenious apparatus claim that they have solved the problem of ocean towing.—Chicago Journal.

Skull of a Swedish Queen.

A Swedish queen's grave was reopened at Upsala in the presence of the prince regent, the archbishop and many professors. The grave, which dates from 1584, is situated in a side aisle of the cathedral at Upsala, in a vault beneath the pavement; on the ceiling are painted the royal arms. On the immense stone over the grave are engraved in Latin the words: "Catherine, queen of Sweden, died September 16, 1583; daughter of Sigismund, king of Poland, and wife of Johann III, king of Sweden. She was buried on the 16th of February, 1584." On removing this stone a copper coffin was found and opened. Within was a wooden coffin, somewhat decayed, and lined with velvet in rags. Beneath a leather cover lay the corpse of the queen, clothed in velvet, the feet in stuffed shoes. Amid the folds of velvet lay an extremely small skull.—London News.

"Palet is playing in hard luck," said one artist to another. "How?" "He painted a picture of the grate in his room and got it so natural and life-like that a new servant he had hired thought of a new servant he had hired a scuttful of coal through it and ruined it."—Detroit Free Press.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TRY IT YOURSELF.

The Check Rein as Bad for Horses as It Would Be for Men.

Over five hundred veterinary surgeons have signed a paper condemning tight check-reins, as painful to horses and productive of disease, causing distortion of the wind-pipe to such a degree as to impede respiration. They mention paralysis of the muscles of the face, megrims, apoplexy, coma and inflammation as some of the results of its use. The over-check rein will often cause a horse to become knee-strung.



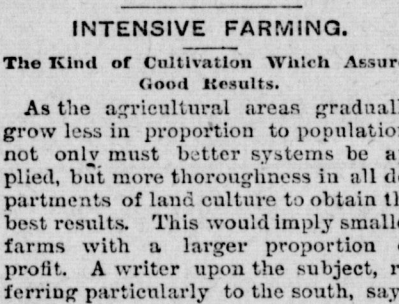
It destroys the delicate sensitiveness to the bit which is most desirable in guiding a horse. Dr. Kitching says: "If a horse pulling a load has his head held in by a check-rein, he cannot throw his weight into his collar, and is hindered from giving his body that position which is most natural and effective." He goes on to speak of the consequent strain of his limbs and muscles, and the injury caused by the constricted position of the head, whereby the breathing and circulation are affected, and the horse made restless, irritable and uncomfortable. He says: "The check-rein inflicts unceasing torture upon the animal in another way. By holding the head upwards, it puts the muscles of the neck on a constant strain. They become painfully uneasy and tired. If the horse cannot bear it, he rests the weight of his head upon the rein, and his mouth is violently stretched. Thus he only exchanges one torment for another. To sum up in a word, the check-rein lessens a horse's strength; brings on disease; keeps him in pain; frets and injures his mouth, and spoils his temper."

INTENSIVE FARMING.

The Kind of Cultivation Which Assures Good Results.

As the agricultural areas gradually grow less in proportion to population, not only must better systems be applied, but more thoroughness in all departments of land culture to obtain the best results. This would imply smaller farms with a larger proportion of profit. A writer upon the subject, referring particularly to the south, says, all over the country we see farmers who are considering the advisability of riding themselves of the large farm and its attendant cares and expenses, and devoting their energies to the better cultivation of fewer acres.

This is a move in the right direction, especially in the older and more thickly settled regions of the country. In many places farm lands have reached a value where it is extremely difficult to make the staple crops pay a net return on an acre that will equal the interest upon the investment. Such branches as will give a higher return an acre are being looked to, such as gardening and fruit farming, high-class dairying, etc. The only trouble with this new movement is that some of the men who go into it think that these branches can be conducted on the same broad lines and principles that they have applied in the management of the general farm. This is a grave error, and almost always leads to disaster. If the farmer who is thus changing his plans cannot make up his mind to change his methods and practices also—in fact, to begin at the beginning and study the new agriculture which is comprehended in the phrase "intensive cultivation"—he had better turn the management of things over to one of the new generation. Send the oldest boy to the agricultural college, and when he comes home let him take the helm.—Western Rural.



