

A FRIEND AFAR.

Tell me, you who went to sleep
Many years ago,
Leaving us to silence deep
In this world bereft
Have you found that inner life
Whereof we did talk,
Far removed from hate and strife,
Peace your daily walk?
When you dropped your eyelids down,
Did there seem to fall
Through the silence, like a crown,
A sweet, silvery call?
Did your tears disturb your rest?
Could you hear us sob?
Would your death have seemed more blest,
Had we hushed each thro?
Is that new world fair and bright
As we used to deem?
Have you knowledge? Have you light
On each earthly theme?
Never any word comes back
Since you left this shore,
If of joy you know no lack—
Never any more.
Could we know, O friend afar!
Where your footsteps tread,
On some glorified bright star,
Crowned with peace your head;
Could you but one garland drop
From your apostle,
How our wonderings would stop,
As the fragrance fell!
Still in dreams we see thee pass
With an angelic choir,
By the storied case of glass
That is mixed with fire;
Face uplifted fair and calm,
Step sedate and slow,
Fingers holding boughs of palm
Such as angels know!
—Eleanor W. F. Bates, in Woman's Journal.

IN A PREDICAMENT.

What Came of Nell's Masquerading in Grandma's Clothes.

In an easy-chair on the broad, old-fashioned portico that extended the entire length of the rambling old farm house, sat a young girl, rocking leisurely to and fro; from the crown of her head to the tip of her dainty slipper told what she was—a city girl.
A slight noise caused her to glance carelessly over her shoulder; a change instantly swept over her face; the color left her cheeks and a look of terror crept into her eyes.
In the doorway stood the figure of an old woman dressed in a quaint brocade satin the style of forty years ago. Soft laces lay in graceful folds around her white throat; her silky brown hair was smoothed carefully beneath the dainty cap trimmed with pretty lavender ribbons; behind the large gold-rimmed spectacles a pair of dark eyes twinkled with merriment.
"Grandma Parker," gasped the girl, "is it you or your ghost?"
A peal of silvery laughter burst from the woman as she flung herself in a rustic chair. "Neither, my dear Ethel; don't you know your own sister?"
"I do now," faltered Ethel, a smile taking the place of that startled look. "What put it into your head to dress up in that style?"
"For want of better employment, I suppose. After grandma and grandma left, I felt rather lonesome, so I concluded to go to the garret and 'fix up' like I did when I was a child."
"A child, indeed. You speak as though you were as old as Methusalem!"
"I am eighteen and feel quite grown up. Well, to proceed with my story, I was up in the garret, wasn't I? The first thing I saw was a large oak chest, the one we used to play house on, so I took a peep into it to see what mysteries it contained. The first thing that met my gaze was this"—pointing to the dress she wore—"I thought I would put it on and see if I did look like grandma; everyone says I am the 'living image' of her. Then I came down to scare Dorothy, she is so superstitious and would imagine the horses had run off, or something dreadful had happened and grandma's ghost was appearing to her. But Dorothy was out, she always is if you want her. You were the only one left, so I tried the experiment on you, and from your actions I think I succeeded. This is the way you looked." And Nell leaned back in her chair, rolled her eyes around in a manner that was truly startling, and at the same time exclaimed in tragic tones: "Is it you or your ghost?"
"What a torment you are! Perhaps if you had been in my place you would have looked worse than I did. You do resemble grandma. Where are you going?" For Nell had started down the gravel path.
"Just down to the hammock," she returned carelessly.
"Eleanor Parker Cameron, you shall do no such thing!"
"Why not?" questioned Nell, coolly.
"Some one might see you and then what would they say? The country is such a dreadful place for gossip."
"We have been here three days and not a soul has come near, or a ghost either. I almost wished they would."
"Of course not," she cried, impatiently, "how can you be so stupid? I meant the neighbors."
"You should say what you mean," began Ethel, severely, then laughed in spite of herself.
"Good-by, Ethel," Nell called out.
"If you get into any trouble, don't look to me to help you out."
"Don't worry, I can take care of myself. There!" she exclaimed, as she settled herself in the hammock, "that's comfort, but what if some one should come." She turned and looked towards the house. "No," she said, firmly, "if I go back, Ethel will laugh and I never could stand that. What if anybody does see me—I don't care!"
But she did care, and glanced carefully up and down the level stretch of smooth country road.
"The coast is clear," she muttered.
"I'll stay a little while just to show Ethel I'm not a coward. In the mean time I will read, it will help to pass away the time."
Opening the dainty little blue voi-

ume she began to read. An hour passed, then another, but still she lingered, fascinated by the interesting story.
"Poor Beatrice Earl," she half-whispered, as she brushed the tears from her eyes. "The author was right when she said: 'The consequences of folly seldom end with its originator.' But how foolish I am in staying here so long. I'll go to the house at once."
Just as she was rising from the swing a pair of strong arms were thrown around her neck and a hearty kiss was planted on her red lips.
"You can't scare me, I know who you are," she said calmly, thinking it was Ethel.
"Are you sure you do?" exclaimed a tantalizing voice.
As the strange tones fell on her ears, she turned in astonishment, for there stood a tall, broad shouldered young man with laughing blue eyes and a flowing blonde mustache.
"Who—who are you, and how dared you do that?" she cried, indignantly.
"Grandma Parker, is it possible you do not remember your boy? Has ten years so changed him that you do not recognize him?"
"Ten years changes every one," Nell answered, evasively, for she saw this was some one who knew her grandmother, and resolved not to betray herself at any cost.
"Not you," he returned, warmly; "you look at least twenty years younger than you did when I left. What a lovely color you've got. Indeed I am almost in love with you myself; if Grandma Parker was dead I would marry you to-morrow—if you would let me."
"What nonsense!" she laughed. "Come to the house; my granddaughter, Ethel Cameron, is here and I wish you to meet her."
"I will on conditions. I told mother not to expect me home for tea. Will you let me stay? you always did."
"Agreed," she replied; "that is Ethel on the porch; is she not pretty?"
"Very nice looking, a regular blonde, but I prefer brown hair and rosy cheeks."
Nell smiled broadly at the very plain compliment, and thought how disgusted Ethel would be when she would tell her.
By this time they had reached the house.
"What if Ethel should tell him?" she thought. "I will risk it anyway." Stepping forward and looking her straight in the eyes, she said: "Allow me to introduce my grandchild to you; Miss Cameron, Mr.—" she stopped short, for it occurred to her that she did not know his name, and she hoped he would tell it.
In her endeavors to smother a laugh, Ethel began coughing violently.
"You must have caught a cold last night; you remember you stayed out in the damp to watch the moon."
"Why, grandma!" exclaimed the stranger, in astonishment, "you surely are mistaken, for there was no moon last night."
"You should not contradict your elders," answered Nell, severely. "I will leave Ethel to entertain you while I see Dorothy about the supper, and ignoring Ethel's appealing look, she started for the kitchen. Dorothy was nowhere to be found.
"She must be at the spring house," thought Nell, and immediately started in that direction. Just as she reached the garden gate the object of her search came up the hill with a bucket of water in one hand and a pan of eggs in the other.
"Dorothy!" she called out.
The woman looked wildly around her.
"Where are you?" she gasped.
"Here by the gate."
Dorothy gave one glance, then uttered a shriek, turned and ran down the hill. In her haste she stumbled and fell, the bucket overturned and the contents spilt all over her.
"What can be the matter?" muttered Nell, as she hastened after her. "Are you much hurt?" she asked, sympathetically.
"It's her ghost—her ghost!" she groaned.
"It is only Nell, don't you know me? I put grandma's dress on just for fun."
"Well, you do look a heap like her."
"I came to tell you there would be company here to tea."
"Law sakes, you don't say so! Help me up. We'll have to be spry or it will be late." She tried to rise, but sank back with a groan. "It's my foot," she moaned; "I must have sprained it."
"Can't you manage it some way? I will help you all I can. Here is an old broom; you can use it for a cane."
"Well, we'll try it, but gather the eggs up first."
"We will have to do without them," Nell replied, grimly, "for the majority of them played catch down the hill, and you are sitting on the remainder."
With difficulty, Dorothy reached the house, but sank in an exhausted condition on the steps.
"Bring me the arnica bottle; you will find it in the left-hand corner of the second shelf in the kitchen cupboard. It feels better already," she said, after she had given it a thorough rubbing; "but who will get the supper?"
"I can," Nell answered, briefly.
"You!" in astonishment. "Why, I didn't know city girls could work."
"Try me and see."
"I suppose I'll have to. What will you get to eat?"
"We have plenty of fruit, cold meat, and with the strawberries that will be sufficient."
"Will that be enough?" inquired Dorothy, doubtfully, for she delighted to see a table loaded down with every dainty imaginable.
"I should think so," Nell replied, indignantly. "That, with rich cream, light bread and sweet butter; what more could he ask for?"
"Oh, it's a gentleman; who is he?" her curiosity fully aroused.
"A friend of grandma's."
As Nell hurried from dining-room to kitchen, her thoughts wandered to the stranger. "Who was he and where did he come from?" were the questions that constantly filled her mind. How

bitterly she rued what she had done. Here she was playing the part of a hyperrite, and Dorothy with a sprained ankle.
"The consequences of my folly," she thought, "certainly did not end with its originator. I hope this will be the end of it."
The supper passed off pleasantly, but the evening dragged slowly by. Nell gave a sigh of relief when she saw him disappear down the lane.
"Such a nice agreeable man," remarked Ethel. "Don't you think so, Nell?"
"N—o!" she cried, bursting into a flood of tears. "I think he is horrid. He kissed me!"—sob—"and said he would marry me if grandma would die!"—sob, sob—"What will he say when he finds it out?" and the tears began to flow faster than ever.
"You are in a strange predicament, to be sure, but I will help you if I can—although I said I wouldn't—grandpa will be home on Saturday. Can you keep up your disguise that long?"
"I'll try to."
"Then everything will be all right. You had better manage to keep out of the way all you can. This is Tuesday and I suppose he won't be here more than once or twice in that time. Perhaps it will be better for both of us to drive to the station on Saturday, and if we should meet him or if he happened to be here when we come back, we will introduce you as my sister who has just arrived."
Nell sprang up and flung her arms around Ethel's neck. "What a dear you are!" she cried, impulsively. "You can think of everything."
"I hope it will turn out all right," was the doubtful answer.
Friday came and Nell breathed freer. "I can hardly wait for to-morrow to come, for then I shall be out of bondage. Do you think he will come to-day, Ethel?"
"Very likely," was the cool reply.
"If I remember rightly, he has been here every day since he came home."
"He is here now," Nell exclaimed, as the well-known figure of the stranger, as the girls called him, came up the gravel path.
An hour passed swiftly; the stranger was in the midst of an interesting story that occurred in Berlin, when the sound of carriage wheels fell upon their ears. Glancing up they saw a sight that almost made Nell's heart stop beating. She grasped the arm of her chair and with tightly closed lips watched the approach of the carriage. Now it stopped at the gate. Out sprang a hearty old gentleman, followed by a smiling old lady. Arriving, arm they came leisurely up the path until they caught sight of the occupants of the portico, then they hurried forward with outstretched hands.
"Well, well, bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Parker (for it was he), "glad to see you home again," shaking the stranger's hand; just at that moment his eyes fell on Nell. "What on earth has that child been doing, dressing up for the stage, eh?"
Instead of answering Nell fled into the house, closing the door behind her, while the astonished group looked on in silence.
Ethel came to the rescue, explained the matter as best she could, blaming Nell as little as possible.
"I hadn't any idea of this," said the stranger. "Will you introduce me, grandma?"
"Certainly," she returned. "He is Frank Meade, the son of our nearest neighbor. I knew him at once, although it's ten years since I saw him last. What, going already? Then I shall expect you to dinner to-morrow." Early the next morning Nell started for the orchard, for she felt as though she could not face Mr. Meade. Sitting beneath the friendly shade of an apple tree, she wondered if he had come yet, and what he thought of her. Looking up she saw the object of her thoughts leaning against a neighboring tree, regarding her thoughtfully. She started up, but he caught her hands in his and said he had come to talk with her.
"As well now as any time," she replied, coldly. "I suppose you have come to lecture me." Then she told him how wretched she had been and how she hated herself for the part she had played. "If I only had told you at first," she continued, "how much trouble it would have saved, but I thought I could hide my folly. But grandma will never stop teasing me, and worse than all, Dorothy has to suffer for me."
"Broken bones are easier mended than broken hearts," he returned.
"What do you mean?" she demanded.
"That I love you dearly; will you marry me?"
"You will never call me grandma or laugh at me, will you?"
"No, indeed!"
"And you didn't suspect who I was, did you?"
"No, although different things puzzled me. I thought it was because I had not seen you for so long. Come, Nell, answer my question and not keep me in suspense any longer."
"Since you seem so anxious about it, I really suppose I will have to say—yes."
When they went in to dinner Mr. Parker asked, jokingly: "How is grandma to-day?"
"If you please, sir," said Frank, "this lady has promised to be Mrs. Meade. We have decided on the 25th of August to-day."
"If you please, sir," said Frank, "this lady has promised to be Mrs. Meade. We have decided on the 25th of August to-day."
Cholly—What's the maffah, me deah fellah? Y' look all played out, y' know—stiff neck?
Dolly—Aw—er—Cholly, me barber shaved me closah on one side than on the othah, and I'm nearly—er—er—worn out tryin' to keep me head staight.—Munsey's Weekly.
Looking Ahead.
Young Man—How late do these street cars run?
Conductor—They run all night.
"I am glad to hear that."
"Got a job as night watchman?"
"No, but my girl's folks are going to move into this neighborhood."—Good News.
A New Enterprise.
"I think I'll go to the Broker's church this morning."
"What is that?"
"We get a sermon over the ticker."—Puck.

The Coming Gould.
Office Boy—Beg pardon, sir, but I was awful sorry to see the way Mrs. Jinks went for you this mornin'. It was hammer an' tongs, wasn't it?
Mr. Jinks (head of the firm)—Great makes! Is it all over town?
Office Boy—Oh, no, sir, no one knows it but me.
Mr. Jinks—Here's a dollar to go to the baseball game. Take a day off and enjoy yourself, but not a word about me and Mrs. J. you know.
Office Boy—All right, sir. You kin trust me.
Under Clerk (a few moments later)—Say, Smikese, how did you know there was a row in the old man's family this mornin'?
Office Boy—By the way he was rippin' an' rarin' round at us.—Good News
Miss De Pink's Purchase.
Miss De Pink (who wants a little innocent powder for her complexion)—Have you any—er—infant powder?
Druggist's New Boy—We are just out, Mr. Nicefello—Yes, this is the house.
New Boy—Just goin' in, ain't you?
Mr. Nicefello—Yes, my boy, I am going to make a call.
New Boy—Well, I'm in a hurry. Please give 'er this package. It's something fer her baby.—N. Y. Weekly.
Irish Puns.
Charles Lamb made some famous puns, and, according to the London Truth, his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney.
The popular journalist just mentioned was dining at the house of a friend, and by chance swallowed a bit of cork with his wine, which gave him a severe coughing fit.
"Take care, my friend," said his next neighbor, with a very brilliant attempt at a witticism; "that's not the way for cork."
"No," gasped the sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenney."
Looking Cityward.
Western Magistrate—You are charged, sir, with killing six of our oldest and most respected citizens. What have you to say?
Prisoner—They were all 'em rich old penny grabbers wot was leavin' the best buildin' sites in town lie idle, waitin' fer a higher price.
"Well?"
"Well, yer honor, I belong to the village improvement society."—N. Y. Weekly.
To Protect His Fellow-Men.
Client—Your fee is exorbitant. It didn't take you a day to do the work.
Lawyer—It is my regular fee. I am not charging you for time, but for the cost of my legal education.
Client—Well, give me a receipt for the cost of your education, so the next fellow won't have to pay for it, too.—Life.
"Upon This Hint I Spoke."
Abby (who is thirsty)—How long will we have to wait for dinner?
Hiram (who lacks decision)—About twenty minutes, I guess. Then I'll have a bottle of plain soda, and have it opened here.
She—I should like to hear some thing pop, if it's only a cork!—Life.
Seashore Love.
"That's Miss Young down there with her fiancé."
"How do you know?"
"See that half-arc of purple and yellow light swinging in the darkness? That's her new engagement ring, and she's waving her arms for us to notice it."—Judge.
Matrimonial Item.
Cynical Old Bachelor—What makes you grin like an idiot?
Young Happiness—O, I am the happiest of mortals! To-morrow I get married.
Cynical—Yes, I suppose you are the happiest man in town to-day.—Texas Sittings.
A STAMPEDE AT HILLVILLE.
Old Uncle Enoch Silsbee—Call this a hot day? Why, fren's, I r'member when— Judge.
Liberty's Limitations.
Immigrant—At last I am in free America. A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he?
Native—Y-e-s, unless he's married.—N. Y. Weekly.
Meanest Man on Record.
He—Why do you run away and leave Mr. Winkle?
She—Because he's too stingy and mean. Why, he won't even laugh at his own expense!—Life.
Woman's Way.
She—Jack, that man is staring at me dreadfully.
He—Shall I go over and thrash him?
She—No; but do tell me if I look all right.—Jury.
A Case of Heart Failure.
He—You said you loved me and promised to marry me.
She—But you know how prevalent heart failure is.—Texas Sittings.
A Different Place.
Hunker—So Fildersleeve is married. The match was made in Heaven, of course.
Bloomberg—No; in Chicago.—Judge.

