



# Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

## SOMEbody SURPRISED.

Somebody strays to the meadows sweet  
And leans against the bars;  
The daisies are thick about somebody's feet,  
And the sky is thick with stars.

Somebody whistles adown the green lane;  
Somebody leans to hear;  
Then somebody answers back again  
In lark-note, soft and clear.

Somebody red grows somebody's face,  
As somebody asks, "Is it you?"  
Then somebody's arm goes out of place,  
And somebody's mouth does, too.

Somebody's something somebody's hand,  
Asking, "Can somebody wait?"  
Somebody loses all self-command  
And absently asks, "Is it later?"

Somebody steps from a bush near by,  
In somebody's hand is a strap,  
Somebody yells, "Get away, my!"  
"Oh, Jimminy Josh, it's a pap!"

Washington Hatchet.

## PRIMER OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Every four years there is a class of new voters, or forgetful ones, who want to know about the Presidential election, how it is effected and carried out, and why the system has taken its present rather complicated form.

The election of President and Vice-President of the United States is placed by the Constitution in the hands of the States, but Congress may fix the time for choosing Electors and the day on which they shall give their votes. Many people regard the Presidential election as the whole body of the people voting together to choose a President; but the constitutional truth is that it is an election by all the States, each in its own way, upon a day fixed by Congress. In the beginning some of the States chose their Presidential Electors by vote of the Legislature (the two Houses voting in some concurrently, in others jointly); others chose them by popular vote as now, but by districts, instead of all on one ticket. These methods would still be strictly constitutional if any State wished to adopt them, but, as a matter of fact, all the States have, without any written agreement or compulsion, adopted the same method of choice—namely (to use the constitutional phrase) "to appoint their electors" by popular vote for them upon one ticket for the whole State; and Congress has fixed the Tuesday after the first Monday in November as the day when this shall take place.

The number of electors is fixed by the Constitution, being as many for each State as the number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress. Congress has added by law the explanation that this means "entitled at the time when the President and Vice-President to be chosen come into office."

Originally the Constitution required that the Electors should meet in their respective States and ballot for two persons, and the one who received the most of all the votes should be President and the next Vice-President, but this method was found to involve the obvious difficulty, as soon as parties crystallized, that the President and Vice-President were likely to represent the two opposite parties, creating needless antagonism between the two and subjecting the Government to a change of party administration in case the President died or from any cause was succeeded by the Vice-President. Hence in 1804 was adopted the Twelfth amendment, providing that the electors should designate the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President. Lists of these votes are forwarded from each State to the President of the Senate at Washington, and opened in the presence of both Houses of Congress when the votes are "counted"—that is, the totals of all the lists from the several States are added up and the result announced. In case no person has a majority of the Electoral votes for President, the Constitution requires that the House of Representatives "shall choose immediately by ballot the President" from among the three highest candidates. But the vote shall be taken by States, each State having one vote, thus preserving the principle that the Presidential election is an election by States. In case the Presidential election should go to the House this year, that body would elect a Democrat, as the State delegations would stand twenty-three Democratic to fourteen Republican, not counting Florida, which would be evenly divided. To constitute a quorum under these circumstances, members must be present from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States is necessary to a choice. In the case of a failure to elect a Vice-President, one shall be chosen by the Senate, voting individually, a majority of its whole number being necessary to a choice. A person to be eligible as President or Vice-President of the United States must be a native born citizen, thirty-five years of age and a resident within the United States for fourteen years.

It is a frequent suggestion that a direct popular vote would be a great improvement upon this elaborate machinery of Electors, but that is open to grave doubt. Although the Electors are mere clerks and do not exercise that corrective upon the popular choice which the fathers expected, they would, if constituted a ready and inexpensive means of arriving at the result, and their existence is a great bulwark of the power of the States as States. For instance, in the last election, if the result had depended on the popular vote, it would have taken several weeks to ascertain that General Garfield had a plurality of 7,018 votes in the enormous total of 9,204,428 votes—less than one-tenth of one per cent. But with the Electoral system, it was readily ascertained on the night of the election that while each of the two candidates had carried nineteen States, General Garfield had 214 Electoral votes and General Hancock 155. It may well be claimed for the Electoral College that no system has ever been put in practice disposing of so vast concerns with equal facility, certainty, dispatch and popular tranquility. Imagine the calamity to our business and political interests if every Presidential election were to be succeeded by the period of uncertainty which characterized the election of 1876. The cir-

cumstances of that occasion were exceptional and might be remedied, so far as their recurrence can be prevented by law, by the enactment by the House of the bill which has passed the Senate to regulate the Presidential count.

But no account of the Presidential election would be complete which ignores the Presidential convention—a body which rivals Congress in importance and yet is unknown to the Constitution or to the laws of the United States. The Presidential convention is a striking instance of the stability which an institution may acquire without a single word of basis in law or constitution; it shows how the unwritten Constitution may be almost as essential a part of the Governmental machinery as the written. After Washington and Adams, the early Presidents were nominated by the Congressional caucus of the party—a plan which worked without friction so long as "the Virginia regency" held the reins. They were quietly nominated Jefferson and Madison. Monroe had some difficulty to carry the caucus over Crawford, and when Crawford at the end of Monroe's term succeeded in carrying the Congressional caucus of his party himself, there was general disgust with the machine and a split in the Democratic (then called Republican) party which resulted in the choice of J. Q. Adams by the House. General Jackson did not require any set of men to nominate him in 1828, on account of the general indignation that he had lost the election of 1824. During the campaign for his re-election, the opposition taking the name of Whig held the first National Convention (1831), nominating Clay, and the Democrats followed in 1836 by nominating Mr. Van Buren in that way. Mr. Van Buren was elected on that occasion, but was defeated at the polls by General Harrison in 1840, and was defeated in the convention in 1844 by the adoption of the two-thirds rule, which has ever since characterized the Democratic Convention. The Republican National Conventions began with the nomination of Fremont in 1856, and have not changed form materially since the convention which nominated Lincoln. The first conventions were held in the fall a year before the elections.

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant were all elected for two terms, and Grant was the only one who tried for a third. The two Adamses were candidates for re-election and failed. Van Buren was a candidate for re-election against the same candidate as at first, and was defeated; then he was a candidate before his convention, the third time and failed of nomination, as above stated, and for the fourth time, took a Free-Soil nomination to "beat the other fellow," making four campaigns in succession in which he was in the field—and only one term in the Presidency. Charles C. Pinckney and Henry Clay are the only candidates who ever ran twice and failed of an election at all—the former in 1804 and 1808, and the latter in 1832 and 1844.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

**A Model Deposition.**

Many years ago a prominent attorney residing in one of the coast towns of Texas, obtained from a witness who had been the Sheriff but was then the County Clerk of a town in Mississippi, a rather singular deposition. When received by mail and filed it was opened and read by the attorney, but was not offered in evidence for reasons obvious upon its perusal. He found the deposition so amusing that he called the attention of the lawyers in attendance upon the court, and offered them opportunities to read it privately in his office. It was as follows, the formal caption of return being omitted:

Interrogatory 1. "Did you visit Texas in 1847? If yes, what made you come here?"

Answer. "I did. I came on general principles."

Int. 2. "What places in this State did you visit during your trip in 1847? What precisely occurred at each of those places while you were there?"

Ans. "I came to Galveston on the steamer New York, commanded by Captain Wright, after a rough voyage, during which I became acquainted with Tom, Dick and Harry, who were passengers like myself. On landing we registered at the Tremont House, and thereupon Tom invited all three of us to take a drink, which we did. Then in turn Harry invited us to take a drink which we did. Next I invited the party to join me in yet another drink, which they cheerfully did."

Then followed several pages, closely written, stating the places in Texas visited by the witness during the trip and the number of drinks, and with whom he took them while at each place, and nothing else, and winding up his answer to the second interrogatory as follows:

"I may possibly have taken yet other drinks, and with other persons, while at some of the places above mentioned, but if so, after the time that has elapsed, they have faded from my memory. Those specified are all that I took, so far as I now remember."

Int. 3. "Have you not been County Clerk of — County, in the State of Mississippi? If yes, is there not the record of a deed in your office, which indeed conveys the personal property involved in this suit to the plaintiff therein? If yes, append a true certified copy thereof to your answer to this interrogatory, and state whether you have done so."

Ans. "I was Sheriff, and am now County Clerk of the County of — County, in said State. I find the record of such a deed in one of the books of my office. I do not append a true, certified copy thereof to my answer to this interrogatory, because I have not been paid my fees for so doing, and am satisfied that if I do so, I should never get them."

Int. 4 and last. "Do you know anything further that might be of benefit or advantage to either of the parties to this suit? If yes, state the same fully and at length, as if specially interrogated thereon."

Ans. "Nothing—except that if the plaintiff is serious in meaning to recover the property he is suing for, I would advise him to employ another attorney."—*Texas Siftings.*

—One steel rail is made every half minute at Steglton, Pa.

## Washington Shopkeepers.

The older shopkeepers of Washington are usually very interesting men. They have lived through a great deal of interesting history in the place where history is made, and have caught some of it now and then as it passes by. For years they have furnished the great men of the country with necessities and luxuries—oftentimes at great personal expense. But their unusual class of customers has given them unusual experiences, and as a result unusual culture of a certain sort. They are reservoirs of reminiscence. One could not spend an afternoon more pleasantly than in chatting with the gray-haired proprietor of a certain book-store on Pennsylvania avenue, not far from the Capitol, made famous by the great men who have walked away their life hours within its walls. No private building in Washington has ever held more distinguished men than this little shop. How have such a store of memories as is to be found there. But the young men in these shops are not so well informed as the old shopkeepers, and their comments upon their famous old customers when they affect any personal knowledge about them at all are apt to be very funny. Several blocks west of the historic book store is a hat store, more ambitious and less distinguished than it used to be. Two other hat stores further west attract more fashionable people, now that all the people in Washington do not live in the central or eastern parts. But it is still a successful establishment, and while "viewing with alarm" the encroachments of its rivals, "points with pride" to its past achievements and to its dead customers. In its window is a hat—an old-fashioned beaver—labeled "Henry Clay's last hat," which is eyed with reverent interest by all the Kentuckians who come to town. Recently two rather distinguished Kentuckians went in to look at it. They were allowed to do so by the courteous young clerk, who also treated them to choice tid-bits of information about the past glories of the store. He told them that all the great men of the bellum and ante-bellum periods bought their hats at this old reliable establishment. This was the hat that Clay ordered just before his death. He had not really worn it. "He killed," continued the clerk glibly, "right across the way, in that old double house. Oh, I guess now, he is in one of the Kentuckians' hands. Clay died at the National Hotel, down here a bit." "Yes," said the clerk, "that's so. It was Daniel Webster who died in that house across the street." "Oh, no," said the other Kentuckian, "Daniel Webster died at his home in Massachusetts." "Well," said the cornered clerk, fairly desperate at this rude treatment of his treasured recollections, "somebody died at that old house across the street, anyhow." "Very likely," said both Kentuckians. "Good morning."—*Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

## Funerals in Madagascar.

In this land, where superstition, treachery and murder predominate, it is not strange that funerals are continually occurring, and that the strangest and most revolting performances are indulged in on these occasions. The first funeral which I witnessed was that of a man of no particular rank or position. As the corpse was being carried along it was followed by a rabble of mourners who were all screaming and yelling. At intervals along the road the corpse was placed on the ground and a series of athletic games were commenced, in which spear exercises were the most prominent. When the place of burial was reached the corpse was thrown naked into a shallow grave and then covered up with earth. A large pile of rocks was then placed over the grave. Some pieces of silver and a few other articles were buried with the body in order to give the ghost a start in the next world. When people are buried the ceremony is more elaborate and somewhat different. At the death of a chief the greater part of his estate are killed, and his wives are obliged to cut off their hair and otherwise disfigure themselves. A coffin is made by cutting a log somewhat longer than the corpse. This log is split lengthwise, hollowed out, and the body placed within. The funeral ceremonies are never complete until the succeeding chief has captured a town or has fought a battle in which blood has been shed. Whenever a great sorcerer, or person of more than ordinary distinction, departs this life, his body is allowed to decompose before burial. It is covered with aromatic substances and placed on a bamboo platform in the sun, where it is left for several days. The decomposition produces a putrefying liquid which is caught in earthen vessels placed under the platform. This horrible liquid is then divided among those present. Each receives the liquid in his hand and quickly rubs it all over his body. After this revolting performance the body is wrapped in a kind of cloth and buried with various ceremonies.—*Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

## The Book Thief's New Device.

"The newest trick of book thieves is a most curious one," said a Nassau street book dealer, yesterday. "And I confess it took me in completely this morning, although I've been in the business forty years and thought I knew a good deal. A very well dressed man came in yesterday and represented himself as the assistant librarian of the new public library in Cleveland. He said he had come to this city to buy twenty thousand books, among which he wanted to include about forty representative copies of old theological works printed in New England within the first century after the settlement of the Puritans."

"Of course I gave him permission to look at what I had in that line," said the book dealer. "After examining the books for about half an hour the man went out, saying that he intended to visit other book stores in the neighborhood. He returned about three o'clock in the afternoon and looked again at the books and then went away, promising to call this morning and make his purchases."

"Just after he had gone I noticed that he had put one of the books back on the wrong shelf. It was a volume of Cotton Mather's sermons printed in Cambridge in 1658, and was almost unique in this country. Taking it down I felt that there was some small substance between some of the leaves, and, sure

enough, there was—a piece of wet string laid along against the binding, just back of where had been a wood-cut portrait of Cotton Mather himself. But the wood-cut had disappeared. The rasal had slipped the wet string in during his first visit to the store, and it had so moistened the paste with which the portrait was fastened in the book that during his second visit, he had slipped the cut out and put it in his pocket without cutting or tearing it in the least. An examination of the volumes the thief had looked over revealed the fact that he had in the same way stolen seventeen other wood-cuts and engravings, the loss of which decreases the value of the volumes fully one-half. For instance, the Cotton Mather sermons were worth \$180 with the portrait, while without it I can't sell the book for more than \$50. Do I expect to catch him? Well, I hardly expect to be so fortunate."

"What do you think the man can sell his plunder for?" asked the reporter.

"Well, probably for about \$500—perhaps more," said the book-dealer.

"And I pity the public libraries of the city, for that man evidently knows just what wood-cuts and engravings are the rarest and most valuable, and he will play the same trick in those places if the librarians are not very careful."—*N. Y. Star.*

## Choosing a Home.

There are a great many things to be taken into account in choosing one's home. Among these are questions of health and of educational, social and religious opportunity.

As to health, much depends upon the quality of water, of soil, of drainage and situation. In places where rain falls steadily or frequently, good water can always be secured by building cisterns and by the use of filters. If soils are damp they may be drained, but this involves a large bill of expense. Localities where drainage is impossible or very difficult are undesirable places, so far forth, for homes. In choosing the site of one's house, respect should be had to the winds prevailing in the locality, and protection against these should be sought. The house should be so situated that its drainage shall be easily and healthfully provided for, and that the outbuildings do not mar its appearance or annoy its inmates. As far as possible a southern exposure should be sought, and the house so arranged inside that the sun shall have free access to all the living and sleeping rooms, and most access to those most constantly and numerous inhabited. Rooms on the north side of the house are tolerable in summer and sepulchral in winter. The sunny side of any hospital is the healthful side, and so of every street and every house.

Where there are children, regard should be had to opportunities for educating them suitably. In this matter more depends on the intellectual, social and religious atmosphere of the community than upon any other one thing. In many of the old New England towns in the last generation the facilities for education in the form of schools were very few, but the children grew up under influences that were of the very best and made most excellent men and women.

If one is dependent upon church privileges for religious growth and enjoyment, it is a matter of moment that the home be within reach of such opportunities of this sort as are congenial and desirable.

If one is dependent upon the market for supplies or for customers, nearness to market is certainly to be sought. However wise and careful one may be in choosing a home, whether in city or country, there will always be disadvantages to contend against. These, when they can't be cured, must be endured or ignored, and offset against what is agreeable and desirable. The bitter and sweet go together and are mingled in every human life.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## How a Rear-Admiral Was Made.

