

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

GRANDMOTHER.

"Outlived her usefulness?" Nay, oh, nay! Never let grandmother even dream She could better be spared from her home-to-day Than in days when her hair wore its youthful gleam.

Nay, though her hands, once so plump and strong, Grown thin and weak, can not labor now; Nay, though the life-battle fought so long Has left deep scars on her aged brow.

Who so willing, when mamma is weary, To hush the baby upon her breast With old-time lullabies, quaint and cheery, Till it lies in peaceful, slumberous rest?

Straight to grandma goes wayward Willie, When rough seas the waves of his young life's sea, She steers him straightly, "will he, nil he," Into the port where "ought to be."

Madeup Nellie sits sweetly serious, Plying her needle by grandma's chair; Strong, indeed, is the charm mysterious Holding to mischief so quietly there.

Ah, grandma's work can be done by her only! There's a niche that only her chair can fill; There's a void in the home, that is dark and lonely.

When grandma's loving voice is still.—Mrs. C. Haena Potter, in Good Housekeeping.

HE BOUGHT HIMSELF.

A Tramp's Story to Account for His Condition.

While seated on one of the benches in Madison Square, New York, I was accosted by a rather seedy-looking individual, who made the following erroneous assertion:

"You haven't twenty-five cents about you?"

"You're wrong; I have."

"Ah! There is nothing I can say. I presume, that would cause you to transfer that twenty-five cents from your possession to mine?"

"You're right; there is not."

"May I venture to ask your permission to sit down on this seat?"

"The seat is as free for you as for anybody."

"The permission," said the man, as he spread his tattered coat-tails and sat down, "is not as gracious as it might be, perhaps, but I have got past the point where I object to manners; yet," he continued with a sigh, "I was a rich man myself once."

There was a delicate flattery that hovered around this remark, for it seemed to indicate a belief on the speaker's part that I was a rich man.

"Drink?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "I wish it had been. It would have many advantages. I would have had the pleasure of spending the money. Besides I find that the general public seem to have made up its mind that drink must be the cause. I hate to disappoint the public, and as all the appearances are against me and tend to carry out the drink theory, I would much prefer to lay the cause to undue indulgence in stimulants, but a regard for truth won't allow me to do so."

He sighed again.

"I have always been a victim to my too sensitive regard for truth."

"You look it," I said.

"Yes, I always like to meet an appreciative soul, and if you don't mind I would like to tell you the remarkable circumstances that led to my change in fortune."

"I should like very much to hear it."

"Well, to begin with, I was born of—"

"Oh, come, come, now, none of that poor but honest business. Don't take advantage of me. I am not protected by a chestnut bell."

"I was merely going to say that I was the only son of a rich man, and when he died he left me a comfortable fortune consisting of stocks, bonds, and one thing and another that I speedily converted into cash and placed at my disposal in a New York bank. I intended to look around for a good investment and put the money in it, so I placed the money there for safekeeping, telling them I did not expect any interest, but they were to be prepared to have it drawn out at a moment's notice in a lump—"

"Foolish man—the cashier skipped to Canada, I suppose."

"No, he did not—and, see here, I have no chestnut bell, either. You'll have to let up on those ancient platitudes if I do."

"All right; go ahead."

"At my hotel I put on a complete change of dress."

"It wouldn't hurt you much to do that now."

He did not heed the interruption, but continued:

"I forgot to transfer my pocketbook—any papers or any cash to my new suit. When I mounted the stair of one of the elevated road stations I found that I had nothing with me. I turned to go home. It was a fearful hot day, and I was not very well. When I had walked half a block it seemed to me that some one put his hands on my shoulders and began pressing me down. I looked back to see who had taken that liberty and found nobody there. The weight pressed me down on one knee and then on the other, and with a cry I fell forward on the sidewalk. When I awoke I seemed to be on the sidewalk still, but there was something covering me. I was lying on a hard substance, and when I moved the covering from my face I found I was in a room that was nearly full of tobacco smoke. A lamp that looked hazy was burning on the table. A young man with a shrewd, vulpine face sat in a rocking chair. It seemed to be the only seat in the room

and he smoked a large-bowled pipe. He was in his shirt, sleeves and swayed gently to and fro, and seemed to be consulting a large volume in his lap. I sat up in haste, to find myself on a table of boards, supported by trestles. The sheet that covered me was all I had on. The boards creaked as I sat up and the young man looked suddenly towards me, then sprang to his feet, letting the huge volume fall to the floor.

"Now look here?" he cried. "What the old Harry do you mean by such conduct as this?"

"What do I mean?" I said. "What do you mean by having me here?"

"That is what I mean," said the man in his shirt-sleeves, waving his hand towards a box of surgical instruments.

"An operation?" I asked.

"An operation?" "Well, yes; and after the operation is over there will be nothing left of you but bones. You are mine—I won't say body and soul, but body at least. I bought you. You are to be dissected, and I might as well tell you now as later that I don't like a body to act as you are doing. I don't like it, I say, and I ain't used to it. I never had it happen before, so lie down and keep quiet—I will be ready for you in a moment. I am looking up some authorities on the subject now."

"But see here," I said. "You're joking. I'm not going to stand any more of this. I'm going away."

"I'd like to see you," said the student. "The door is locked, and it is six stories down from the window. Now don't interrupt me. I am reading up this work on anatomy, and a fellow can't give his mind to a serious subject like this with a corpse making a fuss right along side of him. You are dead, so lie down and keep quiet."

"He resumed his pipe and his book and his rocking-chair."

"You don't mean to say," I cried out, "that you are going to murder me?"

"He smiled, puffed away at his pipe, and waved his hand at me to lie down. Instead of that, I arose cautiously and sprang at his throat, upsetting rocking-chair, book and all. Although I had him down, it was not for long. I was too weak to make a struggle, and he lifted me up and placed me on the boards again. He picked up his pipe, put his hands in his pockets and came over and looked at me.

"You are a fine, lively specimen," he said; "but you are laboring under a great mistake. You think you are alive. Well, you're not. You're dead, and have been dead for several days. The coroner's jury sat on you. Perhaps you don't know that."

"I shook my head.

"Well, they sat all the same. Verdict, died of prostration, or nervous prostration, or something like that—no; sunstroke, I think it was. Now you are dead, physically and officially. The State of New York has pronounced you defunct. You have perished. Now I put it to you as a reasonable man if you think you are acting as a respectable cadaver should act. You are trying to make out that the State of New York can be wrong officially, and, besides, you are trying to get away with the body that I have bought and paid for and I can assure you I have not got too much cash. I don't buy bodies for amusement or to have them walk away, either. No, sir."

"How much did you pay for me?" I asked.

"Well, you came high, besides the bringing of you upstairs. You cost me \$60 and \$1 cartage."

"All right. I will give you \$100 for myself. I think my body is more use to me than it can be to you."

"The student sat down in his rocking chair, threw one leg over the other and eyed me critically.

"See here," he said; "you are wealthy, aren't you?"

"I have about \$75,000," I answered very foolishly.

"How is your property fixed?"

"It is in the Knickerbocker-Manhattan Bank."

"All right. I will tell you just what it will cost. You make me out a check for \$75,000 and you can have yourself. You know you are legally and officially dead."

"Otherwise I suppose you will murder me?"

"Call it what you like," he answered jauntily. "I am not particular as to the terms used by a corpse."

"I wrote him out the check, intending to get down to the bank before him and stop payment, but he remarked as he tied me down to the trestles with a stout rope that he 'wasn't born the day before yesterday' and if the check was all right he would buy me a good suit of clothes and set me at liberty. If not, the dissection would proceed. He got the money—took me down that night blindfolded to a cab, drove me round and round and then left me. I have been hunting for that man ever since. Don't you think you can advance me twenty-five cents on that story?"

"Oh, I guess so, if you don't ask me to believe it."

"Well, seeing it is you, I won't. Thanks—fifty cents? Well, I will hand you back twenty-five cents the next time I meet you."—Jack Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

—An absent-minded lail rushed into a telegraph office at Johnstown, Pa., recently, and grabbing his hat from his head as politely as his hurry would permit, laid it on the counter and split through the door and out the gate. A few minutes later he came back, looking very crestfallen, laid a telegram on the counter, picked up his hat and hurried out before any one could speak to him.—Pittsburgh Post.

THE YEAR 1887.

Some Philosophical Speculations as to What It May Bring Forth.

Another "centennial" date, that of the Federal Constitution. We have been a nation one hundred years. It is a pretty date to write; after the still 88 the pen flourishes so easily down the tail of the 7. The years have some, low run away very fast since '18, going down hill to the end of the century. In fourteen short years more the Drawer will be trying, in its faithfulness to the twentieth century, to keep out of its columns the faceties of the nineteenth. The nineteenth century, of which we are proud now, will be analyzed and criticized and condemned as we now condescend to talk about the eighteenth. On the day that 1901 comes in, the same able writers who the day before, in the press, used the term "nineteenth century," as if it were a kind of final achievement in itself will turn on it in a patronizing manner. They will speak about the twentieth century as if they had made it, and that it must necessarily excel all the others. They seem a great many years, 1887, do they not? They are really only a little fragment of time, which has dignity only from the fact that we are adding to it. It is an old conceit we have of it. Looked at in one way, it is a respectable date, but how long shall we be able to add to it and keep it going in the world? There have been several attempts at a continuous date, but they have all broken down. How long shall we keep up ours? It is a pity for scientific purposes that we could not have had universally, as the Hebrews have, a continuous date. Our breaking time in two in this way causes immense historical confusion, leads to an unjust estimate of the past, and adds to our conceit. It gives the impression that the historical stream is not continuous; indeed, we absurdly try to make it run both ways from what we call the year 1. Hence much of the theological difficulty in making people feel that the New Dispensation is actually a continuation of the Old Dispensation. We begin with our 1 and run it up forward, with an increasing sense of power. And we turn about and cast it up backward for the ancient nations, endeavoring to run the civilizations of antiquity into the ground somewhere. It gives a false impression—if we may say it, a "petting out" appearance to the old nations. Take the Egyptians, for example. They seem to be wasting away in time toward us, losing year after year instead of gaining. We know, indeed, but we have to learn it painfully, that the Egyptians did not live backward in this way. It is, of course, absurd to suppose that Menes, when he came to his throne in Memphis, dated his order to dig the first canal 5004, according to Mariette, or 3623 according to Bunsen, or 2700 according to Wilkinson, or whatever it was, and that every year thereafter he dropped one year—5003, 3622, 2699, and so on. And yet this is the way it appears to our minds, with our queer chronology. Looked at honestly, it is not much of a date, this 1887. Nor is it new. The Pharaoh who used it—and no one knows what Pharaoh it was—no doubt was conscious that it had been used before him, and he regarded it as merely the beginning of the years that Egypt would pile up in increasing glory. The Pharaoh who wrote 3887 may have had some conceit in the figures, but it was a cheap pride. The vain attempt of the Pharaohs in this direction ought to make us modest of our little achievement in the way of a date. All the people before us have doubtless flattered themselves that their eras would endure as long as the world lasts.

We are interested in this year 1887, however—as the Court was about to say when it interrupted itself—not because it is a centennial year, or to speculate whether it will be a year of war, or earthquake, or droughts, but to see whether it is going to be a good year for "realism" in fiction, or whether the "idealists" will begin to get an inning. It is such a seamy world that one can only keep his head by taking a long historical perspective, and noting what tales they are that the race cares to preserve through all the ages. We want to stick to facts, but there are so many sorts of facts, material and immaterial, and human nature is double, and men are perverse. They are so unreasonably interested, even in this scientific age, in the "Arabian Nights." It is absurd that a camel-driver should rise to marry the daughter of the Grand Vizier, and become Grand Vizier himself, and rule over the kingdom. In order to be true to life he should have continued to be a camel-driver till his camel died, and every thing went wrong with him, and he married a woman who drank, and took to hashish, and ended as a beggar. It is much better for us to read about this sort of camel-driver than the other.

After all, the philosophers are merely quarrelling about a definition. It is as necessary to satisfy in fiction the higher aspirations of the mind as its lower tendencies; "high life" is as real, all admit, as "low life." Purity and virtue are just as "real" as their opposites (though not so common), and the steady contemplation of them in fiction is more likely to be ennobling than the contemplation of the inferior and the vulgar. It is not a new notion in the world, but it is a queer one, that the base and unpleasant in life are more "real" than the pure and the agreeable. Is it more necessary for the good of mankind that the former should be paraded rather than the latter? Give us "life," by all means, O fictionists of the year 1887. Do not exaggerate the bad or make the good seem impossible, but let us hear now and then about Joseph and Abraham Lincoln and the

fortunate camel-driver, and let us associate occasionally, sinners as we are, with some of the lovely women who give to this mortal life most of its grace and charm.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

MEXICAN BULL-FIGHTS.

How the Animals are Prepared for Their Conflict with Human Beings.

Long before the performance begins the Plaza de Toros is filled to overflowing with people of every rank and station in life, from the blanketed peon to the satin-clad senorita. Both the entrance of the music and the entrance of judge are followed by bursts of applause, but the populace rend the air with deafening shouts when the bull-fighters appear. They consist of a captain, a clown and generally four toreros, two or three picadores and mozos. The "captain" and toreros are dressed in bright-colored satins, short jacket and knee-trousers, beautifully and elaborately embroidered in silk and silver, white hose, black slippers and a fancy hat. They wear their hair in a knot at the back of the head, and carry in their hand or on their arm a "capa"—a kind of cloak or circular, lined with red or other bright color. The picadores, mounted on horseback, are dressed in leather, with gay colored jackets, sashes and broad sombreros, and carry a lance with which to stick and worry the bull, and also to keep him from going through the horses. The clown is dressed like any other clown and the mozos are servants.

The men enter the ring and parade around it. Then the gate is opened, and in plunges the bull. Before entering he has been struck and teased and worried until he is in a perfect "whirlwind and tempest of passion," veritably a mad bull. A bunch of ribbons attached to a barb with a point like a fish-hook flutters from his shoulder. As he passes through the gate the picadores prick him with their lances, and, plunging, rearing, snorting, mad as a March hare, he rushes furiously at the first man he sees.