REVISED VERSIONS.
"THE BEST THING OUT."
"WORKING THE GROWLER."
Teacher—James, give me the definition of occur.
James—A cur is a dirty yellow dog wot ain't got no place to go to.—Golden Days.
The Pushing Fellow.
Wool—That Hughson seems to be a pushing sort of fellow since he got married.
Van Pelt—Hadn't noticed it. What does he do?
Wool—Pushes the lawn mower half the time, and the baby carriage the other half.—Jury.
Noticed It Quiver.
Visitor—The wind seems to shake that scarecrow over there a little. I've noticed it quiver two or three times.
Mr. Suburb—That isn't a scarecrow. That's the hired man working for forty dollars a month and board.—Good News.
Consistent Criticism.
Poet—You always tell me that my poems are too long, so I have brought one of two lines only. What do you think of it?
Editor—Same as usual—it's too long.—Munsey's Weekly.
The Chief Mourner.
"She may have a temper, but she is interesting. Did she ever get over the death of her husband?"
"Yes; but her second husband is inconsolable."—Life.
No Exaggeration.
"This," said the showman, "is the largest elephant in the world. He eats eighteen bales of hay at one mouthful, an' never takes no exercise owin' to the expense of tearin' down the buildin' to get him out of it."—Judge.
The Gentle Art of Criticism.
The Portuguese have a delicate and graceful art of combining doubtful compliment with undoubted criticism without committing themselves either way.
"First, God made man," says one of their poets, "and matched that work with woman, as the tower would be unfinished without the weather-vane."—Judge.
AN UNEVEN BALANCE.
Cholly—What's the maffah, me deah fellah? Y' look all played out, y' know—stiff neck?
Dolly—Aw—er—Cholly, me barber shaved me closah on one side than on the othah, and I'm nearly—er—er—worn out tryin' to keep me head staight.—Munsey's Weekly.
Looking Ahead.
Young Man—How late do these street cars run?
Conductor—They run all night.
"I am glad to hear that."
"Got a job as night watchman?"
"No, but my girl's folks are going to move into this neighborhood."—Good News.
A New Enterprise.
"I think I'll go to the Broker's church this morning."
"What is that?"
"We get a sermon over the ticker."—Puck.

Gives Way With a Crash!
That's what happens to many a constitution worn out with unrestrained fagging at the desk, the loom or any laborious occupation representing excessive brain or physical labor. Rejuvenate when wearing out with the finest of reviving medicated stimulants, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, foremost among remedies for debility, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, kidney and bladder complaints and the infirmities of age.
"Is getting through a failure successfully?" said old Mr. Cumrox, "a good deal depends on a man's lie abilities."—Washington Star.
The gentler sex often suffer from peculiar weakness that gives them great distress. Let them not suffer. A use of Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla strengthens the female organization, and they soon grow strong and robust. It is woman's best remedy for weakness and declining health.
The short-haired woman must take her cue from somebody else when she needs one.—Galveston News.
The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 35c.
In touch with the player—the banjo.—Mail and Express.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-schee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted with this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.
J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: "I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior."
G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

DON'T

Stand over the stove broiling your own flesh, when you can broil meats to perfection in the oven of



AND RANGES.

DON'T be coaxed into buying something said to be "just as good."

Many Witnesses.

100,000 witnesses testify to the virtues of Dr. Tuttle's Pills. Wherever Chills and Fever, Bilious Discharges or Liver Affections prevail, they have proven a great blessing. Leaders, a single trial will convince you that this is no catch-penny medicine. Twenty years' test have established their merits all over the world.

Gains Fifteen Pounds.

"I have been using Tuttle's Pills for Dyspepsia, and find them the best remedy I ever tried. Up to that time everything I ate disagreed with me. I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds of solid flesh."
W. C. BARKER, T. S. Columbia, S. C.

Tuttle's Liver Pills

GIVE STRENGTH AND HARD MUSCLE.



Ely's Cream Balm

is worth \$5.00 to any Man, Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

BORE WELLS

with our famous Well Wells. The only perfect self-cleaning and fast-dropping tool in use. LOONIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio. Catalogue FREE.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

TIED.

"So tired, so tired, my heart and I!"—E. B. Browning.
 What though we're tired, my heart and I
 It matters not, there's more to come;
 We must live on, we cannot die,
 Must rise and gird our armor on.
 We must be strong, my heart and I,
 For heavy burdens weigh us down,
 They press so hard, yet they must try
 To lift the cross, who'd wear the crown.
 We must be brave, my heart and I,
 We have no time to give to tears
 For broken hopes, that ruined lie
 Along the pathway of the years.
 We must look up, my heart and I,
 Straight on, where faith and hope are seen,
 With eager step and earnest eye,
 With steady trust and steadfast mien.
 Look up, not down; look on, not back,
 And grasp the hand of faith secure,
 For "not a good thing shall be lacking"
 Who thus "through all things shall endure."
 "Tired out," you say; nay, nay, not so!
 For, "as the day, thy strength shall be,"
 And He who bids you, "Rise and go,"
 Has also said: "Come, follow me!"
 He does not ask that we should tread
 A path He has not trod before;
 Then follow, without fear or dread,
 For He will guide you, doubt no more.
 —Lucy Leggett, in Good Housekeeping.

A WINTER AT NICE.

BY E. VON OSTEN

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY HETTIE E. MILLER

Copyright, 1891, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"I knew it," said my new friend, smiling at my enthusiasm. Whilst he looked through the "journal pour rire," I examined the company and discovered in the last room a slender form, darkly habited, with its back towards us, sitting reading. Long, fair curls escaped from under the black hat. I could not take my eyes from them. It must be she, my traveling companion of yesterday; I felt as if I would give considerable to be positive. But how was that possible? The lady was sitting in the farthest room, it would be embarrassing to go in there. Perhaps she would change her place, or leave the cafe before us. So I sat there and stared at her hair; Nice seemed more interesting to me at Rumpelmeier's than at the Hotel Suisse.

"Well," said the Russian's deep, quiet voice suddenly, "what have you discovered so engrossing? You look as if you were bewitched!"

I blushed like a young girl. I had thought the man was taken up with his comic paper, and there he had been watching me for a long time from between his fingers.

"Is it Mlle. Adele who has enchanted you?" he continued, laughing; "I should not have exposed you unwarned to the fire of her pretty eyes. Indeed one has to be careful at Nice about one's lady acquaintances," he added significantly.

"You are quite right; but should one deny oneself the sight of beauty on that account?"

"Have you really discovered something so beautiful?" asked the Russian, with a bored look. "I am doubtful. Wait until we see the lady closer. I have unfortunately very sharp sight and an aversion to rouge."

"Up to this time it is only a few curls that have captivated me," said I.

"Those may be false too, as you well know the more natural they seem the less likely are they to be so. But it certainly requires some genius to obtain the appearance of nature, and it would be interesting to meet such a lady. If I am at all in the way I will go and smoke my cigar on the quay."

"I pray you do not. It is a simple matter. Yesterday I traveled with a strikingly beautiful girl and believe I have met her again." The Russian turned his head slowly.

"A pretty shade of hair," said he, "and a graceful, easy carriage; it is a pity that place was chosen so that one cannot look at her face without seeming impertinent."

"She is sitting opposite the window; how would it be if we looked in from the street?"

"Splendid! I had not thought of that!"

"Long years of experience," said he, half ironically, half sadly. We paid



A MAN PASSED BY.—IT WAS HE.

Mlle. Adele. The Russian smiled at my undisguised astonishment at the price of a frame for a cup of coffee. We sauntered past the lighted window and stopped opposite the last.

By the light of a hanging lamp, I saw indeed the familiar, handsome face, though it was much paler than formerly when it was breathed upon by the rosy morning sun.

One delicate hand supported her head, about which the golden curls fell. She was not reading, as I had thought, but stared before her meditatively. Suddenly her lips quivered and a couple of tears trickled slowly down her cheeks. I started and turned to go.

"Come," at this moment said my companion in an undertone; "that is real trouble; it needs no witness. I am ashamed to have seen it."

I had a like feeling and felt a deep compassion as well for the lovely girl. Or was she a woman? I asked myself—the wife of that dreadful person?

That would explain her tears. Just as we were standing in the full light of the cafe, a man passed us by—it was he.

"What ails you?" asked the Russian, astonished. "Did that glance from those spectacles startle you?"

"Yes; were they not dark blue glasses? I cannot be mistaken, it was undoubtedly the gentleman who accompanied the young lady in the train yesterday. Did you notice that he entered the cafe?"

"I could swear by those stars," said my companion, "that our tearful blonde beauty in these belongs to the fallen angels, who at times are said to regret their lost salvation. It is a fortunate thing that I saw that man. I was just beginning to take an interest in the girl, she looked so pretty in her misery. One can never let one's feelings get the better of one at Nice, for snakes lurk under all the flowers here."

"But," I ventured to say, "the flowers are so beautiful, perhaps one could destroy the snakes. If the girl feels unhappy in her unworthy condition, would it not be worth one's while to raise her from it?"

"For God's sake, my young friend, no such philanthropic ideas! No," he continued, solemnly, "in such cases there is no salvation. If she is lawful wife, beloved, or only an enchantress, her fate is sealed; what does it matter to us? There are many such roses broken, that might have graced the finest gardens. Ah! here is our hotel!" he said in a lighter tone, as turning a corner we saw before us the lighted windows of Hotel Suisse.

"Are you going in? Then good night! I wish to smoke another cigar by the sea!"

CHAPTER II.

My first night at Nice was one long, bitter combat with the mosquitoes, from which I emerged victorious covered with stings! No northerner can form any idea of how bloodthirsty, untiring and poisonous those insects are. The stings swell at once and burn almost unbearably. I asked the chambermaid for a mosquito net, and made my complaints to her.

"Yes, I can believe it," said she, laughing and examining my face; "the gentleman is so fair and rosy, that is what our mosquitoes here like."

"But you, my child, with your milk and blood complexion, do not seem to suffer from them."

"Ah, you know, they have already made my acquaintance. It will only be so with you at first; after awhile they will leave you in peace."

"That was some consolation!"

The sun was shining warmly, so I took a book and went into the garden to seek out a place for myself.

The lower ones were all occupied. In the grape arbor sat two charming ladies conversing earnestly.

I saw Mr. White there, too, surrounded by a whole regiment of English children, with whom he was playing.

In the most sheltered place, whence one could get a good view of the sea, sat the Russian's pale table-neighbor, a Countess Degenfeld, as I learnt from him. She was reclining wearily in her chair, propped up and surrounded by cushions and plaids. Before her sat a youthful form, simply attired and with flaxen hair. She was reading aloud in a well-modulated voice; English poetry, I believe.

I mounted a few steps higher, and found myself before my old friend of yesterday. She smiled so kindly on me as I wished her good morning that I asked permission to keep her company for a little while. "Certainly," said she, and cleared some books from the seat next her; "I was just going to ask you; you know that old folks like to talk, and I am all alone here. You came from Berlin, and can doubtless tell me how our dear emperor is—the newspapers speak of his illness, and an old Frenchman, that jaundiced creature who sits at our table, declares that he has been given up. I did not believe him, but would like to hear more from you."

I satisfied the old lady as well as I could, and we conversed awhile about our common fatherland.

"Yes," said she at last, "I should like to visit my old home once again; but I should not like to live there, that I know. Traveling has become a necessity to me, the winters are so miserable there, and I have no family ties to attract me."

"Are you quite alone, dear madame?" I asked.

"Do not call me 'madame'; it is not at all fitting. I have never been married; I am 'old Miss Rennert'; as such the Hotel Suisse has known me for years. I saw your name in the visitors' list; I once met a Baron von Aschen at Naples."

"That was without doubt my uncle, the indefatigable traveler; two years ago he made his last long journey into eternity."

"What! is he, too, dead? One by one our friends leave us, and at last we remain alone with a new generation. But I like young people and sympathize with them; one does not then feel so solitary. Just a few steps below us sits a darling girl, who is now my favorite; she is an orphan, a niece of Count Degenfeld, and his sick wife's nurse and companion. Hers is not an easy place, and she comes at times to old Miss Rennert and pours out her heart. And then there is my neighbor at table, the young Russian, who seems so blissful, but who feels so warmly; he is a splendid person at bottom, but very unhappy at all appearances. If he has cause, I know not. Youth likes occasionally to adorn itself with melancholy, and if it has no good cause it seeks one. Shall you remain here through the winter, 'baron'?"

"Yes; I came here like an obedient son, and promised my mother not to return on any account before March; if you will kindly place me amongst your host of proteges—"

"Ah! I believe you are ridiculing an old lady—you look so sincere, but are, as they say, more cunning than you appear. But wait; you shall not escape

me. I shall watch over and guard you, where it is possible, if only for your mother's sake, who, I feel certain, is an excellent woman. Have you written to her?"

"No," said I, somewhat confusedly. "Now do you see, so it is! Did I not think it? There sits the anxious mother at home, and wonders if her dear boy has arrived safely and if the journey has done him no harm, and the naughty boy—pardon, baron—the son has been here since yesterday morning, enjoying himself, thinking of his mother and golden curls, but not of his mother's gray spots? My gracious! how red you are. Have I accidentally touched a tender spot?" I laughed and defended myself as well as I could. Then I rose and said that I wanted to write home before twelve o'clock breakfast.

"That is well," said the old lady; "now I can flatter myself that I have done a good deed, for your mother will receive her letter a day earlier." She nodded to me kindly and I descended the steps. Just at a sharp angle I collided with the young lady who had been reading English poetry, and was running up the steps like a wild thing. I raised my hat and begged her pardon, smilingly. She blushed deeply, made a timid bow, almost like a school-girl, and away she ran, probably up to the old lady. She did not look unhappy, but pretty—very pretty!

At breakfast the Russian's seat was vacant, and Miss Rennert said, sadly, that he had gone to Monte Carlo, and would not return to dinner either. I took his chair and asked if he were a professional gambler, as she seemed worried about him.

"I am not troubled on account of his playing," said she. "What can it hurt him? He is wealthy and can afford to lose thousands; but I know from his own words that he only uses gambling as a means of forgetting. He has a great sorrow; and only plays when his thoughts become unbearable; that is why you see me unhappy about him. We are fast friends, although we do not converse much. We both spent last winter here; then he was sadder and more reserved than now."

I told her that we had been together yesterday. She was pleased.

"That is nice," said she; "that will do him good. He is forgetting altogether that he is still young and avoids young folks. Towards you he could fill the place of friend and mentor."

"As I am so utterly inexperienced, so to say, 'green,' said I playfully.

"Well," she said, smiling, "you can not deny that you are young; be glad of it. You have so much to anticipate; leave experience to your elders, who have often bought it dearly."

While my old friend was speaking, I saw the beautiful eyes of my pretty neighbor at table, whom I had so faithfully deserted to-day, fastened upon me with a peculiar expression. As our eyes met, she did not withdraw hers; my pulse began to quicken and the blood rushed into my face. She turned away, and soon the full, supple figure in the close-fitting jersey, passed by arm-in-arm with her prim husband. My eyes followed her to the door and I was rewarded for my perseverance. At the moment of her exit the lovely woman turned her head very naturally and I received a glance from her dark blue eyes. "Do you know that lady?" I asked my friend.

"What lady?"

"Why, the lady who sat opposite us, and just went out."

"No," she answered curtly.

"The poor young lady seems a trifle to be pitied," I continued. "Her husband is much too dull and sedate; even now, when they are probably on their wedding-tour, he would rather talk with that horrid professor than with his charming wife."

"And this charming wife! naturally seeks other amusement, and would be happy to know that you are so far gone as to pity her. I for my part," continued she, laughing scornfully, "reserve my compassion for the 'sedate husband.'"

I did not ask why, and we left the breakfast-table.

After a long walk by the sea, I pronounced the concert platz to the sound of the "Carmen March." There was such a crowd that it was difficult for me to find a seat. Everyone around me was laughing, talking or flirting. I saw the strangest sights, the most peculiar costumes! My head was whirling.

In the midst of a lively gathering, amongst which there is not one familiar face, a stranger experiences a feeling of sadness. I fell into a reverie, and suddenly the motley crowd seemed unnatural to me; each one seemed to wear a mask, to play a part; it was like a ghost's appearance in the bright sunshine, and I had an odd sensation as if the people were falling upon me because I had watched and seen through their actions. I shook off those foolish thoughts and rose. It was sunset, time for invalids to leave the square, for it was quite chilly.

My God! how much suffering there was on that small spot of earth; and at the same time how much vanity!

See that young woman, how wearily she leaned upon her husband's arm, how she was dressed in the latest, most out-of-fashion; overloaded with ornaments, her pale cheeks rouged! And that young girl in the last stage of con-

sumption, who was drawn about in a chair, had her emaciated form clothed in a light, white material, and coquetted, entirely covered with blooming roses, with her own weakness and with death, while her eyes beamed still with a deep love of life, and she listened delightedly to the measures of the latest opera.