One morning, when the Duke of Clarence, having received his commission and his way to his way to his tailor's in Plymouth, to get the new uniform, at a street corner he saw a boy crying, and stopped to inquire the cause. The lad looked up through his tears, revealing a handsome, winning and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the streets. "Where is your father?" asked the Prince. "He was lost in the Sussex, on the Cornwall coast, two years ago." "How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?" The boy's face brightened as he answered that he should like it very well. The Prince took out his pocketbook and wrote something upon a slip of paper, which he gave to the boy, with a shilling. "Go down to the docks," he said, "and with this shilling you will hire a boatman to carry you off to the Pegasus. When you get on board the ship you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you. Cheer up, my lad! Show me that you have a true heart, and you shall surely find a true friend." Arrived on board the Pegasus the officer of the deck received him kindly, and sent him to sit upon a gun-carriage under the break of the poop. In less than an hour the Prince came off in his new uniform, and the boy was strangely moved upon discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was none other than William, Duke of Clarence, and Captain of the frigate. The boy, whose name was Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where the Prince questioned him, and forthwith he ordered him to be rated as a midshipman, and over his own purse he procured him an outfit. During the voyage to the American coast the Prince became strongly attached to his youthful protégé, keeping him about his person continually, and instructing him in general branches of education, as well as in his profession. Time passed on and the boy grew to be a man, serving King and country faithfully. In time William became King, and signed the commission which made Albert Doyer a Rear-Admiral. He exclaimed, as he put his signature to the document: "There—if I have ever done a good deed for England, it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man!"—*Life and Times of William IV.*

## The Men With the Pig.

A few days ago two men, who were afterwards found to be Detroiters, arrived in a town about fifty miles to the west of this, leading a pig. It was perhaps big enough and heavy enough to be called a hog, but they termed it a pig, and as they turned it over to the care of the landlord at whose inn they proposed to rest for the night one of the men explained:

"Be awful careful with that pig. He's a daisy—a new breed just from Scotland. We've sold him to a farmer out here for \$50, and we don't want anything to happen to him."

The landlord looked the pig up and then began to think and cogitate and suspect. When the strangers had gone to bed he called in some of the boys and said:

"I've twigged the racket; them two fellows are sharpers, and that's a guessing pig. To-morrow they will give you a chance to guess at his weight at ten cents a guess, and you'll be cleaned out—only you won't! As the fellows sleep we will weigh their pig and beat their game."

Nobody slept until the pig was taken over to the scales and weighed. He pulled down 170 pounds to a hair, and the villagers went home and hunted up their nickels and dimes of pigs and scales and sharpers through the remainder of the night.

Next morning the pig was led around in front, and before starting off on his journey, one of the owners remarked to the assembled crowd:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to weigh this pig directly. Maybe some of you would like to guess on his weight? I'll take all guesses at ten cents each, and whoever hits it gets fifty cents."

This provoked a large and selected stock of winks and smiles, but no one walked up until the pig man said that any one person could guess as many times as he cared to, provided a dime accompanied each guess. Then a rush set in. Three or four merchants put up fifty guesses each. A justice of the peace took thirty. A lawyer said about twenty would do for him. Before there was any let up in the guessing about 600 had been registered and paid for. Every soul of 'em guessed at 170 pounds. It was curious what unanimity there was in the guessing, but the pig men didn't seem to notice it. When all had been given a chance the pig was led to the scales, and lo! his weight was exactly 174 pounds!

"You see, gentlemen," explained the spokesman, while this animal only weighs 170 pounds along about eleven o'clock at night, we feed him about five pounds of corn-meal in the morning before weighing! You forgot to take this matter into consideration!"

Then somebody kicked the landlord, and he kicked the justice, and the justice kicked a merchant, and when the pig man looked back from a distant hill the whole town was out kicking itself and throwing empty wallets into the river.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Serpent Worship.

It has been suggested, and apparently with some reason, says Mr. Gordon Cumming, that in ancient pagan times it may have been a recognized symbol in serpent worship, and hence may have arisen its common use as a charm against all manner of evil. The resemblance is obvious, more especially to the species of harmless snake which is rounded at both ends, so that head and tail are apparently just alike. The creature moves backward or forward at pleasure; hence the old belief that it actually had two heads and was indistinguishable, as even when cut in two parts it was supposed that the divided heads would seek one another and reunite. It stands to reason that in a snake-worshipping community such a creature would be held in high reverence. Even in Scotland, various ancient snake-like bracelets and ornaments have been found which seem to favor this theory, and at a very early period both snakes and horseshoes seem to have been engraved as symbols on sacred stones. We hear of the latter having been sculptured, not only on the threshold of Old London houses, but even on that of ancient churches in various parts of Britain. And in the present day we all know the idea of luck connected with finding one, and how constantly they are nailed up on houses, stables and ships as a charm against witchcraft. In Scotland, all parts of England and Wales, and especially in Cornwall (where not only on various old houses, but sometimes on the gates of the old jails), we may find this curious trace of ancient superstition. Whatever may have been its origin, it is certainly remarkable that it should survive both in Britain and in Hindostan.—*London Spectator.*

## Perfectly Sane.

"What an absent-minded man is Mr. Easifoot," Clarissa said at the breakfast-table.

"And why, my daughter?"

"Because he is. He doesn't seem to know what he is doing. Last night while he was waiting for pa in the parlor, I asked him if he had heard my new song, 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.' He said he hadn't, and then, just as I sat down at the piano, he got up and went away without his hat, like one in a dream. He isn't crazy, is he, pa?"

"Pa looked up over his paper. 'No, my daughter,' he said, solemnly, as one who carefully weighs his words, 'no, you bet your sweet voice, Easifoot isn't crazy.'"

And a great silence, like that which follows a request for five dollars until next Saturday, came down and filled the room with the hush of a nameless awe that hovered over the table with such an icy glare that the muffins shuddered.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The White Pine (Cal.) News feelingly remarks as follows: "All the old bull teams in the county are being turned into beef this spring. The meat looks well, but it takes a terrible lot of jaw power to reduce it to swallowing fitness."

—Engineer Prince, of the Boston and Providence Road, has seen thirty-nine successive years of service in his trade, and has never had fatal accidents happen to passengers during the entire period.—*Boston Transcript.*

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Rijetei, a Korean nobleman, has translated the Bible into his native language.

—President Potter, of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., has accepted the Presidency of Hobart College.

—School-teachers and school-children in Vermont are not allowed to use tobacco in any form.—*Holland Herald.*

—The Board of Publication of the Presbyterian Church recently reported that the receipts for the past year were \$39,388.98; expenditures, \$287,216, and sales, \$199,950.

—Mrs. W. S. Hoyt, a very thoughtful and philanthropic lady, of Pelham, N. Y., has established in that town a school where boys and girls of the neighborhood may learn mechanical trades.

—Evening art schools for the special instruction of artisans who work by day exert a strong influence on the art industries of France. No less than sixty-five of these purely municipal evening classes flourish in Paris, with over 3,600 scholars.

—Miss Rachel Ewing, the oldest teacher in the Pittsburgh (Pa.) public schools, has resigned her position, at the age of seventy-six. She began when but a girl, and kept at her work until compelled to desist by the infirmities of age.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Roman Catholic Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, has issued an order that may reach beyond the confines of his diocese. He absolutely forbids church fairs or excursions, picnics, festivals, and what not for ostensible religious purposes.—*Providence Journal.*

—Through the liberality of some gentlemen connected with the Congregational churches at Chicago, a mission service for Bohemians has been begun in this city. It will be known as the Lumberman's Mission. It is estimated that there are 40,000 Bohemians in Chicago.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The young people of the Methodist Church South in Sacramento, to the number of about twenty couples, had a church-cleaning bee the other day. The carpets were all taken up and dusted, the floors scrubbed out, the pews cleaned, and everything put in apple order. That fun can be made out of labor was fully demonstrated.

—A novel plan of improvement for a church is that of the West Presbyterian Church on Forty-second street, New York. Rev. John R. Paxton, pastor, and it may be added, the church at which Russell Sage is accustomed to worship. The church is to be enlarged, and in the balcony, boxes—like the theater boxes—are to be built, each supplied with a table and comfortable accommodations for eight persons.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## "Government Contracts."

A prominent officer connected with the Quartermaster's Department in the army building, Houston street, narrated his experience in the manner of awarding Government contracts. "Why," he said, "the law on the subject is known to everybody, or at least it ought to be."

"Is there any other way of getting contracts than by sending in bids in response to published proposals?"

"None whatever. When the Government wants coal or grain, or, in fact, anything, proposals are invited, in accordance with the provisions of the law, by publication. At the time specified for opening the proposals all those persons who may have sent in bids are present. Nothing is done in a secret or underhand way. The contract is given to the lowest bidder, who must furnish a reasonable amount of security for the performance of his contract."

"Is competition usually close for these contracts?"

"Very. The number of bids often reaches forty or more, and when but few bids are received it is a sure sign that absolutely nothing can be made out of the contract. Now, you take coal, corn or hay, for example. The prices of all these things are known in the market to a quarter of a cent. Bidders for contracts are fully aware of this and their bids are often within an infinitesimal fraction of each other."

"How, then, do you suppose contractors could afford to pay Ferdinand Ward from eight to twenty per cent. monthly out of Government contracts?"

The officer sat back in his chair and laughed heartily. "Why," said he, "it's all staff. Ward must have played the sounder from the beginning. He never had any connection with Government contracts. If he had we would have known of it in this department, at least so far as the army is concerned. His twenty per cent. was all moonshine, and how men engaged in business could for a moment allow themselves to believe in such a palpable hoax is more than I can imagine."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

## Too Much for a Clerk to Lose.

"I come as a humble but I hope deserving supplicant for your daughter's hand," was what he said as he entered the room in which the retired capitalist sat.

"Indeed!" replied that gentleman. "And have you an income to support a wife and family comfortably?"

"Not just at present, sir. I am a clerk in a hardware store, but my prospects for becoming a member of the firm before long are very flattering."

"Well, I like your looks, young fellow, and if the matter is agreeable to my daughter you have my consent. My daughter's happiness is my first aim in life. If you should find that your prospects turn out less flattering than you anticipate I will do something for you myself. I expect to again engage in business in a short time."

"You are very kind, sir," responded the young man gratefully. "And may I ask what line of business you will follow?"

"The banking business! I shall start a bank with a capital of \$1,000,000."

Here the young man turned pale and started for the door.

"I hope you will excuse me, sir," he stammered, "but I have suddenly changed my mind about marrying your daughter. I have got about \$2,000 saved up, and \$2,000 is a good deal of money for a hardware clerk to lose."—*Philadelphia Call.*

# Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

## A SONG OF THE SWEETEST.

A song of the things that are sweetest,  
The cunningest and the completest,  
The beautiful sky that is over us,  
In the beautiful world that is before us,  
On the breast of the dear sea under us—  
None of which three can sunder us.

Say a moon, with a little star daughter,  
That looks at herself in the water  
From her blue bow so high up above us,  
So close to the angels that love us;  
But these are less dear to the night  
Than unto my heart its delight.

Little bough, with the little leaves on it,  
Faint green, like Tiana's bonnet,  
As fresh as the hopes of the spring-time,  
As bright as the wings of the wing-time—  
Little bough, I but left you to see  
A little face sweeter to me.

Little shell, with the pink over-spreading,  
Like the check of a bride at her wedding,  
And as smooth as the brow of the sister  
Whose coral lips lately have kissed her—  
Little shell-ship that saileth the ocean,  
Thou art but type of my shrine of devotion.

Oh, a little bee rocked on a mullein,  
Neither listless nor lazy nor sullen,  
A wee little hunter of sweetness,  
A quaint little teacher of meanness—  
What a more cunning than this little fellow,  
Clinging close to the mule-ear yellow?

Let a bud with the red breaking through it,  
And the morning sun staying to woo it?  
Ah, lovely and luring the rose is,  
Which the but's faintly under the roses;  
But my cradle, a bow that is fairer,  
Holds a flower that is sweeter and rarer.

Let a nest with a baby bird in it,  
A soft-throated gray bird in it,  
With father's wing hovering over it,  
And mother's breast ready to cover it?  
Ah, the sweetest of sounds, so my voice is,  
Come not up out of the little bird's throat.

Mother's heart, with a little head on it,  
Proud and happy because she has won it—  
Mother's heart, says her baby's the sweetest,  
The cunningest and the completest,  
Of all the sweet things ever given,  
—Howard Glendon, in Harper's Weekly.

## A COLORADO SAUCEPAN.

One thousand five hundred miles in a farm-wagon! A weary distance to travel.

To be sure there were double-springs fitted to the wagon, and a comfortable bed placed in the back where the invalid mother constantly reclined, and where Nellie, too, often cast herself.

But both Nellie and her mother were more glad than they could say that Pike's Peak was so near, and their journey nearly done.

"Stop a minute," cried the young girl, excitedly, as they passed the Balancing Rock in the Garden of the Gods. And out she sprang to rescue a shining object from beneath the crumpling wheels.

"It is a saucepan, mamma, perfectly new and bright. Was anything ever more fortunate? We have needed one so much since we lost ours in that storm on the Platte."

"Will it fit our camp-stove?" asked Harry.

"Exactly, I think."

"It must have been dropped by persons a very short distance in advance," said the mother. "At supper-time they will bewail their loss."

"And at supper-time," laughed Nellie, "we will rejoice over our gain."

An hour later the travelers had passed through the picturesque village of Manitou, nestled at the base of Pike's Peak, and halted in Englemann's Canon, near the Iron Spring.

"We have selected the loveliest spot for our tent that you can imagine, mamma," announced Nellie, breathlessly, after a short exploration of the camping-ground. "Frank and I were divided as to the north or south side of the road, but we finally decided on a little south-side knoll, which slopes to a gurgling brook at the back, and faces the road in front."

"It is all among the pines, too, mamma, and I am sure it will make you well to breathe such pure air in such a lovely spot."

The tent was soon pitched, and when the early twilight fell the floor had been laid and the wagon unpacked—

"Oh, now, I am lonely," wailed Nellie, at her work in the extension or kitchen.

"How glad I am that we have no near neighbors," she remarked to her brother, who was feeding the stove with rousinous pine, "for I shall want to sing all the time out here."

"But we have neighbors," she answered. "They came a few moments ago, and chose the very site I first selected, and are busy putting up their tent now."

"Is there an invalid with them?"

"Yes, an old gentleman, rather a cross one, too, I am afraid, for I heard him scolding quite sharply a short time ago."

"Poor old man, he ought to have been brought across the country as we brought mamma, and improved health may have made him more amiable."

"Bring mamma out to supper, Harry, the porridge is ready."

"Now mamma, this porridge ought to be doubly nice, for we have had none for so long, and besides it was cooked in the new saucepan. To-morrow we'll engage meat, bread, butter, milk and vegetables to be brought as needed by the wagon from town, and then we'll fare like princes."

Nellie arose early the next morning for there was much yet to be accomplished in the way of becoming settled in the new home. While preparing breakfast she heard a pleasant "Good morning!" from the back door, and glanced up to find a young man standing there.

"Fardon so early a visit," he explained. "But have you a saucepan you could conveniently loan? We have lost ours, and my uncle thinks he can not possibly do without his porridge."

"Our is not in use and you are quite welcome to it," was the cordial response.

"Are you the cook?" she continued, her face dimpling into smiles as she scanned the handsome face and well-knit figure.

"Yes, my sorrow, I am for the present. May I call on you for some kindly hints when in a particular dilemma?" glancing suggestively at her well-floured hands.

"Certainly, as often as you like. I have served a full apprenticeship."

departed, promising an early return of the saucepan.

"No ladies with them!" said Nellie at the breakfast-table; "how dreary that must be."

"They have been on a tour in the mountains," said Harry, "but it did not seem to benefit Mr. Castleman."

"Castleman!" exclaimed Nellie, in pained surprise, "is that the name?"

"Yes. But what's the matter, Nell? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Where are they from?"

"Illinois, I believe. The old gentleman says he owns property in our county."

"The very same," thought Nellie, with a pang. "Just before papa died he told me that Castleman was the name of the man who obtained our home on a security debt. And this is the man. Dear, dear old home," she thought, "it breaks my heart to remember your comforts and sweet associations, and to think that mamma, in her ill-health, is banished from you."

