

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURIER.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE RAIN.

From the marsh afar, across the distant sods,
Wraiths of rising mist float white in the air;
Seaward, seem to stretch and glisten, sandy ledges,
Merged in the longline of beach, desolate and bare.

Nature's changeful mood, her joyous voices hushing,
Slowly take on a sweetly solemn strain;
Mid the waiting silence, swift, and swifter rushing,
As if sore belated, come footsteps of the rain.

Ah! they patter on the roof like tripping children,
Racing madly, pausing, hesitant and shy;
Shake themselves in frolic from the dripping eaves,
Drench in sudden fury luckless passers-by.

Tapping, briskly tapping, sojourn and springing,
Rhythmic ebb and flow, measured rise and fall!
As I listen, eager, sounds a distant ringing—
Through the wind's rattle comes a bugle call.

O, my soul! my soul! why doth thy steps, so ghostly,
Lead struggling thought away among the vanished years?
And certe glimpses—long forgotten, mostly—
With recognition glow to present night through tears!

Tears! Why, they are, after all, but humblest heart-rain,
Washing long, dusty channels freshly sweet and clear!
My faded hopes will spring to fullest life again;
And sorrow's face will yet as radiant joy appear.

Tapping, slowly tapping, rainy footsteps ceasing,
O'er the outer life Night winds a starless shroud;
And, within, I listen to thought-echoes beating,
Breaking the weary silence, as with voices loud.

—Lydia Wood Baldwin, in Good Housekeeping.

WON HIS BET.

Sandy's Adventure With The Wraith of Lone Prairie.

(Written for this paper.)

ND when I got to the edge o' Lone Prairie, that it was, an' I tell yer, fellers, 'twas a sight ter make a man's blood run cold. 'Twas just all white an' corpse-like, an' its garnimints floated out in th' wind like wings.

"Now say, Sandy," interrupted the largest one of the group of sheep herders that sat around the rude stove in the little prairie village store, "you've got pretty good eyes, usually, but they must be a-blinkin' some that night. Spooks don't come out here on the plains of Western Kansas ter bother us poor sheep-herders when folks is so much thicker back East."

"Naw," put in the jolly store-keeper, "speerits mostly wants ter git writ up in th' papers, an' we can't do it fer 'em."

"Still, fellers," persisted the one called Sandy, "I seen that spook on Lone Prairie ez certain ez I'm hyar on this terbacker box," and he stamped his foot vigorously.

"That's right," spoke up a cool voice, and the thin form of McDavis, Sandy's partner, rose from his reclining position on the counter; "that's right—Sandy saw somethin' sure enough, fer when he got home his face was ez white ez if he had washed it thoroughly."

The little party all laughed at this clumsy joke, and then one changed the subject by remarking: "It's a hairy sort o' a night fer us fellers ter ride ter our shanties."

"That it is," said the store-keeper, "an' th' storm's growin' worse all th' time."

This brought the company to the window and shiveringly all began to button up their long yellow "slickers," or oilskin coats, and prepare for their homeward rides.

"Say, Sandy," said one, "ter-morrer night 'll be full moon agin' an' yer spook 'll be out."

"Wa'al"

"'ll bet yer th' treats fer th' crowd that yer dasen't ride over ter their prairie ter-morrer night. It's at full moon she walks."

All applauded this proposition, and Sandy, with his face painted a still deeper crimson than his wont, ex-

often spend the long months in their cabins without seeing another human face from outside. The great flocks of sheep, many thousand in a bunch, keep them busy with the cares of their vocation, and, as the ranges are far from civilization, no one is in their vicinity.

The herders around Lone Prairie were fortunate in being near enough together to meet occasionally, and the gatherings in Fleegle's store were looked forward to with interest, many of the boys riding a dozen or twenty miles to be present. They were not heathenish because they were isolated; all had had good homes and most of them had a part ownership in the flocks they tended. But watching their woolly charges on the swelling prairies at the foot of the great back-bone of earth, the Rockies, became at times wearisome, and there was not enough inspiration in gazing at Pike's Peak rearing its blue head above the western horizon, or in following the eccentric flight of the prairie chicken and the meadow larks, to keep them from yearning for human companionship. As they rode home that night each recalled with many a smile and nod the conversation enjoyed through the evening.

The snow following the sleet sifted down until no bush nor weed showed above the monotonous dead level of the prairie—at least it was so about Sandy's cabin. Farther to the east there were little bluffs and here there were many spots blown clear, making oases of dry, brown sod.

"Air ye goin' ter make th' search fer yer ghost?" asked McDavis the next evening, when the two worthies had taken care of their flocks, feeding them on the coarse hay kept for such occasions as the present snow-sledge.

"To be sure," replied Sandy, with a sickly grin. "No one ever saw me back out. I'll ride ter Lone Prairie to-night, an' I'll follow the ghost ter its grave if it's got one."

"But it's three mile ter Lone Prairie."

"I know it, but th' pony will slip through th' snow a-flyin'. Th' flakes is soft an' light, an' it won't take long ter ride it. Yes, I'm goin'."

McDavis laughed, but said no more. About ten o'clock Sandy drew on his great leather jacket, preparatory to starting on his adventure.

"Don't back out, now," urged McDavis.

"Never you fear," was the response. "I'm goin' ter trace her down this time."

The door slammed and McDavis crawled into the board-framed bed, chuckling to himself over the predicament into which his friend had got himself through boasting. He laughed more and more quietly, though, and at last ceased to laugh at all—he was fast asleep.

But Sandy was very fast awake. His pony, nervous through the sharpness of the atmosphere, plowed through the light snow as a ship through a foamy sea.

Lone Prairie was beyond the bluffs to the eastward. It was a circular disc of plain, as level as the center of a saucer and as pretty a piece of land as ever lay out of doors. Just beyond it a mile or two was the railroad station, with its half-dozen houses, including a school and church.

The full moon shone brightly upon the white sheet that covered the prairie. Sandy's eyes, not the strongest in the world, blinked and watered amazingly.

"What a fool I was," he muttered, "ter let th' boys send me on this yer wild-goose chase. But," reflectively, "I know I saw th' spook, or whatever it was, an' I don't want ter see it ter-night."

He shivered as he thought of his previous experience and again wondered why he had allowed his hot Scotch blood to get him into such a situation.

"Blamed if I ain't th' biggest fool that ever was," he ejaculated when he had nearly reached the bluffs on the other side of Lone Prairie, "but never mind, the horse's tracks'll show I was here an' th' fellers can't say I was afraid even if I did see a—"

What was that before him? As if it had risen from earth a tall figure in a woman's garments showed above the level of the prairie. He had not seen it before, possibly because his head was down to shade his eyes with his sombrero's rim.

But there it was—the ghost!

Sandy's startled eyes bulged from their sockets. In spite of the full moon and the familiar prairie he was overcome. The object moved—it was approaching him. It was several rods off but it was coming!

He could stand it no more; human flesh and blood, he thought, were unequal to such a strain. Nervously he tugged at his pony's bridle rein. The horse, imbued with his master's excitability, wheeled like a flash, and—well, Sandy never knew how it happened, but there was a mis-step and down went animal and rider. They scrambled to the spurs into the broncho's flanks and went dashing away like mad. Even as he did so a cry of pain escaped him, and one arm dangled helplessly at his side—the fall had broken it.

He looked behind. The specter was coming. Faster and faster he flew—the white figure was in his wake. Then he crossed the bluffs and saw it no more.

McDavis leaped out of a sound slumber aroused by the rapid approach of horsemen. He did not think it was Sandy, for in truth he had supposed that that individual had simply ridden to the settlement and stayed there all night.

But a moan sounded outside.

"In just a minute, Sandy," he replied, and in less than that time he had opened the door and let fall headlong in his terrified and fainting partner.

"He's jest in a ragin' fever," explained McDavis three hours later, when he had ridden to the station for a doctor and nurse. "I couldn't do nothin' with him. His arm is broke an' he is all wild like in his head. His ideas jest go a-jumpin' around like a lot o' stampeded sheep. I tied him ter th' bed an' made tracks fer here."

"What seems to be on his mind?" asked the postmaster.

"Th' ghost. He seen somethin' that he thought was a sperrit, an' bein'

nervous an' superstitious like he was all upset."

"Well, the doctor has gone thirteen miles in the other direction. You'll have to get along until he gets back."

"But a nurse? I've got ter see ter th' sheep, an' I don't know how ter look after a sick man, any way."

"There's only one person you can get—the school-mistress."

"Will she go?"

"I think so. She's as good as a doctor, an' it bein' vacation I guess she'll try it."

She did, and an hour thereafter was riding rapidly toward the cabin. She was, indeed, "as good as a doctor."

Her tall, withered figure was not graceful; her sun-tanned cheeks were not attractive, but there was a depth in the soft, brown eyes that told of a gentle and loving soul shining out through them. In truth as she leaned over the rude bed and helped loosen the bands with which McDavis had fastened his delirious partner, there was something about Miss Basson that was positively cheering.

"What—what's his name?" the woman asked with a strange excitement as the sufferer's face was turned to the light.

"Sandy," was the other's laconic response.

"What else?"

"Don't know, never heard."

"Well, go and I'll take care of him."

The burly prairie doctor visited the cabin that afternoon, set the broken bone and said the patient was "doing finely." But it was not until the evening of the fourth day that consciousness came back to the fever-stricken lover.

Long level rays were shining over the prairies, turning the patches of snow left here and there on the higher knolls into blood. The south wind was each plank, and will take as many teeth, which should be driven in so as to project four inches below the bottom of the plank. Make the holes in the second plank so that they will break joints with the other row, that is, so they will not track after the others. These will cut and comb the ground in a remarkable manner, and the small lumps that pass between will be ground to powder by the sharp edges of the planks that follow. The driver stands on the crusher while working, or a seat may be firmly attached to it. Should there be much rubbish, this will bother very often, but this can be obviated somewhat by driving a staple near the back edge of the rear plank; into this tie one end of a small rope two or three feet long, and the other end into a ring to be held in the right hand. To dump rubbish, step with the left foot upon the slanting board at the front and at the same time lift up with the rope, which is all easily and quickly done, and the obstruction will be drawn from the tooth as the crusher moves forward. In using the tool after the corn planter, the teeth should be driven back so as not to run so deep as to disturb the seed.—American Agriculturist.



A HOME-MADE CLOD CRUSHER.

FASTER AND FASTER HE FLEW.

ratting a loose board on the cabin's side and an occasional bleat came from the flocks that were slowly moving toward the corral just outside on their return from a bit of exercise and a nibble at the hardy prairie grasses.

Sandy lifted himself up in bed, and straightway dropped back on the pillow. "Be you th' sperrit?" he called, in a frightened voice.

A woman's figure approached the bed.

"Ah, you are better," she remarked, with a little tremor of anxiety. "Aleck, you are doing well."

"Aleck!" repeated the sick man. "Nobody calls me that—now. You must be a sperrit." Then he added more seriously: "I know you ain't, but who—what has happened?"

"You have been sick and I have been attending you."

"But where's the ghost?"

"I guess I'm it—I know the story of your adventure, Aleck. You have told it over and over in your sickness. Yes, I was the ghost, and now I am nursing you back to health—but—don't you know me?" and the brown eyes seemed to fairly flash fire as they gazed with fixed intensity at the sick man.

"Annie, is it you? I loved 'twas at first, but didn't know."

"Yes, it is me after all these years, and to think I should find you so!"

"But you said as how you was th' ghost—I don't see how."

"It was this way. I'd heard of women taking up land out West, and I came here from our old Illinois home to try it. My claim is in Lone Prairie, and to 'prove up' on it I had to be able to take an oath that I had spent so many nights there. So I've ridden out on my pony every evening, rain or snow or shine, and stayed in the dug-out. The last night you saw me I was late, but it was the final one of my required time. I thought you a claim-jumper and chased you away."

"Ya-a-s, an' broke my arm an' scared me out o' my wits."

Then, after a minute: "Annie, they told me you was dead. They did, for a come. I'd made a little money after I got out here on the plains—but they took it from me, an' I never went back. I lost the money an' got down ter this."

She slipped her strong but bony fingers into his and whispered to him in the twilight. McDavis started to enter, and seeing the picture, quietly withdrew and lay out on the straw in the sheep sheds.

"Sandy must be dyin'," he muttered to himself; "she's got th' story still."

But he soon found out his mistake, and as he heard the lovers' story he vowed, with many a long-drawn breath, that "ov all the remarkablest trails he ever struck that was the likeliest. Why," he continued, "it's jest goin' ter lead ter th' finest pastures in th' land fer Sandy."

And it did prove a valuable trail as McDavis prophesied; for the first day that Sandy could stand alone the postmaster, who was likewise justice of the peace, visited the little cabin and made Sandy and the teacher husband and wife.

Annie did not return to the school-room, but settled down with her strangely-found lover, now her husband, on the Lone Prairie claim.

"Ter think," laughed McDavis, when he visited the store of the herders shortly after, and related the story to his assembled fellows, "that Sandy'd a-married th' ghost!"

"He won his bet though, boys," said the store-keeper.

"Yes, but under the circumstance... I move we make 'im pay it," put in the wit of the crowd.

There was no objection raised by the company, nor did Sandy complain when the bill for the eatables and drinkables his friends had ordered was presented.

CHARLES MOREAU HARBER.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

CLOD CRUSHER.

A Home-Made Device That Does Excellent Work.

The implement depicted herewith, after sketches by George O. Gridley, Ill., is very effective for thoroughly pulverizing flat plowing after the cultivator, and for following the corn planter a few days after planting; nothing could leave the field in a more desirable condition. The implement is very simple in construction and can be made by any one in a couple of hours; the cost need not exceed two dollars. Take two planks, two-by-eight inches and sixteen feet long, cut each in two in the middle, which will give four pieces eight feet long. Then take two pieces of two-by-four-inch scantling a little more than two feet long; to these bolt or spike the planks, lapping them two inches, as shown in the engraving.

Slant off the front ends of the two pieces of scantling, and nail a piece of board six inches wide on these ends to prevent dirt from shoving on top of the crusher when working. Bore a hole in the front end of each scantling and put a clevis in each, attach with a chain to doubletree. Go to your blacksmith, and have him take some three-eighth inch square bar steel, and cut this into six-inch lengths, and sharpen these like harrow teeth. It will need about four dozen. Now with a three-eighth inch bit bore holes four inches apart in the front and second planks just in front of where the second plank laps on. This will require twenty-four holes in

WHEAT EXPERIMENTS.

Listed Better than Drilled Seed—The Old and the New Way.

The Kansas Experiment Station has been making some experiments in listing wheat. A long narrow plow, measuring a trifle more than one-half acre (.684 of an acre), was listed with wheat of the Zimmerman variety, for comparison with an adjoining plot of drilled wheat. In his last annual report Director E. M. Shelton described the method and results as follows: Three small double shovels, — miniature listing plows—were secured to the frame of a Puckeye one-horse drill in such a manner as to make six-inch deep furrows in advance of the three discharge spouts of the drill. The implement put the seed wheat in furrows eight to ten inches deep and about fourteen inches apart.

During the growing season there was but little apparent difference between this listed wheat and that which was drilled, with the exception of a slightly darker green color of the former, and that it attained the same degree of maturity about three days later than the drilled wheat. The previous year it was noticed that a similarly listed plot grew much more vigorously than drilled wheat, and that it had a decided tendency to lodge.

This year it showed no tendency to lodge, nor was the straw taller to any noticeable degree. It was cut June 25 with the following result:

	Listed	Drilled	Gain by
Bushels per acre	35.34	29.83	5.51
Straw per acre, lbs.	3,380	3,340	40
Straw per struck bu., lbs.	95.6	112.0	16.4
Wt' per struck bu. lbs.	63	63	0

It will be seen that while the wheat shown in the ordinary fashion falls a little below thirty bushels, the listed wheat yielded thirty-five and one-third bushels to the acre. This is a gain of five and one-half bushels in favor of listing. Should further experience bear out this result, it will be a distinct step in advance in our method of cultivating wheat. It is a question if the listed plot would have done equally well had this been a wet year with consequently a heavier growth of straw. We might then expect it to lodge more or less, with the inevitable result of a light crop of grain. It would lodge more readily for the reason that having more space in which to spread, a large portion of the straw starts out at the base at an inclined angle, and if heavy it will the more easily break down. When we have an even stand of broad-cast or drilled wheat, the straw grows almost perpendicularly upward, and can thus better sustain its own weight. It is too early to expatiate on the benefits of this method of culture, but it seems reasonable to suppose that it will be a success in Kansas in ordinary seasons on all but very low land.—Orange Judd Farmer.

SOME POULTRY MISTAKES.

TO GIVE all the waste milk to pigs.

TO KEEP food by laying hens all the time.

TO FEED one kind of food 365 days in the year.

TO KEEP a lot of old hens that are three or four years old.

TO DOSE well fowls with all sorts of stuff to "keep them well."

TO NEGLECT to supply green food regularly throughout the winter.

TO NEGLECT to provide comfortable winter quarters for the poultry.

TO BUY an incubator before you know enough about poultry to set a hen.

TO ALLOW the poultry droppings to accumulate in the house for weeks at a time.

TO PUT off until "to-morrow or next day" the things that ought to be done today.

TO MAKE no effort to improve the fowl stock by selection of fittest for breeders.

TO VENTILATE the poultry house by cracks in the walls and floors and holes in the roof.

TO WASTE food by throwing it on the floor instead of feeding in troughs or some other vessel.

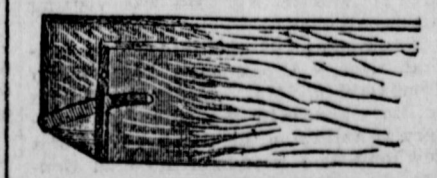
TO TRY to keep one hundred fowls through the winter in a house that is none too large for half that number.

TO THINK that any "poultry powders" or "egg food" in creation will make your hens lay unless they have proper food, comfortable quarters and good care besides.

TO THINK that a man who has never been able to make a living at any thing else—who has failed in every thing else—can go into the poultry business and make a grand success of it.—Breeder's Guide.