FACTS FOR FARMERS.

WHEN and how to water the team is well understood by all. Too much water at one time and not enough at another is equally injurious. The team should be watered whenever the animals are thirsty, especially during warm weather, and they will not drink to excess.

One of the chief leaks in stone fruits is potash in the soil. This is especially true of peaches, which are supposed to do better on sandy soils, where potash is usually deficient. Liberal dressings with wood ashes or muriate of potash are a preventive of, or not a remedy for, the yellows.

EDUCATION among farmers is progressing rapidly. It is now known that a farmer may be a scientist with plenty of room on his farm for observation and experiment. The best farmers not only aim to make discoveries, but they read with interest of the work done by others.

It has long been recognized that the yield of milk is materially affected by the nervous condition of the animal, but only within the last few years has it been demonstrated that the quality of the milk is more affected by nervous changes than is the quantity given.—Prof. S. M. Babcock.

BULLETIN No. 13 of the Utah station of Logan gives an account of experiments in feeding horses by Prof. Sanborn, which show that cutting hay and mixing grain with it has no advantage over feeding them separately, and that cutting hay for feeding has no advantage over feeding whole.

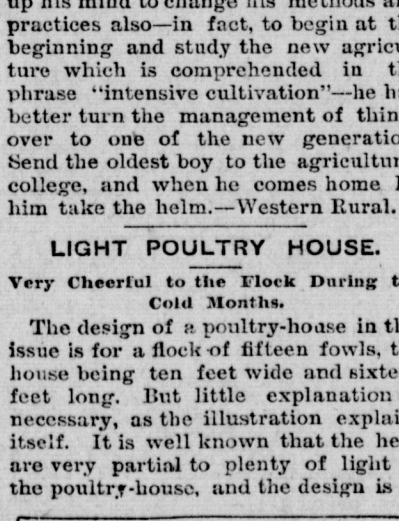
The Evils of Poor Roads.

The evils which arise from the present system of country roads are greatly enlarged by the fact that the roads are worst at the very time that the farmer has the time to supply the public demands. During the summer, when the roads are at their best, he is busy at the work of cultivation and reaping. In the meantime he has not marketed his surplus winter stock, because the roads were well-nigh impassable and only the richest of them have helped enough to keep the market wags running while the summer work is on. The fall duties are only a degree less exacting, and with them come rain and early snow to change the roads into mud-banks again.—Rural World.

LIGHT POULTRY HOUSE.

Very Cheerful to the Flock During the Cold Months.

The design of a poultry-house in this issue is for a flock of fifteen fowls, the house being ten feet wide and sixteen feet long. But little explanation is necessary, as the illustration explains itself. It is well known that the hens are very partial to plenty of light in the poultry-house, and the design is to



A LIGHT POULTRY-HOUSE.

show how easily a large portion of the house may be composed of windows. If such a house is used in the summer, the windows at the ends and the lower window in front may be removed and wire netting substituted. For winter the glass should be returned. This house is not as expensive as it appears, and is very cheerful to a flock during winter, when it may be necessary to confine the hens for months.—Farm and Fireside.

At the first appearance of blight bill your potatoes as high and steep as you can. The fungus is washed down through the soil by rain. If it recedes the potatoes it causes them to rot. By hilling, it will be washed between the rows away from the potatoes.

It does not pay to let milk get cool before being set. It means a definite loss of butter when it goes to the churn.

PROFITABLE SELLING.

As Important to Agricultural Success As Thorough Cultivation.