"Perhaps I may ask your daughter again for the saucepan, madam," said Frank Castleman, when he returned that useful article. "By a strange coincidence the only tin store in the village was burned last night. Our man will be here in a few days with supplies, however, and then we will trouble you no longer."

"Mamma," said Nellie on his departure, "I feel sure that saucepan is theirs. It seems dreadful to think of, for we need it so badly."

"I'll buy you one, sis, with the very first money I can earn."

"Oh, dear, how miserable it is to be poor!" sighed Nellie. "I think I'll just keep it, for mamma must have her porridge, and they can buy a dozen if they wish."

But the result of the matter was that after dinner she retired herself in a brown cashmere dress, whose color well suited eyes of hazel and golden hair, and started with the saucepan to their neighbor's tent.

The doors were tied back, and seated within on a camp chair, she saw a feeble old man.

"Come in," he called, in a sharp voice, as she hesitated at the door.

"Help yourself to a chair, child. I am in no fix to play the gallant, as you can see."

"I trust you find that Colorado air is beneficial to you, sir," Nellie ventured to remark, after being seated.

"N't a bit of it," he answered, testily. "Those pesky mountains came near being the death of me. The altitude was too great."

"It seems so pleasant here that we hope our invalid mother will grow strong rapidly."

"Pleasant enough, if camping out wasn't the prescribed thing, but this doing without home-comforts for the sake of health seems rather inconsistent to me."

"We have quite a comfortable camping outfit," said Nellie, with modest pride. "Our list includes a coffee-sacking carpet, a folding rocking-chair, a looking-glass—"

"And a saucepan," he interrupted, grimly.

"No, sir," she answered, earnestly, "the saucepan is not ours. We found it in the Garden of the Gods, a short time before we reached here, and I brought it over thinking it might be the one you lost."

"Humph!" after a brief examination, "it is the very same. I know it by this cross-mark. I suppose I ought to be greatly obliged for its return, for one doesn't often get back what is lost on the highway."

"We would like to have you call to see us," said Nellie, rising; "I believe we are your nearest neighbors."

"Didn't suppose I'd have any neighbors," he answered, with evident irritation; "was told there would be no one near."

"With a stiff 'Good afternoon!' Nellie made her exit.

"Disagreeable old man!" she said, on reaching home. "He did not thank me at all, mamma, and implied that he regretted having neighbors when I asked him to call."

"He must be a great sufferer to be so ill-natured," commented her mother.

"Mother, I'll take you on a jaunt through the Ute Pass to-day," said sixteen-year-old Harry, a few days later, "for as I've found a job at last, the horse and I will have to leave you soon. Frank Castleman says he will take charge of the tent."

"Why should we place ourselves under obligation to Mr. Frank Castleman?" asked Nellie, coldly. "The tent can take care of itself."

Since the unfortunate visit in regard to the saucepan, she had passed the Castleman's tent day after day, unheeding, on her way to the Iron Spring.

That very afternoon, for the first time, Frank Castleman had seemed quite oblivious to her presence as well, as he stood in the spring pagoda chatting gaily with a boy of tastily dressed girls from one of the villa hotels.

And Nellie felt an access of bitterness in her heart at the thought that one day this gaily laughing young man, who only appreciated wealth and style, would be master of the dear home she had lost.

"You avoid us, Miss Loomis," said Frank on the very next morning, as the two chanced to meet at Ruxton Creek. "You never give us a nod and a smile as you pass. Has anything my uncle may have said in regard to that wretched little saucepan ought to do with the matter?"

"By no means," was the frigid reply. "That was too slight an affair to be worthy of remembrance."

"Please explain, then, an honest trouble in his dark eyes. "Have I done anything to offend?"

"No, it is nothing. Why vex yourself about a trifle? You have many friends in the village, doubtless, who are congenial, and who enjoy your companionship."

lifted forth the old song. Then followed: "The Last Link is Broken,"

"Why do I Love Thee," and others, until the night was filled with music.

"Oh, Nellie," said her mother, as she entered the tent, "I forgot to tell you that Mr. Castleman, Sr. called this afternoon while you were at the spring. He made quite a visit, admired our bright porch, and asked me to call when he left."

"Perhaps he is sorry he spoke so unkindly when I was there," said Nellie, with a sudden sense of compassion for the sick, lonely man.

But soon all thoughts of Mr. Castleman, Sr., and his tantalizing nephew were merged into that beautiful sleep which comes only to the just, and to campers in Colorado.

"Miss Loomis! Miss Loomis!" she heard an anxious voice call through the mist of her dreams, and she gave a startled answer.

"My uncle is very ill," the voice continued. "Will it be possible for you to come and stay with him while I go for the doctor? Our man has gone to Denver for the horses."

"I will come immediately. Go right on to Manitou."

"Mamma, ring this bell if you need me," she said on starting.

Mr. Castleman's condition brought her ability as nurse into immediate requisition.

She built a fire in the camp-stove, but, finding no vessel in which to boil water, betwined herself suddenly of the returned saucepan. "How glad I am I brought it back," she thought gratefully, "for there is not one moment to lose."

By the time the physician had arrived, and constant applications of hot water to the patient, and the immersion of his feet in it, had very much improved his condition.

The doctor commended in highest terms the course pursued by the trembling little nurse, and said that her speedy action had saved the patient's life.

A grateful glance from Mr. Castleman, Sr., and one of intense admiration from Mr. Castleman, Jr., fell upon her flushed face and shining, disheveled hair at this statement.

"It was the saucepan," she cried, impulsively. "I could not have heated the water but for it."

Nellie guided her mother's feeble footsteps to the door of their neighbor's tent next morning. Mr. Castleman was much improved, and expressed his appreciation of the call.

A very friendly feeling was established between the invalids after this, and Nellie or her mother visited the tent at least once a day during the old gentleman's convalescence.

He softened visibly beneath the unaccustomed influence, and even asked Nellie to bring her guitar and sing for him.

Specimens of her cookery often found their way to his bedside, and she read to him almost daily.

Matters did not progress so favorably between the young people, however.

Day after day, at the spring, Nellie saw Frank Castleman apparently absorbed in the society of a haughty, dark-eyed girl from the village.

The vision of this proud beauty reigning as queen, at some future day, in her beloved home, while she, her mother and brother, drained out a barren existence elsewhere, gave her every action toward the young man a tinge of coldness.

When Mr. Castleman grew stronger he came every day to the Loomis' tent. He observed Nellie's uniform cheerfulness, her industry, her economy, and he was never wearied of watching her swift, bird-like movements.

"No porridge for your mother?" he asked one night when he had remained for tea. "Why, how is that, little girl?"

"I am sorry I have none for either her or you, but—we have nothing to prepare it in."

"Bless my life! No saucepan! Why did you not speak of it long ago?"

The next morning a new saucepan was set inside the tent door.

It was addressed to Nellie, and, removing the cover, she found within a thick paper marked, "Medicine for your mother."

"Oh, mamma, do open it quick; curiosity has taken complete possession of me."

"Why, Nellie," said her mother, in a choked voice, "it is a deed to our old home, given in Mr. Castleman's name. What does it mean, my child?"

"Ah! I know, I know," she cried, beside herself with happiness; "and oh! I am so glad."

She could scarcely make explanation to her mother for the exuberance of her joy.

Her face was radiant when she returned from her visit of thanks to Mr. Castleman.

"He was so kind, mamma; and when I kissed him he kissed me back again."

The days that followed were golden ones to Nellie. It seemed that the sun had never set down such soft, life-giving rays before, and it was a wonderful moon that flooded the valley with its radiance through the long summer nights.

The dark-eyed girl who had haunted her vision both real and fancied, for so long, had gone on a tour in the mountains. A little pang still thrilled her heart at any remembrance of her, but that, she explained to herself, was but the result of former habit.

Her coldness toward Frank Castleman diminished in a marked degree as the days sped on, but there was an intangible barrier between them yet.

The two invalids grew stronger every day, and now that Mr. Castleman's horses and carriage had arrived, they, with Frank and Nellie, took long trips to Glen Eyrie, Cheyenne Canyon, Monument Park and other points of interest.

A bright red staining the ivory of her cheeks.

Whereupon ensued a conversation of such absorbing interest that a full hour had elapsed ere they had reached the "Balancing Rock."

"I shall never forget," said Nellie, irrelevantly, "that it was here we found that dear little saucepan."

"And I shall never forget," said Frank, radiantly, "that it was in the Garden of the Gods I found my dear little saucepan, too."

"And the tulle, the lady-fingers, the heartsease as well," she shyly whispered. "Blessed little saucepans both," he added. "Uncle and I may well thank the fate that brought them into our lives."—*Jeanie S. Judson, in The Current.*

## Horseshoes for Luck.

The principal gateway at Allahabad is thickly studded with horseshoes of every size and make. There are hundreds of them nailed all over the great gates, doubtless the offerings of many a wayfarer who has long since finished his earthly pilgrimage. We could not find out what was the exact idea connected with this custom—probably much the same notion of luck as we attach to finding a horseshoe, especially one with the old nails still in their place. We afterward noticed that the sacred gates of Somnath, preserved in the Fort at Agra, are similarly adorned. It reminded us of that curious old manorial rite still kept up at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, where every year of the realm is bound the first time he enters the town to present a horseshoe to be nailed on the old portal, which is well-nigh covered with these lordly tributes. It is said that in case any contumacious peer should refuse to pay this tax the authorities have a right to stop his carriage and levy their black-mail by unshoeing one of the horses. To avert so serious an annoyance the tribute shoe is generally ready, some being of enormous size and inscribed with the name of the donor. Whether these Eastern horseshoes were or are offered to the gods, I can not tell, but it certainly is very curious to observe how widespread is the superstitious reverence attached to this particular form. It has been suggested, and apparently with some reason, that in ancient pagan times it may have been a recognized symbol in serpent-worship, and hence may have arisen its common use as a charm against all manner of evil. The resemblance is obvious, more especially to that species of harmless snake which is rounded at both ends, so that head and tail are apparently just alike. The creature moves backward or forward at pleasure; hence the old belief that it actually had two heads and was indestructible, as even when cut into two parts it was supposed that the divided heads would seek one another and reunite. It stands to reason that in a snake-worshipping community such a creature would be held in high reverence. Even in Scotland, various ancient snake-like braids and ornaments have been found which seem to favor this theory, and at a very early period both snakes and horse-shoes seem to have been engraven as symbols on sacred stones. We hear of the latter having been sculptured, not only on the threshold of old London houses, but even on that of ancient churches in various parts of Britain. And in the present day we all know the idea of luck connected with finding one, and how constantly they are nailed up on houses, stables and ships as a charm against witchcraft. In Scotland, all parts of England and Wales, and especially in Cornwall, (where not only on vans and omnibuses, but sometimes even on the grim gates of the old jails,) we may find this curious trace of ancient superstition. Whatever may have been its origin, it certainly is remarkable that it should survive both in Britain and Hindustan.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Basket-Maker of North Lancashire.

Content with his wages and always hard at work, the basket-maker of North Lancashire is apparently one of the few workmen who has no complaints to make, and looking at these men at work and conversing with them, one feels that the line of the laureate's—

Dark and true and tender is the north—  
Grows prize pansies on a few square yards of spare ground—  
A blaze of brilliant color; another keeps special breeds of poultry, which gain prizes at the country shows; a third, venturing on a more risky speculation, is one of the largest canary breeders in the country. Nor would the picture be complete without some mention of the comfortable through thrifty family life these people lead. Father and sons, working at basket-making within a stone's throw of their cottage, together bring home wages which provide them with a comfortable ease and good plain living in a country where rents are low and food cheap. There is, indeed, an air of luxury and ease about these cottage homes, which is all the more striking when compared with the usually untidy, squalid lodgings of the operatives of our large towns. Here is neatness in the arrangement of the old china family heirlooms, simplicity in the plainness and solidity of the old oak furniture, taste and appreciation of beauty in the roses and creepers which spread themselves over the cottage wall and climb in through the windows.

No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife,  
Men, woods and fields all breathe  
An untrodden life.

—English Illustrated Magazine.

The Mesclero Apaches, formerly notorious cattle-thieves, are now large stock-raisers in Lincoln County, New Mexico. The Government some years ago set up these Indians in the cattle business, and now they find it more pleasant and more profitable to raise stock honestly than to steal.

## A Vexatious Dilemma.

It appears from Republican sources of good repute, be it said, that their party's Congressional Committee is confronted with a vexatious dilemma, and much anxiety is expressed as to which horn it will employ to reach dry ground.

There is a feeling of uneasiness among the most blatant members of the party, and all who have their eyes open see defeat written over the length and breadth of the great corruption party.

Reform was the cry in 1876 and Reform elected Samuel J. Tilden. Unfortunately for the people, the Democrats were not allowed to seat their President, but the spirit of reform will not rest, and now more than ever that spirit will make itself felt.

There is not a man in the Republican party who represents anything like reform. We do not know who the Democrats will nominate, but we are confident of one thing, that whoever the candidate may be, he will be a strong man—a man that will in every sense represent the people. And above all he will be a pure man and one that will command the high respect of the whole country.

In 1882 there was a great political upheaval. States that were known as Republican strongholds gave Democratic majorities. It was a tremendous Democratic tidal wave, a victory for the people. The press and the people readily explained the upheaval by pointing to the desperate methods of the Stalwart Republicans; and every one saw that the people meant to rebuke bossism. That very year Mahone was victorious in Virginia, but everywhere else Boss rule was overthrown. And as the Democrats swept the country in 1882, so they bid fair to sweep out Republican corruption in this year of our Lord 1884.

The Republicans had much iniquity to answer for in 1882, but since then the Star-route cases have been added to their foul record, and those terrible scandals, covered up by the "grand old party," should alone be sufficient to defeat any partisan gang. The old idea, held by a few, that the Republican party fostered business enterprise, and kept Wall street in equilibrium, has been exploded this year. The fallacy believed in by timid business men that a change of party in the Administration would derange trade, is now having a startling set-back. For could a Democratic Administration make business any more unsettled and depressed than it is at present, is a question that thousands of financiers and manufacturers who have heretofore voted the Republican ticket for the sake of "expediency" are asking; and the answer is in favor of the Democracy.

The truth is, no party that has set such an ugly example in morality as the Republican party could have other than an unhealthy effect on the public interests of the country. With a gang of thieves under the shadow of the White House; with corruption in every department of the Government; with treachery rewarded where it should be punished, the present Administration has made a record that no party could carry.

There is an easy remedy for the corruption of the times, and that remedy is clearly seen by the business men of the country and the masses. The Democratic party will reform the Government; will reform business; will reform public morals.

The Republican gang is surely doomed.—*Richmond State.*

Remembered in Platforms.

When Abe Lincoln, President of the United States, issued a proclamation emancipating the slaves, it seems to have given the Republican party a bill of sale to the negro vote. Until a very recent period the Republicans have had a fee simple title to them, and but few of the negro voters seem to have dared assert their political independence.

However unreasonable it may appear to suspect that the negroes will go on voting blindly as directed by the Republican party for all time to come through a mere sentimental fact that gratitude requires they should make themselves political vassals, it seems to be the prevailing idea among Republicans.

The spirit of unrest among the negroes on political questions shows how affairs are drifting. They have grown tired of being mere voting cattle, and the only thing to satisfy them seems to be some sort of acknowledgment that they are a part of the Republican party. Every Republican leader knows that it would not do to give the negroes a fair share of the offices, and it will never be done. They attempted, however, to allay the disquiet by electing a few negroes from the South as delegates to the Chicago Convention, but this has added fuel to the flames. The negro is not satisfied with such empty honors.

He has so often been told that he is just as good as a white man, that he begins to want to see the Republicans act upon the political principle. Alas, he will never see it!