This is generally one of the toreros, who opens and dextrously presents his capa. The bull lunges at this, and the man springs lightly to one side and escapes unhurt. The men are active, muscular and graceful. The picadores gallop around the ring, pricking with their lances the desperate bull, who makes frequent lunges at them, sometimes going, disemboweling or killing the poor, inoffensive horses, and sometimes upsetting horse and rider and injuring both. The toreros are quick to the rescue, waving their capes, at which the bull seldom fails to plunge. At a signal from the judge, the picadores retire from the ring.

The next act is putting the banderillas in the shoulders of the bull. These banderillas are wooden shafts about a foot long, an iron fish hook at one end, and the other decorated with flowers, flags, etc. One of the toreros takes one in each hand, and, holding them aloft, leaping, dancing and shouting, attracts the attention of the toro, who rushes upon him. As the toro (bull) lowers his head the man sticks in the banderillas, dexterously leaps to one side and runs for his life. Thus putting in two at a time, he puts in six. This is a daring and desperate feat, and yet men have placed the banderillas with their teeth instead of their hands. After this the infuriated animal rushes at every one. Then comes the captain's work: holding his capa to the bull, he receives his first lunge from the left side, springing quickly to the right he receives the second. This time standing quiet, cool and steady, he receives him on his sword, and the bull topples over dead.

In the ring at intervals are boards or doors behind which men can retire safely when too closely pursued. Sometimes it is a close race between toro and torero; sometimes the former wins the race; then the Mexicans are delighted with a sickening sight—the shedding of a little human gore. Sometimes the bull catches the man on his horns and pitches him out of the ring, up among the audience. Sometimes the man is killed. When the toro do not fight they lassoo them and drag them from the ring.

After the killing of one bull another is admitted. There are generally five or six. When the fight is good the excited audience throw hats, cigars, handkerchiefs, money, etc., to the victors, and applaud vociferously. When it is poor they greet the performers with empty bottles, cushions, chairs and such like, and deafen you with their hisses.

Before witnessing a Corrida de Toros I was expressing my surprise at people in this enlightened age keeping up such a barbarous sport, when a Mexican asked me if I had ever witnessed a combat between Sullivan and Ryan. It was a just rebuke, and although I could answer no, I hung my American head. I have heard enough of such things, where men beat and bruise each other and call it amusement. I think it far worse than the Corrida de Toros, and at the latter there is no betting.—Mexico Cor. N. O. Picayune.

—Near Lynhaven, Va., Ed Avery shot a deer, and was stooping over to cut its throat when a big buck rushed at him from behind, striking him with great force, and knocked him head over heels down the hill. The buck followed up the attack, and for half an hour man and deer fought with desperation. Avery succeeded in breaking the buck's leg, and shortly after his brother came up with a gun and killed the plucky animal.

—A man may sit in your office all day and not be a bore, provided he will listen while you talk.—New Haven News.

AN ANCIENT EMPIRE.

The Lost Glory, Influence and Unquestioned Power of Cambodia.

The countries now known as Cochinchina, Annam, Cambodia, Laos and Siam, and, probably the whole Indo-Chinese Peninsula, were occupied primitively by a dark-colored race, remnants of which are still to be found in the mountains, on whom their conquerors, all having the same feeling toward them, have imposed names which in their several languages mean savages. At a period in the past which probably answered to the beginning of the Christian era, two conquering peoples took possession of the richer parts of the country and drove these tribes back into the mountains. They established the kingdom of Thiampa in the south, and that of Cambodia in the central region. Cambodia, now small in extent and weak, was formerly a powerful empire, and held under its allegiance, either directly or as tributary States, more than half of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. Its splendor is attested by its numerous monuments of grand dimensions and beautiful architecture. Yet this Khmer people, which has left such admirable traces of its power and civilization, is an enigma to the world. We know very little of its origin, and hardly more of the period of its power. Its history, as we have it, prevents various phases of struggle and alliance with its neighbors, China, Siam, Thiampa and Tonquin. It is supposed to have attained its highest state of splendor in the arts in the eleventh century. At the beginning of the eighteenth century it divided Thiampa with Annam and Tonquin. From that time on it suffered a succession of losses of territory till, in 1863, Norodom, its King, placed it under the protectorate of France.—M. Maurel, in Popular Science Monthly.

HE WAS MARRIED.

Why an Omaha Man Searched His Grocer's Store for Cooked Things.

Customer—Have you any corned beef? Fancy Grocer—Best kind, Mr. —; any thing else?

"Any canned tongue already boiled?"

"Yes."

"Canned chicken, already cooked?"

"Yes."

"Let's see. They don't put up broiled beefsteaks, do they?"

"Oh, no."

"Nor roast beef?"

"No."

"By the way, what are these; look like fried potatoes."

"That's what they are—Saratoga chips."

"Well, I'll take a bushel of them. Hello! What's that?"

"Canned corned beef hash."

"Just the thing. 'Gimme a lot of it. Got any baked beans?"

"Yes. Boston baked beans; three different brands."

"Let's see what else there is here. How are these used?"

"Those are soup essences, and need nothing but thinning with hot water."

"Well, I'll try those, and throw in a lot of other things you think good, no matter what, only so they're cooked. I'm tired of starving."

"Is your mother sick, Mr. —?"

"No, she's well, but I don't live with her now. I'm married."—Omaha World.

A Disgusted Speculator.

He was a man of some means, and was usually ready for a speculative venture.

"Do you want to buy some real estate?" asked a dealer of him the other day.

"Not much," he said, decisively.

"Why not? There hasn't been a man in Washington who has invested and lost anything on it."

"Ain't there? Well, look at me; I'm one."

"How?"

"Five years ago I bought a nice lot in the cemetery, got married and settled down to house-keeping with my wife and her mother."

He stopped as if enough had been said.

"Well," inquired the dealer, "what's that got to do with losing on the investment? You've got the lot, haven't you?"

"Yes, and that's were the bullet-hole is. The blamed lot has been lying idle ever since, and the old lady is growing fatter and sassier every year. No more real-estate investments for me at present, thank you," and he moved on.—Washington Critic.

Not Very Polite.

Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—Can I send you some more soup, Mr. Dumley?

Mr. Dumley—No, thanks.

Mrs. Hendricks (engagingly)—Don't refuse, Mr. Dumley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup.

Mr. Dumley—Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam; it's the soup.

—N. Y. Sun.

Where He Was Great.

Miss Duffy—I hear that you are engaged to young Solder, the Plumber.

Miss Duffy—It is a fact, Jane.

"It always struck me that he was a cold, callous creature."

"Well, Jane, I confess that he does not do very much cooking, but on billing he can not be surpassed."—Philadelphia Call.

—In 1830 an Irishman named Burke was prosecuted and convicted on a charge of having killed several persons for the purpose of disposing of their bodies to medical students. Ever since that time the horrible crime has been called burking.—Chicago Times.

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Chase County Courier.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

WATSONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

DESPONDENCY.

Why is it we gather our sorrows,
And nurse them until we are sad?
Forgetting the sunny to-morrow,
The past that was peaceful and glad.
Why add to the cloud that hangs o'er us,
The vapors that round us may cling?
Why tread the hot desert before us,
Unheeding the oases' spring?
Oh, more than our years, or our losses,
Ay, more than our labor or care,
It adds to the weight of our crosses,
And sprinkles the snow on our hair.
The web of our life may be broken,
Its texture be darkened, or thin,
We may long for a word that's unspoken,
Or shrink from the path we are in.
But is it not wiser and better
To stand where the sunshine can fall,
Than to tighten the band of the fetter,
That holds us while shadows enthrall?
—Clara B. Heath, in *Watchman*.

PRAIRIE HORSEMEN.

How the "Broncho Buster" Tames the Wild Steed.

Teaching the Broncho Not to Run on a Rope—Proper Saddles for Horses That Turn Somersaults and Buck.

Much has been written from time to time about the distinctively American style of breaking and riding horses—the method adopted by those of the Americans who have followed the Mexican rather than the English school. But there is a picturesque lightness of touch and a certain vagueness of detail about most of the descriptions published which lead one to imagine that the writers have seen the life of the crack Western rider from the outside. Every large horse ranch, and many of the large cattle outfits which buy their ponies unbroken, employ professional horse-breakers, or "broncho busters," as the Western dialect paraphrases it. These men are sometimes Mexicans, but a white man is generally preferred, on the ground that he cuts a horse up less. The operation of reducing an absolutely wild horse to some sort of subjection within the space of two or three hours involves in any case quite enough use of the spur, and the excessive gaffing of Mexican riders, much of it done merely as a flourish of dexterity, certainly does no good.

A good rider will break a bunch of bronchos at the rate of one a day. There are, of course, some tough subjects, but most of the young stock are sired by domesticated stallions, and have, therefore, some rudimentary instinct of docility. A bunch of true wild horses, found running without any brand on them, and whose ancestors on both sides have probably lived in a state of nature since the days of the Spanish dominion, afford the rider the best opportunity for the display of his skill. In some instances the wild stallions have to be shot, not because a rider can not handle them—for he is a mere "prentice hand" until he can ride any thing—but because the stallions will kill other horses with which they are herded.

The rider's task, like the cook's, begins with catching his game, and a bare can scarcely be more droll in his twistings and turnings than a clever three-year-old broncho. Concerning the possibilities of the lasso greatly exaggerated ideas prevail. A good roper can throw out a fifty-foot riata on a calm day with almost absolute accuracy; but when the length of the loop is considered the range is only about thirty-five feet, if he left himself no coil at all, or twenty-five feet in actual practice. Some men use an eighty-foot rope, but the man who can string this at its full length has yet to be found. Armed with this rope the expert stands in the center of a corral. As he swings the loop of his rope around his head, or plays it to and fro along the ground, according to the style of roping he employs, the horse becomes uneasy and begins to trot around the circle. The roper runs as if to head him off, and as the horse swerves, the loop drops over his head. Frantic at this novel infliction, the horse runs away from the roper until he is checked by the rope. Naturally, you would suppose that when the shock came the man would be upset; but, on the contrary, it is the horse which turns a complete somersault in the air. The man, as soon as he threw the rope, grasped it with both hands at his right hip and squatted back on it, so that the only effect of the jerk is to plant his feet a little more firmly in the ground of the corral. When the rope is slack again the man runs toward the horse, and when the horse makes a fresh start the man lies back upon the rope as before, this operation being repeated until the horse learns not to "run on a rope."

In regard to the next step, the writer's method differs from that adopted by most of the best hands. It is their general practice to immediately snare the horse's high forefoot with a second rope, throw him on his back, and then, keeping the second rope drawn, jump on his head and tie a cloth over his eyes. The objection to this is that a horse, unlike a man, has some sight in darkness, and is, therefore, in a state of nature, entirely ignorant of the complete loss of visual power. Any one who can remember of having in his school-boy days blindfolded a cat and observed its pitiable terror, can understand that this blindfolding of a horse is a greater shock to his nervous system than the other and more violent measures which precede and follow it.

And, if the first time he feels the human hand he recognizes it as inflicting upon him the dreadful visitation of blindness, his natural fear of the human touch is greatly intensified and his education so much retarded. Here the breaker must elect his own method in accordance with his object. If he is merely filling a contract to break a bunch of horses at \$5 a head, usage only requires that he shall ride a horse weary three times, and he chooses the rough-and-ready process, which will enable him to get the first ride over with as little delay and trouble as possible. But a man whose heart is in his work wants to educate as well as to subjugate the horse, and to modify so far as he can the brutality inherent in any system of abrupt breaking. His proper course, then, is to divest his first touch of its terrors by simultaneous blindfolding. The better plan is to approach the horse's head while he is on his feet and unhampered, save by original riata. Here one encounters several difficulties. If the horse keeps pulling back on the rope around his neck he will drag you all over the corral, and learn that he is stronger than you, which is the worst possible casualty. His intelligence was not sufficient to enable him to understand that when you checked his running on the rope it was done by a mere trick, and not by superior strength, and you must not let him discover his error. On the other hand, if you do not let him back and pull you after him, you have got to take a turn on a post with your rope, and if you do this he will pull until he chokes himself down. This choking down is just the sort of rough treatment you desire to avoid. The remedy for this dilemma is a roping trick, which requires some practice, and which, indeed, some otherwise skillful ropers never attain. With a supple rawhide rope it is possible, running up on the horse until there is slack enough to almost touch the ground, and throwing two right-hand turns from the wrist upward, to catch a half hitch in the position of a nose-piece, or, in effect, to halt your horse without approaching him. This accomplished, as long as you keep your rope taut, the nose will stay on the pony's nose and you can hold him.

After a series of trials, which require the patience of a Long Island angler, the horse lets you stand within a foot of him. Keep your open right hand extended, with its back toward him—is wise enough to see which way your grip lies—and at last the knuckle of your middle finger touches one of the long, stiff feeler-hairs on his nose. That is to one who really loves a horse a supreme moment. It is nothing to establish friendly relations with a "broose-worm beastie" who is at any man's pleasure, but to tame this frightened, half-mad creature, that stands snorting and quivering, all eyes and ears, that is a noble sport. If the horse is disposed to be placable, and if you are yourself in a sincere, good temper—for he will recognize any irritation you feel, however you strive to hide it—you may be able to go on from this point, and handle his head quite freely. He will not bite, unless, indeed, he is one of the wild stallions, and if he is that, gentle methods are altogether out of the question. But if his jaws are harmless, every one of his four hoofs is a weapon. He will rear and strike at you with his fore feet, or whirl and kick you unless you are as quick as a cat.