Selling of the various products and stock to the best advantage is of as much importance as growing of them. Often the farmer that sells well will be able to realize a profit where another will not. With quite a number of products the difference of a few cents per pound or bushel will often determine the question of profit or loss. Of course, appearance and quality are important items, and judgment as to when it is best to sell must always be used. One can keep posted as to the probable supply and demand by reading the papers, and this will be a great help in determining whether or not it is best to sell and when. In fact, an intelligent farmer cannot afford to farm without a good newspaper, so that he may keep posted not only as to methods of farming but also as to the condition of the markets for his various products. The risk of loss in selling is too much for the average farmer to take, as there are many buyers always ready to take advantage of a seller's ignorance, and failure to get all that a product is worth in the market is a direct loss that should always be avoided. With the majority of products, whether farm or stock, the time to sell is when the products are fully ready. It is only in exceptional cases that the average farmer can afford to run the risk of loss by holding or storing for an advance in price. Yet, at the same time, every farmer should be able to sell every product at the best price obtainable.

Grow the best and then sell for the best price is the way to get the worth from the farm. Send the staff to market in the form that will command the best price. Take every advantage to sell well.

If it is deemed best to store arrange so that there be as little waste as possible in handling and in storing, so that the risk of loss as damage will be lessened as much as possible. In storing, as in selling, judgment must be exercised. No rules can be laid down as to the best times or manner of selling. There are so many conditions that the owner must use his own judgment, and it is the exercise of this that determines the ability to sell well.—St. Louis Republic.

WORTH KNOWING.

How to Prevent Cattle from Throwing Rails or Damaging Trees.

A simple arrangement to prevent cattle from throwing rails or molesting fences, trees, etc., is herewith illustrated. Drill a hole in the end of each horn and fasten a strong wire to them and not too taut. A leading ring, such

as is held together with a spring, can be used in the nose and a wire connected between this and the other wire. Do not draw it so tight as to cause any inconvenience in feeding, but have it tight enough to hold the ring up. When the animal goes to toss a rail he changes his mind, as the ring pushes or pulls on his nose. He will also stop fighting and other disagreeable tactics.—Farm and Home.



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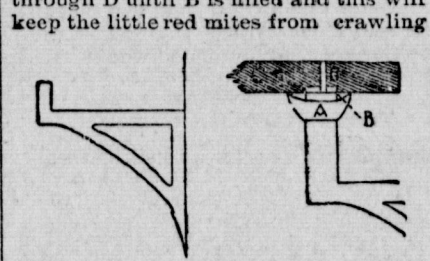
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THE FARMING WORLD.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Look After the Lice If You Want to Be Sure of Success.

If your fowls look rough and their combs and wattles are pale, look for lice. You will be sure to find them. Don't go to dosing them with chemicals for roup, nor any other fancied disorder, but get some pyrethrum and dust each one separately and thoroughly. Take all the roosts and nests out of the house and clean the floor from all droppings and litter. Then put whitewash, having a little carbolic acid in it, on the sides, roof and floor, being very particular to fill all the cracks. If the roosts fit into cleats tear them off and, after coating with whitewash, put them on again. I like an iron bracket made of cast or malleable iron like the sketch. A is a saucer shaped collar, B the cavity in the collar, D a hole bored through the 2x4 roost scantling C. It is designed that kerosene oil be poured through D until B is filled and this will keep the little red mites from crawling



from the ground and sides of the building onto the roost. The brackets should be placed upon opposite sides of the building, so that each roost will extend clear across. The hole in the roost should be made so large that it can be easily taken off.

When you replace the nests put a shovelful of dirt into each box (if your birds are not white) and on top of this a little straw and tobacco refuse. If you have not saved any road dust for a dust bath, get a bushel of sand plaster and mix some coal ashes with it while they are warm, so that the mixture will be thoroughly dry. Put this in a shallow box and set it in the sunniest part of the building. If you will give your poultry house a thorough cleaning now and then look after them during the winter you can keep the lice off easier than you think. Who will say this time: "O, that's very well for you fanciers, but—" Remember, my dear brother farmers, we fanciers are obliged to look after details, and we get the eggs.—F. E. Dawley, in N. E. Homestead.

MAKING POSTS DURABLE.

The Process of Charring Does Not Improve Them Materially.

