

# Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

HEW TO THE LINE LET THE CHIP'S FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOL. XVII.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1890.

NUMBER 4.

## THE WORLD AT LARGE.

### Summary of the Daily News.

#### WASHINGTON NOTES.

The President returned to Washington on the 14th from his tour in the West.

JUDGE COOLEY has returned to Washington to resume his duties as chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The Census Office reports the population of Kentucky at 1,855,436, an increase of 206,746, or 12 per cent.

The President has had his mind definitely made up, it is stated, not to call an extra session of Congress.

CONSUL PHILIP CARROLL at Palermo, Sicily, will probably be transferred to some place beyond Italy, he having ceased to be a persona grata to the Italian Government and municipality of Palermo on the strength of his communications to the State Department.

The Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg says in regard to the alleged persecution by the Russian Government of the Hebrews that upon a thorough investigation it is a source of special gratification to be able to say the reports are false.

PAYMASTER GEORGE A. DEERING, of the United States navy, was found dead in his bed at his residence at Washington. He had died during the night of heart disease.

The funeral of General Belknap took place at Washington on the 16th with military honors. The remains were interred in the Arlington cemetery.

The Census Bureau announces the population of the State of Texas as 2,332,220, increase \$40,471, and of Tennessee as 1,754,723, increase 221,364.

REAR ADMIRAL PORTER was reported in a critical condition at Washington on the 17th. He was suffering from physical exhaustion due to old age.

ACCORDING TO THE Census Bureau the population of Pennsylvania is 5,249,574—an increase of 965,583 in ten years.

#### THE EAST.

MRS. ISABELLA BERGEN, of New York City, tried to jump from an upper window of her home, but was caught by her husband just in time and held suspended in the air until rescued by an officer.

The annual convention of the laundrymen of the United States began at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 18th. The Chinese were denounced.

The summer residence of George I. Seneby at Bernardsville, N. J., the Brooklyn millionaire and philanthropist of Philadelphia, was entirely destroyed by fire the other morning. Loss about \$50,000.

NEWARK, N. J., went Democratic at the election.

THREE miners were crushed to death in a shaft at Audenried, Pa. One was to have met his sweetheart in New York the next day to marry her.

SEVERAL workmen were shockingly burned at the blast furnace of Moorehead's rolling mill, Pittsburgh, Pa., recently. They were overwhelmed by burning coke, one of the ovens breaking. Two died from their injuries.

The fifth annual convention of the Episcopal Brotherhood of St. Andrew began in Philadelphia on the 16th with 602 delegates present. Bishop Potter, of New York, delivered the charge.

MAYOR GRANT of New York has sent a letter to Superintendent of the Census Porter demanding an official account. The letter was accompanied by statements and tables showing the results of the police census.

The burning of the Leland Hotel at Syracuse, N. Y., proved fatal to eight persons. About twenty were injured.

A RECEPTION in honor of the golden jubilee of Right Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held on the 17th. It was estimated that 8,000 people were present, including the Catholic clergy of Brooklyn and New York.

#### THE WEST.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN L. WILSON, who returned to Spokane Falls, Wash., from Washington a few days ago, reports the loss of his pocketbook containing \$10,000 in securities, \$350 in greenbacks and gold and other valuable papers.

The excitement over the discovery of pearls in clams in Wisconsin has spread to Chilton and now the people are doing nothing but search for jewels.

The Ohio Legislature met in special session on the 14th, pursuant to the call of the Governor, to consider the alleged gross abuses in the city government of Cincinnati.

OSCAR J. DUNN CAMP No. 294, Sons of Veterans, an organization of young negroes at Springfield, Ill., has been suspended for violation of the constitution. The offense of the camp consisted in turning out in uniform and under arms to take part in the Cullom meeting.

The only son of Colonel Charles Fred Crocker, second vice-president of the Southern Pacific, fell over the banisters in his father's house at San Francisco, and was killed. The boy, who was but ten years of age, would have inherited the bulk of his father's large estate, estimated at \$15,000,000.

