

The President was removed to Long Branch, Tuesday, where he is now doing very well.

It is reported that Jay Gould controls 52,000 miles of railroad, or over half the mileage of the United States.

We notice a great increase in the importation of "canned fruit" into Kansas. This is not the time of year for canned fruit either, and they say that the article sent to Kansas "samples" very strongly in its liquid surroundings, and has a great tendency to make a man quarrel with his mother-in-law.

Wilkes Booth, Giteau, Hartmann, and the dynamite fiends generally have put some rather vigorous suggestions into Brother Jonathan's head on the subject of political assassination. One of those suggestions was embodied in a resolution offered by Mr. David Dudley Field, an American delegate in the national law conference at Cologne the other day in favor of an extradition treaty providing that neither assassination nor attempted assassinations as a means of redressing grievances, should be deemed a mere political offence within the meaning of the treaty.

PROHIBITION.

Does or Will the New Law Have the Desired Effect?

Hon. John Martin of Topeka, in Response to the Patriot's Inquiry.

An Able Letter from a Distinguished Jurist and Prominent Statesman.

TOPEKA, KAN., Aug. 24, 1881. Editors Patriot:

I have received your letter of the 13th instant, asking my views in regard to the wisdom and policy of the so-called temperance amendment to our State constitution, adopted in 1880, and of the legislation of 1881, to enforce the same.

I opposed the adoption of the amendment for three principal reasons: first, because it was an unwise and an unlawful infringement upon individual liberty, and the assumption of a power beyond the legitimate functions of civil government; second, because its adoption and enforcement would be a gross wrong to the State, in the destruction of property, and a hindrance to the future development of our material interest, and, third, because its honest enforcement would be impossible, and will utterly fail in accomplishing the objects of its friends, and, in the end, produce evils more perilous to the safety and welfare of the State than all the drunkards and grog-shops in the land.

I have, all my life, been a temperance man; not only in theory, but in practice. I have, always favored wise laws to control the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, and to mitigate, as far as possible, the evils of intemperance. Whatever just laws will promote these objects I will favor. Whatever laws will be a hindrance to these ends I shall oppose.

That intemperance is a great public and private wrong, is not an open question; that it produces and promotes poverty, ignorance, misery and crime, can not be questioned; that it is dangerous and hurtful to society is conceded; but in adopting measures to avoid these calamities we can not wisely ignore the office and province of government, nor can we safely disregard human nature as we find it, or the experiences of the past; neither can we afford to adopt measures that will, in the end, produce and promote evils more perilous to the State than the wrongs of intemperance, and, in my judgment, a law that, in effect, annihilates the doctrine of personal responsibility,

that encourages fraud, deceit and hypocrisy, and induces perjury, is more to be dreaded than the horrors of drunkenness. That the constitutional amendment, and especially the legislation of last winter, to enforce it, belongs to this dangerous class or species of legislation, I have no doubt.

Governments are instituted amongst men for the regulation of their civil affairs; churches are organized for promoting the spiritual and moral welfare of men; between church and State there is a perpetual divorce; at least, such is our American theory. Our government rests upon the further theory that the people are intelligent, honest and moral; that each man enters into and forms a part of the government; that each man's intelligence, integrity and morality constitute a part of the State. If we can not trust the citizen, our government is a failure. The constitutional amendment and the law of 1881 challenge our theory, and proclaim our doctrine a falsehood.

I take issue with the amendment and the law. I still maintain that our people are capable of self-government, both in respect to their civil affairs and their social concerns. I am not willing to, nor do I believe the people of this country will, submit to the establishment of a paternal system of government for the regulation of their moral and social conduct. Nor can we consent to establish the relation of guardian and ward between the State and its citizens in respect to their taste, appetite and social relations. To do so is a thrust at the integrity of the government itself. My theory is to trust but little to government, but much to the people; if we can not trust the people, then we certainly can not trust an agency established by them. The tendency of modern thought everywhere is, and it has been so for over a hundred years, that the best government, the one that best protects and promotes the interest of the people, is the one whose powers are few and limited, and whose machinery is pure, simple and inexpensive. The amendment and the law of 1881 deny the truth of this doctrine. The people must settle the question.

That the amendment and the law are unjust to our citizens, and detrimental to our material interest, can scarcely be denied by a fair minded man, I can not doubt. It destroys, without compensation, the accumulations of years; accumulations that have been made under the sanction and encouragement of every department of government. Men from all parts of the globe, with known habits, customs and peculiarities, have been by the direct agency of the State, invited and urged to come to our State, with the assurance that these habits and customs would be recognized and protected; that they could, at least, enjoy the same degree of personal freedom they did in Europe.

Relying upon these assurances, they came with their families, friends and property, and invested in such way as they were assured would be protected by the State. But all at once, our policy is reversed, and without an opportunity or the means of averting the calamity, their property is substantially confiscated, and they are forbidden to follow these avocations that they were originally induced to engage in. To call this justice, is to make a farce of sentiment and language.

The law is worse than the constitutional amendment. In a government like ours, theories of public good or public necessity, may be so plausible, or even so truthful, as to command popular majorities; but whether truthful or plausible merely, or by whatever numbers or majorities they are assented to, there are some absolute private rights beyond their reach, and among these is the vested right of property. Yet the last Legislature, recklessly and foolishly passed a law restricting, to an absurd degree, the right of men to sell drugs, practice medicine, and absolutely confiscated every dollar's worth of liquor a man may have had on hand when the law went into effect, and so regulated the sale of liquors for specific purposes as to make the law a farce.

That the amendment and law will keep emigrants from our State I think, is perfectly plain. That the

men so excluded are, as a rule, hard working, sober, industrious, thrifty men, no one denies. They always bring money with them, and what is better still they always bring the muscle and courage that we need above all else to cultivate our rich lands. It is farmers, mechanics and working men that we need; of men who make politics a trade and speculate on their wits, we have more than enough now. We need more who plow, make fences, raise wheat, corn, hogs, horses and cattle; and this is just the class kept out of the country by the legislation of 1881.

Now has the amendment and the law been enforced? No! Will it be enforced? No! Why? Because it does violence to public judgment; it is injudicious, violent, extreme, fanatical, an unlawful and an unjust exercise of power, the result of ignorance stupidity and fanaticism. It is in conflict with public opinion. You say it should be enforced. So do I; but that does not enforce it. I say more; that every man in Kansas knows it is not enforced, and never will be. There is not a town of five hundred people in Kansas where liquor is not bought and sold and drunk. But you say: "But not openly." Admitted; yet if the law was enforced, it could not be sold at all, as a sale privately is as much a violation of the law as if sold publicly. This brings us to one of the most unfortunate features of the whole business. A law on the statute book incapable of being enforced, because of its being obnoxious to public opinion, is a public misfortune. The people denounce and defy it. This tends to a contempt for all law and all unlawful authority. Men lose that sense of respect for, and sentiment of obedience to, law and public authority that should govern every good citizen. This is a public misfortune. The temperance advocates say men should not entertain such sentiments. That may be, but the fact remains the same, and shows that when you passed the law you were ignorant of human nature and defied public opinion; that's all. I have said that this law should be enforced; not because it is the law, as declared by the Supreme Court. No State or people can afford to have the laws ignored and deliberately trampled under foot, however unjust they may be. No citizen can be permitted to, nor can afford, to substitute his private judgement as a rule of action in a given case, for the determination of the court of last resort. If one man may properly defy a law because he dislikes it, every other citizen may do the same, and the result is anarchy and confusion.