There the young girls with an unnatural bloom on their sunken cheeks exchanged glances with the Parisian dandies who were loitering about, and made arrangements for a trip to Monte Carlo. It seemed to me as if the Reaper glided through that crowd and selected his sacrifices for the coming days.

One seldom hears of a death occurring at Nice, but here and there a well-known face disappears from amongst the throng, and in that picturesque little cemetery a new mound arises, or the train carries its sad burden to a distant northern home.

I had seen enough of the Nice bathing public! I turned again to the sea. Carriages were driving slowly about. Under a parasol, adorned with fresh violets, I beheld her of the golden curls. The carriage passed close by me. This time I caught a glimpse of the lovely face, framed in a coquettish hat, turned with a happy smile toward her vis-a-vis, an elegant young man.

Seated next the lady was our spectacle friend, who gazed indifferently at the evening sky, indifferent was he also to the flirtation of the two others. Carriage, coachman and footman all looked first-class. It was no hired coach, but a private one; that was clear.

THE INDIAN PONY.

A Wonderful Little Beast When Moving Day Comes.

The travaux pony furnishes the sole means of transportation of the Indian camp, except sometimes a dog hitched to a diminutive trancian, and weight for weight, drags on his tepee poles more than the best mule in Uncle Sam's service does on an army wagon. When camp is broken the squaws strip the tent poles of their buffalo skin coverings, and it is these poles which furnish the wheels of the Indian vehicle.

The Blackfoot makes the neatest trappings for the travaux ponies and pack saddles. The pony is fitted with a huge leather bag, heavily fringed, and gaudy with red and blue flannel strips and beads of many colors. Over this goes the pack saddle, which is not very dissimilar to the riding saddle, and has perpendicular pommel and cantle; and in the pommel is a notch to receive one end of the tepee poles, which are sometimes bound together two or three on each side, and trailing past either flank of the pony, are held in place by two pieces of wood lashed to the poles just behind his tail.

In the socket so made rides the parfleche, a sort of rawhide trunk, and this receives the camp utensils, plunder, children, sometimes an old man or woman, puppies and all the other camp impedimenta; while a squaw rides behind the pack saddle on the pony, indifferently astride or side-wise with her feet on the poles, and perhaps a youngster bestrides its neck. Thus laden, the wonderful little beast, which is rarely up to fourteen hands, plods along all day, covering unheard-of distances, and living on bunch grass, with a mouthful of water now and again.

There are apt to be several ponies to carry the plunder of the occupants of one tepee, and often one of them is loaded down with the roughest stuff, while a second may be decked with the finery and carry only one squaw; particularly if she happens to be a new purchase and a favorite of the chief. A squaw is usually about as good a horseman as her back, and rides like a saddle on bareback with as much ease as a city woman rocks in her chair. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find women in the fighting ranks and doing a man's full duty.—Col. T. A. Dodge, in Harper's Magazine.

A Popular Fallacy.

No greater humbug exists than the fetish of foreign education that possesses so many American mothers. A pretty, blonde girl, just home after ten years' sojourn in Italy, France and Germany, is bewailing her ignorance of the most commonplace matters, familiar as A B C to young women over here, says the Illustrated American. She positively asserts that, except as regards the languages and a few trivial accomplishments, it is impossible to obtain a thorough training on the continent. In England, where women's colleges flourish, it is different, but Dresden, Paris and Florence hold out superlative attractions to the conventional parent, who, scornful of American institutions, feels her duty done if foreign tutors are engaged for her sons and daughters. Few are narrow enough to depreciate the benefits of European travel, but in justice to children permit at least the groundwork of their education to be laid in their own country.

Birth of the Cable.

The sight of six horses vainly endeavoring to take a street car up one of the steep hills of San Francisco inspired in Inventor Halliday's mind the idea of the cable-car system. The hill was slippery as well as steep. One horse fell and carried down his mate. The other horses tumbled, until the six were in a struggling heap. The weight of the car dragged them down to the foot of the hill, bruising and maiming them. Mr. Halliday, looking on, was filled with compassion for the poor brutes, and he says he went to work at once on plans for a substitute for horse power. His thinking brought him to the cable system.

A Big Armature.

The most powerful "continuous current" dynamo at five hundred volts in the world is that of the electric light of the Place Clichy, Paris. The armature is a Gramme ring of about eleven feet in diameter and is mounted on a projecting star of thirty rays. The whole affair weighs about eight tons.

—Don't trifle with the barber; he is generally able to hold his own.—Elmira Gazette

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

FEMALE FARM HANDS.

They Are Numerous on Long Island and in New Jersey.

A Jamaica farmer told one of our correspondents the other day about a widow with four children living in that village who does not work regularly in the fields, but every year about this time takes her little brood of children out into the fields and earns with them \$30 or \$35 a week at piece work until the busy season is over. Most of the women farm hands, however, live in the country and are more regularly employed. They feed pigs, hoe corn, haul manure, plant, hoe and harvest potatoes and corn and make themselves generally useful. They wear coarse, strong clothing fitting to the work. They do not wear demi-trains, though it is the fashion.

There is very little fun or romance about this sort of work. When laids and lasses get together at husking bees



FEEDING THE PIGS.

"amid the rude and uncouth barns," as the Homestead Inquirer puts it, to pull the big ears out of their protecting husks there is plenty of frolicking, but the women farm laborers never notice the red ears they throw into the heap. When the pretty girls go out picking hops up in central New York, which they do by the thousands every August, there is dancing every third night, and plenty of skylarking while the big boxes are being filled. But these women look no more capable of dancing than Millet's laborer in the "Angelus."

In New Jersey the women farm laborers are quite as numerous proportionately as on Long Island, but both to west and east the women rapidly diminish as one recedes from the city.



SPREADING MANURE.

their employment is mainly confined to the truck farms where vegetables are raised for the city markets. Nor are they anywhere near so plenty about Boston or Philadelphia. There are many places in the west, however, nearly exclusively peopled by old-world nations where women regularly take hold of farming operations. Except in truck farming, for which they seem to have a special aptitude, they usually get out of it as soon as they absorb the modern American spirit. It's a great pity. Women used to rake hay and milk cows almost universally in this country as they do in others, and were probably healthier and happier for it. Staying in the house all the time is deadly in the long run.

LIVE STOCK BREVITIES.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that hogs revel in dirt and filth.

Nor so much depends upon the build as upon the care and management.

Sows with pig should be fed well in order to have the pigs mature early.

RADICAL changes of treatment or sudden changes of food often result in a disadvantage to the thrift of the hogs! Too much grain is more detrimental to breeding stock than too little. A good portion of their food should be coarse and bulky.

CONSTANT feeding of corn is almost certain to produce an excess of fat, and this tends to produce an unhealthy state of the system.

STORE up a supply of clover especially to feed the pigs during the winter, they will thrive better than if they must depend upon grain alone.

It is a good plan in building a hog-house to arrange a place to store feed and bedding overhead; in many cases it will be found quite a convenience.

If hogs are fed within twelve hours before killing, the meat is more liable to sour than if no feed is given, while, in addition, the food will be wasted.

AS SOON as the pigs are old enough they should have a feeding place to themselves, commencing with a light ration and gradually increasing as they grow older.—Farmer and Stock Breeder.

Domestic and Imported Cheese.

There is a good deal of denunciation of American products by people who do not know what a good product is. We know a man who says that he always buys imported cheese and that he would not eat American cheese. We happen to know that he does not know an American cheese from a stone in the pyramids; and we happen to know that his grocer sells him adulterated American cheese as imported cheese.

"What fools we mortals are." But we hope that no one will lose sight of the uncomfortable fact that we do import our best cheese, when we ought to make it ourselves.—Western Rural.

GOOD COMBINATION.

A Few Words About the Comparative Income from Sheep and Cows.

With ordinary care and judgment the flocks increase 125 per cent. in number, the lambs bring \$4 each and the wool \$2 a head. This gives an income of \$7 a sheep. What will sustain a cow will keep eight sheep. To equal this each cow of a dairy should produce \$56. The very best herds scarcely do this. The great majority run very far below it. But suppose all equaled this, the labor account against the cows tells in favor of the sheep. It has been questioned whether a few sheep with a dairy of cows do as well as I have been wont to report. At a farmhouse where I am staying a few days twenty cows and ten sheep are kept. The wool was sold for \$15 and 12 lambs were raised which are worth at least \$5 each now, and could be sold for that. This gives an income of \$7.50 a sheep, or \$90 for the equivalent of a cow. This far surpasses the return from the dairy, and I will venture to say, from ninety-nine hundredths of the dairies in New York state. These sheep sheared but 5 pounds of wool each and it sold for 30 cents. It is as easy to get and keep sheep that will shear 8 pounds or more, and increase their profitableness by that much.

In the five or six dairy counties of New York where I have made personal inquiries, I find the same good report of sheep. The editor of the Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal estimates the income at \$6.20 per sheep in his province, where wool averages but 19 cents. If our dairymen would sell the poorer half of their cows and invest the money in sheep, it would be wise. I am not so wedded to this idea for the money profit as for the relief it would give to the women of the household, who are now in too many instances dragging their lives out at milking, making butter and cheese and the almost continuous washing and leaning of milk and other dairy vessels. With fewer cows and more sheep, there would be more money in the farmer's pocket and more bloom on the cheek of his wife. Now all hands, male and female, have to turn out and milk, rain or shine, Sundays included. If only so many cows are kept as the "men folk" can milk, it will relieve the women in large measure, and the added sheep will increase the treasury.—H. Galen Wilson, in N. Y. Tribune.

HILLSIDE FARMING.

The Experience of a Man Who Knows How to Observe Things.

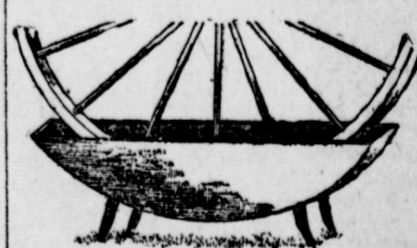
Many farmers cultivate and hoe their crops too deep. I used to think (or rather did it without thinking) that it was the proper thing to let the cultivator run just as deep as I could, and then follow with the hoe in the same way. This was a mistake, as by so doing I not only cut and tore off many of the very strongest and best roots, that were giving my crop the very life it needed, but also caused the ground to become drier, and made it heavy work for my team and men. We should cultivate and hoe our crops as shallow as possible, thus leaving the fibrous roots undisturbed to grow and nourish the plant. At the same time the thin layer of earth that we stir acts in the most perfect manner as a mulch.

To prevent hillsides from washing, first plow lengthwise with the hill and never up and down. By so doing, each furrow, to a certain degree and for a long time, acts as a sort of dam, and holds the heavy rains back from washing. Next, be sure to plant with the drills running lengthwise of hill, and you thus make your crop and its roots act as a solid turn-water. Then the constant cultivation you give the crop has a tendency to make a sort of valley between the drills, which holds the water back, whereas if your rows run up and down the hillside, each space forms a perfect water drain for the heavy showers to fill up, and the water will rush down hill, gullying out your land badly. More than this, if one will take the trouble to run several furrows with the plow lengthwise of the hill between every tenth row of plants, and will not disturb it in cultivating, he will find he has a perfect stop-water, and his hillside will be preserved from gullies and washing badly.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

TO PREVENT SHRINKAGE.

An Excellent Device for the Preservation of Wheel-Rims.

A. W. Colson, Iredeell county, N. C., sends us a sketch and description of the device illustrated herewith for oiling the felloes of a wagon wheel to prevent shrinkage. It is simply a narrow cast iron trough with a concave bottom, of any desired curve, width or length, supported on legs near each end. The trough is partly filled with oil, a small fire kindled under it, with due precau-



TROUGH FOR PRESERVING WHEEL-RIMS.

tions to prevent igniting the oil. When the oil is sufficiently heated the rim of the wheel is immersed and slowly turned around as the heated oil penetrates the wood until the entire rim is treated. The advantages claimed for this device over a rectangular trough of galvanized iron are: It requires less oil, as it conforms more nearly to the curve of the wheel; being of cast iron, it serves as a vessel in which to heat the oil, as well as to soak the felloes; it is more durable than galvanized iron, and is more costly. It is not patented.—American Agriculturist.

BUCKWHEAT and corn are fattening; wheat is best for eggs; oats come next to wheat. Rye, sun-flowers and sorghum can be used to make up a good variety. Ground bone and oyster shells help form egg shells and sand and gravel help the gizzard to grind the food.—St. Louis Republic.

Democratic County Ticket.

For County Treasurer, H. S. F. DAVIS.
For County Clerk, J. I. HEY.
For Sheriff, C. S. FORD.
For Register of Deeds, A. BANDELIN.
For County Surveyor, J. R. JEFFERY.
For Coroner, ISAAC MATTHEWS.
For County Commissioner, 2d District,

At the head of this column will be found the Democratic ticket. That it is a strong ticket is admitted by every one who knows the men thereon, and we bespeak for it a hearty support from many of our citizens besides Democrats.

Lyon county Democrats have decided to place a ticket in the field. As a consequence many Democratic voters are expressing their intention of voting the Republican ticket. The contemptuous rejection of their assistance makes it impossible for self-respecting Democrats to support the Alliance ticket, this year.—*Empire Republican*

The Democratic policy of reciprocal trade with all nations, forcing its way into practice, notwithstanding the opposition of the Republican party. The Chinese-wall policy of trade restriction received its death blow at last fall's election, and Harrison and Blaine are compelled, by force of circumstances, to assist in burying the corpse.

The Kansas State Normal at Emporia opened, Monday last week, despite the trouble regarding the interest fund for its maintenance, with a larger enrollment than has ever been reported at the beginning of a school year. It is believed that the attendance, this year, will reach 1,800—rather a pretentious figure for an institution which began business twenty-five years ago with nineteen students.

Mr. Otis, the dairyman Representative from the Fourth Kansas district, took the position in a speech over in Osage county, the other day, that the government ought to own and control all of the railroads. "Where would you get the money to buy them?" asked a man in the audience. "Money," replied the Congressman, "you don't need any money—they are yours, go and take them." Mr. Otis would, doubtless, be painfully surprised if his customers should meet him with a similar argument the next time he goes around to collect his milk bills.—*Kansas City Star*

When Alliance orators talk about Kansas starving to death, every individual potato sily winks its eye.—*State Journal*.

And every stalk of corn pricks up its ears.—*Wichita Eagle*.

And every cabbage nods its head.—*Lawrence Journal*.

And every beet gets red in the face.—*Cloy Center Times*.

And every squash crooks its neck.—*Clyde Argus*.

And every onion grows stronger.—*Clifton Review*.

And every fruit tree groans under its load.—*Minneapolis Commercial*.

And every field of wheat is shocked.—*Lewistown Times*.

And every sunflower stalks up the road.

The howl of the calamity apostles in Kansas may prove ultimately beneficial to the state by bringing out the real facts in the case. The speeches of Peffer and Simpson in the East have created much alarm regarding Kansas securities, and have caused a careful investigation to be made regarding the financial condition of the state. The result, as tending to show a steady and constant diminution in the mortgage indebtedness of the state, will have the effect of restoring confidence and of more fully familiarizing the general public with the splendid resources of the great Sunflower commonwealth. Thus the weapons which have been formed against Kansas by her pretended representatives will not prosper, though the demagogues who have used them will be held accountable for the mischief which they have aimed to accomplish.—*Kansas City Star*.

In speaking of the decision of the Democratic Judicial Conference Committee that it would be unwise and unnecessary, in view of a non-partisan convention having already been called, for the Democrats of Chase, Marion and McPherson counties to hold a strict partisan convention, the Florence Bulletin says: "This view is consistent with the action of the Democrats four years ago when they supported Judge Doster so warmly for the position he now holds. We believe it will be—the not only the duty—but the performance of the highest function of citizenship for every Democrat in the judicial district to support the nominee of this non-partisan convention, if that convention shall name a man fitted for the position of judge. No Democrat can consistently not support Judge Doster for either a legislative or judicial office since he proclaims adhesion to a doctrine that is a direct stroke at individualism under our system of government, and a doctrine that, in our judgment, is menacing to American institutions. It can not be truly said, as some say, that the Judge will administer the laws as they are, whether they are in accord with his views or not. Lawyers know that there is such a wide range of judicial discussion in all judicial matters that it is the weight of the judge's opinion is turned in one common direction in all his rulings that it becomes an important matter. Judge Doster has not complete control of himself as to be free from the influence of his peculiar views on the bench, and it would be foolish for any one to expect him to be, and the litigating public should not suffer the loss and inconvenience by having old customs of the bench, unsettled and modified by the taint of a new political doctrine.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

Pursuant to call, the Republicans of Chase county, Kansas, met in delegate convention, at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday, September 5, 1891, for the purpose of nominating a county ticket and a candidate for County Commissioner for the Second District (Falls township) and electing a County Central Committee for the ensuing year, and were called to order by Jablin Johnson, Chairman of the County Central Committee, after which the call was read by S. D. Thomas, Secretary of the Committee.

A. S. Bailey was then elected temporary Chairman, and C. H. Golden, temporary Secretary.

On motion, the following committees were then appointed and a recess taken until 1:30 o'clock, p. m.:
On Credentials—F. P. Cochran, of Falls township; J. R. Critten, of Diamond Creek; Hugh McCullough, of Cedar; Bert Brinkell, of Toledo, J. W. Byram, of Cottonwood; R. H. Chandler, of Bazaar.

