

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

WORLD COMMERCIAL COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOLUME XII.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1886.

NUMBER 19

THE WORLD AT LARGE

A Summary of the Daily News.

CONGRESS.

On the 1st a letter from the Secretary of War was laid before the Senate transmitting the report on the militia force of the United States. After routine business the Senate took up and passed the bill providing for the division of part of the Sioux reservation in Dakota and the relinquishment of the Indians' title to the remainder. The next measure on the calendar was Mr. Morgan's resolution relating to the appointment of the trustees provided for in the recent Utah bill. At two o'clock the Electoral Count bill displaced Mr. Morgan's resolution. Mr. Hoar addressed the Senate in favor of an amendment offered by Mr. Sherman opposing the amendment. Mr. Ingalls also addressed the Senate, when Mr. Evans, opposing the amendment, moved into executive session, and when the doors reopened adjourned. In the House Mr. Hancock, on Kansas, proposed a resolution of privilege and proceeded to read an article from a New York newspaper relating to the case of a man, but as the article did not reflect on him personally he was decided out of order. Mr. Hancock then introduced a bill, which was adopted, and after further wrangling the subject was dropped. When the call of States was called the Senate adjourned. At two o'clock the House adjourned. Mr. Watson, of Indiana, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill increasing the pensions of soldiers' widows from \$2 to \$12, with an amendment providing that the same should be paid to widows who were married to the deceased soldiers prior to his passage. The motion finally prevailed and the bill passed, yeas, 168; nays, 65. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 2d among the petitions presented and appropriately referred were several by Mr. Frye, from various organizations of the Knights of Labor of Maine, praying that the territory known as Oklahoma might be opened to settlers. Mr. Riddleberger offered a resolution, in effect that it is the right of the Senate to call any paper relating to removals and appointments and that it is the duty of the Executive to comply with the demand. Mr. Frye submitted a substitute for the resolution and the matter went over. Mr. Morgan's resolution regarding the territory known as Utah bill was then placed before the Senate and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The Attorney General's report in respect to the Dustin case was referred. A statement was made on the authority of the Attorney General that the same had obtained its information in regard to the Dustin letter from the Department of Justice. The Electoral Count bill and Mr. Evans' address to the Senate. The Dakota bill was then placed before the Senate and Mr. Logan introduced a bill, which gave way for an executive session, after which the Senate adjourned. In the House resolutions in respect to the memory of Vice-President Hendricks were offered, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate on the 3d the resolution offered by Mr. Riddleberger, and Mr. Pugh's substitute, relating to the relations between the President and Senate in regard to information and papers affecting Government officers suspended or appointed, came up for action, and upon a motion by Mr. Pugh were laid on the table. A bill was passed for the benefit of the States of Texas, Colorado, Oregon, Nebraska, California, Nevada, and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, providing that in case of the loss of original vendors required by the settlement of claims the Secretary of War may accept copies thereof, properly certified. The Dakota bill was then placed before the Senate and debated until adjournment. In the House a spirited debate took place over a resolution of Mr. Brand calling for certain information from the Secretary of the Treasury in regard to the policy to be pursued in payment of silver coin, etc. The resolution was adopted. In Committee of the Whole bills were considered, among them the bill relating to the taxation of fractional parts of a gallon distilled by Mr. McMillan. Mr. Mills, of Texas, offered an amendment providing that all taxes imposed by this act should be paid in standard silver. The committee upon the entire silver question without action. The committee arose and the House adjourned.

In the Senate on the 4th a communication was received from the Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to an inquiry, stating that the "consensus fund" amounted to \$2,225,442. Petitions were received asking for the opening of Oklahoma. The bill providing for the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy then came up and brought on a lengthy discussion. The Dakota bill then came up and was debated until adjournment. Among the bills introduced were one by Mr. Ingalls authorizing the Atchison Bridge Company to build a bridge across the Missouri River at Atchison, Mo., and one by Mr. Plumb appropriating \$150,000 to complete the public buildings at Fort Scott, Kan. In the House Mr. Hammon introduced a bill brought up the bill to prevent the claiming of war taxes, under the act of August 5, 1861, and the acts amendatory thereof, by the United States, being set off against States having claims against the Government. Pending consideration the morning hour expired and the House, in Committee of the Whole, further considered the Shipping bill. When the committee arose the bill passed, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate on the 5th more petitions were presented favoring the opening of Oklahoma. The Dakota bill then came up and a lengthy debate followed at the close of which the bill was passed. The bill divides the Territory of Dakota on the line of the 46th parallel latitude, providing for the admission of the southern portion as a State under the title of Dakota, and the northern portion into a separate Territory, to be named Lincoln. Adjourned until Monday. In the House bills were considered in Committee of the Whole and several bills of a local character passed. Mr. Randall, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported the Pension bill, which appropriates \$75,151,264, an increase of about \$3,000,000 over last year. After making the Fitz John Porter bill a controversial special order from Thursday the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON NOTES.
SREYTOR GENERAL DEMENT, of Utah, was examined by the Senate Committee on Public Lands recently with reference to publications which embodied alleged utterances of his implicating Senators, members of Congress and high executive officials in Washington and Utah in conspiracies to misappropriate public lands and to influence by bribery legislation affecting the Mormons. Dement denied the statements attributed to him.
GENERAL DAVID HUNTER, who was president of the court that tried Mrs. SURFITT for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, died at Washington on the 2d.

The statement of the coinage executed at the mints of the United States during the month of January, 1886, showed a total coinage of 799,880 pieces; value, \$6,209,470.
GENERAL HAZEN, the chief signal officer, has made a contract with Prof. King, the aeronaut, to write out his experiences in balloon ascensions and to prepare a treatise upon the atmospheric conditions above the clouds. He is to be paid \$100 for the job.
The President has pardoned George R. Sims, convicted of conspiracy to defraud the Government in pension cases and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

THE EAST.

BETWEEN 3,000 and 4,000 empty cars are side tracked at various points near Pittsburgh, Pa., as a result of the coke strike. There was coke enough, it was asserted, but the strikers would not permit it to be loaded.

The striking Williamstown, Pa., miners concluded to go to work on expectations of an advance March 1.

At a meeting at New York recently of the grape growers and wine producers of the country it was resolved to form a National association and to ask Congress to legislate against the adulteration of wine.

A REVOLT occurred in Riverside penitentiary near Pittsburgh, Pa., the other morning, in which three deputies were injured.

FIRE in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently destroyed the Seventh Avenue Railroad Company's barn and sixteen new cars.

The Commercial Bulletin, of New York, estimates the January fire loss of the United States and Canada at \$12,000,000, \$3,000,000 more than the average January loss in the past ten years. There were sixteen large fires, on which the loss aggregated \$5,000,000, or more than 40 per cent. of the entire fire waste of the month.

The United States Government has awarded to Captain Miller and Second Officer Roberts of the Lord Gough each a gold watch and chain, and to Seaman John Purdy, Samuel Fry, H. Dix and Thomas E. Wart each \$25 in recognition of the rescue of the captain and crew of the American schooner Cleopatra off the coast of Massachusetts on December 7.

HERBERT, the Captain of the tug boat that capsized a boat of the Austrian corvette in North river, New York, drowning six of the crew, has been held for culpable negligence.

The street car strike in New York ended in the companies acceding to the demands of the men.

A NUMBER of the excited striking coke workers of Uniontown, Pa., have brought suit against the company for damages.

An entire basing party was recently expelled from the State Normal College at Kutztown, Pa.

THE MINNEAPOLIS express train ran into a train consisting of three engines and a caboose on the Central Iowa railway, at Manley Junction, near Waterloo, Iowa, recently. One engine and the caboose were completely demolished, and the engineer of the wrecked engine killed and two other train men seriously and probably fatally injured.

A TERRIFIC explosion occurred recently at the Miami powder works, at Ope's station, near Xenia, O., where three large powder mills were blown to atoms, and Gustave Snyder, superintendent of the works, was so badly burned and bruised that he could not recover.

The largest oil well in the Ohio field was developed on Moore & Brotherton's territory near Lima, O. The oil shot into the air to the height of seventy feet when the tools were withdrawn. The well will exceed 150 barrels per day.

A DELEGATION of five stalwart Osage Indians, from the Indian Territory, left St. Louis recently for Washington to see the President and to protest against the division of their lands in severalty.

W. L. DOWD, a farmer seven miles north of Shelbyville, Ill., was reported as having several horses afflicted with a disease which competent authorities pronounced to be glanders.

The Star, of Tucson, A. T., says the killing of Captain Crawford by Mexicans was premeditated.

J. M. BURFORD, a merchant of Saybrook, Ill., failed the other day with \$30,000 liabilities and \$14,200 assets.

A DISPATCH from Chillicothe, O., states that excitement prevails in the vicinity of Lattaville, Ross County, over the alleged discovery of silver on a farm. Specimens of the ore were sent to a mining expert, who declared it rich silver quartz.

ALBERT COOLEY, a farmer living three miles from McGregor, Iowa, with his entire family, consisting of his wife, two boys and one girl, were all burned to death in their house the other night.

In a small switch house, near East St. Louis recently, while six men were crowded around the stove, a malicious scoundrel or a tomfool poured coal oil down the stove-pipe. The men were terribly burned and it was thought would lose their eyesight. The perpetrator was unknown.

An aged and eccentric lady living near Mt. Pleasant, O., was recently robbed, murdered and burned in her dwelling by unknown parties.

THE SOUTH.
The internal revenue agents have finished an extensive raid on illicit distillers in Overton County, Tenn., seizing twelve crooked concerns within a radius of twelve miles. A party of moonshiners fired upon the posse, who returned shots and compelled their assailants to retreat.

J. W. WALTER, postmaster at Quincy, a small town in Newton County, Ark., was driven away by his neighbors. It was understood that grievances, personal in their nature, growing out of a dislike of his manner of treating persons having business at the office, was the cause.

It was reported at El Paso, Tex., on the 2d that the Apache hostile chief Geronimo had surrendered to Lieutenant Maus, who succeeded Captain Crawford, lately killed by the mistake of Mexican soldiers.

A DISPATCH from Houston, Tex., of the 2d says: George L. Porter, wholesale grocer, made an assignment this afternoon. Liabilities placed at \$122,000 and assets \$114,000. Later in the day the Houston Flour Mills Company succumbed. Liabilities, \$82,000. The assets embrace the mill property only.

A DISASTROUS collision occurred the other morning on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad at Staunton, Va. No. 3 night express ran into a freight train on a siding and completely wrecked both engines. Fireman Gettings, of Richmond, and several others were seriously injured.

At Greenville, Miss., the other night, a fire destroyed the stores and stocks of L. E. Rothchild, E. G. McPherson, Mulane & Co. and M. E. Rosenthal & Sons. Loss, \$30,000; insurance, \$46,000.

GENERAL.

THE NEW Gladstone ministry was officially announced on the evening of the 3d, as follows: Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, W. E. Gladstone; Lord High Chancellor, Sir Farrar Herschell, Q. C.; Lord President of the Council, Earl Spencer; Secretary of the Home Department, Hugh C. H. Childers; Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Earl Rosebery; Secretary of the Colonial Department, Earl Granville; Secretary for India, Earl Kimberley; Secretary for War, C. Bannerman; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir W. V. Harcourt; First Lord of the Admiralty, Marquis of Ripon; President of the Local Government Board, Joseph Chamberlain; Secretary of State for Scotland (a new office), George P. Trevelyan; President of the Board of Trade, Anthony John Mundell; Chief Secretary for Ireland, John Morley; Lord High Steward of Her Majesty's Household, Earl Sydney; Secretary to the Treasury, Arnold Forster; Attorney General, Charles Russell, Q. C.

The Greek Government, replying to the second note from the Powers, says it considered any obstacle offered to the free disposal of the Hellenic forces incompatible with Greek independence and therefore declined responsibility for an eventual conflict.

The Porte supports the demand of Bulgaria for a war indemnity from Serbia.

The German bark Unkel Braesig, from Galveston for Queenstown, foundered at sea on the 20th ult.