In addition to this, we find that attempt to enforce the law, has produced strife, dissensions and bad blood; criminations and recriminations have been and still are the order of the day. All the friends of the law have been classed as the hypocrites, bigots and fanatics. Those who are opposed to the law, without respect to their moral character, or the purity of their habits of life, in respect to the use of intoxicating liquor, are condemned and denounced as "whiskeyites," "whiskey bloats" and apologists for, and defenders of, vice and immorality.

Another objection to the amendment and the law is that it develops and brings to the front a class of hypocrites, spies, detectives, liars and informers, the most loathsome and offensive class of vermin that can possibly afflict the body politic. This is the class of men fostered, encouraged and sustained by the law of last winter; a class more dangerous to the peace, good order and safety of society than common murderers, or highway robbers. Then, what shall be done to remedy the wrongs produced by the amendment and the law? My answer is, enforce it as far as you reasonably can, until its repeal, and repeal the whole thing at the earliest possible moment.

I urged the last Democratic State Convention to take high and strong grounds against the amendment, and make it a square issue before the people. The convention thought otherwise. The events of every day since then have confirmed my judgement. If alive and present at the next State Convention, I shall renew my opposition to the amendment, and insist upon making the repeal of the amendment and the law passed to enforce it a clear and square party issue in the election of State officers and members of the Legislature, and I simply hope that party cowardice will not subordinate principle to expediency and policy.

JOHN MARTIN.

CLEAR THE TRACK

The most magnificent feat ever witnessed in the western country will be the Soldiers' Regiment at Topeka, September 15th. All the latest

scientific discoveries are being brought into requisition. All the newly-found comets have applied for "space" in which to make a display.

Comet "A" will be the Reunion proper, with a nucleus of 20,000 veterans.

Comet "B" comprises the great military encampment and prize drill, in which the crack companies of the west will compete for a special purse.

Comet "C" represents the campfire of comrades of the G. A. R. to be held in Capitol Square.

Comet "D" is the first State meeting of Kansas Brass Bands, fifty in number, with over five hundred instruments, in a jubilee of popular airs.

Comet "E" refers to the sham battle and storming of the fort, on the grounds of the State Fair association—a life-like representation of the most exciting incident of modern warfare.

Comet "F" is the grand chorus of male voices which will make the welkin ring with songs of the tent and field—the most sprucing vocal performance since "the moon and stars first sang together."

Comet "G" consist of three hundred beautiful young ladies who volunteered to preside over the collation in the State house grounds, dispensing smiles and provender, with equal profusion.

Comet "H" is the gorgeous illumination by the famous Flambeau Club of Topeka under command of Major Anderson, which will greatly excel all former demonstrations, producing a light so intense that you can see a pin drop at a distance of twenty miles and repeat.

In short, Kansas avenue from the bridge to the Fair Grounds will be a perfect zone of blazing planets for this day and date only.—Topeka Commonwealth.

DIAMOND CREEK ITEMS.

WOODHULL, KANSAS, August 31, 1881.

To the Editor of the Courant: The dry weather continues, and some of the old settlers say the creeks have not been so low since 1860.

Mr. S. E. Yeoman's has the boss well. It has thirty feet of water in it.

The election is approaching, and it will not be long before the usual political hair pulling will begin.

Mr. J. S. Doolittle lost 12 fine hogs, last Sunday, from heat and scarcity of water.

The corn fodder is badly fired, and farmers have quit cutting it. Mr. Tom Lawless has 125 tons of hay up in good shape.

It is said that Frank Beck is the handsomest young man on Diamond creek. He should attend the fair, this fall.

The COURANT is having quite a large circulation here. Long may it wave!

Mr. Wm. Daub, the great, stone-face contractor, is just pushing things. He is at present building six miles of fence for M. S. F. Jones, whose fence is now at the head of Gannon branch. The boys are workers, and don't you forget it.

The old bachelors say that John Gannon has broken the dead lock, and they will soon fit up and step off.

Hope you had a pleasant time in old Kentucky. We could not tell from the Leader that you accompanied your wife home. Little people do little things. Jos.

STATISTICAL REPORT OF CEDAR POINT CIRCUIT OF M. E. CHURCH SOUTH, FOR 1881.

- Number of white members, 43; colored, 1.
Number of members removed by letter, 1; received by letter, 6.
Number of children baptized, 14.
Exhortors, 1.
Sabbath school officers and teachers, 7; scholars, 30.
Amount raised for S. S., \$5.
Amount assessed for pastor, \$175; for Presiding Elder, \$30.
Appropriated as follows: Fox creek, \$49; Diamond creek, \$29; Coyne branch, \$49; Cedar creek, \$29; Sycamore Springs, \$49.
Receipts—Fox creek, \$33.05; deficiency, \$16.95. Diamond creek, \$12.35; deficiency, \$16.65. Coyne branch, \$41.68; deficiency, \$7.32. Cedar creek, \$15.75; deficiency, \$13.25. Sycamore Springs, \$20; deficiency, \$29. Total receipts of pastor, \$83.08; deficiency, \$91.92. Receipts of Presiding Elder, \$30.
Raised for Church purposes, \$100; for foreign missions, \$13; for home missions, \$8; for the Bishop's fund, \$3; for widows and orphans, \$2.
Periodicals taken—St. Louis Advocate, 1; Nashville Advocate, 2; Woman's Foreign Mission Advocate, 8.

CAMPBELL & GILLETT, HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, IRON.

Steel nails, horse shoes, horse nails. A full line of wagon and buggy material. Irons and wood pumps. A complete line of steel goods, forks, spades, shovels, hoes, rakes, handles, &c.

TIN SHOP.

We have in our employ a tinner of long experience, and are prepared to do all kind of work in this line, on short notice, and at very low price.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

We have a good stock of breaking and stirring plows, cultivators, harrows, wheelbarrows, &c.

Agents for the Well Known Wood Machine and the Celebrated Thomas & Coats' Sulky Hay Rakes.

We keep a full line of;

PAINTS AND OILS.

GLIDDEN FENCE WIRE.

We are sole agents for this celebrated wire, known to be the best now in use. We try to keep a full line of everything generally called for by the farmers; and if we haven't it, we'll get it. Thanking them all for patronage, and favors of the past, we desire a continuance of the same.

MAIN STREET, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

WHO IS UNAQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R. IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST & THE WEST!

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R. IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST & THE WEST! This main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Mendota, Rock Island, Iowa City, Marquette, Keosauqua, Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, Stuart, Atlantic, Liberty, Avoca, with branches from Bureau Junction to Peoria; Union Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Eldon, Booneville, Centerville, Princeton, Trenton, Galatia, Cambridge, Leavenworth, Atchison, and Kansas City. Through cars are also run between Milwaukee and Kansas City, via the "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line."