The United States marshals have killed in the Iowa Nation one horse thief and captured three with eleven head of horses stolen from C. F. Martin, of Guthrie, Ok.

It is thought in Guthrie, Ok., that bills for the removal of the capital will be introduced in the Territorial Legislature shortly—one in favor of Kingfisher and the other of Tohee.

FIVE men were buried by a cave in at the Ludington mine, Iron Mountain, Mich. Three were dead when taken out.

The total registration of Chicago is estimated at nearly 200,000, a gain of 42,000.

TEN HANDS, an Indian at Big Foot's camp, has been arrested by the authorities at the Cheyenne agency and thrown into the guard house for posing as the Indian Messiah. He has been performing weird dances, going into trances and asking the annuities, rations and even money and ponies from the superstitious Indians.

The people of the State of Washington propose to make displays at the Chicago World's Fair in twelve departments.

R. G. PETERS, a lumber baron, of Manistee, Mich., has assigned. Liabilities reach into the millions.

The son of Edward Spellman, the millionaire distiller of Peoria, Ill., has been sent to an insane asylum for committing several robberies.

Mrs. WILLIAM WELLS and her seven-year-old son were drowned in a well near Marine City, Mich., the boy falling in and the mother trying to rescue him.

By an explosion in the Bessemer department of the Otis steel works at Cleveland, O., three men were badly burned by molten steel and others slightly injured. The building was greatly damaged.

SEVERAL hundred miners at Ishpeming, Mich., have returned to work, but 2,000 are still out.

The troublous session of the W. C. T. U. at Des Moines, Iowa, ended in a split. The vote for the Iowa non-partisan union was 315—for national third party union 68. Mrs. Foster declined re-election to the presidency, and Mrs. Mattie Bailey, of Shenandoah, was elected president.

The centennial of the founding of Gallipolis, O., by French immigrants was celebrated on the 17th. Governor Campbell, of Ohio, and Governor Fleming, of West Virginia, were present and spoke.

CONRAD FALTZ, for thirty years jailer at the Chicago county jail, died recently.

JAMES MAXWELL, for the murder of Charles Decker, has been hanged at Morris, Ill.

JAMES PEASE, who acted as General Fremont's guide in 1846, was drowned last week near Redwood City, Cal. He was ninety-eight years of age and the oldest resident of San Mateo County.

A COMPANY has been formed with \$100,000 capital to maintain at Chicago a permanent exhibition of the products of Texas.

THERE was a panic at St. Stanislaus Catholic school, Chicago, on the 17th during the celebration of mass, the altar draperies catching fire. Several children were seriously injured in the mad rush for the doors.

The Prohibitory laws of Kansas and Iowa have both been declared null and void so far as original packages are concerned. They must be re-enacted under the privileges accorded to States by the Wilson bill.

THE Mississippi Constitutional Convention decided to make the terms of judges of the Supreme Court nine years.

BECAUSE he was badly beaten in a fist fight John Hayes, a young man of Pea Ridge, Ark., drowned himself in a well.

GUSTAVE RUSSELL, a Missouri Pacific bridge man, fell from a trestle at Newport, Ark., and was instantly killed. Deceased lived at Osage, Cole county, Mo. He was twenty-three years old and unmarried.

The population of Alabama is given as 1,508,012, a gain of 19 per cent.

LIEUTENANT ALPHEUS R. FRENCH, the sole survivor of the Black Hawk war, died at Baltimore, Md., in the eighth second year of his age. He was born at Chittenango, N. Y., November, 25, 1808. After the Black Hawk war he re-enlisted and was ordered to Florida during the Seminole war, where he was badly injured in different battles.

In the recent election in Chattanooga, Tenn., the Democrats secured only two wards. The new Board of Aldermen will be eleven Republicans and five Democrats.

W. J. ROGERS, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second North Carolina district, has declined because of ill health. No candidate to take his place will be named as the district is largely Republican.

The Queen & Crescent shops at Ludlow, Ky., were burned recently. The loss was put at \$200,000.