A correspondent wishes to know if there is any better way to render posts durable when set in the ground than to char them, and if there is, he inquires for the mode. In answer—charring posts, as commonly done, does not materially improve them. The charcoal which is thus made to encase them is more or less porous, and admits the water from the soil to pass through into the wood, where it operates to produce decay the same as if all were wood. There is only one way to prevent this decay, and to prevent the weakness of the charcoal from occupying the large portion of the post as a stiffener, and that is to heat the wood to a degree that shall slightly turn the wood brown all through it. It will thus retain most of its stiffness, while the slight charring will prevent decay. Some experience is required to determine the degree at which this partial trial will take place.

Petroleum and coal tar are frequently recommended and used, but their value varies with conditions. Coal tar applied hot may be made to form an impervious casing, shutting out air and moisture, but of course not preventing it from entering above. Bottled up in this manner it may promote decay. With different conditions it may prove a useful application.

With shingles it acts differently, being wholly exposed to the rain and air. Apply the petroleum by dipping the shingles in it in a tub of the oil, and allow a few hours for it to soak thoroughly into the pores of the wood, and then lay them in the usual way. It may be applied less perfectly to the shingles after they are laid, using a coarse brush for the purpose, and it should be renewed once in seven or eight years. It affects the rainwater only for a few weeks. In applying it to the roof, crowd the points of the brush into the crevices between the shingles.—Country Gentleman.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

AN acre of dry corn fodder as usually fed will keep a cow about 100 days, an acre of clover hay about 200 days, an acre of good ensilage about 700 days. Does the silo pay?

THE dairyman must study the relative value of the different feeding stuffs if he would find which way success lies. A small amount of wasted food will destroy the margin of profit.

A good cow in a village will do much toward supporting a family. By a good one we mean such as will give eight quarts of milk per day for 300 days. See what this will yield, retailed at six cents a quart.

If a dairyman depends upon buying of much feed he must have a most excellent head to enable him to turn it into a profit. The farm should supply most of what the cattle consume.—American Cultivator.

Sugar Cane for Cows.

There is no more profitable crop grown for stall feeding or soiling dairy cows than sugar cane. The larger varieties make an abundant crop in a short season, and the benefits of feeding it, when the pasture fails, are enormous. The acreage planted is not likely to be too large, for if it is not all needed as green food, it can be cured for winter use. Cattle are more fond of it than any other kind of fodder. Run through a cutting box, ears and all; the stalks, leaves and husks to the last bit will be consumed with relish. The whole plant is full of nutriment and value as food.—Michigan Farmer.

LABELS FOR TREES.

The Cheapest and Simplest Have Proved the Most Serviceable.

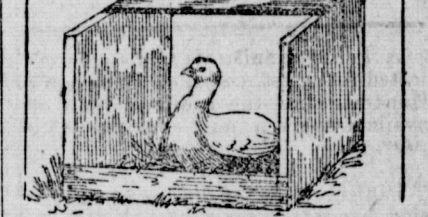
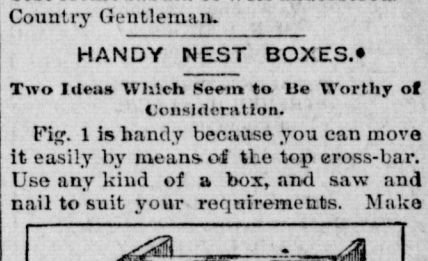
For many years past, and in answer to inquiries, we have recommended labels made of sheet zinc cut in strips half an inch or less in width and several inches long, on which the name was written with a common black lead pencil. One end was wound once around the side branch of the tree, the other end with the name remaining exposed and visible. The name thus written will continue distinctly legible for half a century; we have specimens nearly that age; and the coil around the branch is now on some of our trees where it remains after a lapse of twenty years without any injury to the bark of the tree.