That there is room for complaint on the treatment they have received from the Republican party, is very true, but they have no one to blame but themselves. They fare much better in the South than they do in the North. The census of 1880 shows that in the ten Northern States named, there are male negroes over the age of twenty-one, as follows:

Connecticut.....	3,522
Illinois.....	10,729
Indiana.....	10,729
Kansas.....	10,729
Massachusetts.....	4,358
Michigan.....	6,130
New Jersey.....	10,679
Ohio.....	21,736
Pennsylvania.....	23,822
New York.....	30,059
Total.....	127,125

In at least seven of these States the negroes hold the fate of the Republican party in their hands. In only Kansas, Massachusetts and Michigan is the Republican majority such as to enable that party to let the negroes go. Without the colored vote they have scarcely a fighting chance in several of these States, and yet not one of the ten sent a negro delegate to the Chicago Convention. In not one of the ten is there a negro in a desirable elective office. The greed for place will not permit the blacks to have even a nubbun out of the public crib. There is, however, one thing the colored voters may count on—they are remembered in the platforms.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

White stockings are coming in fashion again for children.—*N. Y. Post.*

A curled mustache is the latest freak of fashion. New York barbers produce a beautiful curl for twenty-five cents.—

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

Blaine is from Maine, where they have the nearest kind of a prohibition law. Did anybody ever hear of Mr. Blaine's raising his voice against sumptuary legislation?

We are in favor of McDonald and Cleveland as the nominees of the Democratic party for President and Vice-President, though we would not object to having the names transposed.

Gov. Geo. W. Glick, during his administration, has granted four teen pardons. Gov. St. John exercised this prerogative to the extent of one hundred and fifty four during his administration.

Senator Ingalls last Monday had a tilt with Senator Brown, of Georgia. Senator Ingalls' fame seems to come principally from blackguarding matches rather than the advocacy or accomplishment of some practical purposes.

The Democratic Clubs at Chicago are to wear Prince Albert coats. Is this Democratic.—Republican Exchange.

It is Democratic to eat, drink and wear whatever a person may choose to, so long as it is done with temperance, and not interfering with the rights of others.

The Art Amateur for July gives an excellent design of Mountain Laurel for ties; a Thistle decoration for panel, a Virginia Creeper design for screen embroidery, a design for repousse brass; a design of Maple Leaves for wood carving, and a great variety of miscellaneous designs and suggestions for art work. Price 35 cents; \$4.00 a year. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, N. Y.

The Ten White Men and Two Negroes who Debauched the American People out of their Choice for President in 1876, is the title of a picture as artistically arranged as it is a forcible historical reminder. It is 10x8 inches in size, and just issued by the Advance Publishing Co., Nassau Building, Murray Street, New York, N. Y. Price, 50 cents a copy, prepaid, to any address. Twelve copies, prepaid, to one address, three dollars.

PATENTS GRANTED. The following patents were granted to citizens of Kansas, during two weeks, ending June 17, 1884, reported expressly for this paper by Jos. H. Hunter, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, 934 F Street, Washington, D. C.: Oscar F. Davis, Topoka, fire escape; Philip J. Higgins, Emporia, neck yoke center; Abram Lee Ross, Chase, grain drill; Geo. M. Taylor, Chicago, windmill; Peter Herbert, Burr Oak, vehicle spring attachment; Bartle L. Burns and C. S. Woodman, Wichita, portable bridge for unloading earth scrapers; Frank S. Dimon, Ft. Scott, ear coupling; Matthew C. Corrigan, Hollyford, fire escape; Henry Carr Goodell, Atchison, refrigerator car.

FOURTH OF JULY. The anniversary of our nation's birth will be duly celebrated at the Fair Grounds, west of town. The exercises will begin at 10 o'clock a. m., and will consist of a grand procession, on foot and horseback, led by the Cottonwood Falls Cornet Band; oration by Judge L. Houk; toasts, songs and speeches, trotting and running race; barrel, sack and foot race; ascension of 25 large illuminated balloons; a \$250 display of fire works, and a dance at Music Hall, at night, music by Wain's Knights Templar Band. A glorious time is anticipated. The program has not yet been arranged.

CHEAP MONEY. Interest at 7 per cent, on two, three, four, or five years time, real estate security. Call on Thos. O. Kelley, at Young & Kelley's Law Office, nov21 tf.

FOR SALE. A stone blacksmith shop with two fire and all necessary tools; also, a residence of five rooms, good cellar and all, and two lots. Apply at this office or to Wm. C. Giese, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

CASH. For eggs, butter, chickens and other products, at Ponnell's restaurant

The Rev. F. M. Rains, of the Christian denomination, who is now in town looking up a location for a college, has made a proposition that, if this people will put \$10,000 into the grounds and building of a college, his denomination will bind themselves to maintain and keep a first-class college here for any number of years, from ten to ninety-nine. There will be a meeting of the citizens, at the Court house, next Monday night, to consider this proposition.

Bills Allowed by the Board of County Commissioners.

The following is the statement of the accounts allowed by the Board of County Commissioners at its session April 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, 1884; also election expenses allowed February 13, 1884:

Table listing various bills and expenses, including items like 'D. M. Lansbury, judge of election', 'L. C. Warren', 'M. E. Pant', 'W. E. Johnson', etc., with corresponding amounts.

Table listing various bills and expenses, including items like 'S. A. Breece, expressage on furnace supplies', 'Lee Jones, express', 'L. E. M. Her, kalsomining treas office', etc., with corresponding amounts.

HARDWARE, TINWARE, WAGONS, ETC. M. A. CAMPBELL, THE WALTER A. WOOD Enclosed-Gear Mower.

STOVES, TINWARE. Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse-shoes, Horse-nails, a full line of Wagon and Buggy Material, Iron & Wood Pumps, a complete line of



STEEL GOODS! FORKS, SPADES, SHOVELS, HOES, RAKES & HANDLES. Carries an excellent stock of

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Consisting of Breaking and Stirring Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Wheelbarrows, &c., and is Agent for the well-known

Wood Mowing Machine, and best makes of Sulky Hay Rakes

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A COMPLETE TINSHOP.

I have an experienced tinner in my employ and am prepared to do all kinds of work in that line, on short notice, and at very low prices.

WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

KUHL'S HARNESS SHOP,

ESTABLISHED IN 1867; ALWAYS ON HAND Harness, Saddles, Blankets, Robes, and Everything Belonging to the HARNESS BUSINESS; ALSO, TRUNKS, VALISES & BEST OSAGE COAL FOR SALE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To whom it may concern: I announce myself as a candidate, on the principles of temperance, for the position of Senator, June 1884.

J. W. MCWILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. Special agency for the sale of the Atchison, Topoka and Santa Fe Railroad lands wild lands and stock ranches. Well water, improved farms for sale. Lands for improvement or speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS ap27-1yr

TRADE MARK REGISTERED. DR. STARK'S AND PALEN'S

NOT A DRUG. A NEW TREATMENT.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all chronic and Nervous Disorders.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, having received great and permanent benefit from the use of "COMPOUND OXYGEN," prepared and administered by DR. STARK & PALEN, of Philadelphia, and being satisfied that it is a new discovery in medical science, and all that is claimed for it, consider it a duty which we owe to many thousands who are suffering from chronic and so-called "incurable" diseases to do all that we can to make its virtues known and to inspire the public with confidence.

We have personal knowledge of Dr. Stark & Palen. They are educated, intelligent, and conscientious physicians, who will not, we are sure, make any statement which they do not know or believe to be true, nor publish any testimonials or reports of cases which are not genuine.

Wm. D. Kelley, member of Congress from Philadelphia. Dr. S. A. Hunt, Editor and Publisher "Arthur's Home Magazine," Philadelphia. V. L. Conrad, Editor "Lutheran Observer," Philadelphia, Pa., June 1, 1882.

In order to meet a natural inquiry in regards to the professional and personal standing, and to give increased confidence in our statements and in the genuineness of our testimonials and reports of cases, we print the above card from gentlemen well and widely known and of the highest personal character.

On "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery of and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free, address

DR. STARK & PALEN, 119 and 1211 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa. ap28-3m

EVERY LADY interested in Art Needlework, Fancy work, and every branch of amateur Art Needlework, Fashion, Crochery or Muslin-work send us for the current number Standard Needlework & Crochery Quarterly, 120 pages, 4 pages new music and over 1,000 engravings each number. Address: Standard & Crochery, 614 and 616 Market Sts., Philadelphia.

E. COOLEY, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. nov24-tf

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

THOS. H. GRISHAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office upstairs in National Bank building, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS-12-11

MADDEN BROS., Attorneys - at - Law, Office, Court-house, Cottonwood Falls, Will practice in state and Federal courts. All business placed in our hands will receive careful and prompt attention. su210-1f

C. N. STERRY, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, EMPORIA, KANSAS, Will practice in the several courts of Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein. j13

CHAS. H. CARSWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHASE COUNTY, KANSAS Will practice in all the State and Federal courts and land offices. Collections made and promptly remitted. Office east side of Broadway, south of bridge. mh29-1f

JOSEPH C. WATERS, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Topeka, Kansas, (Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Meno, Rice and Barton. fe23-1

J. V. SANDERS, J. A. SMITH, A. W. HARRIS, SANDERS, SMITH & HARRIS, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW, STRONG CITY, KANSAS, Office in Independent building. apr6-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONEY.

7 and 8 Per Cent! CALL ON W. H. HOLSINGER. fe23-1f

TREES! TREES! TREES!

Farmers, Planters, Tree Dealers and everybody who feels at all interested in the subject of TREE GROWING, will confer a favor by sending a postal card for copy of my catalogue for season of 1884, free to all. Prices low, Trees good, and packing superior. Address: J. C. HENNEY, Proprietor Sturgeon Bay Nursery, mh27-10 Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

J. W. TRICH

IS THE MANUFACTURER OF THE Following Brands of Cigars

"A Baccanale," "Home Ruler," "Palace Cat," "Golden Days" and "Nancy." oct20-6m

WHO WANTS WATER?

J. B. BYRNES Has the GIANT WELL DRILL Nine Inch Bore, The Largest in the Country Guarantees His Work To Give Satisfaction; TERMS REASONABLE. And WELLS PUT DOWN ON SHORT NOTICE. Address: COTTONWOOD FALLS, OR STRONG CITY, CHASE COUNTY, KAS. mh2-1f

JO. OLLINGER,

Central Barber Shop, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

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

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Black Headache, Fatigue after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluctuating at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of that remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Liver and Bile is also prompt, removing all impurities through those three "cessars of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular action, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN. I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, for two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleared me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural paunch. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O. Sold every where, S. E. Cline, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York. TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL HAIR DYE PREPARED

The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1884.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 in., 2 in., 3 in., 4 in., 5 in., 6 in., 7 in., 8 in., 9 in., 10 in., 11 in., 12 in. and corresponding rates for 1 week, 2 weeks, 4 weeks, 8 weeks, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year.

Local notices, 10 cents a line for the first insertion; and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion; double price for black letter, or for lines under the head of "Local Short Steps."

CITY AND COUNTY NEWS.

OSAGE MILLS,

J. S. SHIPMAN, Proprietor.

CUSTOM WORK

SOLICITED.

MARKET PRICES

— PAID FOR —

WHEAT AND CORN.

Manufactures

"GILT EDGE"

—AND—

"THE CHOICE OF THAT WIFE OF MINE."

Corn Meal, Bran, Graham

Flour and Chop

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Osage Mills, near Elm Dale, Chase co., Kas. 10-26-14

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

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

Local news items: Fine rains Sunday. Harvest has begun. 92° in the shade Tuesday. Wind, rain and hail, yesterday. Mr. J. N. Nye went to Topeka, yesterday. Rain, Friday night and Saturday morning. Mr. W. S. Smith went to Kansas City, yesterday. Mr. Chas. H. Carwell went to Kansas City, last Thursday. Mr. Richard Cuthbert and wife have returned from Colorado. Mrs. L. A. Loomis left, Monday, for a visit to Washington county. About a dozen Omaha Indians passed south through town, yesterday. Willie McDowell came home from Monmouth (Ill.) College, last Saturday. Mrs. J. M. Tuttle and her children have returned from their visit to Eskridge. Dr. W. Carritt went to Kansas City, yesterday, to meet his father and daughter. Mr. M. H. Pennell who is now at Pueblo, Col., has our thanks for late Colorado papers. Mr. Robert Clements is building an addition to his tenement house in the south part of town. Mr. A. Seaton, station agent at Elm Dale, has gone on a thirty days' furlough in the mountains. Born, on Saturday, June 14th, 1884, to Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Brewer, of Matfield Green, a girl. There will be a meeting of the Democratic County Central Committee, at 1 o'clock, p. m. on Saturday, June 28. Mrs. N. Rottger and daughter, Miss Lizzie, and Miss Rose Harvey, of Strong City, were down to Emporia, last week. Mr. L. W. Heck left on Thursday last for Racine, Wisconsin, in response to a telegram announcing the death of his mother. Mr. John Egerty, nephew of Mr. B. Lantry, of Strong City, arrived at that place, last week, from Wisconsin, with his family. The 10-year-old son of Mr. Wm. Foreman, four miles east of town, was bitten three times by a copper-head snake, yesterday morning. The many friends of Mr. S. E. Hull, formerly of this city, will regret to learn that his house, with its contents, was recently destroyed by fire.

The Mitchell school, on South Fork, Miss Alice Hunt teacher, closed last week, for the summer. We understand Miss Hunt gave great satisfaction.

Mrs. N. E. Martin, of Emporia, was at Strong City, last week, and bought a lot, on which she has contracted for the erection of a house of four rooms.

While Harry Hunt was handling a pistol in Mr. John R. Kotel's jewelry store, last Friday night, it "went off," the ball just missing Harry's foot and going into the floor.

Mr. B. Lantry has let a contract to Mr. John Quinn to lay about 100 rods of stone flagging sidewalk, from his (Lantry's) residence to the Catholic church, in Strong City.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Church of this city will be held on Saturday, June 28, at 3 o'clock, p. m. On the Sunday following communion services will be observed.

Mr. David Rettger has returned from his trip to Las Vegas, N. M., where he secured the contract for the stone-cutting on the new Montezuma Hotel, now in course of erection near that place.

The Leavenworth Weekly Standard is one of the best Democratic papers published in the Missouri valley, and you can get it until January 1, 1885, for 50 cents, or you can get it and the COURANT for one year for \$2.25.

The Republican County Convention, to nominate a county ticket and to elect delegates to the Senatorial Convention, will meet in this city, at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Monday, July 14, 1884, and the primaries will be held at the usual hour and places on the previous Saturday.

The Chase County Normal Institute will commence on Monday, June 30th, 1884, and will be conducted by Prof. John Deitrich, of Burlingame, assisted by Prof. J. M. Warren. A printed programme will be sent out as soon as prepared by the Conductor. For further information address MARY E. HUNT, Co. Supt.

Our friend, B. S. Crutchfield, a most competent composer in this office, is very proud and nappy today, as is his most estimable wife, over the arrival of a bright little fellow at their house. The young man opened his eyes on our beautiful world Sunday morning—Fr. Worth (Texas) Democrat.

Mr. Crutchfield used to be our "devil," and we send him greeting on the arrival of this his first born.

Mr. B. Lantry, of Strong City, is building an addition of five rooms to his already commodious residence, which is to have a veranda along its whole length, to contain a green house and be surmounted by a tower containing a room fourteen feet square. He is also putting up a stone building to contain swimming and bath apartments, and on top of which is to be a large tank to supply water to all parts of his house and lawn, and stables and stock pens. The tank is to be supplied with water from a well nine feet square, and which will be forced up into it by an engine that now runs a grist mill consisting of two French burrs, and which stands near to the well. His ice house is near by, and under the same roof are the wood house and a meat cooler, one sufficiently large to hold a whole beef. We had the pleasure, a few days since, of visiting this beautiful place and of being shown over it by the kind hearted Mr. Lantry himself, and, as we said to him, after seeing how convenient he is getting everything fixed about him, verily, it will not be long until he will be able to live within himself, grinding his own meal and flour, killing his beef and pork, and raising his own fruit, vegetables, etc.