A CYCLONE passed west of Maxton, N. C., on the 16th, moving nearly north. At Hasty several houses were blown down and one person killed and several injured.

FOUR of the assassins of Police Chief Hennessy, of New Orleans, have been arrested and identified as Antonio Scalfidi, Antonio Bagnetti, Sebastiano Incardino and Pietro Mastoro.

Mrs. SARAH WAHLE, vice-protector of Jewel Lodge, Knights and Ladies of Honor, died recently at Louisville, Ky., from the effects of injuries received in the wreck of Falls City Hall last spring. She was the seventy-seventh victim of the cyclone.

The case of Rev. Dr. Carter, of Chattanooga, Tenn., editor of the Methodist Advocate, who has been on trial by the conference at Greenville, terminated in a verdict of acquittal by a vote of twelve to two. He had been charged by its Presiding Elder with immoral conduct.

It is reported from Birmingham, Ala., that the \$10,000 reward for the capture of Rube Burrows, the dead outlaw, may not be paid, as the captors were not lawful officers, to whom the reward was offered.

## GENERAL.

A SERIOUS affray occurred at a beer garden at Pirna, Saxony, the combatants being soldiers and workmen. Before the fight could be suppressed five of the latter had been killed and many on both sides wounded.

The British commander at the Zanzibar station has been ordered to proceed immediately to punish the Sultan of Vitu who, late advices show, was clearly implicated in and probably directed the recent massacre of Germans at Vitu.

The Regenerators and Progressists of Portugal have agreed to maintain an expectant but benevolent attitude towards the new Ministry. The Cabinet has announced its determination to prohibit the Republican press from using scurrilous language regarding the King or Great Britain.

SCOTCH Home Rulers are reported disaffected with Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party and threaten trouble.

The coffins containing the remains of the late Emperor Frederick, Prince Waldemar and Prince Sigismund have been removed to the new mausoleum at Potsdam, Germany.

SENIOR R. BENOICHEA, husband of the youngest daughter of the late General Jose Maria Barruda, has arrived in this country. He comes here to make a demand of \$100,000 from the United States Government for the killing of his father-in-law.

REV. MR. SHUTTLEWORTH, vicar of a church in Cornwall, England, has married Miss Cudmore, a well-known actress.

The great Perseverance cotton mill near Bolton, Eng., has been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$300,000.

The directors of the Bank of England have decided to make no change in the discount rate.

STRIKING street car and omnibus drivers of Havana, Cuba, have begun rioting.

BOISTEROUS gales were reported along the New England coast on the 17th. Many vessels were in distress.

The ship Lizzie C. Troop has been wrecked on the Island of Loochoo in the China seas. Most of the sailors were drowned. They were shipped from Philadelphia.

The Haytien corvette Jaemel has been sunk in collision with a merchant vessel.

CHAMPION, the labor leader in New South Wales, has cabled to Burns in London that money from England will be useless to prevent the failure of the strike.

CAREFUL estimates of the country's population indicate 63,600,000—about 2,000,000 less than was expected.

BUSINESS failures (Dun's report) for the seven days ended October 16 numbered 257, compared with 215 the previous week and 223 the corresponding week of last year.

UNION PACIFIC net earnings show a decrease.

The Hovas, the ruling race of Madagascar, are greatly excited over the report of a French protectorate superseding the native authority and there is danger of a rising against the French.

## THE LATEST.

I. S. EMORY, late ticket agent for the Roma, Waterston & Ogdenburg railroad in Rochester, N. Y., and nominee for the Labor party for Congress, committed suicide at the Livingstone Hotel in that city.

NEWS has been received of the burning on Lake Huron of Lexington, Mich., of the Lake Superior Transit Company's freight steamer Annie Young. Nine lives were reported to have been lost by the upsetting of a small boat.

SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, the British envoy to Persia, who a short time ago was reported to be dying, is improving in health.

ISAAC HOLDEN, member of Parliament for the Kelghley division of Yorkshire, has donated £1,000 to the fund of Irish Nationalists.

A SLIGHT shock of earthquake has been felt at Lisbon.