We have been surprised at the mistakes which intelligent cultivators have made in rejecting this label. A distinguished pomologist once publicly denounced it as cumbersome and awkward because it required so much time and labor to uncoil the zinc in order to render visible the concealed name, not being aware that the name was always exposed, and that the weather would not obliterate it as he mistakenly supposed. Again, a late number of the Garden and Forest quotes the Gardeners' Monthly for the statement that the label will cut into the bark or wood even if it rests on it by its own weight. This mistaken opinion appears to have originated from winding the coil several times around the branch, so that its parts are bound together and will not yield to the increased size of the added growth. The fact that we have labels un injuring and uninjured that have remained without attention for various periods from fifteen to twenty years proves its efficiency when rightly applied. The coil should never go twice about the limb, and should always be put on loosely; and the zinc should be slightly rusted when written on. Good and permanent labels, easily applied, are important in preserving the names of selected fruits, and the best forms should be well understood.—Country Gentleman.

HANDY NEST BOXES.

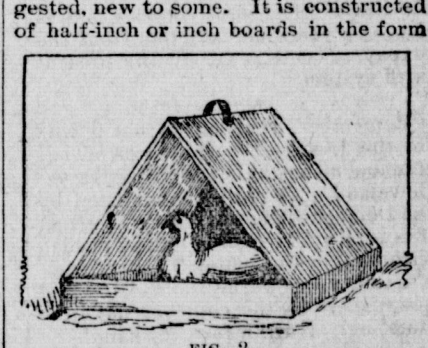
Two Ideas Which Seem to Be Worthy of Consideration.

Fig. 1 is handy because you can move it easily by means of the top cross-bar. Use any kind of a box, and saw and nail to suit your requirements. Make



a number of them and put them in the laying house. A box 10x12 inches is about the right size for a Leghorn or P. Rock, but 12x14 should be given to larger breeds. Place clean straw or hay in the box and shape it neatly, to induce ready possession.

In Fig. 2 still another idea is suggested, new to some. It is constructed of half-inch or inch boards in the form



of a triangle, say 10x12 inches, or 12x14, according to the variety you are breeding. This nest is also movable. The handle on top makes it easy to move about. An old piece of a suspender or leather strap will answer the purpose. Hay or straw is formed into a nest on the floor, making it as inviting as you can. I would keep such nests thoroughly whitewashed with strong carbolic acid and white lime, to keep away vermin as much as possible.—John W. Coughney, in Ohio Farmer.

Quick Profits from Poultry.

To secure the greatest profit, the aim should be to shorten the time of growth as much as possible, as the quicker a fowl reaches the marketable age the less the labor and smaller the cost. It is well known that a duck will consume twice as much food as a chicken and is, apparently, more expensive to keep, but when it is considered that a duck also grows twice as fast as a chicken, the cost to produce a pound of meat on a duck is no greater than for other poultry. Profits are not made by feeding fowls after they should no longer be retained. When fattening fowls they should be weighed every two or three days, and as soon as they show no increase in weight they should be marketed. There are business methods in poultry raising as in all other pursuits, and the largest profits are made when business methods are practiced. It should be the rule to keep nothing that does not pay, and when a chick is hatched it should be pushed right on, so as to get it into market in the shortest possible time.—Farm and Fireside.

The Evening Inspection.

A few years ago visiting a friend who had some valuable stock, just before we retired for the night I suggested that we go around and take a look at the animals, which was my custom at home. He laughed and said I was always a queer fellow. But we went, and found a cow down with the halter about her neck. She was a valuable, pure Jersey, about to calve, and was sold to be delivered with the calf for \$1,500. Said my friend: "You have given me a lesson I shall never forget. And you have saved me \$1,500, and what is more a money, all the blame for gross carelessness. I will never fail to make a round of my stables and barn hereafter the last thing before I go to bed. It is better to be safe than sorry."—Rural World.

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; B. CABRELL, Pratt County; H. A. WHITE, Butler County; D. E. BARRY, Atchison County; A. C. SHINN, Franklin County; A. C. BOWEN, Montgomery County; S. A. MARTIN, Greenwood County; H. J. McALLISTER, Cloud County; L. D. RAYNOLDS, Jewell County; NOAH ALLEN, 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 Rooks 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. HIDDLE, of Butler County. FOR STATE SUPERINTENDENT, H. N. GAINES, of Saline 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.