Root-Cutting Box—It is Much Better than the Slow Hand Cutting Process.

In feeding beets, turnips, rutabagas, etc., it is necessary to cut them more or less, so they can be easily handled by the animal and not produce choking. To do this by hand knife process is too slow and tedious. However, where the quantity fed will not warrant the purchasing a machine thoroughly adapted to root cutting, a device like that shown in our illustration will be found quite handy and far more speedy in its working than the ordinary way of cutting by hand with pocket or case



A HANDY ROOT CUTTER.

knife. The box can be made from one and a quarter inch plank, twelve to sixteen inches wide, and three feet long. Fasten it to a bench or platform where it will be easy to work at. Saw cutting end square and attach a knife, as indicated. A piece of scythe blade, or iron knife, may be used by placing a hole in one end and a shank for a handle at the other end. Have the cutting part long enough to reach across the box, and hang the knife even with the top edge of the bottom board, to be held there with a screw bolt, while the handle end works up and down in a slot of wood or iron, as shown by the dark strip.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Catarrah Can Be Cured.

Catarrah can never be cured by ointments and other local applications, but there is one remedy that can permanently remove the cause. It has cured cases where the discharge was so copious and offensive that it felt as if the whole head was a mass of corruption. Other cases indicated by an irresistible desire to hawk and spit the phlegm collecting in a tough mass behind the soft palate. In other cases where the matter dried up in such large lumps as to fairly close up the nostrils and prevent nasal respiration. In other cases where the breath was so offensively revolting and fetid that the person became a disgusting object in society. Other cases where complaint was made of a distressful feeling above and between the eyes, and where the sense of smell was entirely lost. Other cases where the droppings fell into the throat and the voice became husky, and caused a troublesome cough. Oh! you want to know the name of the medicine? It is called Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. It can be bought of any druggist.

Our photographer invited another photographer to lunch with him, but neglected to order anything to drink, until his friend asked him if he worked the "dry plate" altogether.—Texas Siftings.

Trades and Occupations.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1891 will give an instructive and helpful series of papers, each of which describes the duties and some leading Trade for Boys or Occupation for Girls. They give information as to the Apprenticeship required to learn each, the wages to be expected, the Qualities needed in order to enter, and the prospects of Success. To New Subscribers who send \$1.75 at once the paper will be sent free to Jan. 1, 1891, and for a full year from that date. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

"This is the worst snap I ever struck," remarked the woodchuck when he got caught in a steel trap.—Binghamton Republican.

A Tonicious Clutch.

Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however often you use it, and that is considerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness, and loss of flesh and vigor. Biliousness and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides a cold, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subduable with the Bitters.

"Don't you know, prisoner, that it's very wrong to steal a pig?" "I do now, your honor. They make such a row."—Spare Moments.

Are any of the new-fangled washing compounds as good as the old-fashioned soap? Hobbs' Electric Soap has been sold every day for 24 years, and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

"You're always full of news," said the letter to the box. "I'm glad you've dropped in," replied the box. "I'll keep you posted."

No Optum in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Not a Local Disease

Because catarrah affects your head, it is not therefore a local disease. If it did not exist in your blood, it could not manifest itself in your nose. The blood now in your brain is before you finish reading this article, being in your stomach, and soon distributed to your liver, stomach, kidneys, and so on. Whatever impurities the blood does not carry away to the water, are sold every day for 24 years, and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

"You're always full of news," said the letter to the box. "I'm glad you've dropped in," replied the box. "I'll keep you posted."

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 25c per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apotaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of **Prickly Ash Bitters!** a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, and for the LIVER, for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dyspepsia is the bane

of the present generation. It is for its cure and its attendant, sick Headache, Constipation and Piles, that

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have become so famous. They act gently and surely on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor to assimilate food. No griping or nausea. Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS.

GOTHAM'S WHITE SLAVES.

A Seamstress Works Fifteen Hours a Day for Thirty-Five Cents.

A very pathetic story is told by a wealthy New York lady, who stumbled accidentally upon one of the martyrs of the sewing machine. She was looking up an old pensioner, a former servant, who had fallen into distress, and, following the directions given, found herself in a more than ordinarily squalid back tenement. On the fourth floor, seeing a door ajar, the visitor gave a couple of sharp knocks. This summons was repeated again and again without recognition. Hearing the clatter of a machine the lady entered, and stood in dumb astonishment on the threshold. Near the window, seated on an up-turned soap box, was a woman, her head and shoulders bent at a painful angle. A flimsy, narrow bed and machine were the only two pieces of furniture in the room. On another inverted box sat a tin wash-basin, while the dingy mantel-shelf held a fragment of looking-glass, a plate, a cup and a tumbler. That was absolutely everything to be seen, save on the dingy coverlet of the couch, where, in marked contrast to the wretched poverty of the place, were heaped numbers of exquisitely fine infants' robes. These long snow-white, dainty gowns, rare confections of lace and needle work, only helped to accentuate their grim surroundings; and, impelled by a pitiful curiosity, the intruder crossed the room to where its mistress sat bowed over her needle. The lady brushed the seamstress' elbow before she looked up with a half-vacant stare. Slowly the situation dawned upon her, and rising she asked, in the shy, low voice peculiar to deaf people, how she could serve her visitor. "The weakness, meek despair and sorrowful lines in the woman's face brought a rush of tears to my eyes," continued the narrator. "She was thin and bent, and held her needle with hot, nervous fingers that trembled at every stitch. I explained my intrusion as best I could, and then endeavored to find out something of the poor creature's condition. She said she made the finest quality of infants' caps and robes for a shop, but work as she might it was only possible to keep soul and body together. Sewing from half-past seven in the morning until night she could only make half a frock, so narrow and numerous were the tucks and so many the tiny bits of lace and embroidery to be set in. Thus she earned thirty-five cents a day; spent fifteen cents for food, the rest going to pay room and machine rent and buy the medicines needed to keep her out of bed. Her skill and taste counted for nothing, and she dared not complain for fear of losing even this poor patronage." The story was a long one of sickness and debt; when driven by necessity she accepted any terms offered. A loan sufficient to insure temporary comfort was extended and accepted, and taking the number of the store the lady drove away to investigate the extent of injustice this seamstress had suffered. Inquiry had produced duplicates of frocks she had seen already that morning, marked fifteen dollars. Expostulation against the high price was useless. The clerk declared that the cost of making was too expensive to let the frock go for a penny less. It was some relief to the lady to speak her mind and assure the proprietor he had one slave less to count upon, but going home a great despair took possession of the amateur philanthropist in view of overwhelming tyranny she had set out to combat.—Illustrated American.

MONTEZUMA'S BADGE.

A Strange Mexican Relic Contained in a Vienna Museum.

Among the many articles of interest in the Natural History Museum at Vienna, perhaps nothing has been more discussed than an old Mexican relic which is preserved with great care under glass. The relic, which is now known as the field badge of King Montezuma, had lain for three hundred years in the Ambrase collection, where it was at first catalogued as a Moorish hat of long, heavy, glistening green and gold feathers. One investigator held that it was an Indian hat, another an Indian apron; but in 1820 it was at last known to be a Mexican badge of high rank, and through Ferdinand Hochstetter, it was proved to be the genuine field decoration of King Montezuma, captured by Cortez in 1520, after the battle of Otumba. This battle was followed by the wild flight of the Mexicans and the robbing of the land by Cortez, who sent the standard and wardrobe of the King, with much gold, to the Emperor Charles V. of Spain. The latter gave the standard to Pope Clement VII., who sent it to Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tyrol for the Ambrase Collection. It is shaped like a fan and is made from tail-feathers of the bird of paradise, which have a glitter like gold over their red, green and blue colors. The moths had partly destroyed it, but of the five hundred original feathers only forty-one were now left, and these have been replaced by new ones and the former beauty is fully restored.—Vienna Letter.

The telephone has been brought to such perfection that by its use it is not difficult to transmit the sounds of music many miles and give them forth so that sets of dances may move to the measure. Successful experiments of this character have been made with New York as the base of operations and Morristown, N. J., and Saratoga as receiving points.

The brooks so abundant throughout the White Mountains begin to show a great increase in the number of trout, and there are hopes that the fish commission will in the end coax them back to the point of plenty.

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY.

[Respectfully addressed to the gallant patriots who have borne aloft the banner of Democracy through the long dark night of Republican misrule.]

"Oh, say do you see by the dawn's early light
That the flag of Democracy floats on the breeze;
Triumphantly borne through the long bitter fight
Its place at the masthead the ballot decrees.
Though monopoly's test sought to bring it down,
No conqueror had victory half so complete.
'Tis the flag of Democracy, long may it wave,
The hope of the pure and the pride of the brave.

Where are the bold rascals who boastingly swore
That their boodie and bluster should swamp
Our just cause?
The people arose in their might, as of yore,
And crushed the mean despots who threatened our laws.
No money they gave their tough hides could save
From the foul-smelling depths of the base traitor's grave.
And the flag of Democracy in triumph doth wave,
The hope of the pure and the pride of the brave.
May it ever be so when brave patriots stand
To protect our loved homes from monopoly's snare;
Thus shielded and blest may this God-favored land
Aye trust the good party that honors its laws;
That virtue and fame may cling to our name,
And save us from wearing the mantle of shame;
And the flag of Democracy in glory will wave,
The hope of the pure and the pride of the brave.
—Harry G. Forker, in Chicago Herald.

DEMOCRACY'S TRIUMPH.

The People's Protest Against Spoils, Misrule and Tyranny.

The people have spoken. Little is wanting to add emphasis to the expression of their will. The earthquake voice of discontent with the dominant party was followed by the tidal wave which swept away that party's majority in the popular branch of Congress.

The issue of these elections has a significance which reaches far beyond party lines. It is a triumph of popular government. It is a new vindication of Democratic rule, not in the mere partisan sense of the term, but in the broader meaning of a Government by the people and for the people. The people have demonstrated again their capacity to protect themselves from the selfishness of individual greed and the madness of party spirit.

Never, perhaps, in our political annals has there been a surer, swifter or more striking popular condemnation of the delinquencies of political leadership. In spite of the sophistries with which the Republican leaders sought to befog the issue, in spite of the countless misstatements by which the Republican press has tried to mislead the uninformed, the people knew that the McKinley bill was an utterly indefensible measure, viewed from whatever standpoint they might select. They perceived clearly enough that it put up the prices of the necessities of life and added to the burdens which they had cheerfully borne when there was need, but which they wished to lay down when the necessity was past. They saw with a clearness that no specious fallacies could obscure that there was no public reason for these new impositions. They could not fail to see, and they did see, that this measure was but the payment of a political debt which Quay and others had contracted, and for the payment of which they had assumed, without authority, to lay a mortgage upon the property of the people of the United States and to put in pledge the future earnings of labor. Against this colossal usurpation, this autocratic assumption, this arrogant and insupportable tyranny, the freemen of America revolted, and they knew how to make that revolt effectual. They spoke their will in words plain enough and terms loud enough to exclude all possibility of mistake.

The new tariff law was provocation enough for a popular uprising, but there was something more. Behind the giant spoliation stalked the sinister specter of force. The Lodge election bill was a menace to the tranquility of the country, a needless menace, a gratuitous disturbance, an insolent defiance of public sentiment, born of political recklessness and boundless greed of power. When we say it was a defiance of public sentiment, we speak advisedly, for the country wants peace. We have had enough of hate, enough of recrimination, enough of strife evoked and fostered to smooth some one's path to the honors of place and the emoluments of office. The people of the different sections need a rest from strife and disturbance, that they may learn to know one another better, to do justice to the sterling qualities that are found among the inhabitants of every division of this magnificent country, and to join their endeavors to build up the waste places, and vie with each other along the pathway of development and progress. It is to a destiny such as this, it is to achievements of this kind, that the victories of the 4th instant unerringly point; and it is to this spirit that we hail them as harbingers of hope, as cheering and auspicious omens, not merely for the Democratic party, but also for all the people of the grandest Republic beneath the heavens.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BADLY FRIGHTENED.

The Principal Western Organ of the G. O. P. Denounces High Taxation.

The sweeping Democratic victory of November 4, extending practically all over the United States, was due simply to the dissatisfaction of the people with the provisions of the McKinley bill. There was no other general issue. The voters of the United States have declared that they do not want a tariff of the sort imposed by that measure. It matters but little that the nature of the bill may not have been fully understood. It matters but little that the battle was fought before the material effects of recent legislation were justly apparent. The verdict has been rendered and a reversal at any time is most unlikely.

American industries must be protected, but only those which need protection. There must be a tariff for revenue, but no tariff which increases the

cost of the necessities of life or tends to the consolidation of great interests or the building up of monopolies and trusts. Public sentiment is properly influenced by that law which is the first of nature, the law of self-preservation, and the effect is, and will be, a rising up in arms against any thing which will make the rich richer and the poor poorer. A tariff which makes monopolies produces such results. It has been decided by a mighty jury that the McKinley bill provided for taxation of this class.

Tariff-reform declared for by the Republican party was decided by some of its leaders to mean a tariff greatly increased and the rank and file of Republican Congressmen came into line. They committed a grave error. They did not represent the true sentiment of their constituencies. They were rebuked at the polls by their friends. There was no Democratic tidal wave but a Republican tidal wave which swept every thing before it.

What, now, shall be the Republican party's course? Simply this, that it must live up to what are its real principles. The McKinley bill must stand unchanged. It must be modified in almost every feature. A National caucus of the party has been held and its leaders must obey the dictates of that caucus. There is no occasion for delay until a Democratic Congress has assembled and a Republican Senate give assent to the changes required.—Chicago Journal (Radical Rep.).

THE NEW CONGRESS.

It Will Be Democratic and Protect the Rights of the People.

The industrial and economical conditions of the country were such that a change of the party in power in the National House of Representatives was imperatively required. The people went to the polls and by their ballots created this change. They rebuked the present administration and the tariff policy of the Republican majority in power. They served notice on Speaker Reed, the creature of the protected monopolists, that his course as dictator was not sanctioned by his real masters, and their action was evidence that they did not propose to see the would-be czars and imperialists further throttle the people and strengthen their hold on the throat of liberty by passing the infamous force bill at the next session.

The legitimate result of the change in the complexion of the House will be the deposing of Reed from his throne; the election of a Democratic speaker; the repeal or modification of the McKinley bill, and the killing of the infamous, un-American and menacing force bill, which was devised solely for the purpose of packing the House and holding a majority in the interests of the plutocrats.

There will doubtless be strong opposition developed in the Senate among the agents and conservators of the protected barons to any change in the McKinley tariff, but it remains to be seen whether they dare over-ride the will of the people, as expressed by a vast majority of over 12,000,000 votes.

The election was practically a civil revolution. Owing to the long term the Republicans will continue to hold the Senate for a long time to come, but it is more than probable that such tariff-reform Republicans as Paddock, Plumb and Pettigrew, and possibly Allison and Cullom, who have seen the effect of the iniquitous tariff robbery on the voters in their own States, will lead the movement for the repeal or modification of the bill. There will remain the veto power in the hands of the President, and it is scarcely probable that in the face of the returns from his own State and hitherto Republican districts throughout the country he will dare exercise his prerogative and boldly show the country that he is the pilot tool of the protected and exacting plutocrats of trade.—Chicago Globe.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

A vulnerable spot seems to have been found in the coat of mail that protected Mr. Quay's justly celebrated hand.—Chicago Tribune.

Senator Stewart of Nevada, says that the gold-hunters have seen their best days. If the Senator referred to the tariff barons he is quite right.—Chicago Times.

In about three years from now it will be hard to find a Republican who will confess to ever having approved of the McKinley steal. They will all be ashamed of it.—Boston Globe.

Miss Gabbie—"I see that Miss Smith has a new cloak." Miss Upper—"Yes, but it is only sealskin. She can not afford plush under the new tariff law."—Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.

If you will put your ear to the ground you will hear one James G. Blaine snickering in his sleeve. It will be the old gentleman's turn to weep and Reed's turn to snicker in 1892.—Chicago Globe.

The McKinley prices have come and they are pinching the stomachs and backs of the people. Prices of living are raised on every hand, but wages stay where they were, except where they have been lowered.—Buffalo Sunday Truth (Labor organ).

There is an occasional imbecile or demagogue who has the hardihood to claim that the foreign producer pays the tariff tax; but who pays it when the tax is so high as to prohibit imports, thus allowing the domestic manufacturer to raise the price of his goods?—Tariff Reformer.

A tariff is a tax. A protective tariff is a tax upon the people for the benefit of the men who are protected. Let the fact be proclaimed from the house tops. Let the Republican newspapers tell the truth about the tariff. They will have to do it some time. Why not now?—Chicago Herald.

"Be decent!" This is the message of the country to the Republican party. "If you can not be decent, be as decent as you can! If you must tolerate your Quays, your Dupleys, your Reeds and your Ingalys, keep them in the background and do not enslave them. Your recent past is a stench in the nostrils. Make amends or the corruption of your decay shall be forever buried."—Chicago Times.

IN WHOSE POCKET?

A Humbug Argument For Protection Exposed—Protection and Robbery Both Keep Money in the Country—Labor and National Wealth.

A very common argument brought forward by the protectionists in support of their system, is that when goods are bought from the home producer, or when wages are paid to the home laborer, you keep the money at home, and therefore the Nation suffers no loss. The money has not left the country, they say, and we are just as well off as we were before.

They do not see that their so-called "argument" proves far too much. They do not see that there is any force in it, their robbery is not an evil, for a robber does not take his booty out of the country, he stays at home and enjoys his stealings. This is the legitimate conclusion to which the "argument" leads. Indeed one of the leading protection organs of the United States has just had the brutal frankness to carry the "argument" to precisely this extreme.

This newspaper is the New York Press, founded to spread the protection heresy, and presided over by that arch-protectionist, Robert P. Porter, until he was appointed to make a mess of the census. In a recent issue of this organ there are two editorials which bear upon the protective tariff. One editorial argues that, although the labor cost of making an article in the United States be double what it is in England, still it pays the country at large better to make the article here; for in that case the money paid is not lost to the country, "for it is just as much a part of the wealth of the country in one man's hands as in another's."