One church and one parsonage. Amount of books sold, \$42. W. J. BLAKEY, Pastor. MONEY TO LOAN. Having perfected arrangements, I can furnish any amount of money on real estate security, at ten percent, per annum interest, on five years time. At less rates of interest commissions will be charged. W. S. ROMIGH. Cottonwood Falls, Dec. 14, 1880. Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, for September, published by Jas. Vick, the florist, at Rochester, N. Y., at \$1.25 a year, is on our table.

C. W. JONES, Dealer in Groceries, TOBACCO AND CIGARS, AT THE POSTOFFICE, STRONG CITY, CHASE COUNTY, KAS. L. P. SANTA Can be found at the Green Front Restaurant. BOARD BY DAY OR WEEK. A choice lot of confectionaries always on hand. L. P. SANTA, Proprietor, STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

Subscribe for the COURANT. HULL VAPOR COOK STOVE. The only Vapor Cook Stove that has stood the test of years, and given entire and perfect satisfaction. 50,000 Now in use, and growing in favor wherever used. Those who have them will not do without them. The Most Simple, The Most Durable, The Most Perfect, The Most Economical, No Sweltering Heat, No Fires to Build, No Ashes to Remove, No Fuel to Carry, No Smoke, No Odor. FOR SUMMER USE THEY ARE INDISPENSABLE. Best every description of cooking or other work heretofore done by the ordinary cooking stove, with ease and perfect comfort. Washing, ironing, baking, broiling, frying, canning, etc., without the insufferable heat of the old-fashioned cook stove, and always ready. Our "Patent Automatic Safety Can" renders the use of our stoves "perfectly safe" in the hands of the most careless or inexperienced. Send for full descriptive circular and price list.—Special inducements to agents in unoccupied territory.—Address, "HULL VAPOR STOVE COMPANY," Cleveland, Ohio.

The Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

GOTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.,
THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, 1881.

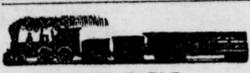
Terms—per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; after three months, \$1.75; after six months, \$2.00. For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

| | 1 in. | 2 in. | 3 in. | 5 in. | col. 1 col. |
|----------|--------|--------|--------|--------|-------------|
| 1 week | \$1.00 | \$1.50 | \$2.00 | \$3.00 | \$5.00 |
| 2 weeks | 1.50 | 2.00 | 2.50 | 4.00 | 7.00 |
| 3 weeks | 2.00 | 2.50 | 3.00 | 4.50 | 8.00 |
| 4 weeks | 2.50 | 3.00 | 3.50 | 5.00 | 9.00 |
| 1 month | 3.00 | 4.00 | 5.00 | 7.00 | 12.00 |
| 2 months | 4.00 | 5.00 | 6.00 | 8.00 | 15.00 |
| 3 months | 5.00 | 6.00 | 7.00 | 9.00 | 18.00 |
| 1 year | 10.00 | 15.00 | 18.00 | 25.00 | 35.00 |

Local notices, 10 cents a line for the first insertion; and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion; double price for black letter.

CITY AND COUNTY NEWS.



TIME TABLE.

| EAST. MAIL | PASS | WEST. MAIL | PASS | P.M. | P.M. |
|------------|-------|------------|------|------|------|
| Cedar Pt. | 10 10 | 9 25 | 3 30 | 5 50 | 6 50 |
| Hunt's | 10 23 | 9 39 | 3 55 | 4 09 | 1 23 |
| Elmdale | 10 41 | 9 56 | 4 21 | 4 27 | 1 35 |
| Cott'w'd. | 10 58 | 10 12 | 5 05 | 5 04 | 3 00 |
| Safford | 11 16 | 10 33 | 5 28 | 5 25 | 3 50 |

Written for the Courant.]
LINE IN MEMORY OF MRS. W. E. SMYDER, OF ELMDALE, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, MAY 15, 1881.

Dear friend, sweet friend, where is thy dwelling now?
We clasped thy hand upon yon shadowy shore;
We heard the dark, cold river's onward rush,
We caught the flashing of the boatman's oar.
We knew, also, that he had come for thee,
That all our prayers and tears would not avail;
That thou must cross at once death's chilling stream,
Seated beside the boatman, cold and pale.
We heard the rustle of the angel's wings,
We caught the echo of the angel's song,
We saw heaven's beauty beaming on thy face,
We knew the parting would not be for long.
But, O dear friend, our hearts were sad with grief!
And glowing tears fell from dim, weary eyes;
Our faith was faint; we could not follow thee
To thy bright home beyond the star-lit skies.
We could not see the throng of eager friends
That, smiling, reached their welcoming hands to thee;
We could not hear the Saviour's voice, which said:
"Suffer my weary child to come to me."
O, send some message from that better land,
Where we believe thy footsteps, lingering tread;
Where pain, death and sorrow never come,
And thou art lying, whom we mourn as dead.
"The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall not want!"
Fell from thy lips, with thy last fluttering breath!
O, did I lead thee then, in pastures green
When thou hadst passed the boundary we call "death?"
Within yon city's wondrous gates of pearl,
Where human nature never yet has trod;
Were thy bright jewels rendered back to thee,
That once, so meekly, thou didst lend to God?
The broken lyre thy fingers sweetly below,
Is now exchanged for harp of sweetest tone;
And thy loved voice, which failed and faltered here,
Swells the grand chorus near thy Father's throne.

With all of earthly weakness cast aside,
Left with the dying body here below,
Thy mind springs forward in that world of light,
And not a bar or link can it know.

Forget us not, O friend, in the new home!
O, love us still! we onward come to thee,
A few more earthly seasons must we tread,
Then we, too, cross that dim, mysterious sea.
Upon whose shores we often stand and weep,
And call on loved ones who have gone before,
While ever comes that mournful echo back,
"Who crosses here returns no more."

Yes; but the promise stands, "we go to them!"
Then courage, weary, heavy laden heart;
We meet again beyond death's bridgeless tide,
And, meeting there, we nevermore shall part.

B. L. A.
PELLENO IN PINTADO, N. M. T., July 10, 1881.

LYON COUNTY FAIR.
The tenth annual Fair of the Lyon County Agricultural Society will be held at Emporia, Kansas, September 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1881. Liberal premiums in every department. Two good barns with fifty stalls. New hall; covered amphitheater. Racing every day; best track in the State. The Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe railroad will carry passengers for two cents per mile, each way, and stop trains at the grounds (which is one-half fare). For Premium Lists or information address,
W. R. GRIFFITH, Sec'y.

THE GENUINE SINGER.
The most popular sewing machine in the world; 538,609 sold in 1880—exceeds over any previous year, 107,412. Buy no other; it is the strongest, the simplest, the most durable sewing machine ever yet constructed. For price and terms call on or address I. B. Vail, agent, east side of Broadway.

If you want to buy a threshing machine, spring wagon, sewing machine, organ, piano, vapor stove, riding saw, or fanning machine, call at this office and see if you can't make money by getting them

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

109° in the shade, last Friday.
90° at 11 o'clock, Saturday night.
88° at 10 o'clock, Monday night.
108° in the shade, last Saturday.
58°, Wednesday morning also this morning.

Mr. Wm. Hillert went to Emporia, Tuesday.

Mr. A. T. Forlet left, this morning, for St. Louis.

Mr. John Gatewood, of Emporia, was in town, Tuesday.

Mr. James Hays, of Bazaar, is sick, with malarial fever.