Mr. J. W. Trich has gone to Kansas City to look up a location. Does this not sound bad for our town? Here is a good cigar maker (we have heard smokers say he made good cigars) who east his lot among us, but for the want of patronage he is forced to go elsewhere to make a living for himself and family. We have heard that one business man said the reason he did not buy more of Mr. Trich's cigars was, if the merchants would buy all of them that they could sell, Mr. Trich would have to hire

three or four hands to help him make cigars. This is equal to the merchant whom we were once asking for an advertisement on the ground that the newspaper helped to build up the community by inducing immigration, and who answered: "D—n the immigration; the more people we have the more stores we will have." The sooner some of the business men of this place realize that it requires people—a community of interested, not selfish, parties—to build up and make a place prosperous the better it will be for all of us. Supposing Mr. Trich would have had to hire several hands to make cigars, would not those men have to have something for themselves and families to eat and wear? and where would they spend their earnings but right in our midst? When a new enterprise is started in a community it should be fostered instead of "frozen out," if that place wishes to be a prosperous and happy people.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Now and then during our pilgrimage through life our friends and neighbors take occasion to give us some agreeable surprise, thus smoothing the rugged road to the great hereafter, and giving us, in time, a foretaste, as it were, of that blissful eternity for which we were all created; and such was the case, last Monday night, when the friends and neighbors of the Rev. W. B. Fisher and wife, to the number of about one hundred, gave that lady and gentleman a surprise party, it being the fourth anniversary of their wedding. The supper, which was furnished by the ladies, and which was most palatable, was served at Mr. D. G. Groundwater's, and to him and his estimable wife is due great credit for the success of the whole affair. The Brass Band discoursed sweet music. The presents, which are as follows, and were bought by the people of this county, especially of High Prairie, Cottonwood Falls and Strong City, will show that the people were very generous in their contributions: A Durham cow, valued at \$50; carpet, valued at \$37; gasoline stove, valued at \$20; hanging lamp, valued at \$5; cash, \$30, with which to build a cistern; four bushels of wheat; a majolica bread plate; two damask towels and a flower vase. We here present Mr. and Mrs. Fisher's

CARD OF THANKS.

We most heartily thank the friends who gathered at our house on the evening of the fourth anniversary of our marriage, and so generously remembered us by their donations. W. B. AND MRS. FISHER.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.

Pay up your subscription. Flour at Ferry & Watson's. Boots and shoes at Breese's. Harness at Ferry & Watson's. Hats and caps at Ferry & Watson's. Wanted, two girls, at the Union Hotel. Good goods and bottom prices at Breese's. Go to the Union Hotel for your ice cream. First-class organs at E. Cooley's for \$50 cash. Go to Ferry & Watson's for your boots and shoes. Oranges, lemons, apples and cider, at Pennell's. You can get your staple dry goods at Breese's. A large stock of furniture at Ferry & Watson's. Dry goods, clothing, etc., at Ferry & Watson's. Go to Howard's mill if you want to get the best of flour. Fresh goods all the time at the store of Breese, the grocer. Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle. A car load of glass ware just received at Ferry & Watson's. I have a few hundred cash in hand to loan. C. C. WHITSON. Go to L. F. Miller's to have your Sewing Machines repaired. Home-made bread, cakes and pies, fresh, every day, at Pennell's. A car load of Moline wagons just received at M. A. Campbell's. A car load of Glidden fence wire just received at M. A. Campbell's. Just received, screen wire cloth and window frames, at Johnson & Thomas's. If you want to get a good square meal, go to Mrs. M. H. Pennell's restaurant. The best flour of all kinds, at E. F. Bauerle's. He says: "Come, and see me."

R. F. LAFFOON. Has on hand a full line of Ladies' Cloaks and Dolmans, Gents', Youths' and Boys' Overcoats, Which he will close out AT COST! He keeps the Best Line of Dress Goods to be found in the County; Also, a full stock of Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, HOSIERY, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, CLASS, QUEENS, AND WOODENWARE. MRS. E. LAFFOON, MILLINER. Does all kinds of Stamping to Order. STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

"HEALTH AND HOME." Washington, D. C. Sworn Circulation, 70,000. EDITED BY W. H. HALE, M. D.

This is a large eight page, forty column, monthly paper, and is devoted to everything pertaining to Health and Home, Marriage, Social Science, Domestic Medicine, Science, Literature, Art, Economy, Cookery, Hints on Health, Dietetics, and every realm of Modern Science that tends to improve health, prevent disease, purify morals, and make home happy. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 50 CENTS A YEAR. Address— DR. W. H. HALE, Health and Home, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SETH J. EVANS, PROPRIETOR, RED FRONT, Feed Exchange, NORTH SIDE, Main Street, Cottonwood Falls. LOWEST PRICES, PROMPT ATTENTION, Paid to ALL ORDERS, Good Rigs at ALL HOURS. BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY.

E. F. BAUERLE'S CONFECTIONARY AND RESTAURANT AND BAKERY. My lean, lank, hungry-looking friend, why don't you take your lunch at Bauerle's Restaurant and grow fat? My friend, I thank you for your kind advice. It is worth a good bit to know where to get a first-class lunch! I will patronize Bauerle. Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

JOHNSON & THOMAS, DEALERS IN HARDWARE, STOVES, TIN AND GRANITE WARE, NAILS, Barbed Wire, Buggies, Wagons, Agricultural Implements, And SPORTING GOODS. AGENTS for the Celebrated Columbus & Abbott Buggies, Olds & Schuttler Wagons, Pearl Corn Shellers, Buford Plows, Farmers' Friend Corn Planters, and Bakers' Well Vapor Stoves.

OUR STOCK IS NEW. Call, and Examine our Prices before Purchasing Elsewhere. JOHNSON & THOMAS, East side of BROADWAY, between MAIN and FRIEND Streets, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

A car load of Studebaker's wagons and buggies just received at M. A. Campbell's. A car load of new improved Bain wagons just received at Hildebrand Bros. & Jones, Strong City. Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store. Go to Breese's for your fresh staple and fancy groceries, and where you can get the highest market price for produce. "A penny saved is a penny earned;" and the way to save your pennies is to go to Breese's, where you can always get fresh staple and fancy groceries. You can get meals or lunch at any hour, from 6 o'clock, a. m., until 10, p. m., at Jerry Williams', on Main street, between Broadway and Friend street. Doolittle & Son have the best and cheapest of boots and shoes to be found in this market; also, a full line of furnishing goods, notions and groceries. A dollar saved is a dollar made; and you can't make dollars any easier than by saving them; and the best way to save dollars is to buy your goods of Doolittle & Son. WANTED. From twenty to forty acres of land broke on C. C. Watson's farm on Back creek. Apply at Ferry & Watson's, in this city.

PHYSICIANS. J. W. STONE, M. D. Office and room, east side of Broadway, south of the bridge. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. W. P. PUGH, M. D., Physician & Surgeon, Office at his Drug Store, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. A. M. CONAWAY, Physician & Surgeon, Office at Union Hotel. L. P. RAVENSCROFT, M. D., Physician & Surgeon, STRONG CITY, KANSAS. Office in McIntire's drug store, residence opposite the post-office. Calls promptly responded to. DR. S. M. FURMAN, RESIDENT DENTIST, STRONG CITY, - - - KANSAS, Having permanently located in Strong City, Kansas, will hereafter practice his profession in all its branches, Friday and Saturday of each week, at Cottonwood Falls. Office at Union Hotel. Reference: W. F. Martin, R. M. Watson and J. W. Stone, M. D.

MISCELLANEOUS. THE "ENTERPRISE" MEAT MARKET, L. A. LOOMIS, PROPRIETOR, WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS. Fresh Meat Every Day, HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR Fat Cattle, Hogs & Dressed Chickens. HIDES AND BELTS. AGENTS for the Celebrated Columbus & Abbott Buggies, Olds & Schuttler Wagons, Pearl Corn Shellers, Buford Plows, Farmers' Friend Corn Planters, and Bakers' Well Vapor Stoves.

A PRIZE for the working class. Send ten cents for stamp, and we will mail you FREE, a royal, valuable book of simple goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to \$5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolute sure. Don't start now. Address STRIMSON & CO., Portland, Maine. JOHN R. KOFEL, Watch Maker and Jeweler, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

Will take watches, clocks and jewelry for repairing; and all work warranted to be done first-class workmanship. Through my long experience in Switzerland, Paris and London, also in a number of first-class jewelry houses and watch factories in America, I am able to give satisfaction. Give me a call. ENGRAVING NEATLY DONE. Leave orders at central hotel. LINCOLN FLORAL CONSERVATORY. Greenhouse, Bedding Plants, Roses, Flowering Shrubbery, Evergreens, Small Fruits, Etc. Extras with every order.

Floral Designs, Bouquets, Baskets, Etc., for Parties, Weddings and Funerals a specialty, and sent to any part of the State. Sweet Potato and other vegetable plants in their season. Illustrated Catalogue free. W. B. SAWYER & CO., Lincoln, Nebraska.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

-A Georgia melon-grower writes that he finds the best success on the thinnest sandy soil manured heavily in the hill.
-It is better to sell a cow from the herd to get money to buy feed than to have a larger herd of half-starved cows.
-The products of the farm are the foundation and only possible hope of the business and commerce of the world.
-The wildest colts, if properly handled, often become the quietest and safest, generally developing into the most enduring horses.
-There is something neat in a well-trimmed tree, to say nothing of the advantage gained by cutting away the useless dead wood and letting in plenty of air and sunlight.
-Study to adapt buildings, trees and shrubs to the natural surface of the lawn.
-Do not let boiled potatoes stand in the water a moment after they are done; drain it all off; cover the kettle; some very pains-taking cooks remove the potatoes from the kettle, and, after laying a towel on a tin plate, put the potatoes on it, cover them, and put them in the oven to dry, leaving the oven door open.
-Fish, almost more than anything else, is improved by slow cooking; especially is this true when the fish is boiled.
-A correspondent of the New England Farmer writes that his experience is that cows fed liberally with shorts will not be troubled with the "bone ail," but that it will cure them from gnawing pieces of board, bones, etc.
-A small piece of resin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on a stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to all persons troubled with a cough.
-In reply to the question: "Ought a church member to be disciplined for keeping race-horses, and running and trotting them for prizes at our county and State fairs?"
-Study and Learn Farming as a Business.
-The professional man spends years in fitting himself for his profession, manufacturer and mechanics learn their trades, and merchants their business, serving years of apprenticeship with good masters, but many farmers believe that agriculture, unlike all other occupations, can be successfully carried on by those who have no special training for the business.

Fashion Notes.

The new "grandmere" fabrics open to perfection in their weaving the stitches of quilting.
A quantity of narrow velvet ribbon made into rosettes and pompon clusters is much used by Paris milliners on both bonnets and hats.
Fine dotted Swiss muslins in cream-white, gray, pale pink and blue are stamped with gay flowers and natural colors.
Etamine cloth, a coarse meshed linen canvas, is imported among French goods for summer wear.
Nuns' gray Ottoman silk or fine French cashmere, and golden brown velvet are beautifully combined in walking costumes and carriage-dresses lately sent over from Paris.
Colored stockinette bodices are just now worn somewhat inconspicuously over dresses costly in material and of texture inappropriate.
Fashion is placing considerable pains and emphasis on the introduction of transparent bonnets and hats, and anything that keeps one looking and feeling cool during the sultry weather is certainly to be advocated.
Two very elegant dresses made for a Newport belle are as follows: One is of cream white satin brocade with silver-bells surrounded by fine arabesques worked in white silk and pearl beads.
A Gum-Chewer.
"Mr. Feckling," said the proprietor of a large dry-goods establishment, "come into the office a moment."
"I notice," said the proprietor, "that you are much given to chewing gum. It is bad enough for a girl to indulge in this disgusting practice, but when a person who regards himself as a man contracts such a habit, why it is a crime well deserving of severest punishment.

THE DAIRY.

-The whey or buttermilk should be utilized before an excess of acid has consumed the better portion of it, as it invariably does, when stored in large quantities.
-Nothing should be given a milch cow that, so far as quality is concerned, we would not be willing to eat and drink ourselves.
-There is no place on the farm where leaks are more liable to occur than in the dairy, and they creep in surreptitiously.
-The great flow of milk of cows is truly artificial.
-We have often urged the necessity of shade in the pasture, and hope farmers all through the treeless West will lose no time in planting trees.
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Russia's Weak Point.

"Ours is the greatest country in the world," a Russian gentleman said to me, "but her size is her greatest weakness. Tell me at what point of her immense frontier line she could not be easily invaded by an enemy? On our borders we are to-day as defenceless as we were seventy-five years ago. It looks as if we still would tempt our foes to come on to Moscow."
-The German-Russian frontier is virtually in the hands of the Poles, who, as yet, cherish a vain hope of restoring an independent Kingdom of Poland.
-The Austrian-Russian frontier is in the hands of Jews in general and of the Jewish smuggler in particular.
-As to Odessa, queen of the Black sea; Sebastopol, which, up to this date, is described in Russian text-books of geography as being "an impregnable fortress; and the Crimea in general, these are at the mercy of any foreign man-of-war.
-The newly-acquired Trans-Caspian region, with the Turcoman robbers; the Turkistan, with the Bocharians and Khivans, and the Kirghiz hordes will require for years to come a good regular army in order to keep them in peace and subjection.

Youths' Department.

GROWN-UP LAND.
Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?
Oh, this way and that way—never a stop.
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop.
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away.
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay.
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents.
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
'Tis that the way to Womanhood Town.
Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell the way?
Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—
As for the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping the wide street shirk,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping her thoughts and actions down.
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.
And the lad and the maid ran hand and hand
To their fair estates in the Grown-up Land.
—Annie M. Libby, in Congregationalist.
A GOOD RULE.
I don't suppose that when I was ten years old I was very different from most little girls of that age in thinking my judgment sometimes better than that of my mother.
Mother was an excellent cook, and was very proud of the high reputation her table had acquired.
One evening in May, just as mother had lighted the lamp and seated herself to do some mending, father came in with a tall, good-looking, elderly man, whom he introduced as Mr. Styles, a manufacturer from the neighboring town of Brockton.
Mother looked very much pleased, and when he went on to say that he had heard frequently of her skill in cooking, her face became fairly radiant.

Measurement of Milk.

If the tests of noted cows were made known in quarts instead of pounds, the experiments would be more easily understood.
Milk does not weigh the same under all conditions.
Washing Butter.
-There is a stage in the churning process at which it is comparatively easy to remove the buttermilk and all it contains.
-A remarkable case of change of color is exciting the medical men of Santa Barbara, Cal.
-Of the thirty-seven graduates at West Point this year seventeen are sons, nephews or other relatives of army or navy officers.
-A seven-year-old son of John White, of Norfolk, Conn., ate some "sour grass" recently, which caused his death.
-Of the thirty-seven graduates at West Point this year seventeen are sons, nephews or other relatives of army or navy officers.
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clined them, saying that the corn-bread looked so delicious that he thought he should hardly be able to eat anything else.
-At that moment mother, who had been busy with the coffee-cups, looked up.
-I hope the corn-bread is to your liking, Mr. Styles," said she said, pleasantly.
-Thank you, madam," said Mr. Styles, and drawing the pan toward him he cut another slice even larger than the first.
-I fully expected to see him eat this; but he did not even taste it, and presently it followed the first slice into that convenient pocket.
-What appetites these hounds have!" he said, as I entered.
-They ought to have put their noses in Mr. Styles' coat-pocket," I cried.
-What do you mean?" asked mother, turning around.
-Yes, I do," I answered, stoutly.
-I was watching him all through breakfast, and he put both those slices of corn-bread in his pocket when he thought nobody was looking.
-I returned, "I guess he thought he might hunger on the road."
-I wish you would tell me what dishes you particularly fancy, Mr. Styles, that I may make them for your breakfast," she said.
-I don't believe you could make anything that I would not like, Mrs. Barr," said our guest, gallantly.
-I should particularly enjoy some corn-bread. I haven't tasted any that suit me since I left home, twenty years ago."
-I shall have some," said mother.
-I have always had good luck with my corn-bread, though I don't make it very often. Mr. Barr and the children prefer 'em."
-I shall look forward to a treat."
-I knew what that meant," she had evidently determined that the corn-bread should be even better than usual; for the brick oven was used only on rare occasions when she was anxious that things should be particularly well-baked.
-I thought as I went up-stairs, "and nobody but Mr. Styles to eat the corn-bread a ter it is made."
-I should have been up long before this, Jenny," she said, reprovingly.
-I need your help this morning. Come, make haste and set the table now. But first, run down cellar, and get me four eggs for the corn-bread."
-I thought you never put in more than two."
-This is an extra occasion," said mother. "Run along, and don't worry me with questions."
-As I passed through the kitchen on my way to the cellar, I saw Dash and crust on top, which the other lacked.
-When I had set the table, and skinned the milk, I went to carry in the breakfast.
-Here," she said, pushing one of the pans toward me, "put that on the breakfast table, and this," pushing forward the other, "in the kitchen."
-When we sat down to breakfast father helped Mr. Styles to meat, and then handed him the biscuits; but he de-

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—London is the only large city in the Old World that doesn't possess a university.