The second article is remarkable as showing how the editor does not hesitate to apply this argument even to downright robbery. He writes an editorial on "Hoarded Currency in the Country," beginning with this sentence: "Robbers who entered an Ohio farmer's house in the dead of night made him give up his gold watch and \$300 in gold at the point of a pistol." The editor comments upon this fact as some length, raises the question whether our farmers, who have been thinking themselves so poor, may not have \$900,000,000 "hidden away in old stockings, tin cups, china teapots and other odd receptacles," and then comes to the conclusion that "a few robber raids like that in Ohio will send their money back into bank vaults, where it can be utilized as a medium of exchange," and the editor adds: "That would be a public gain, and new proof that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Most astounding! Robbery is a "public gain"! It is easy now to see how the protectionist mind takes so naturally to the idea that the tariff is not to be condemned on the mere ground that it gives one man's money to another man. A wealthy merchant who is a protectionist has recently made this statement: "I can easily see how the tariff helps one man at another's expense; I can watch the tariff dollar as it leaves the consumer's pocket, and can trace it all along down the line till it reaches the pocket of the manufacturer. But I see no moral wrong in that." What is to be said of such men as this merchant and the editor of the Press? If they think that robbery is not wrong, can you convince them that it is wrong? If they say a rose is not sweet, can you prove to them that it is sweet?

But there is one thing that can be done. Let the tariff once rob them, let it do so in such a way that they can calculate the robbery in hard cash, and they will very quickly change their views about tariff morals. A case of this kind occurred recently in New York. An oculist of that city returned from Europe bringing with him a \$200 microscope, which he very much needed in his work, and which is not made at all by American manufacturers. The tariff fee which the United States Government took out of his pocket as a penalty for bringing in this useful instrument was \$175. The oculist had been a protectionist all his life, had doubtless thought that transferring money from one man's pocket to the pockets of another man was not wrong; but when it transferred money from his pocket to the tune of \$175 the scales fell from his eyes and he saw a great light. He no longer believes in protection and has voted for a Democratic Congressman for the first time in his life. That is the only way such people's eyes can be opened.

But going back to the Ohio farmer who was robbed, what is the matter with the editor's reasoning facilities, when he calls that robbery a "public gain"? His error lies in overlooking the nature of money as the representative of the labor performed by its holder. Suppose that farmer was a wool raiser and had received this \$300 as the price of 1,000 pounds of wool. All the labor that went into the production of this wool is absolutely lost when his \$300 was taken by the robbers. It will not do to argue that the country has the wool all the same, and therefore the farmer's labor was not lost, for the wool no longer represents the farmer's labor but the labor of the manufacturer, who bought it. Before the purchase the manufacturer held this \$300 as the return for labor which he and his men had put into the manufacture of 600 yards of cloth; but after the purchase he holds 1,000 pounds of wool as the reward of that labor. The wool must now no longer be considered in reference to the value of it in money; but it must be considered solely in reference to the labor of the manufacturer and his men, for it now represents to them the product of their labor.

But how does the matter stand as between the farmer and the robbers? The farmer received 1,000 pounds of wool which goes into the general wealth of the country; but the robbers have contributed nothing to the general wealth in order to come into possession of the \$300; have been idlers, have been making the country poorer by eating its bread in idleness. To make the circuit of exchange complete let us suppose that the robbers buy two horses with this \$300; then the account of the three parties would stand as follows: The manufacturer's account: Contri-

buted to National wealth, 600 yards cloth. Received in payment, 1,000 pounds wool.

The farmers' account: Contributed 1,000 pounds wool. Received in payment, nothing.

The robbers' account: Contributed, nothing. Received in payment, two horses.

Here the element of money is entirely removed and only commodities are taken into consideration. Let any man now examine this series of accounts and he will very easily see where the fallacy of the protectionist newspaper lies. He will find that the farmer has been laboring in order that the robbers may ride, and the labor which the robbers ought to have performed for the community in order to get those horses honestly has not been performed. They have contributed nothing, and the farmer has nothing. Does it make no difference, then, that the \$300 is still in the country, and that "this money finds its way back into bank vaults"? The Ohio farmer who spent his labor for naught thinks it makes a great deal of difference.

PROFITS IN IRON.

"Infant" Industries That Reap Large Gains Through the Federal Policy of Protection.

The Senate refused to make a very slight reduction in iron ore; but there is abundant evidence that the mine-owners and pig-iron makers are growing rich. As far back as 1863 the Thomas iron works in Pennsylvania were making pig iron at a total cost of less than \$14.06 per ton. Last year the same works produced pig iron at \$13.05 per ton and declared a dividend of 25 per cent. Nor have they an advantage over other works in their district, for they use a very lean ore and are therefore required to use more fuel than is necessary in case richer ores are used.

Last January the Iron Age, the principal trade journal of the iron trade in this country, said that the Metropolitan Iron and Lead Company, in the Lake Superior region, was also clearing 25 per cent, on its capital. The Age stated that the shares of the company, the par value of which is \$25, were then "close to \$75," and it goes on to state facts which explain this enormous premium. It says: "The company's mines will greatly increase their output, and a very large part of it has already been sold at an advance on last season's prices. Unless an unforeseen revision should occur in the trade, or mining operations be seriously impeded by some accident, the year 1890 will be the greatest in the company's history, both as to production of ore and not results to stockholders."

Twenty-five per cent dividends and still higher ones in prospect, and the United States Senate afraid to give the seaboard manufacturers slightly lower duties on iron ore lest the Lake Superior people should be hurt!

This Thomas Company, already referred to, has an equally cheerful outlook. The latest number of Bradstreet's says: "The Thomas Company, the largest producer, has the smallest stocks on hand for months. It has none for sale at present prices, and in fact can hardly keep customers supplied who have contracts."

FAVORING THE RICH.

How the McKinley Bill Discriminates Against the Poor Man.

McKinley's high tariff bill is called "an act to reduce the revenue and equalize duties on imports, and for other purposes." In his report, when he submitted the bill to Congress, he said: "The committee submit what they believe to be a just and equitable revision of the tariff."

Perhaps a few examples will make plain what McKinley means by the words, "just and equitable." Here are some of his duties for the rich and the poor:

- Rich Man—Fine cassimeres, advanced 25 per cent.
- Poor Man—Cotton corduroy, advanced 114 per cent.
- Rich Man—Fine broadcloth, advanced 20 per cent.
- Poor Man—Woolen cloth, advanced 37 per cent.
- Rich Man's Wife—Sealskin sacques, reduced 33 per cent.
- Poor Man's Wife—Silk plush to imitate sealskin sacques, advanced 120 per cent.
- Rich Man's Wife—Silk velvet, no advance.
- Poor Man's Wife—Cotton velvet, advanced 100 per cent.
- Rich Man's Wife—Silk laces and handkerchiefs, advanced 20 per cent.
- Poor Man's Wife—Cotton laces and handkerchiefs, advanced fifty per cent.
- Rich Man's Wife—Black silk, no advance.
- Poor Man's Wife—Cheap black alpaca, advanced sixty-six per cent.
- Rich Man's Wife—Silk sleeve linings, no advance.
- Poor Man's Wife—Silk striped cotton sleeve linings, advanced one hundred and eighty-five per cent.

And that is the way McKinley makes a "just and equitable revision of the tariff."

Falsifying the Facts.
A prominent protectionist paper claims to believe that we import 5,000,000 gallons of linseed oil yearly. This paper is evidently trying to conjure up a big scare in order to justify the 32 cents a gallon protection on this oil in the McKinley tariff law. The duty was 25 cents under the old law, which was practically prohibitory, the average yearly importation for the past four years being only 6,033 gallons. The Linseed Oil Trust sells every year some 28,000,000 gallons and realizes the highest possible trust profits on it. The trust has run up the price from 38 cents, when it was formed in January, 1887, to from 60 to 63 cents a gallon, and had to stop there to prevent importation of oil. McKinley came to the help of the trust with 7 cents additional duty, and already the price of oil has started up ward again.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Keep silver and nickel ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woolen cloths saturated with spirits of ammonia.

—Angels' Pudding.—Two ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, two of butter, a pint of cream and the whites of three eggs. Bake in patty-pans, cover with icing, and serve without sauce.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—To take creases out of an engraving lay it face downward upon a sheet of smooth, unsized white paper, cover it with another sheet of the same, slightly damped, and iron with a moderately warm flat-iron.—N. Y. World.

—Mucilage of Gum Arabic.—To make a clear, almost odorless and permanent mucilage, Francke neutralizes the free acid present in the gum with lime water. Instead of water he uses a mixture 20 per cent lime water and 80 per cent distilled water.

—A porcelain kettle is the best for preserving; too large a quantity should never be cooked at one time. Large fruits may be put in the sirup, cooked rapidly at first and then slowly, to preserve the shape; if the fruit is cooked, and the sirup yet thin, take up a piece at a time carefully, boil the sirup until thick, return the fruit to it and cook slowly.

—Pumpkin Pie Without Eggs.—Take half a gallon of stewed pumpkin, one and a half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, and half a teacup of flour; season to taste. Add the butter, and sugar and milk while the pumpkin is hot, and the flour just before baking. Beat together well, and bake with one crust.—Yankee Blade.

—Fried Beef.—Cut dried beef very thin. To every half pound allow a tablespoonful of butter, half pint of milk, and one tablespoonful of flour. Melt the butter in a frying-pan, add the beef, and stir over the fire five minutes; sprinkle in the flour, stir again, pour in the milk, season with pepper, stir until it boils, and serve immediately.—Courier-Journal.

—Tea Biscuit.—One quart of flour, before sifting, and three heaping teaspoons baking powder, sift them together well; wet with nice rich milk until a soft dough, knead as little as you can, roll out less than half inch and spread with one tablespoon butter and two of butter beaten together before making the dough; roll up and slice off the end, lay on tins and bake quick.—Boston Globe.

—An exchange in an article on diet for old people dwells on the importance of milk and says: "Give milk often and always warm. Never boil it, but let it come nearly to a boiling point; by this means the curd in the milk, not being so hard, assimilates more readily and gives heat," and explains that all hot things do not warm alike; the heat from tea does not remain long, but the heat from milk does.

—Lemon Pie, with Two Crusts.—Pulp and juice of one lemon, part of the grated rind, one cupful of cold water, one cupful of sugar, four small tablespoonfuls of powdered crackers, one teaspoonful of unmelting butter cut into bits. Mix together all but the butter and scatter the bits over the top after it is in the lower crust. Place another good crust, with air holes, cut in some pretty design, and bake.—Good Housekeeping.

—Egg Nog.—One well-beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a glass full of sweet, rich milk; mix all together thoroughly, and sprinkle with nutmeg. Good in summer complaints. The following will also be found useful for the same: Add one tablespoonful of canned or fresh blackberry juice and a tablespoonful of sugar to a glass of water; strain the juice before using, to avoid seeds. A tablespoonful of any kind of fruit juice, either fresh or canned, added to a glassful of slightly sweetened water, makes a refreshing drink.—Housekeeper.

A MODERN PORTIA.

Mlle. Bilescio Is Now a Full-Fledged Doctor of Laws.

Mlle. Bilescio, a Roumanian girl, twenty-three years old, has successfully passed her examination before the Paris law faculty and is now a full-fledged L.L. D. Mlle. Bilescio is very decided in her tastes, very bold when speaking of law and the rights of woman, but painfully timid when addressed on ordinary subjects. She belongs to a good family, and came to Paris with her mother in 1884, and after some hesitation on the part of the faculty was admitted to the law classes. Among her opponents was M. Colmet de Santerre, who afterward became her professor, and to-day he considers Mlle. Bilescio one of his most brilliant pupils.

Her law examination attracted as much attention as a first representation at a theater, and well it might, for Mlle. Bilescio is the first "doctresse en droit" of France.

She had the good sense to choose for her essay a subject that injured no one's sensibilities—"The Legal Condition of a Mother According to Roumanian Law and According to French Law."

A French lawyer tells me that the ideas of this young girl are surprising in their elevation. Here are some of them: "Woman should have the right, not to intrude on man's province, but to show herself his equal in fulfilling the mission that is really hers. This mission consists, not only in perpetuating the race, but, above all, in training those who later will be men. Woman, like man, forms parts of a civil or political society—in other words, of a State. Indeed, woman is not less than man interested in the formation of laws, in the government of public affairs, in the administration of justice. We think often it does not become her to be a direct participant, but she has for representative father, brother, husband and son."

Mlle. Bilescio concluded by asking that, with reference to the child, a mother have the same rights as are now enjoyed by the father.

When questioned Mlle. Bilescio answered without hesitation, and in the discussions she used the arguments necessary to baffle her opponents.—N. Y. World.

The Chase County Courant,
W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher
 Issued every Thursday.
 Official Paper of Chase County.

After March 4, 1891, Senator Ingalls will have plenty of time to look after his new Christ, which he is expected to arrive at any time.—*Burlington Independent.*

The Emporia Republican cruelly says: "Mr. Ingalls will probably go a notch further now, and say that the worst Democrat that ever lived is better than the best Alliance man."

In the November number of the North American Congressman McKinley, Lodge and Dalzell gave us their opinions on the subject, "What Congress Has Done." It would be interesting if they would now publish their views upon "What the People Have Done."

Low Hauback says: "In no canvass ever before made in Kansas were the conditions such as to allow a candidate for Congress to partially denude himself in the presence of thousands of respectable and self-respecting men and women in order to show that he was so poor, that he could not afford drawers and socks. Yet Jerry Simpson performed this act time and again amid applauding shouts."

There are faint cries, evidently emanating from eastern manufacturers that the (remnant of the) Republican party must stand by the McKinley bill. The eastern manufacturers do not own the Republican party, body, soul and breeches, yet. The party has more sense than to butt out the remainder of its brains against a stone wall. We are following Blaine, now, not McKinley.—*State Journal.*

Speaker Reed is quoted as saying that the criticisms of Mr. Blaine and other leading Republicans upon the McKinley bill caused the country to distrust that measure and are largely responsible for the Republican defeat. While there is perhaps some truth in the assertion, it will do no good to stir up the matter now. Republicans must get closer together, not more widely apart.—*Emporia Republican.*

Buchan's boastful claim that Ingalls is sure to be re-elected was made immediately after a visit to the Atchison Senator. While it is possible that a scheme is on foot to buy up the legislature, the probability is that the purpose is simply to let Mr. Ingalls down easy. Buchan will keep on talking till pretty soon somebody will interview the Alliance and Democratic Representatives on the subject, and then he will shut up suddenly and permanently.—*Emporia Republican.*

Major McKinley has not yet recovered from the terrible fall that he had Nov. 4, but is still in a dazed condition. He declares, and seems to really believe, that the people did not pass upon his Tariff bill at the recent elections. We shall have to give the Waterloo Napoleon a little more time in which to gain his senses. He will eventually learn that the people opinionated upon the tariff and all the other Republican iniquities as well.

The one place in all the country, where the tariff issue was clearly and forcibly drawn was in McKinley's district in Ohio, and there a Democratic plurality of 2,900 was almost wiped out.—*Emporia Republican.* Hol there, Governor Ekridge! You might go a notch further and still keep within the bounds of truth and say that it took every big gun in the Republican party and McKinley Jr.'s slush fund of \$200,000 to wipe out what little they did. Tell the whole truth, Governor, while you are at it.—*Burlington Independent.*

In the next House the Republicans will have the smallest representation they have ever had and the Democrats will have the largest majority—about 154—it has had since the Republican party came into being. The last election wrought the greatest change in political complexion that has been made at one time in the history of the House. In 1874 the Republicans lost 91 seats; in 1882 they lost 33 seats; and this year they gave up 90 seats, which, with the increased membership, is really a much greater loss than was that of 1874.—*Newton Republican.*

"The women did it," says Senator John Sherman. "They found the prices higher when they went shopping, and the men had to vote against the tariff bill." This sententious summing up by so eminent a Republican authority, of the causes of the Republican overthrow, may or may not close the mouths of the hide bound organs which insisted that the alleged advances was a Democratic device to hoodwink voters, but its main assertion will stand. "They found the prices higher when they went shopping," says Senator John Sherman.

Two years ago McKinley's present district gave Cleveland a majority of 4,205. Last year it gave a Democratic majority, in the State election, of nearly 3,000. This year it gave McKinley's competitor a majority of 200. If they hadn't resorted to the villainous gerrymander, McKinley would have beaten his cowardly opponents most humiliatingly.—*Emporia Republican.*

Yes; but, if you will figure a little, you will find that \$200,000 for a change of 1,400 votes, which will give a difference of 2,800 in the result, will make these votes average over \$142 each; and how is that for high?

There have been five tidal wave years—1840, 1852, 1874, 1882 and 1890, in the annals of American politics. Sweeping victories were gained in other years, to be sure. Thus, in 1820, in the so called "era of good feeling," Monroe, for president, received every electoral vote except one. Party lines, however, were obliterated at that time and Monroe had no opposition. In 1864, also, and in 1872 overwhelming victories were won in the Presidential elections, but neither involved partisan changes, and that of 1864 took place at a time when about a third of the States were prevented from participating in the canvass. The elections of the five years first named, though, were partisan revolutions, in which all opposition was virtually crushed out. The years 1840 and 1852 were years of Presidential contests, the first marking the culmination of power of the whig party and the second the death of that organization. The transformations of the years 1864, 1872 and 1890, while they involved State officers and Congress only, have been fully as complete and startling in their way.

GIVE US TOM MOONLIGHT FOR U. S. SENATOR.