Candidates, bring in your announcements, accompanied with \$5.

"Dick" Watson is able to be about again, though he still suffers some, from his head.

Mr. R. Vetter, of Prairie Hill, is in town being treated by Dr. C. E. Hait for the dropsy.

Mr. D. M. Swope, of Elinor, has purchased property in Emporia and will reside there.

Mr. H. W. Cone, traveling agent of the Topeka Capital, gave us a pleasant call, Tuesday.

Mr. L. P. Thomas, of Michigan, brother of Mrs. N. J. Swayne, arrived here, last Friday.

Mrs. A. J. Penrod has the thanks of the Courant outfit for a fine watermelon and nutmeg melon.

Mr. Walter Otes, of Carbondale, is filling Mr. Jo. Ollinger's place during his absence in Wisconsin.

Rev. W. B. Fisher, of Johnson county, is to have charge of the Congregational church in this city.

Mr. H. L. Hunt left, last Thursday morning, for Trinidad, Colorado, to try his fortune in the "far west."

Married, on Tuesday, August 30, 1881, by the Rev. Mr. Guyer, Mr. Jesse Z. Mann and Miss Lizzie A. Stevenson.

Strong City is to have a billiard hall; and that genial gentleman, Mr. J. C. Hammock, is to be its proprietor.

Mr. F. E. Smith, of Fox creek, has sold his farm to Mr. S. F. Jones, and intends going to Michigan for awhile.

Mr. H. P. Brockott has bought a fine, 3-year old Norman colt, to replace his Norman mare that died, week before last.

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, sister of O. C. Pratt, Esq., having bought Mrs. Abby Cormack's residence in this city, has moved into it.

Mr. Wm. Rockwood bought a yearling wether of Mr. Arch Miller, last Monday, which, when dressed, weighed 92 pounds.

Died, near Morgan, on Wednesday, August 31, 1881, Lula Belle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Woolf, aged eleven months.

One of the painters at work, last Friday, painting Middle creek railroad bridge, fell a distance of 35 feet, injuring himself very badly.

The Lyon County Agricultural Society has our thanks for a complimentary ticket to their fair, to be held at Emporia, Sept. 20 to 24.

Misses Hattie and Nannie Pugh and Carrie Breese left, last Saturday morning, for Lawrence, where they will attend the State University.

The Rev. W. J. Blakey started, last Thursday, to attend the Conference of the M. E. Church South, which met in Howard City, yesterday.

Mrs. M. L. Wood is looking after things on her son Will's place, on Fox creek, during the absence of himself and family in Rhode Island.

Ed. R. Allen has been bound over by Squire Wagoner, in this sum of \$400, to answer a charge of bastardy, at the next term of the District Court.

Willie Y. Morgan, son of ye other editor, who never mentions this editor in his paper, left, Tuesday morning, to attend the State University, at Lawrence.

The August number of the *Poultry Monthly*, published by the Ferris Publishing Co., Albany, N. Y., at \$1.00 a year, and, by the way, a most excellent magazine for any one who raises poultry, is on our table.

Died, in this city, on Monday, September 5, 1881, after a lingering illness, Mrs. L. C. Kendall, consort of Mr. S. F. Kendall, in the

25th year of her age. She leaves her husband and a little daughter to mourn her death.

We were shown some very fine specimens of yellow dent corn, last Saturday, by Mr. Richard Cuthbert, which yield fifty bushels to the acre, a good yield for this year. Mr. Cuthbert also showed us some very good oats, for this year.

Kansas zephyrs prevailed Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, winding up, Tuesday afternoon with a shower, the weather continuing cloudy during the night and during Wednesday, with occasional sprinkles of rain.

The colored people of Cottonwood Falls will have a grand festival in Music Hall, on Saturday, September 17, 1881, at which a good time is anticipated. Admission, 25 cents. George Coleman, Scott Malone and Anson Majors, Superintendents.

MR. EDITOR: Please say to the ex-prisoners of war, residents of Chase county, that a special call has been issued, requesting them to be on hand, and join in the Reunion of soldiers and sailors, on the 15th of September, at Topeka. By order of the Committee.

The announcement of Mr. S. A. Breese as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Clerk will be found in our announcement column, this week. Mr. Breese has held the office for a number of years; hence, is well known to the people, and needs no introduction for us.

Messrs. Hugh Jackson, Edgar W. Bliss and Willie Buchanan and Miss Annie Wilson, of this city, and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Gill, Messrs. Hardesty and Frank, Mrs. Howard and Miss Shellenbarger, of Safford, went to Florence, last Thursday night, to attend Prof. Philip Phillips's concert.

The dedication of the new Catholic church at Strong City will take place on Sunday, Sept. 11, 1881, at 10 o'clock, a. m., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Louis M. Fink, O. S. B. Confirmation will be administered at High Mass by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

REV. JOHN E. WELLINGHOFF.

Fred Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Johnson, on Sharp's creek, died, last Friday morning, from the effects of a cut near his knee, received a week previous, while cutting corn on the farm of Mr. L. A. Loomis. He was twenty years old, and had many friends who mourn his premature death.

Cyrus Woodworth, a brakeman on a freight train going west, last Friday morning, jumped from the car which had jumped the track, near Strong City, and dislocated his right leg, at the ankle, and splintered the bone above the ankle. He was taken to Emporia, where the Railroad Co. will see that he is taken care of.

The people are doing everything necessary to make the county fair a success; and everything at the grounds is being pushed to completion in time for the fair. The well was finished some time ago, a stable has been put up, and the ball will soon be completed. Men have been training horses on the track ever since it was finished.

One cent per mile, each way, is the rate at which you will be able to go to and from the Kansas State Fair, at Topeka, by way of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. Tickets at this rate will be sold from September 11th to 17th, inclusive, and will be good for return trip until September 19th. To the price of the ticket at this rate must be added 50 cents for coupon admitting purchaser to the Fair. For further particulars address nearest station agent.

We learn from the *Independent* that the wells of Strong City are going dry, and most of the water used in that place is hauled from the river.—*COURANT.*

Oil wrong, Bro Timmons; our wells have water to spare, as yet. The above is a Falls item; and as we publish the local news of both places, we failed to designate specially that it had reference to Cottonwood Falls, and not to Strong City.—*Independent.*

Really, it is news to us; and it is also news to the people of this city, who had not yet found out that they were so ill off for water. However, we are glad that the people of Strong City are not as badly

off in this respect as our first item would indicate.

Said a farmer to us, the other day: "I don't see the other paper; and what did you mean by saying that Democrats had stock in the Chase County Agricultural Society; and that there are some Democrats in its Board of Directors?" That is just exactly what we meant; and we hope that those Democrats will see to it that the Republican Directors of the society do not force such men as our interrogator to pay tribute to the Republican party, by subscribing for a Republican paper, in order to see official notices of what the society is doing. When this society was first talked of we feared it would be run into politics; and it now looks as if such were the case; else, why should all the official announcements appear in the Republican organ? We hope to see the day when the Republicans of this county will recognize the fact that there is some one else besides themselves who live here and are interested in the upbuilding of the county; and the way to bring this about is, for Democrats and Greenbackers not to hold their tongues and quietly submit to any such treatment. If there is any money in these notices, we being a public benefactor, are entitled to a share of it; and if there is no money in them, our subscribers, as well as those of any other paper, are entitled to see them. We might say more about the political tendency of this society, but refrain from so doing for the present, in hopes that the status of affairs will be immediately changed.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.