—The New York City has 7,326 butchers, bakers, and grocers; there are 10,000 liquor dealers.—N. Y. News.

—The taxable valuation of Connecticut is \$348,774,873, an increase of \$6,332,313 over last year.—Hartford Post.

—The reduction of silver ores and other metallurgical operations on the Pacific Coast require the use of 2,000 to 3,000 tons of salt per year.

—The average ocean steamer burns about 100 tons of coal a day. The largest steamers—the Greyhounds—burn nearly 200 tons.—N. Y. Sun.

—In Dakota the farmers are plowing by steam at a cost of less than one dollar an acre. The motor is a very broad-wheel traction engine.—Chicago Herald.

—Last year about 190,000 head of cattle were shipped east over the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads. During the present summer the number that will be sent forward is estimated at 200,000.

—The recent report of the National Board of Fire Underwriters shows that no fewer than 2,572 dwellings in the United States have been destroyed by fire during the past eight years, an average of 325 yearly.

—The phosphate beds in the Bear Creek hills of Autauga County, Ala., are of great value in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. These beds yield 500 or 600 tons of phosphates to the acre.—Chicago Journal.

—Mr. George M. Pullman states that there are in this country 190 railway Directors' private palace cars, which cost \$2,500,000, and which he pronounces wholly unnecessary; but the Directors think differently.—Chicago Journal.

—The recent Papal encyclical against the Freemasons is aimed at no less than 138,065 lodges throughout the world, with 14,160,341 members, whose annual receipts are estimated to amount to about \$890,000,000, of which sum fully two-thirds are expended in charities.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The power developed by the explosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to 45,665 tons raised one foot, or 45,665 foot-tons. One ton of nitro-glycerine similarly exploded will exert a power of 65,452 tons, and one pound of blasting-gelatin similarly exploded, 71,050 tons.

—The Kamshatkans are in danger of becoming extinct. Kamshatka proper is a district larger than the whole of France. It once had a population of about 50,000, but in 1880 the total had fallen to 6,200. Shooting and fishing are the chief occupations, and fish the chief, if not the only, food. The average annual income rarely exceeds \$5, for which forty pounds of flour could not be bought. The mortality of the country is great.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—If a woman loses her voice driving out chickens she is called a blacksmith? She certainly would be a hoarse-shoer.

—By struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.—Goldsmith.

—Mr. William Doodle—"Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands so nice and soft." "Your hat on?"—"Ah! and do you sleep with your hat on?"—Chicago Tribune.

—There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest; the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext to do what he likes.—Baptist Weekly.

—"Pug dogs are made of laziness, snappishness and peevishness," says a writer. "This is shameful. When they begin adulterating little pug dogs it is time for the law to interfere."—N. Y. Graphic.

—They chopped down one of the big trees of Mariposa, Cal., a few days ago, the rings of which betokened its age to be 4,300 years, and imbedded in the heart of the monarch of the forest was found a joke about house-cleaning and a man falling down stairs on a piece of soap.—Chicago Times.

—The Boston girl is compelled to suffer many criticisms from the illiterate Western journalist on account of her superior culture. One of them recently wrote that the young lady is "so awfully cultured that she won't call it the 'sweet-by-and-by.'" She calls it the "sugared subsequently."—Boston Transcript.

—Wisdom dwells in blue skies and broad sunshine, and the wide hills and the infinite vastness of the mind and freedom, and the worship of earth. He is poverty-stricken who is so absorbed in the one little enclosure of which he holds the title deeds that he loses his grasp on the bending universe.—Gail Hamilton.

—A correspondent writes: Will you please inform me when straw hats can be worn without exciting comment? Certainly. Straw hats can be worn without exciting comment when worn on the head. But when they are worn evorting along the street in a gale of wind you must expect a remark or two.—Philadelphia Call.

—At Augusta, Ga., the other day lightning struck a hen that was sitting on a nest of eggs. When that thunder-bolt got out of the hen-house it looked as though it had been drawn through a sausage machine, and the way it scooped for a cloud was a caution. Bet you it'll never strike a setting hen again.—Burlington Free Press.

—One fellow was from Wilcox and the other resides in this county. The Wilcox man said: "After our cyclone, a year or two ago, a large number of birds and chickens were found from which every feather had been stripped by the terrible wind; in fact, they were peeled as slick as an onion, but the 'owls were still alive and kicking.'" "Oh, that's nothing," exclaimed the Pulaski man. "One of my neighbors had his well blown so crooked by the same cyclone that he has not been able to get a bucket down into it since, and he was compelled to dig another well." At this point the meeting adjourned.—Hawkinsville (Ga.) News.

Value of Bones.

The great value of bones as fertilizers has not been known and fully appreciated till within a comparatively short time. Observing people, who had no knowledge of agricultural chemistry, discovered their value before scientific men did. They noticed the remarkable growth of trees and vines on places where dead animals had been buried or bones had been put "to get them out of the way." The blowing over of enormous trees sometimes discloses the decomposed skeleton of an animal. The pleasantly-written story of "Who Ate Roger Williams?" was a few days ago published in nearly every paper in the country. It was known that an apple tree was planted on the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, and that its size, thrift and productiveness were the admiration of all who visited the spot. Several years ago it was proposed to remove the remains to another spot, with a view of erecting a monument over them. The grave was opened, but little could be found. The roots of the apple tree had invaded it and appropriated the treasure. A living growth was found, answering in form to the skeleton of the dead man. The extraordinary fertility of many ancient burial-grounds has long been noticed. Many farmers have observed that porous bones, plowed up in fields, contained the roots of plants. For centuries before the use of manure as a fertilizer in different parts of the world, the credit of demonstrating the great value of bones as fertilizers, and showing the part they play in increasing the growth of vegetation, are chiefly due to Prof. Liebig and Sir John B. Lawes. They showed that bones contained, in addition to lime and substances rich in nitrogen, large quantities of phosphoric acid, which is of great value to plants.

The trade in fertilizers consisting largely of bones has recently become very extensive. In nearly every large city the collection of bones receives almost as much attention as the collection of rags. Butchers save and sell all the bones taken from the meat they retail. The bones are carefully saved at all the slaughtering and rendering establishments. The bones of buffaloes and other wild animals have been collected on all the prairies of the West. Even the great plains of South America have been searched for them. The English have not hesitated to use the bones of the ancient Egyptians for the purpose of making fertilizers. As bones decay very slowly, and are difficult to pulverize in their natural state, the usual practice is to break them into small fragments by means of heavy crushers, and then treat them with diluted sulphuric acid. The sulphuric acid produces a decomposition in the bones and renders them soluble. The substance known as phosphate or superphosphate of lime, being readily soluble, is available for the immediate wants of plants. The substance in its pure form is very expensive, and it is not economical to use it on the cheap lands in the West. Its employment in the West is chiefly confined to lawns and gardens in cities and to a few special crops, as grapes and hops. In the Eastern and Southern States it is used in connection with stable manures for various crops. Its cost has led to the employment of many adulterations. Pulverized bones, or bone meal, also has an extensive sale.

While Western farmers may not find it profitable to use the commercial fertilizers prepared from bones, they may derive great advantage from collecting all the bones they can and treating them in ways that are quite inexpensive. Bones, in their natural state, are very hard to pulverize. They have an organized structure that renders them able to resist hard blows. They contain animal as well as mineral substances. They always contain considerable gelatin and fat. These and other animal substances are valuable to plants, and it would be desirable to reduce in the form they are when taken from animals if the difficulty was not as great. If bones are buried in a common stove or furnace the animal matter they contain will be consumed and they will become so brittle that they may be readily pulverized. Bones that have been burned contain all the phosphorus that entire bones do, and make a very valuable fertilizer. When pounded they are excellent for feeding to fowls with a view of affording materials for egg-shells, and are equally valuable for all kinds of animals that are giving milk, whether it is intended for home consumption, making butter and cheese, or raising young. The best dairy farmers in this country and Europe now give their cows bone-meal as regularly as they do salt. Bones may be rendered so soft that they can be readily crushed by placing them in strong barrels with wood ashes that are kept moist. They may also be softened by placing them in heaps of manure that is going through the process of fermentation. After they have a few weeks in connection with moist ashes or fresh stable manure they may be readily crushed with a sledge-hammer. They make a most excellent fertilizer for melons, squashes, grapevines, all kinds of small grain, corn, garden vegetables and flowers. A small quantity placed in a flower-pot will add to the growth of the plants raised in them.

The heads of slaughtered animals, with the horns and flesh attached to them, may be placed to excellent advantage in the holes where grape-vines and apple and pear trees are to be planted. Dead fowls and the bones of poultry from the table may be disposed of in the same way. In many parts of the West skeletons of animals are scattered on the prairies, in woods, and in ravines, and are the property of any person who will appropriate them. They are of far too much value to remain where they are. Many country butchers attach no value to the bones they take from the animals they cut up. The farmer or fruit-raiser who collects all the bones that may be had in his vicinity and uses them as has been suggested, will soon find that he has been well paid for his trouble. The time is not distant when every house in the country will be visited by persons who desire to purchase bones. If bones are worth purchasing and sending to a city to be manufactured into fertilizers, they are quite too valuable to go to waste as they ordinarily do.—Chicago Times.

Mysteries of the Soda Fountain.

Under the caption of "A Business that Pays," a large dealer in soda water apparatus thus enlightens the trade on "the profits which dealers in carbonated beverages may reasonably hope to make," which he says, "can be readily inferred from the following accurate estimate of the cost of manufacturing each beverage." In the "dispensing department"—that is, selling from the fountain—the following are the actual costs: One glass of plain soda water costs one-tenth of a cent. One glass of soda water with syrup costs one cent and a-half. One glass of mineral water costs one cent. One glass of root beer costs one cent. One glass of ginger ale costs one cent and a-quarter. One glass of the draught champagne costs four cents.

In the "bottling department" the following scale of costs prevails: Plain soda water, best quality, put up in bottles with corks and fasteners, costs eight cents per dozen. Ditto, with gravitating stoppers, costs three cents per dozen. Mineral water, in bottles closed by corks and fasteners, costs fifteen cents per dozen. Ditto, with gravitating stoppers, costs ten cents per dozen. Ginger ale in bottles, with corks and wires, costs seven cents per dozen. Ditto, with gravitating stoppers, costs twelve cents per dozen. Mineral water in siphons costs three cents per siphon.

Sparkling champagne (domestic), best quality, costs twenty cents per quart bottle. From a simple comparison of the foregoing scale of costs, and the well-known retail charges for the same articles, the inference drawn by the manufacturer that it is "a business that pays," appears to be a correct one.

Then a list is given of the materials included in the outfit for this business. We find in this catalogue the following items: Sulphuric acid and marble dust to make the carbonic acid gas, which gives the sparkling quality. Chemical extracts for the flavors. Coloring to imitate raspberry, strawberry and other fruits. Gum foot to give it an artificial gloss which enables it to sell half a pound of soda as a brimming glassful. Tartaric and citric acid to do duty for lemon soda. Molasses for making something soft for sarsaparilla.

There is one item called an "acid dispenser" which appears to be essential in handling "acids and other corrosive" ingredients. We are not informed if such acids and corrosive substances are obtained during the manufacture, or during their passage into the human stomach. Such facts remain among the mysteries of a "business that pays."—N. Y. Sun.

Bleeding at the Nose. This complaint is much more frequent among thorough, or very highly bred horses, than those of a coarser character. It can be traced to the nature of the exertions such horses are put to. It is not, however, improbable that the fineness of the blood vessels in high-bred horses may in some way contribute to their rupture when unusually distended. Be it so or not, it is exertion that brings it on. To what extent a liability to this casualty affects the value and utility of the animal, depends in a great measure on the purposes for which he is intended. Great liability to this occurrence would reduce the value of a race horse—that is, as one in training—from five thousand to perhaps five hundred dollars; in fact, as a race horse, however superior, he would be comparatively worthless, and he could depend on it. If, on the other hand, he is intended for the harness, he is called dangerous to the animal, as it seldom causes sufficient loss of blood to be more than a temporary inconvenience.

A horse subject to bleeding at the nose when racing, might never have a recurrence of it when ridden as a lady's horse, or in harness for moderate work. If, therefore, one subject to this casualty were particularly desirable in other respects, there is no objection to purchasing him for purposes requiring less exertion; but on no account buy him at any price, if wanted for the work that brought on the bleeding, whether wanted for riding or driving, though by using him very moderately, one might prevent a recurrence. Knowing the condition of horses and their inflammatory habits, fed and used as they are, we would rather have a horse faint and drop from loss of blood than have even a slight attack of internal inflammation. Weakness from loss of blood is easily and surely to be remedied, but inflammation is most difficult to be subdued.—Prairie Farmer.

CURE OF RHEUMATISM. No. 4 FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY, JAN. 30, 1884. I have been a martyr to inflammatory Rheumatism for many years. I am a professional dealer in Fulton Market, and the dampness of the place caused my trouble. Standing on the stones, my feet used to swell up almost as big as cushions, then the rheumatism would affect my shoulders and arms. I have tried almost everything, but without avail, until I began using BRANDRETT'S PILLS. The most I ever took was six pills at a dose, and soon as the medicine operated, the pain would begin to pass off. I then took two pills every night for a week, and would be entirely cured for some months, until I had another attack; then the same treatment always cured me. BRANDRETT'S PILLS never fail me once. I have been using them for upwards of thirty years. I daily recommend them, and I lately cured my clerk of rheumatism; he took the pills the same as I did. I am now 73 years old, strong and vigorous, and I am sure BRANDRETT'S PILLS are the cause. Anybody afflicted with rheumatism can come to me, and if they will take BRANDRETT'S PILLS, I will surely cure them. C. W. DYER.

No. 3 FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY, JAN. 28, 1884. I have been using BRANDRETT'S PILLS for the last 10 years. They are a wonderful medicine. There is nothing equal to them as Blood Purifiers and Liver Regulators. But I wish to state how remarkably they cure Rheumatism, and how easily. I was affected by Rheumatism of the legs. My business (wholesale fish dealer) naturally leads me to damp places. I was so bad I could not walk, and at night I suffered fearfully; I tried Balsams, Sarsaparillas, and all kinds of tinctures, but they did me no good, and I was afraid of being a cripple. I finally commenced using BRANDRETT'S PILLS. I took two every night for ten nights, then I began to improve; I continued taking them for 40 days, and I got entirely well. Now, when ever sick, I take BRANDRETT'S PILLS. They never fail. J. X. HARRIS.

HER SECRET TROUBLES.

The Unknown Trials Which a Woman Endured Without Complaining—Why They Vanished.

Near the close of one of the most trying of the few hot days of the present year a pale, care-worn woman might have been seen at the window of her dwelling exhaustively in a condition of complete exhaustion. Her efforts to meet the accumulated duties of her household had been great but unsuccessful, while the care of a sick child, whose wails could even then be heard, was added to her otherwise overwhelming troubles. Nature had done much for her and in her youthful days she had been not only beautiful but the possessor of health such as is seldom seen. But home and family duties and the depressing cares which too often accompany them had proven greater than her splendid strength and she felt at that moment not only that life was a burden but that death would be a relief. This is no unusual experience. It is, in fact, a most common everyday occurrence, and a great prayer is constantly ascending from thousands of homes for deliverance from the weary yoke which is enslaving so many wives, mothers and daughters. And yet these duties of life must be met. No woman can afford to turn aside from the proper care of her home and the ones who are committed to her care, although in doing these duties she may sacrifice her health, and possibly life itself. The experience of one who successfully overcame such trials and yet retained health and all the blessings it brings is thus told by Rev. William Watson, President, Elder of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, residing at Watertown, N. Y. He said:

"My wife became completely run down through overwork and care of a sick mother, our household duties, and I entertained serious apprehensions as to her future. She was languid, pale, utterly exhausted, without appetite, and in a complete state of physical decline. And yet she did not neglect her duties. I have seen her about the house, trying courageously to care for the ones she loved when I could tell, from the lines upon her face how much she was suffering. At times she would rally for a day or two and then fall back into the state of nervous exhaustion she felt before. Her head pained her frequently, her body was becoming bowed by pain and all hope or enjoyment in life seemed departed. What to do we could not tell. I resolved, however, to bring back her life and vitality if possible and a great began to read 'Warner's Safe Cure' and great relief her system has been toned up, her strength restored, her health completely recovered and wholly by the use of Warner's Tipacure, which I regard as the greatest tonic, invigorator and stomach remedy that has ever been discovered. I was led to use it the more readily as I had tested the health-restoring properties of Warner's Safe Cure in my own person and I therefore knew that any remedy Mr. Warner might produce would be a valuable one. I have since recommended both Warner's Tipacure and Warner's Safe Cure to many of my friends and I know several Doctors of Divinity as well as numerous laymen, who are using both with great benefit."