Your next proceeding is to get the hackamore over his head. This is a stout braided halter, the nose-piece of which draws up if the hair rope, or macarte, is sharply pulled. Then you remove the riata and lead the horse by the macarte until he has acquired some vague notion of the righteousness of obedience. Saddling is a formidable task. If you do not blindfold him he will whirl around as you raise the saddle to throw it over his back; and the motion of swinging the cumbersome object with its flapping straps, toward him can not but seem like a threatened blow. If you have an assistant on the off-side of him, to prevent his whirling, and to pass the girth under his belly, you find it easier to saddle; but you increase the horse's alarm and confusion by the introduction of the third presence. The only alternative is often the blindfold. Sometimes you can avoid this by resting the left hand on the cheekpiece of the hackamore in such a position as to perform the office of a high blinker, and then throw the saddle on. Even then you are almost sure to be kicked when you reach under the horse for the girth, and in the ordinary way it is a choice between blindfolding the horse, throwing him down and saddling him while he is down, or calling in assistance. There is one other course—to ride him without a saddle. The best of the knights of the corral can and sometimes do ride a broncho bareback, but no man can do it habitually without suffering internal injuries from the concussion of a bucking horse; and the practice is objectionable even as an occasional feat, because if the horse rears and throws himself on his back you have not the horn of the saddle to keep his weight off your leg, which is almost certain to be crushed. Having, with or without the blindfold, saddled the horse, you drop a few feet of the macarte on his neck, like a bridle-rein, and make fast to the hackamore on the off side. To put a bridle and bit on him is mere folly. The bit means nothing to him, and only adds to his alarm and perplexity. Then catch the coil of the macarte under your belt, so that if the horse throws himself and you have to leave the saddle, you can lay hold of the end of the macarte as it slips out from under your belt and prevent his escape. If you are wise you lead him out of the corral be-

fore you mount, and some little distance from it, too, so that he will not run into a post and crush one of your legs. Holding that part of the macarte which plays the part of bridle-rein loosely in your right hand, and resting this right hand on the horn of the saddle, you throw yourself quickly into your seat, releasing your hold of the check-piece as you jump, and letting your feet strike fairly in the stirrups.

A word now about the saddle and your seat in it. The tree is simply covered with leather, and has no padding, a horn rises high on the pommel, and with the lofty cantle at your back, forms what has been often ridiculed as the rocking-chair seat. As a matter of fact, however, it is the only form of saddle which makes it possible for a man to stay with a horse which rears and falls backward, a feat which an Eastern rider would consider impossible. But true distinction between the American stock saddle and the English pad lies in the position of the stirrup-leathers, which, in the American saddle, are hung so far back that the rider's knees and feet are directly beneath his body, instead of being forward on the barrel and out of equilibrium. His attitude is such that he is really standing erect with about an inch of space between the highest point of the tree-seat and his person; and instead of the knee-grip, relied upon by the English or Eastern rider, he grasps the saddle between his thighs, with his feet well out. His spurs are much heavier and much longer in the shaft than the "dude" riders, but are blunt.

Imagine yourself, then, firmly seated. If the horse is blinded you reach forward and remove the blind. Now the struggle begins. For a moment he stands in his tracks, but you can feel his muscles growing tense as he gathers himself together. Crouching like a wild-cat about to spring, he leaps high in the air and twists and shakes himself in a mad effort to throw off the unaccustomed burden. He comes down with his head between his fore legs and his tail between his hind legs, striking the ground stiff-legged; and, as soon as he has given you the full benefit of the shock, crouches for another leap. This is "bucking"—or, as the initiated more commonly term it, "pitching." No two horses pitch alike, and no horse pitches twice alike. Sometimes he will strike on his fore feet and nose, throwing his breach so high as to turn a somersault forward. Sometimes he will make a lateral jump, and at others "change ends," or turn half round in the air. Now, a "broncho buster" generally does his work in the presence of a handful of spectators; and if he is one of the few men who are absolutely certain that nothing can unseat them, he lets the horse buck himself weary, while he delights the cante by rolling and lighting a cigarette, or stooping to pick up a handful of dirt and throw it in the horse's face. Another favorite proof of his dexterity is to rowel the horse from ear to tail. All this is mere nonsense, fit only for a circus ring, and is demoralizing to the horse as the timid rider's practice of letting the animal pitch around on a rope half an hour before he mounts him. A sharp pull at the horse's head just at the right moment, and the steel thrown into his flank, will break the rhythm of his pitching, and a sharp blow on the hind quarters with your whip compels him to lunge forward. He will then run a hundred yards or so and stop suddenly with his fore legs planted firmly before him.

This, of course, necessitates your throwing your body well back and he seizes this opportunity to rear and throw himself violently on his back. Now is the time when a man shows whether he is a rider or a foolhardy braggart. Obviously you can not retain your seat. A horse in executing this maneuver will often thrust the horn of the saddle fast in the ground, and be left kicking turtle-wise. You must see how he is going to strike and throw yourself to the one side or the other, so that you have always one foot in position to cross him with as he struggles to rise. It is perfectly legitimate for a horse to throw himself backward in this way three or four times, but when you have conclusively demonstrated to him that he accomplishes nothing by it, if he persists in it it must be treated as a willful misconduct. If you can not, by spurring him in the flank as he rises, and thus bringing his hind parts into action, prevent his overrearing, you must strike him a sharp blow between the ears with the butt of your whip as he rises, and let him understand that he is overstepping the bounds of fair fighting.

After an hour or two he is completely exhausted, and should be turned loose until the next day. His second lesson try your seat and your patience even more severely, for you will then have him bitten for the first time, and he has learned better how to handle himself under your weight. But on the third day, if he is not a very recalcitrant subject, he will begin to learn something, and is then considered a "broke" horse.

It must be remembered that a horse to be used in running cattle requires far more understanding of the work than a road horse, for he has to dodge and twist about like a polo pony; but with kind and judicious treatment, using the whip for punishment only and the spur always as a signal, the broncho learns to love his rider and to enjoy his work with amazing rapidity. —*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

It is alleged that several business men of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., escaped from doing duty as a juror by having themselves elected as honorary members of a fire company, the law exempting such members from jury work. —*N. Y. Mail*.

A MALIGNED OFFICIAL.

The Republicans Now Admit That Secretary Bayard Is No Hot-Headed Blunderer, But a Wise Statesman.

While the Blaine organs, inspired by the arch-disturber himself, were abusing Secretary Bayard for what they termed his cowardly policy in relation to the seizures of American fishing vessels by the Canadian authorities, he was pushing forward with skill, judgment and vigor the American side of the question, and manifesting a spirit and determination worthy of the great country he represents. Blaine, Frye and other demagogues accused him of truckling to England and sacrificing the rights of our fishermen by not provoking a rupture with the British Government. Mr. Bayard remained silent under this fire, quietly attending to his duty in a far more practical and vigorous manner than his detractors recommended.

When the proper time came he laid the matter before Congress and covered his detractors with shame and confusion. There was an instantaneous reaction in his favor, even on the part of those who most violently abused him, and it is now universally acknowledged that the course of the State Department all through this fishery dispute has been eminently wise and patriotic. Even the New York *Tribune*, which most fiercely assailed Mr. Bayard, is forced to acknowledge: "The State Department has argued various phases of the fisheries question with lucidity and logical acumen during the year. It has had a strong case, and with the powerful aid of Mr. Phelps has forcibly presented it." This is a change of heart from an unexpected quarter and shows that truth must prevail even where falsehood is most cultivated.

But the *Tribune* might spare its advice to the Administration in urging commercial retaliation against Canadian vessels in American ports. It criticizes the Administration for preferring diplomatic method to aggressive action. Fortunately for the country, the Administration does not propose to use such an extreme policy, unless as a last resort, and selects the safer and more satisfactory method of conciliatory argument. The State Department does not intend to submit to the Canadian Government's arbitrary interpretation of the treaty of 1818, the only agreement on which the question can be discussed.

The only treaty that had brought peace and prosperity to her fishermen was deliberately abrogated by the Republicans, and when Mr. Bayard endeavored to serve the interests of American fishermen, by making an arrangement with the British Government, by which the fishermen should have the spring and summer fishing and enjoy privileges and opportunities without expense, he received only abuse for it. The Republicans refused to entertain his project for a joint commission to settle the points in dispute and Mr. Bayard could only fall back on this treaty of 1818. The beneficent settlement of difficulties similar to those which now confront Mr. Bayard. The Republicans chose to abrogate this treaty in order to place a grievous burden on the shoulders of the incoming Administration. Mr. Bayard is making a bold stand for the interests of our fishermen, but a great deal depends upon Congress. If that body refuse to consent to a commission to get at the damage incurred and open the way to remove all difficulties, it is not Mr. Bayard's fault. He has proved himself one of the ablest statesmen that ever guided the affairs of the department, and he disregards attacks and slander, his whole mind being absorbed in the faithful fulfillment of his duty. —*Albany Argus*.

ANOTHER QUARREL.

The Republicans of New York and Mr. Blaine Cutting One Another's Throats.

A recent interview with Senator Miller has stirred up a hornets' nest in the Republican ranks, and in the judgment of many of the Herkimer statesman's friends he has seriously impaired his chances for re-election. In the interview in question Mr. Miller took occasion to defend his mistakes as a party leader. He declared that he was not responsible for the Republican reverses in this State since his elevation to the Senate five years ago. His advice had been disregarded. He charged the defeat of Mr. Blaine in 1884 to the National Republican Committee. It refused to accept the advice of the State Committee last year, which, he says, was controlled by his friends, and took the counsel of Thomas C. Platt.

The interview has brought forth a good deal of vigorous denunciation from the members of the National Committee, in particular from B. F. Jones, of Pittsburgh, the chairman of the committee, and from Stephen B. Elkins, who was the committee's executive officer. Mr. Elkins, in conversation with a friend, said: "Warner Miller is the last man to impute the defeat of Blaine to the National Committee, and you may put it down for a fact that the influence of that committee will be used against Miller in the coming Senatorial contest. We have direct proof that previous to the National convention of 1884 Miller worked secretly to prevent Blaine's nomination, with the idea of bringing himself forward as a compromise candidate. Then, after Blaine was nominated, Miller and his friends made no special effort to carry New York."

The organization of the State Committee here was the most serious problem that confronted Mr. Blaine's friends immediately after the Chicago convention. The National Committee and the New York State Committee were called together on the same day

at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the State Committee there were three factions about equal in strength—the half-breeds, who were controlled by Miller and his friends, and the Arthur and the Platt stalwarts. The Platt men had earnestly supported Blaine's nomination, and they were unqualified in favor of his election. The Arthur men were disgruntled and sore. Mr. Miller induced his half-breed friends to place the organization of the State Committee in the hands of men who had been bitterly opposed to Blaine's nomination. We thought then that Miller's action was prompted by his opposition to ex-Senator Platt.

The Utica convention of 1884 was largely against General Arthur and could have been controlled for Blaine by any sort of skillful management. Mr. Miller refused to consult with the leaders of the Republican party there, and so dallied with his negotiations with the Edmunds men that he was beaten. The National Committee took the ground that its duty was to consult with all leading Republicans. Platt, Cornell, and other men of their following were constantly in consultation with Mr. Jones and his committee. Miller demanded that the committee take no advice but his. They did not regard that as a wise policy and Miller sulked in his tent. Chairman Jones has a right to feel indignant when charged with infidelity by a man in Miller's position. No man ever worked harder or more faithfully in any cause than Jones did for Blaine. He worked like a hero, and if he had received the vast co-operation of all Mr. Blaine's supposed friends in New York Blaine would have been elected in spite of Burdard."

Mr. Elkins and other prominent Republicans allege that Miller schemed in an underhanded way for the nomination at Chicago and was deeply mortified at the miscarriage of his plans. His recent attack on the National Committee is said to have been actuated by the direct refusal of the committee to help him in his Senatorial contest. —*Chicago News*.

PRESS PARAGRAPHS.

—Jim Cummings is not the first man who has come to grief through writing letters. —*Chicago News*.

—An Ohio man has been arrested for stealing a locomotive. This is considered the most remarkable larceny since an Ohio man filched the Presidency. —*N. Y. World*.

—Dr. Dabney never was at Andersonville and the Republican paper which made the original charge has been compelled, most unwillingly, to retract it. —*Detroit Free Press*.

—Mr. Blaine seemed fated to have a Rev. Burdard. He spoke to the Congregational Club meeting of ministers at Boston. Among the other speakers was Rev. Dr. Herman Lincoln, of Newton. Dr. Lincoln, by an historical allusion, recalled the episode at President Arthur's funeral, and wound up his discourse by saying: "There is still enough energy here to sweep heresy from the face of the earth, though the Boston of the Collinses and the O'Briens is not the Boston of the Winthrops and the Pilgrims." Commenting upon this the *Boston Transcript* says: "It is somewhat remarkable that the 'heresy' which Dr. Lincoln thinks sustains the Collinses and the O'Briens here is just that sentiment upon which Mr. Blaine and his friends rely to make him President two years hence. And to speak slightly of it anywhere was a capital blunder on Dr. Lincoln's part. But what can you expect when intelligent men are so beguiled as are Mr. Blaine's devotees?"

—The developments of the Senatorial struggle prove nothing if not that the Republican party is given over to loot and "moneybags." William M. Evarts is in the United States Senate, but his seat there was obtained by the lavish use of money in the hands of unscrupulous agents and go-betweens of corporations. It was openly charged and never contradicted that although Levi P. Morton's canvass was then very expensive, twice as much as was paid by the backers of Evarts who wanted to have him where he could do them the most good. His circulated lithographs, which were sent out by a rich corporation to groom him as a dark horse, told at once what interests were behind him. These interests could not be made secure by a man of Levi P. Morton's ability, but with Evarts in the Senate the only remaining branch of the Federal Government that could be relied upon to thwart the wishes of the people in regard to corporate interests, they would be safe. —*Albany Argus*.