A Pennsylvanian is said to be selected for First Assistant Postmaster General. Has the Indiana supply of available given out?—Kansas City Star.

Paul F. Jones, of Marion, is the fusion candidate for State Senator in the Twenty-fourth Kansas district. His election is a foregone conclusion. Kansas City Times.

The total assessed value of all the wealth of Kansas, real and personal, in 1890, was 2900 million dollars and the mortgages represented 81 per cent. of the total assessed wealth of the State. The debt represents less than ten years of extortion from the taxpayers of Kansas by the present tariff system.

Remember, Democrats, that a vote for the Electors at the head of our columns means half a vote for Grover Cleveland. They were nominated by the Democratic convention; therefore, it is legal to have your tickets headed with Grover Cleveland for President, a number of wormy politicians and newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. Hurrah for Cleveland!

The citizens of Kansas are the victims of forced contributions to protected monopolies. The existing mortgage debt on the homes and farms of Kansas, January 1, 1890, aggregated 2351 million dollars. This is exclusive of all mortgages on personal property, and on corporation real estate and all unsecured debts. The foregoing is not taken from the speeches of so-called calamity howlers, but is an extract of the official report of the United States census.

There is no such understanding, neither is there any necessity for it. If the Weaver electors are chosen in Kansas they will vote for James B. Weaver and him only. An Electoral vote for Weaver helps the Democrats on the Presidency as much as though it was cast for Cleveland. At the same time it helps the Republicans on the Vice Presidency in the same way. Should neither party get a majority in the Electoral College Cleveland and Reid are sure to be winners.—Eureka Democrat.

The time has arrived in this country when the young man is the center of attraction. He speaks of his father as the "old man" with the pomp and audacity that an army officer speaks to a servant. The "old man" in a lecture to young men and boys, says: "Boys, when you speak of your father don't call him 'the old man.' Of course you are older now than when you learned to call him 'father.' You are much smarter than you were then, you are much more manly looking. Your clothes fit better; your hat has a more modern shape and your hair is combed differently. In short you are 'flyer' than you were then. Your father has a last year's coat and a two years' old hat, and a vest of still older pattern. He can't write such an elegant note as you can and all that—but don't call him 'the old man.' Call him father. For years he has been hustling around to gettings together, he has been held to the thorny path of uphill industry for years and the brightest half of his life has gone from him forever. But he loves you though he goes along without saying it would be the heaviest burden he would have to bear."

THE CREDIT OF KANSAS.

WHERE THE BLAME RESTS FOR CREATING ALARM IN THE EAST. During the last session of the Legislature, says the Leavenworth Standard, the Topeka Capital sent out daily highly colored telegrams by Associated Press, which impaired the credit of the State in so far as they alarmed the loan agencies of the country that were doing business in Kansas. These overdrew statements had the temporary effect of curtailing loans in Kansas, which was advantageous to the State.

Almost every county swarmed with representatives of eastern and foreign loan companies, who were attracted by the large rates of interest paid for money. The greater the loan on a given piece of property, the larger the bonus paid the loan agent. These inducements in many instances prompted dishonest representatives to make loans for companies far in excess of the real value of the property. Farms were purchased and loans made for far more than the purchase price. The dishonest representatives of loan companies, who became the representatives of a set of land scorpions, and not the farmers, made the most of the Capital's dispatches and attempted to injure the credit of Kansas, and their enforced withdrawal from business was the best thing that ever happened the State.

During the last two years the farmers have been industriously engaged in raising surplus crops, honestly paying their debts and accumulating bank credits. The statement just issued by the State Bank Examiner shows an increase of deposits in private and State banks of Kansas from October 13, 1891, to June 4, 1892, of over \$2,500,000. The total assets on the last named date were over \$38,000,000.

According to the report of the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, the assets of the Kansas national banks were forty two and one-sixth million dollars at the close of business, September 25, 1891. If the national banks secured the same percentage of increase in deposits as the State banks, there was a gain for the national banks of \$3,500,000, and a total gain for all of the banks in the State of \$6,250,000 in a little over seven months. The total assets of all the banks is not less than \$77,000,000, and this is over \$54 per capita.