We have been asked since the election, by Alliance men: "Why can't the Democrats and Alliance people unite on a State ticket, in two years hence, and elect the same, by an overwhelming majority?" While there may be many reasons why this can not be accomplished, we will here give a few of the obstacles that stand in the way of this much desired state of affairs. In the first place: The Alliance asked for nothing from either of the old parties and conceded nothing to either of them, saying it had severed itself from all political entanglements and asked the aid of no one outside of the People's party, viz: The Alliance, to assist it in sending any one to office; and, with this idea kept conspicuously to the front, the Alliance, or, as they prefer to call it, the People's party, went ahead and nominated a State ticket, and put Congressional and County tickets in the field all over the State; and when asked by Democrats for them to give the Democratic party some recognition, even on township officers, they stubbornly refused to do so, saying that they were in sufficient numbers to elect everybody whom they had nominated, from the highest to the lowest officer in the State; then again, the Democratic party does not believe that the government should own transportation, which if carried to extremes, would give the Government the right to even run hacks in the cities and towns of this country, and, by carrying passengers at less than cost of expenses, and making up the difference by a deficiency appropriation, destroy all private competition in this line; but the Democracy does believe that the government should control transportation to the extent that it shall be equitable between the passenger or shipper and the common carrier. Then again, while the People's party, or Alliance platform is very Democratic in nearly everything it sets forth, there are other principles in it, besides this one that might be modified, so as to "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," so as to make it set forth ideas on which the Democracy, in other words, the party of the people, can stand; then again, while the Alliance party neither asked nor sought the support of the Democracy in assisting its nominees into office, the Democracy of five Congressional districts and of nearly every Representative district in the State backed on its armor for the Alliance ticket, and thus was the Alliance party afforded the gratification of getting the office of Attorney General of the State, five Congressmen from the State, and ninety-five Representatives in the Legislature, not a one of whom, however, would have been elected without the Democratic votes of their respective districts. Now, then, in view of the fact that the Democracy furnished about two-thirds of the votes for the Alliance State ticket, if not more; and furnished the balance of power that elected these five Congressmen and the ninety five Representatives, it is no more than fair, if the Alliance people desire the Democrats to unite with them in two years hence and assist them in hurling from office the dominant party of this State, that they should go outside of the Alliance and elect to the Senate of the United States a man whose character is above reproach, a man whose political ascendency is unsoiled, a man whose fair name and fame is familiar to even the children of the State, a man the mere mention of whose name gives inspiration to Democratic thought and action, a man, while other leaders may be unobjectionable to the Democracy of the State, there is none more worthy than he upon whom to throw the mantle of Senatorial honors; and certainly none upon whom it could be thrown with that certainty of uniting all the opposition to that party that has conducted the helm of State in this great commonwealth ever since its admission into the Union, and that

has controlled National legislature for the past thirty years; therefore, let the opposition to this dominant party be wise—willing to make concessions—always in honor and in reason—where concessions are necessary to bring about a unity of sentiment and action for the general welfare of all. The man whom we mean made a gallant fight in his district for Congressional honors but was defeated; he has polled more votes for Governor of this State than any one else who ever ran in opposition to the dominant party, and still was defeated; his life has been a series of struggles for the liberties of the people; therefore, we suggest to the Alliance members of the Legislature to reflect on these suggestions, and, if possible, for them to rise above party, for the common good, and let the culmination of the defeats of this statesman, scholar and yeoman has suffered for this people end in a victorious entry into that highest legislative body in this great land, and thus bring about a union with that political party that assisted them into office, which after years will make more and more enduring; and that man is Tom Moonlight.

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COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.



"Hello! Tom. Glad to see you, old fellow! It's almost two years since we were married. Sit down; let's have an experience meeting. How's the wife?"
 "Yes, but I guess 'want will be my master.' I started to keep down expenses; and now Lil says I'm 'mean,' and she's tired of saving and never having anything to show for it. I saw your wife down street, and she looked as happy as a queen!"
 "I think she is; and we are economical, too."
 "Have to be. My wife can make a little more than anyone I ever knew, yet she's always surprising me with some dainty contrivance that adds to the comfort and beauty of our little home, and she's always 'merry as a lark.' When I ask how she manages it, she always laughs and says: 'Oh! that's my secret.' But I think I've discovered her 'secret.' When we married, we both knew we should have to be very careful, but she made one condition: she would have her Magazine. And she was right! I wouldn't do without it myself for double the subscription price. We read it together, from the title-page to the last word; the stories keep our hearts young; the synopsis of important events and scientific matters keeps me posted so that I can talk understandingly of what is going on; my wife is always trying some new idea from the household department; she makes all her dresses and those for the children, and she gets all her patterns for nothing, with the Magazine; and we saved Joe when he was so sick with the croup, by doing just as directed in the Sanitarian Department. But can't tell you half!"
 "What wonderful Magazine is it?"
 "Well, my friend, that's where you made a grand mistake, and one you'd better rectify as soon as you can. I'll take your 'sub,' right here, on the condition: she'll have her Magazine. And she was right! I wouldn't do without it myself for double the subscription price. We read it together, from the title-page to the last word; the stories keep our hearts young; the synopsis of important events and scientific matters keeps me posted so that I can talk understandingly of what is going on; my wife is always trying some new idea from the household department; she makes all her dresses and those for the children, and she gets all her patterns for nothing, with the Magazine; and we saved Joe when he was so sick with the croup, by doing just as directed in the Sanitarian Department. But can't tell you half!"
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 It saves your horse labor, and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.
 All our goods are marked with the
FRAZER LABEL.

Vick's Floral Guide
 FOR 1887.

Now ready, contains 2 Colored Plates, hundreds of Illustrations, and nearly 200 pages—22 pertaining to Gardening and Flower Culture, and over 150 containing an illustrated list of nearly all the FLOWERS and VEGETABLES grown, with directions how to grow them, where the best SEEDS, PLANTS, and BULBS can be procured, with prices of each. This book makes free no receipt of 10 cents, and the 10 cents may be deducted from the first order sent us. Every one interested in a garden, or who desires good fresh seeds, should have this work. We refer to the millions of persons who have planted our seeds. Buy on VICK'S TERMS AT HEADQUARTERS.
JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN,
 Rochester, N. Y.

H. W. ALLEGER
 1870 1889
REDUCTION IN PRICES!
 FROM \$85 TO \$45

This elegant Parlor Organ, style 30, containing 50 octaves, 4 sets of reeds, 10 stops, 2 Incewells, Stool and book free. For only \$45.00. With right and left couplers. Warranted for 6 years. Circular free to all.
 It is only necessary to send references to a large responsible firm, any banker, postmaster, merchant or express agent, and the Organ will be shipped promptly on ten days' test trial.
 I Sell Direct to Families
 Be sure to write me, and save money. Hold without cause. LOWEST PRICES. Address: "H. W. ALLEGER" in Washington Paper where this "AD" is seen. "G. B. 25 Years Mfg. Organ." No counterfeits with my name. \$45.00
H. W. ALLEGER,
 WASHINGTON, N. J.

ACORN STOVES & RANGES.

ACORN STOVES NEVER FAIL.
 They are the best value for the money ever offered, and have always been so regarded FOR THE PAST 50 YEARS. Quick workers, economical in the use of fuel, always reliable. If you want a perfect Stove buy an ACORN.

OVER A MILLION IN USE.
 SOLD BY
H. F. GILLETT, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.

YOU WANT ONE
 OF THE
CELEBRATED JACKSON CORSET WAISTS.
 MADE ONLY BY THE
Jackson Corset Co.
 JACKSON, MICH.

LADIES who prefer not to wear stiff and rigid Corsets, are invited to try them. They are approved by physicians, endorsed by dress makers, and recommended by every lady that has worn them.
 SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
E. B. OSBORN, Southern Agent,
 68 RICHARDSON BLOCK,
 Canvasers Wanted. CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

LEADER STOVES AND RANGES.

ESTABLISHED 1857.
 A third of a century of experience and progressive improvement is represented in THE LEADER LINE OF STOVES AND RANGES. The line embraces an extensive variety of RANGES, COOK STOVES and HEATING STOVES for hard coal, soft coal and wood. They are all models of perfect modern stove construction, and meet every known requirement of the uses for which they are intended.
COLLINS & BURGIE, Chicago.

The Chase County Courant

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN., THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1890.

W. E. TIMMONS - Ed. and Prop

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 4 weeks, 5 weeks, 6 weeks, 7 weeks, 8 weeks, 9 weeks, 10 weeks, 11 weeks, 12 weeks, 13 weeks, 14 weeks, 15 weeks, 16 weeks, 17 weeks, 18 weeks, 19 weeks, 20 weeks, 21 weeks, 22 weeks, 23 weeks, 24 weeks, 25 weeks, 26 weeks, 27 weeks, 28 weeks, 29 weeks, 30 weeks, 31 weeks, 32 weeks, 33 weeks, 34 weeks, 35 weeks, 36 weeks, 37 weeks, 38 weeks, 39 weeks, 40 weeks, 41 weeks, 42 weeks, 43 weeks, 44 weeks, 45 weeks, 46 weeks, 47 weeks, 48 weeks, 49 weeks, 50 weeks.



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

Table with columns for time table: STRONG CITY, GOING EAST, No. 2, Atlantic express, No. 3, New York express, No. 4, Chicago express, No. 5, Denver & Utah express, No. 6, Missouri River express, No. 7, Colorado express, No. 8, Local freight, No. 9, Pacific & Texas express, No. 10, Mexico & San Diego express, No. 11, Denver & Utah express, No. 12, Colorado express, No. 13, Local freight, No. 14, Local freight.

Table with columns for time table: STRONG CITY BRANCH, WESTWARD, No. 301, Accommodation, No. 302, Accommodation, No. 303, Accommodation, EASTWARD, No. 304, Accommodation, No. 305, Accommodation, No. 306, Accommodation, No. 307, Accommodation, No. 308, Accommodation, No. 309, Accommodation, No. 310, Accommodation.

Table with columns for time table: ELLINOR BRANCH, WESTWARD, No. 306, Accommodation, EASTWARD, No. 305, Accommodation, No. 304, Accommodation, No. 303, Accommodation, No. 302, Accommodation, No. 301, Accommodation.

Table with columns for time table: LOCAL SHORT STOPS, Business locals, under this head, 20 cents a line, first insertion, 5 and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Court proceedings will be published next week.

Mrs. Gid. E. Finley is quite ill, with pneumonia.

Miss Stella Kerr is suffering with rheumatism.

Mr. Z. T. Lillard, of Newton, was in town, yesterday.

Dr. Wm. H. Cartter has gone to Washington, D. C.

Geo. W. W. Guthrie, of Atchison, was in town, Tuesday.

Mrs. Warner Hayden has moved into her new residence.

Mr. S. A. Breese has gone to Woodson county, on business.

Mrs. E. Porter and daughter were down to Topeka, last week.

Mr. S. F. Perrigo has returned from his business trip to Chicago.

Mr. Jack Rieker has returned to Strong City, from St. Louis.

Mr. W. H. Holsinger has put up an office room south of his store.

Mr. Albert Berry, of Diamond creek, is again living at Strong City.

Mrs. J. H. Deolittle returned home, Tuesday, from a visit at Herrington.

Mr. A. F. Fritze is having a large barn built on his premises in Strong City.

Mrs. W. G. Marlin, of Strong City, visited her old home, at Florence, last week.

Wooden railings have been placed on the approaches, to the Broadway bridge.

Don't forget the Midland Medical Concert Company's entertainments.

Mr. McGathen, the baker at Strong City, has moved to Topeka, with his family.

Mrs. G. W. Hays, of this city, left Sunday, for Eureka Springs, Arkansas, for her health.

Mrs. R. B. Evans, of Emporia, was here, last week, visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. B. Carson.

Be sure to go to the Midland Medical Concert Company's entertainments, next week.

Mr. Alex. Russell, of Sharp's creek, brought in eighty-two head of cattle, from Colorado, last week.

Mr. D. S. Gilmore, formerly of the COURANT force, is now business manager of the Hartford Call.

Dr. C. M. Smith and family, of Strong City, have moved into the Mrs. Wager house, in that city.

Marricd, on Sunday, Nov. 9, 1890, by Judge J. M. Rose, Mr. C. Watchous and Miss Mary A. Allison.

Mrs. Chas. M. Frye and son, Neale, of Strong City, who were visiting in Chetopa, have returned home.

Born, on Sunday morning, November 16, 1890, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thomas, of Strong City, a son.

Mr. Moses Payne, of Strong City, is having his residence raised, and is building an addition to the same.

Born, on Tuesday morning, November 18, 1890, to Mr. and Mrs. John Stubenhofer, east of town, a daughter.

Mrs. James O'Byrne and Mrs. Al. Roberts, of Strong City, have returned home from their visit at Chicago, Ill.

Col. S. N. Wood was counted out as County Attorney for Stevens county. He will take the case to the supreme court.

Mr. Frank Meise, the man who was reported to have been killed at Osage City, a few months ago, was in town, yesterday.

Mr. M. Martin and wife, of Elmdale, will go, next week, to New Albany, Ind., on a visit to Mr. Martin's brother, Richard.

Mr. E. R. Beadle, of Matfield Green, having just recovered from a spell of typhoid fever, has gone on a visit to friends in Illinois.

Mr. C. A. Fritze and Misses Lena and Martha Fritze, of Strong City, will go overland to Edwards county, this week, on a visit to relatives.

Mr. Scott Dennison, who went from Strong City to Ottawa, a few weeks ago, has returned to the former place to remain there during the winter.

The store room formerly occupied by the Rockwood meat market is being overhauled for Mr. C. M. Frye to use as a stationary and fancy goods store.

"As You Like It" is now being rehearsed by the ladies of the Shakespeare Club, of this city, and will soon be produced before a limited number of friends.

Mr. A. R. Palmer, of Bazaar, took four car loads of cattle to Kansas City, last week. He also took four car loads to Chicago, Axel Anderson going with him.

It began raining Thursday night and continued to rain, at intervals, until Monday afternoon; when the sky cleared and the sun shone forth again in all its splendor.

The Burns Club will meet, Saturday afternoon, at the office of James McNee, for the purpose of electing officers, and making arrangements for the annual celebration.

The City Council has granted Mr. Jesse Kellogg a license to run a billiard hall, he to pay \$72 per annum for the same, to keep out minors, close at 11 p. m. and on Sundays.

Mr. C. A. Britton and family intend making Fresno, California, their future home, and the family will shortly leave for that place, Mr. Britton having started for there last week.

Marricd, at the residence of Mr. J. Doering, in this city, on Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1890, by Judge J. M. Rose, Mr. Charles D. Yeager, of Rock creek, and Miss Mary T. Schimpff, of Prairie Hill.

Mr. C. Mundy, of Rock creek, having sold all his household goods and cattle, last Tuesday, will soon return, with his family, to his old home in Illinois, where they will live in the future.

Mrs. T. H. Grisham was visiting at Herrington, Saturday and Sunday, returning home, Sunday afternoon, and bringing a pug dog with her, which she presented to Mrs. J. W. McWilliams.

There will be union Thanksgiving services held in the M. E. church, next Thursday, November 27, Thanksgiving Day, at 11 o'clock, a. m. City ministers will take part, and every one is invited to attend.

Mr. John O'Neill and family, of Concordia, were visiting at Strong City, Sunday and Monday, and Mr. O'Neill was in this city, Monday, in company with Mr. Robt. Belton, of Strong City, who has charge of a railroad gang, at Concordia.

Mr. Owen French, of Cleveland, Ohio, a relative of Mr. Henry Bone-well, stopped off here, the fore part of the week, to visit his relatives here, while on his way home from a coast and gradarite survey and a transcontinental and triangulation survey over the mountains.

At the meeting of the City Council, last Monday night, J. D. Minick was appointed City Treasurer, vice Dr. J. W. Stone, resigned. An ordinance to build a 30-foot arch culvert over the ravine, on east Main street, at a cost of \$168, J. H. Brown being the contractor, was passed.

The Midland Medicine Concert Company will occupy the Music Hall for the week commencing November 24th, 1890. This company gives an entertainment superior to many high priced shows and only 10 cents pays the bill. Each entertainment concludes with a roaring "After-piece."

The Live-Stock Indicator, the leading western live-stock paper, can be obtained in connection with the COURANT at \$2.25 a year. The information of interest to farmers and stock raisers, contained in the Live-Stock Indicator, is worth many times the price of subscription. Sample copies can be had by addressing Live-Stock Indicator, Kansas City, Mo.

Marricd, at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1890, by the Rev. R. E. Maclean, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Strong City, Mr. W. Y. Morgan, of this city, and Miss Colie Adare, daughter of Mr. Wit Adare, the ceremonies being conducted in the presence of a few of the friends and relatives of the contracting parties. After receiving a number of handsome and valuable presents, and partaking of a sumptuous repast, the happy couple took the east-bound train, for Kansas City, from whence they went to Chicago, expecting to be gone from home about a week. Miss Adare is one of Chase county's most charming and accomplished daughters, and the groom is to be congratulated on securing such a helpmate over the journey of life, while the friends of the bride extend to her their hearty congratulations for the choice she made in the one who is hereafter to be with her in sickness and in health, until death does them part. May their married life be happy and prosperous is the wish of the COURANT.

DEATH OF GEORGE N. KERR. Mr. George N. Kerr, a resident of Chase county, Kansas, died, at his home, in this city, Friday afternoon, November 14, 1890, aged 55 years, he having been born in Carroll county, Ohio, in the year 1835. He had been sick only a few days, sinking very rapidly after being confined to his room. He suffered intense pain, but bore it with that degree of patience that very few possess, and was perfectly conscious to all that was going on around him, and would answer all questions, up to within an hour and a half of his death, seeming to know that his chances for getting well were very uncertain, as he expressed himself, in answer to the question asked him by his brother, Mr. J. M. Kerr, if he realized that he could not recover; also, if he realized that he was going to die, to which he said: "Some time." He was educated at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and went from there to Cappa, Illinois, in 1860, where he taught school for several years. In 1866 he joined his brother, J. M., at Cairo, Ill., and went into the quartermaster's Department, and served as clerk in the Army, until 1869. Shortly after this he came to Kansas, and engaged with his brother, J. M., in the cattle business, in Lyon county. After living there a few years, he went to Colorado, and was in the employ of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company. He finally located in this city, to again be with his brother, J. M., and where he remained until his death. He was of a family of nine children—seven boys and two girls—five of whom survive him. He was a very close reader, and had a well selected library. He was a man of retired habits and was a very highly respected citizen. His funeral took place at 2 o'clock, p. m., Sunday, from the Presbyterian church, the Rev. W. F. Mathews officiating, assisted by the Rev. John Maclean, the remains being interred in the cemetery west of town, being followed to their last resting place by a large number of friends.