Edmunds Coughed

Discussing the Tenure-of-Office act in the Senate the other day Judge Edmunds said it should not be repealed. All offices should be held for fixed terms. When vacancies occurred he was perfectly willing that the President should select men of his own persuasion. If there was to be a change two years hence, as he trusted and hoped and believed there would be, all these matters would then be removed from the mere strife and spoils and contentions of politics. "At this point," says the telegram, "Mr. Edmunds was attacked with a violent fit of coughing, which forced him to resume his seat." When the object and history of the Tenure-of-Office act are taken into consideration it will not surprise any one that the venerable Vermonted had a bad attack of coughing after making the above remark about Republicans removing the offices from the strife and the spoils and the contention of politics. Probably he is coughing yet. —*Chicago Herald*.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Banns are prohibited in the Seminary of St. Agnes, for young ladies, a Roman Catholic institution in Brooklyn. —*N. Y. Mail*.

—A young man has joined the Presbytery of Sacramento who is the first one born in California that has entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church.

—The *Baptist Weekly* is authority for the statement that recently, in Connecticut, three persons were baptized whose ages were respectively, 92, 95 and 106 years.

—The English Methodists have purchased at Epworth, the birthplace of John Wesley, a site for a chapel, school and parsonage, as a memorial of him.

—In Philadelphia the Anglomania has developed to such proportions that a school has been started where young ladies can learn the English walk in less than a month. —*Philadelphia Press*.

—A Canadian lady, who was undergoing examination for a teacher's certificate, was asked: "Who surrendered, and to whom, at the battle of Sedan?" She answered, positively: "General Washington to the Duke of Wellington." —*Troy Times*.

—The Waldensian Synod, after a full discussion of the plan of union between the Waldensian and the Free Church of Italy, adopted it warmly after some modification. This will ensure the desirable concert of effort for the evangelization of that land of many of its most earnest and warm-hearted Christians.

—A convention of Young People's Associations of the churches of New York was held the other afternoon and evening, and a permanent society was organized, the object of which is to encourage the forming of such associations and to increase their efficiency. The plan embraces churches of all denominations, not excluding Catholics. —*N. Y. Tribune*.

—A mission Sunday-school, numbering about three hundred, and composed of newboys, bootblacks and street waifs, assembles on Sunday afternoons in the large hall of the old Board of Trade building, Chicago. It opens with a lunch of sandwiches for the children, and closes with singing and a march around the hall under the lead of an orchestra. —*Chicago Journal*.

—Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia has caused much commotion among the managers of the Catholic Charity Ball, which for several years has been a brilliant social and financial success in that city, by calling attention to the fact that the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in its decree prohibits all balls for charitable institutions. He says that none of the proceeds of the ball can be devoted to charitable objects. —*N. Y. Sun*.

—A rich friend of the university at Syracuse, N. Y., will shortly build for it an observatory and furnish a telescope. A rumor, which is not denied by the faculty, is to the effect that another friend of the university is soon to present a very large and valuable library to the institution. The present building is so fully occupied that a new structure will have to be put up to contain the new library. —*Buffalo Express*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—It isn't our needs, generally, that are so expensive. It's our cravings.

—Some men are born mean and some achieve meanness. No one has meanness thrust upon them. —*Texas Siftings*.

—A Charleston paper speaks of an opal "as large as a small hen's egg." We should think it would be difficult to set. —*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

—That distinguished and excellent judge, Lord Mansfield, once observed: "True popularity is not the popularity which is followed after, but the popularity which follows after."

—"Which is correct," asked Mrs. Coldtea, "the biscuit are light" or the biscuits are light?" "Neither," replied the first floor front, "the biscuit are heavy" is correct. —*The Rambler*.

—Now is the time to look around for last year's snow-shovel. If you have any trouble in finding it look in the parlor over the piano. The chances are that your oldest daughter decorated it and hung it up last spring. —*Somerville Journal*.

—Mrs. de Hobson (complacently)—Yes, Mr. Featherly, that is a portrait of myself when a little girl. It was painted by a celebrated artist. Mr. Featherly (anxious to say the right thing)—Er—one of the old masters? —*N. Y. Sun*.

—Extremely Thin Party: Just returned from Florida, old man! Great country to brace a man up! Gained twenty-five pounds in three weeks! Stout Party: How'd you get there—by mail? —*Puck*.

—A frightened earl:
There was once an English earl,
Who loved an American girl;
When he found her "estate"
Was a house and back-gate,
It frightened his hair out of seat. —*Boston Budget*.

—"Yes, the team is quite a good one, Mr. Horsely," he said as he returned the liveryman's brag team, "but it has two drawbacks." "Oh, indeed; and may I inquire what they are?" "The lines." —*Dallas News*.

—"Do send that organ-grinder away. His music is horrible!" "I don't think so. I consider it fine music." "Fine!" "Decidedly so. How could it be otherwise, when it's ground so much?" —*Chicago Ledger*.

—A rather elderly maiden had married a gentleman named Young. "Allow me to congratulate you on the renewal of your youth," said the jester after the ceremony. "Sir," was the frigid and dignified response, "I fail to comprehend your meaning." "Why," said the jester, "don't you know your marriage has made you Young again?" —*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Chase County Courthouse

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN., THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1887.

W. E. TIMMONS, Ed. and Prop.

No fair shall awe, no favor sway! How the line, let the chips fall where they may.

Advertisements in advance of the first issue, 25 cents per month, 75 cents for three months, \$2.00 for six months, \$3.00 for a year. For the month of January, 50 cents in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for Ad. No., Line, and various rates for different ad sizes and durations.

Local short stops are published in the first issue of each month, and for each subsequent issue, double price for local letter, or for items under the name of 'Local Short Stops.'

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for East Pass, Mail, and various train routes and times.

DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor... John A. Martin. Lieutenant Governor... A. P. Riddle. Secretary of State... E. Bradford.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Commissioners... J. M. Tuttle, M. E. Baker, W. P. Martin. County Treasurer... W. P. Martin.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. Davis, Pastor. Sabbath school, at 10 o'clock, a. m., every Sabbath.

SOCIETIES.

Knights of Honor—Falls Lodge, No. 747, meets on the first and third Tuesday evening of each month.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Business local, under this head, 20 cents a line, first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Mr. M. Lawrence has been confined to his bed by sickness for several weeks past. Mr. W. T. Birdsall was taken quite sick, Monday night, with a rush of blood to his head.

Mr. O. P. Gregory, of Batavia, Ohio, an uncle of Mr. J. F. Kirker, of Strong City, is visiting that gentleman.

Mrs. Jas. Martin, formerly of South Fork, now of Wisconsin, is visiting old friends and neighbors on South Fork.

Master Deyoe Waring, of Ohio, a nephew of Mr. E. A. Kinne, is now making his home with that gentleman.

There will be an oyster supper and festival at the Congregational church in Strong City, Thursday, February 3.

Count Clerk J. J. Massey, left yesterday, for Topeka, to attend the Convention of the County Clerk's of Kansas.

Mr. L. P. Santy, of Clements, has purchased the property at Hutchinson owned by Mr. John Emslie, of Strong City.

The ice put up here, this winter, is about nine inches thick, and the crop has been harvested, though the yield still goes on.

Persons interested in Prairie Grove Cemetery should read the "Notice of Annual Meeting" to be found in another column.

Mrs. Geo. Simmons has moved into a portion of Mr. J. N. Nye's house until the store room now being fixed for her is completed.

Messrs. W. F. Dunlap and Miller Himes, of South Fork, shipped four loads of cattle and two of hogs to Kansas City, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kirk and Mr. H. A. Chamberlain, of Strong City, were in attendance at the inaugural ceremonies at Topeka, last week.

Mr. A. B. Caudle received orders, last Friday, to print 500 photographs for members of the Richardson's Union Square Theater Company.

Died, at her home on the Cottonwood, east of this city, last Friday, January 14, 1887, of consumption, Mrs. Ephraim Link, aged 54 years.

Mr. A. F. Wells finished, last Monday, digging a well, 35 feet deep, for Mr. T. O. Kelley, and he is now digging one for Mr. Scott E. Winne.

The Hon. M. A. Campbell, Representative from this county, is a member of the Internal Improvements and Roads and Highways Committees.

The stock in the Consolidated Street Railway should all be taken by our home people, and the business men and others should see that it is done.

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BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Last Saturday evening the young friends of Miss May Jensen, to the number of about sixty, gave that young lady a most enjoyable surprise party at the residence of her parents, the next day, Sunday, being the fifteenth anniversary of her birth.

Work has been begun on the bridges across Cottonwood river and Fox creek, for the C. K. & W. railroad.

Mrs. Jas. Martin, formerly of South Fork, now of Wisconsin, is visiting old friends and neighbors on South Fork.

Master Deyoe Waring, of Ohio, a nephew of Mr. E. A. Kinne, is now making his home with that gentleman.

There will be an oyster supper and festival at the Congregational church in Strong City, Thursday, February 3.

Count Clerk J. J. Massey, left yesterday, for Topeka, to attend the Convention of the County Clerk's of Kansas.

Mr. L. P. Santy, of Clements, has purchased the property at Hutchinson owned by Mr. John Emslie, of Strong City.

The ice put up here, this winter, is about nine inches thick, and the crop has been harvested, though the yield still goes on.

Persons interested in Prairie Grove Cemetery should read the "Notice of Annual Meeting" to be found in another column.

Mrs. Geo. Simmons has moved into a portion of Mr. J. N. Nye's house until the store room now being fixed for her is completed.

Messrs. W. F. Dunlap and Miller Himes, of South Fork, shipped four loads of cattle and two of hogs to Kansas City, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kirk and Mr. H. A. Chamberlain, of Strong City, were in attendance at the inaugural ceremonies at Topeka, last week.

Mr. A. B. Caudle received orders, last Friday, to print 500 photographs for members of the Richardson's Union Square Theater Company.

Died, at her home on the Cottonwood, east of this city, last Friday, January 14, 1887, of consumption, Mrs. Ephraim Link, aged 54 years.

Mr. A. F. Wells finished, last Monday, digging a well, 35 feet deep, for Mr. T. O. Kelley, and he is now digging one for Mr. Scott E. Winne.

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CHASE COUNTY STOCK ASSOCIATION.

The Chase County Live Stock Association met at the Court-house, last Saturday afternoon, and were called to order by the President, Dr. John McCaskill.

In the absence of J. C. Scroggin, Secretary, N. B. Scribner was elected Secretary pro tem.

On motion, it was decided to have a ball and banquet on the night of February 4, 1887.

The following committees were then appointed:

On Arrangements—W. P. Martin, J. C. Farrington and A. R. Palmer.

On Printing and Music—George W. Hays, N. B. Scribner and J. A. Holmes.

On Invitations and Reception—Ed T. Baker, Wm. Norton, Milton Brown, Ed. C. Holmes, J. C. Farrington, J. A. Holmes, C. J. Lantry, Wm. P. Martin, John McCaskill and S. T. Bennett.

Herders—Charles Van Meter, J. C. Farrington, J. A. Holmes, C. J. Lantry and N. B. Scribner.

On Supper—Mrs. Wm. P. Martin, Mrs. J. W. Griffin, Mrs. J. H. Scribner, Mrs. A. R. Palmer and Mrs. J. W. McWilliams.

Opening address by the President Dr. John McCaskill.

All the committees are to meet at the Court-house, next Saturday afternoon, January 22.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING.

All persons interested in Prairie Grove Cemetery are requested to meet in the office of C. C. Whitson, Wednesday, January 26, 1887 at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of electing a new Board of Trustees, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

BAUERLE'S CONFECTIONARY AND RESTAURANT AND BAKERY. My lean, hungry-looking friend, why don't you take your lunch at Bauerle's Restaurant and grow fat?

Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

SETH J. EVANS, PROPRIETOR OF THE FEED EXCHANGE EASTSIDE OF BROADWAY COTTONWOOD FALLS. LOW PRICES. PROMPT ATTENTION PAID TO ALL ORDERS. GOOD RIGS AT ALL HOURS.

BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY.

STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

The Board of Directors of the Consolidated Railway Company met at the County Treasurer's office, at 7:30, p. m., Monday, January 17, instant, and E. A. Hildebrand was elected as President thereof, W. P. Martin as Secretary, and J. M. Tuttle as Treasurer.

A committee of three was appointed on by-laws, consisting of J. W. McWilliams, W. H. Holsinger and W. P. Martin.

A committee of two—C. J. Lantry and W. H. Holsinger—was appointed to have preliminary survey run.

The Secretary was instructed to open the subscription of stock.

W. P. MARTIN, Secretary.

A FARM FOR SALE CHEAP.

One-fourth of a mile from Elmdale; 1340 acres at \$13 per acre; 185 acres, best bottom, in cultivation; 90 acres, best bottom, in meadow; Two houses and a great plenty of water and timber.

Apply to J. S. SHIPMAN, Elmdale, Kans.

BUSINESS REVIEWS.

Don't forget to take the C. C. C. Ferry & Watson are now giving a Waterbury watch to whoever buys fifteen dollars worth of clothing from them; and they guarantee their prices to be ten per cent. less than anywhere else in Southwestern Kansas.

Those Egyptian Statuary Photos are fine, and are made by Caudle, "The Photographer," in the best possible manner.

J. S. Doolittle & Son have their shelves filled with good goods, that they are selling at bottom prices. They also keep a large stock of cheap clothing. Give them a call.

Go to Smith's (Rockwood & Co.'s old stand) for meat, all the way from 5 to 10 cents per pound.

Flour and Feed will be double their present price, this winter, so get your supply at the CITY FEED STORE, before it is all sold, adjoining Rockwood & Co.'s meat market.

A starry night for a raucous with your best girl. But any day for photographs at Caudle's, The Photographer.

You can get anything in the way of tinware or hardware or farming implements at Campbell & Gillett's.

Do not order your nursery stock until you see George W. Hill, as he represents the Stark Nurseries, of Louisiana, Mo., the oldest and best in the West.

There will be an examination of applicants for teachers' certificates held in the school house in Cottonwood Falls, on Saturday, January 29, 1887, beginning at 8 o'clock, a. m.

J. C. DAVIS, County Supt.

Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle.

The watches will receive careful attention, by experienced workmen at Ford's jewelry store, in Cottonwood Falls. All work warranted.