If all the overworked and duty driven women of America could know of the experience above described, and act upon the safe and health-restoring properties of Warner's Safe Cure, and the health-restoring properties of Warner's Safe Cure in my own person and I therefore knew that any remedy Mr. Warner might produce would be a valuable one. I have since recommended both Warner's Tipacure and Warner's Safe Cure to many of my friends and I know several Doctors of Divinity as well as numerous laymen, who are using both with great benefit."

There are in Shakespeare's plays about ninety deaths taking place either on the stage or immediately behind. The modes of death are various. Cold kills, the dagger or the sword, the guillotine for about two-thirds of the whole; twelve persons die from old age or decay; seven are beheaded; five die by poison, including the elder Hamlet, whose symptoms are so minutely described by the ghost; two of suffocation, unless, indeed, Desdemona makes a third; two by strangling; one from a fall; one is drowned; three die by snake bite, and one, Horner, the armorer, is humped to death with a sand-bag.—Chicago Herald.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap Permanently beautifies your complexion. Think Ladies! Hill's hair and whisker dye, 50 cents.

COMMERCIAL travelers should be very successful in business. They are never embarrassed.—Boston Transcript.

WOMAN'S best friend for relieving the many pains and weaknesses incidental to female life, and one that gives rest, health, and beauty, is Dr. J. C. Ayer's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, breaks down the system, and effects a speedy cure of all ailments. It moves all feeling of languor, distress, pimples, sores and weakness, producing dreamless slumber and painless regularity of natural functions.

SAY what you like—of all men it is the latter whose influence is most felt.—Boston Star.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, &c. Gossip-mongers are the rag-pickers of society.—Arkansas Traveller.

THE Western man objects to a rise in real estate when it is caused by a cyclone.

"LET me see," thoughtfully said a man who was driving a bucket, "who would miss repairs, the bucket leaks, the rope is rotten and the curbing is defective, but considered as a whole, I think it will do."—Merchant Traveller.

WHEN the iron enters a man's soul it should nerve him to greater effort. Iron is very strengthening.—Philadelphia Call.

A WILD Western paper is calling loud for the coinage of half cents. It is a mistake of judgment. What we really need is more of the ordinary common sense.—N. Y. Telegram.

A REVENUE officer entered the store of a merchant who never advertised, and arrested him because he kept a still house.

THERE is a boy in Oil City whose legs are so crooked that he has to be pulled out of his trousers with a co-screw.—Oil City Derrick.

FOOD accounts for the fact that there are so many more men than women in our prisons by the mean insinuation that it so takes to shut a woman up.—Boston Transcript.

A DEFEATED bottom has been taking iron pills. He says that it is the only one that he can handle at present.

THIS summer ladies are going to wear their hats as they did three hundred years ago. What! They never imagined that ladies ever grew to be that old.—Texas Siftings.

"NO," said Brown to Robinson when a sick, "I haven't got change for a five, but I should like to have a five for a change." Boston Globe.

THE fashionable tailor has no time to walk about the streets. He is new busy.—N. Y. News. Herald—Oil City Derrick.

"YES," she said, "I always obey my husband, but I reckon I have some sense to say about what his command shall be."

"A PAIR court record," remarked a coquette as she wrote the name of her sixteenth rejected lover in her diary.

"I USED Swift's Specific on my little daughter, who was afflicted with some Blood Poison, which had resisted all other treatment. The Specific relieved her permanently, and I shall use it in my practice." W. E. BRONTE, M. D., Cypress Ridge, Ark.

SMOKING does not agree with some people, but it always seems to soothe the chimney.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

NO REMEDY for Catarrh has met with such success as Papillon Catarrh Cure; it never fails and does its duty thoroughly, not by relieving temporarily—but by curing permanently. It does not smart or irritate.

An English journal is a little "tart" when it calls us a Nation of pie-eaters.—Boston Budget.

ANY lady who desires further information can be given in the limited space of newspaper columns can obtain Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's pamphlet "Guide to Health" by sending a stamp to Lynn, Mass.

ITCHING, blind or bleeding Piles, acute or chronic, are cured by Papillon Skin Cure, in a few days.

How to make money last—Loaf the best part of your life, and go to work in old age.

"Buchu-pain," Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases, &c.

Now is the time to buy your thermometers—they will be high before long.—Lovelock Citizen.

"Rough on Coughs," Lie, at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c.

WHEN a man is bent on evil there is generally something crooked about him.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Rough on Corns," Lie. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

MEN of the hour—Day laborers.—Rockland Courier.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, worms, constipation, tasteless, &c.

The increasing sales of Piso's Cure attest its claim as the best cough remedy.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain! RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, and all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in all languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. Vogeler & Co.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

PAPILLON

"A SEVERE CASE OF CATARRH CURED." Mr. A. B. Rowley, of the firm of Pierce & Rowley, Druggists, Apothecaries, cor. 35th and Indiana Ave., says: "I was afflicted with a very aggravated form of Catarrh, several physicians predicted that it would soon end in consumption. We have sold Papillon Catarrh Cure for nearly two years and heard such good reports from our customers, that I was induced to use the remedy for my own case; the result was unprecedented. I commenced to get well after using it the first time. I continued using the remedy for several weeks, and am now entirely cured. I will be glad to give any one calling upon me further particulars. Papillon Catarrh Cure is so considered the only safe cure for Catarrh—acute or chronic, Hay Fever or Nose Cold."

"A REPORT FROM HOME." Last winter I was afflicted by a carbuncle, followed by several boils on the back of my neck. I tried my remedies, and by keeping the inflamed parts saturated with Papillon Skin Cure, I was entirely cured. The relief obtained from the soreness and inflammation was immediate and effectual. I have used the Skin Cure upon my eyes, and found it the most satisfactory remedy for that trouble I ever tried; it gave immediate relief from inflammation of the eyelids, and effects a speedy cure. WALLACE DEWOLF, 151 Dearborn Street, Chicago, April 7th, 1884.

4TH OF JULY! FIREWORKS

SOMETHING NEW. We make up special cases for Private and Family use, containing a fine assortment of Fireworks of all sorts. Our \$3.00 case contains . . . 200 pieces. Our \$5.00 case contains . . . 400 pieces. Our \$15.00 case contains . . . 800 pieces. Will express any of the above cases on receipt of order. No case contains any explosive. Cash in advance and send for a case, and we know they will delight both you and your friends. E. E. MENGES & CO., 121 & 123 W. Fifth St., Kansas City, Mo.

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Fortify the system. All who have experienced indigestion and witnessed the effect of Hopstetter's Stomach Bitters upon the weak, broken-down, and nervous, will testify to its efficacy in curing victims of dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, rheumatism, nervous debility, or premature decay. Know that in this supreme tonic and invigorant there exists a specific principle which reaches the very source of the trouble and effects an absolute and permanent cure. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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AGENTS and WANTED. "Anakelis" gives instant relief in an inflexible cure for Piles. Price \$1. From druggists, or sent retail by mail, New York. Write to J. C. HARRIS, M.D., 111 N. 3rd St., New York.

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Vital Questions!

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing to do for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops?"

CHAPTER I. "What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention of inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu.'" "Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c., and they will tell you: 'Mandrake' or Dandelion?'"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ailment can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II. "Almost dead or nearly dying?"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy! From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pang of rheumatism. Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas. Salt rheum. Blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases that Nature is heir to.

Try Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. E. G. Ballou, Monks, Va.

"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. C. M. Sumner, Sun Hill, Ga.

"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Sumner, Sun Hill, Ga.

IT HAS CURED WHERE ALL ELSE FAILED. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

IF It cleanses the Blood and strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidney-Wort is to drive a clean stream of blood through the system. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

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FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the moribund and industrious moth. It is said that they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

The ordinary marker makes too deep a furrow for corn, especially when the planting is early and the ground cold. If a cold rain comes on after planting, this corn, put so far below the surface, will rot, or at best make only a sickly growth.—Boston Globe.

Cows that are watered from stagnant ponds or from wells in the barnyard will give milk more or less tainted, and from which it is impossible to make the best butter. So large a part of milk is water that the drink of the cow is of quite as much importance as her food.—Exchange.

If lawns are shaved often dandelions do little damage, as they cannot produce seeds. To most people, a moderate sprinkling of bright, yellow dandelions, nestled close in the green, fresh grass is not repulsive, especially if one banishes the common notion that all weeds are homely.—Prairie Farmer.

A high authority in cooking recommends that, when baking a custard, you should set the basin or pudding-dish containing it into another dish filled with hot water; this keeps the temperature more even, and the danger of scorching is entirely done away with. A more delicate flavor is insured also.—N. Y. Post.

Hasty Pudding: Boil a quart of milk with four bay leaves; beat up the yolks of two eggs and a little salt; stir in the milk; then beat out the bay leaves, and with a wooden spoon in one hand, with the other sprinkle in flour, stirring rapidly until it is of a good thickness; pour into a dish and serve with sauce.—The Householder.

Hulled Corn Soup: A breakfast cupful of corn must be put into a stewpan with two ounces of butter. Stir till the latter is melted. Add water and simmer until the grain is quite soft. Season it with salt and pepper, chervil, parsley or any other herb minced finely. Have yolks of eggs in the tureen, grate in a very little nutmeg and pour in the boiling soup.—Boston Post.

It is doubtful if too much can be said in favor of sweet corn for food for milch cows; many of the most successful dairymen are beginning to raise it largely for this purpose. In the vicinity of Elgin the farmers raise sweet corn for the canning factory and are very careful to save all the soft ears, cobs and stalk for feed. Every dairyman should try a small patch of it if he has not faith enough to put in a large crop, for there is every reason in favor of its excellence as a cow feed.—N. Y. Times.

A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh, according to a medical man who had been burned repeatedly himself. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed oil and then dust over with fine flour. When this last covering dries hard, repeat the oil and flour, dressing until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.—Chicago Journal.

Begin With What You Have.

There is so much said about replacing scrub stock with the improved breeds that we think that many who have common stock hesitate, because they think they must begin life anew. It is always discouraging to be compelled to do this. There is no more pitiable sight in this world than to see a man broken in fortune and spirit beginning at the lowest round of the ladder the second time. It is a steep and rugged pathway that unfolds before him; and something of that feeling fills the average man when he thinks he is told that he has been making a mistake in his breeding operations, and should clear his yards and pens at once, and restock with costly animals. It is a mistake to urge this. We must take human nature as we find it, and do the best we can to encourage it to move forward. It is not altogether a question as to what is best, but rather what is practical under the circumstances. We think that when a farmer is able to replace inferior stock with that which is superior he will find it to his interest to do it, but if he does not wish to do that, or is not able to do it, breed up. Get a thoroughbred ram and use the common ewes; or if he cannot do that, get a grade ram; and if he cannot do that, then improve his stock by a very careful selection. A correspondent writes how he began with his common sheep as he have here indicated, and is carefully weeding out every year. In that way the flock gets better and better. It is the only way by which we can make sheep husbandry pay. We cannot hope to do anything with sheep in this country unless they are good sheep. That does not mean, we repeat, that they shall be pure bred sheep, but simply good sheep.

As stated in our last issue, the mutton question must receive more attention. When near a mutton market there ought not to be any hesitancy about deciding for the mutton breeds, other things being favorable. But nearness to the mutton markets must not by any means be considered as the legitimate limit of the proper sphere for the mutton breeds. Mutton that is raised upon the blue grass of Kentucky is sold in Boston and New York and in Europe. If we can ever get our transportation companies to do the fair thing by us, distance will not figure in the matter. But we again suggest that at the present at least the Merino is particularly a mutton sheep. The mutton carcass sells readily in the market and probably always will. It certainly will while the average consumer is no better judge of meats than he now is. We always contended that the best Merino mutton was good enough, but it is not the best and never can be made the best.

We are not an advocate of crossing the Merino for the improvement of its mutton qualities. Keep the breeds pure. We need the Merino just as it is, except that some of us might breed for an increase of size with advantage. If we raise the largest Merinos that can be raised and take good care of them, we will accomplish all that we can expect to accomplish with that breed.—Western Rural.

Chimneys.

Two gentlemen were walking through the manufacturing district along the North River above Fourteenth street yesterday when their attention was drawn to a tall brick chimney of an unused factory. The chimney was more than one hundred and fifty feet in height and stood apart from the building to which it had been connected by an iron flue about six feet from the ground, but the flue had been taken away. Under the hole where the flue entered the chimney was a pile of brick and stone. The hole itself was apparently open, but a second look showed that heavy coffee sacks hung over it on the inside of the chimney wall, which seemed to be about twenty inches thick. When the men first looked at it, a boy of thirteen years was climbing through the hole in the chimney.

"The boys have been in there, I presume," said the older of the two men. "It is warm and dry and very like the caves they read about in their dime stories, 'black as a wolf's mouth,' you know."

"Don't the light shine in at the top of the chimney?" the young man inquired. "Yes, but it does not reach them. Let me tell you something about chimneys. That pile of brick is twenty feet square, and where the boy went in the wall is twenty inches thick. Then comes a space that is more than three feet across, and then a twelve-inch wall that surrounds a flue about seven feet on a side. That vacant space between the inner and outer walls makes a fine cave for the boys. That chimney is thick for its size. There is one in Lawrence, Mass., that is two hundred and thirty-four feet high, and is no larger on the base than this one. Down town, near the North River ferries, is a chimney that exceeds all others in the world in size. The inside of the flue is twenty-seven feet ten inches long by eight feet four inches wide. It is two hundred and twenty-one feet high. It takes the smoke from four tiers of boilers, thirty-two in all, in which one thousand tons of coal are burned in a day.

"There are some very queer chimneys in the world. I have read of one in a Mexican cotton factory which was made of sun-dried bricks that were ten inches long, and seven wide and three thick. It was laid up by Indians, and was a very handsome piece of work. There is a chimney in Pennsylvania made of old iron rails that does good service. Queer, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man. "The house that Christine Nilsson was born in was made of unheated logs piled up with mud chinked into the cracks. The chimney is said to have been of wood also. Long, flat pieces were split out of logs and laid up, as were the logs of the house, but into the shape of the fireplace, tapering off into a flue where smaller sticks were used. Inside the fireplace a wall of round stones was piled up and thickly plastered with mud, as was the inside of the wooden flue above. When, as occasionally happened, the mud cracked off her father climbed up inside and plastered more on. Whether that chimney was made so or not, plenty of others are in the West and South."

"Speaking about fireplaces," said the older man, "reminds me of a very singular place where they were formerly used. One hundred and fifty years ago stoves were unknown. The fishing smacks that sailed out of Gloucester on those days were small affairs of from twenty to forty tons, but they had to carry a fire, of course. In the fore cuddy they built a brick fireplace, with a flue running up through the deck. I never heard that any one of them was burned either, although the back log must have been well shaken up when they got a chop sea on the George's Bank. The Willow, the Blaney and the Squirrel were pinkies that were fitted out in that way between 1720 and 1736. Tradition says that the flues were good places to smoke herring, and that the fishermen were about as badly smoked in the cuddy as the herring were in the flue."—N. Y. Sun.

Training Race Horses.

If the diary of some old trainer could be brought to light to compare with an ordinary training report for a morning in these days there would be changes in the character of representations. It would be very useful, also, in deciding several questions as to the merits of modern race horses in comparison with those of our forefathers. It is said that horses used to stay better than they do now, and such champions as Benningborough, Hambletonian, Orville, Tramp, etc., are spoken of as altogether a harder race than the horses of the present day. It is forgotten, however, that the preparations they necessarily received were of a kind to fit them to go over a distance of ground, though it must have been at a certain pace, as trained as our horses are at the present day races could not be won under all the disadvantages experienced by the ancients.