MANY persons were driven out of their homes at Bellville, Ont., recently by an overflow of the Moira river, caused by an ice gorge.

In the French Chamber of Deputies on the 4th, during the debate of the motion to dispose of the crown diamonds by sale, the Comte L'Anjouinais, speaking in opposition to the motion, predicted the overthrow of the Republic. Instantly the Chamber was thrown into a state of chaos and the air was filled with howls and groans.

The St. Quentin (France) strikers recently attempted to hold a meeting, but were prohibited by the town officials. In revenge they broke in the windows of the factories and of the residences of the managers.

LOUIS SALISBURY, replying to an address of English laboring men recently, said the laboring question was of more importance than the Irish question. He denounced foreign governments who paid bounties to particular industries, saying it was a false and unjust economy.

VERESCHAGIN, the Austrian artist, in a letter to the Viennese editors, says he possesses proof that there is a letter in the hands of the police showing complicity on the part of the highest personages in Vienna in egging on the wretches who threw vitriol on his pictures.

PRINCE BISMARCK has ordered the hauling down of the German flag on the island of the Caroline group occupied by the Germans previous to the decision of the Pope.

The notorious Russian nihilist Isanoff has been captured. The men who tracked him have been rewarded with 3,000 rubles.

CABLE orders have been received in Winnipeg, Man., to begin the construction of the Hudson Bay railroad from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill.

The business failures for the seven days ended the 4th numbered: For the United States, 283; for Canada, 34; total, 317; as against 289 the week previous.

THE LATEST.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—In reply to inquiries this evening, Mr. Heard said that he easily understood why the Sedalia postmaster was not disposed of at the same time with Doliver. He filed papers with his recommendation for the latter office two weeks earlier than he did for the Sedalia appointment. He said: "I have seen Mr. Vilas within the past two or three days and he assured me the Sedalia appointment would be made just as soon as the office could be reached in the regular order of vacancies. I look for Mr. Russell's nomination in the next batch sent to the Senate."

MISSOURIANS here have a story as to the manner in which a reconciliation was brought about between Heard and Russell. They affirm that the Missouri Senators did it; that they personally advised Mr. Heard to accept Mr. Russell's overtures and to recommend Russell for the appointment. The Senators refused to interfere in the case so far as to make any recommendation for the office, contrary to Heard's wishes, but warmly urged the compromise for the good of the party. Heard so the story goes, yielded to this pressure and endorsed Russell after all other efforts to bring him over had failed.

GREENVILLE, Ills., Feb. 6.—Ever since the coming of the snow our citizens of all sexes have been amusing themselves night and day by coasting on Mill Hill, a heavy incline on one of the principal streets leading out of the city. The practice has become a terror to the country people, who come to town by that road, for the fright and danger to themselves and teams, and last night the city council took up their cause and declared coasting on the streets a nuisance. It is seventeen days before the ordinance to that effect can become enforced and the city is stopping the sport in the meantime by covering the hill with cinders.

CENDEO, W. Va., Feb. 6.—Greenbrier valley is a thickly settled community five miles west of Wayne Court House. For the past three weeks a great religious awakening has prevailed in the neighborhood, and as a result nearly every person within a radius of four or five miles, not already a member, has united with the church, it being of the Missionary Baptist denomination. Last Sabbath was set apart as a day for observing impressive ceremonies of baptism, there being fifty-five candidates. The occasion brought together a congregation from far and near, estimated at 2,000, to witness the ordinance, which was by immersion. The ice, many inches in thickness, was removed from a clean, deep pool of water in the little river, and the fifty-five were plunged under, the time occupied being but fifty seconds. The entire country for miles is absorbed in the great revival, and all secular work for the time has been abandoned.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

Kansas Legislature.

The Senate was not in session on the 9th. In the House a bill was introduced for the admission of the Rock Island road into the State. The Senate bill ceasing jurisdiction to the United States over certain lots in Wichita as a site for a Federal building, passed the House on Wednesday. The Committee of the Whole, when the bill authorizing railroads in certain cases to change grade, was introduced, was favorably recommended. Adjourned.

The Senate met at four p. m. on the 1st, when the bills were introduced and several bills passed. Among the bills passed were: An act to authorize cities to establish and maintain free libraries; to authorize counties, cities and municipal townships to issue bonds to aid railroads in certain cases; amending the general statutes relating to fish, and several local bills. Adjourned. In the House quite a number of bills were considered in Committee of the Whole and favorably recommended, among them the bill for the reorganization of the State for women's suffrage were presented. Among the bills introduced were one to compel tramps to work in the county jail and giving all persons the right to apprehend them, after being amended so that the law should apply to the Denver, Memphis & Atlantic road to change its gauge; also the bill authorizing the issue of bonds to aid railroads in certain cases. The morning session was devoted to the consideration of the bill in relation to the inauguration of coal and other minerals in Kansas, which was passed. The bill was passed on the 2d. The resolution providing that the Governor and Attorney General employ counsel to assist in the prosecution of the Walruff case was passed, after being amended so that the cost for such services should not exceed \$2,500. Several bills were introduced and several unimportant bills were passed. The bill changing the law in regard to the death penalty was taken up and discussed, when the Senate adjourned. The bill providing that persons convicted of murder shall be confined in the penitentiary six months, at the end of which time the warden shall execute the sentence by hanging the convict. In the House Mr. Holman introduced a bill to regulate the levy and enforcement of a railroad for common carriers. The bill would enable all school districts to share alike the benefits of taxes paid by railroads and corporations for school purposes. The committee of the Whole the bill to create a board of survey to conduct experiments to determine the existence of coal and other minerals in Kansas, was recommended for passage. Instead of accepting the majority or minority report of the committee on the bill, the workings of the Live-Stock Sanitary Commission, the House adopted a resolution providing for a special committee to report on the subject. Ten bills, all local, passed. Adjourned.

MORE petitions for woman suffrage were presented to the Senate on the 2d. The bill on Agriculture reported back the bill abolishing the office of State Veterinarian, with the recommendation that it be indefinitely postponed. A paper from the Attorney General presented to the Senate, in which the official gave the opinion that townships voting bonds in aid of railroads can not exceed the limits fixed by the law of 1875. The bill to authorize counties, cities and municipal townships to issue bonds for the purpose of aiding railroads in certain cases, was passed. The bill providing for the enforcement of contracts made by railroad companies in consideration of municipal, county and township bonds, was recommended for passage. The bill appropriating \$1,500 to Frank Bacon for services as Commissioner to the New Orleans exposition, was passed. The bill appropriating \$1,000 to Frank Bacon for services as Commissioner to the New Orleans exposition, was passed. The bill appropriating \$1,000 to Frank Bacon for services as Commissioner to the New Orleans exposition, was passed. The bill appropriating \$1,000 to Frank Bacon for services as Commissioner to the New Orleans exposition, was passed.

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DESTRUCTION.

The Grand Haven Freight House Burned—Destroyed by a Volcano—A Colorado Snowslide.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., Feb. 2.—Fire broke out at 10:30 last night in the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee freight house, and in a few minutes nearly half of that immense structure, which stretches nearly three squares from north to south, was on fire. The fire department responded quickly, but owing to the fierce southwest gale and intense cold, was unable to check the fire's progress, and soon the entire structure was a mass of flames. The department worked heroically, but could save nothing in the freight house and elevator, and all energy was directed to adjoining buildings. The passenger steamer City of Milwaukee was lying alongside the elevator and was badly scorched. At 11:35 p. m. the elevator was entirely enveloped in fierce flames, together with the remainder of the warehouse, and nothing could save it. Lumber yards are just north of the fire and a large portion of the city was threatened. Twenty-five or thirty freight cars were destroyed. At 11:45 o'clock the elevator fell and the warehouse north of the elevator caught fire. At 12:30 o'clock the fire was under control but was still fiercely burning. Although covered with corrugated iron, the buildings would have all gone like tinder but for the hard and intelligent work of the firemen. The gale continued blowing fiercely, but had shifted to the west which aided materially in the hour of greatest need. The total loss will not fall short of \$250,000, which amount is supposed to be fully insured. It is conjectured that in connection with the sheds yet standing, temporary sheds will at once be put up and business on the part of the railroad company will not suffer. There is considerable storage room in the part of the sheds saved.

DESTROYED BY A VOLCANO.

PANAMA, Feb. 2.—The Government Commission, consisting of Prof. Rocketrock and Mr. Walker, sent from Guatemala to report upon the probability of an outbreak of the Pacaya volcano, announces the total destruction of the village of St. Vincente Pacaya. Some tiled-roof houses completely collapsed, making such a cloud of dust as to create the belief that a new crater had opened. The hot springs near Lake Matellan emit a larger volume of water at a higher temperature than usual. The crater of Pacaya remains unchanged, while that of Fuego has been very lively.

THREE MEN KILLED BY AN AVALANCHE.

BRICKENRIDGE, Col., Feb. 2.—Sunday, while a party of men were clearing the snow from the track of the Denver & Pacific railroad, six miles above Frisco, a snowslide five hundred feet wide and twenty-five feet deep came down the mountain, sweeping away the track. John McWilliams and two shovellers were buried under one hundred feet of snow and rocks at the bottom of the mountain. Their bodies have not yet been recovered.

THE PRESIDENT'S REFUSAL.

The Senate Considering What to Do About It—Final Action Deferred.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The Senate had a long executive session yesterday afternoon, and it was nearly dark before adjournment. The report of Attorney General Garland on the resolution adopted in executive session last week calling for the papers on file in the Department of Justice connected with the removal and appointment of a United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama, was under discussion. Inasmuch as the Attorney General had seen proper to give a copy of his report to the President, Mr. Edmunds could not see any impropriety in considering it publicly and giving the widest publicity to the action of the committee. Mr. Butler objected to having the matter discussed in open session, and considerable debate followed over the general proposition to consider any kind of executive business with open doors. Mr. Hoar during the debate claimed jurisdiction of the report from the Attorney General for his Committee on Privileges and Elections, but after some discussion his claim was disallowed. Before taking final action on the question of discussing the matter in open session the report on objection went over to the next executive session.

A JOLIET JUMBLE.

The Municipal Law to be Amended in Order to Suppress the Salvation Army.

JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 1.—The trouble between the city officials and the Salvationists will be brought to an end by amending the ordinance so that it will read that "no society, class or sect can parade or create any diversion or make any loud noise or obstruct the street, tending to scare law-abiding citizens, or obstruct the passage of water without first obtaining the mayor's permission in writing and giving a good bond for any damage that may result." The aldermen, Protestants included, unanimously sustained the mayor, and one of the aldermen reported that an investigation had found that the Salvation Army had abused its privileges, and that had they accepted the privileges offered by the mayor as they should have done and not defied his authority, no disturbance would have been precipitated.

Lodged in the Brain.

STURGEON, Mo., Feb. 2.—A shooting scrape took place about eight miles south of Sturgeon late Thursday evening, which will doubtless prove fatal to one of the parties. It seems that Alex. Winn and John Winn, distant relatives, had a dispute over land matters, and from words they came to blows. Alex. Winn, who was a powerful man, physically, was pressing hard upon John Winn, so we are informed, when David Riekey, a relative of John Winn, drew his revolver and shot

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

BOTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

DON'T YOU THINK SO?

It's all very well to be jolly
When every thing's going just right;
When, in summer, skies showing no hint of
A shadow, the sun shining bright;
When around you your merry friends cluster
With many a laugh-bringing jest,
And wherever you turn you discover
The world in its gala robes dressed.
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly
When mirth-loving spirits have fled;
When your path is in gloominess shrouded,
And the tempest hails over your head;
When fainter hearts beg you to cheer them,
Though your own heart be lonely and drear,
And you scarce can help thinking if ever
The darkness will quite disappear.