On Order of Business—J. M. Rose, of Diamond Creek; A. Coleman, of Bazaar; H. P. Coo, of Toledo; H. E. Williams, of Cottonwood.

On Permanent Organization—W. G. Patten, of Bazaar; T. G. Allen, of Toledo; E. S. Green, of Cottonwood; Blackburn, of Cedar.

On Resolutions—Ed. D. Forney, of Falls; J. R. Horner, of Cottonwood; J. J. Bradbury, of Toledo; Wm. Stephenson, of Cottonwood; C. A. Sayre, of Cedar.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

On re-assembling in the afternoon, the Committee on Order of Business, through their Chairman, Judge J. M. Rose, made their report, which was adopted, and carried out as adopted.

The Committee on Permanent Organization, through their Chairman, W. G. Patten, reported in favor of making the temporary organization the permanent organization. Adopted.

The Committee on Resolutions then, through their Chairman, made the following report which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, 1. That we re-affirm our adherence to the principles of the Republican party, and heartily endorse the administration of President Harrison, and also of Governor Humphrey, of the state of Kansas.

Resolved, 2. That we are in favor of regulated immigration, of liberal pensions to old soldiers and sailors, of a sound national currency of gold, silver, and paper based upon an equal value, and of interchangeable.

Resolved, 3. That we endorse the McKinley bill.

Resolved, 4. That we most heartily endorse the policy of reciprocity which has brought us into closer relations with foreign nations and opened up better markets for the farmers products of the west.

Resolved, 5. That the Republican party of Chase county recognize the claims of the farmers as such as any other class of people, and do, with pleasure, endorse all demands for the betterment of their condition, by such legislation or action as shall not conflict with or antagonize the just rights or claims of others industries. E. D. FORNEY, Chairman.

W. Y. Morgan then read the following and moved its adoption, and it was unanimously adopted:

In view of the immense sums of money expended for the relief and maintenance of the poor of the county, amounting annually to nearly sufficient to purchase a good farm, we express our opinion that the commissioners of Chase county should seriously consider the advisability of establishing a county poor farm.

On motion of Judge J. M. Rose, J. G. Winne, of Hutchinson, a former resident of this county, was invited to address the convention while they were waiting for the Committee on Credentials to make their report, and he did so in a neat little speech filled with much humor, and in which he gave great praise to James G. Blaine, asserting that he is the greatest American statesman now living, no doubt, getting his cue from the fact that Blaine has been stealing Democratic thunder in this reciprocity business which he has, of late, been so successfully conducting, and making the rank and file of his party believe it pure and unadulterated Republicanism, when it is only another name for that kind of free trade for which the Democratic party has ever contended; and, as Mr. Winne said, it is nonsense to say that the Democratic party is an absolute free trade party; and he further said "there is no free trade country in the world." Mr. Winne scored the "calamity howlers," and said he had met an agent from the East, who had been sent to Kansas to investigate and find out the truth or falsity of the assertions with which Peffer and the other People's party speakers, from Kansas, have been flooding the East, about Kansas, and that he would go back home and tell his people that the people of Kansas had been lied on as no people had ever been lied on before; and that we would soon hear from him, through the papers.

The Committee on Credentials then, through their Chairman, F. P. Cochran, reported the names of the delegates entitled to seats in the convention. There being a contest in School District No. 46 the dispute was settled by admitting both delegations; and the report was then adopted.

F. P. Cochran then moved that the convention now proceed to ballot as read in the call. Carried.

The Chair then appointed Samuel D. Thomas and Chas. A. Sayre as tellers.

John Madden then named J. N. Simmons for County Treasurer. J. B. Davis named E. I. Baker, and Tom C. Allen named J. W. Cope. The result of the first ballot was: Simmons, 52; Baker, 63; Cope, 20; total, 135. Second ballot—Simmons, 42; Baker, 72; Cope, 22; total, 136. Mr. Baker having received a majority of the votes cast, was, on motion, declared nominated unanimously.

With Sam. D. Thomas in the chair, A. S. Bailey named J. G. Winters for Sheriff; Geo. W. Crum named Matt McDonald; F. P. Cochran named Jablin Johnson; J. M. Rose named Chas. W. Jones; W. G. Patten named F. V. Alford; and J. W. Byram named A. B. Emerson. The result of the several ballots was as follows:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Winters.....	3	3	1	1	1
McDonald.....	29	22	21	10	11
Johnson.....	33	36	32	28	...
Jones.....	16	12	8
Alford.....	39	35	30	34	39
Emerson.....	25	32	34	63	87
Totals.....	136	141	135	135	127

On the fourth ballot Jones withdrew in favor of Emerson; and on the fifth ballot McDonald and Johnson both withdrew.

On motion of Alford, the nomination of Emerson was made unanimous. Ed. D. Forney then named M. K. Harman for County Clerk, and John Madden named J. S. Stanley when immediately was heard several voices yelling: "Two terms and out!" The ballot stood: Harman, 84; Stanley, 49; and, on motion of Stanley, the nomination of Harman was made unanimous.

C. Garth then named Aaron Jones for Register of deeds, and J. C. Davis named G. W. Crum, when "two terms and out" was again heard all over the house. The ballot stood, Jones, 106; Crum, 24; and, on motion of Crum, the nomination of Jones was made unanimous.

E. D. Forney named J. R. Horner for County Surveyor, and he was nominated, by acclamation, for this office.

F. P. Cochran then named Aaron B. Watson for Coroner, and he was nominated, by acclamation, for this office.

On motion of F. P. Cochran, a recess was now taken to give the different townships an opportunity to elect Central Committees and to nominate township tickets; after which the convention never re-assembled; hence, never adjourned; and, therefore, is still in session.

COUNTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

The following are the names of the Central Committeemen selected by the township caucuses: J. J. Bradbury, C. Garth, C. W. Jones, of Toledo township; E. S. Green, Henry E. Williams, J. W. Byram, of Cottonwood; Sam. D. Thomas, W. H. Knox, Harry Collett, of Diamond Creek; Chas. D. Yeager, J. F. Johnson, F. V. Alford, of Bazaar; W. Y. Morgan, J. C. Davis, J. B. Davis, Sr., of Falls; J. F. Sanford, R. Gauze, C. A. Sayre, of Cedar.

Falls township nominated John F. Kirker for County Commissioner, Joseph Gray for Trustee, G. K. Haras for Treasurer, Ed. D. Forney for Clerk, R. Roberts and W. H. Winters for Constables.

Cedar township will hold a convention at Wensey school-house, October 10, to nominate a township ticket.

CHRISTMAS 1891.

The publishers of the *Domestic Illustrated* have in preparation the most magnificent Christmas number ever issued in Canada. Its Literary and Artistic features will stand unrivalled. It will be a purely Canadian work. Wait for it! Published by the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

Careful investigation shows that the Republican contingent of the People's party are fast returning to their first love, and the indications now are that in a little while the People's party will contain only the old union Laborites and a few deluded Democrats.—*Newton Journal*.

Education alone makes men neither moral nor religious. The remedy is to be found in the family and in the denominational school. Fathers and mothers, in the early years of childhood, must do the work of religious instruction and training.—*Florence Bulletin*.

While the Chase County Republican convention failed to say anything about prohibition, the ticket it nominated is, with one exception, composed of prohibitionists, from the office of County Treasurer to that of County Commissioner, inclusive.

Residence property for sale. Apply at this office. aug-11

PHYSICIANS.

A. M. CONAWAY.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Residence and office, a half mile north of Toledo. ly-11-4

F. JOHNSON, M. D.
CAREFUL attention to the practice of Medicine in all its branches.—Extracting teeth, etc.
OFFICE and private dispensary two doors north of Eureka House, Main St. Residence, first house south of the W. D. Gillett's.
Cottonwood Falls, - - - Kansas

PUBLISHED IN BOSTON BY A. M. THAYER & CO.

BUTLER'S BOOK
1000 PAGES,
200 ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS,
ELEGANT EDITING,
PUBLISHED IN 3 LANGUAGES,
POPULAR PRICES.

FIRST EDITION, 100,000 COPIES.
"THE ONLY AUTHENTIC WORK BY"
Gen. Benj. F. Butler.
EXCLUSIVE TERMINOLOGY AND LIBERAL TERMS GIVEN TO RELIABLE AGENTS.
Address S. F. Junkin & Co.,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
SOLE GENERAL AGENTS FOR
MISSOURI, KANSAS & COLORADO.

MARIN RIFLES
EVERYWHERE
THE MARIN FIRE ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

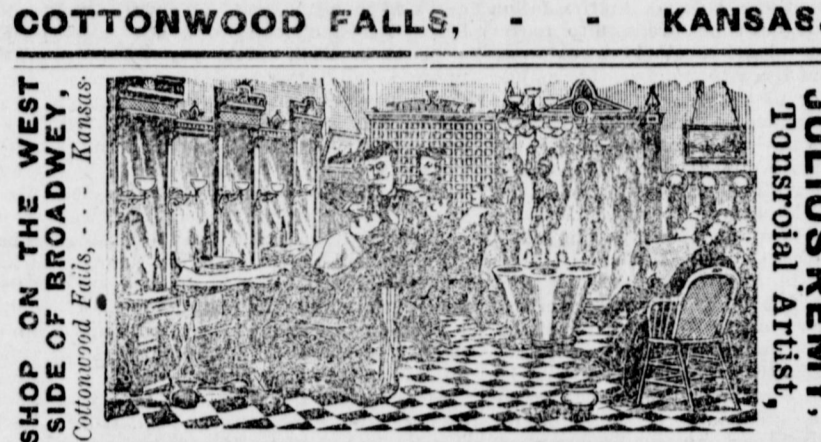
D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.
For Brain-workers and Sedentary People: Gentlemen, Ladies, Youngsters: Athletes or Invalids. A complete gymnastic. Takes up but 4 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, simple, cheap. Indorsed by 50,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 West 14th St., New York.

ROLAND ROBERTS. CHARLES H. KUDDES.
ERIE MEAT MARKET.

SCHLAUDECKER & ROBERTS, Proprietors.
All Kinds of FRESH MEAT. Cash paid for H.I.D.S.
COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - - KANSAS

W. H. HOLSINGER
DEALER IN

Hardware, Wind Mills,
Stoves, Pumps,
Tinware, Pipe,
Farm Machinery, Hose and
Fittings.
COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - - KANSAS.



JOHNSON & FIELD CO.

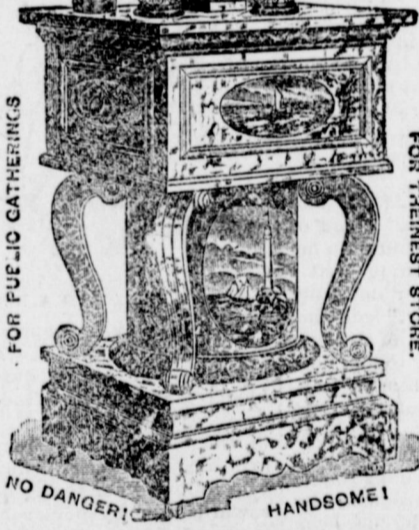
RACINE, WISCONSIN. Manufacturers of
"THE RACINE" FARM AND WAREHOUSE FANING MILLS
DUSTLESS GRAIN SEPARATORS AND LAND ROLLERS.



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 being the BEST MACHINES ever made for cleaning and separating Wheat, Barley, Oats, Corn and Seeds of every description. They do the work more thoroughly, have greater capacity, built stronger and heavier and better finished than any other Mills. In different sizes, two for Farm Use, four for Warehouse, Elevator and Mill 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 the firm.—*Editor*.

PORTABLE SODA FOUNTAINS

\$35 Complete
to Ready For
\$80. Use.



Over 26 Years in Use all Over the World.
No generators or extras. Operated by a child. Will stand by any \$4000 Gas Fountain and sell five gallons to its own.
CHAPMAN & CO.
MADISON, - - - INDIANA.

YEARS OF VARIED AND SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE

In the Use of **CURA TIVE METHODS**, that we Alone own for all Diseases and Control orders of
FREE BOOK
FOR A LIMITED TIME FREE
REAL HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our **HOME TREATMENT**, as set forth in our **WONDERFUL BOOK**, which we send sealed, post paid, FREE, for a limited time. GET IT TODAY. Remember, no one else has this method, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the **MONOPOLY** of UNWARRANTED SUCCESS. **ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to bring up any failed person of either sex, who can read and write, and who after instruction, will work industriously. Year in their own localities, to recover they lived in the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for no success! As above. Ready and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. If have already taught, and provided with employment, \$2000 number, who are making over \$2000 a year each. It's NEW and SURE. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, **E. C. ALLEN, Box 450, Augusta, Maine.**

EXCURSION

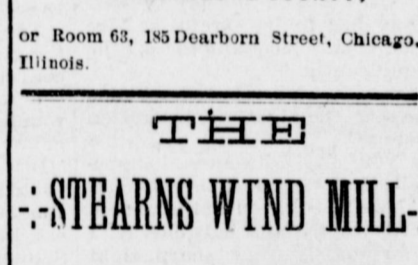
TO
LAWRENCEBURG,
TENNESSEE

ONE RATE
LAWRENCEBURG & RETURN ON
Sept. 15 & 29.

BUY TICKETS TO COLUMBIA, TENN. and pay local fare (30 miles) from that point to Lawrenceburg. Ask your ticket agent for ticket to COLUMBIA, TENN. You will then see Lawrenceburg, with the new business and industrial enterprises that have gone in since the hard times set in. If you know anything about the depression of the last twelve months, you will simply be astonished at what Lawrenceburg has done.
WRITE US, so that we can secure you accommodations. Address W. R. KING, Treasurer, and tell him what day you will come and how long you will stay. We must know in advance, because we want to prepare entertainment for all.
More room for wood and iron workers. MUST HAVE THEM.
Write for illustrated Prospectus.
We also want more men interested in our town, and to enable others to "get in" we are offering 100 lots on monthly instalments—\$50 per lot for inside lots, \$100 per lot for corners. All fine and no special choice. All equally good. But in order to get a corner lot you must buy an inside lot, too: \$10 cash, balance \$5 per month. These lots are all high and dry, and are worth three times the money. We will show them to you, if you come on the excursion. Only two-fourths of a mile from the Court house. Nearly all these lots have fine lawns trees upon them. The finest place in the world for both winter and summer resort. The healthfulness of the location will make it a great resort.
FRUIT FARMS—Some fine tracts of fruit land one-half mile from Court-house; 5 acre tracts at \$100 each—\$100 cash, balance \$10 per month. Good farms in the vicinity of Lawrenceburg.
COME DOWN AND SEE OUR
PROSPERITY!

The Lawrenceburg Land and Mineral Company,
Lawrenceburg, Tennessee,
LA WRENCEBURG COUNTY,
or Room 63, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE STEARNS WIND MILL!



The only flexible wheel Wind Mill manufactured; we have had more than 15 years' experience in the manufacture and sale of this line of goods; we build all sizes of both Fowar and Pumping Mills, Tanks, and general mill supplies. Mills are reliable and fully guaranteed.
We will give Farmers and others wholesale prices who we have no Agents.
Address
F. B. STEARNS,
RUSHVILLE, IND., U. S. A.
Mention this paper.

LEADER STOVES AND RANGES
COLLINS & BURGIE
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 COLLINS & BURGIE, CHICAGO, ILL., FOR PRICES.
THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. E. Wetmore, Bureau (10 Spring St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

GEN. WOODFORD ON THE LAND QUESTION.

Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, of Brooklyn, made a speech before the New York State Teachers' association at its recent session at Albany, on "The Labor Problem." He thus spoke of the common declaration that the interests of labor and capital are identical:

Now, I know that there is a beautiful euphemism, in which we all delight to indulge, that capital and labor are one. We are all pleased to say that the interests of capital and the interests of labor are one. It is pleasing to state and restate the golden truth that capital is best served when labor is best rewarded, and pleasing to state the corollary, that labor is happiest when in union with capital. Now all this is true, and in some millennial age I pray that the suggestion of the clergyman, and the dream of the poet, and the euphemism of the politician may all be realized. But when Lazarus, working eight or ten hours a day, with back bent, goes out on Sunday afternoon, and walking up one of our great city avenues, sees where Dives lives, it is very hard to get the poor fellow to understand practically that labor and capital are one. When he goes back to the tenement house, and up rickety stairs, and through fetid atmosphere climbs his way to where the wife and the babies are, brutalized by compulsory associations with want, or with drunkenness, or possibly with crime, uncomfortable in the heat and dirt, neither he nor wife nor babe understand how labor and capital are one!

They are one in the great sweep of God's truth. They are one in the good time coming; but to-day and now it will be Christian, it will be wise, it will be patriotic, for those of us who, thanks to fathers, thanks to Providence, or thanks to our own thrift have our own places on the capital side of this question—it will be well for us to understand that between the tenement house and Fifth avenue there is a great gulf fixed which you and I ought to try in some way to bridge over. And hence, not venturing even venturing to dream that what I suggest is exact positive truth, conscious that all thought upon this question to-day will need continuous revision, I wish, in the few moments left me, to put to you three or four simple questions. If I can get you, who are educated men and women, to begin thinking practically about these things, I shall have more than answered all the purpose I had in coming.