BARON WISSMANN has had a farewell audience with Emperor William, prior to his departure for East Africa.

A. B. MULLETT, ex-Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department, will know all over the country, committed suicide at Washington on the 29th, consequent upon ill health, following an attack of the grip.

The population of the State of Oregon is 312,490, and of Portland 47,294.

ISAAC BREMER and his wife and son were killed by a train at a crossing near Centerville, Iowa.

The population of Minnesota is given as 1,300,017, an increase of 519,244, or 66.50 per cent.

SIR RICHARD E. BURTON, the renowned traveler and author died on the 20th. He was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1821.

GREAT BRITAIN has formally recognized the Brazilian Republic.

A SPECIAL from Sydney, C. B., says that a large square rigged ship had been lost at St. Esprit with all on board.

An engine exploded while shifting cars on the Monongahela connecting railway at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 20th, killing the engineer and fireman and seriously wounding several others.

The Illinois Central railroad directors at a meeting in Chicago, re-elected Stuyvesant Fish president and selected two new vice-presidents.

STEPHEN HOLMES, the American accused of having stolen jewels belonging to the Duchess of Edinburgh last spring, has been acquitted for lack of evidence.

SECRETARY BLAINE says that the alleged interview with him published in the syndicate newspaper letter in Washington and elsewhere, touching the "sphere of woman," was wholly a fiction.

## KANSAS STATE NEWS.

THE new St. Mary's Church (Rev. Father Kuhls) was dedicated recently at Kansas City, Kan.

MR. AND MRS. E. A. POLLARD, of Sedgwick County, recently celebrated their golden wedding.

H. D. TRUCKEY, living west of Rosedale, has lost his mind because of domestic trouble.

The return of the prisoner Benson, charged with the murder of Mrs. Mettman, was unattended by any great excitement at Leavenworth. He vociferously protested his innocence.

The population of the State of Kansas, according to the official count completed at the census office, is 1,423,455, as compared with 926,006 in 1880, being an increase in ten years of 427,389, or 42.91 per cent.

The census report gives Hutchinson a population of 8,678, increase, 7,138; Newton, 5,602; increase, 3,001; Wellington, 4,338, increase, 1,695, and Wichita, 23,735, increase, 18,824.

The seventh annual convention of the Topeka branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church closed at Kansas City, Kan., with a series of short addresses.

The convention selected Beatrice, Neb., as the place for holding the next annual convention. Mrs. F. Ninde, of Topeka, was re-elected president, and Mrs. M. Watson, of Nebraska, as corresponding secretary.

The State Temperance Union has issued an address urging absolute support of candidates favoring the Prohibition law.

It appears that William Sims, the present State Treasurer by appointment, can only hold his position until the first general election. In view of the fact the Republican State Central Committee nominated S. G. Stone, the regular Republican candidate for State Treasurer, for the position for the short term. In case of his election he will assume the duties of the office immediately after the election.

OLDIE MARTIN, or Florence Snyder, whose sister was murdered by her husband, R. Snyder, in Eldorado, a year ago, committed suicide in a Wichita resort recently.

GOVERNOR HUMPHREY has appointed an entire new board of police commissioners for Leavenworth, removing D. R. Anthony. This action gave offense to local Republicans, consequently at the county convention resolutions endorsing the Governor failed to pass and Anthony was nominated for Representative.

The Supreme Court has affirmed the verdict against J. Leeford Brady, the Salina newspaper man who libeled ex-Governor Harvey by saying he had pardoned his own brother out of the penitentiary. This is the first libel case ever affirmed by the Supreme Court in the history of the State.

D. W. KENT, candidate for Attorney-General on the Prohibition ticket, has issued a circular letter announcing his withdrawal from the race in favor of L. B. Kellough, the Republican nominee.

The other afternoon David Hausner, a boy of sixteen years, was standing in the door of his father's store at Atchison, when William Jackson, a negro boy, began stealing apples from a barrel. Young Hausner caught the negro by the shoulder, when Jackson drew his knife and plunged it into the breast of the other in the region of the heart, inflicting probably a fatal wound. Jackson escaped to the woods.