The bird that sings sweetly when golden
The earth is and gentle the wind,
When the bees hum their joy o'er the honey
That hid in the flowers, they find,
When, vying in beauty and fragrance,
Red roses and white lilies grow,
And butterflies, splendid in raiment,
Through their airy realm flit to and fro,
Is a dear little songster; but dearer
Is the bird with its joy-giving strain
Undaunted trills loudly and gayly
In spite of the chill and the rain;
For that to be jolly 'tis easy
In sunshine, when all is a doubt;
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly
When there's naught to be jolly about.
—Margaret Egle, in Harper's Weekly.

STRANGE HISTORY.

A Murder Mystery Cleared Up At Last.

The bell on the little church in the mountain town of Sylvanite was tolling its mournful record—thirty-four, the age of the man whose funeral was about to occur. Thirty-four years on earth, and what had it brought Charles Thurston, the man who lay dead in front of the little altar, with a few hardy miners sitting there in apparently listless indifference, and yet their hearts were moved, not so much from sympathy for the dead man as a real human pity for the young thing, who for hours had lain almost as an immovable fixture across the foot of the coffin, with her long hair almost hiding it as a pall. Lena Thurston was the dead man's only relative in this part of the country, and despite the many shortcomings of her father had adhered to him through good and evil report, and now clung to the poor remains as to the last link which bound her to humanity.

Some years before Charles Thurston had made his appearance in the camp with his wife and young daughter, and engaged in mining, having subleased a claim on the Golconda. His home was located in a small cabin on the outskirts of the town in the direction of the mines, and although it was evident that his wife was a lady accustomed to good society, there was something about her that suggested a broken heart. At all events, the Thurstons lived in their little cabin alone, Mrs. Thurston and her little daughter being seldom seen except when necessity compelled them to come down town for indispensable articles. As for Thurston, he was cross, gloomy and morose, and by his manner seemed to repel the sympathy or hospitality which would have been so freely extended by the people of the camp. After a time the meek-looking, sad-eyed wife was seen no more outside the cabin, and it became known that she was ill. Some few of the miners' wives tendered their good offices but they were roughly and rather rudely refused by Thurston. That winter was a terribly cold one, and it was known that Mrs. Thurston was drooping gradually but surely, her disease being consumption, hastened, it was said, by the altitude and rigor of the climate and, it was darkly hinted, by the cruel treatment of her husband. At all events, just as the snow was leaving the mountain sides and the mountain lilies and fleur de lilies were peeping up with their modest bloom Caroline Thurston laid down the burdens of her life and she was buried at the edge of the timber, where the columbines and white honeysuckles would shortly frame the romantic grave with their gorgeous settings and fill the air with their wild and peculiar incense.

After the death of his wife Thurston was, if anything, more morose and disagreeable than ever, hardly ever speaking and seldom deigning to answer when spoken to. One peculiarity was his long and frequent absences from home, during which the poor girl Lena was absolutely alone. It was upon his return from these mysterious visits, which were sometimes of weeks' duration, that Thurston's manner was, if anything, more fierce and forbidding than at other times. Then came a period of horror in the camp. News came one morning, shortly after the day shift had gone on duty, that the timber in the main drift of the Golconda between the breast where the men were at work and the entrance, had given way, and five men were entombed fated apparently for a horrible death. Volunteers from the two night shifts were quickly on the ground, one of the first being Charles Thurston, who, seemingly endowed with the strength of ten men, inspired the others by his deeds of heroism to unheard of bravery. After several hours of unremitting labor the immense pile of debris was removed and the men released from their living tomb with but slight injuries. Thurston was the last one to leave the mine, and on starting out other timbers which supported the roof having been weakened by the digging operations of the rescuers, gave way and caught and held him under a mass of earth and timber. He was quickly released by the others; but it was found that both his legs were broken, and that he had sustained serious and perhaps fatal injuries. He lingered along for weeks, and finally died, and the great burden of his life was lifted from him. He was buried by the side of his wife, and beautiful mountain flowers soon covered both graves with their bloom. As soon as the funeral was over Lena, despite all the persuasions of the people in town, who pitied her forlorn and lonely condition, returned to the cabin which had been her home for several years. It was about a week after the funeral that a singular thing happened. A fine-

looking stranger landed one day from the stage at the one little hotel in town, and, secretly stopping for refreshments, inquired the way to the cabin of the Thurstons. The curious hangers-on around the door watched him as he climbed the hill with feelings of the most intense curiosity. The long hours toward noon came and went, and still the stranger lingered, and the sun had gone behind the western mountains, leaving only the trace of his glory in the magnificent crimson sky, when two figures were seen coming down the hill in the fast gathering darkness. Upon coming nearer they were recognized as the visitor of the morning and Lena Thurston. Upon the face of the latter there was a curious expression, seeming the admixture of sorrow and joy, or as if some terrible burden had been lifted from her. That evening the stranger, who was a hale and hearty-looking old gentleman of about fifty, called the landlord into the little sitting-room, where he and Lena were alone, and, closing the door, told the following remarkable story, which did much to explain Thurston's curious and unfriendly manner during the time he had lived in camp.

The gentleman said: "I feel that it is due to the people here who have tried to be kind to this unfortunate man and his family that something of the truth may be known, and any unpleasant surmises be removed. As the family lawyer the duty of clearing up a great mystery devolved upon me, but alas! its successful solution is reached only in time to find the victim of an awful mistake and his wife in their graves.

"Charles Thurston was the son of a wealthy shipowner of Boston. His father gave him a liberal education, and indulged him in every whim. In time his wild associations produced their effect on him, and without being really wicked, for he had a noble nature at heart, his habits became loose and somewhat dissipated. Then he met and loved a beautiful girl, and being his equal in every respect, and thinking it would have a beneficial effect upon his habits, his parents encouraged the match. In due time there was a grand wedding, and it seemed that he had abandoned his old associates and their dissolute society for the love of this beautiful and true woman. Then came a relapse to a certain extent into the old ways, with some intermissions, one of which was the birth of a daughter. This did not last long, and it soon became known that he was heavily in debt. One day the town was terrified by the news that old Mr. Thurston had been found murdered in his room. The sensation was further magnified by the additional report that the awful crime was committed by his son Charles, who robbed the safe and fled. The circumstantial evidence against him was overwhelming, and the officers of the law looked high and low for him, but without success. Meanwhile, as a matter of course, the affair possessed a terrible interest for me. One night, after I had retired, my door-bell was rung by a messenger boy, who delivered a note to me worded about as follows:

"Come at once to No. 1,017 Salem street and you will get important information."

"Now the number given to me was of an obscure street in a part of the city where I was entirely unacquainted, but there was something about the handwriting which although evidently disguised, was familiar to me, and I resolved to obey the summons. Calling a carriage I was driven to the street mentioned in the note, and, telling the driver to wait for me, walked to No. 1,017, which I found to be a somewhat dilapidated building which had evidently at one time laid some claim to respectability, but was fast going to decay. Knocking at the door, it was quickly opened by a neat-looking old woman, who was however, a stranger to me. Holding the door cautiously, and gazing into my face and by the faint light of a candle she carried in her hand she inquired my business, and, upon being informed that I was the recipient of a mysterious note, she said: 'Ah yes; he is waiting for you—step this way.'

"I was conducted up one flight of stairs, and upon knocking at the door of a back room a familiar voice said: 'Come in.' In a moment I was face to face with Charles Thurston, but oh! how changed. The boyish smile and happy face of my young friend disappeared, and in their places were worn, haggard features, which had aged terribly in forty-eight hours.

"You do not believe me guilty of this horrible crime?" said Charles, in an imploring voice the moment I entered the room.

"Looking into his face for a moment, I said I did not, but what does this awful mystery mean?"

"The terrible story is soon told, or as much of it as I know," said he. "On the fatal night of the murder I had early in the evening had words with my father, I being entirely in the wrong, but answering his chidings somewhat bitterly, and then went out of his room, slamming his door with the remark, 'You'll be sorry for this.' Everything that occurred that night came to me with extraordinary vividness after the particulars of the tragedy became known and I distinctly remember that some one was lurking outside the door and must have heard my foolish remark. The quarrel I had with my father occurred early in the evening. It was perhaps midnight when I returned to the house. In going up-stairs to my own room I had to pass my father's door, and noticed that it was wide open but the room was dark. This was such an unusual occurrence that I went into the apartment and stumbled over something on the floor. Imagine my horror and surprise, when, upon lighting the gas, I discovered that it was the body of my father weltering in his gore. He had been stabbed a number of times, evidently after a severe struggle with the assassin. The motive of the crime was only too apparent in the open safe which had evidently been rifled, and the number of papers scattered over the floor. My first impulse was to cry out murder, then I remembered the fact of the party concealed outside the door, who had evidently heard our quarrel and the foolish threat I had made, and all at once a horrible fear possessed me, and, like the coward I was, I fled."

"Every word of the story impressed me as being truth, and I believed him; but what was to be done? In vain I endeavored to persuade him to accompany me home in the carriage. He said he was lost; that a suspicion he could never remove and a guilt of which he could never prove his innocence had fastened upon him, and he was irrevocably lost. After vainly reasoning with him for some time I left him, arranging to visit or communicate with him the next day. Well, the long and short of it was that he was determined to leave home, and as I could not persuade him otherwise, I assisted him to come to Colorado, promising to send his wife and child after him, which I did. Since that time, and for a period of several years, I have labored indefatigably to solve the mystery, employing the best detective talent in the country, and it was only about a fortnight ago that a criminal serving a life sentence at the Concord penitentiary died, before which, however, he confessed in writing, properly witnessed, the murder of Mr. Thurston, his whole object being robbery; that he had stolen into the room and awakened the old gentleman while endeavoring to open the safe, and that a fearful hand-to-hand encounter in the dark took place, during which he stabbed his victim several times.

"No sooner was the document properly authenticated and approved than I made my arrangements and came here at once, but alas! too late. Miss Lena here is the heiress of a very large fortune, which although it will not restore to her her unfortunate parents, will yet enable her to live in affluence for the rest of her life. The next day, after settling up Thurston's affairs, Lena and the old gentleman departed for their eastern home.—Denver News.

THE MINE MULE.

The Sport Created by the Descent of a Mule to the Depths Below.

One of the most amusing and at the same time most pitiful sights to be seen about the coal mines, says a correspondent writing from Nanticoke, is the descent of a mule to the depths below. The shaft is, say, six hundred feet deep, and yawns at one's feet like a spot of ink on the ground. A car loaded with coal is hoisted up by a cable which is fastened to a narrow stall, with iron bars, which can be fastened across the entrance. By various methods the unfortunate mule is brought as far as the mouth of the shaft, but when he sees the car he knows what it means. That mule fully realizes that if he walks aboard he will never see daylight again, and will have to work in the dark, as only a mine mule must. So he kicks. Argument is useless, persuasion falls on deaf ears. He kicks with a vigor and precision that means business. His heels are a battery that would terrify even the fatalistic valor of a follower of the Mahdi.

But a long beam is brought and one end put against one of the uprights at the side of the shaft. At the other end four men push, bringing the beam like a lever against the mule's flanks. Now the beast's backbone curves until his head is next his tail, and his four feet, planted firmly together, seem riveted to the ground. The beam is a decided failure, though two men are at the same time tugging at a halter. But there is another resource. Even mule resistance can be overcome by steam power. A rope is fastened around the mule's neck and looped around those vicious hind legs. Then a steam winch is slowly turned and the unlucky beast is dragged on the car. The iron bars are put up, a bell rings, and the car drops downward, while a last melancholy cry floats up from the black hole. There is one mule under Wilkesbarre that has spent twenty-one years of useful life hauling coal in the dark. The miners are proud of him, and he has twice been hoisted to the surface to walk proudly in miners' parades. Mules do not, as has been often said, go blind in the mines, but when they are brought out a bandage must be tied over their eyes for several days.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE MARQUESES.

Something About the Girl Inhabitants of These Islands.