Subscribe for the COURANT. Doolittle & Breese are determined not to be undersold.

Remember that L. Martin & Co.'s goods are good, and prices low.

Fresh goods, good goods and bottom prices at Doolittle & Breese's.

Farmers and others can always get a good meal at the old Hinckley House.

Strayed, two pigs; a liberal reward will be paid for their return to L. Martin.

Dr. J. C. Boulson, Physician and Surgeon, has his office in Ed. Pratt's drug store. sept-12w

Wanted, to trade a mare and colt for young cattle; apply to A. J. Cutchfield, on Buck creek.

Just received at Campbell & Gillett's a car load of Giddons' fence wire; also, a car load of Smith wagons. jy22-tf

Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store.

Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the constant coming of fresh goods at the cash store of L. Martin & Co., where you can get everything at prices that astonish the natives.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE FACT THAT

Tattle Is Still On Deck,

WITH A
Large Stock of Summer Goods,

CONSISTING, IN PART, OF

- Dress Goods, Prints, Cashmeres
- Buntings, Lawns, Cambric, Ginghams, White Goods, Skirts, Dusters, Shawls, Napkins, Gloves, Cotton Yarns, Carpet Warp, Table Linen, Toweling, Cheviots, Cottonades, Denims, &c., &c.,

THAT WILL BE

SOLD AS CHEAP

AS THE SAME GOODS CAN BE SOLD BY

Any Living Man, for Cash.

FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES,

ALL FRESH AND NEW.

Tea, Coffee and Sugar,

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

GROCERY AND SURWARE.

FRUIT JARS,

ENOUGH FOR ALL.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

I am now making the
LOWEST PRICES EVER ATTEMPTED IN THE WEST.

Everybody is surprised at the low prices. My
STOCK IS LARGE AND WELL SELECTED,

CONSISTING OF LOW PRICED, MEDIUM PRICED,
AND THE VERY FINEST GRADES OF GOODS

That
WOULD DO CREDIT TO ANY OF THE LARGE CITIES.

THE PEOPLE OF COTTONWOOD FALLS AND CHASE COUNTY ARE INVITED TO
Call, if you appreciate the saving of 20 to 50 per cent.

On Furniture. Go to
WM. CLARKE, - - 182 COMMERCIAL ST., EMPORIA, KAS.
1877-3m

"The best is the cheapest" therefore
"Altman & Taylor"
Shakers, Horse Powers, Engines
are the cheapest
If you want to buy anything
of threshing machinery, you can
save money by writing to
The Altman & Taylor Company
Manufactured in Ohio
for one of its large illustrated pamphlets
describe
"The Standard Shaker of the Vibrator class"
"The Horse Power of the Century class"
"The Value of the Farming public's Attention Expended"

W. P. PUCH, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon,

Office (at present) in the Bank,
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

A. M. CONWAY,

Physician & Surgeon,

Residence and office a half mile north of Toledo.
jy11-16.

C. H. CARSWELL,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

Loans made on improved farms, at 7 per cent interest.
jy22-tf

S. N. WOOD. F. P. COCHRAN.

WOOD & COCHRAN,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHASE COUNTY, KANSAS.

Office upstairs, opposite to Music Hall.
m21-17.

C. N. STERRY,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Will practice in the several courts of 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.
jy13

JO. OLLINGER,

Central Barber Shop,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS

Particular attention given to all work in my line of business, especially to ladies' shampooing and hair cutting. Cigars can be bought at this shop.

FARMERS & OTHERS,

TAKE NOTICE THAT

A. J. PENROD

Will soon call on you, taking orders for

Fruit Trees, Flowers,

Hedge Plants and

Shrubbery.

He is agent for one of the most reliable and

Best Stocked Nurseries

in Kansas, and is a resident of Chase county; so do not

ORDER NURSERY STOCK

Until you see him. Everything is

FULLY WARRANTED.

163-4m

USE PURE PAINT

TINTED GLOSS

PAINT

DON'T

make experiments on your buildings with

untested and unreliable articles at your expense.

DON'T PAY

for water and benzine \$1.50 to \$2.00 per gallon.

DO BUY

the Lucas reliable and guaranteed tinted glass

PAINTS.

Circulars and Sample Cards of Paint mailed on application

JOHN LUCAS & CO.

141 North Fourth Street,

ap29-6m Philadelphia.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce W. C. Thomas as a candidate for Sheriff, at the ensuing November election, subject to the nomination of the Republican convention.

Ed. Courant: Please announce that I will be a candidate before the Republican county convention for the office of Sheriff of Chase county.

To the People: I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Chase county, and will attend by the direction of the Republican county convention. I desire a fair trial by regular judicial process.

Respectfully,
FRANK B. BARRINGTON.

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

We are authorized to announce S. A. Breese as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Clerk at the ensuing November election.

SEWING MACHINES

FOR SALE;

Apply at
THIS OFFICE.

MONEY.

7 and 8 Per Cent!

CALL ON

W. H. HOLSINGER.

1625-6m

THE
WALTER A. WOOD

NEW

Enclosed-Gear Mower.

Manufactured by the

WALTER A. WOOD

MOWING & REAPING MACHINE CO.,

HOOBICK FALLS, N. Y.

Weight, 558 Pounds.—From 40 to 100 pounds lighter than any other Two-Horse Mower.

Width of Tread, 3 feet 7 1/2 in.—From three to six inches wider than other Mowers.

Height of Driving Wheels 31 inches.—From two to four inches higher than other Mowers.

Wheel at each end of Finger-Bar.—Most other Mowers have but one, and some none at either end of bar.

Gearing Enclosed, excluding all Dust and Dirt.—Nearly all other Mowers have the Gearing exposed.

Draft from the Frame direct, without rollers under the Pole.—Most other Mowers have the Rollers on top of the Pole, and push the bar instead of pulling it.

Bearings made of Best Composition Metal, easily replaced.—All other Mowers use either cast iron or cheap cast iron, generally the latter.

Weight of Machine largely on the Left-Hand Drive-Wheel.—Some manufacturers construct their machines so that the weight is largely on the right-hand wheel. Farmers should avoid such machines.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil in safety, purity and clear Efficacy. Remedy for all the comparatively trifling ailments of 20 cents, and every one suffering with pain can find relief and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN EVERY LANGUAGE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!



MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure for all the Painful Complaints and Weaknesses to which the Female Sex is Subject.

It will cure every the most form of Female Complaint, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and backache, and all consequent pains, and is particularly adapted to the relief of Leucorrhoea.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous growths is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, dizziness, destroys all craving for stimulants, and restores to the system its normal vigor. It cures indigestion, headache, nervous prostration, general debility, sleeplessness, depression and irritability.

Best feeling of bearing down, ovarian pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It is a safe and sure remedy for all the ailments of the female system, and is the only medicine that can be taken with absolute confidence.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Prepared at 23 and 25 Western Avenue, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham's Compound is sold by all druggists and by mail. Address as above. *Medicine is a Paper.*

Not a family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. This extraordinary medicine will cure all the ailments of the female system, and is the only medicine that can be taken with absolute confidence.