The claim that the uprising of the people against the methods of the prohibition Republican party two years ago injured the credit of the State is a libel, and should be emphatically rebuked at the polls.

STAND UP FOR KANSAS.

The Republican managers expect to deceive the people of this State by their cry of "Stand up for Kansas." If the people, whose labor and energy and pluck have made Kansas great, will only stand up for the State in a political way, as they have for its material prosperity, it will be the death of the Republican party.

What has the Republican party ever done for Kansas? It has supported policy in government that has made millionsaires in the east at the expense of the labor of every western State. It has built palaces for the millionaires of the east and has covered the homes of the west with mortgages.

The Republican policy of legislating for the east at the expense of the agricultural States has brought about this condition of affairs. The way to Stand up for Kansas is to vote down the Republican party.—Wichita Beacon.

M'KINLEY SAYS.

- (1) The foreigner pays the tariff tax. (2) A high tariff increases wages. (3) A high tariff develops new industries. (4) High tariff increases general prosperity.

"PUCK" ASKS:

- (1) But if the Englishman pays \$8.00 for a corduroy suit and the American pays \$15.00, who is paying the tax on corduroy? (2) Why are the Carnegie works shut down on account of a reduction of wages? (3) Then why, with tin plate at \$2.63 a box in England and \$5.25 in New York, can't you find an American workman with a tin plate job? (4) Then, why don't the farming pay? That's the best test of a general prosperity.

Delinquent Tax List for 1891.

STATE OF KANSAS, Chase County, ss. I, A. M. BRESSE, County Treasurer, in and for the county and State aforesaid, do hereby give notice that I will, on the first Tuesday in September, A. D. 1892, and the next succeeding days thereafter, sell at public auction, at my office in the city of Cottonwood Falls, Chase County, Kansas, so much of the north side of each tract of land and town lot herein after described as may be necessary to pay the taxes, penalties and charges thereon for the year 1891.

BAZAAR TOWNSHIP.

Table with columns: Description, S.T.R., Description, S.T.R. Lists various land parcels with acreage and owner information.

CEDAR TOWNSHIP.

Table with columns: Description, S.T.R., Description, S.T.R. Lists various land parcels with acreage and owner information.

COTTONWOOD TOWNSHIP.

Table with columns: Description, S.T.R., Description, S.T.R. Lists various land parcels with acreage and owner information.

DIAMOND CREEK TOWNSHIP.

Table with columns: Description, S.T.R., Description, S.T.R. Lists various land parcels with acreage and owner information.

FALLS TOWNSHIP.

Table with columns: Description, S.T.R., Description, S.T.R. Lists various land parcels with acreage and owner information.

TOLEDO TOWNSHIP.

Table with columns: Description, S.T.R., Description, S.T.R. Lists various land parcels with acreage and owner information.

W. H. HOLSINGER, DEALER IN Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Farm Machinery, Wind Mills, Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

J. M. WISHERD, THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR AND CONFECTIONER! Is now settled in his new and commodious rooms, in the Kerr building, and is fully prepared to furnish everything in his line.

Ice Cream! Ice Cream!! Ice Cream!!! The finest in the city. All flavors. Any quantity.

Milk Shake, Lemonade and Pop, To quench your thirst these hot days. FRUITS, CANDIES NUTS, For yourself and "Best Girl."

CIGARS AND TOBACCO, For those who smoke or chew.

Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. JULIUS REMY, TOURIST ARTIST. SHOP ON THE WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

Fine, Artistic Photographs. It is no use losing time going to a large city to get your Photos taken, when you can get them made in Cottonwood Falls. We make Photos by the latest process, in the latest style, and finish them in an artistic manner. Come and examine our work before you go elsewhere. ARTHUR JOHNSON, Photographer.