As our men took their meals on the spardeck the women, and as many of the native men as could be provided for, ate with them. The natives are not dainty, but cram their mouths full, and eat voraciously. The women are very fond of meat, but are not allowed to eat it on the island, where it is taboo to them—another instance of the selfish character of the men. It is too scarce, however, for the men to indulge in, except at a festival. The taboo is laid merely by the proclamation of a priest. They have a pair of goats on the island, and that they may increase undisturbedly they are taboo to all persons for five years. Our dinner table in the ward room being under an open hatch, they clustered round the hatch and watched the manner of our eating with great delight. Anything that was handed to one of them from the table was thankfully received, and divided among the rest, and eaten with so great satisfaction and greediness that they reminded us of monkeys. Once, for curiosity, we took several of the prettiest and cleanest girls below to dine with us. They behaved with a great deal of decorum, and in order that they might make no mistakes and do nothing wrong they watched us closely and did exactly what we did. Each officer attended to the girl that he brought down, and he was the model by which she governed her actions. She would not move in her mouth at a time than he, use her knife and fork as he, lay them down when he did, be helped when he was, drink when he did. One of the officers attending on a girl had a nervous affection in his under jaw, and every now and then would screw up his chin and face in a very ridiculous manner, and he was very sensitive of his being remarked on. His girl, anxious to imitate him in every respect, to be perfectly decorous, kept an eye on him all the time, and when he screwed his mouth to one side she would instantly do the same, to our infinite merriment, and no less to his mortification.—Christian at Work.

—Three to four thousand pounds of sugar to the acre is not an unusual crop in Louisiana this year.

EYE FOR EYE.

How the Offenders of Ye Olden Times Were Punished in New York.

There are three books, old and musty, and covered with parchment, in the collection of the New York Historical Society, which are practically invaluable. They contain records of the court of general sessions for the city and county of New York which date half way back to the year in which America was first discovered, and continue down to the early part of the rule of King George III. When the troubles began which finally brought on the revolution, the merciless justice of our forefathers is bluntly outlined on the time-stained leaves, and the brutal violence of many of those who tasted the same justice, are matters calculated to make the present generation shudder. Aside from this feature of the record, however, they give the reader an insight into the life, in manners and customs of the early colonists in our city which is seldom obtained from other histories. The earliest recorded meeting of the court was on "ye first Tuesday in August, being ye seventh day, annodom, 1694."

The grand jury was called over and sworn, proclamation made and silence commanded while the charge was given to the grand jurors. The only indictment or presentment found by them was against John Watson, butcher, for "forestalling the market." He was convicted and fined six shillings, and the court adjourned sine die. It was at this time called the general quarter sessions, as it met regularly only four times a year.

At the last quarter session in 1695 it is recorded that Anne Sewell, a widow, was bound over for appearance for "keeping in chains and irons for several weeks upon bread and water on and also for cruelly beating a certain servant-maid of hers called Anne Parsons." In her defence the widow said that the maid had highly offended her, and that she did not know she was committing a breach of the law in punishing her as she did. And this was the punishment that was meted out to the heartless widow: "The court, having duly considered the matter, does order that said servant be discharged from the said service of Anne Sewell." It was further adjudged that the widow should pay the fees of the trial.

An affair which doubtless created a great sensation in New York was jotted down in the court's minutes of August 20, 1696, as follows: "William Merritt, Esq., mayor of the city of New York, informed the justices of the peace that last night several persons were making a great noise and disturbance in the street near his dwelling-house, and uttering several oaths and execrations, whereupon the said mayor went out and ordered them to disperse and go home to their several habitations, which they refused to do; and thereupon he offered to strike some of them and took them into custody, upon which one Prince assaulted the said mayor upon the face, but some persons coming to the mayor's assistance, seized said Prince and he was committed to goal, and upon examination of the fact and the perjuries and evil example thereof we do order that said Prince be by the public whipper carried forthwith to the public whipping-post and there be stripped naked from the middle upward, and then and there be tied to the tale of a cart, and, being so stripped and tied, shall be drawn round the city within the fortifications till he return to the said whipping-post, and at the corner of every street shall receive eleven lashes upon his body for the said misdemeanor."

A sailor who forged the name of his ship's master to an order for goods is put down for "one less than forty lashes," and a couple of women who stole remnants of serge valued at £10 from Isaac de Peystey, merchant, received "twenty-one lashes each with birch rods." Another mild way of administering corporal punishment was to brand a letter T on the "braun of the thumb." The operation would be performed in open court by the Sheriff, after he had first taken the branding-iron out to be heated.

The first murder on record was committed April 7, 1712. The victim was a prominent citizen named Adrian Hoghlandt. Four persons were arrested, and a special session of the court was called for the trial of the offenders on the 11th. From the evidence it appears that one Clause struck the fatal blow with a dagger, inflicting a wound two inches in breadth, whereof Hoghlandt died immediately. The record leaves a doubt in the mind of the reader as to whether the support of his fellows was moral only, or physical as well. The poor fellows all protested their innocence on trial, but evidently with little effect, for the story of the tragedy ends with an order from the court directing "that the said Clause be broken alive upon a wheel, and so continue till he be dead, and his head and quarters to be at the Queen's disposal; that the said Robin be hung up in chains alive and so continue till he be dead; that the said Quaco be burnt with fire until he be dead and consumed, and that the aforementioned Sam be hung by the neck until he be dead."

For the death of Adrian Beeckman, one slave was burned alive slowly and another hung by the neck. The murder of Henry Bragler, who was killed with an ax, was revenged in burning of the leading conspirator and the hanging of five others. There were two other murders, for which at least three slaves suffered death.—N. Y. Cor. Toronto Mail.

A society of native gentlemen has been started at Madras, under the title of the Madras Sanscrit and Vernacular Text Society, with the object of collecting, preserving and publishing ancient and valuable Sanscrit and vernacular manuscripts. The first work to be undertaken by the society is the publication of important and hitherto unpublished Sanscrit manuscripts and historical records in the Madras Government Oriental Library and elsewhere.

—A Frenchman has, it is said, found means to restore the life-like expression to the eyes of dead persons. He places a few drops of glycerine and water on the corners; life-like expression is reproduced.—Chicago Herald.

CURIOS NAMES.

A Clergyman's Chat Concerning Remarkable Given Names.

"What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a News-gatherer, as the person indicated left his presence.

"What is it?"

"E. P. Baxter, he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what amount of hard thought is concealed in those initials. The man was born on January 3, 1863, and his parents named him Emancipation Proclamation Baxter in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad."

"Yes, but there are some parents with cranks ideas on the subject of naming children. One boy I christened 'Perseverance Jones.' I endeavored to dissuade the father, but he said the mother was called patience, and he saw no reason why the boy should not be called Perseverance, because the two always went together. Within a few paces of the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a headstone bearing the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of S. L. U. Lloyd.' If the owner of that name were living now his friends would probably call him 'Culoid.' I had a colored man named Alexander doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hole,' and it struck me one day to ask him what his name was.

"Tribulation Wholesome Alexander, sah," he replied.

"It may have been some relative of his who came to me with twins to have baptized."

"What name will you call them?" I asked.

"'Cherubim' and 'Seraphim,' replied the mother.

"Why?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Because," she replied, "de pra'r book says 'de cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' and dese yere chill'en do noffin' else."

The News-gatherer edged toward the door, and when he had got in the lobby, shouted "cheestnut," and skipped down stairs.—Philadelphia News.

HARD ON MOSE.

A Commercial Transaction in Which Mr. Schaumburg is the Loser.

Mose Schaumburg, of Austin, is up to all the tricks of trade, and was in the habit of playing it pretty sharp, not only on his customers but also on the firm of Schwindelmeyer & Co., from whom he purchases his goods in New York.

Schaumburg, on receiving an invoice of goods, was in the habit of deducting several yards from every piece of goods he received. He claimed shortage on every piece of goods, even when the piece contained full measure or even a surplusage.

Schwindelmeyer & Co., of New York, suffered a great deal from this system of stealing, but rather than lose Schaumburg's trade they allowed him the shortage, until it became such a regular thing that they resolved to play for even, even if they did lose his trade.

Schaumburg ordered a big bill of dry goods. The New York firm cut each and every piece of goods in two, kept one-half, sent the bill for the full number of yards ordered, but kept the goods back.

In due time Schaumburg received the bill, and expecting the goods would arrive in a day or so, acknowledge the receipt of the goods and sent on a check for the amount, deducting as usual several yards shortage on each piece. As soon as the New York merchant got this reply he shipped the goods and admitted the deduction for shortage as just and proper.

Imagine the astonishment of Mose on opening the goods to find that each piece lacked half the number of yards it should contain. As he had already claimed several yards shortage on each piece and as the New York firm had allowed it, the only thing for Mose to do was to keep quiet about it.

It is needless to add that he deals no longer with Schwindelmeyer & Co., of New York.—Texas Siftings.

A SOFT THING.

Why a San Francisco Dude Gave the Mitten to One Girl.

Clarence Harris is a San Francisco dude who takes periodical trips into San Joaquin County to visit a rich farmer's daughter. The girl don't care a straw for him, but tolerates his visits because some of the neighbors' girls are envious. Last week Clarence, in all the splendor of a new suit, hid himself to his dulcinea's home and proceeded to make himself agreeable. They walked about the farm for an hour or so, and returned to the house. Clarence sat down on a bench outside the kitchen door to smoke a cigarette, while the girl went in to assist her mother. He saw the inevitable small brother grinning at him. Now, Clarence don't like to be grinned at, and he angrily asked: "I say, boy, what are you grinning at? Do you see anything green?"

"Ho, ho, ho! Anything green! Ha, ha, ha! You're settin' smack on one o' mother's squash pies."

When the girl came out she wondered where Clarence went. "He has not seen him since."—California Moverick.

NO PRESSING OF BUTTER.

Many suppose that when it comes to salting the butter, it should be pressed into a compact form, spread out in a thin sheet, and have the salt sprinkled over it. Then they rolled the sheet into a cylinder, then flattened out into a thin sheet again, more salt sprinkled on, and again rolled into a solid cylinder. After the salt is all rolled in, by this process, the lever is brought to bear and the butter worked until the salt is supposed to be evenly incorporated. Then many set the butter aside, for twelve to twenty-four hours, when it is again worked, to get out any white streaks that may appear. It is better to stir the salt into the butter, while the latter is still in the granular form. Most leading dairymen of the West omit the "second working," and pack their butter directly into the tub, thus saving labor, avoiding injury to what is called the "grain" of the butter, and saving salt by retaining in the butter all that is put in. With either a first or second working, it is possible to work out a large amount of the brine, thus leaving the butter too fresh, unless an extra amount of salt is put in.—Prairie Farmer.

DAIRY.

—Mr. G. W. Hoffman, in New York Tribune, is confident that with a herd of thirty cows it would pay to have a man devote his entire time in winter to preparing food, currying and looking out for their welfare in various ways.

—Lack of uniform quality in butter results from churning at improper temperatures, "salting" by trying to work out the butter milk instead of washing it out with weak brine, and churning cream so sour that the acids have destroyed part of the finer butter-oils.—Rural New Yorker.

—The question was asked by the Southern Live Stock Journal what the relative values were of hay and bran. The Emira Farmer's Club seem to rate them about equal when both cost fifteen dollars per ton. This is a good standard to figure from, and is probably correct.

—An analysis of butter and milk recently made in the District of Columbia, disclosed the fact that of the twenty-five samples of the former examined, twenty were adulterated. The milk was found, it is said, to be composed of sheep's brains, chalk and water.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—The United States Dairyman says that it is a provision of nature that the cow looks out for herself before she does for her stupid owner, and so will not give rich milk until after she has recuperated from the effects of semi-starvation. She wants some meat on her bones before she will put much into the pail. The farmer had better take the fat out of his granary than keep it out of the pail.

—The American Dairyman does not think much of Guenon's theory of judging cows, saying, if you want to get a good, profitable animal, you had better first see that she gives a large mass of rich milk, and then, having first secured this point, indulge your fancy for soft hair, dandruff, quills and yellow grease in the skin, long horns, slim tails, smooth hoofs, big belly veins and all the other fancies that fashion loves to revel in.