The general first took up the question of great corporations, and insisted on the vital necessity of compelling them "to live absolutely inside the law, with all that involves." He next took up the land question and spoke as follows:

If all wealth is produced by labor from the earth, if the land is at the basis of the state, should not the law hinder every attempt to aggregate land and transmit it in great bodies to posterity? I presume this may be a startling question to ask the conservative teachers of our public schools; but yet remember that in England to-day they have reached the point where the state has had to step in between landlord and tenant and fix the rate of rent. What would be thought in this land of ours if there was an attempt to tell the landlord what he should charge either for house, or factory, or tenement house or farm? And yet, just as certain as that sixty millions of people to-day mean one hundred millions fifty years from now; as certain as that one hundred millions fifty years from now means two hundred millions one hundred years from now; as certain as that two hundred millions one hundred years from now mean ultimately a population that will startle imagination, I tell you, my countrymen, sooner or later we have got to meet the problem that the men and women to whom God gives life shall have chance in the soil and on the dust out of which they are made! Now, do not misunderstand me. I am not going to talk any wild agrarianism. I recognize the right of a man to labor—nay, I recognize and assert the duty. I recognize the right of a man to be secured in the product of his labor, and the duty of the state to protect him.

I recognize that it is as natural for a man to seek a home of his own as for the bird to build its nest. I pity the man who doesn't want soil of his own, not owned by the state but owned by himself, as the home for wife and children. But in our dealing with land in our laws inherited from old England, are we not just reversing the way that God deals with us? What is there in which you have greater property than in your body? Nothing. Wherever you go that body is yours. You may take it upon any man's farm, and while you stand there your body is absolutely yours, and the use of the soil beneath your feet is yours. You pass, you take it with you, but when you die that which was more your property than anything else in the world, under the providence of God, molds back into dust; passes into the earth, the sky, the air. Even the attempt of the old Pharaoh to make a mummy of it and keep it forever is at the last futile, and the body, which was yours, God dissipates and scatters. Under the theory of our human government, a man who has accumulated one hundred million dollars in real estate, though he has no right to primogeniture under our American system to entail it in perpetuity to the eldest son of the eldest son, is yet permitted to pick out the preferred son. We recognize primogeniture of intellect, and the man with a hundred million of real estate can give, by his will, the whole of it to the boy who can take the best care of it and can make two hundred million out of it. And so it passes on, possibly guarded by our system against the accidents of stupidity and dissipation, which in England may, and so often do, dismember the estate. Let us protect labor, let us protect saving; but I leave this question with you: Is there not greater wisdom in the theory of the French law, which requires that when a man dies his real estate, at least, shall be divided among all children that he

leaves, so that the tendency of society shall be always to make as many land-owners as many land-holders as he. I ask you to take the question away with you. I may be wrong in the suggestion, it is not ventured with dogmatism. But with an earnest thought of what this great future is to be, I want to ask you, educated men and women, teachers, ought not the trained intelligence and educated intellect of this land to devise ways that shall not hamper industry, that shall not rob labor, that shall protect the filial and parental instinct, and yet that shall give a direction of American law in the line of distributing land, not aggregating it? It may not be a large question now; there is coming a time when it will be a tremendous question. It may make little difference to you now that great railway corporations own dukedom after dukedom as they stretch out toward the sunset. It may make little difference to you now that men coming from across the sea, where already there is the rumble of tottering thrones, have bought great estates upon our western land, beside which the great estate of Devonshire is but a county to a state; it may be little to you now, but there is coming a time when even in this fruitful land there shall be hunger for land and hunger for bread. God help the republic to build wisely now, when it has the chance and the power, so that it may not have, at terrible cost, to tear down and rebuild in the years that are to come! Careful study of the old Greek system of land laws and of the Hebrew code, with its semi-centennial year of jubilee, may and will be pregnant with suggestions to us all.

He finally discussed the subject of organized labor, and, while admitting that many strikes have been unwise and evil in their results, he insisted on the right of workmen to organize for the promotion of their own interests and asked: "What will counteract the accumulation of capital in corporations except the organization of labor on the other side? Is there any more natural remedy? If there is what is it?"

Stelzner's Grundzinsgemeinschaft. Under the title of Grundzinsgemeinschaft or community-of-ground rents, a characteristic example of word building which would delight Mark Twain, Alfred Stelzner writes a pamphlet, Berlin, 1890, to prove that the idea of land nationalization is of German origin.

Mr. Henry George has on several occasions repudiated any claim to absolute priority of ideas in the great field of land reform. He has frankly admitted that the fundamental conception of the single tax has occurred to other men at various periods of the world's history. This pamphlet, even if correct in its conclusions, is therefore welcome to every man who has the reform at heart, as an evidence that the world is beginning to appreciate the value of the single tax, if the different nationalities are already disputing as to who has a prior claim upon it.

I regret to say that I have not been able to procure the pamphlet itself; my only knowledge of it is derived from a review which appeared in the April number of the newly founded Schweizerische Rundschau, but which is sufficiently comprehensive to give one a good idea of the contents.

Stelzner maintains that the principle of common ownership of land was practically applied by primitive German law, and was only set aside by the introduction of Roman law and the growth of the Feudal system. He shows how the land passed into the hands of the sovereign and his nobles; how the free peasants became serfs thereby; and how, in modern times, in spite of the abolishing of serfdom, the mass of the people are still in a state of servitude to landlords. Stelzner then considers the present situation which has arisen against the pioneer in the movement for a physician and philanthropist, Dr. Theodor Stamm, who in 1871 issued a book entitled "The Delivery of Farming Humanity," "Stamm," says Stelzner, "considers the transformation of the private ownership of ground rent into a community ownership as the rescuing task of civilization." The pamphlet further describes the work of the "Allwobund," which, like the "Bund fur Bodenbesitzreform," carries on the propaganda of the single tax in Germany.

As Mr. George's book on "Progress and Poverty" did not, I think, appear until 1879 or 1880, Stelzner's claim of priority for Stamm must be admitted; but this, of course, in no way detracts from the merit of our great American exponent's work. It still remains true that Mr. George worked out his remedy for the social problem independently, that he presented his facts and elaborated his plan with a skill and eloquence which far surpass those of any other collaborator in the same field, and that it was his book which, bursting upon the world with irresistible force, obliged every one to pause and listen to the arguments of the single tax.

On the whole, this German pamphlet is only another sign of the universality of the hoped for land reform, and a source of encouragement to those who are laboring in the good cause in America.
W. D. McCrackan,
Boston, Mass.

But it may be said, as I have often heard it said, "We do not all want land! We can not all become farmers!" To this I reply that we do all want land, though it may be in different ways and varying degrees. Without land no human being can live; without land no human occupation can be carried on. Agriculture is not the only use of land. It is only one of many. And just as the uppermost story of the tallest building rests upon land as truly as the lowest, so is the operative as truly a user of land as is the farmer. As all wealth is in the last analysis the resultant of land and labor, so is all production in the last analysis the expenditure of labor upon land.—Social Problems.

The talk of building a ship canal across New Jersey from Philadelphia to the Atlantic ocean is again revived.

THE TARIFF AND THE FARMER.

What a Protectionist Professor Thinks on That Subject—Frank Admiration That the Tariff Hurts the Farmer—Says It Must Be "Improved"—Let Robert P. Porter Consider.

Prof. E. J. James, of the university of Pennsylvania, who enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few able teachers of political economy in this country who are advocates of the protective system, has recently made an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science on the subject of "Taxation and the Farmer."

This protectionist professor has something to say on the farming situation which does not exactly square with Robert P. Porter's extravagant and foolish claim that the farmer gets more advantage from protection than any other class. Prof. James, on the other hand, sees that the farmer is falling behind in the race for wealth and comfort. He says:

The remarkable phenomena occurring in connection with the Farmers' Alliance movement shows at once how deeply the iron has entered into the soul of the American farmer, and how thoroughly he has become aware that for some reason or other he is not keeping pace with his material, intellectual and social progress with other classes in the community.

Porter's nonsense about the farmer's great advantages over other people is effectually exploded in the following words:

As a matter of fact the wealth of the United States is flowing away from its farms into its factories and railroads; from the country into the city; from the rural into the urban districts. The policy of our railroad companies has borne hard upon the individual farmer and upon the farmer as a class. It has altered all the conditions of agriculture in many sections of the country, and in nearly all of them in a way as seriously to burden and embarrass the farmer. Our system of taxation as a whole rests most heavily upon the farmer. There is little doubt that under the method of a general property tax, now prevailing in this country, the farmer pays more than his neighbor, far more heavily taxed than the city, the farmer pays more than the merchant or the railroad owner.

There is a real and true grievance—one that will not become less by pooh-poohing it, but one which must be carefully studied by students of economics and statistics to ascertain, if possible, how far it is justified and whether it can be remedied, and if so, by what means.

Coming down to the tariff question itself this Pennsylvania protectionist professor shows that he is not blinded by the delusions which prevail among nearly all other protectionists. He goes on:

Nor is there any doubt that the financial policy of the country, using that term in the broadest sense, as including the whole system of monetary transactions, built up by the combination of governmental action and private initiative, has burdened and weighed against the farmer and the farming class, or at least that it discriminates in favor of other classes, which amounts to the same thing. Nor can it be said that the policy of the country has been managed at least directly with an eye as much to the farmer's interest as that of other classes. I am aware that in a much-quoted quotation in the Northern Farmer, the banking and currency expert says: "The banker has taken pains to study our tariffs which claim that the farmers, as a class, have had such immediate influence in fixing given rates of duty as to burden and embarrass the farmer."

Notwithstanding the immediate bright outlook for the farmer in this year's large crops and good prices, Prof. James concludes that "the American farmer is in a bad way and likely to be in a worse one."

Among the remedies he suggests are the following:

The system of taxation must be readjusted and the farmer relieved of unjust burdens. The banking and currency policy, the banking and general monetary policy of the country changed in many respects.

Pretty good for a protectionist professor.

ENGLAND'S OLD CLOTHES.

Our So-Called "American System" of Protection is an Old English Idea Now Discarded.

There never was a greater misuse of a name than to call protection the "American system." The fact is, as every intelligent man knows, that England followed this system long before it was ever introduced into the United States and abandoned it only forty or fifty years ago.

A. B. Farquhar, the great free trade manufacturer of agricultural machinery at York, Pa., has called attention to this matter in the following words:

"Fifteen thousand men starved to death in the West India islands near our coast, for want of food, but our citizens were anxious to sell them, but could not deliver an account of the custom houses, and it was at this period that Lord Sheffield opposed in the English parliament an appropriation for putting down the pirates of the Mediterranean, upon the ground that they injured American commerce more than they did British; and certain counties in the neighborhood of London petitioned parliament against the extension of the turnpike roads in the more distant counties, on the ground that this would enable other producers to compete in the markets of London, leaving them less profit."

"But the world has grown since then. Newspapers, steam and electricity have united the nations of the earth in a common brotherhood of mutual interests; but who can read the petition of these English countrymen and not be reminded that the 'American' system of protection is the same thing that was prevalent in Britain over a century ago, and that the garments we are asked to strut about in are nothing but her cast-off old clothes. How few the changes necessary to fit this petition into harangue by James G. Blaine, or a New York Tribune editorial. And when will our fellow-citizens learn no longer to vaunt as American a foible old as human folly?"

ABOUT WAGES.

How Wages Have Risen in England—Our Wages Under Protection Have Gone Down in Some Places—A Case For Protectionist Lying.

That wages in general are lower in England than in the United States is a well known fact; but it is one which gives our protectionist occasion for much downright lying. They pretend that it is the system of "British free trade" which has made wages lower in England than here; whereas the fact is that wages have not been made lower in England at all, but have constantly tended upward since England adopted her present policy.

A recent session of the Royal Com-

mission of Labor in London was devoted to an examination into the condition of labor in the cotton spinning and weaving industry. Among the many witnesses examined was Mr. Albert Simpson, of Preston, a cotton spinner, cotton manufacturer and East India merchant, who said that during the last thirty-five years the wages of cotton operatives had increased from 25 to 50 per cent., and at the same time a fall in the price of commodities had taken place.

There is doubtless much poverty among the working classes in England; but the above statement does not look as if "British free trade" had any part in causing that poverty. It is not enough for our protectionists to point out that wages in England are low; the decisive fact is that wages there are becoming higher.

But how is it with us? Wages have gone up here to some extent in thirty years, but not so much as the wages of the English cotton spinners and weavers just referred to; and in some states, where protected industries are most numerous, wages have actually gone down. Here, for example, are the wages in the chief industries of Massachusetts in 1850 and 1880, as given by Carroll D. Wright in his report for 1883 as labor commissioner for the state of Massachusetts:

	Average Weekly Wages	1850.	1880.
Boots and shoes.....	\$	11.42	9.06
Carpets.....	8.54	5.87	5.81
Clothing.....	8.26	8.81	8.81
Cottons.....	5.50	7.37	7.37
Furriers.....	11.77	9.96	9.96
Leather.....	10.01	9.63	9.63
Linens and jute.....	4.61	4.82	4.82
Paints.....	8.85	9.17	9.17
Silk.....	5.91	5.87	5.87
Worsteds.....	6.10	5.86	5.86
Average in all industries.....	\$8.00	\$7.52	\$7.52

From this table it will be seen that wages in the cotton industry rose from \$6.50 to only \$7.37 in twenty years, or only 13 per cent., against a rise of from 25 to 50 per cent. in England in thirty-five years. But this official report shows that wages in the ten leading industries of Massachusetts were actually lower by 6 per cent. in 1880 than in 1850, before high protection began.

COTTON MANUFACTURES.

A Case Showing the Falstity of the "Infant Industry" Argument—Rapid Growth of Southern Cotton Manufacture.

One of the main arguments put forth in behalf of protection is the so-called "infant industry" argument, that manufacturing enterprises cannot spring up in a new country in competition with those well established and in successful operation in older countries, unless these young enterprises are protected from such competition.

The falsity of this assertion is now being proved in our own country in a most conspicuous case, that of cotton manufacturing in the south. During the past ten years the south's cotton manufactures have more than trebled the number of spindles, showing an increase from 667,000 to 2,130,000. The gain in the number of spindles there has been very much greater than the gain in the country at large, the total number of spindles in the United States being now 15,497,302, against 10,653,435 in 1880. The rate of increase in the country at large was 45 per cent., while that for the south alone was 223 per cent.

But, the protectionist will ask, what has all this to do with the infant industry argument? Are not the cotton mills of the south protected just as much as those of the north?

From foreign competition, yes; but the competition which the cotton mills of the south have had to meet has come, not from across the ocean, but from northern mills. This is the only competition which needs to be taken account of in this case, since no cotton goods of the kinds made in the south are imported. The young cotton mills of the south have had to compete with the long-established mills of the north and with these alone; yet they have done more than held their own in the struggle. They have succeeded in wresting the spinning and weaving of coarser goods from the north almost entirely, and are now turning their attention to the production of the finer grades of goods.

And this has all been accomplished without a particle of protection against their strong northern rivals.

Thus we are proving in our own country the shallowness and falsity of the "infant industry" argument.

SMUGGLING PEARL BUTTONS.

The enormous McKinley duty on pearl buttons has given rise to efforts to evade its payment. Button forms, or buttons finished as to everything but the boring of the eyes, have been brought in under the claim that these were not buttons and could not be taxed as such. The matter, however, has been decided by the officials, and button forms must now pay the same duty as the finished buttons.

The old duty on pearl buttons was 25 per cent.; the McKinley compound duty is equal to 400 per cent. on the cheapest buttons.

With such an enormous duty the temptation to smuggle becomes very great. A trade journal warns the customs authorities to "look out for buttons masquerading in the shape of potatoes and stealing over the border in other disguises." The same authority points out how great the temptation to smuggle is, since "the article in question is so portable, and the gains from illicit entry are so large."

But how could there be any temptation to smuggle if the domestic manufacturers had carried out their promise made before the McKinley committee that "home competition will insure low prices to purchasers and consumers of our products?"

By the way, are pearl buttons such a harmful article that the very poorest American consumer must be made to pay a tax of four dollars on every dollar's worth of them used?

—The aggregate capital represented by the various "trusts" in the United States amounts to more than \$2,000,000,000, or more than two-thirds of our entire manufacturing capital.—N. Y. Merchants' Review.

BLAINE AND HARRISON.

Their Respective Standings with the Pennsylvania Platform-Makers.

The Pennsylvania republican machine conducted by Matt Quay gathered representatives of the party management at Harrisburg to name candidates for state officers and to formulate hints about the national ticket next year. President Harrison was at Bennington talking patriotic commonplaces at the base of a shaft reared to commemorate Stark's victory over a portion of Burgoyne's army. Mr. Blaine, whose vacation has been a long one, was still loitering at Bar Harbor. Each heard the news before sunset. The Pennsylvania republicans, who in 1880 were against Blaine and for a third term for Grant, all but formally declared for Blaine's nomination in 1892.

When a rich father wishes in his last testament to disinherit a particular son he does not ignore him lest the contention be made that the omission was an oversight, entitling the youth under the paternal ban to share with the other children. He cuts him off with a shilling. The Pennsylvania republicans do not forget Harrison. He is remembered. He has his shilling. The convention is careful to damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer, and without sneering teach the rest to sneer; willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike. Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike.