27 Pairs of \$5.00 Shoes, of the "Walker" make, for \$4.00 a pair, until the 1st of Jan. Call at once and make \$1.00 on a pair of fine shoes.

E. F. Holmes.

Go to J. S. Doolittle & Son's for bargains; and don't you forget it.

Before buying a heating stove anywhere else, go to Campbell & Gillett's on the west side of Broadway, and see what nice ones they have.

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

Don't forget that you can get anything in the way of general merchandise, at J. S. Doolittle & Son's.

We have made arrangements with the New York World, (the subscription price of which is \$1.00 per year) whereby we can furnish the World, the COURANT and a magnificent History of the United States (price, \$1.50) for the small sum of \$2.50. No copies of this book will be sold or given away.

Every copy must represent either the subscription of a new friend of the extension of the subscription of an old reader to either of both of the papers.

Subscribe for the COURANT, the largest newspaper in Chase county.

THE GREAT EMPORIUM!

FERRY & WATSON

Best and Largest Stocks, Of goods ever brought to this market.

CONSISTING OF, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CROCERIES, COFFINS, FURNITURE, BOOTS and SHOES, CLOTHING, HATS and CAPS, QUEENSWARE, CALASSWARE, TIN WARE.

And, in fact, anything NEEDED BY MAN.

During his existence on earth, BE SURE TO GO TO FERRY & WATSON'S, Cottonwood Falls, Kas., and YOU WILL BE PLEASED WITH THEIR BARGAINS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS REMY, Tonsorial Artist.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN. Shop east side of Broadway, north of Dr. Stone & Zane's office, where you can get a nice shave, shampoo, or hair cut.

W. H. HINOTE, Central Barber Shop.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN. Particular attention given to all work in my line of business, especially to ladies' shampoos and hair cutting.

MARTIN HEINTZ, Carpenter & Builder.

Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop, at his home, northwest corner of Friend and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

NEW DRUGS,



AT THE OLD STONE STORE.

DR. F. JOHNSON, OF ELMDALE, KANSAS.

HAS AGAIN PUT IN AN ENTIRELY New and Complete Stock OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES AT HIS OLD STAND.

WHERE HE WILL BE PLEASED TO HAVE HIS OLD CUSTOMERS CALL ON HIM.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

TELL IT TO YOUR FRIENDS!

The New York Fashion Monitor, An Entertaining and Instructive Fashion and Home Paper.

ONLY 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

Including 3 Coupons, Each Good For \$0.50 Worth of Dry and Fancy Goods.

FREE! on a Cash Purchase of \$10 worth of goods (your own choice), for each Coupon from the MOST RELIABLE and CHEAPEST DRY and FANCY GOODS STORE in New York City.

EXTRAORDINARY TERMS TO AGENTS Address, "FASHION MONITOR," P. O. Box 2782, New York City, N. Y.

JOHN FREW, LAND SURVEYOR, AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

M. LAWRENCE, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Satisfaction Guaranteed, and Charges Reasonable. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH. All the PATTERNS you wish to use during the year for nothing (a saving of from \$2.00 to \$5.00) by subscribing for

THE COURANT

Demorest's Magazine

With Twelve Orders for One Paper Pattern of your own selection and of say size.

BOTH PUBLICATIONS, ONE YEAR, \$3.10 (THREE TEN).

DEMAREST'S THE BEST

Of all the Magazines published.

Illustrated with Original and Superior Engravings, Photographs, Oil Paintings and Art Woodcuts, making it the most beautiful Magazine of America.

Each Magazine contains a unique color and being the holder to the solutions of any puzzle illustrated in the fashion department is that number, and in any of the same mentioned, making patterns during the year of the value of over three dollars.

DEMAREST'S MONTHLY is a truly original and the largest in circulation, and the best TWO Dollar Family Magazine published. It is continually improved and so extensively in place it at the head of Family Publications, it contains 72 pages, large cuts, brightly and elegantly printed and fully illustrated. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, New York, AND BY SPECIAL AGREEMENT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THE COURANT at \$3.10 Per Year.

WORKING CLASSES

Attention! We are prepared to furnish all persons with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business now, light and profitable. Persons of either sex can easily earn from \$5 cents to \$100 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied, we will send one dollar to get the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address: GEORGE B. BROWN & CO., Portland, Maine.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A YOUNG MAN'S DOGS.

How They Saved an Alabama Settlement from the Indians.

It was in the August of 1813. In that part of the country now known as Alabama, there came to the settlers who had made their homes near where the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers meet, on a beautiful summer day, news which filled them with consternation. The second war with Great Britain was going on; and British agents had at last persuaded the Creek Indians to join them. These Creeks were half-civilized, but as savage in their mode of warfare as the most barbarous tribes. To be allies of Great Britain meant to destroy all the white settlements in the South-west.

On the 30th of August—and this is a matter of history—John Wilson, a settler on the Tombigbee, rode rapidly up to his home. His wife, who was shelling peas on the porch, looked up in astonishment.

"What on earth is the matter, John?" she cried. "Where's the load of wood you and Harry went for?"

"Don't worry about a load of wood, Milly," he said; and looking at him, she saw he was troubled and anxious. "You've got to think of something besides wood. Harry'll be here in a minute. Get little Molly ready, and pack up what food there is in the house—nothing else. We must get away from here in a few minutes. Them red devils is lo'ose again."

"The Injuns?" she faltered, turning white with terror.

"Yes, they've jined the Britishers. Red Eagle has taken Fort Mims. He had a thousand warriors, and our people fought for five hours desperately. It wasn't of any use, though. Five hundred men, women and children were massacred. Our turn will come next, if we stay here. You must hurry. Here's Harry. We're going to the stockade at Sinquefeld, and must get there before night. Ike Haden is going with us."

"What will he do with his sixty hounds?" Mrs. Wilson asked, as she made her scanty preparations, and tied Molly's sun-bonnet over her tangled white locks.

"Well, I reckon he'd sooner stay and take his chances with the savages than part with one of them. He's a good boy, but them fierce brutes of his are a nuisance sometimes. They would tear a man to mince-meat before he could say 'Jack Robinson,' if Ike told 'em to do it. But he keeps them in order, I must say, and they're handy in getting up the neighbors' stock, and killing wild meat when we're short of food. Come, it's time to be off."

As the Wilson family moved rapidly through the settlement, they were joined by other families, and among them by Ike Haden, a stalwart young man, with a bronzed face and keen blue eyes. His army of dogs was with him, almost filling up the road. Not a single white soul was left in the settlement by ten o'clock that morning. The way was clear, for not an Indian was seen, and near sunset the travelers were within two miles of the fort. There the team of the Hood family gave out. It was a large family, numbering seventeen, mostly women and children, and old William Hood proposed camping there for the night. "You'd better not, Neighbor Hood," Ike Haden said to him. "It would be safer to push those animals a little further. They'll hold out for two miles, I reckon. You'll get to the fort late, but I'll stay behind with you till we get there."

"There isn't a bit of danger here," Hood answered. "My cattle are dead beat, and I'm dead beat myself. We ain't seed a trail of the Injuns since we started, and we're so near the fort that I feel just as safe as if I was there."

"But half a mile from a fort, with Indians around, is as bad as twenty," persisted Ike Haden. "Don't be so stubborn, Neighbor Hood, with all these women and children on your hands."

"You needn't talk about bein' stubborn, young man," Hood answered, angrily. "We've all talked enough to you about them ravenin' wolves you've got yelpin' around. Why, man, I'd as soon be a brute myself as consort with 'em as you do. That was the way with your father before you. That's the reason he didn't have nothin' to leave you but them brutes. Farm, stock, every thing, melted away in keepin' up his pack."

"I've heard that a thousand times, Neighbor Hood," Haden answered, with a hot, angry flush on his dark cheeks, "and don't like it any better from hearing it so often. It's an ungrateful speech, anyway, for my dogs almost provide the settlement with venison and game when it's needed, and they ain't beholden to you for keeping them." As he rides off, we will take a good look at him, for this story would never have been written had it not been for Ike Haden and his dogs.

He was only eighteen, although he looked several years older. Those keen eyes of his took in every thing at a glance, and his judgment, if swift, was remarkably good. Brave as the bravest, his clear, cool head decided rapidly, and then took every risk. In spite of his youth, he was considered one of the most intelligent and trusty members of the little community. People said he had but one weakness, and that was his dogs, his constant companions by day and night. He rode rapidly away and soon overtook the wagon containing the Wilsons. "Do you know Hood positively insists upon camping on the creek to-night?" he said. "He could have made the two miles to the fort if he had chosen to do so, and I offered to stay behind and help him, if

he couldn't help, but he wouldn't listen to me."

"Camp out!" Wilson exclaimed. "With all those women and children, too! Why, he's insane, and worse, if he does such a thing! Why didn't you make them come on, Ike? It's too late for me to turn back now."

"I said all I could," Haden answered; "but Hood didn't like it. He snubbed me about my dogs, and was so insulting in what he said of father, that I got mad, too, and left him."

John Wilson laughed, and Ike bent to cross a monstrous hound, which, when his master paused for a minute, would plant his forepaws on his foot in the stirrup, and raising himself up, look gravely and questioningly in his owner's face.

"Down, Captain!" he said, as the line of march was taken up again. "Look here, Neighbor Wilson, Cap, here, has as much sense as any of us, and more than most. He understands every word he hears, and when he looks in my face that way, he means: 'What is to be done next?'"

"There's the fort!" exclaimed Wilson. "Suppose you ride ahead with the dogs. If there are Injuns around perhaps they'll smell 'em out."

"That night there was no sleep for Ike Haden. He tossed and turned on his hard pallet in the fort, thinking of the family left behind. Accounts of other Indian massacres had come to the fort that night, and the savages seemed to strike in several places at once. At the dawn of day he was up, and with his dogs started to meet the Hoods. "I somehow feel anxious about those folks," he said to the other men.

An less than half an hour he galloped back. No man had ever before seen Ike Haden really excited, but now, when he dismounted from his horse, his face was ghastly, and his parched tongue could scarcely articulate.

"They're all murdered out there! all but four men who somehow managed to hide in the bushes and are now coming in. It was a dreadful sight—men, women, and little children all murdered!" And sick and faint at the thought of what he had beheld, Ike Haden sat down, unable longer to stand.

Not a word was said by the men in the fort. Not from want of feeling, but the knowledge that the fate of the murdered family might be theirs the very next hour gave no time for mourning. A strong detachment set out immediately and brought the dead bodies in.

"We had better bury them here within the walls," said John Wilson. "When this scare is over, we can easily move them. I don't like going outside the stockade."

"I don't think there's any danger," Captain Ames replied. "The scouts have just come in and say that the Indian trail shows that they have gone south. We had better bury the bodies in the valley. It's so near, we can get to the fort at the first alarm."

So it was decided. When the burial procession set forth, the gates of the fortress were left open so that they could rush in at a minute's notice. Ike Haden had gone after some cows which had strayed from the fort, and on whose milk the children depended for food, and had taken his dogs with him. If he had been in the procession, the keen scent of his hounds would have detected the Prophet Francis and his Indians, who, flat on their faces, were hidden in a thicket of bushes a few hundred yards from the fort. As the bodies were being lowered into the grave that had been made, the solemn silence was broken by the terrible war-whoop, and fifty savages made a dash at the open gates of the fort. Could they gain it, the people on the open plain would be at their mercy. The white men saw this, and running at the top of their speed, reached the gate and closed it.

"Men! men!" cried John Wilson; "don't you see that we've shut the women and children outside, and the Injuns between them and the gate? Do you think I'll stop here and see my wife butchered before my eyes? Let me out."

"You can do no good, Wilson," said Captain Ames, a stalwart backwoodsman. "They are four to our one. Look there! Look at Ike Haden!"

Haden and his dogs had come up at that moment, and a glance told him the state of affairs. His fleet horse would have carried him safely away, but it never crossed his mind to desert those helpless creatures. Raising himself in his stirrups he cried: "At 'em, Cap! At 'em, Leo!" in loud, ringing tones.

In a second the pack of hounds were upon the Indians. Each hound seemed to single out his man and spring upon him with the fury of a wild beast, and before the astonished Indians could recover their senses, the women and children were within the fort; but their gallant rescuer was outside, with a score of savages unhurt and eager to kill or capture him. Without a moment's hesitation, Haden put his hunting-horn to his lips and blew a loud, shrill blast, which brought his surviving hounds around him. Several had been killed in the fray. With desperation he spurred his horse through the Indians, while shot after shot whistled around him. Fortunately they all missed their mark save one. That struck his horse and he fell to the ground; but the dauntless boy ran fleetly to the gate, which was unclosed to admit him and several of his dogs. The chase was so close that the gate, in closing, crushed the foot of the nearest pursuer. Five bullets had passed through Haden's clothes, but not one had injured him. To say anything against Haden's dogs after that, was an insult to every man, woman or child in the Alabama settlement.—Youths Companion.

FEED THE SOIL.

Agricultural Successes Dependent on the Use of Fertilizers and Thorough Cultivation.