—Speaking of the rude forms of butter-making practiced in some countries, Dr. Davenport states that in Brazil they fill a hide with milk, and it is tightly closed and then lustily shaken by an athletic native at either end, or it is dragged about upon the ground after a galloping horse until the butter comes. In Chili, the filled hide is placed upon a donkey's back, and he is trotted about until the butter comes. In Morocco, a filled goatskin is rolled about and kneaded by women until the same effect is produced.—Indiana Sentinel.

—For the feeding of flaxseed to cows the National Live Stock Journal recommends the grinding of one bushel of flaxseed with fifteen bushels of oats or corn. If the flaxseed is boiled, one pint of seed boiled will be enough to mix in the feed for two cows. We have often noted the excellent effects especially during winter, of an occasional feed to cows of a small quantity of ground flaxseed. Care must be taken, however, not to create too great laxity of the bowels.

COST OF BUTTER.

What It Costs to Produce One Pound of Good Butter.

The question is often asked—what does it cost to keep to make a pound of butter? It is very difficult to answer the query clearly, for so many things are to be considered. Of course it costs less per pound with a cow that makes three pounds a day than with one that only makes one pound. To support the bodies of three one-pound cows costs, in an average way, three times as much as it would to support the body of a three-pound cow. So that the butter from the three cows cost three times as much as that produced from the one cow. There is this encouragement always ahead of the intelligent and progressive dairyman. By virtue of his intelligence in improving his cows, his management and his methods of manufacture, he makes butter cheaper than the ignorant dairyman, and then by virtue of his intelligence he sells it for more money. Yet in face of all these advantages thousands of farmers prefer the hardest and most costly way.

Prof. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experimental Station, states that when cows are fed on clover ensilage at \$3.00 a ton and meal, butter costs 11¢ per lb. from the 15th of May to the 15th of June, not counting the value of the buttermilk and skim milk, which, at present prices of pork, is worth 20¢ per 100 pounds. This would bring the real cost of butter to 7¢ per lb. In making this statement we wish the professor would give us the number of pounds per day the cow made whose butter is figured at the above cost. All sorts of opinions are held by farmers as to the cost of butter and but very few know accurately what the real cost is. Hoard's Dairyman.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT TAKES A CENSUS OF TRAMPS IN THAT COUNTRY.

—The German Government will take a census of tramps in that country.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS - KANSAS

IN A KITCHEN DRAWER.

A small box of matches, a packet of mint, An inch of wax taper, a small piece of lint, An empty thread paper, and blue in a bag, Some clothes and a string tied up in a rag, The core of an apple, a cap and a pill, A needle, two buttons, a mouse-trap and a quilt, A card to tell fortunes, a sponge and a can, A pen without handle, a small pretty pair, An old rusty fork, a whisk and a string, The rind of a lemon, a new curtain ring, An apron, two dusters, a large piece of mace, A dirty black towel, an old cigar case, A comb and a tumbler, the key of the jack, A number of pieces of ribbon quilt back, A razor, a shaver, and two ounces of hair, Of mixed spice in a paper, the lock of a door, An onion, a ladle, a crump for the paste, An old pair of slippers, a ball for the waist, Four teaspoons of metal, a large piece of resin, A ball of white cotton, and corbs by the dozen, An old pair of scissors, a pill-box, a crust, A save-all, a pepper-box eaten with rust, A fork, and a tureen without any handle, A print for the butter, the wick of a candle, A rolling pin peddled, besides many more, Thought of infinite value was found in the drawer.

Notes and Queries.

OF "YE OLDEN TIME."

A Verdant Sportsman Goes for Game With a Kentucky Gun.

I spent the summer of 1882 with an old lady who had a small farm in one of our interior valleys. I was in search of a small healthful location, and as she lived within easy walk of the mountains, I was satisfied that it would suit every demand.

In order to employ my time to all the advantage I desired, I began taking long walks. I explored every creek-bed and brush trail for miles around. There were few other farmers in the valley, but I became thoroughly acquainted with all of them.

In all these walks I saw quantities of game—quail, jack-rabbits, cotton-tails, wild pigeons, doves, and frequently deer. I had never been much of a sportsman, a few days of duck and quail shooting embracing my total experience. But in the presence of such game, a strong ambition began to take possession of me to increase my record.

The one barrier in my path, however, was the lack of a gun. I had neglected to bring even a pistol with me when I left the city, and now the want of fire-arms of any kind pressed heavily upon my spirit.

To be sure there was a gun on the farm. But from the use of it mortal man was interdicted. It was an old-fashioned Kentucky rifle; five feet long, it seemed to me. It hung above the huge fire-place, with a powder flask and a bullet-bag beside it. It had been the property of Mrs. Bryce's father, and was his name—late lamented husband.

"He kerried it all through the Seminole war, an' I wouldn't hev yo' tech it, honey, for all th' quail an' rabbit in th' world."

Then I would expostulate with her, and offer to pay her double what it was worth, but all to no avail. Neither the money nor the glowing pictures I portrayed of fried quail and roast venison could tempt the old lady to sacrifice the relic.

"No," was her reply, "that her weapon is sacred to me, in memory of Oziras Bryce, an' yo' can't cov' it off no how. It's all thar, loaded an' all jes' as he put it thar, with the very same charge he hed in it when loaded up fur to shoot Big Jack, one o' them Seminole chiefs. Only he didn't get no show at him an' the war ended 'bout that time, so he jes' come back, an' said th' ole gun should stay jes' as 'twas 'thout bein' ever fired till thar was another Injin war; but yo' see thar didn't come none in his time, so th' old gun never had no show after that, an' I jes' kep' it like thar th' m' clean gone, an' then it'll go to my daughter's eldest boy back in Missouri."

This I was compelled to possess my soul in patience and await some accident of Providence that should throw a gun in my way. It was a difficult task, though, to endure a walk over the hills, and not resent the insults of quail and hares. How well they knew I hadn't a gun, and couldn't defend myself. And then when a saucy, young Pacific duck or a pert little fawn would carelessly trip down through the openings to see the man who had no gun, it strained all the Christianity I possessed to the highest tension.

One day I had climbed to the top of a sunny hill, and lay down beneath a spreading, pigeon-berry bush to enjoy the view, and the soft breeze that swept down the valley. After a time I gradually dozed off into unconsciousness and must have slept for an hour. When I awoke the branches above me were literally crowded with pigeons. I could almost reach them with my hand, though not quite. I remained perfectly still for nearly half an hour, praying for a gun all the time. Like the young lady in "Democracy," I thought it would be a test of faith. But no gun came. Then, in a sort of baffled frenzy I snatched up a huge stick and whirled it at the fattest pigeon I could see. It struck the hump beneath him, and the entire flock rose with a tremendous flapping into the air.

I went home and told my landlady with an aggrieved air.

"Humph!" she said, "ef I was yo' I'd jes' see if I couldn't fix up some sorter bow an' arser such as th' Injuns hev. Melibe yo' could git somethin'."

The idea struck me as not quite unfeasible. I cut a piece of hickory oak and manufactured a rude bow taking some older twigs for arrows. I practiced diligently with this fierce weapon for three days and then gave it up with a mighty disgust. I might just as well have attempted proficiency with a tomahawk.

Another day—it was a lovely Sunday morning—I chanced to be reading in a fern-hook, two or three fields away from the house. I was half way through the first chapter of my book, when suddenly a great four-tined buck jumped

the fence behind me and lazily inspected me from head to heels. I was stung by the contempt which his look and manner implied.

"That's right," I exclaimed hotly, "hit a man when he's down! Heap up all the affronts you and your relatives can think of when you know he can't defend himself. Take your chances while you can. It's your turn now, but I'll come back here—that I will—and I'll fetch along a gatling gun and raze the whole country, fore and aft, by thunder."

So saying, I arose and threw my camp-stool at him. He didn't wait for it though, but saucily flirled his tail, took the fence with fifteen feet to spare, and was back in the bush again.

But my day had been spoiled. All the religious calm in which I clothed myself that morning was now but the filthy rags of rage and discontent.

I toiled back in the hot sun with my head quite in a flame. Entering the dark sitting-room, I sat down in a rocking-chair and watched the rifle which hung so temptingly against the high chimney-piece. To me it seemed grand in its simplicity. The long, heavy barrel with its slender polished stock and deeply curved butt were fascinating in their ancient grace.

"Ah!" I said, musingly, "how nobly simple its construction! How deeply does it partake of the character of these heroic souls who endured hardships and death upon the frontier that they might found a new land!"

I had handled Winchesters and Remingtons, of the newest pattern, but none had ever seemed so impressive in mechanism or design as did now the simple weapon of the backwoods, the relic of sterner, braver days. In the light of rifles of modern make, it was as if one should compare one of Collini's globes with a Tiffany bowl.

Then I went down to the creek and had a swim in order to cool off, and after that smoked a pipe the rest of the afternoon.

The Monday which followed will always remain firmly engraven upon my memory. It was rather cloudy in the morning, and quite a breeze was blowing. This made the weather agreeable after so many weeks of heat and I prolonged my walk in consequence.

As I was returning home, I took a short cut across the creek and along the fence until I had reached the long wheat field which adjoined the house.

Suddenly I heard a great squawking and whirling in the air above, and looking up, saw a novel sight. There, about a hundred yards up, was a vast flock of geese, beating the air with their wings at a terrible rate.

I leaped against the fence to watch their movements. They were coming towards me and appeared to be gradually descending. At last they were quite near the ground, and before I could realize how they did it, were settling plump down into the great wheat field at my side.

A wild goose is a fine-looking bird. His well-turned chest and plump legs have always been a weakness of mine. And now, for the first time in my life, I was surrounded by an army of wild geese, who were one and all walking about the field within a few feet of where I stood, quacking with loud satisfaction, as they greedily devoured the tender wheat-kernels. I could almost fancy them trussed and basted, with knife and fork in their backs, marching around as a living invitation to dinner.

The house was in easy reach, and as I looked upon the temptation, a wild thought filled my brain. I dashed off at headlong speed, and in a few minutes, was at the side gate. I could see Mrs. Bryce kneeling in bread in the kitchen.

"It is well," I murmured, "she will not hear me."

Then I stealthily made my way round to the front door, and crept through the hall into the sitting-room. With trembling limbs I mounted a chair, and reached down the ancient rifle and its accoutrements.

Then with a step as cat-like as false Sextus', I stole out of the front door and around to the back of the woodshed. Then, with trembling emotion, I surveyed my prize. It was certainly very old, and a rich crust of rust thickly coated the barrel lock.

With a prodigious tug, I dragged the cumbersome ramrod from its rusty bed. Then inserting it in the cavernous barrel, I snote it savagely downwards to see whether or not the gun was really loaded. It penetrated the depths with difficulty, but beneath my excited pressure, I, at last, forced it down to almost its length. I slowly dragged it out again, and measured down the barrel on the outside. There seemed to be a difference of about an inch. Could this mean that there was already a charge in the barrel? Here was a dilemma. I raised the hammer slowly; it was very rusty, and creaked with a gritty noise. On the nipple underneath was an old cap. It ancient-copper had taken on a bluish tint. Did this indicate that the gun was loaded? In my emotional condition, I stamped with vexation.

But something must be done, and I resolved "to take the bull by the horns." It would never do to risk my only chance on a mere possibility. The gun-barrel certainly looked strong enough to stand a dozen charges. At all events, I could risk the chance of a double load. So without delay, I poured a generous measure from the ancient powder horn into the barrel. I listened to it as it vigorously trickled down the interminable pit. Next, I drew forth one of the huge ounce balls from its leather bag, and after carefully patching with one of the circular bits of buckskin, from the same bag, I fitted it into the barrel, and hurled the united strength of myself and ramrod upon it. Slowly and surely it was driven home. Then, removing the mouldy cap, I fitted a new one upon the nipple, and drew a breath of mighty satisfaction. My soul thrilled with the thoughts of future conquests.

My heart beat furiously as I threaded my way through the blackberry bushes, and out to the field. I went softly as a panther who is bent on slaughter and revenge. At last I reached the fence. The geese were at the upper end of the field, several hundred yards away. I was not familiar with the range of the gun, so I decided to get as near to the game as possible. To this end I cautiously walked along the fence, keeping the geese constantly in view.