The Wichita electric railway barn was destroyed by fire the other night, three motors and two trail cars being consumed, together with a horse and a lot of wire and supplies. The loss was about \$10,000; insurance, \$3,000.

WILL HOPPER, alias Walter Breese, was shot and probably fatally wounded by Richard Wilson, special policeman of the Live-Stock Exchange, at the Kansas City, Kan., stock yards, the other morning. Hopper was a cattle thief and resisted arrest by drawing a revolver, when the officer shot him. Hopper had stolen a herd from Hodderman, of Cowley County.

JAMES LARKIN was arrested at Wichita the other day charged with having assaulted Mrs. Holman, seven miles west of Oklahoma City, a few days previous. He was trying to evade arrest. He formerly lived at Wichita.

FRANK WOODRUFF, of Cronin notoriety, who was recently released from prison in Chicago, was immediately re-arrested and taken to Johnson County, Kan., to be tried for horse stealing.

The Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., lately in session at Topeka, elected the following officers: Grand master, William Mathewson, of Wichita; deputy grand master, M. B. Ward, of Topeka; grand warden, W. H. Pond, of Fort Scott; grand secretary, George W. Jones, of Mound City; grand treasurer, L. C. Stine, of Ottawa.

The case recently decided by the United States Circuit Court at Topeka which nullifies the Prohibitory law, as regards original packages, was a suit brought by Charles Rahner, of Topeka, agent for Maynard, Hopkins & Co., Kansas City liquor dealers, who was arrested, charged with selling liquor after the passage of the Wilson bill. The defendant admitted that he had sold the liquor as charged, and applied for a writ of habeas corpus before the United States Circuit Court on the ground that the Prohibitory law of Kansas was passed before the Wilson bill was enacted by Congress, and consequently the Wilson bill did not apply. The judges, Foster and Phillips, sustained this view, and in rendering their decision, granted the writ.

## HOTEL HORROR.

Burning of the Leland Hotel at Syracuse, N. Y.

Twenty-five Persons Reported as Having Perished—Guests Jump From Windows and Are Dashed to Pieces—Shocking Scenes.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 16.—What proved to be the most disastrous fire that has visited Syracuse for many years was discovered in the Leland Hotel at 12:30 o'clock this morning.

An eye witness to the fire says it is positive that at least twenty-five persons have lost their lives and many more have been more or less injured.

One woman was being lowered from a window by the aid of a rope. She had reached a point opposite the third story when the rope became ignited from a burning sill, the rope parted, and the woman fell to the pavement, her brains being dashed out and her body flattened into a shapeless mass.

Frank Carriek, of Glens Falls, N. Y., has been identified as one of those that were burned to death.

Many people crazed with fright lost their lives by jumping from windows.

One man says he saw six people jump from different windows on the Fayette street side of the building within a space of four minutes and the sight sickened him with its horror and he was compelled to leave the spot.

The building was provided with both iron fire escapes on the outside and ropes on the inside, which were the means of saving many lives.

Among those injured is Cora Tanner, the actress, who was severely burned about the head and feet. She was playing an engagement at the Grand Opera House, and had a room in the hotel.

Most of those killed were on the fourth and fifth stories.

Frank Casey, of Glens Falls, N. Y., and Emil Forbes, a prominent brewer of Syracuse, are among the dead.

The building will be a total loss. It was built two years ago at a cost of \$150,000 and the total loss must be \$500,000. It was six stories high and contained 400 rooms.

The fire, which started in the kitchen, spread by means of the elevator well, which was near the stairway, and so all means of escape were cut off and those in the upper stories were compelled to jump.

Within fifteen minutes after the blaze was first discovered the entire building was wrapped in flames. It was impossible for the guests to escape. The scene was one of the wildest confusion and people were to be seen at the windows on every floor shrieking frantically for help, which could not be given them.

Many were seen to fall back into the flames fainting and exhausted, while others hurled themselves from the windows, meeting death on the pavement.