There is a perfunctory indorsement of the Harrison administration, mainly because Blaine and Wana-maker are part and parcel of it. But when the platform-makers reach Blaine's name the praise is no longer faint. There is effusive laudation of "one of Pennsylvania's native sons." Eulogistic epithets are on the free list. Blaine's diplomacy is superb. It has electrified the hearts of all. It has made the American eagle a proud bird, one that, like Marlborough at Blenheim, in the language of that arch-flatterer, Addison, rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm. It has opened foreign ports to our commerce, "gates heretofore barred." "These magnificent achievements justify the confidence and furnish new occasions for us now to reaffirm the loyalty and devotion of the republicans of Pennsylvania to her most distinguished son." Not the loyalty and devotion of 1880, which were decidedly lacking, but the loyalty and devotion of 1884, when Grant was not looking for a third-term nomination. Just what nation James G.'s superb diplomacy has caused to tremble in the presence of the grand old eagle, just what commercial gates heretofore barred he has opened to the products of America the Pennsylvania eulogists of the favorite son do not stop to specify; and it is imaginable that they do not particularly care. They put Blaine to the front, Harrison to the rear, and though they abstained from a formal declaration of preference the notice to Harrison is unmistakable. He may cherish hope of a renomination, but he cannot have the delegation from the second state in the union, a state that gave Harrison a plurality of eighty thousand.

Though upon taking thought the Pennsylvania convention chose to omit from its formal resolutions the direct statement that "we earnestly express the hope that the republican national convention of 1892 may place in unanimous nomination for the presidency—which nomination we feel will be followed by a triumphant election—Hon. James G. Blaine, of Pennsylvania and Maine," yet its purpose was made clear. Mr. Blaine is entered for the race. Mr. Harrison is served notice that his claim will not be regarded. When Harrison selected Blaine for the chief place in his cabinet he may have fancied that he had shelved a formidable rival. Whether there was any understanding, tacit or expressed, between these men regarding the renomination which one-term presidents usually seek is not likely to be known save by themselves. Mr. Blaine himself, a man of moods, who seems to fear each ache and shiver of advancing age as a veritable death summons, has not declared his purpose as to 1892, nor has he committed himself to any public expression favoring the renomination of Harrison. If Harrison shall find Blaine utterly selfish, ignoring wholly the restraint which a cabinet officer puts upon his political ambition when his chief is in the field, he will have learned one phase of the Blaine character of which he had sufficient warning in the man's public career. He was exalted to the speakership and abused that great trust for his personal enrichment. The officer who was false to the nation will experience no qualm of conscience, no sting of compunction in disappointing Harrison's expectation of his conduct regarding a presidential nomination. Whether or not Blaine will be a candidate will depend upon the condition of his health or the outlook as he may see it. The man who made the canvass of 1884 and lost will not lightly enter upon another trial. But it is not likely that Harrison's hopes or fears will give him a moment's uneasiness.—Chicago Times.

HARRISON QUOTES HISTORY.

A Gross Insult to the Character of the American People.

In his speech at St. Albans President Harrison quoted from another speech made at the same place forty years ago this sentence: "Trading Manchester sent two regiments to conquer a market." This, the president said, recalled to his mind the fact that "one of the great motives of resistance on the part of the colonies was the unjust trade restrictions and exactions which were imposed upon them by the mother country in order to secure the American market for the British manufacturer."

But the recalling of these things to mind does not seem to have induced in the mind of the president a perception of the folly of the mother country in wrenching trade and industry from their natural courses by arbitrary measures—a folly which cost her the richest of her colonial treasures and changed the stream of modern events.

It did not suggest to the president's mind that the arbitrary and unjust restrictions to which he referred point to the conclusive evidence that even in

the colonial days American manufacturing industries, then actually in their infancy, needed no artificial nurture or defense. Why did the mother country think it necessary to impose unjust trade restrictions and exactions in order to secure the American market for the British manufacturer? Why did she think it necessary to send two regiments, and many more with them, to conquer a market? Obviously for the reason that manufacturers were springing up in America in spite of the arbitrary restrictions and exactions imposed by the British government. There could not have been any other reason. But for the development of manufacturing in the colonies the British manufacturer would have held the American market without the intervention of the British government with its arbitrary and harsh measures in their behalf.

It is an interesting and instructive fact, which does not seem to have taught the president any more than it has taught Mr. McKinley, that in spite of the repressive measures adopted by the British government, which went so far as to declare certain colonial manufacturing concerns nuisances, the enterprise and genius of the colonists were pushing both commerce and manufactures with such energy and success as to alarm Manchester. Not only without protection of any kind, but in spite of the severest repressive measures, the American colonists were coming rapidly not only to supply their own wants, but to supply the people of other countries with manufactures, and in fact they actually exported considerable quantities of iron.

That was a century and a quarter ago, when the population of the colonies must have been less than four millions, and when the prodigious natural resources of the country were almost unknown. And yet the president and Mr. McKinley assure us that now, with an enterprising, energetic and enlightened population of sixty-four million, with resources the most varied and in many respects unsurpassed, with the best of industrial appliances and with the best means of intercommunication, natural and artificial, our industries are poor, feeble infants that would perish miserably if they were weaned from the government bottle. It is enough to say that they offer a gross insult to the American character.—Chicago Herald.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

Enterprising Men of the Day Joining the Democracy.

It used to be the brag of republican enthusiasts that in those sections of the west where railroad and telegraph lines had penetrated and men were intelligent and the community felt the impulse of modern progress, the democratic party was in the vantage. This boast is no longer tenable. The mountain region of eastern Kansas, for instance, that in the days of its exclusion from the influences of civilization used to vote the straight republican ticket, signals its opening of communications with the outer world by electing democratic candidates. The change is an indication of the spirit that pervades the whole country, and that is as marked in centers of culture and refinement, like Massachusetts or elsewhere. The truth is that the brainy, thoughtful and observing young men of the present day are joining the ranks of democracy. They are tired of the dried bones and worn out theories of the republican platforms and naturally ally themselves with a party that sympathizes with the political needs and aims to secure the prosperity of the masses.—Brooklyn Eagle.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

—If the billion congress had been as "prudent" as Secretary Foster, how comfortable Uncle Sam would be feeling just now.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Plain, everyday folks," Senator Carlisle's phrase to describe the mass of democratic voters, will take its place at once in the political vocabulary.—Albany Argus.

—The Pennsylvania republicans indorse Mr. Harrison, view Mr. Wana-maker with satisfaction and nominate Mr. Blaine for president. Meanwhile Mr. Quay, who ignores himself in his resolutions, is quietly fixing his claws on the next senatorial term.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—Drawing a government pension always promotes longevity. In the natural order of things death should reduce the number of pensioners on the rolls of the pension bureau. Instead of that they are constantly increasing, and about all of the old soldiers bid fair to live even longer than the veteran sailor.—Chicago Herald.

—Mr. Harrison is working the European famine very hard in the interests of his renomination boom. But it comes too late to do anything except to demonstrate that nothing short of a famine in Europe will overcome the McKinley-Harrison anti-trade policy sufficiently to move out our breadstuff surplus at good prices.—St. Louis Republic.

—The worst thing that has been said of Mr. Harrison in a long time was the statement in one of his peculiar organs that "the president has more of Mr. Wana-maker's spirit than that of any other member of the cabinet. It is quite evident that not circumstances merely but the president's personal preference brings this about." It is not strange that the Blaine boom is booming.—N. Y. World.

—The prudent friends of Thomas B. Reed will regret that gentleman's recent utterances on the question of reciprocity. He is reported as saying that arrangements of this sort are "attempts to carry on commerce by diplomacy," and to have added that "the commercial world can only do business on great commercial principles, not on correspondence between state departments." The sneering reference to a scheme which he himself supported is an imputation on his party loyalty, and the ignorance which it displays is a reflection upon his knowledge and resources as a statesman.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.).

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Old Horse Cars at Last Supplanted by Cable Trains.

Incidents Connected with Changing the Antiquated Lines Into Modern, Well-Equipped Plants—Cabling Around the Capitol—The Bad Boy.

(Special Washington Letter.) People who complain live in our neighborhood and also in your neighborhood. Why they complain and why nothing suits them I cannot imagine nor can you tell. We simply know that they are here, there and everywhere.

Pennsylvania avenue, the most beautiful street in the world, for its width, grade, pavement and approaches, either from the capital or white house, the handsomest parade ground for military and civil displays, is all torn up and decorated with a systematized mass of debris. Numerous citizens have entered complaint, verbally and by letter, some of them declaring that they will bring suit for damages against the district government for permitting the streets to be in such a condition.

Congress passed a law requiring the street car lines between the navy yard and Georgetown to discontinue the services of their horses by January 1, 1892, and to substitute either cable or electric power. The avenue line is engaged in putting down a cable track, and that is what has developed our people with the torpid livers, who complain of the condition of the street. They see before them a thousand workmen, each of them earning \$1.25 per day, but they are not gratified with the prosperity of a city which can afford to employ so much labor in one enterprise. They do not understand that those laborers are earning money which will give food to nearly five thousand people every morning, noon and night. They see nothing of the contentment in the faces of the wives, mothers and children of those laborers while the husband and father has something to do. They have little, if any, appreciation of the improvement of the city which is going on. They live in the present, from day to day, and have no care for the future of the city, nor for the well-being of posterity. They are relics of the days of Boss Shepherd, when every old fossil in Washington declared that Shepherd would ruin them with his expensive improvements; but he made them all rich.

It has been many years since this city has witnessed such a transformation, such a change of dress, such a brightening up. Business is always brisk where there is work to do by working people. Three weeks ago the picks and spades of the workmen were commencing to tickle the streets of Georgetown, removing the stone pavements and digging up the earth. Within a week Rock creek was spanned by the cable people, and then several gangs of workmen were employed at intervals of three squares. They worked night and day, and have already covered nearly two miles of their line, completing their work as they have gone along. The tracks are completed clear down past the white house, treasury, department of justice, and the state, war and navy department buildings. They are now at work between the treasury and the capital, along the business part of the avenue, and here it is that the most aggravated complainants reside and do business. They have discovered that trenches cannot be made, tracks laid, concrete filled in and traffic continued at the same time, without more or less noise and considerable dust and dirt. With temporary tracks laid alongside the curbstones, the horses trudge along close to the doors of the houses, trample sand and gravel into powder, and the fine dust penetrates every crevice. It would not be complained of anywhere else than in this city; for this place is an exception to all other aggregations of people, in that we never have either dust or mud to trouble us. Consequently, when improvements are made which bring those objectionable things, which are of the earth, earthy, it is so disagreeable, because unusual, that it is unwelcome. Nevertheless, the work goes right on, and rapidly, too.

It is interesting at night to stand at the Peace monument, at the foot of Capitol hill and look up the avenue. To-

groes work away, and their voices echo and reecho, some of them sounding dolefully like voices from the tombs, as they dig away beneath the ground. The laying of the conduit and surrounding it with the rails and grip grooves, cause a clinking and clatter peculiar to iron; and those Tubal-Cains toil by night so that the clatter and clink, with the laughter and song, produce an awful chorus, the like of which words cannot describe.

Now they are curving around the base of the hill on which the stately capitol sits. Here are several bends in the road, along the botanical gardens, the Peace monument, the Garfield statue, and the steep ascent of B street, which tax the skill and science of the civil engineers. They have already crossed the Tiber, but it was exceedingly difficult. Let me stop right here and tell you about the Tiber.

In the early days, when L'Enfant was planning his capital city of the new republic, he marked "Tiber creek," along an irregular line which represented a brook of changeable size and aquatic



THE BAD BOY'S TRICK.

volume. It ran through the hills and dales, the wooded wilderness immediately west of the capitol, from the vicinity of the soldiers' home, five miles to the Potomac and was fed by numerous crystal springs. When it reached what is now the crossing of Pennsylvania avenue, at Second street west, it was almost a river. In rainy seasons the Tiber overflowed its banks, an angry food, similar to that old Tiber of Rome, into which Great Caesar and Cassius once plunged for a swim; when the master spirit of his age well-nigh dissolved, by drowning beneath its billows. Well, as a city grew upon this ground and Pennsylvania avenue became the principal thoroughfare between the executive and legislative houses, Tiber was bridged. But, when Shepherd built a real city, he encompassed Tiber with an arch of brick and cement, and converted it into a sewer. The top of the arch is but one foot under ground, and right through that space the cable line must run. The engineers have removed the arch, with great difficulty, and substituted iron plates for the masonry, so that the work goes right along, and Tiber is again inclosed, probably forever.

The cable work is progressing out on Capitol hill, and within another fortnight it will be completed to the navy yard. At present the horses are drawing the cars all the way from Georgetown to the treasury upon the cable tracks, which have been completed. The temporary sidetracks have been removed and the people are delighted with the improvement. There is no more jolting nor jumping the tracks, nor any of the thousand inconveniences which appertain to a badly-ballasted surface road. But it will be a long time before the cables are running. The large square was selected for the power house where formerly was the stable whence John Wilkes Booth hired his horse upon that awful night of which I recently wrote you. The ground is fully twenty feet higher than at the end of the avenue where Tiber is crossed, and yet it is almost impossible to secure a good foundation for the eight-story building which has been planned. Little pony engines are puffing away day and night, working pile drivers. They are driving great, long telegraph poles from twenty to fifty feet down into the soft earth and thus seeking to make a safe foundation for the tremendous weight of the building which is to be used as a power house and a home for many families of employes of the road.

Everybody does not complain of the dust, noise and other inconveniences attending this great work. The small boy at the national capital appreciates a good thing when he sees it, just as well as does the small boy in your own neighborhood. They play in the mud, slide in the sand, tear their clothes, stab their toes and throw clods at the dudes in the passing open cars. One of them filled a hard-shell crab with sand and laid it on the dashboard of a car. He had his reward in a minute. A natty fellow boarded the car and stepped on the shell with his tight-fitting patent leather boot. As it was crunched under him he cried in terror, not knowing whether the car was breaking down or his boots were splitting, while the youngster screamed with ghoulish glee and chuckled in his joy. SMITH D. FRY.

Cure for Round Shoulders. Round shoulders are almost unavoidably accompanied by weak lungs, but may be cured by the simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes, in a perpendicular position, several times daily. Take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity, muscularly, the chin well drawn in. Slowly rise up on the balls of the feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; come again into standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this exercise first on one foot and then on the other.

FASHION LETTER.

Early Autumn Costumes—Bonnets and Hats—Dancing Toilettes, Etc. [Special New York Correspondence.]

The early mornings and evenings are cool and misty, and we find a demi-season costume most useful at this time. The leading textiles that appear in tailor gowns for this purpose are chevots, ladies' cloth, rough-surfaced camel's hair fabrics and light weight Harris homespun. A pretty early autumn costume is of biscuit-colored cloth with brown velvet applique embroidery, edged with brown and gold braid. The front breadth is edged with the velvet. There is a vest of the brown, and the collar and cuffs are of the same. An Argyll coat, long in the skirt and fitting tightly to the figure, is worn with this costume. Gowns for autumn are as abundantly trimmed as those worn during the summer season; but there are fewer changes in garnitures than in materials, which must, of course, show the changes necessitated by the season's temperature.

Among the very expensive Parisian dress garnitures jeweled effects are much favored. Parisian designs in tinsel passementerie obtain also, and are used to brighten the effect of a somber dress fabrics. A pretty visiting toilette for autumn wear is of fawn-colored Scotch cashmere, made up with fawn and blue corduroy velvet. The border of the under petticoat is of the velvet goods, over which the upper skirt-forms deep rounded Van Dykes. The bodice, without waist, is made with basques that are upturned in sling fashion, showing the corduroy underlining. The side forms at the back are of the corduroy, forming banner-basques. The back is in one piece with the semi train. The full sleeves and turned-down collar are of the corduroy. Epaulettes of cashmere and corduroy give a pretty finish to the very stylish costume.

Bonnets and hats, according to the latest intelligence from Paris, exhibit a decided tendency towards diminutive sizes. The most fashionable bonnets are composed entirely of flowers, or trimmed in Greek style. So lovely bonnets have a trimming of flowers in front, and a small cluster of feathers in the back. Velvet hats and bonnets will be popular for autumn wear, and are almost universally becoming. The decoration upon autumn hats is raised considerably at the back, or adjusted moderately in front, as the case may be, and the quantity of trimming has in no wise diminished. Feathers and flowers, ribbons, tinsel, jet and nail-head shapes are as popular as ever.

Autumn dancing toilettes of the beautiful ribbon striped crepe, over China silk slips, have belted round waists, and at the neck a frill of very rich lace sewed in the V opening and then caught down outside upon the bodice or otherwise; there are delicious folds of soft crepe lisse around the opening in Regamie style. Other gowns have lovely Vandeked insertions on the skirt and bodice, those on the skirt often reaching half its length. Russet-colored English cloth venetian jackets are worn with pretty blouse waists of tomato-red silk, the waists laid in fine plaits and fastened with gold and russet buttons. There is a silk embroidery at the edge of the cloth jacket, and one model is embroidered in gold, dark brown and pale russet in vine embroidery; the other, in tiny palms in which a great deal of red the shade of the silk blouse appears. A reseda cloth jacket shows a rose-colored Toreador vest, which has a full front and is finished with a reseda velvet girdle. A pretty jacket of dove gray velvet is lined with gray bengaline, and the vest of white is covered with a delicate silver braidwork.