There is no sadder sight in any farming country than a tract of land from which the original supply of plant food has been drawn year after year until nothing is left to feed a growing crop. Though I have seen this picture more frequently displayed in more striking colors in the Southern than in the Northern States, yet we see altogether too much of it here. It seems to me that in a land flooded with agricultural books and papers the farmers ought to be educated up to a point where they would steer clear of this visible rock upon which so many go down to financial ruin. There appears to be some men who will not learn even in the severest school of experience. They go on year after year robbing themselves of their patrimony, their crops gradually becoming smaller and smaller, their ability to correct their own error weaker and weaker, until at last the fatal hour arrives and they are ruined. I have personal knowledge of several cases of this kind. The farms originally yielded a sufficient income to support the families of the owners. They raised considerable grain, pretty fair crops of potatoes, etc., and never kept enough stock to make manure to apply to one-half the cultivated land. The crops began to show the effects of starvation and debts began to accumulate. Each year rendered the situation worse instead of better, mortgage followed mortgage, and the end can always be predicted to a certainty. Who would think of pursuing this course in any other branch of business? If a farmer puts a thousand dollars in the bank on deposit without interest and draws out a hundred every year, he is able to see what the result will be. If a merchant invests his whole capital in a stock of goods, and spends every dollar he receives for sales, he is able to see that the time will arrive when he will have nothing more to sell, but when it comes to the matter of taking the plant food out of the soil, it is different. There are some who even stand up and argue that you can milk this sort of cow day after day, week after week and month after month, feed her nothing, and she will grow fat and sleek and increase in the yield of milk. There is some "hoous-pocus," some unknown mysterious agency by which the elements of fertility taken out of the soil are restored. Now and then a farmer of more than average ability puts off the time of final settlement beyond the generally allotted period. They raise considerable clover that reaches way down and brings up the elements of plant food from a depth to which the feeders of grain and vegetable have never penetrated. They run the cultivator, the roller, the harrow and clod-crusher with unflagging zeal, reducing every little clod and lump, they sow rye, etc., in the fall and set it to gathering up the fertility and holding for the next season's crop of potatoes or other vegetables. How frail the foundation upon which they build! Point out to them their error and they are driven to the corner where all they can say is—"Behold! There are twenty bushels of wheat and two hundred bushels of potatoes! Does that look like the product of a poverty-stricken soil? Ten years ago the same land yielded smaller crops. It has been going on increasing in its yield year after year, and now here I stand head and shoulders above my neighbors." But, my dear sir, are your smoothing harrow, your A-m-e pulverizer, your roller and all those other machines and implements with which you have been grinding the little particles of your soil finer and finer, ten years old? Did you ten years ago make a practice of using clover, rye, etc., to gather together and leave at the surface where needed the food necessary to support your potatoes and wheat? You have taken out tons and tons of phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash. What means have you employed to pay back this enormous drain upon the natural resources of your farmers' bank—the soil? Does the field of green rye absorb and hold any appreciable amount of the free nitrogen of the atmosphere? Science says not. Do the phosphoric acid and potash that you are every year carting away to market come to you again in the mists and rain from the clouds above? No man attempts to so argue. Can you take something from what you have and not reduce the original store? If you now make a careful analysis of your soil and then take from it half a dozen crops of wheat and potatoes, will it still contain the same amount of plant food as before the crops were grown? What do the long series of experiments of sowing wheat after wheat, barley after barley, etc., during a long term of years teach? Can you anywhere in the teachings of Johnston, Bousingault, Liebig, Ville or any of the great masters of the science of agricultural chemistry find authority and support for the theory that the soil is a sort of a perpetual motion machine, a well with inexhaustible font, a "widow's cruise of oil" that wasteth not? I suppose you will say, "I will keep the clover at work pumping up from below." Yes, but what will you do when your soil shall become "clover-sick"—when even the deep-reaching feeders of clover no longer find means of support? Well, you might squeeze the jug as long as there is a drop of cider in it, milk the cow as long as she yields a spoonful of milk, then buy another farm and begin the embezzlement plan of appropriation over again. Perhaps it might be more profitable.

This is not the point at issue. The truth for which we are now eagerly and

earnestly searching is—if we subtract, is the remainder less than the amount before subtraction? Years and years ago I was taught to give an affirmative answer to this question, but if of late some new school in mathematics has reversed the old rule, I shall be glad to see the new methods demonstrated. I shall be ready to accept the new dogma when explained in the light of science, or proven by a systematic course of experiments conducted with the same care and scientific precision as those of Laves and Gilbert. From what light I now have, I am free to admit that I am skeptical. I really do not believe it a sound or safe doctrine to disseminate among the common farmers of the country through the medium of the agricultural press. Better, far better teach them to keep more and better stock, carefully save and apply all the manure that they can be made to produce, supplement this with a judicious use of commercial fertilizer and then cultivate thoroughly. Unite the two—a liberal use of fertilizers and thorough cultivation upon well drained land and success is sure to follow.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

THE HORSE'S LEGS.

Why They Should be Given the Very Best of Care in Winter.

In those States where mud prevails at times during winter, some horses more than others are liable, through standing in mud and melting snow, to get cracked heels, and from this swollen and feverish legs. The skin cracks, all the parts adjacent take on a low form of inflammation, and this frequently causes such tenderness of the parts as to make the horse go lame. Farmers who drive in from the country through the mud, and while in town let the team stand ankle deep in mud or slush, have no reason to expect their horses will not have sore heels unless they receive extra care on returning at night. The requisite care, however is seldom given, and the horse stands all night with dirty feet and legs, and perhaps eats a hearty feed of corn, which latter adds to the chances of feverishness. In the first place, horses should not be permitted to stand in slush above the hoofs. They may travel in the mud without harm, if the after care of the legs is what it should be, but the standing at rest in the mud is as damaging to the parts involved as it is for the horse to stand in a current of cold air when the body has been overheated by exercise. Neither on returning to the stable from a drive under the conditions named should the horse's legs be washed and then permitted to dry in their own time, but should be thoroughly dried by rubbing, and then if there is any danger to the heels they should be bandaged in flannel. If the heels have already become hot and show signs of cracking, they should be treated at night, after thorough cleansing, with ointment of acetate of lead, and in the morning with glycerine, as the latter will protect from cracking during exercise. That troublesome ailment called grease follows sore heels, as do also fungous excrescences, both sometimes difficult to remove.—National Live Stock Journal.

WORDS WELL USED.

Some of Rufus Choate's Happy and Wonderfully Apt Utterances.

Some expressions are so happy that they stick in the memory like bubbles. They are epigrams born like bubbles, and sometimes hardly longer lived than bubbles, but nevertheless as truly forms of art as are those laboriously evolved in the closet.

Some one said of Theaetetus: "He experienced nature as most people experience religion." What could give one a more emphatic expression of man's strange personality?

Rufus Choate was constantly throwing off apparently careless utterances which held the germs of genius. In speaking of John Quincy Adams's relentlessness as a debater, he said, "He had an instinct for the jugular vein and the carotid artery as unerring as that of any carnivorous animal." Of a lawyer who was as contentious as he was dull-witted, he declared: "He is a bull-dog with confused ideas." The court once demand that he should find a precedent for a course of action he had proposed. "I will look, your Honor," he returned, with his peculiar courtesy of manner, "and endeavor to find a precedent, if you require it, though it seems to be a pity that the court should lose the honor of being the first to establish so just a rule." Of an ugly artist who had painted a portrait of himself he declared: "It is a *flagrant* likeness." His casual criticisms were full of meaning. After looking through a volume of "Poems of the East," he said: "The Oriental seems to be amply competent to metaphysics, wonderfully competent to poetry, scarcely competent to virtue, and utterly incompetent to liberty."

This was expressed treated as a fine art, but those of us who are not geniuses might make it a finer art than we do.—Youth's Companion.

In Pulaski, Ga., during a recent term of court John Stripling was tried for shooting a negro. When the jury went out Stripling, who was under bond, became frightened lest he should be convicted, and so jumped on his horse and fled. The verdict was "not guilty." Some time after Stripling wrote a note to the sheriff, saying that if he was acquitted it was all right; if he was convicted it made no difference, for he had the start.

A New York critic distinguished himself one night recently by witnessing a comic opera and then writing up an elaborate criticism on a Wagnerian production. The usher had given him the wrong score.—N. Y. Tribune.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The System of Government in Force in the Great Dual Monarchy.

Of the two great empires which are now confronting each other with a constant threat of war in Eastern Europe, much is known about Russia, and but little in this country about Austria-Hungary. Yet both the history and the present condition of Austria-Hungary are full of deep interest for those whose tastes lead them to enjoy the study of nations and political systems. As the very name implies, Austria-Hungary is a dual monarchy; that is, two monarchies combined into one by a common tie. There is only one other monarchy of the sort in the world, that of Sweden and Norway, which two countries are still more distinct from each other than are Austria and Hungary, for they have no common government whatever.

Austria, that part of the Empire which lies west of the River Leitha, and Hungary, which lies east of that river, form each a kingdom entirely by itself. The chief tie between them is the fact that the same person is the sovereign of both. The Emperor of Austria is also King of Hungary, and is crowned both at Vienna, the Austrian capital, and also at Buda-Pesth, the Hungarian capital. But otherwise each Kingdom has its separate Parliament, and its own Cabinet, or Ministry. Each makes its own laws, imposes and collects its own taxes, and manages its own public affairs. In each kingdom, too, the Cabinet is responsible to the two bodies which constitute the national legislature. There is, however, an arrangement by which the two kingdoms act in concert as one Empire, in regard to all matters of political moment common to them both. This arrangement consists of a body which is called the "Delegations." The Delegations are composed of sixty delegates from each kingdom, chosen by the Parliaments, who meet every year alternately at the two capitals, and deliberate upon subjects of Imperial concern. Those subjects are foreign affairs, finance and military administration. Corresponding to the Delegations, and responsible to them, is an Imperial Cabinet, which comprises only three Ministers. The first of these Ministers is at the head of the department of foreign affairs. The other two Ministers hold the portfolios of war and finance. The power of the Imperial Government, as such, is confined, therefore, to diplomatic relations with other powers, the management of the army and the conduct of wars, and the financial measures needed for these departments.

Austria-Hungary was for many centuries a despotism as hard and as absolute as is that of Russia to-day. But twenty years ago, as a result of its overwhelming defeat by the Prussians, it became a constitutional monarchy. The Emperor ceased to be absolute; Ministers were made responsible to the representatives of the people; and the people were admitted to a very large share in the control of the Government. As a result of this happy change the Austrian peoples were accorded liberty of speech and conscience, a free press, freedom of marriage and education, a widely extended suffrage. An entirely new career was opened to them as one of the great nations of Europe. Composed as the empire is, of many different, jealous, antagonistic races, of which the Germans, Magyars, Czechs and Slavs are the chief, the task of holding them together as one nation has been difficult. But the attainment of political freedom by these people has lessened the difficulty. The Emperor was never so secure of his dominions when he was an absolute despot as he has been since he gave up a large portion of his power, and shared it with his subjects. The Austro-Hungarian Empire may not be long-lasting; but it is certain that it would have fallen to pieces long ago if despotism had not been abandoned, and if a free constitution had not been granted.—Youth's Companion.

The Population of Prussia.

Concerning the large and constant increase in the population of Germany in general, and that of Prussia in particular, the Royal Statistical Bureau gives the following figures for 1885: The total population on December 1, 1885, was 28,318,458. The births during the year numbered 1,064,400, the marriages 230,707, and the deaths 716,859. The natural increase, therefore, was 347,542, and the average number of births per 1,000 of population 37.6, of marriages, 16.4, and of deaths, 25.3. These figures, high as they are, as compared with those of England and Wales, show a surplus for the last-named country, whose population was 27,499,041, with 894,270 births, 197,745 marriages, and 522,750 deaths, making the actual increase per 1,000 in England (and Wales) 13.5, as against only 12.3 in Prussia.—Paris American Register.

The other day a New York citizen boarded a wrong car, and instead of going toward was carried away from his destination. The conductor would not give him a transfer ticket because that particular company didn't issue them. The man then proceeded to the corner, where he boarded another car of the same line, from which he was soon politely requested to step out, as he refused to pay another fare. He continued to board car after car until he reached his destination. He declared the company should not beat him if he lost the whole day.—N. Y. Herald.

It is estimated that it will cost about \$4,000,000 to establish the boundary line between Alaska and British North America.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

How Meek Mrs. B. Triumphed Over Her Ambitious and Learned Lord.

Mr. Bowser is a great man to "break out in spots." The other evening, after he had lighted a cigar and got his feet braced on the mantel, he suddenly observed:

"Mrs. Bowser, has it never occurred to you to call the Judge?"

"Never!" I promptly replied, for he had complained of the biscuit at supper. "Nor Colonel?"

"No!"

"While I could probably have gone to the Supreme Bench, or been commissioned Colonel," he softly continued, "I did not care for the honor. I am not one, Mrs. Bowser, to clutch at titles in order to lift myself up, but I didn't know but it might please you to be known as Mrs. Judge Bowser."

"I don't want the title."

"Very well, Mrs. Bowser. If you have no care for social distinction I'm sure I haven't. If your ambition is to plank yourself in the house with that wall-eyed baby and pay no attention to the demands of society I might as well join another lodge."

I felt a bit conscience-stricken over the way I had acted, and after awhile I went out and told the cook to call him Judge when she came in with the last scuttle of coal. When she came she managed to bump him to give her an excuse for saying: "Excuse me, Constable—excuse me!"

There was a solemn silence for five minutes after she left the room. Then Mr. Bowser observed:

"Perhaps, on the whole, Mrs. Bowser, it would be as well not to attempt to call me by any title. Hired help is so stupid, you know."

On a late occasion, as our fireside was a scene of peace and happiness, Mr. Bowser softly remarked:

"Mrs. Bowser, whenever it comes handy you'd better throw out hints to your lady friends that you were educated abroad."

"Why?"

"Well, it will increase their respect for you."

"But I was educated in the little red school house at Perryville, you know, and have never been out of the State."

"Don't talk so loud, as Jane may be listening! I told a friend only the other day that I was educated abroad, and had been through all the art galleries of Europe."

"What place did you say you studied at?"

"Zanzibar."

"Why, my dear, that's in Africa!"

"It is! Now that shows what you know! Zanzibar is in Germany. Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to crow over you on the subject of education, but when you display such lamentable ignorance of geography I have to feel glad that my school days were not wasted."

"I say it's in Africa!"

"Mrs. Bowser!"

"And I'll prove it by my atlas!"

"If you do I'll give you fifty dollars in cash!"

I got out the atlas, and there, over on the east coast of the Dark Continent was Zanzibar, as every school-child knows.

"I'll take that fifty," I quietly remarked.

"No, you won't! Some fool of a map-maker has gone and got drunk and mixed things up, and I'm not going to pay for it. When I know that Zanzibar is in Germany I know it just as well as the atlas or anybody else."