The scenes and incidents connected with the rescue of inmates were heart-rending in the extreme. A man and woman were seen locked in each other's arms in a window on the fifth floor at the northeast corner of the building. Below them was a perfect sea of flame, with no possibility of escape except by the window and that seemed inevitable death. No assistance could reach them. The woman seemed to be anxious to jump, but her husband was earnestly entreating her to desist.

The crowd below waited with bated breath. The woman made one last effort to jump, was restrained by her husband, and the cry of the crowd signaled the awful end that must have befallen them as they fell backward into the room into a mass of flames.

At a window on the fourth floor, almost directly under this, a woman appeared under the window. She was surrounded on all sides from the interior of the room by fierce flames. She seemed irresolute as to whether to jump to the pavement or to face the fiery foe that was fast encroaching on her life. She did not jump, but seemed to be withheld by either fear or a feeling that escape would come from some other source. She stepped down from the sill into the room, but remained at the window but an instant when the whole room became enveloped in flames and the woman sank back from view.

The fearful shrieks of the guests and the crackle of the flames could be heard for blocks away. The building burned so rapidly that most of the people on the upper floors were obliged to use the fire escape or jump for their lives.

Seven or eight men and children jumped from the upper stories onto a shed in the rear of the building. At one time seven persons were struggling together on the shed, which had already caught fire from the flying sparks. The victims were half naked. Several of them were seen to tear off of their body under garments that had caught fire.

One of the most frightful incidents of the fire was the terrible death of a woman who jumped from the fifth story of the building. Several policemen stood on the sidewalk holding nets ready to catch the guests as they jumped. Two persons, a man and a woman, jumped into one of the nets almost at the same moment and escaped with broken limbs.

The next to jump was a woman who appeared in a window on the fifth story in her night clothes. She leaped out of the window, and missing the net was dashed to pieces on the stone sidewalk. She was picked up and removed to the morgue.

## TRADE REVIEW.

Dun's Weekly Review Shows Trade to Be Brisk and Money Tight—Effect of the New Tariff.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: In all directions business improves and the volume of trade is so increased that, notwithstanding the recent enormous increase of circulation, the money markets are growing stringent. Exports have become remarkably large, and the domestic trade is such that exchanges outside of New York exceed last year's by 15 per cent. But while New York and Boston money markets are fairly supplied and steady at from 5 to 6 per cent, the market is tight at Chicago and stringent at Philadelphia, only part of the commercial paper offered being taken at from 6 to 7 per cent. St. Louis notes an active market at 7 and 8 per cent, Milwaukee a close market at 7 and Savannah a tight market. But at Cleveland and Detroit the markets are rather easier, at Kansas City firm, at Denver a good market is well sustained, at Omaha the market is easy and at Pittsburgh there is a good demand without stringency.

Trade is strong everywhere. At Boston wool is rising and goods in better demand, while cottons are selling well and firm. At Philadelphia woollens more active and slightly higher, the output of cotton is increasing, there is an increased demand for paper with tendency towards advance in some grades, and the liquor trade is stimulated by new duties. Chicago reports smaller receipts of green and cured meats and dressed beef, cheese and butter than a year ago, but a slight increase in lard and double the receipts of wool and larger transactions in dry goods and merchandise generally, with satisfactory payments. St. Louis merchants are adjusting themselves to new tariff conditions and trade is strong. At Cleveland and Milwaukee had weather has retarded trade, which is nevertheless of fair volume. At St. Paul, Omaha, Denver and Kansas City trade is good. At Minneapolis the flour output declines to 166,000 barrels, but wheat receipts were 1,800,000 bushels. At Pittsburgh the iron and glass trades are active, with a prospect of an advance in window glass, and at Savannah trade is brisk.

The new tariff has caused an advance in prices of some kinds of goods, which together with the result from partial failure of crops has moved up the general level of prices materially, though less than one per cent on all commodities since October 2. But the higher range of prices accounts in part for the quick absorption of a circulation far greater than that of last year.