Walking dresses for children and very young girls are made very much of corduroy woolsens in light colors, also woolen crapes in plain colors and in patterns. Waists are very long and so are skirts. Jacket bodies with long waisteats are made in various styles, all very becoming to slim figures. Two or three kinds of flowers appear on one hat. Accordion plaitings seem likely to be fashionable again. Surah silk of thick quality and broadly twilled is now in great favor for bathing suits.

Fashions are in one of those transition periods when it is difficult to define what is worn, and to predict what will be worn in future.

There is a vest of the brown, and the collar and cuffs are of the same. An Argyll coat, long in the skirt and fitting tightly to the figure, is worn with this costume. Gowns for autumn are as abundantly trimmed as those worn during the summer season; but there are fewer changes in garnitures than in materials, which must, of course, show the changes necessitated by the season's temperature. Among the very expensive Parisian dress garnitures jeweled effects are much favored. Parisian designs in tinsel passementerie obtain also, and are used to brighten the effect of a somber dress fabrics. A pretty visiting toilette for autumn wear is of fawn-colored Scotch cashmere, made up with fawn and blue corduroy velvet. The border of the under petticoat is of the velvet goods, over which the upper skirt-forms deep rounded Van Dykes. The bodice, without waist, is made with basques that are upturned in sling fashion, showing the corduroy underlining. The side forms at the back are of the corduroy, forming banner-basques. The back is in one piece with the semi train. The full sleeves and turned-down collar are of the corduroy. Epaulettes of cashmere and corduroy give a pretty finish to the very stylish costume.

TOBACCO "SPONGERS."

How Some Chewers Work Their Cheek For a Free "Quid."

"A plug of — tobacco," said a young man the other evening, as he walked into a cigar store and laid down a dime. A reporter was standing near the counter and overheard the call, which was for a certain brand. Knowing that the customer was employed in one of the large factories in the city, having met him while at work, he expressed surprise that he should have to buy his tobacco. "Well," replied the tobacco employe, "I oughtn't to have to buy any as the men working in my department are expected to take what they want for their daily use. They don't have instructions to do so, but no objection is made when they do. But, would you believe it, lots and lots of times I get up in the morning without a chew in my pocket, and often, as to-night, I have to go out and buy a plug after supper. Here's how it is: I come out of the factory, and before I get half a square away I hear something like this: "Hello, Charlie; got any tobacco?" "I don't like to be mean, and although I only know the fellow as one who 'sponges' all the chewing tobacco he can, I hand out my plug; others of the men do the same thing, and when that fellow gets through he probably has a day's supply. Well, I don't go far until another 'sponge' stops me, and this goes on until, when I have run the gauntlet, I must turn to and buy tobacco for my own use. I'm just about getting tired of the 'sponge,' and I think we'll inaugurate a boycott on him. If he were an acquaintance it would be different, or if he were hard up for a chew it would be excusable, but I have known lots of cases where the 'sponger' had a plug in his pocket when he came up to me. "There is no excuse for us to have to buy tobacco at any time. In my department we can always lay in a day's supply. Then in all departments we are given a pound of finished plug a week. This goes to the foremen of the various departments for distribution, and for this the company must tear up revenue stamps to cover the weight. Even this pound should run a man if he were not 'sponged' upon."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Technically Correct. Miss Trainwell—What do you consider the best exercise for the muscles, Mr. Diddle? Diddle (lazily)—Opening clams.—Judge.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with market prices for Kansas City, Sept. 8. Columns include item (CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc.) and price per unit.

Table with market prices for Chicago, Sept. 8. Columns include item (CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc.) and price per unit.

Table with market prices for New York, Sept. 8. Columns include item (CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc.) and price per unit.

A ringing noise in the ears, headache, deafness, eyes weak; obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, bloody and putrid; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Not all of these symptoms at once. Probably only a few of them.

That's the Catarrh. A medicine that by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties has cured the most hopeless cases. One that will cure you, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing. A medicine that doesn't simply palliate for a time, but produces perfect and permanent cures.

That's Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. A cash payment of \$500, not by you, as you might expect, but by you, if you can't be cured. It's an offer that's made in good faith, to prove their medicine, by responsible men, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy.

That's the kind of medicine to try. Doesn't it seem so?

"Maly B."

The queer ideas the Chinese have of religion are illustrated by a story which comes from San Francisco: "Miss Mary B. was a very devout Christian. The family had in their service a Chinaman to whom they were very much attached. It was Miss Mary's pet idea to convert this Chinaman, but for a long while the Celestial was obdurate. Finally he repented, and at the earnest solicitation of Miss Mary he consented to undergo christening. Then a new difficulty arose. He said his name from henceforth should be 'Mary B.' and he would not be christened under any other name. 'But,' pleaded Miss Mary, 'John, that is a girl's name. Why not take John?' 'Mee no wantee John. Mee Mary B. or mee no Christian.' Miss Mary was at a loss what to do, but finally she had to give a reluctant consent, and her Chinese servant was christened 'Maly B.'—Chicago Times.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word? There is a 3 inch 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. Harter Medicine Co.' This house places a "Crescent" 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.

A GENTLEMAN, who had just returned from his annual sea side holiday, declares that several mornings in succession, as he took a stroll upon the beach, he saw the sea bathing.—Judge.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

"CAN I see Mr. X— this morning?" "Mr. X— went to a blowout last night and is not yet presentable." "Indeed; what kind of a blowout?" "Gas."—Buffalo Express.

MANY mothers would willingly pay a dollar a box for Bull's Worm Destroyers if they could not get them for 25 cents. They are always safe and always sure.

"How ever did you get her to change her mind after she rejected you once?" "I just used a little mild purse-weigh-sion!"—Boston News.

EVERY trace of salt rheum is obliterated by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

There is a native savagery in every breast that loves to sit in the dry itself and watch those who are caught out in the rain.—Ram's Horn.

Don't wait until you are sick before trying Carter's Little Liver Pills, but get a vial at once. You can't take them without benefit.

"I UNDERSTAND Jake Simpson struck his mother." "Yes." "The cruel scoundrel. What did he strike her for?" "Ten dollars."—N. Y. Herald.

THE wash of the ocean, of which we hear so much, is probably done on the seaboard, though one need not expect to see it when crossing the line.—Baltimore American.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil. Text: WITHOUT AN EQUAL. CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY.

Advertisement for The Kansas City Medical & Surgical Sanitarium. Text: THE KANSAS CITY MEDICAL & SURGICAL SANITARIUM For the Treatment of all Chronic and Surgical Diseases.

Advertisement for Dr. C. M. Coe's Remedy for Catarrh. Text: DR. C. M. COE'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

Advertisement for Dr. Harter's Little Liver Pills. Text: DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN. Sure cure for SICK HEADACHE, impaired digestion, constipation, torpid bowels, etc.

Advertisement for Dr. Harter's Hay-Fever Remedy. Text: NO CHANGE OF CLIMATE NEEDED. WE WILL SEND YOU TESTIMONY FROM PEOPLE WHO LIVE NEAR YOU. CURED STAY CURED. P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.



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 for 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.

Advertisement for Dress Makers. Text: DRESS MAKERS. FIND THE Latest Styles. L'Art De La Mode. ALL THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Advertisement for a Telegraph Operator's Work is Pleasant. Text: A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S WORK IS PLEASANT! Pays good money and leads to the highest positions.

Advertisement for Tower's Improved Slicker. Text: Tower's Improved SLICKER. Watch Out! Soft Woolen Collar. REAL ESTATE MEN OF EXPERIENCE KNOW THAT they cannot sell land without accurately engraved maps and maps of the tracts they are handling.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

ALLEGED SWINDLE.

Hutchinson, Kan., Much Excited Over a Bogus Railroad.

PROMOTERS RAISE MUCH MONEY.

A Few Miles Built and Mortgaged and the Bubble Divided—Strange Case of Poisoning—The Dalton Boys Hold Up a Detective.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Sept. 8.—In 1889 a party of railroad men, chiefly from Chicago, set on foot the project of building a railroad south from this city, and it was chartered as the McPherson, Texas & Gulf railroad. McPherson county subscribed to the stock \$92,000, and issued county bonds for that amount, the city of Hutchinson donated \$20,000 for terminals, etc., and White township, in Kingman county, subscribed \$10,000, and the city of Kingman \$20,000 for terminal facilities. The company built thirty-two miles of road from this city to Kingman and mortgaged it for \$12,500 per mile, which mortgaged bonds were hypothecated to the Union Pacific road for 75 per cent of their face value, netting the company \$300,000 in cash. From the bonds issued \$142,000 was realized, a total of \$442,000. The construction of the road, so it is charged, cost not to exceed \$7,700 per mile, or a total value of \$244,500, showing a balance on hand of \$197,500. Other estimates place the cost of the road at \$8,000, which would show a balance of \$350,000.

Yesterday the commissioners of this county swore out warrants for the arrest of E. E. Wise, treasurer of the road, and H. A. Christie, of Chicago, its president, charging them with the embezzlement of the \$250,000, which should be on hand, but it is not. Wise being in town was immediately placed under arrest. Christie is supposed to be in Chicago, and a requisition will be made upon the governor of Illinois for his delivery to the courts of this state.

The excitement in this city is intense and some of the best legal talent of this state has been retained to assist the prosecution. Wise's preliminary examination has been set for to-day and bail placed at \$15,000.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR IN NEBRASKA.

HARTINGTON, Neb., Sept. 8.—Andrew Olsen, a well known farmer living east of this place, died last evening from the effects of a dose of poison taken in a drink of alcohol. Martin Knutson, a neighbor of the dead man, lies at the point of death, and Hans Schager, another friend, is recovering from a milder dose than the others received.

Dennis O'Flaherty, a wealthy ranch owner, who has hitherto borne an excellent reputation, is a prisoner, charged with murder.

Last week O'Flaherty, while returning to his ranch east of Hartington after a day's business in the city, met three neighbors, and after a brief friendly conversation, drew a flask from his pocket and invited the men to take a drink.

From this point the story of the affair varies. O'Flaherty says he had two bottles, one containing alcohol and the other poison. The men who drank say he had but one flask. They say that the liquor was of a milky hue and it was remarked that it was not as clear as alcohol should be.

A BRUSH WITH THE DALTONS.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Sept. 8.—A special messenger from the Sac and Fox agency, sixty miles east here, arrived here last night and reported to the Wells-Fargo express company that their special agent, F. Q. Dodge, who was sent out to look after the Dalton boys, was held up Sunday night and that his horse was shot, but Dodge only slightly wounded. Dodge in his report to the company says: "I and posse will follow them immediately."

FORMALLY RECOGNIZED.

Minister Egan Instructed to Recognize the Junta Government.

SANTIAGO, Sept. 8.—The provisional government of the republic of Chile will be formally recognized by the government of the United States to-day. Minister Patrick Egan has received a cable dispatch from the state department at Washington instructing him to treat the Junta de Gobierno as the government de facto of the country.

Information to this effect was unofficially conveyed to Senor Jorge Montt, president of the junta soon after the receipt of the cable dispatch. Minister Egan will be cordially received by the junta for the news he brings if for nothing else. Members of the provisional government were much pleased at the receipt of this information, though they were not greatly surprised. They felt that as soon as the United States understood the situation here, that order had been restored throughout the country, and that the authority of the junta was universally recognized. Mr. Egan would receive the instructions which came to him yesterday.

It is the opinion here that Senor Pedro Montt, who is now in Washington as the representative of the junta, will be regularly accredited minister from Chile to the United States as soon as the matter can be reached. This, it is thought, will not be many days.

Keystone Bank Clerks Under Arrest.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8.—Charles R. Ege and E. L. Maguire, formerly individual ledger clerks in the Keystone bank, have been arrested on the charge of making false entries and false statements to deceive the bank examiner.

Henry Brownson, who located all the stations for the Union Pacific west of Fremont, and was the first general freight agent of the road, died at his home in Omaha, Neb., of paralysis.

A GOOD SHOWING.

Dun's Weekly Review of the Business Situation Decidedly Encouraging—An Enormous Wheat Crop—The Great Industries Doing Well.

New York, Sept. 5.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

The wheat crop is out of danger and is enormous—undoubtedly the largest ever grown—and moving with unusual rapidity. The corn crop has been saved and is very large in most of the surplus producing states and even within the range of recent frosts appears to have been in part beyond injury. The monetary situation is also decidedly clearer and more favorable. Foreign needs appear less urgent and the danger of successful resistance to American demands for gold is diminishing.

The removal of the German prohibition of American pork imports promises a largely increased demand for important products and a considerable addition to merchandise exports for the year. Exports from New York in five weeks exceeded last year's nearly 81 per cent, and while imports increased largely the balance of trade turned decidedly in favor of the United States. The injury to cotton may also hasten exports of that product, which foreign operators knowing the large stocks in Europe might not have sought early had the American crop been full.

The great industries are doing well, though strikes of importance are threatened in the cotton mills at Fall River and the window glass works at the west. Distinct improvement is seen in the demand for iron and its products, though prices are unchanged, and also in coal, while minor metals are firm. The trade in dry goods is fairly large, particularly in all wool cassimere and dress goods.

The reports from other cities express increased confidence and show some actual gain in the volume of trade. Steady improvement is seen in Boston. At Philadelphia improvement is seen in iron and coal, steady buying of wool by manufacturers, especially of worsteds, and fair trade in tobacco and chemicals, but collections are generally dull.

At most southern points money is also easier and at New Orleans in ample supply for legitimate needs. At the west no complaints of stringency are noted, though money is firmer at Chicago.

Operations in speculative markets have been more active and wheat has declined 1/2 cents on sales of 48,000,000 bushels on account of enormous receipts at the west which have been at the rate of 1,350,000 bushels daily for the week thus far. Exports for the current week have been about ten times those of last year, though the movement of flour does not correspondingly increase.

A WAR SCARE.

Great Britain Keeping a Close Watch on Approaching Complications in Russia and Turkey—France Will Support Russia—Landing Troops on the Austria Frontier.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The semi-official statement which the ports issued in regard to the agreement with Russia, touching the passing of the Russian volunteer fleet through the Dardanelles is quickening the British foreign office in its efforts to obtain concerted action on the part of the treaty powers in demanding explanations from the ports.

Within two days Lord Salisbury's attitude appears to have changed from one of indifference into one of keen diplomatic activity. From Chateaux Ceil, where he still abides, he has waded up the officials of the foreign department here, through whom night and day cipher dispatches pass in a stream to and from the European capitals.

A high official of the department who was recently of the opinion that the Moscow incident would not affect the existing relations between Great Britain and Turkey, now takes a view that the Russo-Turkish agreement will make necessary an early demonstration on the part of Great Britain, even if she has to act alone.

RUSSIAN PREPARATIONS.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—A Vienna dispatch says that the Russian frontier near the Russo-Austrian frontier are thronged with soldiers. The frontier guards, who used to be merely gendarmes to prevent smuggling, have given place to whole regiments permanently quartered at every available point and ready to act as a strong advance guard in pouring into the Austrian empire in the event of war.

Observations towers are being built close to the frontier and residents are also planning the erection of three or four large forts to form bases for an invading army.

The Russians are also constructing pontoons at Rani that can be used in crossing the Danube. Some of the pontoons are ninety-six feet long and eighteen feet wide and others 150 feet long. They are forwarded as rapidly as possible to the various places where pontoons might be required.

To Stimulate Gold Imports.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—J. G. Cannon, vice-president of the Fourth National bank, confirmed the report that that bank had decided to emulate the example set by European bankers last fall and lend money without interest to importers of gold while the gold is in transit. "Our determination to do this," said Mr. Cannon, "is due to a desire to accelerate the movement of gold this way. The European bankers found last fall that the imports of gold by their customers was stimulated by the plan mentioned and we have decided to get some of the gold back a little earlier than it would come naturally by adopting their plan."

Race Elements.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Nearly all the race friction in the federal service occurs in the post office department. M. H. Coleman, of Halifax county, Va., has just resigned on account of a threatening letter. He got into the mail service purely on his merits, having passed a competitive civil service examination. It was not known that he was a negro until the appointment was made. Coleman was assigned to a run on the Norfolk & Western in southwestern Virginia. But the people would not have it. A warning letter was sent to him on his first run, and he resigned.

KANSAS FARMS.

The Report of an Examiner From the East.

Henry M. Cleveland, Representing New England Investors, Carefully Studies the Situation and Makes an Encouraging Report.

A recent issue of the Hartford, Conn. Times contained a review of the situation in Kansas, which is reprinted herewith. It was prepared in the interest of eastern investors by Henry M. Cleveland, of Brooklyn, Conn., a well-known lawyer, who was specially employed to examine the situation:

To Whom it May Concern: Employed by several gentlemen who have large real estate investments in Kansas, I have just finished an investigation of its farming and financial interests, and we have agreed that a few of the facts I have gathered may interest the persons in this state who have loans in Kansas, and also those who are looking for good real estate security for loans or investments. We are not attempting to boom Kansas; we are not attempting to boom any corporation in Kansas; we have endeavored to get the absolute, undeniable facts in relation to the lands and their possibilities and to the ability of the permanent settlers to make money farming, and to pay their mortgage indebtedness. I traveled nearly the whole length of the state, from the Missouri border on the east to the Colorado line on the west. I spent some time in nineteen counties in different parts of the state, spending the most of the time in the western counties which have been so misunderstood and maligned by newspaper writers and political tricksters like Peffer and "Society Simpson."