SOUTH OF SNOW BELT. Texas, New Mexico and old Mexico are well worth visiting this winter. It will not cost you much to take a trip there via Santa Fe route. Winter tourist tickets now on sale, good until June 1st, 1891, with thirty days' limit each way. List of destinations includes Austin, Corpus Christi, Deming, El Paso, Galveston, Houston, Lampasas, Monterey, Rockport, Saltillo and San Antonio. Inquire of local agent of Santa Fe Route, or address G. T. Nicholson, G.P. & T. A., Topeka, Kansas.

LETTER LIST. Letters remaining in the postoffice at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, November 20th, 1890: Kent, Frank A. Woodward, Ed. All the above remaining uncalled for December 1st, will be sent to the Dead Letter office.

S. A. BREESE, P. M.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE. The German class is again in operation, and meets every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, in the high-school rooms. Instructions commence at 7:30 o'clock, p. m., sharp. New pupils will be admitted. Visitors are always welcome.

A. GOTTBERT, Prin.

LOST. Supposed to be stolen, a grey-hound, ten months old; very light cream color, with white on throat and tip of tail; black eyes; will answer to the name, "Harry." Any information concerning him will be amply rewarded. Miss JENNIE HOLMES, Elmdale, Kansas.

BUSINESS BREVITIES. Wood taken on subscription. A store room for rent. Apply at this office. j3-7f

Go to J. S. Wierman for Flour & Feed in the Peace Building one door north of the Furniture store, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

Mrs. M. Oliver has received a fine stock of new millinery goods.

FOR SALE—A horse and buggy. Inquire of Dr. Stone.

For abstracts call on Frew & Bell. J. W. McWilliams wants town loans—large and small.

Pure drugs, and prescriptions carefully compounded, at A. F. Fritze & Bro.'s, Strong City.

Go to Mrs. M. Oliver's for new millinery goods, as she is just in receipt of a full line of that class of goods.

For farm loans call on Frew & Bell. Roland Roberts guarantees that he will cure distemper and poll evil in horses, with one application of medicine, and desires owners of horses afflicted with these diseases, to give him a call. dec26tf

FOR SALE—My residence in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, at a bargain. Address Scott E. Winne, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Loans on farms; money ready; no delay. Papers made and money paid same day. Come at once, this money must go. J. W. McWilliams.

Chase County Tax=Levies for 1890.

Notice is hereby given that I, A. M. Breese, Treasurer of Chase county, Kansas, have received the Tax Roll of 1890, and the amount of taxes charged for State, county, Township, City and School purposes, on each one dollar valuation, is as follows:

Table with columns for tax levies: State Tax, Delinquent State, County, Court House Bond Interest, Road Tax for 1890 valuation of 1889, TOWNSHIP AND CITY LEVIES, Bazaar Township, Cottonwood Township, Diamond Creek Township, Diamond Creek Bridge Bond, Cedar Township, Cedar Township, Strong City, Cottonwood Falls, SCHOOL DISTRICT LEVIES, District No., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61.

A. M. BREESE, County Treasurer, November 19th, 1890.

Bills Allowed by the Board of County Commissioners.

Table with columns for bills allowed: List of bills allowed by the Board of County Commissioners of Chase county, at the meetings held, Aug 4th and Oct. 6th, 7th and 11th, 1890. WHAT FOR, AMOUNT, Henry Symmes on Kello road, \$29 50, W. B. Gibson teacher examiner, 12 00, Hattie & Dart same, 12 00, J. E. Blackshore prem. for fair, 50 00, A. M. Breese expense of bond suit, 1000 00, Ann Mitchell boarding paupers, 48 25, W. W. Hotchkiss meat for same, 89 20, C. S. Jones wood for same, 15 50, Julia McGhee care of same, 15 00, Jos. Herring board for same, 30 00, John Brown coffin for same, 20 00, Chas. Burch board for same, 32 50, N. W. Frisby same, 12 00, G. C. Swain same, 12 00, A. S. Stiles same, 12 00, P. C. Jeffrey mdse for same, 18 91, F. M. Jones med. attend. on same, 1 50, Chas. Redinger same, 12 00, W. M. Rich same, 28 00, John Carncame same, 18 00, W. M. Stenzel damage on same, 12 00, T. J. Davis salary and postage, 96 45, J. P. Park viewer Johnson road, 2 80, Wm. Pringle same, 2 00, Wm. Stenzel damage on same, 12 00, T. J. Pratt same, 9 00, P. B. McCabe viewer Waldley road, 2 80, R. H. Chandler same, 1 50, S. B. Dodderly chainman same, 1 50, G. Miller same, 1 50, D. Messer marker same, 1 50, J. C. Davis salary and postage, 257 10, J. S. Stanley salary co. clerk, 282 80, Simmons & Brown stone for rock pile, 15 50, W. A. Morgan county blanks, 3 50.

Table with columns for attorneys at law: W. W. Rockwood drawing jury, 2 00, W. A. Morgan co. printing, 24 00, W. E. Timmons same, 24 00, W. E. Timmons salary & sund. co. treas, 388 24, A. M. Breese salary county Atty., 125 00, H. W. Chase repairing C. H. doors, 2 80, E. A. Kliese work on C. H. yard, 11 50, Frank Lee work for pauper, 2 60, A. Leach witness state vs. Tilton, 8 70, W. W. Rockwood justices fees state vs. Murphy, 7 25, M. P. Mail constable same, 7 50, E. J. McMullen witness same, 3 50, Hattie Murphy same, 3 50, H. Roberts same, 3 50, Willie Miner same, 50, H. Bureham juror same, 50, F. E. Hedges juror same, 50, Clark Hunt same, 50, Joe Brown same, 50, Robt. Cuthbert same, 50, Chas. Gregory same, 50, Thomas Hinote same, 50, W. D. Repligie same, 50, F. E. Hedges juror same, 50, Will Clark same, 50, J. Buffington same, 50, J. H. Norton same, 50, J. W. Stone & Co. miss for county, 3 00, Jennie Lawrence care of pauper, 20 25, Jas. McDonald coal for same, 20 00, B. F. Target mdse. same, 43 15, E. A. Kliese work on C. H. yard, 11 50, W. H. Wheeler same, 21 24, J. H. Frey same, 18 00, W. H. Ferguson same, 17 00, Hester Ruby care of same, 17 00, J. M. Tuttle mdse for same, 11 25, F. E. Hedges juror same, 75 49, A. F. Fritze & Bro. same, 19 65, L. W. Heck rent for same, 9 00, W. H. Ferguson same, 9 00, John C. Denby viewer Dody road, 2 00, A. C. Vraum same, 2 00, H. H. Carson same, 2 00, Fred Baker damage on body road, 9 25, Wm. Lutt same, 15 00, C. A. Dody same, 8 75, F. E. Hedges viewer Harder road, 2 00, Jacob North same, 2 00, Peter Harder chairman same, 1 50, J. W. McWilliams damage on same, 12 00, E. S. Crawford same, 20 00, Chas. Harder same, 9 00, J. H. Marshall same, 14 00, School district No. 49 same, 2 00, H. A. Ewing viewer Drinkwater road, 2 00, J. B. Blackburn same, 2 00, J. B. Ferguson same, 1 50, J. Carpenter chairman on same, 1 50, A. B. Emerson same, 1 50, W. H. Holsinger same, 64 28, Geo. Smith meat for same, 18 00, W. H. Holsinger mdse for county, 64 28, Warren Peck salary as com., 21 00, W. H. Holsinger same, 21 00, C. S. Ford same, 28 00, Total, \$3,888 18.

Table with columns for recapitulation: RECAPITULATION, Court house and jail, 20 30, Paupers, 793 40, Light and fuel, 22 40, Book and stationery, 139 99, Miscellaneous, 139 99, Salary, 1,245 05, Road tax, 1,046 80, Advertising, 168 71, Boarding prisoners, 178 30, Total, \$3,888 18.

STATE OF KANSAS, J. S. STANLEY, County Clerk in and for the county and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the bills allowed by the Board of County Commissioners of said county at the meetings of said Board held, Aug. 4th, and Oct. 6th, 7th and 11th, 1890. In witness whereof I here unto set my hand and seal of Chase County, Kansas, this 19th day of Oct. 1890. J. S. STANLEY, County Clerk.

We Want To Mention

A few items here that we think will interest and benefit you.

We are selling a nice dress flannel in plaids and stripes at 25c. per yard. These goods are worth 35c. a yard. We are selling good heavy bed comforts at 85c. each, this looks cheap don't it?

Nice full size bed blankets at \$1.00 per pair. Mens waterproof shirts at 75c. each. Ladies all wool cashmere hose at 25c. pair, others sell these at 35c. You will soon be looking for CHRISTMAS presents and you can always find goods in our store that will make useful and desirable presents. We carry a nice line of fancy goods, Plush Balls, Tassels, Embroidery Silks, Stamped patterns etc., see what we have in this line when you are shopping around town. We have ladies long Cloaks at \$4.00 each. We carry a large stock of cloaks and Wraps and we are making lower prices than ever before. We have all prices from \$4.00 to \$30.00. We carry the BEST line of Shoes in the County and we make lower prices and guarantee every thing to be just as represented.

CARSON & SANDERS, Cottonwood Falls, Kans.

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency

Railroad and Syndicate Lands, Will buy or sell wild lands or Improved Farms.

AND LOANS MONEY. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. ap27-17

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOSEPH C. WATERS, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Topeka, Kansas, (Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton Feb23-11

THOS. H. CRISHAM, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Office in Hillert's Building, COTTONWOOD FALLS KANSAS. 102-11

C. N. STERRY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EMPORIA, KANSAS, Will practice in the several courts in Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties, in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein. 7-13

F. P. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. Practices in all State and Federal courts

PHYSICIANS. A. M. CONAWAY, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Residence and office, a half mile north of Toledo. ly11-11

J. W. STONE, M. D., J. M. HAYNE, M. D., STONE & HAMME, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, Office, Corner Drug Store, COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS

I desire to correct the report that all goods have been increased in price by our merchants since the McKinley bill has become a law. On the contrary goods are now sold cheaper than before. The following are a few of the reductions in my stock: Wool Blankets 10 per cent

Jeans, former price, 40c to 60c; Present " 25c " 50c.

Table linen reduced 5c per yard. Berdover, " 10c " " Plaid all Wool Dress Goods, former price 55c; reduced to 50c.

All Wool Serge reduced from 85c to 75c. Henrietta reduced from 30c. to 25c. All Wool Yarn, red'd from 80 to 75.

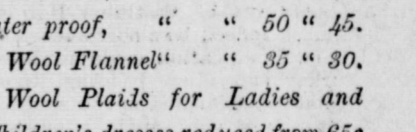
Buntings, " " 18 " 12 1/2. Alapaca Lustres, " " 50 " 45. Debage, " " 15 " 12 1/2. Hose, " " 40 " 35. Tricot, " " 1.25 " 1.00.

London cloth, " " 50 " 45. Water proof, " " 50 " 45. All Wool Flannel " " 35 " 30. All Wool Plaids for Ladies and Children's dresses, reduced from 65c to 50c.

J. M. TUTTLE, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, oct23-3m*

HOW'S YOUR FENCE?

We have the CHEAPEST and Best WOVEN WIRE FENCING Wire Rope Setvage.



McMULLEN'S FARM FENCING

60 INCHES HIGH AT 60 CENTS PER ROD. Lawn, Garden, Poultry and Stock Fencing, all sizes and widths. Gates, Posts, Fences, sold by dealers. Freight Paid. Send for circulars. Write to Wm. H. Humphreys, Chicago, Ill., P. O. All-Steel LAWN and CEMENTERY FENCE



THE LADIES' FAVORITE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE THE BEST OF WOODWORK AND ATTACHMENTS NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL. 28 UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEX.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

Table with columns for list of principal nos. and cures: LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS. CURES, 1. Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, 2. Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, 3. Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants, 4. Diarrhea, of Children or Adults, 5. Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic, 6. Cholera, or Cholera, Vomiting, 7. Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis, 8. Whooping Cough, 9. Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo, 10. Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach, 11. Suppressed or Painful Periods, 12. Whites, too Profuse Periods, 13. Catarrh, of the Bladder, 14. Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions, 15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains, 16. Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria, 17. Piles, Blind or Bleeding, 18. Catarrh, of the Uterus, Cold in the Head, 19. Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs, 20. General Debility, Physical Weakness, 21. Kidney Disease, 22. Nervous Debility, 23. Humors, 24. Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation 1-60.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages) freely bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 610 Fulton St., N. Y.

SPECIFICS.

THANKSGIVING DAY.



ACK to the home of childhood. Though scattered far and wide. Back to the dear old kitchen. Yes, back to your mother's side. Come, kiss her wrinkled forehead. Her hair, as white as snow. And sit down on her foot-stool. As in the long ago.

While father bends above you, His trembling with gladness His dim eyes filled with tears. To both the greatest pleasure The year brings on its way. Is this, the glad home-coming Upon Thanksgiving day.

Once more the rooms re-echo From kitchen, stairs and hall, The sound of old-time voices, And merry dinner call: While many sweet grandchilder With laughter light and gay, Come pressing round the table, This glad Thanksgiving day.

So come, ye sons and daughters, From restless city strife; Come, ere ye lose your relish For the quiet joys of life; Come back, ye roving children, From prairies far and wide, And cluster round the hearth-stone Once more at eventide.

Take up the song of childhood, And sing it o'er again; Forget that ye are matrons, Or business-loving men, And if your eyes grow misty, Rejoice that it is so; A heart sincerely tender Is the purest one to know.

Remember, with your loved ones Life's lamp doth feebly burn; Your parents may not linger To greet a late return. Forget them not, though patient, Oh! come now while you may— Praise God—rejoice together— On this Thanksgiving day.

—Mrs. Mary Felton, in Good Housekeeping.

HETTY'S THANKSGIVING.

How She Found an Absent Lover and a Little Namesake.



THANKSGIVING day dawned clearly and frostily upon the little village of Castleton Hollow. The stage which connected daily with the nearest railroad station—for, as yet, Castleton Hollow had not arrived at the dignity of one of its own—came fully freighted both inside and out. There were children and children's children, who, in the pursuit of fortune, had strayed away from the homes where they first saw the light, but who were now returning to revive around the old familiar hearth the associations and recollections of their early days.

Great were the preparations among the housewives of Castleton Hollow. That must indeed be a poor household which, on this occasion, could not boast its turkey and plum pudding, those well-established dishes, not to mention its long row of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—wherewith the Thanksgiving board is wont to be garnished.

But it is not of the households generally that I propose to speak. Let the reader accompany me in imagination to a rather prim-looking brick mansion situated on the principal street, but at some distance back, being separated from it by a front yard. Between this yard and the fence ran a prim-looking hedge of very formal cut, being cropped in the most careful manner, lest one twig should by chance have the presumption to grow higher than its kindred. It was a two-story house, containing on each story one room on either side of the front door, making, of course, four in all.

If we go in we shall find the outward primness well supported by the appearance of things within. In the front parlor—we may peep through the door, but it would be high treason, in the present moistened state of our boots, to step within its sacred precincts—there



MISS HETTY BEGAN TO THINK.

are six high-backed chairs standing in state, two at each window. One can easily see from the general arrangement of the furniture that from romping children, unceremonious kittens and unbidden intruders generally this room is loved sacredly guarded.

Without speaking particularly of the other rooms, which, though not furnished in so stately a manner, bear a family resemblance to "the best-room," we will usher the reader into the opposite room, where we will find the owner and occupant of this prim-looking residence.

Miss Hetty Henderson is a maiden of some thirty-five summers, attired in a sober-looking dress of irreproachable neatness but most formal cut. She is the only occupant of the house, of which likewise she is the proprietor. Her father,

er, who was the village physician, died some ten years since, leaving to Hetty, or perhaps I should give her full name, Henrietta, his only child, the house in which he lived, and some four thousand dollars in bank stock, on the income of which she lived comfortably.

Somehow Miss Hetty had never married, though, such is the mercenary nature of man, the rumor of her inheritance brought to her feet several suitors. But Miss Hetty had resolved never to marry—at least, this was her invariable answer to matrimonial offers, and so after a time it came to be understood that she was fixed for life an old maid. What reasons impelled her to this course were not known, but possibly the reader will be furnished with a clue before he finishes this narrative.

Meanwhile, the invariable effect of a single and solitary life combined attended Hetty. She grew precise, prim and methodical to a painful degree. It would have been quite a relish if one could have detected a stray thread even upon her well-swept carpet, but such was never the case.

On this particular day—this Thanksgiving day of which we are speaking—Miss Hetty had completed her culinary preparations, that is, she had stuffed her turkey and put it in the oven, and kneaded her pudding, for, though but one would be present at the dinner, and that herself, her conscience would not have acquitted her if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.

This done, she sat down to her knitting, casting a glance every now and then at the oven to make sure that all was going on well. It was a quiet morning, and Miss Hetty began to think to the clicking of her knitting needles.

"After all," thought she, "it's rather solitary taking dinner alone, and that on Thanksgiving day. I remember a long time ago, when my father was living, and my brothers and sisters, what a merry time we used to have round the table. But they are all dead, and I—I alone am left!"

Miss Hetty sighed, but after awhile the recollections of these old times returned. She tried to shake them off, but they had a fascination about them after all, and would not go at her bidding.

"There used to be another there," thought she, "Nick Anderson. He, too, I fear is dead."