## PANIC IN SCHOOL.

Deplorable Stampede Owing to an Alarm of Fire.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—There was a panic with probable loss of life in St. Stanislaus Roman Catholic Church, on Noble street, in the Polish settlement, in the northwestern portion of the city this morning.

The priest, Rev. Father Barzynsky, was conducting an eight o'clock service for children, and the church was filled with the little ones. While the service was in progress the altar draperies caught fire from one of the candles and a panic ensued. In the wild rush about twenty of the children were crushed and trampled on and some of them received injuries which it is believed will prove fatal.

There were about 1,500 children, accompanied by their mothers, in the church at the time. The women and children became panic stricken and rushed pell-mell to the exits. Those in front were pressed upon by those behind and lost their footing on the stone steps in front of the building, where they were trampled upon by the fleeing multitude.

The arrival of the fire department added to the stampede, and in a few minutes 10,000 people had gathered in the neighborhood. The fire was quickly extinguished, and the police with much difficulty rescued the wounded children.

None of them were dead but a large number were injured, a few seriously. Joseph Jask, 13 years old, has a fractured skull and will probably die; Stanislaus Kamiaska, injured internally; Frank Drowicki, severe cut on the head; Stanislaus Furgot, 9 years old, injured internally; Martin Koski, 10 years old; Frank Sisk, 10 years; Leon Skowkowsky, 11 years.

The scene after the panic was over was terrible. The stone steps at the entrance were covered with blood. The carpets on the floor of the church and many of the pews were torn up, and the church had the appearance as if some bloody riot had taken place there.

## STRANGELY FASCINATING.

Unpleasant Effect of a Picture on Scores of Women.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—A sensation has been aroused in Berlin by the exhibition of a new pictorial representation of "Christ Before Pilate." The painting is by a Russian artist named Nicolai. Its powerful realism may be inferred from the fact that scores of women have fainted at the sight of it. The picture, though humble, is strangely fascinating, and the salon where it is displayed is continually crowded to suffocation. The subject is treated from an entirely different conception to that of Manakay in his famous painting bearing the same title. The work is pronounced by critics to be vastly inferior to the latter from an artistic point of view, but yet it possesses a remarkable power which can hardly be attributed to simple realism.



THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, -- KANSAS.

THE RAILROAD PASS.

Did you ever note the contrast, as conductors take the fare.

Between the different tickets that the passengers do bear?

The poor man and the widow pay the most the charge can be.

While the millionaire and railroad king always have their rides soot free.

The poor man with his children, and the widow, poor and wan.

They pay full price—the highest price—with all the things do bear?

The clergyman, well clad in black, pays half, and well he may;

While the richest of the richest always passes without pay.

The poor man earns his dollar for every day he works.

The clergyman his thirty more for each six days he shirks;

The former pays his full fare, the latter pays but half.

While the millionaire pays for his ride with—just a hearty laugh.

The widow keeps herself alive with six long days of work.

The drummer he grows fat and sleek with either work or shirk;

The former pays the highest rate, the latter special—brass.

While the millionaire and railroad king, they ride upon a pass.

On the railroad that is sweeping us thro' this world towards the next.

The same distinction you will find—'twill make you quite perplexed.

The very people who deserve and need the most, pay most.

While the very ones who best can pay of passes always boast.

But when we reach the station on the last stage of the route.

And when the train of life stops short, and passengers get out.

They'll give the passes thro' the gates to those who always pay.

While the millionaire and drummer will have to work their wits.

—W. A. Buxton, in Yankee Blade.

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

A Fireman's Trip With a Mad Engineer.

I began life on one of the big railways of the States as a "cleaner" in an engine-shed.

I had been employed in the shed at Louisville for about fifteen or sixteen months when I went on my first trip as a fireman.

It was very near being my last. I firmly believe all the years of flying about in an express since I was made an engineer have not taken as much out of me as that single turn of an hour and a half. It occurred in this way:

One evening the superintendent at Louisville received a wire from Weston—a station about seventy miles down the line—to send an engine to replace one which had broken down. He came to the shed and selected the General Grant, one of the finest locomotives on the road. Then he sent word to the engineer and fireman to come on duty and start on their journey at seven o'clock.