I obtained many facts which appear in this letter from personal friends and farmers of large scale and long experience and observation in several counties. My imagination has furnished no material for this letter. In this investigation I exercised the same care and thoroughness that I did in 1877 when I investigated the real estate assets in the west of the life insurance companies of Connecticut under an appointment from the state.

My employers desired only plain cold facts; these I have given them. Kansas is divided into 106 counties, containing a population of about 1,500,000, at least two-thirds of which are Americans, one-half of the other third are Germans and the remainder is composed of all other nationalities. It is conceded by everybody that the central and eastern parts of the state possess almost unlimited land resources and that the soil and seasons are favorable for the production of grain, stock, etc. The assaults that have been made upon Kansas have been aimed mainly at the western third of the state. It has been said in written over and over that the land is poor, that they have no rainfall there, that nearly all the farms started there had been abandoned and that all the money loaned on farms there would be lost.

Now it is true that farms have been given up, some voluntarily and some by foreclosure, and the explanation is clear; all the men who have abandoned their farms in the way I have named, were in two classes. One class would go there, take a quarter section of government land, break a few acres, build a sod house, do nothing until the time came to prove up and get title and then borrow all the money they could on the farm, which meant a sale to the lender. The other class were men who went from the corn states and tried to raise corn, which cannot be done successfully in that part of the state, for the reason that the altitude is too high, the nights are too cool and that August and September are the dry months which damage the crops. Some of these men got discouraged and went off, others began to raise wheat and did well. Winter wheat is the safe, planted crop of western Kansas. It is planted in the fall, the winter rains and snows keep the ground in fine condition and the crop comes off before the dry weather sets in. With rare exceptions, the men who went into western Kansas during the last ten years, intending to stay, are there now (if living) and are in independent circumstances, most of them, and some of them are moderately rich. They suffer there occasionally from a prolonged drought, as we do in this state and as they do in all other states.

They do not realize the full benefit of the rainfall for the reason that the surface of vast tracts of unbroken prairie land has been made as hard as stone, almost, by the incessant tramp of buffaloes, in the early history of the state. The water runs off and the soil gets very little moisture. The damage to crops by droughts will be less frequent as the land is brought under cultivation. I have some knowledge of all the grain states. I have traveled twice over the famous Red river valley wheat lands in North Dakota, and I do not hesitate to say that I have never seen a richer, more safe to be in the hands of such men as any other state. I will only add that if any person who reads my letter desires any further information which I may possess, I will cheerfully furnish it.

H. M. CLEVELAND.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 30, 1891.

Time to Cool Off.

Proud Father—"My old friend, I called to see if you couldn't make a place for my son in your establishment. He has just graduated with high honors."

Old Friend—"My dear old boy, nothing would please me better. Tell him to call around in two years."—N. Y. Weekly.

Sentiment and Business.

Alice (act. 17)—I think Mr. Ford is adorable; he is so handsome.

Minnie (act. 23)—It isn't the handsome man, dear; it's the man who does the most for one.—Jury.

—At the Hotel.—The proprietor, with the aid of his chief clerk, is preparing a bill for a guest who is getting ready to leave. "Have you observed," he asked of the clerk, "that No. 20 during his stay here invariably took a look at the thermometer every morning?" "Yes, I noticed that." "Very well, but down I found that of the thermometer, two dollars."—St. Louis Republic.

composed of thirty-five counties, or 1,860,000; yield, 39,990,000 bushels, or 12.05 bushels per acre; acreage in western belt, 499,000; yield, 7,245,000 bushels, or 14.32 bushels per acre. It will be seen that the average of wheat in what is known as the central belt is more than twice as large as the eastern and western belts combined."

Returns made to the board of agriculture show a large increase in the acreage of wheat as follows:

"Assessors' returns have been received at this office from ninety-five of the 106 counties of the state. The counties whose assessors' returns have not been received yet are Barber, Chase, Cowley, Doniphan, Ellsworth, Harper, Jewell, Lyon, Reno, Shawnee and Wyandott. Estimating the increase in wheat area of these counties about the same as that of adjoining counties, the wheat area of the state is as follows: In the eastern belt of the state (thirty-nine counties) the area is 734,250 acres; in the central belt (thirty-five counties), the area is 2,303,693 acres; the western belt (thirty-two counties), the area is 344,408 acres—making an aggregate winter wheat area of the state for this year of 3,472,356 acres, or an increase over the area of last year of 62 per cent."

But I must hasten on to a conclusion by answering two or three questions, which I am sure will arise in the minds of all who read my letter. First, can the farmers pay the interest on their mortgages and in due time pay the principal? Not all of them. The foreclosure of farm mortgages has been going on in every western state ever since mortgages have been made. I do, however, believe that if Kansas can add to its plentiful crop of this year a fair crop next year, the loans on farms will be as safe as the average employment of capital in any other way. Kansas is now reducing its farm mortgage debt, as the following shows:

Statement of mortgages recorded and released during June in thirty-eight Kansas counties, as compiled from reports of registers of deeds: Nineteen counties in eastern Kansas show an excess of \$184,095, or 39 per cent of the mortgages redeemed over mortgages recorded. Five counties in central Kansas report \$100,000, or 43 per cent in favor of mortgages cancelled, and twelve counties in western Kansas show an excess in favor of cancellation of \$23,706, or 60 per cent, making a total reduction of \$310,701, or 40 per cent in thirty-eight counties, a little over one-third of the entire state.

Summarizing the statements for April, May and June, from fifty counties of the state, a part reporting for only one month, part for two months, but nearly two-thirds for all three months, we get the following results: Eastern Kansas—Farm mortgages recorded.....\$1,261,485 Eastern Kansas—Farm mortgages released.....1,670,171 Excess of mortgages released—24 per cent, or.....408,686 Central Kansas—Farm mortgages recorded.....325,151 Central Kansas—Farm mortgages released.....550,428 Excess of mortgages released—40 per cent, or.....225,277 Western Kansas—Farm mortgages recorded.....40,179 Western Kansas—Farm mortgages released.....79,969 Excess of mortgages released—50 per cent, or.....39,790 Total reduction in fifty counties, 5 675,783

Does the organization of the Farmers' Alliance party weaken the security of loans and investments in the state? I think not. The farmers of Kansas are not repudiators. They are a band of as intelligent, honorable, patriotic men as live in any state of the union. Many of them joined in the struggle to make Kansas a free state, and they are proud of her history and fame. The alliance party will go to pieces. The leaven of disintegration is already in the lump. I talk with many members who told me that they would not countenance the passage of any act that would change their present real estate laws. A political party whose platform demands a sweeping change in our financial machinery, which has given us the highest national credit in the world, cannot command the support of the intelligent, loyal business men and farmers of Kansas. A word to holders of farm mortgages. Do not be frightened into a sale of them for a quarter or half their face value. Find some man or trust company to look after them and hold on. Kansas is rich to-day, and is to become one of the richest states in the union.

It was dedicated to civil and political liberty. On her soil was fought one of the most decisive battles for free soil, free labor and free men the country has witnessed. Kansas appreciates their responsibility to their neighbors in sister states, and they will maintain their faith and honor. Churches and school houses are in close proximity all over the state, and the citizens are heartily enlisted in all philanthropic and humane enterprises, and I believe capital men as well as laborers will be as safe in the hands of such men as any other state. I will only add that if any person who reads my letter desires any further information which I may possess, I will cheerfully furnish it.

H. M. CLEVELAND.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 30, 1891.

Time to Cool Off.

Proud Father—"My old friend, I called to see if you couldn't make a place for my son in your establishment. He has just graduated with high honors."

Old Friend—"My dear old boy, nothing would please me better. Tell him to call around in two years."—N. Y. Weekly.

Sentiment and Business.

Alice (act. 17)—I think Mr. Ford is adorable; he is so handsome.

Minnie (act. 23)—It isn't the handsome man, dear; it's the man who does the most for one.—Jury.

—At the Hotel.—The proprietor, with the aid of his chief clerk, is preparing a bill for a guest who is getting ready to leave. "Have you observed," he asked of the clerk, "that No. 20 during his stay here invariably took a look at the thermometer every morning?" "Yes, I noticed that." "Very well, but down I found that of the thermometer, two dollars."—St. Louis Republic.

NEW YORK PROHIBITIONISTS.

Nominations For a State Ticket—Points of the Platform.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 4.—When the prohibition convention here assembled for its second day's session, the first business was the adoption of a platform, which reaffirms the principles maintained in the platform adopted by the last national convention; denounces high license; affirms that legislators in this state, both democratic and republican, are subject to the control and dominion of the liquor interest; calls for the submission to the voters of the state of a prohibitory amendment; favors the appointment of a non-partisan tariff commission and says that such a commission should adjust the details of the schedule that the sum total of import duties should not exceed the revenue requirements of the government and the duties levied on imported articles of manufacture should be no higher than are necessary to restore to the home manufacturer whatever equality of conditions he might have lost by reason of the payment of a higher scale of wages in their production; denounces the state department for assisting American brewers to extend their business in the sister republics of South America; favors the submission of the people of this state to a referendum; declares against national banks; advocates the issue of treasury notes redeemable in gold or silver and the maintenance of a metal reserve sufficient for that purpose, and calls for the strict enforcement of the civil service laws.

The nominating committee reported in favor of the following nominations for the state ticket: Governor, J. W. Bruce, a retired farmer of Canastota, Madison county; lieutenant-governor, George W. Halleck, a prosperous farmer of Suffolk county; secretary of state, William E. Booth, of Livingston county; state treasurer, Francis E. Crawford, of West Chester county; comptroller, William W. Smith, of Poughkeepsie; state engineer and surveyor, H. F. Forbes, professor of the university of Canton, St. Lawrence county, and attorney-general, S. E. Crosser, of Buffalo. The ticket was unanimously chosen by the convention.

AMERICAN PORK.

Germany Removes Restrictions and the American Pig Can Now Enter Her Domain.

BERLIN, Sept. 4.—The Reichsgeschäftsblatt, publishes an order to the effect that the prohibition of the importation of swine, pork and sausage shall no longer be enforced when such live pigs or hog products are furnished with official certificates stating that they have been examined in accordance with American regulations and found free from qualities dangerous to health. The chancellor has sent instructions to the proper officials that the order be given immediate effect.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Secretary

Rusk yesterday received official notice that the German government has raised the embargo on American pork. The agreement relative to the admission of pork into Germany was signed at Cape May Point about ten days ago, but at the request of the German government the fact was withheld from the public press until official action could be taken by the home government.

The agreement not only provides for the admission of American pork into Germany but also affords to the United States the same schedule with reference to farm products as that enjoyed by Russia. Secretary Rusk is confident that he will soon be able to extend the market for corn by introducing it into Germany as an article of food in the place of rye, the crop of which in Germany is this year exceedingly short. To this end he has instructed his corn agent, Col. C. J. Murphy, now in Europe, to proceed at once to Berlin and lay the matter before the German government.

KEYSTONE DEMOCRATS.

Pennsylvania Democrats Make Nominations and Adopt a Platform.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 4.—The democratic state convention met at 10 o'clock. The opera house was tastefully decorated with bunting. Benjamin M. Mead, J. E. Snyder, J. P. Senenberger, George H. Hoffman, S. B. Keefer, F. B. Bible and J. D. Sell were elected secretaries. An hour was consumed in the calling over and correction of the roll of delegates, the convention being composed of 461 members, based on the number of votes cast for the democratic candidate for governor at the last election.

H. Willis Bland, of Reading, was elected temporary chairman without opposition. The campaign, he said, would be conducted on state issues. The party would not deviate from the principles of the national democracy. They still believed in their great political prophet, Grover Cleveland.

Loud and long continued applause followed the announcement of Cleveland's name.

The platform, after declaring for the national democratic platforms of 1884 and 1888, favors an economical and honest administration of public affairs; favors a sound currency based on gold and silver coined on such conditions as will keep them at a parity; favors a reform and revision of the tariff; liberal but just pension laws, and in a long list of charges arraigns the republican state officers for complicity in the Bardsley steal.

Robert E. Wright, of Allentown, was nominated for state auditor, A. L. Tilden, of Erie, for treasurer.

An Important Discovery.

BERLIN, Sept. 4.—Dr. G. L. Strosch of this city, was conducting experiments with a view to determining how weak a solution of cocaine would prove efficacious as a local anesthetic in minor surgical operations when he stumbled upon the fact that simple water injected under the skin with a syringe renders the flesh at that point insensible to pain. The effect of the water is to create a slight swelling resembling that caused by the sting of a gnat. The space marked by the swelling remains insensible to feeling for some minutes, so that incisions can be made without causing the slightest pain.

STOCK ITEMS.

Sheep will not thrive well if they are crowded into too close quarters. Give them room enough at least to be comfortable.

Provide good racks and feed cut straw rather than to turn the stock in and let them help themselves. More benefit can be derived in this way.

Hogs and cattle are the principal stock fattened at this season; it is best to push them as rapidly as possible and then market as soon as they are ready.

With healthy, vigorous stock, when the weather is only moderately cool is the most favorable time to fatten, hence, in many cases, it is a good plan to begin feeding early.

One advantage in having the cattle fattened is that a larger number can be kept with less room than when the hogs are let alone, and in winter especially this is quite an item.

Feeding should be done at regular hours. Animals soon learn their hours of feeding, and if they do not get their meals at regular hours, even when they are well fed, they will fret and be losing to some extent, at least.

While during the summer oats, barley, mill-feed and bran make the best foods for growing pigs, during the winter some corn should be added in order to secure animal heat, and corn is one of the very best materials that can be supplied for this purpose. It should not be made an exclusive but only a principal food.

The best seasons for fattening hogs are early in the spring and in the fall, and a pig that has been kept growing from birth should be ready to market at an average of eight or nine months of age. To secure this, however, it is very essential to have a good breed and then to feed and care for them so that a thrifty growth can be readily secured.

With a breed of hogs that with good treatment a quick growth and an early maturity can be secured, it is generally more profitable to breed the sow so as to secure two litters of pigs, one in the fall that with good treatment can be made ready for market either late in the spring or early summer, and the other either in February or early spring, and that can be marketed early in the fall.

After once commencing to feed to fatten, it is an item to see that the stock are fed regularly, and that they are given all that they will eat up clean at each meal in order to secure the best gain at the lowest cost. To fail to feed enough is to fail to secure the best gain; to give more than they will eat is to waste the extra feed. In order to derive the largest profit in feeding stock it is necessary to take every advantage, and neglect to do this will lessen in proportion the profits.

FARM NOTES.

Pumpkins boiled and mixed with bran make a good poultry-food.

The diminutive bantam lays more eggs by weight than any other fowl.

A little oats and barley make a good ration for the fowls that are to be kept for breeding and laying.

If properly managed the hens that are molting now can be made to lay nearly or quite all winter.

The less fruit or vegetables that are to be stored away for winter are handled the better they will keep.

Do not let the sorghum get too ripe before harvesting, and arrange so that it will be worked up as soon as possible after it is harvested.

Pullets that are expected to furnish eggs during the winter must be reasonably well matured by this time; late-maturing pullets will not lay until spring.

Gather up and store the sorghum blades without threshing. Picking off the seed will help to give the fowls exercise during the winter, besides supplying them with a good ration store, where it will keep dry.

Grass seedings should be pushed along as rapidly as possible. It is very important, if grass seed is sown in the fall, to have it done as early as practicable in order to secure a good start before cold weather.

By a careful selection of the best each fall, thoroughly drying and storing it away, seed corn can be secured that can be depended upon to germinate under anything like favorable conditions when planted in the spring.

Every farm should have an orchard and a small fruit plantation. If it is not intended to raise fruit for market, the planting should be sufficiently extensive to furnish the home with an abundant supply, not only for use while fresh, but to can, dry and evaporate for use out of season.

Farmers of western Nebraska who have raised fields of sugar beets this year announce that they will manufacture sirup from them. Samples of sirup made from the beets are found to be excellent. The beets will also be found profitable regardless of the fact that there is no market for them.

The editor of the Richmond, Mo., Conservator has a blackberry patch at his home in Richmond, which contains less than one-half acre of ground, and from it the present season he picked 2,200 quarts, or 665 gallons, of berries. The vines were the Snyder, the second year's growth, and averaged nearly one gallon to the vine. The rows in which they grew were eight feet apart and the vines planted in the rows from three to four feet apart.

Notes.

It is said that a single Louisiana plantation will alone receive \$250,000 out of the sugar bounty under the law enacted last winter by congress, and another will get \$300,000.

A gentleman in South Dakota writes that in an experience of several years he has found that if a wire is laid flat upon the ground under a fence a hog will never go over that wire to get through the fence.

If the apples are made into cider for vinegar, turn the barrels down on the side and let them stay in the sun until equal weather sets in. It will sour faster.