Hetty heaved a thoughtful sigh, and a faint color came into her cheeks. She had reason. This Nicholas Anderson had been a medical student, apprenticed to her father, or rather placed with him to be prepared for his profession. He was, perhaps, a year older than Hetty, and had regarded her with more than ordinary warmth of affection. He had, in fact, proposed to her, and had been conditionally accepted, on a year's probation. The trouble was, he was a little disposed to be wild, and being naturally of a lively and careless temperament, did not exercise sufficient discrimination in the choice of his associates. Hetty had loved him as warmly as one of her nature could love. She was not one who would be drawn away beyond the dictates of reason and judgment by the force of affection. Still, it was not without a feeling of deep sorrow—deeper than her calm manner led him to suspect—that at the end of the year's probation she informed Anderson that the result of his trial was not favorable to his suit, and that henceforth he must give up all thoughts of her.

To his vehement assertions, promises and protestations she returned the same steady and inflexible answer, and at the close of the interview he left her quite as full of indignation against her as of grief for his rejection. That night his clothing was packed up and lowered from the window, and when the next morning dawned it was found that he had left the house, and was as intimated in a slight note pencilled and left on the table in his room, never to return again.

While Miss Henderson's mind was far back in the past, she had not observed the approach of a man, shabbily attired, accompanied by a little girl, apparently some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather.

"This is the place, Henrietta," said the traveler at length, pausing at the head of the gravelled walk which led up to the front door of the prim-looking brick house.

Together they entered, and a moment afterwards, just as Miss Hetty was preparing to lay the cloth for dinner a knock sounded through the house.

"Goodness!" said Miss Hetty, flustered, "who can it be that wants to see me at this hour?"

Smoothing down her apron, and giving a look at the glass to make sure that her hair was in order, she hastened to the door.

"Will it be asking too much, madam, to request a seat by your fire for myself and little girl for a few moments? It is very cold."

Miss Hetty could see that it was cold. Somehow, too, the appealing expression of the little girl's face touched her, so she threw the door wide open and bade them enter.

Miss Hetty went on preparing the table for dinner. A most delightful odor issued from the oven, one door of which was open, lest the turkey should overdo. Miss Hetty could not help observing the wistful glances cast by the little girl toward the tempting dish as she placed it on the table.

"Poor little creature," thought she, "I suppose it is a long time since she had a good dinner."

Then the thought struck her: "Here I am alone to eat all this. There is plenty enough for half a dozen. How much these poor people would relish it!"

By this time the table was arranged. "Sir," said she, turning to the traveler, "you look as if you were hungry as well as cold. If you and your little daughter would like to sit up, I would be happy to have you."

"Thank you, madam," was the grate-

ful reply. "We are hungry, and shall be much indebted to you for your kindness."

It was rather a novel situation for Miss Hetty, sitting at the head of the table, dispensing food to others beside herself. There was something rather agreeable about it.

"Will you have some of the dressing, little girl—I have to call you that, for I don't know your name," she added, in an inquiring tone.

"Her name is Henrietta, but I generally call her Hetty," said the traveler. "What?" said Miss Hetty, dropping the spoon in surprise.

"She was named after a very dear friend of mine," said he, sighing.

"May I ask," said Miss Hetty, with excusable curiosity, "what was the name of this friend? I begin to feel quite an interest in your little girl," she added.

"Her name was Henrietta Henderson," said the stranger.

"Why, that is my name," ejaculated the lady.

"And she was named after you," said the stranger, composedly.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat unwontedly fast.

"Then you don't remember me?" said he, rising, and looking steadily at Miss Hetty. "Yet you knew me well in by-

IT WAS RATHER A NOVEL SITUATION.

gone days—none better. And it was at one time thought you would have joined your destiny to mine—"

"Nick Anderson," said she, rising in confusion.

"You are right. You rejected me, because you did not feel secure of my principles. The next day, in despair at your refusal, I left the house, and, before forty-eight hours had passed, was on my way to India. I had not formed the design of going to India in particular, but in my own state of mind I cared not whether I went. One resolution I formed, that I would prove by my conduct that your apprehensions were ill-founded. I got into a profitable business. In time I married—not that I had forgotten you, but that I was solitary and needed companionship. I had ceased to hope for yours. By and by a daughter was born. True to my old love I named her Hetty, and pleased myself with the thought that she bore some resemblance to you. Since then, my wife has died, misfortunes have come upon me, and I found myself deprived of all my property. Then came yearnings for my native soil. I have returned, as you see, not as I departed, but poor and careworn."

While Nicholas was speaking, Hetty's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At length, extending her hand frankly, she said:

"I feel that I was too hasty, Nicholas. I should have tried you longer. But, at least, I may repair my injustice. I have enough for us all. You shall come and live with me."

"I can only accept your generous offer on one condition," said Nicholas.

"And what is that?"

"That you will become my wife."

A vivid flush came over Miss Hetty's countenance. She couldn't think of such a thing, she said. Nevertheless, an hour afterwards the two united lovers had fixed upon the wedding day.

The house does not look so prim as it used to. The yard is redolent with many fragrant flowers; the front door is half open, revealing a little girl playing with a kitten.

"Hetty," said a matronly lady, "you have got the ball of yarn all over the floor. What would your father say if he should see it?"

"Never mind, mother; it was only kitty did it."

Marriage has filled up a void in the heart of Miss Hetty. Though not so prim, or perhaps careful as she used to be, she is a good deal happier. Three hearts are filled with thankfulness at every return of Miss Henderson's Thanksgiving day.—Yankee Blade.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

Our sires were thankful when the year At harvest brought abundant cheer, Brought them the increase of their fields, The bounty of the soil; They gladly took what Nature yields As recompense for toil.

More thankful that it was their lot, To number merces all unbought, To owe submission to no love But Him who rules above, And cheerfully obey His word In reverence and love.

Their simple wants brought little care, A modest home and frugal fare, Met fully every heart's desire, When those who had gone away Could gather round the old home fire Upon Thanksgiving day.

Our homes than theirs are steller far, Our robes of richer fabric are, But do we, glad for these, afford More thankfulness than they? When we meet around a groaning board Upon Thanksgiving day? —Isaac Bassett Choate.

THANKSGIVING.

I counted up my little store, Why was to others given more? Why were their dogs with money fed, While mine had Labor's hard-earned bread? A weary, hopeless task seemed living, I could not bring to God thanksgiving.

There came a poor man to my door; I shared with him my scanty store. When, lo! my sense of want had flown, And earnest riches were my own? I soothed his Love's divided bread, I seemed with Heaven's own manna fed, What blessed joy there was in living! I brought to God my glad thanksgiving.

—Marian Douglas, in Harper's Bazar.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" exclaimed Qui Fasset, throwing himself at full length on the lawn, "shall I ever be able to sell those lots?"

Mr. Fasset was a real estate lawyer, of the firm of Fasset, Perallium & Perey. His office was in the city, his home during the summer was in the country. Mr. Fasset's father had been a lawyer, too, when he lived. While Fasset was a mere child the old gentleman bought a parcel of vacant land in the upper part of the city, which had, until then, been a farm, taking title in the name of his son, saying to himself: "when Qui grows up this may do him some good, and, as it cost me so little, I might as well tie up the title for the boy and let the land lie vacant."

On coming of age Qui Fasset (he always signed himself "Q. Fasset") had an opportunity to sell his land for a great advance on what the elder Fasset had paid, but the old gentleman advised against it. "There's nothing like real estate for investment, my son—nothing like real estate!" he used to say to Qui; and so Qui, although he had frequent offers for his land, always wanted a little more than any one would pay, a policy in which he was encouraged by the fact that every subsequent offer was higher than his previous demand.

When Qui Fasset threw himself on the lawn and made the exclamation with which this narrative opens, he had just refused the latest offer. An enterprising builder wanted the land and had offered Mr. Fasset \$8,000 a lot. Although this was more than a hundred times what his father paid for the land, and twice what he offered to take five years before, and \$1,000 more than he had tried to get twelve months ago, Qui Fasset was not satisfied. He now wanted \$9,000, "for," said he, "if this property has increased in value \$1,000 a lot the past year, why should it not increase \$1,000 next year?"

But the builder was stubborn. "I am anxious to put up a row of houses there," he said, "because I know they will sell readily, and as my capital is lying idle and most of the men I usually employ are out of work, I want to get at the job at once. But I can't afford to give more than eight thousand; even at that figure I take a big risk. Better let me have the lots."

"No," replied Mr. Fasset, "nine thousand or no trade."

"All right," said the builder, extending his hand, "then I must say, 'good bye,' and run along for the train. I'll have to hunt up some other lots."

"Don't believe you can do any better," said Mr. Fasset, shaking the builder's hand. "No one will sell lots in such a locality for any less."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," rejoined the builder; "and then I'll have to put off the job until things get in better shape. But I am sorry for the men, and that's a fact. Why, if I could get those lots, I'd have 500 at work in a week."

"What a philanthropist you are, to be sure," said Mr. Fasset, good naturedly; and the two men parted, the builder to go to his train and Mr. Fasset to stretch himself on his cool lawn, and exclaim, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! shall I ever be able to sell those lots?"

For a while Mr. Fasset mentally speculated in his vacant lots, but before he knew it he was watching the movements of a flock of crows in a neighboring field, thinking of their free and easy life, noting that the scarer did not frighten them at all, and wondering if they had any of the carking cares that worry men. In a moment, almost unconsciously, he said aloud:

"I wish I was a crow!"

Well, you are," came in croaking tones from the branches of the tree over his head.

"What in thunder is that?" inquired Mr. Fasset, somewhat startled for a man usually so cool.

"I am a crow, too," the croaking voice replied.

"Oh you are, are you? Well, what do you mean?" asked Mr. Fasset.

"You said you wished you were a crow, and you are," was repeated.

It suddenly dawned upon Mr. Fasset that he had fallen asleep, and the absurdity of his little dream made him laugh outright.

But what a laugh! It frightened him as he heard it. Instead of the round, hearty, whole-souled laugh to which his friends were accustomed, and which was not without music to his own ear, he heard nothing but a croaking—"aw! aw! aw!"

Mr. Fasset raised his hand to his face to assure himself that he was really awake, and from sheer awkwardness tangled his claw in his feathers. In extricating the claw and smoothing his ruffled coat, he saw himself as he was, and realized that indeed he had become a crow.

The crow in the tree had been watching Fasset's movements with amused interest, and now asked him if he would like to join the flock. "Almost before he knew it Qui's wings were outspread, and he was fluttering upward. Alighting on the branch along side of his new friend, he asked what he was doing there."

"Watching this tree," said the crow. "What for?"

"To keep crows from building nests here."

"Much obliged to you," said Fasset, "for taking so much care of my property."

"Your property?" said the crow, "well I guess not! Aw! aw! that is rich! Your tree! Why this tree belongs to old Jim Crow. He's down South now. Didn't come up with the rest of the crows. Too lazy to fly such a distance. Don't you know that this is the best tree for building crows' nests in all this section?"

"It is, eh? Well, why in thunder do you keep crows from building nests in it, then?"

"You are green. You don't seem to know as much as you did when you were Q. Fasset, Esq. I'm an officer of the law, I am; an officer of crow law, and old Jim Crow owns this tree, and if the law didn't protect him every crow would want to build a nest in its branches and

not pay old Jim any thing for it. That's why I'm here. I guess I know my duty. My number is 2001, and if you want to know any thing about me you just go over to the station house. May be you'd like to build a nest here yourself. Well, you just try it on and I'll run you in so quick it'll make you dizzy."

"Well," said Mr. Fasset, meekly, "I thought I owned this tree, but if it belongs to Mr. James Crow I wish you would tell me how he came to own it."

"That's another crow. He bought it from an easy crown. Ask me something harder."

"How did the other crow get it?"

"His grandfather gathered twigs and built a nest in it once, and the family has kept a policeman here ever since," replied the crow with an air that said as plain as plain could be, "that settles it," and Mr. Fasset's knowledge of the law assured him that it did settle it.

The two crows were silent for a time. Fasset's thoughts reverted to his interview with the builder, and he had just begun to wonder whether he would ever sell those lots when his companion told him he mustn't be loitering there, but move on. So Fasset moved on. Spreading his wings he was surprised to find how easily he sailed through the air. Passing over the corn field he recognized his hired man and flew toward him, but his hired man let fly a charge of bird shot, which whistled past Mr. Fasset and assured him that his hired man made up in vigilance for what he lacked in marksmanship.

Taking flight again, Fasset went in the direction of a large tree in the forest, where he expected to alight; but just as he reached it a whole flock of crows flew at him from the branches, croaking, "scab! scab! scab!"

Not understanding what this meant, Fasset continued in his course, when the crows rushed upon him, and but for the timely interference of two other crows, policemen as he afterward learned, Mr. Fasset would have been denounced of every feather on his body. As it was, he nearly lost the use of one eye. But he had the satisfaction of seeing the ringleaders of his assailants taken before a magistrate, a half-demented old crow, who administered severe punishment, after lecturing the offenders on the freedom of labor and the criminality, not to say heartlessness, of preventing any crow from working for a living.

All this seemed very strange to Mr. Fasset, who was not yet familiar with crow usages, but he subsequently learned that the tree toward which he was going was a great manufactory of crow nest materials, and the crows that worked there were on strike. They mistook him for a scab, and hence the trouble.

By this time Fasset was quite hungry, and curiously enough his appetite suggested worms as a tempting bill of fare. So he flew down to a corn field, and was scratching away, when a flock of strange crows ordered him off.

"But I am hungry," said Mr. Fasset.

"No doubt of it," said the leader of the crows; "but why don't you work for a living like an honest crow?"

"Do crows work for a living?"

"Of course they do. How do you suppose they get a living?"

Mr. Fasset thought a good many of them got a living by stealing his seed corn, but remembering that he was a crow himself he didn't say so. He only asked what they worked at.

"Some of them make up nest materials, some gather the materials, some collect corn, some build nests, some guard the trees that belong to absent crows, and some guard worm preserves," replied the crow boss. "If you are really an honest crow," he continued, "and want to make a living, you can join my flock and I'll give you a job."

"What's the pay?" asked Mr. Fasset, falling in with the humor of this conceit.

"A worm three times a day and a place to roost."

Mr. Fasset accepted the job, and found that the principal duties of the flock were to guard the worm preserves of his boss from the invasions of other crows. He was required in addition to gather worms for the boss' meals, and whenever he found a grain of corn or other non-perishable food to carry it to the boss' warehouse in the trunk of a large tree in the forest. He came near getting into serious trouble once with the crow authorities by eating a grain of corn that he found; but the boss refrained from making a complaint on account of Mr. Fasset's ignorance of crow law.

At night Mr. Fasset roosted with the rest of the flock on the limb of a tree, in which the boss and his family had a comfortable nest. Fasset found that the crow he worked for was not the worst of birds; but he got tired of three worms a day and nothing but the limb of a tree to roost on, in return for hard work, and one day he told the boss that he was going to leave and look after himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Tramps in Iowa are taken care of and so well attended that most of them are inclined to shun the State. Those that can work and won't work, and persist in begging, are clapped into jail, and put at hard labor. While there, they are denied tobacco, liquor and sporting or illustrated papers, and are allowed no amusement whatever. Two or three weeks of this treatment generally effects a thorough cure of laziness.

—Lucky People.—Tomdik—The derivation of English words is an interesting subject of investigation. McClammy—So? Tomdik—The origin of the word "luxury," for instance, is clear from the word itself. McClammy—I don't see it. Tomdik—Don't you see that only those can indulge in luxury who are in luck, sure, eh?—Chicago Interior Ocean.

—Committed a Misdemeanor or Matrimony.—"Notice that man over there—how nervous he appears—constantly looking around to see if anybody is watching him. I'll bet he's a burglar."

"Yes, or a bridegroom."—Munsey's Weekly.

MODERN DEFENSE.

Wherein It Differs from the Methods Formerly Employed.

The great tactical principles remain immutable and equally underlie all success in war, and human nature being the same in all ages, will apply with the same force in our own day as they did a thousand years ago. The great object of the defense, whether armed with bows and arrows, smooth-bore muskets, or the magazine rifle, as ever been to detain the assailants under fire from men more or less securely placed behind cover, so shatter them that they would be compelled to fall back. Formerly weapons were so defective, and took so long to load, that it needed a long time to produce fire of the requisite intensity. Vast obstacles to hold the enemy had, therefore, to be established, and elaborate arrangements to produce flanking or cross fire entered into. But in these days of breechloaders and magazine rifles the rapidity and volume of fire have been so enormously increased that a very short time is sufficient for it to do its work.

No troops, however brave, could in the open face the pitiless hail that can now be directed on them as they emerge from their trenches to the assault; and the effect of modern musketry is so tremendous that frontal fire is all that is required. Any light obstacles, such as wire entanglements or railings, will be all that is needed in front of a parapet, if it be lined by resolute men with plenty of ammunition and modern weapons. A ditch may be added as a concession to popular prejudice, but can very well be dispensed with. Ditches never won victories. These were alone accomplished by fire, and it is to fire that we must still look for success. To develop that of artillery to the utmost it is an immense advantage to be able to move the guns about the line that has to be defended.

It has up to now been the custom to place them in fixed positions, where they could only fire in a more or less restricted direction, and where, if they were not likely to be hit, they had, on the other hand, themselves little chance of doing effective service. This entire absence of mobility was one of the greatest disadvantages under which the defense has hitherto labored. It is, happily, no longer necessary thus to cripple its efforts. The guns are sufficiently secure if placed outside the redoubts which hold the infantry, and may be freely moved as required along the intervening spaces, where they will likewise be supported by a field force which will be handled according to tactical considerations, and can, if necessary, hold its ground behind field defense.

The attack will by this means be distracted in its efforts, and can not direct artillery fire on both infantry and artillery at the same time, as it has up to the present been able to do. It can not hope to carry the position until the redoubts have been rendered comparatively innocuous, and yet it can not begin the task of rendering them so until it has accounted for the defenders' guns—Saturday Review.

NOVELS DON'T PAY. Financial Experience of the Writers of Two Successful Stories.

Two friends of mine spent each of them the best part of the year 1888 in writing and revising a novel a piece, says Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. Both stories were published by leading houses during the early part of 1890. They were well advertised, skillfully handled, and both novels are, according to the popular acceptance of the term, successful—that is, they have been widely written about, paragraphed in the press from one end of the continent to another. English editions have been printed of each, and to every literary person the names of both novels and authors are thoroughly familiar.