"Did this friend of yours ask you what old master you preferred?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I was posted there, too. You may think I go sloshing around with both eyes shut and my tongue hanging out, Mrs. Bowser, but that's where you are dead lame. I told him Longfellow."

"Mr. Bowser!"

"What now! You don't spose I said Sam Patch or Buffalo Bill, do you?"

"But Longfellow was not a painter at all, he was a poet."

He drew in his breath until his face was as red as a beet, and he jumped up and down and flourished his arms like a wind-mill, and finally got voice to roar out:

"I'll bet you nine hundred thousand million quadrillion dollars to that old back comb in your hair! Mrs. Bowser, such assumption and assurance on your part is unbearable!"

"Jane may hear you."

"Jane be hanged, and you, too! Mrs. Bowser, I demand an apology for this insult!"

"Wait till I prove that Longfellow was not an artist, but a poet."

"I'll give you a million dollars if you do it."

I got down the volume of poems by Longfellow which Mr. Bowser had given me a year before, and then I went to the encyclopedia and made a tight case on him. He was at first inclined to give in, but directly he struck the table such a blow that baby screamed out, and then shouted:

"See how it is! You are looking for Longfellow all the time, and I distinctly stated that it was Longfeller! If the printers have got drunk and left the name out am I to blame?"

"Mr. Bowser, I believe I will say I was educated abroad. I will do it to please you."

"Oh! you will! Well, you needn't do any thing of the kind! Folks would all know by your freckles that you sat in the sun in some country school foun'ry! Mrs. Bowser, you've broken up the peace of this fireside by your malicious conduct, and you needn't sit up for me to-night. I may not come home before to-morrow."—Detroit Free Press.

A London tailor has invented a dress-coat and waistcoat combined, by which means the coat is kept in place much better than when separate.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

DAILY BREAD.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—What need have I pray this prayer...

"THE MOTHER OF SERVICE."

Love to Man, the Child of Trust in God, Hides Us Help the Poor Around Us.

We have many restless working people to-day, looking out from factory windows in which they toil...

Imbibe the Spirit!

If one have taken in the spirit of the Gospel, he will not go far wrong.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—There is nothing we receive with so much reluctance as advice.—Addison.

MAKES SOFT OR HARD.

Why Affliction May Not be a Good in Itself. Affliction is not a good in itself.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

When clothes are scorched remove the stain by placing the garment where the sun can shine on it.—Chicago News.

How to Die Rich.

To die rich; to leave a fortune; to amass a great sum, seems to have captivated the hearts of men...

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ANCIENT ACTS.

Some Stringent Temperance Laws Passed in England Centuries Ago.

Professional Etiquette

prevents some doctors from advertising their skill, but we are bound by no such conventional rules...

Wants the Facts Known.

Mr. Editor: I and my neighbors have been led so many times into buying different things for the liver, kidneys and blood...

WOMEN

Needling renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THIS NEW YEAR

Choice Music Books, Song Classics, Piano Classics, The Royal Singer.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, WHEAT, etc.

OAKLAWN

Percheron Horses, 200 Imported Brood Mares, Large Numbers, All Ages, both Sexes, in Stock.

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SWAYNE'S VERMIFUGE THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE

THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES A SKIN AND HUMOR

HARTER'S IRON TONIC

LADIES

CLYDESDALE and ENGLISH SHIRES

IF THIS

GRIND YOUR OWN BOND

CATARRH

30,000 CARPENTERS

CANCERS

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS

WE WANT YOU

HOG CHOLERA CURED

PILES CURED

CHAMPION HAY PRESSES

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Second Biennial Message of Governor Martin to the Kansas Legislature.

The Marvelous Progress of the State—A Splendid Financial Showing—Bond-Voting Mania.

A Warning as to the Centralizing Influence of Corporations—Sensible Suggestions.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

To be elected Chief Executive of this great, intelligent and progressive State for a second term, is a distinction and honor which I do not deem it inappropriate for me to express to the people of Kansas, through you, their chosen representatives, my grateful appreciation of their generous confidence and profound sense of the responsibilities devolved upon me, and my earnest hope that I may, by an honest, faithful and conscientious performance of my official duties, in some measure justify the faith they have reposed in me.

The growth of Kansas, during the past two years, has been extraordinary. The census of March 1, 1884, gave the State a population of 1,138,414; that of March 1, 1886, showed an increase to 1,465,738, and the population now exceeds 1,500,000. Since the first of January, 1885, fifteen new counties have been organized. Those counties had, at the date of their organization, an aggregate population of 38,841, and they added to the population of the State, three not voting, a total of 13,108 votes. They include a territorial area of 14,356 square miles. Only two of the one hundred counties of the State, embracing an area of 1,860 square miles, remain to be organized.

During the same period, two cities, Wichita and Kansas City, have been organized as cities of the first class, and thirteen, Cherrylee, Abilene, Eureka, Minneapolis, Anthony, El Dorado, Seneca, Wier, Great Bend, Dodge City, Larned, Hutchinson and South Topeka, as cities of the second class.

Two years ago the railway mileage of Kansas aggregated only 4,499 miles, assessed at \$28,453,987, and having seventy-three miles of the State. To-day Kansas has 6,000 miles of completed railway, the assessed value of which is fully \$20,000,000. These lines traverse eighty-six of our one hundred counties.

In 1884 the assessed value of all the property of the State was \$237,002,201; for 1886 it was \$277,575,338. We had, then, 13,011,873 acres in cultivation; last year we had 15,473,456 acres.

These figures indicate the constant growth of the State. This growth, also, is not limited to any other period in the State's history. City and railroad building of the past year has been phenomenal, far exceeding that accomplished during any previous season. The growth of our cities and towns, also, has been unequalled in the history of any State; and the rapid, steady and, in some instances, extravagant increase in property values, is remarkable.

You, gentlemen of the Legislature, are assembled to make laws for this great State. In your hands, therefore, rests the responsibility of directing the expenditure of the public revenues. A large measure, therefore, the honor and welfare of the Commonwealth and the prosperity and happiness of its people depend upon your action. The different State and bureau officers and the boards having charge of our public institutions will all submit to you for your information and consideration, their biennial reports. I trust you will examine these reports carefully, to the end that you may act upon the suggestions or recommendations they embody with deliberation and justice. It is natural that each officer charged with the performance of specific duties, and each board appointed to manage a public trust, should be desirous to meet the needs of his or her department as most important and pressing. Consider carefully all the recommendations thus made, but bear in mind that the State and its people are not the property of any one man or office. The year just closed has not been, in many respects, a prosperous season. The crops have been short, epidemics have brought heavy losses upon stock raisers, the prices of all commodities are low, and the general feeling of the citizens are feeling the stress of the widespread industrial depression. Economy in all appropriations made for the ensuing biennial period, is, therefore, alike desirable and necessary. No expenditure, however small, which is not shown to be essential, and which has a right to complain if, during such a period as the present, unnecessary expenditures are authorized.

NEW COUNTIES. Fifteen new counties have been organized during the past two years, viz: Comanche, February 27, Clark, May 5, Thomas, October 8, and Meade, November 4, 1885; and Hamilton, January 29, Kiowa, March 22, Dodge City, April 1, Leno, June 3, Seward, June 17, Scott, June 22, Stevens, August 3, Gove, September 2, Sherman, September 29, Morton, November 18, and Wichita, December 24, 1886.

Should the Legislature, by changes in county lines, create additional counties, I earnestly recommend that the law governing their organization be made more specific in its directions. It is, in its present form, confusing and inadequate.

The Governor refers to the exciting contests that follow the organization of new counties, the difficulty the Executive has to meet in locating county seats and determining the legal voters, and suggests that he be authorized to appoint some citizen of the State not a resident of the county as census taker.

STATE FINANCES. The reports of the Auditor and Treasurer furnish a detailed and satisfactory exhibit of the financial transactions of the State for the last biennial period. During the two years covered by these reports the receipts of the treasury (including a balance of \$74,512.07 on hand July 1, 1884), aggregated \$6,547,167.23, and the disbursements for the same period were \$6,298,594.17, leaving a balance in the treasury June 30, 1886, of \$248,573.06.

The total bonded debt of the State on the 1st of January, 1887, was \$69,530, showing a reduction since January 1, 1885, of \$106,000. Of the debt outstanding, \$266,000 of bonds were principal, \$18,286 of individuals and corporations, \$574,500 being held by different State funds. The permanent school fund holds \$653,500; the sinking fund, \$12,000; and the University fund, \$20,000.

The bonds and securities in the treasury on the 31st day of December, 1886, aggregated \$1,678,046.66, as follows: Permanent school fund bonds, \$4,000,337.00; sinking fund bonds, \$12,000; University fund bonds, \$20,000; normal school bonds, \$38,000; Agricultural College endowment fund bonds, \$38,000; Agricultural College notes and contracts, \$48,777.88.

From July 1 to December 31, 1886, the receipts of the State Treasury were as follows: From taxes, \$4,649,074.07; from penalties and earnings, \$51,936.47; from license and license fees, \$21,147.00; from the Insurance Department, \$10,121.92; from sales of school lands, principal, \$288,800.00; from sales of school lands, interest, \$140,342.41; from sales of University lands, principal, \$5,527.70; and interest, \$1,097.94; from sales of Normal School lands, principal, \$5,527.70; and interest, \$1,097.94; from sales of Agricultural College lands, principal, \$38,371.94; and interest, \$4,055.61; from principal of county, township and school district bonds, \$86,222.17; and from interest on same, \$14,332.11; from sale of State bonds, \$3,105; and from miscellaneous sources, \$12—making a total of \$1,262,577.94, which, added to the balance on hand June 30, 1886, makes a total of \$1,961,151.00.

The disbursements during the same six months were as follows: On warrants drawn by State Auditor, \$771,607.60; drawn by School Fund Commissioners, \$445,639.89; by State Superintendent of Public Instruction, \$242,470.81; by Regents of Normal School, \$6,000; by Agricultural College Loan Commissioners, \$22,652; by Regents of Agricultural College, \$14,921; on payment of State bonds, \$17,000; and on pay-

ment of coupons, \$29,638.50—making a total of \$1,290,955.30.

The balance in the treasury, December 31, 1886, aggregated \$1,678,046.66, divided among several funds as follows: General revenue, \$1,172,675.65; library, \$1,344.20; insurance, \$6,729.20; State House, \$28,000.54; sinking fund, \$1,876.47; interest fund, \$41,130.06; militia, \$2,431.16; veterinary, \$28,000.21; permanent school fund, \$60,500.00; annual school fund, \$11,465.90; University permanent fund, \$4,748.92; and interest, \$128,430.00; Normal School permanent fund, \$1,801.21; and interest, \$347.54; Agricultural College endowment fund, \$14,341.76; and Agricultural College income fund, \$1,743.87.

DEBT, PROPERTY AND TAXATION. During the past quarter of a century the State has been erecting public buildings that will survive for centuries to come, and paying for them, not by issuing bonds, but by direct taxation. It has built large asylums for the cure of the unfortunate, the orphan and the insane; it has erected colleges, universities and schools for the education of its youth; it has provided institutions for the confinement of the vicious and the criminal, and for the reformation of the wayward; it is building a handsome and commodious, though not extravagant, State House. Its public buildings and grounds, with their equipment, are worth, at a moderate estimate, over \$6,000,000.

The Governor gives a tabulated statement showing the total value of public buildings and grounds to be \$6,080,018.1.

Considering the expenditures thus made in providing public institutions for a new and growing Commonwealth, the burden of taxation imposed by the State has never been excessive. Its government has, as a rule, been economically administered. The salaries of its officials have been moderate. Its indebtedness is very small. The percentage of taxation annually levied for State purposes, rarely large, has been steadily decreasing during the past fourteen years, until, for the present fiscal year, it is less than one-half that levied in 1873.

MUNICIPAL DEBT. The municipal debt of the State, notwithstanding the steady reduction in the percentage of State taxation, the tax burdens in nearly every county are irksome. The rapid and enormous increase of property valuations has brought on corresponding increases in the percentage of tax levied by the municipal authorities. In many counties and cities, indeed, the tax rates have steadily increased. Worse than all, too, the aggregate of municipal indebtedness is rapidly and constantly increasing, until it has reached proportions that should alarm every citizen who has at heart the prosperity of the State and the well-being of its people.

I called the attention of the Legislature to this subject, in my biennial message of 1885, and again in my special message of 1886, and earnestly urged that stringent limitations be placed on the debt-creating and tax-levying authority of counties, cities and towns. The measure was taken, however, and the municipal subdivisions of the State have gone on, voting bonds, and piling up interest-bearing debts that will, in a few years, cripple and dishearten every citizen and employer of their people, and paralyze all public spirit.

Two years ago the municipal indebtedness of the State aggregated \$15,461,929. Of this amount the county indebtedness aggregated \$8,065,748.39; township indebtedness, \$2,829,993.17; and school district, \$4,566,187.53. On the 1st of January, 1887, this dreadful burden of local indebtedness had increased to \$19,267,351.

[Here a tabulated statement is given showing the total indebtedness of the State, county by county, city by city, township by township, and school district by school district, to the amount of \$12,068,078.46, and the amount of bonds issued and to be issued for all other purposes, making a grand total of \$19,267,351. In addition, since January 1, 1886, county, city, township and school district bonds have been voted, but not yet issued, for railroads \$11,161,600, and for all other purposes \$75,400. Total, \$12,243,000.]

If all the bonds thus voted were issued the municipal indebtedness of Kansas would be as follows: County, \$15,461,929.00; Township, \$4,566,187.53; City, \$2,829,993.17; School District, \$4,566,187.53. Total, \$27,425,307.23.

It is hardly probable that all the bonds thus voted, but not yet issued, will ever be earned. But the aggregate of our municipal indebtedness, even if only half of the bonds voted should ever be issued, will exceed \$8,000,000, and it seems to me time to stop, firmly and thoroughly, to this wasteful extravagance. Vast as are the resources of our State, wonderful as its growth has been and bright as its prospects are, neither the productivity and development of the present, nor the hopes of the future will justify a continuance of such reckless folly in bond-voting.