JOHNSON & FIELD CO., RACINE, WISCONSIN. Manufacturers of "THE RACINE" FARM AND WAREHOUSE FANNING MILLS DUSTLESS GRAIN SEPARATORS AND LAND ROLLERS. These Mills and Separators have long been used by the Farmers, prominent Millers, Grain and Seed Dealers throughout the United States, who highly recommend them as being the BEST MACHINES ever made for cleaning and grading Wheat, Barley, Oats, Corn and Seeds of every description. They do the work more thoroughly, have greater capacity, built of stronger and heavier material, and are more durable than any other Mills. Six different sizes, two for Farm Use, four for Warehouse, Elevator and Millers use. The Land Rollers are the BEST and CHEAPEST for the money. ALL MACHINES WARRANTED. Write for Circulars and Prices before buying. We can vouch for the reliability of this firm.—Eureka.

Table with columns: NORTH COTTONWOOD FALLS, Lots, Blocks, Lots, Blocks. Lists land parcels with acreage.

Table with columns: COTTONWOOD FALLS, Lots, Blocks, Lots, Blocks. Lists land parcels with acreage.

Table with columns: HUNT'S AND MCWILLIAM'S ADDITION TO COTTONWOOD FALLS, Lots, Blocks, Lots, Blocks. Lists land parcels with acreage.

Table with columns: STRONG CITY, Lots, Blocks, Lots, Blocks. Lists land parcels with acreage.

Table with columns: ENSLIE'S ADDITION TO STRONG CITY, Lots, Blocks, Lots, Blocks. Lists land parcels with acreage.

D. W. MERCER always keeps the Best Brands of Flour Cheap for CASH. Try H.M. Matfield Green. nov19tf

SHERIFF'S SALE. STATE OF KANSAS, ss. Chase County, In the District Court of the 5th Judicial District sitting in and for Chase county, State of Kansas.

Eastern Kansas Land and Loan Company, plaintiff, vs. Joseph G. Morse, T. Vernette Morse, William H. Munroe, Page M. House, Mrs. Page M. House, his wife, Cornelius Mandy, C. J. Kestep, The Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Company and John G. Douglas, defendants.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of the 25th Judicial District, in and for Chase county, State of Kansas, in the above entitled cause, and to me directed, I will, on

MONDAY, AUGUST THE 22d, 1892, at one o'clock, p. m., of said day, at the front door of the Court-house, in the city of Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, offer for sale and sell, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, the following described lands and tenements, situate in Chase county, Kansas, to-wit:

GO TO CEDAR POINT! call on PECK, and purchase a M'CORMICK BINDER, AND TWINE, etc.

Also HEADQUARTERS for all kinds of Farm Implements and J. CASE Threshing Machinery. The best of all. mch10tf

PENSIONS. THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effect of army service, are included. If you wish your case speedily and successfully prosecuted, address JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C. July 19

LEADER STOVES AND RANGES. COLLINS & BURGIE CO., CHICAGO. A THIRD OF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE AND CONTINUED PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT IS REPRESENTED IN THE "LEADER LINE" OF STOVES AND RANGES.

LEADER RANGES FOR WOOD AND FOR COAL. LEADER COOKING STOVES FOR WOOD AND FOR COAL. LEADER HEATING STOVES FOR ALL USES, FOR WOOD AND FOR COAL. ALL MODERN AND IN GREAT VARIETY. IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HANDLE THESE STOVES, WRITE TO US FOR PRICES. COLLINS & BURGIE CO., CHICAGO.

THE STEARNS WIND MILL. The lightest, strongest, most durable, has been built and in constant use for years, has stood the test of time, is suitable for all classes of work; ask for illustrated matter giving description of our wheel made with malleable iron wheels, strongest and lightest wheel in the trade. We build all sizes of both power and pumping mills, general wind mill supplies of all kinds, tank work of every kind a specialty; goods are fully guaranteed. We will give Farmers and others wholesale prices where we have no Agents. Send for our large 72 page illustrated catalogue and mention this paper. Address all correspondence to the STEARNS MAN'FG. CO., CONNERSVILLE, IND., U. S. A.