Now what have the authors received in hard cash for their year's work? I will tell you exactly: Of one, 1,700 copies were sold; no royalty was paid on the first thousand to cover manufacture, etc., and upon the remaining 700 copies the author received the regular ten per cent. royalty. The book sold for one dollar. The net revenue to the author was, therefore, seventy dollars. His typewriter's bill was \$61.50. Net profit, \$8.50, and the book has stopped selling.

The other author was a trifle more fortunate in that his novel reached a sale of 2,000, all but five copies. Like the first he received ten per cent. royalty only after the first thousand copies. Unfortunately, he bought so many copies of his book for his friends that, when his publisher's statement came, it showed a credit in his favor of just \$39.50. Had the type writer written his manuscript, the novel would have thrown him into debt! And these are but two of a score of instances within my knowledge that I could cite.

Novel Experimentation Station.

At the instance of a number of Magdeburg manufacturers, an electro-technical experimental station is about to be founded in that German town, to afford to companies or private persons opportunity of experimenting as to the practicability and cost of various electrical arrangements, and of testing machines, apparatus, etc. The station will be arranged on the pattern of one already in existence at Munich, but expanded in several directions. Among matters which will come under consideration are the examination of arrangements for illumination, transmission of force and metallurgical purposes, determination of the luminous power of arc and glow lamps, and of constants, such as intensity and tension of current, testing of carbon rods, of measuring instruments, accumulators, primary batteries, etc., examination of conducting and insulating materials, lightning conductors, private telephone arrangement, and so on.—Engineering.

—A sentence in Massachusetts in 1663, discovered in a search of old records: Robert Coles fined £10 for "abusing himself shamefully with drink," and enjoined to stand with "A Drunkard" in great letters on a white sheet on his back, "so long as the court thinks meet."

LIFE'S LADDER.

"Step by step we mount the ladder,"
Dots the Turkish proverb read;
And a double truth it teaches;

WATCH CHARMS.

Entertaining Stories Sometimes Suggested by Them.

Thought of Little Intrinsic Value They Serve as Reminders of Interesting Incidents in the Lives of Their Wearers.

If a man could get all the stories suggested by watch charms worn in the city, he would have a book of narratives bigger than the Doomsday Book in London.

Years ago, when this same conductor was a brakeman, in the days when a brakeman was really expected to attend to the brakes even on a passenger train, there was a collision and four men in the sleeper were killed.

A Board of Trade man, not often left on the wrong side of the market, wears a little gold grain of corn at the end of a penicilline watch chain.

One of the best known men around the city hall wears a cluster of bear's claws as his talisman.

How a Hairless Gentleman Deceives His Intimate Friends.
"Where's your proof?"
"Look at his hair—smooth, glossy and natural."

One man, now at the head of a big baking establishment, has a common-looking bullet swung in his chain. Some people think it is a homely sort of a thing to wear, and he does not quarrel with them; but if you ask him for the reason of such a strange fancy he will tell you it is because he owes all his good fortune he ever had in life to that lead bullet.

joining home was thrown open, and a man poked a pistol straight out and fired. The bread boy tumbled from the top to the bottom of the stairs, and when he reached the foot he heard the angry voice of the girl in the house he served scoring roundly the man in the newer domicile, who had fired the shot.

"What did you mean—shooting at him?" demanded the girl. "He is the bread man, and he has as good a right to come here as you have."

The householder had never killed a man in his life, but he thought this early morning visitor could mean no good, and he shot at him. He was as badly frightened as was the bread boy when he found out the true state of affairs, and came down to apologize.

One of the tugboat captains, who earns his employers a pretty penny every year, wears a rake—a regular farmer's rake—on his watch-guard. It seems a little out of place on so nautical a watchcoat, but it is there, and if you want him to be well, you'll see to it that he has it.

Years ago, when this same conductor was a brakeman, in the days when a brakeman was really expected to attend to the brakes even on a passenger train, there was a collision and four men in the sleeper were killed.

A Board of Trade man, not often left on the wrong side of the market, wears a little gold grain of corn at the end of a penicilline watch chain.

One of the best known men around the city hall wears a cluster of bear's claws as his talisman.

How a Hairless Gentleman Deceives His Intimate Friends.
"Where's your proof?"
"Look at his hair—smooth, glossy and natural."

One man, now at the head of a big baking establishment, has a common-looking bullet swung in his chain. Some people think it is a homely sort of a thing to wear, and he does not quarrel with them; but if you ask him for the reason of such a strange fancy he will tell you it is because he owes all his good fortune he ever had in life to that lead bullet.

Thrift in the Sunday-School.

There is a Sunday-school in Dexter that trains its pupils not only in godliness but in business as well. A few weeks ago each pupil received five cents to invest for the benefit of the Sunday-school. Last Sunday these loans were returned with interest and reports were given, of which the following are examples: "Bought one yard print for five cents; made nine holders, which sold for five cents each. Returned 45 cents."

Unlabeled.
Celia—Oh, George, your gifts are the nicest I ever got. You always give me candy or flowers, and I'd rather get them than any thing else.

A Good Thing for Tommy.
Tommy, I'm glad to see you are getting along so much better at school," said that young man's uncle.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.
KANSAS CITY, Nov. 17.
CATTLE—Shipping steers... 3 35 @ 4 15
Butchers' steers... 3 00 @ 3 60

CHICAGO.
CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 00 @ 5 10
HOGS—Packing and shipping... 3 75 @ 4 10

NEW YORK.
CATTLE—Common to prime... 3 50 @ 4 50
HOGS—Good to choice... 4 25 @ 4 50

Deafness Can't Be Cured by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies.

From the Herald of Faith, St. Louis, Missouri, August 10, 1887.
Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, the business manager of the Herald of Faith would say, that he gave this medicine a personal trial, and was speedily cured of an unpleasant intermittent fever.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Rest Cure.
"Humbly! Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present.

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier.

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute.

"I want a hard-boiled egg, waiter. Boil it, say, four minutes. And hurry up, too," added the traveler, "my train goes in two minutes."

Dr. R. L. Sarsaparilla cured me of a long-standing case of catarrh, and I feel better in health and spirits than I ever did since I was a young lady.—Mrs. Mary Hume, Richmond, Va.

Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription, Pleasant Pellets, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.



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 for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it.

ELYS Cream Balm For CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Prior 70c

BEECHAM'S PAINLESS PILLS EFFECTUAL. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.
For BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS SUCH AS Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc., ACTING LIKE MAGIC on the vital organs, strengthening the muscular system, and arousing with the roebud of health.

A PLAIN THING like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked." Try it in your next house-cleaning.

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower.

Piso's Cure For Consumption.
My wife and child having a severe attack of Whooping Cough, we thought that we would try Piso's Cure for Consumption, and found it a perfect success.

BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP!
The best known remedy for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, SCURF, HOARSENESS, ATROPHY OF THE LUNGS, CROUP, BLEEDING FROM THE THROAT, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

COFFEE BRAID THE BEST MADE.
The Braid that is known the world around.

BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY!
Our Well Machines are the most reliable, durable, successful, and profitable ever made.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT.
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the World.

PANTS TO ORDER, Suits! Overcoats!
Send for a Free Specimen Copy and read our announcements for 1891.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:
One two ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline, 10 cts.
One two ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade, 15 "

Or for stamps any single article at the price. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the growth of the human body, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has produced our breakfast food, which is a delicately flavored beverage which may save you many heavy doctors' bills."

RIDGE'S FOOD.
IT IS USED BY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.
Artificial Eyes.
SPECIAL ARTIFICIAL EYES.

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THE "OLD ROMAN."

Celebration of the 77th Birthday of Allen G. Thurman.

A Warm Greeting at Columbus, O.—Many Distinguished Men Present—Ex-President Cleveland's Address on Citizenship in America.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 14.—Seldom was such a galaxy of thoughtful intellect grouped around a banquet table as assembled here last night on the invitation of the Thurman Club to celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of the birth of Allen G. Thurman, and incidentally to publicly rejoice over Democracy's overwhelming victory in the recent elections.

Ex-President Cleveland arrived on an early train and was immediately driven



ALLEN G. THURMAN.

to the residence of Governor Campbell. An hour later Senator-elect Brice arrived at the executive mansion, and soon they departed to pay their respects to Ohio's distinguished septuagenarian.

In greeting them Mr. Thurman said: "While I hope long to weather life's storms I have lived long enough to find myself more than appreciated by the many kind friends who to-day shower congratulations upon me."

Assuring Judge Thurman that the greetings were only the spontaneous expressions of a grateful people toward one whose proud and unswerving career has won alike the veneration of his party and the admiration of the Nation, Mr. Cleveland concluded: "We hope you may yet be spared many years of usefulness to see the fullest fruition of your doctrines and teachings."

At 11 o'clock a public reception was given at the Governor's office, where ex-President Cleveland met many distinguished members of the party who acknowledged him as its leader in the cause of tariff reform. By his side stood Governor Campbell, who then ventured out for the first time during the day, plainly showing the effects of his recent illness in an unusually pale countenance.

Thousands of clamorous admirers flocked to the State house to greet the man for whom cannon was booming resounding welcome to the State of Ohio, and a line was formed and the multitude slowly ebbed through the room to grasp the hand of Mr. Cleveland. At 12:30 the reception concluded.

The banquet took place at the Rink, presided over by John J. Lantz, of the Thurman Club. It was nine o'clock before speeches commenced.

The toastmaster was Hon. John H. Duthwaite, and upon the conclusion of Mr. Lantz' address he announced as the first toast of the evening: "Our Guest," by Allen G. Thurman. This was the signal for vociferous applause. It was some time before he opened his mouth. The bandanas were waving in the air, but the old man at last had an opportunity and took it.

Mr. Thurman's address was confined to reminiscences and at times was exceedingly pathetic as he recalled the scenes of the past. In recalling the club, he said:

"Gentlemen, I have said enough; more, indeed, than I expected to say. Once more let me return you my sincerest thanks. You have gladdened the heart and brightened the footsteps of an old man, your devoted friend, in his descent of the hill of life, when he has almost reached its foot. May God bless you all in his earnest prayer.

Mr. Cleveland responded to the toast: "Citizenship in America." He was received with great applause, and spoke as follows:

We should be profoundly grateful that the elements which make up the strength and vigor of American citizenship are so naturally related to our situation and are so simple. The intrigues of monarchy, which taint the individual character of the subject, the splendor which dazzles the popular eye and distracts the attention from abuses and stifles dissent, the schemes of conquest and selfish aggrandizement which make a selfish people have no legitimate place in our National life. Here the platform of the land are the rulers. Their investiture of power is only accompanied with the conditions that they should love their country, that they should jealously guard and protect its interests and fair fame and that all the intelligence with which they are endowed should be devoted to an understanding of its needs and the promotion of its welfare.

These are the elements of American citizenship and these are the conditions upon which our free institutions were intrusted to our people, in full reliance, at the beginning and for all time to come upon American manhood, consecrated by the highest and purest patriotism.

A country broad and new, to be subdued to the purposes of man's existence, and promising vast and independent resources, and a people intelligent and understanding the value of a free Nation and holding fast to an intense affection for its history and its heroes, have had much to do with molding our American character and giving it hardihood and vigor. But it should never be forgotten that the influence which, more than all other things, has made our people safe depositories of governmental power, and which has furnished the surest guarantee of the strength and perpetuity of the Republic, has its source in the American home. Here our patriotism is born and nurtured itself with the growth of filial love, and here our children are taught the story of our freedom and independence.

But above all, here in the breeding and wholesome atmosphere of uncomplicated frugality and economy, the mental and moral attributes of our people have been firmly knit and invigorated. Never could it be said of any country so truly as of ours,

that the permanency of its institutions depends upon its homes.

I have spoken of frugality and economy as important factors in American life. I find no fault with the accumulation of wealth, and am glad to see energy and enterprise receive their fair reward. But I believe that our Government in its natural integrity is exactly suited to a frugal and economical people; and I believe it is safest in the hands of those who have been made strong and self-reliant in their citizenship, by self-denial and the surroundings of an enforced economy. Thrift and careful watchfulness of expenditure, among the people tend to secure a thrifty government, and cheap and careful living on the part of individuals tends to enforce economy in the public expenditures.

When, therefore, men in high places of trust, charged with the responsibility of making and executing our laws, not only contented but gloriously cheerless and economy within the homes of our people, and when the expenditures of the Government are reckless and wasteful, we may be sure that something is wrong with us, and that a condition exists which calls for a vigorous and resolute defense of Americanism by every man worthy to be called an American citizen.

Upon the question of cheapness and economy, whether it relates to individuals or to the operations of the Government, the Democratic party, true to its creed and traditions, will unflinchingly remain attached to our fundamental principles. They are especially entitled to the watchful care and protection of their Government; and when they are borne down with burdens greater than they can bear, and are made the objects of scorn by hard taskmasters, we will not leave their side. As the great German reformer, insisting upon his religious convictions in the presence of his accusers, exclaimed: "I can do naught else. Here I stand. God help me," so, however, much others may mock and deride cheapness and the poor and frugal men and women of our land, we will stand forth in defense of their simple Americanism, defiantly proclaiming, "We can do naught else. Here we stand."

Thus when the question is raised whether our people shall have the necessities of life at a cheap rate, we are not ashamed to confess ourselves "in full sympathy with the demand for cheaper costs;" and we are not disturbed by the hint that this seems "necessarily to involve a cheaper man or woman under the coat."

After referring to the utterances of public men the ex-President continued: "What was the occasion of condemnations of cheapness and what had honest American men and women done, or what were they likely to do, if they should be threatened with the epithets 'cheap,' 'naughty,' and 'un-American?'"

It is hard to speak patiently as we answer these questions. Step by step a vast number of our people have been led on, following blindly in the path of party. They had been filled with hate and sectional prejudice; they had been cajoled with misrepresentations and false promises; they had been corrupted with money and by appeals to their selfishness. All these things led up to their final betrayal to satisfy the demands of those who had supplied the fund for their corruption.

This betrayal was palpable; and it was impossible to deny or conceal the fact that the pretended relief tendered to the people in fulfillment of a promise to lighten the burdens of their life, made by the party in power with the government, was but a scheme to pay the debts incurred by the purchase of party success, while it further increased the impoverishment of the masses.

The people were at last aroused and demanded an explanation. They had been taught for 100 years that in the distribution of benefits their Government should be interested with equality and fairness. They had learned that wealth was not indispensable to respectability and that it did not entitle its possessors to special governmental favors. Humble men with scanty incomes had been encouraged by the influence and the spirit of our institutions to practice economy and frugality to the end that they might enjoy to the utmost the rewards of their toil. The influence of the American home was still about them. In their simplicity they knew nothing of a new dispensation which made cheapness respectable and they still loved the cheap prices and clamored for cheapness, in order that they might provide the necessities and comforts of life for themselves and their families at the lowest possible cost.

The members of the party, which was caught in the act of robbery, and which was arraigned by the people for a violation of the trust, were forced by their sad predicament to a desperate expedient. To attempt to retrace the current of true Americanism and discredit the most honorable sentiments belonging to American manhood, were the disgraceful tasks of those who insulted our people by the announcement of the doctrine of cheapness and the doctrine of expediency, and to practice economy and frugality was un-American.

Thus do we plainly see that when the path pointed out by patriotism and American citizenship is forsaken by a party in power for schemes of selfishness and for unscrupulous conspiracies for partisan success, its course inevitably leads to unjust favoritism, neglect of the interests of the masses, and the suspension of the mission of republican institutions, and, in some form, to the most impudent and outrageous insult to true American sentiment.

It can not be denied that political events in the past have gone far toward encouraging arrogant party assumption. Every thoughtful and patriotic man has at times been disappointed and depressed by the apparent indifference and demoralization of the people.

But such reflections have no place in the felicitations of to-night. This is a time when faith in our countrymen should be re-established. The noise of a recent political revolution is still heard throughout the land; the people have just demonstrated that there is a point beyond which they can not be led by blind partisanship, and they are ready quite as ready to examine and correctly decide political questions concerning their rights and their welfare. They have unmercifully resented every attack upon true American manhood, and have taught party leaders that, though slow to anger, they take terrible revenge when betrayed. They permit us to forgive our honored guest for all the cheap coats he has ever worn, for they have declared them to be in fashion. They have also decreed that the decaologue has a place in our politics, for they have enforced the command "Thou shalt not steal," and have rendered an emphatic verdict against those who have borne false witness.

If we entertain more solemn thoughts on this occasion, let them be concerning the responsibility which awaits us as our fellow countrymen place in our keeping their hopes and trusts. We shall fall in our obligation to them if we stifle conscience and duty by ignoble partisanship; but we shall meet every patriotic expectation if, in all things, we follow the guidance of true and honest Democracy, illumined by the light of genuine American citizenship.

General Thomas Ewing was on the programme for the next toast. It was on the subject of "The Democratic Party in Relation to Future Economy."

Owing to the lateness of the hour the remaining toasts of the programme were briefly given. Hon. J. E. McDonald, of Indiana, spoke briefly on "The Senate," and the following gentlemen made short addresses on their respective topics: Hon. R. A. Harrison, "The Early Ohio Bar"; Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge on "Democracy in America," Hon. W. Wilson on "House of Representatives," and Hon. Don M. Dickinson on "The Democracy of the Future."

THROUGH A BRIDGE.

Terrible Accident at the Mouth of the Kaw.

COLLAPSE OF A BRIDGE.

A Freight Train Goes Down and the Debris Takes Fire—Two Men Killed and Several Injured—Others Supposed Under the Wreck.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 17.—Freight train No. 104 of the Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern railway, due here at 6:25 o'clock this morning, lies at the bottom of the Kaw river.

At 6:15 this morning the train arrived at the Garrett street station, Kansas City, Kan., and pulled out for the Wood street station on this side of the river. In crossing the bridge at the mouth of the Kaw, the iron beams under the track of the middle span suddenly gave way and the engine and five cars went down into the river.