If it was announced that Harvester was going to walk from Newmarket to Epsom to meet his engagement for the Derby, he would go back to an outside price, as the feat would be deemed impossible; but that would have been thought an easy journey less than fifty years ago, and the question may well arise as to how it was done from the North of England to Epsom before railway times. John Scott must have brought St. Giles down the whole way by road from Malton to win the Derby of 1832, as the lines to the North were not opened for some years later. We know the great Northern trainer brought his team of horses down some little time before the meeting, and he had another place at Pigburn, near Doncaster, but there was all the same a pedestrian journey to be performed at a time thought in these days most critical in the period of a preparation. The horse van, which was subsequently utilized a great deal, was comparatively a modern invention, and it certainly did not exist during the first fifty or sixty years of the Derby, so the competitors from afar must have been walked down on the roads. This must have been training itself of a certain description, and it doubtless left the walking for many years that a good deal of idea was necessary to get a race horse fit. Trainers not long passed away used to consider two or three hours' walking exercise a

Revenge is nearly always cruel.

Revenge is nearly always cruel, for the spirit which prompts it sanctions the act of carrying unjustly far the performance of reprisal. Our friend Skittles is inclined to drink more than is good for him, and like every man who drinks, he does not believe he is committing an indiscretion. He can point out many who are throwing themselves away, but he is in as much danger as those to whom he points with the finger of warning.

Several days ago Mr. Blathgrale, President of the bank and a deacon in the church, met Skittles and remonstrated with him concerning his growing habit of drinking. Skittles did not regard the action of Mr. Blathgrale as a kindness. On the contrary, the unappreciative wretch meditated revenge. He wrote the following letter, a copy of which he sent to every saloon-keeper in the city:

"MY DEAR SIR: You will confer a great favor upon one who has the right to make such a demand, if you will not in the future allow Mr. Blathgrale to drink at your bar. I can not think that it is your desire to see a respected citizen throw himself away."

No one had ever seen Mr. Blathgrale enter a saloon, but all the saloon-keepers, supposing that the old gentleman was "drinking himself to death," decided not to allow him to take any whisky at their bars. Pretty soon it began to be "noised around" that the saloon-keepers had all agreed not to give Mr. Blathgrale any more whisky. Every one was astonished, for no one supposed that the old gentleman drank intoxicating liquors. The report gained such circulation that the heaviest depositors of the bank became alarmed and drew out their money. Mr. Blathgrale could not understand this, for no one felt it his duty to give an explanation. Another letter from Skittles, without signature, caused the following to be posted on the walls of every saloon in the city:

"Mr. Blathgrale is hereby forbidden to drink any more at this bar." The minister of Blathgrale's church, hearing of this, sought the old gentleman and said: "I am advised by a committee of our churchmen to say that you must either stop drinking at once or withdraw from the congregation."

"What!" exclaimed the old man. "You heard what I said," replied the minister. "I heard what you said, but I don't understand you." "I can make my meaning very plain, Brother Blathgrale. You are throwing yourself away; you have become a sot."

"Why, this is the vilest assumption I ever heard of," vociferated the bank President. "Throwing myself away, indeed. I never entered a saloon in my life, and I never did take a drop of whisky except it was in case of sickness."

"Oh, yes, brother, but you see you are becoming sick very often of late. You no longer have a regard for yourself or friends."

"Get out of here!" exclaimed the minister. "You are not only a sot, but you have become violent."

"You are an old liar," "Of course, having degraded yourself in every other way, you will become abusive. Good day."

The poor gentleman sat down to meditate over the strange turns affairs had taken, when the following note was handed him. "We, the directors of this bank, having in view the interests of our patrons, have held a meeting and hereby notify you that we have removed you from the Presidency of this institution."—Arkansas Traveller.

An Unprincipled Revenge.

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Why We Are Weak.

Nothing is ever gained by breaking the slightest of Nature's laws. She has decreed that thus far we may go, but whoever crosses the invisible line pays the penalty, himself or in his children. Our bodies are made of the most delicate and complex machinery—strong, but capable of endurance and long wear; every person who subjects any organ to abuse will in the end find that it does not pay. Our grandfathers, sturdy old woodchoppers and tillers of the soil, manufactured their own apple-jack and rye whisky and used them on all occasions, and who ever knew any one injured? It would have been better if they had felt the effects and not transmitted weakness and depraved tastes to their descendants. Our grandmothers—I wish we had their strength—spun and wove, and milked and churned, walked countless miles with infants in arms, and often mowed and chopped, keeping pace with the sturdiest men. The result is felt now-a-days in the weakness and debility which old people find so hard to account for, imagining it caused entirely by changed modes of living. Not once will they acknowledge that these same feats, their *overwork*, of which they are so proud, could even remotely cause these dire results!

Now-a-days we are quite as culpable. The stomach is gorged with imperfectly masticated food, and though long enduring, finally makes its owner pay the penalty of a season of pain and a long doctor's bill. The eyes, naturally weak in this degenerate age, are strained and overworked; and spectacles and early loss of sight are the result. Young people, ignorant of the result, lift weights too heavy for their strength; the spine is injured, and they spend a life of weakness or invalidism. Imperfectly cooked or improper food is a prolific source of diseases; also impure air; hurtful positions in sleeping, walking and sitting; lack of sunlight; imperfectly ventilated school and sleeping rooms; a mild use of stimulants; unguarded passions. These are apparently slight and unimportant, and Dame Nature, that kindly soul, disposes her forces to such good advantage that the broken laws are unnoticed until one begins to think he can go on indefinitely. But by-and-by there comes a crash, and the constitution, which seemed of iron, is so permeated with disease that it is broken by a trifling accident, a slight cold or slow fever, and after months of inactivity and drugging, the patient realizes that health and strength are never more for him.

Often we here the complaint that these indiscretions were committed in ignorance; but we know that "ignorance of the law excuses no one," and should we expect more clemency from nature than from our law makers? Every observing person can see on all sides the ill results of young people's growing up in absurd ignorance of the proper care of their bodies, and the sure and awful penalties which visit the erring. Physicians say that cases are no means rare where they are consulted by patients suffering all the horrors of a living death, which might have been averted if the parents, the real offenders, had given them works on health and physiology. I always feel indignant when I see the results of this most culpable neglect, and wonder how parents can allow their children to mature in ignorance of all health rules, while they are careful to instruct them in the less important matters of spelling and writing. The reason usually given is that the innocence of childhood is "so engaging." So it is, but when it results in ruined man and womanhood it loses its charm, and we perform our father's less ignorant, and our coming fathers and mothers more healthy. If children are taught the common rules of health rather than the best cure of disease, and by word upon word, precept upon precept, are directed in the right path, they will seldom sin against themselves, by undue exposure or injudicious practices.

Our periodicals are crowded with patent medicine advertisements, each claiming to be the real and only panacea for all human ills. Would it not be infinitely better to prevent disease than to resort to these doubtful and dangerous attempts to effect a cure? This is a subject that needs thorough agitation and ventilation. Many of the men and women of to-day may be past reclaiming; but the children, on whom the success of our nation depends, should be taught that health and wisdom are better than wealth and disease.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

Sweets and Fruits.

The free use of sugar with the spring and early summer fruits, to say the least, is unwise. These sub-acid fruits, appearing during the early hot weather, while the blood is thick and impure from the use of the carbonaceous food of the cold weather, are manifestly intended by the Creator as "spring medicines," whose acids act with great effect on the liver, enabling it to secrete the impurities of the blood, purify the blood, while this refuse matter waste—is the natural stimulant of the digestive process and of the bowels. It will be observed that later in the season, when the blood has been so far changed as to fit it for the season, and as the cool weather approaches, these perishable fruits—all intended for the season in which they appear—lose this purifying acid element and become considerably sweeter. The free use of these artificial sweets with cream—a heater also—must tend to counteract the benevolent intention of the Creator in this wise arrangement, that of adapting all these delicious fruits to the season and the immediate needs of the system in such weather. In such matters it is always safe to watch the indication and instructions of nature, or the God of nature, who in His wise providence is ever merciful to man.

These sweets, intended for cold weather, are never as concentrated in nature as the sugar of commerce, which is manifestly used too freely, especially in warm weather.—Golden Rule.

An undertaker in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the north of England, inserted recently in a local newspaper the following advertisement: "Why live and be miserable when you can be buried a comforter for three pounds ten."

The Model Farmer.

He should not buy more land than he can pay for easily, and till to advantage. The hardest thing to raise on a farm is a mortgage. Thirty or forty acres carefully cultivated will prove more profitable than two hundred on which the same care and labor are expended.

He should not have more stock than he can shelter well and keep in good order throughout all the season. It is poor economy to stink cattle through the winter and expect them to do as well in the coming spring as they would under generous treatment. A man should be merciful to his stock not only because of moral considerations but because it pays best in the end. Cattle that are stoned by the boys, kicked by the men and worried by dogs, are not likely to thrive in flesh or milk. Such treatment is silly, brutal and every way unprofitable. The occasions are very rare where beasts of burden—horses or oxen—are benefited by the application of the rod. People who wreak their insane fury on helpless dumb animals are at those moments something lower than beasts themselves.

He should keep a careful account of his income and outgoes. No business can prosper that is based on uncertainties. The habit of keeping a close account begets prudence, economy and wisdom in management. If a man can figure out a fair profit as the result of his year's labor it is a sound satisfaction and contentment; if the balance is on the other side he will ascertain the cause of his failure and follow new courses. "Book farming" is no longer despised by intelligent men.

He should make his home and its immediate surroundings as pleasant as his means will permit. He should at least take as much pride in beautifying his home and supplying it with the comforts and conveniences, if not the luxuries of life, as he does in having fine or blooded stock and neat and large out-buildings. A proper regard for the happiness of those whose duties are chiefly within doors would dictate this. The "matters of the house" are of primary importance, for what after all is the chief end of labor but to make the home life happier and better. Half the dullness and monotony of life on the farm, driving the boys and girls to the towns and cities, would be banished if the same pains were taken to make the home beautiful and attractive that are taken by most residents of towns and cities.

The successful farmer will do his work in season. There is no business where regularity is more essential than in farming. The merchant and the manufacturer can cover ground lost by neglect or inattention easier than the farmer. The farmer who is chasing his work all the year round, trying to catch up with it, is doomed to ultimate failure.—N. Y. Observer.

The Pugnacity of the Quail.

A note on the quail would be incomplete without an allusion to the pugnacity of his disposition. This is unhappily incontestable; and it is probably the chief cause of that speedy dispersal of the "beevies," or broods of young birds, which almost invariably occurs. The cocks are able and willing to fight each other when only two or three weeks old, and in the spring the contests of the parent males often end in their mutual destruction. The quail possesses no spur—a want, however, which has been supplied by the resources of civilization. Among the Chinese, combats of quails are still as fashionable a pastime as cock-fighting once was in England. The birds are fed and trained by a strict system, and heavy bets are laid upon the several combats. The Greeks and Romans were also passionately addicted to these contests, the winners in which have been glorified by the poets of both nations. There is, indeed, a well-known, though from the modern standpoint hardly credible, story of Augustus, who is said to have condemned a prefect to death because he served up at a banquet in the Emperor's honor a quail celebrated for numerous victories.—St. James' Budget.

Lord Beaconsfield said: "Few great men have flourished who, were they candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantage they have experienced in the earlier years of their career from the spirit and sympathy of woman."

More than sixty per cent. of the adult male population of New Mexico can neither read nor write.—Chicago Herald.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

ST. LOUIS.

Table with market prices for various goods in St. Louis, including CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc.

NEW YORK.

Table with market prices for various goods in New York, including CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc.

A Simple Steam Bath.

The following simple directions, by following which a bath may be obtained by those who are not possessed of those doubtful luxuries called "modern conveniences," are extracted from an article by Dr. H. Engel in the Medical and Surgical Reporter. The treatment has especial reference to catarrhal jaundice:

"To assist nature still more I have the patient take a steam bath every night on going to bed. As one or the other of the young practitioners may not be familiar with the easiest and cheapest method of procuring such a bath I will explain my modus operandi. The room in which the patient is to take the bath is brought to a temperature of seventy-four degrees, as determined by the thermometer—to prevent chilling; the patient, perfectly naked, sits on a high cane-seat chair, and is totally enveloped in a large blanket, pinned tightly round the neck, his feet resting on the blanket, and the latter covering him and the chair, and the little space within it airtight. The blanket is so arranged that the open fold is at the back. Under the chair stands a bucket, or a small tub, half filled with cold water. Into this the patient gradually, one after another, three half pieces of "red-hot" brick are thrown, and the blanket is once again folded up. Certainly, as soon as the hot bricks come in contact with the water a rapid and sudden evolution of steam takes place, which, being confined to the small space within the blanket, soon causes the patient to fall into a most thorough sweat. The first and second time the skin does not respond very actively, but every day the perspiration increases. If the patient feels uncomfortable—his hands, etc., all being confined within the blanket—the nurse will give him a mouthful or two of cold water to drink, and a sponge dipper of cold water. These two procedures give a great relief.

When the patient is almost through with his forced perspiration, one of the attendants takes a hot iron and goes over the bed-sheets with it, so as to warm thoroughly the bed of the sick person. A hot iron wrapped in rags or a bottle filled with hot water may be put at the foot of the bed. Then the patient is released from the "sweat-box," and immediately a large bed-sheet, which has been during all this time hanging near a fire, is thrown over him and he is thoroughly dried. Dressing himself in his warmed night-garments, he retires to his warm bed, while the steam bath apparatus is removed, and the blankets hung out to be aired and dried.

"I have been so particular about these directions first for the reason given above, and then because I wish to impress the reader with the necessity of using the utmost caution that the patient during this procedure does not become chilled. While I have seen the greatest benefit arise from this steam bath, and improved with it cases that did not seem to yield to any other mode of treatment, I have observed irreparable injury being done for want of the caution alluded to. In one case I am positive that a patient had a relapse, and died within twelve days, because, when coming out of the bath and feeling so well, as he had not for many a long day, he had run, just for the fun of the thing, after a friend out into the cold entry."

There is a large rock in the twin lakes near Salisbury, Conn., which is called the "moving rock," from the fact that within the last twenty years it has moved a quarter of a mile. It weighs more than thirty tons, is of porous formation, and the channel it has made for itself along the bottom of the lake clearly indicates the progress it has made.—New Haven Register.

Left Without a Parson. "If people would only consider the trouble that arises from a failure to place a proper amount of stamps upon their letters they would be more careful," said Postmaster Haldekeper, of Philadelphia, the other day. "A case recently arising brought this matter to my mind. A prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Conference mailed a letter last Saturday morning at ten o'clock, directed to a member of his church in New York, stating that he would be home to preach on Sunday, and to make other arrangements. The letter was mailed, and, being overweight, was marked 'due two cents.' When it arrived in New York, according to the rules of the department, it was given to a clerk to be rated and charged, and then sent to the carriers' department, where another entry had to be made and the sum charged to the carrier upon whose route it was to be delivered. In the regular order of business it reached the carrier, but too late to be sent out on Saturday. The consequence was that in the first delivery of Monday morning the letter was dispatched to the person entitled to receive it. The minister heard from his congregation before the members did from him, and consequently he was compelled to make an explanation of the causes which led him to leave his flock without a shepherd. If he had placed another two-cent stamp upon the letter, it would have been handed over immediately upon arrival to the carrier and taken out in the last delivery of Saturday. Such cases are frequent not only in this, but in every office in the country, and the consequence is that letters are delayed from three to four hours during the day so that a proper record and charge can be made. Letters upon which postage has not been paid are not forwarded at all. It is desirable that the printed card or the written name and address of the sender should be placed on every letter or package before it is posted, so that in case of non-delivery it can be returned to the ruler. By the observance of this simple rule much trouble and time can be saved."—Philadelphia Record.

Walter Burden and Miss Fannie Swallenberg, a young heiress, eloped from Long Island City, and, being married in New York, sent a messenger to notify the young lady's widowed mother. The couple were much surprised soon afterward to receive a long and warmly congratulatory telegram from Mrs. Swallenberg, and the additional information that all the members of both families approved the match.—N. Y. News.