WOODWARD, Faxon & Co., Kansas City.

POND'S EXTRACT

The Wonder of Healing.

IT STOPS ALL HEMORRHAGES. It Cures All Inflammatory Diseases.

It is the Ladies' Friend—All female complaints, whether chronic or acute, are cured by this wonderful power.

For Piles, Blind, Itching, or Itching Hemorrhoids, it is the greatest known remedy.

For Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Headaches, and Sprains, it is unequalled in stopping pain and healing in a marvelous manner.

For Inflammation and More Eyes—its effect upon the delicate organs is simply marvelous. It can be used without the slightest fear of harm.

For Catarrhs—It cures the most obstinate cases in an incredibly brief time.

POND'S EXTRACT is the most effective of 100 cases of Eye, Ear, Throat, and Catarrhs, 100 cases were cured by POND'S EXTRACT.

Dr. H. G. Preston, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I know of no remedy so generally useful in a family."

Dr. Arthur Guinness, F.R.C.S., of England says: "I have prescribed POND'S EXTRACT for Hemorrhages of various kinds, for Hemorrhoids, and for affections of the eyes, and also in Rheumatic inflammatory swellings of the joints with great success. Also supported by the following able physicians: Dr. Okie, Dr. A. Freeman, Dr. Thayer, Dr. Bernard of England, Dr. Maberly, M.R.C.S. of England, Dr. Chervenack, F.R.C.S. of England.

Caution.—POND'S EXTRACT is sold only in bottles with the name below in the name below. If you find any other articles with our directions, insist on having POND'S EXTRACT. Refuse all imitations and counterfeits.

SPECIAL PREPARATIONS OF POND'S EXTRACT COMBINED WITH THE PUREST AND MOST DELICATE PERFUMES FOR LADIES' BOUDOIR.

POND'S EXTRACT, 50¢, 1.00, and \$1.75.
Toilet Cream, 50¢, 1.00, and \$1.75.
Toilet Soap, 50¢, 1.00, and \$1.75.
Lip Salve, 50¢, 1.00, and \$1.75.
Toilet Soap, 50¢, 1.00, and \$1.75.
Toilet Soap, 50¢, 1.00, and \$1.75.

Any of these preparations will be sent charge free at above prices, in lots of \$5 worth, on receipt of money or P. O. order.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
13 Murray Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling medicinal and toilet articles, reduced 50% cent. National Publishing Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

"Come hither, you misdeed darling!" I said to my four-year-old, "I say, what shall be done to the bad, bad child?"

"Who will not do as she's told? Too well you have had your own way way. While little you have to mind; But mamma knows what's best for you, And isn't she always kind?"

So I told her of Cassibara; And the fearful burning ship; "Do you think," said I, "when a child is that?"

"His mother would have to whip?" And my heart went out with the story sad Of this by so noble and brave, Who would not dare to disobey Even his life to save.

Then her eyes grew bright as the morning, And they seemed to look me through; "Ah!" thought I, "you understand," "Now, what do you think of this lad, my love?"

"I'll do all that is in your heart," "I'll do," she said, "be deathful good, But be wasn't the least bit smart."

A DAY IN FLORIDA.

It was not often that Rosamund Ray saw the great spectacular show of sunrise.

Just from New York, freshly emerged from the hot bed of a fashionable boarding school, all the picture-movie marvels of Florida life were like a delicious dream to her. The birds' whistling in the swamps; the roses blossoming in pink wilderness; the dreamy clouds of the magnolia swamps; the pretty, veranda-circled old mansions on the hills; the cottages, around which orange groves blossomed as luxuriantly as do the apples and years of stannic old New England on the edge of weather-beaten, brown farm houses—all were like the pages of a novel in her eyes.

To be sure, Maurice Charley was none of the dwellers, in those colonnaded houses, where Venetian awnings fluttered in the breeze, fountains sparkled like a dream of the Allamanda, the colored servants flitted to and fro with trays of food wines and tropic fruits. He was only an enterprising young farmer, who had sold out his northern acres of rock and millen stakes, and invested his capital in a flourishing little orange orchard, finding in the meantime, a temporary home in a pretty cabin in the edge of a strip of almost tropical woods, where a transparent little river sang over the pebbles, and the nightingales warbled as soon as the approaching sunset veiled the secluded nook in shadow.

Maurice had risen long before daylight upon this particular morning to carry a load of fruit to the distant city, and his sister Nell and Miss Rosamund Ray had been up to pour the strong coffee and serve the beaten biscuit and omelette for his early breakfast; and now, as the golden flood of sunshine crept up over the woods, the two girls sat together under the tangled sweetness of the clematis vines, watching the rosy glow as it overspread the river.

"It is an earthly paradise!" cried enthusiastic Nell. "If only—"

"Well," said she, "what is the 'if'?"

"If only it wasn't for the Indians!" Rosamund gave a start.

"The—Indians?" she said. "Oh, Nell, and we are all alone in the house!"

"Done be s'ly," said Nell, laughing. "Maurice made me promise before you came, never to breathe a syllable about the Indians, but the words slipped out unawares, and—"

"Are they hostile tribes?" gasped Rosamund, the color fading out of her round cheeks. "Are they very barbarous?" Do they lurk in these swamps and spring out with glittering tomahawks?"

"What nonsense!" said Nell. "Nothing of the kind. It's only a few tramps that infest the everglades, and sell baskets and steal whatever they can lay their hands on. The authorities will reach them after awhile. In the meantime, it is not such a terrible thing to keep the doors locked while Maurice is away."

But all her hostess' reassuring words failed to quiet Rosamund's newly awakened terrors. The beauty of the golden summer morning was all destroyed; the birds no longer sang sweetness; the rosy river tides were turned to blood; and all became unaccountable Nell had divulged the Floridian grievance—the mystery of the red-browned sons of the denouced race.

"I wish you hadn't told me!" said she, with a quivering lip.

"So I do," laughed Nell. "But never mind, Maurice will be here by sunset, and I don't believe there's an Indian within ten miles of here!"

So Nell went about her household tasks, and Rosamund took her sketching tablets and wandered out to the gnarled trees bordering the river, secretly fancying every mystic riddle to be an ominous, every sparkling dew drop the re-echoing cry of a hidden savage, with bow and tomahawk, war paint and nodding plumes.

Until at last, wooed by the secret influences of nature, quieted by the ripple of the river, and soothed by the dreamy twitter of the wild birds, she wandered on and on, sketching here a twisted tree trunk, there trying to produce the picturesque droop of a festoon of wild vines, or the crimson glow of the swamp pinks, until the far away whistle of the St. Marguerita factory proclaimed the hour of the high noon.

Rosamund sprang to her feet. "Twelve o'clock already!" she said, aloud, and I'll half a mile away from home! And I promised Nell to help her with the bonnet, and to make an omelette tonight for dinner, just like those I ate at Delmonico's. And, good gracious! I had forgotten all about the Indians."

With a little shriek, she caught up the sketching book and stool and fled precipitately out of the woods, scarcely pausing until she was in sight of the long, low cabin, with its wall of crimson Michigan roses, and the two great Daplines, which Nell Charley had brought from her northern home, in their trim of blue painted wood.