Finally I reached their vicinity. They

had moved away from the fence some distance toward the middle of the field. A better shot could be had if I climbed the fence, and crept slowly down to them.

It was a stout picket fence, and I should have to climb over. I had no hesitation in thus displaying myself to the geese, since I had had but recently so convincing an exhibition of their tameness.

I argued falsely in this, for just as I had raised myself to the cross-bar of the fence, in the act of climbing over, the geese uttered loud cries of alarm, and began to rise slowly into the air.

In great excitement I raised my gun. Although I was astraddle of a sharp rail fence, I resolved not to be balked in my hour of triumph.

As the geese rose, they slowly came sailing over me.

Pointing the gun at the very heart of a great, fat cluster of them, I leaned slowly over backward to get good aim. Then I shut my eyes and pulled the trigger.

When I picked myself from the ground a little while after, I remember making a painful effort to recall what had occurred during the space of time that intervened between the moment when the fence became unmanageable, and the first dawn of awakening consciousness. The only experience I could confidently recollect during the same period of time was that of the world rising suddenly up to meet the top fence-rail, and causing thereby a dull thud.

As I rose up half bewildered, my first instinct was to see how much of the world still remained in an unreckoned condition. I gazed stupidly about. The world was still there. Then I remembered the fence, and wondered whether I could afford to pay for rebuilding. I turned around to see whether any pickets were left. Yes, they were all left; the fence was still there, and all of it.

I was holding something in my right hand. I glanced down in playful curiosity. It was a curious bit of wood; I examined it more closely. It proved to be the remains of a gun-stock.

This reminded me of the rifle. Where could that rifle have gone? I walked over to the fence, and looked about the ground on either side. There were no signs of any rifle ever having been there.

My next sensation was a dim feeling that there ought to be a dead goose lying on the ground, somewhere near by. Whereupon I made an active, thorough mechanical exploration of the vicinity, but did not find even a goosefeather.

Then I brushed the dirt off my clothes, and slowly walked back to the house. I entered once more at the front door and ascended the stairs to my room. I collected my few possessions into the carpet sack, and went down to the kitchen where the old lady was just putting her bread into the oven.

"Mrs. Bryce," said I solemnly, "I'm very sorry to say that I must leave you. A near friend of mine has just met with a terrible accident, and I shall have to return to the city at once."

"Land sakes alive!" she exclaimed, "how der'ful!—How'd it come t' happen, honey?"

"I—I—don't—exactly know yet," I stammered, "he met with an—explosion—or something—really I don't recollect—had something or other to do with the Land League—or—something like that, you know."

"You don't tell me so!" she cried, sympathetically.

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Bryce," said I, "and by the way," I continued, "I believe my board is paid till next week—but never mind about that—I only wanted you to accept ten dollars with my gratitude for your extra kindness—and—never mind—good-bye, ma'am—good-bye."

With which farewell I dashed out of the house, and up the road, never stopping until I had reached a neighboring farm-house, where I hired a team to take me across the mountain to a railway station. I was safe aboard the evening train by seven o'clock that night, glad that my vacation was ended, and glad that I had got away safe.

However, it has always been a matter of extreme curiosity to know what ever became of that gun barrel—whether it bored itself down into the ground, or tried to follow the flock of geese.—Henry D. Bigelow, in *The Ingeleside*.

BIBLE STATISTICS.

The Astonishing Number of Scriptures Circulated by the Bible Societies.

The Biblical Institute of Stuttgart publishes some interesting Bible statistics of Germany. The leading Bible Society of the land is the Caustein Society, founded in 1712, which, since then has issued 6,350,000 copies of the sacred volume. The mother society of Prussia has headquarters in Berlin, and since its establishment in 1814, has issued 1,596,850 copies of the Bible, and the 170 branch societies, 3,506,588 copies. The Stuttgart Society was founded in 1812, and has issued 1,651,657 copies. In all there exist 26 Bible societies in Germany, not counting the branch associations, and also three agencies of the British and Foreign Bible Society. During the year 1884-'85, the total number of copies of the Bible sold and presented by the societies in Germany was 515,062, and the total number since the work began in 1712, is 19,914,316. During the past year, one in every eighty-eight inhabitants secured a copy of the Scriptures, and the increase in the annual circulation of the Bible in the German Empire during the past ten years has been 120,000. The circulation of the Scriptures in the whole world since the beginning of the present century, is estimated at 200,000,000 copies, of which 120,000,000 are placed to the credit of the British, 50,000,000 to the American, and 30,000,000 to all the other Bible Societies. During the past year, these societies together disposed of over six and one-half million Bibles.—N. Y. Independent.

—Perhaps as startling an account of a funeral as ever was penned appears in a London society journal's description of the grave of a recently deceased peeress. The grave was lined with porcelain tiles, and presented a most charming appearance.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE STRANGER CAT.

A little girl with golden hair Was rocking in her grandma's chair, When in there walked a stranger Cat— (I'm sure there's nothing strange in that.)

It was a Cat with kinky ears, And very odd for its years, The little girl remarked: "O Seant!" (I think there's nothing strange in that.)

But presently, with stealthy tread, The cat, which at her word had fled, Returned with care, and bowed and set— (I fear there's something strange in that.)

"Excuse me," and the cat bowed low, "I hate to trouble you, you know, But tell me, have you seen a rat?" (I think there's something strange in that.)

"The little girl was very shy— "Well, really, I don't see that I have seen one lately, Mr. Cat." (I think there's something strange in that.)

"O haven't you?" the cat replied; "Thanks, I am deeply gratified; I really couldn't eat a rat." (We all know what to think of that.)

And then the Cat with kinky ears, And so much wisdom for his years Retired, with a soft p-t-t-pat; (And that was all their work of that.)

—N. P. Ballou, in *St. Nicholas*.

MANNERS OF GIRLS.

Rules Which Should Be Faithfully Observed by All Who Would Become Truly Polite and Amiable.

In the rules which well-bred people observe in eating and drinking, there is no difference whether a person is old or young, a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, excepting that elderly people should be helped first, and women before men. Girls as well as boys must sit up straight at the meals, and not lean or put their elbows on the table; they must not eat too fast; they must eat with the fork, and not with the knife; they must not stretch across another person's plate; they must not put their knives into any dish; they must not be noisy; they must not finger objects on the table; they must not lean back in their chairs; they must not leave the table before other persons have finished.

All these things are taught in nearly every family to both boys and girls, but some of these rules are apt to be forgotten. One has often to be reminded a good many times of what is right before one gets in the way of doing it. It is very charming to see young people sitting quietly at table, eating and drinking in a neat and correct manner, showing respect for everybody present; and this is the reason why I have repeated to you all these rules—which you have heard before, of course, but neglected to observe them.

There is one thing that is particularly pleasing in young folks, and that is a nice and considerate manner toward those who are under them. I dare say my young readers are respectful toward their elders, but are they always kind to servants? Will they pause and ask themselves that question?

I do not think it at all pleasant to see a girl gesticulating at a servant, and ordering her here and there, and yet I am sorry to say this exhibition of bad manners and bad taste is not uncommon. When a girl is pert and bold toward her seniors, the reason may be because she has not been perfectly trained; but when she is overbearing and unkind toward servants or work-people, I am afraid it is because she has not a good heart. Perhaps, however, it is only because she is thoughtless. To my mind, a little girl or boy ought to be even more careful to be polite to one below her than to others.

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It is polite always in asking anything to say: "Please, sir, will you do this?" or: "Will you be so kind, sir, as to do this?" etc.

It is polite to always answer when you are spoken to. To be sulky and refuse to speak when anybody addresses you is the height of impoliteness.

It is the best kind of politeness to cultivate kindly feelings. A girl that is a little reserved, that is never rude, that says pleasant and does kindly things, that is not always thinking first of herself—what is more charming than this? For my part, I am always glad to see such little girls, and I tell you frankly that everybody becomes very fond of them.

Girls ought to be modest in their demeanor, and more gentle than boys. It is entirely right for them to run and jump and be as lively as they like, provided they are not rude and over-boisterous in their play.

It is very delightful to see a merry, laughing girl scampering over the grass with her kitten or her dog, or engaged in any other active play; but it seems to me that she can do these things in a perfectly free manner without becoming a tom-boy. Don't you think so? If you will try and not imitate the rough ways of boys, not to shout, at the top of your voice and not to be violent, you will enjoy your play just as much, and people will like you the better for it.

There are, I fear, a good many other rules for the guidance of girls. Perhaps you think you have heard enough about good manners for once; but here are some other rules that I must tell you, and then you can run off to your play!

Don't fail to thank any one who does you any service or a kindness.

Don't point at people you see in the streets, and don't fail to respond to every bow of recognition.

Don't be impatient because things go wrong; don't be angry because you can't have your own way.

Don't say unkind things about your playmates, and don't be envious and out of temper because another girl has a prettier gown or bonnet than you have. It is impossible for any girl to have everything she wants. It is foolish to fret and make ourselves unhappy because some one is better off than we are.

Don't use slang terms. No one likes to hear from the lips of a girl or woman the coarse and fast terms that happen to be the vulgar fashion of the time.

Don't be in the habit of giggling. Laugh openly and freely at whatever is laughable, but unless there is something to laugh at don't laugh. Don't cover your face with your hands when you have occasion to laugh.

Don't be affected. Try to have a simple and natural manner. Anything that is affected is exceedingly disagreeable.

Don't talk in a loud and shrill voice. A low voice is a great charm in all women, young or old.

Don't fail to be obedient to your parents and teachers, respectful to all people older than yourself, kind to your playmates and servants, considerate of other people's wishes and feelings, gentle and modest in your demeanor, neat in your attire, and observant to all the little rules that make what are called good manners.—*Youth's Companion*.

CURED OF A BAD HABIT.

Thievish Kitty Gray and Her Involuntary Bath.

Foolish little Kitty Gray would jump up to the great earthen cream bowl to steal a drink, although Bertie kept her saucer well supplied with good sweet milk.

But Kitty thought it nice to be a little thief and help herself to little sips of cream from the pantry. Several times she had been caught and punished for the troublesome trick, but it seemed to make no difference; she would first jump to the shelf, then step carefully upon the edge of the bowl, and softly lap the thick, rich cream with her little naughty red tongue.

One day Bertie was in the kitchen, when all at once he thought he heard some little movements in the pantry. He crept slowly to the door, and there was Kitty Gray just stepping slyly upon the edge of the cream bowl. Pretty soon she began lapping the yellow cream. Bertie stole noiselessly in, and suddenly giving Kittie a quick push, she went, head first, into the splashing cream. She floundered about in great fright and distress, scrambling and scratching, trying to get out. But the bowl was deep and the glazed sides so slippery, poor Kitty might have drowned had she fallen in accidentally.

Bertie let her stay until he thought it cruel to keep her there any longer, then he helped her out.

Poor Kitty was dripping away, and hid somewhere in the dark.

It was not very kind for Bertie to do as he did, but when he promptly told his mamma the truth about it, she said she would forgive him if Kitty was cured of her naughty habit—and she was. From that day, Kitty Gray never was seen near the cream bowl again. In fact, she would run away and hide if any one was seen approaching with the bowl in hand.—*Christian at Work*.

China's Edible Bird's Nests.

The edible bird's nests of China are formed of a species of sea-weed, which are carried by cave swallows often far into the interior. It seems an especial favorite with these birds for nest-building. It appears to be difficult to get this sea-weed in any other way. After being washed and cleaned, it is said to be delicious, and, being comparatively scarce, is a rare-tid-bit for great occasions. The Chinese have a tender spot for delicacies of this kind. In New Zealand there is a fungus named *Hirunomia polystricha*, which has taken the taste of the Chinaman, and quite a trade is springing up with it for China. No less than four hundred tons has been sent to the Celestials in one year, according to a recent Government report, the value of which is given at one hundred thousand dollars. Women and children collect the fungus, for which, when dried, they get about twenty cents a pound. It is sent from New Zealand to San Francisco, and from there is shipped to China.—N. Y. Independent.

JUST AS BAD AS PAINTED.