RAILROAD BONDS. It will be observed that \$12,068,078 of the bonds already issued, and \$11,161,600 of those voted but not yet issued, have been voted to aid in building railroads. This system of bond-voting to build railroads began twenty years ago, and continued for nearly a decade. Then came a depression in business and industry, followed by an area of attempted repudiation, the effects of which are still lingering in the country. Three years ago another epidemic of railroad bond-voting broke out, and has since recurred in various parts of the State. The most conservative communities have yielded to the contagion, and the all-absorbing ambition of every county and town in the State seems to be to secure railroads.

It is not just to deprive counties and towns having no railroads of the powers other counties have, thus far, exercised. But if all authority to vote bonds in aid of, or take stock in, railroads was denied to any county, now possessing one or more lines of railway, no repudiation would be done, nor would the building of any legitimate or needed line of railway be retarded or prevented. As long, however, as counties, townships or cities are permitted to vote bonds for such purposes, just so long will the bond-voting continue. One community will vote additional indebtedness on itself because it does not. It may lose advantages it has already secured, and it may lose its property in this age of railroads and unmake cities and towns, and hence a flourishing community on whose commerce and industries the prosperity of hundreds of thousands of people depend, may be destroyed by the building of a legitimate line of railway. Confronted by the alternative of voting bonds or seeing the accumulations and labors of years destroyed, the people, with or without the approval of their judgment, vote the bonds. They can not afford to refuse to do so. It is, on the one hand, the assumption of a burdensome debt, or, on the other hand, the destruction of all their hopes and, possibly, their financial ruin.

It is, therefore, in my judgment, that all authority to vote bonds in aid of railroads was revoked, except in counties having no railway lines within their limits, this bond-voting under duress would cease. Such railroads as the carrying lines of the State will support, and all lines demanded by legitimate business interests, would be built by honest railway enterprise, without regard to local aid. Any other railroads than these are not, and never will be, of advantage to the State. A servile railroad is not a benefit to the communities it pretends to serve. Because such railroads as these, or indeed, any lines of railroad in excess of the carrying trade of a country, retard and prevent the establishment of property values for taxation. I again urge that all authority to vote bonds in aid of railroads was revoked, except in counties having no railway lines within their limits, this bond-voting under duress would cease. Such railroads as the carrying lines of the State will support, and all lines demanded by legitimate business interests, would be built by honest railway enterprise, without regard to local aid.

THE PERMANENT SCHOOL FUND. The permanent school fund now aggregates \$4,000,000, and is invested in interest-bearing bonds. This total, however, includes \$2,000 in bonds of school districts of Comanche County, \$2,500 of Newton County and \$10,000 of Rice County, all of which were issued in violation of section 6, article 6, of the Constitution, have been purchased twelve years ago, and no interest or principal has ever been paid upon them. It also includes \$100,000 in bonds of the city of Lawrence, issued in 1870 and 1871, on which interest has not been paid since 1873. The Legislature of 1883, which the authorities of Lawrence claim, relieved the city from all further liability on these bonds. The permanent school fund has thus, in plain violation of section 6, article 6, of the Constitution, been diminished to the extent of \$114,000, and it should be the duty of the Legislature to take some action looking to replacing this amount.

The permanent school fund is principally derived from the sale of school lands granted to the State by Congress, the sixteenth and thirty-sixth section in every Congressional township, and from the five per centum on all sales of public lands in the State. There are 228 Congressional townships in the State and two sections in each township would make an aggregate of 2,800,200 acres of land. The State also received from Congress, on its admission, 500,000 acres of land, which, if sold, would make an aggregate of 3,300,200 acres of land. The State also received from Congress, on its admission, 500,000 acres of land, which, if sold, would make an aggregate of 3,300,200 acres of land.

THE PUBLIC EDUCATION. In my message to the Legislature of 1885, attention was called to the serious defects in the law providing for the assessment and equalization of property values for taxation. I again invoke attention to this subject, which is of vital importance to the welfare of the State and its tax-payers. The present system is notoriously inadequate to secure a fair and just equalization of property values for taxation. I again invoke attention to this subject, which is of vital importance to the welfare of the State and its tax-payers. The present system is notoriously inadequate to secure a fair and just equalization of property values for taxation.

THE REPORT OF THE STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. The report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, for the year ending June 30, 1886, shows a steady increase in the number of scholars attending the common schools. The total number of scholars attending the common schools was 1,138,414, an increase of 106,000 over the year ending June 30, 1885. The total number of scholars attending the normal schools was 1,138,414, an increase of 106,000 over the year ending June 30, 1885.

Public Instruction furnishes full information concerning the development of our public school system. The school population of the State—persons between the ages of five and twenty—years—is now 497,788, an increase of 86,265 over 1884. The scholars enrolled numbered 365,379, an increase of 61,888 during the same period. The average daily attendance was 219,008, an increase of 32,609. It will be observed that, notwithstanding the ample educational facilities provided by the people of Kansas for the education of our youth, less than one-half of the school population attends the public schools. These figures, however, hardly serve as a fair illustration of non-attendance. Few parents deem it wise to subject children under seven years of age to the confinement or discipline of the school room, and, except in a few of the larger cities, where high schools are provided, boys and girls over sixteen or seventeen years of age rarely attend the district schools. The least number employed in 1886 numbered 8,312; those employed in 1886 numbered 9,387. The average wages paid teachers, per month, were: males, \$42.92; females, \$33.82. There has been a steady increase in teachers' salaries for many years. The average salary in 1886 numbered 8,312; those employed in 1886 numbered 9,387. The average wages paid teachers, per month, were: males, \$42.92; females, \$33.82. There has been a steady increase in teachers' salaries for many years. The average salary in 1886 numbered 8,312; those employed in 1886 numbered 9,387.

RECEIPTS—Balance in district treasuries, August 1, 1885, \$13,000.00; amount received from county treasurers for district taxes, \$3,670,616.70; from State and county school funds, \$408,159.57; from sale of school bonds, \$713,734.65; from all other sources, \$174,904.34; making a total of \$4,920,315.26.

EXPENDITURES—Amount paid for teachers' wages and supervision, \$2,315,241.45; for rent, repairs, fuel and incidentals, \$584,723.34; for district libraries and school apparatus, \$1,650,101.10; for printing, \$78,375.11; and for all other purposes, \$213,745.09; making a total of \$4,848,017.59, leaving in hands of district treasurers, July 31, 1886, a balance of \$627,747.10.

THE SUGGESTIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE STATE BOARD OF PAROLENS. The State Board of Parolens, the Agricultural College at Manhattan, and the Normal School at Emporia, are all in a prosperous condition, with a steadily increasing enrollment of students. The Agricultural College, the Normal School at Emporia, are all in a prosperous condition, with a steadily increasing enrollment of students. The Agricultural College, the Normal School at Emporia, are all in a prosperous condition, with a steadily increasing enrollment of students.

THE STATE BOARD OF PAROLENS. The State Board of Parolens has held such meetings as the law requires, has carefully and patiently investigated all applications made for the pardon of law-breakers, and has submitted to me full and intelligent reports of its findings in each case, with such recommendations as the judgment of its members, the facts ascertained seemed to justify. The Legislature, in providing for such a tribunal, acted wisely. The exercise of the pardoning power by the Executive before the creation of this board, was practically without responsibility. It was, therefore, too often looked upon as an act of personal favor, and the friends, family or counsel of the offender, who are alone interested in the pardon for clemency, bringing appeals on their behalf, suffering, or interest, rather than on fair considerations of justice and mercy.

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THE SCHOOL FUND COMMISSIONERS are meeting with increasing diligence, and after years of keeping this fund invested, the law governing such investments needs attention, and the Legislature should devise some plan by means of which the money coming into the school fund can be promptly invested in safe interest-bearing securities.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS. The Biennial Report of the Board of Trustees of the State Charitable Institutions, with its accompanying reports of the superintendent of the State House, the State Reform School at Topeka, the Institute for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb at Olathe, and that for the Education of the Blind at Wyandotte, the Asylum for Idiots and Imbecile Youth, now at Leavenworth, and soon to be removed to Winfield, and the new Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Atchison. These numerous charitable, educational and reformatory institutions entail upon the State burdens, which increase as our population increases. The cost of maintaining these institutions, costing \$363,300, were erected during the last two fiscal years, yet all the institutions are crowded to their utmost capacity, and the present facts and figures showing a demand for the supervision of the Legislature, to the defects of the system provided by law for the management of these institutions. In my judgment it does not afford such supervision as we desire, the institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb at Olathe, the Institute for the Education of the Blind at Wyandotte, the Asylum for Idiots and Imbecile Youth, now at Leavenworth, and soon to be removed to Winfield, and the new Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Atchison.

THE DISTRICT COURTS. Two years ago I called the attention of the Legislature to the necessity for an equitable division of the State into judicial districts. There were now twenty-four district judges, and if their labors were fairly apportioned not one of them would be overburdened, and all the legal business of the State could be promptly and fairly dispatched. But as the judicial districts are now formed, several of the judges have abundant leisure, while others, holding courts every month, are unable to keep their dockets abreast of the business. The Legislature would avoid the necessity of creating additional districts, and thus prevent an increase of judicial expenses.

OUR DIVORCE LAWS. Grave complaints are made from many sources concerning our laws relating to divorce, which it is believed establish such grounds for separation as inevitably tend to make the marriage contract one carelessly assumed, because easy to be broken. At a single term of the district court in one county fourteen divorce cases, all brought within three months, were on the docket. The most common ground for these suits is "abandonment for one year," and between parties who for any cause desire to obtain a divorce, collusion upon this ground is easy, and the necessary proof readily furnished. It is believed that citizens of other states are taking advantage of this loose provision in our laws and coming here for the sole purpose of obtaining a divorce. It is, in fact, neither practical, comprehensive nor economical, and should give place to some system that will provide for a more constant, watchful and intelligent visitation, oversight and supervision.

STATE BONDS. It may be said, in this connection, that our entire system of supervision for State institutions embodies features of extravagance and expense, which should be reformed. The business of the State has outgrown the old methods, and demands others more comprehensive and economical. The board of trustees of the State Charitable Institutions should be relieved of the supervision of the State Reform School, all the penal and reformatory institutions, including the penitentiary, the industrial reformatory, and reform school, should be under the supervision of one board, composed of not more than five members. One member of each of these two boards, its chairman or its secretary, should devote his entire time to such duties of visitation, auditing accounts, inspecting supplies and property, etc., as might be required by law, and the mileage system should be abolished.

THE MILEAGE SYSTEM. The payment of members of State boards or other officers under the mileage system is extended to secure a fair, honest vote, and to insure an honest count of the ballot. The registry law now in force is notoriously defective. It promotes and encourages, rather than prevents, illegal voting. I respectfully request the Legislature to amend the law so that the necessary expense, and its servants to unscrupulous and dishonest practices, should be paid liberally per diem for services, and necessary expenses while traveling to and returning from meetings. Every provision of law which allows circulating fraudulent tickets, and mileage payments, should be at once repealed.

PENITENTIARY. The report of the directors of the penitentiary, including the reports of the warden, superintendent of coal mine and other officers of the institution, are submitted herewith. They present in detail the condition and work of the penitentiary during the last biennial period, and furnish estimates of its needs for the future. The necessary repairs to the building, and the cost of the inmate is apparent. This institution is crowded beyond capacity. On the 1st of July, 1886, it contained 171 prisoners; July 1, 1885, it contained 162 prisoners; July 1, 1884, it contained 153 prisoners. The total cost of the penitentiary for the year ending June 30, 1886, was \$64,771.25. In the expenditures, too, are counted a total of \$40,000 for permanent improvements, and \$24,771.25 for the year ending June 30, 1886. The total cost of the penitentiary for the year ending June 30, 1886, was \$64,771.25. In the expenditures, too, are counted a total of \$40,000 for permanent improvements, and \$24,771.25 for the year ending June 30, 1886.

THE STATE REFORMATORY. The report of the directors of the State Reformatory at Hutchinson is submitted herewith, and the Legislature should make provision for organizing an official force, and for the erection of the administration and other necessary buildings. In my special message of 1886 I expressed my warm approval of the purpose of the institution, and my belief that not one-half of the prisoners sentenced to confinement in the penitentiary naturally belong to the criminal classes. Their age, the nature of their offenses, the light sentence imposed, and the fact that many of them are young men, all argue in favor of their reformation. The expense of the Boards of Regents might be reduced, as I have elsewhere suggested, by the reorganization of the system; and would not advance placing the management of the three institutions in charge of one board.

THE PERMANENT SCHOOL FUND. The permanent school fund now aggregates \$4,000,000, and is invested in interest-bearing bonds. This total, however, includes \$2,000 in bonds of school districts of Comanche County, \$2,500 of Newton County and \$10,000 of Rice County, all of which were issued in violation of section 6, article 6, of the Constitution, have been purchased twelve years ago, and no interest or principal has ever been paid upon them. It also includes \$100,000 in bonds of the city of Lawrence, issued in 1870 and 1871, on which interest has not been paid since 1873. The Legislature of 1883, which the authorities of Lawrence claim, relieved the city from all further liability on these bonds. The permanent school fund has thus, in plain violation of section 6, article 6, of the Constitution, been diminished to the extent of \$114,000, and it should be the duty of the Legislature to take some action looking to replacing this amount.

THE STATE BOARD OF PAROLENS. The State Board of Parolens has held such meetings as the law requires, has carefully and patiently investigated all applications made for the pardon of law-breakers, and has submitted to me full and intelligent reports of its findings in each case, with such recommendations as the judgment of its members, the facts ascertained seemed to justify. The Legislature, in providing for such a tribunal, acted wisely. The exercise of the pardoning power by the Executive before the creation of this board, was practically without responsibility. It was, therefore, too often looked upon as an act of personal favor, and the friends, family or counsel of the offender, who are alone interested in the pardon for clemency, bringing appeals on their behalf, suffering, or interest, rather than on fair considerations of justice and mercy.

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