"Nell!" she cried out, vainly trying to recover her breath—"Nell! where are you?"

But no answer came to her shrill, young call.

The door stood wide open; the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the wind; the canary was singing in its cage; and—oh, horror of horrors!—there along the top of the picket fence, ostentatiously spread forth, floated the long hair of at least six women—jet black, flaxen, and various shades of brown!

"Scalps! scalps!" shrieked poor Rosamund, flinging aside her sketching ma-

terials, and taking refuge in mad flight. "And poor Nell is killed! Aid, oh, what will Maurice do?"

Spurred by frantic terror, she never paused until she had nearly run into the very arms of Mr. Algernon Esley, the doctor's assistant, who was walking leisurely up the road, with a white umbrella over his head and a folio volume under his arm.

"Eh!" said that young sprout of the obloquy. "It is Miss Ray, or I am very much mistaken!"

"Oh, Mr. Esley, come quick!" gasped Rosamund, wildly, clutching at his arm.

"The Indians are here, and Nell Charley is scalped, and—and I don't know how many more are butchered! Oh, do come quickly!"

"Scalped!" wildly repeated Mr. Esley. "But really you must be under a misapprehension, my dear Miss Ray."

"I saw it myself—her yellow hair blowing about on the fence!" wailed Rosamund, to whom it seemed ages before she could make Mr. Esley comprehend her terror, and the whole horror of the tragedy. "Oh, come come!"

Mr. Esley laid down his book, and closing his umbrella, put it across his shoulder after the manner of an implement of warfare, while he took his jack-knife out of his pocket.

"I can't say," he said, "that I am exactly prepared to wage battle with the hostile sons of the red man, but we read in the Scriptures that the battle is not always to the strong, and it shall go hard but that I will make what effort in me lies for the protection of this desolate neighborhood."

Rosamund looked timidly at him. Up to the present she had always regarded Mr. Algernon Esley with a little secret contempt, as a near-sighted young man with a lip, and no very astonishing degree of intellect, but this was an entirely new phase of his character—this quiet dignity and resolute courage, which would have marched up to the mouth of a cannon itself if need be.

Side by side they hurried along, keeping well sheltered by the shadow of the trees, until at last they reached the little cabin under the red Michigan roses.

"There—there!" cried breathless Rosamund, pointing with her finger. "Do you see scalps?"

Mr. Esley peered intently through his glasses, in a near-sighted way.

"I see something!" said he, but—"Hair, hair! It's hair!" exclaimed Rosamund. "Six scalps—I can count six! Oh, is there any end to the horrors of this dreadful day?"

"The count of her breath and grew deadly pale, as if she were about to faint. Mr. Esley mildly took her hand and led her forward.

"Let us go in," he said.

"To look upon her dead body?" gasped Rosamund, covering her eyes with her scarf.

"It is useless to stand here," reasoned the young physician. "If we are to do any good, it must be done at once."

"Oh, a slight accident," Rosamund Ray allowed herself to be led into the cottage, through the empty sitting-room to the kitchen beyond.

"She is not here!" she faltered. "Good heavens! what have they done with her?"

At that selfsame moment, however, the door that led to the tiny chambers upstairs opened, and Nell Charley herself stood in their presence, with a little crooked dwarf of a woman close behind her—Nell rosy and blooming, with yellow hair fastened up into a net, safe and sound, and the pink glow of perfect health upon her cheek.

"Dear me!" said Nell; "what is the matter? And what on earth has made you so late to dinner? And where did you find Mr. Esley?"

"Nell!" cried Rosamund, spasmodically, "those are those—those scalps!"

"Scalps?" repeated Nell. "Is the girl mad? What scalps? Where?"

"Out there on the garden fence," breathlessly explained Rosamund, gesturing with her hand toward the railing, above which the tall hollyhocks were nodding their regal heads.

"Oh," said Nell, laughing into unaccountable laughter as she comprehended the other's meaning, "those aren't scalps at all! Those are only switches of hair which old Miss Pawson has been buying down in the flatlands. Miss Pawson goes through the country every year, buying up long hair for the New Orleans market, and the country girls are glad of the chance to make a little money, so if there were no such thing as scalpings in the world, and that was the only reason Rosamund Ray's fear of the Indians. But this was a very real terror while it lasted. The Reverend Mr. Esley can corroborate that."

PNEUMATIC CLOCKS.

A New System by Which Time is to be Supplied Through Gas Pipes.

London Times

The system consists of central works, which the air is compressed by means of steam engines working air compressors, and stored in reservoirs at pressure varying from fifteen to forty-five pounds per square inch. The air thus compressed and stored is led to distributing receivers, passing on its way to each through a pressure regulator by means of which a periodical transfer or discharged every minute from the receiver to the clocks. By means of the regulator or the compressed air in the receivers is maintained at a constant pressure, at which pressure it is delivered to a main or normal cock, by which the system of pneumatic clocks is actuated and controlled. This normal clock is an instrument of great precision, and is fitted with an equilibrium or balanced slide valve, which is successively opened and shut by the action of the clock, which is self-winding. The compressed air is admitted to this clock in a continuous current; but, by means of mechanism, it is transmitted through small branch tubes to the receiving time keepers in pulsations. The hands of the main clock in the same manner as those of an ordinary clock. The intermittent current of air on reaching the receiving clocks, which are those in the streets or houses, acts upon their mechanism, transmitting the time to one and all at the same instant. These clocks are made as simple as possible, having an ordinary minute wheel and a wheel of sixty teeth controlled by a catch fixed on a lever which receives its motion from a leather bellows. Another catch prevents the wheel returning upon itself when once it has been moved one tooth. The pressure conveyed through the system of pipes every minute from the main clock causes the bellows of each receiving clock to expand, thus advancing the wheel one tooth, and the minute hand through a one minute space. The main air pipes, which are laid in the sewers, are only about an inch in diameter, and these are tapped at intervals to meet the requirements of the customers. From the main air line is led through branch pipes about a quarter of an inch in diameter in the buildings, and distributed; the clocks are supplied by the company, a small annual charge of being made for their use. The air can be shut off at any time from a house by means of a cock which is placed on the main pipe at its junction with the service pipes. Leaksages in the pipes have no influence upon the general working of the system, which has been brought to great perfection by the Campaign Generale des Horloges Pneumatiques. The whole matter, in fact, appears to be so simple, its action so certain, and its cost to the public so moderate that, other things being equal, we look for its adoption in our midst at no distant period.

Messrs. J. R. Bennett & Co., Muskegon Mich. This week, St. Jacobs Oil is the best liniment around here. We sell more of it than any other proprietary medicine we have in our store. Our customers are continually praising its effective qualities, and we think that it is the best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. we have ever had in stock. —Muskegon (Jowa) Daily Journal.

A Thunderbolt in a Stovepipe.
Michigan Republican.

During the storm of last Friday night a bolt of lightning entered the house of Mr. Elphick, at Newwaygo, by way of the chimney, and passing along seventeen lengths of stovepipe, to the stove, glanced off and passed through the floor and into the earth, doing no damage to the house or furniture, and injuring none of the family beyond giving them a good fright.

Editorial Approval.
Troy (N. Y.) Press.