Widespread Commotion Caused by the Terrible Confession of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., *Zenocrat* and *Chronicle*, created a deal of commotion here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days ago which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal facts which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed unnecessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrew street, when the following interview occurred: That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?

"Every one of them," said the doctor, "I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession has been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels should strike the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

FROM MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Views of an Ex-Governor of South Carolina on the Southern Question.

In the current number of the New Englander, Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain—of whom, as Republican Governor of South Carolina, the country once heard a great deal—breaks a long silence to discuss the present and prospective aspects of the Southern question. We are bound to say that his remarks, as a whole, are among the best yet made on a very fruitful subject, and coming from such eminent Republican authority, are especially deserving of the thoughtful consideration of all honest members of that party. It will be remembered that Senator Sherman while intentionally helping to elect a Democratic Governor in New York last fall—recommended, as an infallible panacea for Southern ills, the reduction of the basis of representation in those Southern States where fewer Republican votes are cast than the party managers think ought to be. Chamberlain devotes more attention to this characteristic proposition than his impudence declares that the alleged remedy would not, even if it could be tried, reach the disease, and that the latter must be left to cure itself. He says—and let us not forget who it is that says it—that

The evil in question is plainly the result of the want of intelligence, experience and good judgment on the part of the class who are deprived of the right to vote, and of the race prejudice and political ambition of the class which inflicts the wrong, intensified and made reckless in respect to the right to vote, by the insupportable corruption and maladministration of most of the Southern State governments from 1862 to 1876.

In other words, if in any Southern State colored citizens are deprived of any of their political rights, it is mainly, if not entirely, the fault of the Republican party. First, in conferring citizenship upon a class not even now possessed of sufficient "intelligence, experience and good judgment" for the proper recognition and fulfillment of its obligations; and second, by the establishment and maintenance of "the insupportable corruption and maladministration of most of the Southern State governments from 1862 to 1876."

This is the whole Southern business in a nutshell. The freedmen—as President Lincoln so well knew—were not prepared for citizenship, and should have been allowed to wait until some degree of preparation had been attained. But in spite of their unfitness, the ballot was thrust into their hands by an unscrupulous Republican policy; and then, in order to consummate that policy, they were used to fasten upon the Southern neck the meanest and dirtiest of despotisms. The results of which Republicans complain are, says Chamberlain, inevitable "whenever in any community those who hold nearly all its property, intelligence and experience in self-government are set against those who are for the most part without property, education or experience of public affairs." We may add that if Massachusetts or Maine had suffered for eight months "the insupportable corruption and maladministration" which South Carolina and Louisiana endured for eight years, they would have risen in righteous wrath and driven every negro and carpet-bagger into the sea. The wonder is, not that the Southern people, under such intense provocation, did some things they ought not to have done, but that they were not utterly reckless in their resistance to the ineffable iniquity. The greatest wonder is that, in less than ten years after the provocation was removed by the destruction of Republican rule in the South, the two races are working together for a common prosperity in peace and harmony; that there is so little real trouble between them that during the last Presidential campaign Republican office-holders and traveling newspaper correspondents could not find a single "Southern outrage" worth reporting.

Chamberlain urges his political associates to "abandon all efforts to prolong, through party proclamations and appeals, a controversy which has resulted so disastrously to those in whose interests it has been carried on," and to leave whatever difficulties yet remain in the Southern situation to be overcome by the National forces now at work. That is, let the South manage its own affairs in its own way, untroubled by Northern interference or instruction. It is most devotedly to be wished that Sherman, Logan and their co-laborers in the making of sectional mischief, may follow this sensible and patriotic advice; but if they do, what will become of the bloody shirt?—and without the bloody shirt what would become of "the grand old party?"—St. Louis Republican.

TENURE-OF-OFFICE ACT.

The Law of the Land Does Not Oblige the President to Give His Reasons for Removals.

It is not generally known that originally the requirement of confirmation of the executive appointments of the President by the Senate did not, in practice, exist, whatever may have been the theory held by Congress. It is true that originally confirmation by the Senate was applied, but only in the cases of quite a small number of the principal officers. In the meantime, however, the Senate has been constantly extending its claims to the principle of confirmation, until they now include a considerable portion of the whole executive offices of the Government, some one hundred thousand in number.

Now, in view of this enormous stride toward the assumption of purely executive functions on the part of the Senate, nothing can be clearer or more certain than that the President is compelled to make his appointments with an eye to the welfare of the public service. And when to the evil of the deprivation of the Executive of a power which naturally and scientifically appertains to his branch of the Government are added the political jobbery and mutual trading which have in the past influenced that body, and which the Civil Service act was designed to reform, the evils and the tendency to political debauchery by the present Senatorial practice can readily be perceived.

There was one period, however, in the history of the country when this

domination of the Senate in appointments passed into desuetude and, indeed, into a state of almost abject abeyance. This was during the civil war. The necessities of the then situation restored the President to his natural and scientific place in the Government, and compelled the Senate to abdicate its virtually usurped and absolute executive powers and to accept obediently the nominations of the Executive. At that time, in fact, both houses of Congress attempted to solve a problem which no Legislature, from that of the long parliament of Cromwell to the revolutionary assembly of France, had ever successfully coped with, and most signally and abjectly failed therein.

The war once ended, however, the Senate, through the unpopularity of President Johnson and the instrumentality of the Tenure-of-Office bill, was again enabled to seize the power which had been wrested from its grasp by means of President Lincoln's overmastering astuteness and the favoring circumstances which environed him.

Just now a contention has arisen between the President and the Senate. The Senate claims, under the Tenure-of-Office act, that the President is bound to submit to it his reasons for removal of officers. This act authorizes the President, "in his discretion," to suspend any officer during the recess of the Senate. But, at the same time, it is by no means in any portion of it mandatory on the President to state his reasons for removal. Consequently, if the President should refuse to give those reasons, technically this refusal, it would naturally follow, gives the Senate no just cause for refusing confirmation.

In the meantime the public will watch the outcome of this contention between the Executive and the Senate with no little interest.—Chicago News.

THE LAND-THIEVES HURT.

The Abuse Hurlied at Commissioner Sparks Not Coming from Honest Homesteaders.

The outcry that has lately been made against Commissioner Sparks, of the Land Office, would naturally lead the public to believe that Mr. Sparks is an odious tyrant, whose order suspending the issuing of patents until the claims to the lands in question could be examined was a blow at the poor but honest settler seeking a humble home on the prairies of the great West. There has been clamor enough over the matter to deafen ears of brass. A little investigation only is necessary to show that the clamor is not made by bona-fide settlers, who are fulfilling the requirements of the Homestead law. The man who has settled on his homestead and is improving it knows he has nothing to fear, even if he is compelled to wait a little for his patent until the rascality of somebody else is exposed.

In point of fact, the howl is raised by land speculators and cattle kings, who want the earth, and want it for nothing. They have fenced in millions of acres to which they have no legal title, but they hope to obtain a legal title by the perjury of cowboys and other irresponsible agents, who will swear to a lie for a very small consideration. The order of Commissioner Sparks blocks this rascally game, as an investigation is sure to reveal the perjury. Hence the outcry.

The extent to which the false entry of lands under the Homestead act has been carried may be inferred from the report of Special Agent Webster Eaton, in regard to a portion of the Duluth and St. Cloud land districts. He states that four thousand and three hundred fixed homestead entries have been in a district in which he finds less than one hundred actual settlers of all kinds, who are making or trying to make a living by farming. It is a shame that this wholesale robbery of the public lands has been allowed to exist until nearly all the lands available for settlement have been gobbled up. But because wrong has been done in the past is no reason why it should be allowed to continue. What lands are left should be reserved for actual settlers and the large bodies now held fraudulently should be restored to the public domain. Commissioner Sparks will have the countenance and support of every honest man in the country in his effort to withstand the rapacity of the land grabbers.—Philadelphia Times.

DEMOCRATIC BRIEFS.

Over four thousand bills have been introduced into the present Congress. The anxious public which most of these manifestations of statesmanship propose to despoil have no control in the matter, but on the other hand they have the consolation of knowing that a hale and hearty man at the other end of the avenue stands with his veto axe poised in the air ready to strike effective blows where blows are necessary.—Chicago Times.

Secretary Lamar is an example of the fact that a poetic temperament is not inconsistent with a judicial mind. A man may woo the muses without affecting his title to the possession of these mental traits which are commonly supposed to distinguish great judges and lawyers. We have not had the pleasure of reading any of Mr. Lamar's poetry, but if it is as good in its way as his letter in the Bell telephone case it is poetry well worth reading.—Brooklyn Eagle.

President Cleveland's work of reform is so comprehensive that it attacks all abuses, even those sanctioned by long usage. It has been considered by members of Congress of the same political creed as the Executive as an inalienable right to take up his time with applications for office for their henchmen and supporters. So far has this practice been carried that the heads of departments found the most annoying circumstances connected with their positions to be the bulldozing process to which they were daily subjected by Senators and Representatives. The President proposes to put a stop to this crying evil and to insist upon the isolation of the executive from the legislative branch of the Government in all matters not contemplated by the Constitution.—Albany Argus.

The Cuban dandy sometimes attends a ball in a black dress suit, a white necktie and a green shirt.

INSECTS AND AGRICULTURE.

One of the Evils That Follows in the Wake of Civilization.

In the primitive condition of the country, as the white man found it, insects, doubtless, took their proper place in nature's economy, and rarely preponderated in any direction to the injury of the wild plants, scattered for the most part, sparsely throughout their range. Harmony between organisms, in the sense of the widest interrelation and interdependence, had resulted in the long course of ages. But civilized man violated this primitive harmony. His agriculture, which is essentially the encouragement and cultivation, in large tracts, of one species of plant to the exclusion of others which he denominates weeds, gave exceptional facilities for the multiplication of such insects as naturally fed on such plants. In addition to this inevitable increase of species thus encouraged, many others have been unwittingly imported from other countries, chiefly through the instrumentality of commerce with those countries; for it is a most significant fact that the worst weeds and the worst insect pests of American agriculture are importations from Europe. Thus, in addition to the undue increase in our native species, as above noted, we have to contend with these introduced foreigners, and it is no wonder that Dr. Fitch declared America to be the land of insects, for, as compared to Europe, we are truly bug-ridden.

The losses occasioned by insects injurious to agriculture in the United States are, in the aggregate, enormous, and have been variously estimated at from \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000 annually. It will never be possible to fully protect our crops from the ravages of many species that injuriously affect them; but it is the aim of the economic entomologists to prevent as much of the loss as possible, and at the very least expense. To do so effectually, the chief knowledge required is of an entomological nature, i. e., the full life-history of the different species, and this implies a great deal of close and accurate work in field and laboratory. By means of it we learn which species are beneficial and which injurious, and the ability to distinguish between friend and foe is of the first importance in coping with the latter, for it is a notorious fact that the farmer often does more harm than good by destroying the former in his blind efforts to save his crops. The economic entomologist, to do effectual work, must possess not merely a knowledge of the particular injurious species and its habits with which he wishes to deal, but must study its relations to wild plants as well as to the particular cultivated crops it affects. He must also study it in its relations to other animals. Indeed, its whole environment must be considered, especially in connection with the farmer's wants, the natural checks which surround it, and the methods of culture that most affect it. The habits of birds, the nature and development of minute parasitic organisms, such as fungi, the bearing of meteorology, must all be considered, and yet, with the knowledge that a study of all of these bearings implies, he will frequently fail of practical results without experiment and mechanical ingenuity.

More study of insects, however, while essential, is not often productive of those important practical results which follow when it is combined with field work and experiment by competent persons, on scientific principles. Many of the remedies proposed and recommended are either ridiculous or else based on misleading empiricism; and economic entomology, as a science, is of comparatively recent date.

Insects probably outnumber in species all other animals combined, some three hundred and fifty thousand having already been described, and fully as many more remaining yet to be characterized. The proper and conscientious characterization of a genus or of species of some microscopic creature involves as much labor as that of the higher animals. Of the above number a goodly proportion are injurious to cultivated crops. Lintner records no less than one hundred and seventy-six affecting the apple.—Gardener's Chronicle.