The train was moving at the rate of five miles an hour and the engine had almost reached the south end of the middle span when the accident occurred.

Aboard the engine were Engineer Christian Patch, Fireman Fred Allen and Head Brakeman Thomas Mulligan. The engine was the first to reach the water, thirty-one feet below the bridge, and on top of it piled a carload of hogs, a car of milling machinery and the caboose.

The depth of the water is fifteen feet, with at least five feet of soft mud at the bottom.

In the caboose were Conductor Pickney Herod, Brakeman D. T. Whitlatch and S. V. Smith, a stockman of Latham, Kan., and owner of the carload of hogs and the car of mill machinery.

The only portion of the train that is visible above the surface of the water is a part of one of the driving wheels of the engine and a little of the boiler; one end of the car of corn and the greater part of the caboose, which stands on end, resting on the carload of hogs.

The carload of machinery and the car of hogs were buried under the surface of the water at least three feet. There were sixty hogs in the car, all of which were drowned but two.

H. Coleman, L. Latimore and a dozen other colored men, employed in Armour's packing house, were aboard the box cars taking a free ride across the river to go to work. Latimore, a few minutes after the accident, was rescued. Moore's dead body was taken from the bottom of the river four hours later.

Engineer Patch, Fireman Allen and Brakeman Mulligan went to the bottom of the river with the engine. The first and last had an almost miraculous escape from death, while the body of Allen yet lies beneath the wreck. Patch and Mulligan crawled out of the engine cab and were standing on the engine in water waist deep when picked up by John Taylor and Daniel Young, employees of the Kansas City Waterworks Company, who happened from the waterworks plant near by and reached the wreck with a boat.

Latimore was the next man picked up and taken ashore. S. V. Smith was rescued from the caboose after it had taken fire from the flames, and was badly burned before the flames could be extinguished. Conductor Herod and Brakeman Whitlock managed to crawl out of a window of the caboose, and, barring a few bruises, were not hurt.

It is supposed that the majority of the colored men on top of the freight cars escaped serious injury and swam ashore. Just how many did escape is not known. It is supposed that the bodies of some of them are yet beneath the wreck.

There is a difference of opinion as to how the accident occurred. The trainmen claim that the bridge suddenly gave way. General Manager Summerfield and Trainmaster Johnson give it as their opinion that the engine or some of the cars first left the track and that some of the ties were shoved off the beams.

All of the injured needing medical treatment were taken to the Wabash Hospital at the corner of Fourth and Campbell streets. Engineer Patch is suffering considerable pain. In speaking of the wreck he said that the middle span of the bridge suddenly gave way and his engine was the first to crash through.

The injured are: Christian Patch, engineer, 3040 North Third street, Kansas City, Kan., cuts and bruises on left leg, jaw fractured and cut across forehead.

Thomas Mulligan, head brakeman, Lawrence, Kan., bruises about body and legs; cut across forehead.

S. V. Smith, Latham, Kan., stockman, badly bruised about the body and legs.

L. Latimore, colored, Kansas City, Kan., three ribs broken.

Pickney Herod, conductor, Kansas City, Kan., slightly bruised.

D. T. Whitlatch, brakeman, Kansas City, Kan., slightly bruised.

The Nebraska Distress.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 18.—At a mass meeting held in this city, presided over by Governor Thayer, steps were taken for the immediate relief of the destitute in the western part of the State and a substantial fund raised. It is designed to tide over all pressing wants by individual subscription until the meeting of the Legislature, when the State can take action. The commission appointed by the Governor reports that twelve counties were included in the drought-stricken district, and that an appropriation of \$100,000 would be required to prevent actual suffering.

Alleged Unfair Race.

ATOKA, I. T., Nov. 18.—Some time ago a jockey race was run in the vicinity of Sallisaw at which the betting was quite spirited. The losers claimed the race was not a fair one, took advantage of the law and retook the property they had lost by writ of replevin. The right to the property under the writ was to be tried before the commissioner this week, but had to be continued for witnesses. The cases are ten in number.

KANSAS THANKSGIVING.

Proclamation of Governor Humphrey Setting Apart the Established Day.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 18.—The proclamation appointing Thursday, November 27, for Thanksgiving day has been issued by Governor Humphrey as follows:

The people of Kansas have abundant reason to feel thankful to Almighty God for His continued kindness during the year fast drawing to a close. Our beloved commonwealth has enjoyed immunity from war, pestilence and famine. Peace, health and a fair measure of prosperity in all the departments of labor have blessed us as a people by the grace and favor of Him whose power we recognize in all things.

Now, therefore, I, Lyman U. Humphrey, Governor of the State of Kansas, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 27th day of November, A. D. 1899, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, to be observed as such. And I do most earnestly recommend that upon said day the people refrain from their usual avocations and meet in their several places of worship, there and in their homes, to join in praise and thanksgiving to the Creator for the blessings vouchsafed to us as a people, and invoke His continued favor and protection in the future.

I also enjoin upon all the people the duty, on that occasion, of remembering the sick, afflicted and unfortunate. Remember the destitute in your own communities, and be not forgetful of the brave pioneers in other sections of the State, whose labors have not been fruitful of a bounteous harvest, to the end that their hearts may be lightened and that they may join in the general thanksgiving to Him whose first command is charity.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the State of Kansas to be affixed. Done at the City of Topeka on this, the fifteenth day of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

By the Governor: LYMAN U. HUMPHREY.

WILLIAM HIGGINS, Secretary of State.

KNIGHTS TO SECEDE.

Green Glass Workers Threaten to Leave the Knights of Labor.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 18.—A movement has been started by local assembly 6111, Knights of Labor, composed of green glass workers, which threatens to end in a big secession from the Knights of Labor ranks. The movement originated in the alleged improper conduct of Louis Arrington, master workman of the green glass workers' national assembly, owing to that gentleman's plan to build a co-operative green glass factory, which caused general dissatisfaction to the Pittsburgh assembly. A committee composed of leading members of the local assembly has been at work for several weeks, and according to reports is meeting with solid encouragement. The plan of the committee is to interest five of the strongest green glass workers' assemblies in the plan of seceding. Dissatisfaction against Mr. Powderly has also been breeding in the Pittsburgh assembly for three years. The secession of the green glass workers would take from the Knights of Labor at least 3,000 members. A report on the subject is expected next Friday night.

LACK OF LAWYERS.

Once in a While a Legislature Has Not Enough to Go Round.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 18.—A rather perplexing problem will confront the Speaker of the next House of Representatives when he attempts to name the Judiciary Committee. This has, of course, always been composed of the best lawyers in the lower house, and last session there were fifteen members. This year there have been only four lawyers elected, and in one instance a lawyer will in all probability be ousted on a contest. The lawyers elected are: George L. Douglas, of Sedgwick; W. C. Webb, of Topeka; Joseph H. Reder, of Ellis, and W. E. Brown, of Newton. Reder was only elected by two majority, and it is charged that he openly purchased votes and an Alliance man is contesting his seat.

Knights of Aurora Reorganized.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 18.—About forty representatives of the Knights of Aurora of Kansas met in this city last night for the purpose of forming an independent organization. There was a preliminary meeting held at Lawrence October 16, and the present session is simply a continuation of it. The Knights of Aurora is a benefit insurance company with headquarters in Minneapolis. Charges of fraud were preferred against the officials, and an investigation was begun by the insurance Commissioner of Minnesota. These charges were not substantiated, but it was proven that the order had 2,200 members instead of 20,000 as was claimed. Of the 2,200 membership, 1,500 lived in Kansas, and it was decided to completely reorganize under a new name.

Robert Ray Hamilton Will.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The will of the late Robert Ray Hamilton was offered for probate yesterday. The document makes no mention of Mr. Hamilton's wife, who is now in a New Jersey prison, but provides \$1,200 a year for life for Beatrice Ray, the child which he calls his "adopted daughter." The bulk of the estate is left to the children of Schuyler Hamilton.

The Wine Seizures.

LEAFENWORTH, Kan., Nov. 18.—Yesterday afternoon the police officers charged with stealing the wine of the Bandana Club for its banquet had a hearing before Justices White and Plowman, but the cases were not concluded.

The Bill Still a Law.

ATOKA, I. T., Nov. 18.—About the last act of the Choctaw Council was to repeal the law enacted last week taxing licensed traders \$500 per annum, but Governor Jones refused to sanction the repeal and the bill still remains a law.

Robbed a Mail Pouch.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 18.—George W. Harris, who was a fireman on the Chicago & Alton railroad between Chicago and St. Louis, was convicted of robbing a registered mail pouch and was given eighteen months in the penitentiary.

Horse Thieves Arrested.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Nov. 18.—A number of alleged horse thieves have been arrested lately and are now in the hands of the officers. There are probabilities of several lynchings.

Trainmen on the Peoria & Pekin Union Railway in Illinois went on strike on the 17th.

BLACK BOB SQUATTERS.

A Bill Filed in the Circuit Court to Have Them Ejected.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 18.—The United States District Attorney of Kansas, under instructions from Attorney-General Miller, has just filed a bill in equity in the Circuit Court of the United States at Topeka, on behalf of the Black Bob band of Shawnee Indians and against the settlers who have squatted on the Black Bob reservation in Johnson County and the speculators who hold unapproved deeds from the Indians. The bill alleges that the deeds of the speculators were obtained by fraud and demands that they be canceled. The bill prays that the settlers be ejected and that they be held to account to the Indians for the rents and profits of the land for the last twenty years. This suit involves about 80,000 acres of the best land in Johnson County, which have been occupied by squatters ever since the Indians were driven off by Quantrell and his men in 1863.

The settlers have absolutely no title save the possession, which they have well satisfied to enjoy without any liability to pay taxes. Great excitement prevails among the people on the reservation over the prospects of being ejected, losing the improvements which they have placed there, and being mulcted for rents and profits besides. They have employed attorneys, and will make a bitter fight. The speculators who hold unapproved deeds have never been in possession, having been kept out by the squatters. Might has been right on the reservation for a long time, and for years it has furnished the courts of Johnson County the largest proportion of their criminal business. The local attorney appointed by Attorney-General Miller to look after the interests of the Indians says that every prayer of the bill will be insisted upon.

ENDED IN DEATH.

The Honduras Rebellion Ends in the Leaders Being Summarily Shot.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 17.—Advices from Honduras are that the revolution is ended. President Bogran Friday night stationed a number of cannons about the barracks in the capitol and early next morning he opened fire. Sanchez and his imprisoned companions, knowing that death awaited them in any event, fought with all the desperate courage of despair, but it was a hopeless struggle from the start. After a brief cannonading the walls of the barracks were almost completely battered down.

Then there was a determined charge by Bogran's soldiers, a brief but desperate hand to hand fight and then all that remained alive of the rebels were prisoners. Without the formality of a court martial Sanchez, with several of the principal officers in the revolt, were taken to the principal square in the city, blindfolded and stood in line, in the presence of hundreds of citizens.

A firing party was told off. The doomed men were given a brief time for prayer; then the word was given; there was a crash of musketry, and the revolution of Longinos Sanchez passed into history. Sanchez and his men met their fate without flinching.

General Sanchez during his brief term of power caused two of the members of President Bogran's Cabinet to be shot. One of the executed Ministers was Simeon Martinez.

INDIANS ARMING.

The Authorities Accused of Harboring a False Security.

MANDAN, N. D., Nov. 17.—Settlers living on the border of the Sioux reservation bring stories of the arming of Indians, which is borne out by Joseph H. Buckley, who speaks their language. Buckley came in and said every Indian on the reservation would shortly go on the warpath and that they have possession of Custer's rifles, which the United States army had never found.

Local hardware men here in the last few days sold their entire stocks of ammunition to the Indians. The Indians say if they are successful in the raid they will get double rations and they have nothing to lose.

Citizens here and settlers who are unprotected believe that General Rogers and the Indian authorities are harboring a feeling of false security and that when too late the number of troops at Fort Lincoln will be increased. The mayor of Mandan has called a meeting and the War Department will be asked to furnish citizens with guns if not with soldiers. Many settlers between Mandan and the reservation are abandoning their farms and ranches because of lack of protection afforded them by the Government.

Cholera Ravages.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Reports received at Marine Hospital Bureau headquarters through the State Department of the progress of cholera abroad show that at Aleppo cases are becoming daily more numerous. Thirty-eight cases and nineteen deaths were reported on October 7, the latest date noted. At Orfa new cases are continually occurring, while all the villages around Aleppo and Orfa are infected. The most serious fact noted in the latest report received from Constantinople is that cholera has made its appearance at Alexandria, the sea port of Aleppo. At Hedjaz 4,171 deaths have occurred since the epidemic broke out. The latest advices from Biogo, Japan reports 339 cases and sixty-nine deaths there for the week ended September 27. At Nagasaki—Ken the United States Consul reports 883 cases and 261 deaths for the week ended September 29.

The Gospel of Hard Work.

FORT NIobrara, Neb., Nov. 17.—The Indians at Rosebud agency seem to have quieted down as the coming of flour, the hauling of which from Valentine is let to the Indians of the agency, seems to interest them more just at present than the coming of the Messiah. Keep the Indians busy and there will be no more trouble with them. Ereet workshops on the several reservations and what the trades so call them can learn how to make their own supplies and what between manufacturing, stock raising and agriculture they will soon be self-sustaining and prosperous.

THROUGH A TRESTLE.

Shocking Railroad Accident Near Salem, Ore.—Several Persons Killed and Many Injured.

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 14.—Shortly after 8:30 o'clock last night the overland Southern Pacific passenger train, south bound, went through the north end of a long trestle over Lake Labish, about five miles from here.

The trestle must have given away as soon as the engine struck it, and the train and trestle all went down together. The engine was overturned and half buried in the mud, and following this were the tender, mail, baggage and express cars, smoking car and tourist sleeper. All were torn to pieces.

Engineer John McFadden, Fireman Tim Neal and an unknown man were killed. The following were injured: Captain Jack Crawford, the post scout, bruised.

Samuel Anson, of New York City, side and back sprained.

Mrs. T. C. Boyle, May and Nellie Boyle, of Missoula, Mont.

Wilson Berry, of North Dakota, injured about the throat.

C. M. Burris, of Ellsworth, Kan., back sprained.

Fred Waite, of Ellsworth, Kan., sprained, and it is thought received internal injuries.

Dr. Hamnel and wife, of Philadelphia, both injured about the spine. They were returning from a trip around the world.

C. Griebel, a traveler for the Val Blatz Brewing Company, of Milwaukee. G. G. Newhall, of Pleasant Forks, Canada, painfully injured about the throat.

James McGarry, United States marshal of Salt Lake, U. T., nose broken, leg probably broken and badly injured internally. It is feared he will die.

The train carried over 100 persons, nearly all of whom were more or less injured.

The first-class day coach was saved from going over, alighting with the front end on an old tree broken off about even with the trestle. The seats and the partitions in the car were broken into kindling wood. Then followed the smoker, the seats in which were nearly all broken.

The next was the tourist sleeper, in which were twenty-five or thirty passengers. Of this number only three were injured. The next was the Pullman "Alatia," with seventeen passengers, and only three escaped without injury. The next and last car was the Pullman "Roseburg," in which were fifteen passengers. Four of these sustained slight bruises. In the smoker and day coach every seat was occupied. The mail, express and baggage cars overturned.

The total number of deaths from the accident will probably reach as high as ten; as many have sustained what it is feared will prove serious internal injuries.

The body of a tramp was taken out of the wreck, making four dead recovered. Fires were built along either side of the train to keep the passengers warm and to light the way of the workers who had hastened to the rescue from this city and vicinity. Laid out on the ground were the mangled corpses recovered from the wreck, reclining on improvised beds about the fires were the wounded, while standing about, lending what assistance they could, were those less seriously wounded, and around these and everywhere the crowds who had come to help or from curiosity. In the coaches standing on the fallen trestlework were the same scenes, every available space being occupied by some unfortunate one, more or less injured. As soon as the doctors from Salem arrived they set about dressing wounds and administering to the needs of the injured.

The bridge is about 600 feet long, and from sixteen to twenty feet high. It is supposed the engineer felt the trestle give way as soon as his engine struck. He gave one short whistle and set the breakers. The train moved ahead about fifty yards as it went down.

THE TWO KANSAS VICTIMS.

ELLSWORTH, Kan., Nov. 14.—C. M. Burris and Fred Waite, who were injured in the wreck at Salem, Ore., last night, left here Saturday last to work on the extension of the Union Pacific in Oregon. Their parents live in this county within a few miles of this city.

WALL STREET BETTER.

The North American and North River Suspensions the Only Disturbing Feature.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Had it not been for the utter collapse of the North American securities this morning, Wall street would have gone through a comparatively easy day. This stock dropped from 1 1/2, the closing last night, down to 7, and though it reacted several points, it was a very weak stock all day and trading in it was very large. This collapse, together with the North River Bank failure, caused a down turn in values of every thing early, but the losses were not large, and before the first hour was ended every thing had turned upward. From that on, it was a strong market until the last hour of trading, when prices began to weaken again. Most stocks were held above last night's closing prices the greater part of the day and some material gains were scored. A notable feature of the market was the absence of quick and sudden changes. Quotations for an hour at the time would hold within a quarter of 1 per cent margin. The general feeling was much better.

Money was much easier, loaning at 10 to 12 per cent, the greater part of the day.

Collision on the Old Colony.

HYANNIS, Mass., Nov. 14.—In a collision on the Old Colony railway these passengers were injured: H. H. Hoxes and Frank Percival of Yarmouth and Agnes Nickerson of South Dennis, badly bruised, cut and soiled; Mrs. Era Hopkins and Mrs. J. C. Mayrick, not seriously injured; Robert Clark, Riley Baker and Nathan Eldridge of South Yarmouth, slightly bruised; Orton E. Baker of South Yarmouth, bruised and slight burns; F. T. Chase, expressman, bruised. The train men injured are: Harry McDonald, engineer, bad scalp wounds and arm broken; George H. Cash, conductor, scalp and head wounds.