Mr. W. J. Melvin, editor Warren, Mass., Herald, was cured of severe Neuralgia by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

Fever and Ague.
Are you troubled with Ague, Chills, Fever, Bilious Fever, Remittent or Inter-mittent Fever, Night Sweats, or any disease that comes from Malaria or disordered Liver and Hot Stomach? If so, procure a bottle of Green's Augustine, which is an active extract of strong tonic roots combined with sulphate of Magnesia, etc., and positively contains no Quinine, Arsenic or other poisons. It purifies the blood, cleanses the liver, spleen and other sensitive organs so effectually that the chills will not return. We have never found any case of Fever and Ague it will not cure. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. One large bottle has cured as many as five in one family. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

—Flowers are worn at the belt only with high-necked dresses. A lovely fashion is a thick garland commonly from the shoulder to the belt.

Importation.
When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage and expressage and carrying hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, nearly opposite the Grand Central Depot. 150 elegant rooms, single and in suits, fitted up at an expense of one million dollars. European plan. Bath rooms. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots.

—The Established Church of Scotland has 1,268 congregations, and the Free Church 1,043, and the United Church 549.

Cause and Effect.
Diseases never come to us without a cause. Ask any good physician the reason, and he will tell you something interesting with the working of the organs. Kidney-Wort enables them to overcome all obstructions and preserves perfect health. Try a box or bottle at once. —Mirror and Farmer.

—Irish guldure and Carricknacross lace are considered a trifle heavy for morning.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her Vegetable Compound in all female diseases. Send her for pamphlets.

Can Paralysis Be Cured?
Dennis Ryan, of Osgood City, Kan., who was paralyzed in his legs from an injury, has recovered good use of himself again. Dennis gives great credit to his physicians, Drs. Dickerson and Stark, of the Kansas City Surgical Institute, for his rapid recovery.

—Now I Do Most Incredibly Avers, as an old practitioner, that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is among the most valuable discoveries of the nineteenth century. I cannot say too much in its behalf. Pittsburgh, Pa., 6th Apr., 1880.

[Signed] J. H. CORNBELL, M. D.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

"Come hither, you misdeed darling!" I said to my four-year-old, "I say, what shall be done to the bad, bad child?"

"Who will not do as she's told? Too well you have had your own way way. While little you have to mind; But mamma knows what's best for you, And isn't she always kind?"

So I told her of Cassibara; And the fearful burning ship; "Do you think," said I, "when a child is that?"

"His mother would have to whip?" And my heart went out with the story sad Of this by so noble and brave, Who would not dare to disobey Even his life to save.

Then her eyes grew bright as the morning, And they seemed to look me through; "Ah!" thought I, "you understand," "Now, what do you think of this lad, my love?"

"I'll do all that is in your heart," "I'll do," she said, "be deathful good, But be wasn't the least bit smart."

A DAY IN FLORIDA.

It was not often that Rosamund Ray saw the great spectacular show of sunrise.

Just from New York, freshly emerged from the hot bed of a fashionable boarding school, all the picture-movie marvels of Florida life were like a delicious dream to her. The birds' whistling in the swamps; the roses blossoming in pink wilderness; the dreamy clouds of the magnolia swamps; the pretty, veranda-circled old mansions on the hills; the cottages, around which orange groves blossomed as luxuriantly as do the apples and years of stannic old New England on the edge of weather-beaten, brown farm houses—all were like the pages of a novel in her eyes.

To be sure, Maurice Charley was none of the dwellers, in those colonnaded houses, where Venetian awnings fluttered in the breeze, fountains sparkled like a dream of the Allamanda, the colored servants flitted to and fro with trays of food wines and tropic fruits. He was only an enterprising young farmer, who had sold out his northern acres of rock and millen stakes, and invested his capital in a flourishing little orange orchard, finding in the meantime, a temporary home in a pretty cabin in the edge of a strip of almost tropical woods, where a transparent little river sang over the pebbles, and the nightingales warbled as soon as the approaching sunset veiled the secluded nook in shadow.

Maurice had risen long before daylight upon this particular morning to carry a load of fruit to the distant city, and his sister Nell and Miss Rosamund Ray had been up to pour the strong coffee and serve the beaten biscuit and omelette for his early breakfast; and now, as the golden flood of sunshine crept up over the woods, the two girls sat together under the tangled sweetness of the clematis vines, watching the rosy glow as it overspread the river.

"It is an earthly paradise!" cried enthusiastic Nell. "If only—"

"Well," said she, "what is the 'if'?"

"If only it wasn't for the Indians!" Rosamund gave a start.

"The—Indians?" she said. "Oh, Nell, and we are all alone in the house!"

"Done be s'ly," said Nell, laughing. "Maurice made me promise before you came, never to breathe a syllable about the Indians, but the words slipped out unawares, and—"

"Are they hostile tribes?" gasped Rosamund, the color fading out of her round cheeks. "Are they very barbarous?" Do they lurk in these swamps and spring out with glittering tomahawks?"

"What nonsense!" said Nell. "Nothing of the kind. It's only a few tramps that infest the everglades, and sell baskets and steal whatever they can lay their hands on. The authorities will reach them after awhile. In the meantime, it is not such a terrible thing to keep the doors locked while Maurice is away."

But all her hostess' reassuring words failed to quiet Rosamund's newly awakened terrors. The beauty of the golden summer morning was all destroyed; the birds no longer sang sweetness; the rosy river tides were turned to blood; and all became unaccountable Nell had divulged the Floridian grievance—the mystery of the red-browned sons of the denouced race.

"I wish you hadn't told me!" said she, with a quivering lip.

"So I do," laughed Nell. "But never mind, Maurice will be here by sunset, and I don't believe there's an Indian within ten miles of here!"

So Nell went about her household tasks, and Rosamund took her sketching tablets and wandered out to the gnarled trees bordering the river, secretly fancying every mystic riddle to be an ominous, every sparkling dew drop the re-echoing cry of a hidden savage, with bow and tomahawk, war paint and nodding plumes.

Until at last, wooed by the secret influences of nature, quieted by the ripple of the river, and soothed by the dreamy twitter of the wild birds, she wandered on and on, sketching here a twisted tree trunk, there trying to produce the picturesque droop of a festoon of wild vines, or the crimson glow of the swamp pinks, until the far away whistle of the St. Marguerita factory proclaimed the hour of the high noon.

Rosamund sprang to her feet. "Twelve o'clock already!" she said, aloud, and I'll half a mile away from home! And I promised Nell to help her with the bonnet, and to make an omelette tonight for dinner, just like those I ate at Delmonico's. And, good gracious! I had forgotten all about the Indians."

With a little shriek, she caught up the sketching book and stool and fled precipitately out of the woods, scarcely pausing until she was in sight of the long, low cabin, with its wall of crimson Michigan roses, and the two great Daplines, which Nell Charley had brought from her northern home, in their trim of blue painted wood.

"Nell!" she cried out, vainly trying to recover her breath—"Nell! where are you?"

But no answer came to her shrill, young call.

The door stood wide open; the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the wind; the canary was singing in its cage; and—oh, horror of horrors!—there along the top of the picket fence, ostentatiously spread forth, floated the long hair of at least six women—jet black, flaxen, and various shades of brown!

"Scalps! scalps!" shrieked poor Rosamund, flinging aside her sketching ma-

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