BARBED WIRE.

How to Lessen the Damage Done by Barbed-Wire Fencing.

Since the use of barbed-wire fencing has come into vogue so extensively, complaints are heard on every hand of the damage caused to animals thereby. Many valuable colts and horses have been killed by running into the cruel barbs, while the hides of cattle are so scratched and torn that they are rendered almost valueless for leather-making purposes. The cause of so much damage is that at a short distance the wires are almost invisible, and in their antics around the inclosure horses frequently run at full speed against the fence without being able to check their headway in time to prevent being hurt by contact with the barbs. So greatly have stock owners suffered from this reason that the entire abandonment of this style of fencing has been decided upon in many cases, and board fences have been substituted at large cost. The trouble may be obviated in a large measure by substituting for the two top wires of the fence boards either four or six inches wide. By this means the stock will have no trouble in discerning the whereabouts of the fence, and danger from laceration by the barbs will be almost entirely prevented, since it is from the upper wires of the structure that the most trouble is experienced. The change may be made at very small additional cost over the wire, especially when the fence is so built in the first place. Three wires and two boards will be found to make a very substantial and stock-proof fence, and when four-inch lumber is used the cost will not be excessive.—San Francisco Chronicle.

In Iowa there lives a man who draws a pension because ten years ago his wife struck him with a broomstick. Under this arrangement, if the editor of this paper lived in Iowa, he would be entitled to two pensions and a comfortable home for life.—Quintman (Ga.) Free Press.

IN A GALLOP.

That is the Rate at Which Bill Brady is Hastening to the Poor-House.

Coming down from Northern Michigan, one morning, the train was crowded with lumbermen going to a new camp. The men were all stout, healthy looking fellows, quite rough in their appearance and talk, with long hair and unshaven faces. About daylight they began to eat their breakfast from all sorts of food they had with them, and the united strength of the mixed odors suddenly liberated from cheese, onions, codfish, dried herring and so on was nearly strong enough to stop the train. About seven o'clock the breakfast station was reached, and one of the lumbermen went into the hotel along with the other passengers, and did his utmost in the limited time at his command to bankrupt the keeper of the establishment.

When the train was again in motion a savage looking fellow, with a jaw strong enough to grind glass, who was devouring great strips of codfish and wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve after every bite, peered out from the wilderness of hair that surrounded his black eyes, upon the man across the way, who was picking his teeth with a jack-knife, and said: "How is this, Bill? You hain't been squandering your substance on a store breakfast, hev ye?"

"Well, I reckon I jest hev, Pete," said Bill, with a look of importance that could not be expressed in print.

"What do they tax a feller for warm bit grub in these parts now, Bill?" continued Pete, as he tore off a strip of codfish big enough to make a meal for a small family.

"A half a dollar's what they lifted me for, Pete."

"Did you say a half dollar, Bill?"

"That's what I said, Pete."

"Do you mean to tell me that you hed to pay a half a dollar jest for eatin', Bill?"

"That's what I hed to do."

"All that money throwed away jest for a little grub! Didn't you have any biters, Bill?"

"Not a smell, Pete."

"Nor no seegar?"

"No, Pete."

"Didn't you make no bargain for the trash beforehand, Bill?"

"Of course I did."

"It wasn't a gouge game they come on you, then?"

"No, I knowed what I was a-doin' afore I buttered a biscuit."

"And you knowed you'd hev to fork over a half dollar jest for eatin', did you Bill?"

"Why, certainly, Pete."

"Well, my goodness, Bill! What on this arth do you mean? A half a dollar jest for eatin'! Jest for eatin', mind ye; no seegar nor no biters! All throwed away in one lump, and nothin' to show for it ten minutes afterwards! Bill Brady do you know what you're a-doin'?"

"I'm a doin' well enough, Pete."

"No you hain't, Bill. You're a gallopin' toward the poor-house jest as tight as you kin jump, and if some of your friends don't interfere and git a gardeen appointed for you, goodness only knows what'll become of you. A half a dollar jest for eatin', and that, too, all at one grab! Bill, yer brains is a turpin' to water; I'm actin' 'feard they be. Look at that codfish, will you?" holding it up by the tail. "I only paid a quarter for it a week ago, and it'll stand me another week or so yit jest like nothin', and yit you'll throw your four bits all at one whack for a few bites in a tavern as unconcerned as though money growed on trees. Bill, you're a darned sly bigger fool'n I ever took you to be, and that's a sayin' heaps."—Lige Brown, in Chicago Ledger.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Of Jay Gould's partners, Connor is said to be worth two million and Morosini three million dollars.

—Senators Blair and Frye are said to be the only members of the Upper House of Congress who are teetotalers.—N. Y. Post.

—Pennsylvania has only four living ex-Governors: James Pollock, Andrew G. Curtin, John F. Hartranft and Henry M. Hoyt.

—A real live Polish Prince, Poniatowski by name, is keeping bachelor's hall on a farm of thoroughbred horses near Athens, Ga.

—Mrs. Deborah Powers, of Troy, N. Y., is ninety-five years old and at the head of the banking firm of D. Powers & Sons.—Troy Times.

—Chang, the Chinese giant, recently lost twenty-five thousand dollars by an unfortunate investment in an Australian gold mine.—Pittsburgh Post.

—A Chinese laundryman in St. Louis named Jue Jun was recently received into the Pilgrim Congregational Church. Five of his countrymen witnessed the ceremony.

—Miss Mary Dickens, a granddaughter of the great Charles Dickens, is playing on the provincial stage in England, and her playing is spoken of by the press in terms of praise.

—Adirondack Murray says that while a Yale student he lived four months on a diet which cost him fifty-six cents a week—Indian meal and water, not enough meal and too much water.

—Sol Abrams, who is reported to be one of the richest men in Oregon, used to lead a horse, packed with notions, which he sold to people between Oregon City and Silverton at an early day.—Chicago Herald.

—Pope Leo is said to have an income of one million five hundred thousand dollars annually, and it is stated on the authority of Monsignor Capel that the Pope's personal expenses are limited to two dollars and fifty cents a day.

—Prince Paul Esterhazy, according to a European journal, with his boundless estates, Transylvanian forests and other sources of wealth, would probably go beyond the late Mr. Mr. Vanderbilt by a trifle of twenty or thirty million dollars or so.

—The man who carried from the field the body of the Napoleonic Prince Imperial when he lost his life fighting in South Africa was presented with a diamond ring and pensioned by the Empress Eugenie. He came to Massachusetts and was last sight of, but the ring was found last week in a Boston pawn-shop.

—Leopold von Ranke, now more than ninety, presents the anomaly of a man who has never taken any exercise and yet is in perfect physical health. The German historian has almost lived in his library, working for fifteen hours a day, and he has laid out more work which he hopes to complete before his one hundredth birthday.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Which is the stronger, an apple or a pear? An apple; it drew a pair out of the garden of Eden.—Prairie Farmer.

—Dishonest railway managers profit by watering their stock. But every honest farmer waters his stock.—Chicago Mail.

—Very Sad: "Aw, Algernon, sick?" "Co'd." "How'd'y catch it?" "Lifted my hat rathless suddenly 'one o' the girls, y' know."—Chicago News.

—"Got anything new this beastly weather?" asked one citizen of another.

"Yes, said the interrogated, with a fresh frown on his corrugated visage. "Neuralgia."—Chicago Ledger.

—Farmer: That is a voracious pig; I gave him a painful of slop which he drank all up, and I picked him up and put him in the bucket, and the blamed thing didn't fill it half full!—Albany Journal.

—An Irishman, speaking of a friend whom he suspected of living altogether by his means, observed that he believed that he would owe several thousand pounds after all his debts were paid.

—The scholarly people give a philosophical reason for speaking of steamboats, fire engines, etc., as she. The Lowell Citizen says the fire engine is called she because all the men turn and look at it when it passes along the street.

—"I didn't see you at church Christmas Day." "I was there, though. I have a new pew away back under the gallery." "You are unfortunate."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Edinburgh has 181 churches, of which 124 are Presbyterian.

—The public school superintendent of Wyoming reports 4,508 pupils, 73 school-houses, 147 teachers, and the total amount paid for salaries as \$88,000.

—Five of the Bishops of the Episcopal Church were born in Ireland, one in Canada, and nine in New York City. Only two were born in the States in which they are Bishops.

—The native churches of Japan are strict in the admission of members. A play-actor, story-teller and editor of the "personal" department in a newspaper, were refused until they changed their business.

—While some of the educational papers are yet debating the question of the wisdom of industrial education, the School Journal comes forward with the unequivocal declaration that it is "THE education."

—The Japanese Government has lately sent to Vassar College a pair of bronze vases handsomely ornamented with inlaid decorations in gold and silver, in appreciation of the education given to Japanese girls.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

—A new school in Saharanpur, India, has been opened for the wives of the young men of the Theological Seminary of that place, to prepare them to take their places beside their husbands when they shall become Christian pastors and missionaries.

—The sale of Bibles, religious books and magazines through the colporteurs of Mr. Spurgeon's Church amounted during the past year to nearly \$45,000. Seventy-eight men were employed in the work, and 1,500 towns and villages were visited.

—Since 1876 twenty-three missionaries have been sent to the Central African mission of the London Missionary Society, of whom ten have died, and nine have retired from the service. In spite of these immense losses, the Society has resolved to go on with the work with vigor, and a strong reinforcement is to be sent at once.—Christian Union.

—There is a school in London called the Zenana and Medical School, from which sixty women have been sent out as missionaries to India, in connection with the Baptist, Episcopal and Wesleyan churches. Lady Dufferin, wife of the Viceroy of India, is said to be enthusiastic in advocacy of sending more well-trained women as missionaries to that country.

—The case of clergymen ordained in the English colonial dioceses seems a rather hard one. They are, in many cases exiled for life from England. Thus the Rev. Mr. Malachi was ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Hills, of British Columbia, and for four years was curate of the Cathedral, Victoria. Family circumstances compelled him to return and live in England, where he desired to follow his profession of a clergyman. But both the Archbishops of Canterbury and York has refused a license and have told him that having been ordained in and for the colonies it is his plain duty to return to them.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Behind a man's back is before his face, isn't it?—Rochester Express.

—We hear of a grocer who calls his scales "ambush" because they lie in wait.—Lowell Citizen.

—Enterprise and energy slowly ascended the stairs of success, while luck goes up in an elevator.—Chicago Standard.

—A young lady wrote some verses for a country paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It is most made her hair turn gray when it appeared in print, "My 30th."

—A horrible accident happened in this city the other day. As a dude was about stepping across a gutter a button in the rear of his shirtband broke, and his high collar sweeping upward cut off both his ears.—Philadelphia Herald.

—An inveterate old wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges in which condition of neglect it had been left for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.—N. Y. Mail.

—A lawyer in an Eastern State, whose reputation in the community was not very high, met and old gentleman and said to him: "Do you know, Mr. H., that I am a direct descendant of Miles Standish?" "Is it possible?" was the reply. "What a descent!"—Argosy.

—"Just borrowed nine hundred dollars on my own note," said young Hardup, "and I feel like a great man's monument." "How's that?" said his friend; "cause somebody else has to pay for it?" "O no; not exactly that; but I've got such a good start on paper."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—The road to home happiness lies over small stepping stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks in families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The tenderer the feelings the painfuller the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze. The misery of a life is born of a chance observation. If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written it would be silenced by an uproar of derision.—E. Jesse.

He Knew Them Well.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the engineer's hand was on the throttle-valve, when it was discovered that the coupling-link between the "tender" and the baggage-car was broken.

"Get a new link," ordered the conductor.

"Haven't got another on the train," replied the brakeman.

"Well, never mind," said the conductor, after a moment's reflection. "Run in to the lunch-counter and bring out a two-cent cruller. I guess that will hold until we get to Albany." Then he added explanatively to the crowd: "I haven't eaten my lunch at Poughkeepsie for twelve years not to know what to depend on, and what not."—Tid-Bits.