The driver, Ben Norris, was there in good time, and busied himself with his oil-can. But Jim West, the fireman, did not turn up punctually.

At last, when it was near the hour for starting, he came into the shed. One glance at his bloodshot eyes and unsteady walk showed me that he was the worse for drink. Poor fellow! I knew the cause of this, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied him. The week before he had lost his little daughter Kate, and to drown his grief he had taken to liquor.

I knew he was utterly incapable of going on duty, and I also knew that if he was discovered in this state it would mean instant dismissal.

There was only one thing for it—another fireman must be found immediately. If the matter was referred to the superintendent it would be all up with my friend Jim. From that moment I made up my mind to take his place myself.

I gave him in charge of one of my mates, who promised to take him home quietly. I thought that in a few hours he would have slept off the effects of the liquor, and I left word to have him come on by the night train to Weston. I had to explain matters to the engineer, but he made no objections to my plan. It struck me at the time that he took the matter very coolly; in fact, he seemed perfectly indifferent as to who went with him.

Time was up. I took my place in the cab. Norris set to work at once and we moved slowly out of the shed. We were off!

While in the station I took care to keep bending down, as if examining the fire, so that I should not be recognized. But once clear of the town I stood upright and looked around.

It was a glorious summer evening. We skimmed rapidly past meadows and corn-fields and then dashed along the bridge over the river. I began to think I would enjoy the run immensely.

Next turned my attention to the engine. As I ran my eye over the shining machinery I felt gratified to think that its neat order was chiefly owing to my care. I was proud of the Grant and wondered if the time would ever come when I should have charge of it myself.

I was so elated that I thought my companion ought to be more lively. Ben seemed to think of nothing but his work. He stood with his hand on the throttle, and his eyes steadily fixed upon the track ahead. I made one or two remarks, but he scarcely answered me. While I was wondering at his silence he suddenly appeared to rouse himself. He glanced at the steam-gauge, muttered something which I did not understand, then bent down and examined the fire-box.

"More coal!" he cried, in a voice which almost startled me. I complied without a word. Instead of throwing in the coal recklessly, which I knew would only deaden the fire, I piled it up carefully around the sides. Very soon the speed of the en-

gine increased. We were rattling along at a grand rate. I examined the gauge and saw that the hand pointed to 185. I could not see the necessity for this rapid traveling.

My companion's attention was again fixed upon the road before him. Presently he turned toward me and exclaimed, excitedly:

"Who says that the Grant is not the fastest engine on the road?"

"Moxly declared that the President was faster," I replied.

"Then he lied!" cried Norris. "The President faster—we shall see, we shall see!"

I thought his manner very strange, to say the least of it. But I knew his ways and said nothing. He was always considered rather eccentric. Besides, he was easily excited and could not bear to be contradicted. Still, there was not a driver on the line better acquainted with his business.

And, by the way, I have forgotten to say a word as to his appearance. Well, then, he was a big, powerful fellow, with a broad, red face and a bushy beard. It was hard to deal with such a man. If he once put his foot down there was no getting him to budge until his humor changed.

We were now coming close upon Waterford station, and had already done about five-and-twenty miles of the journey. Ben's eyes were still upon the track. It was all clear ahead, yet I expected to see him close the throttle and slow down while passing through the station.

But I was mistaken. With a roar and a rush we dashed right through, and the next minute we were tearing along a level stretch on the other side.

"More coal!" Not only the words themselves, but the manner in which they were uttered caused me serious alarm. I began to suspect that something was wrong. Still, if I hesitated it might only aggravate him, so I flung in a small quantity.

"Go on—go on!"

What was I to do? I didn't dare to refuse. The wild look in Norris's eyes frightened me, and I went on shoveling in the fuel. I glanced at the gauge. Great heavens! it marked 230. This pressure of steam, where no cars were attached to the engine, meant a fearful rate of speed.

The engineer's manner was strangely altered. Instead of being silent and morose he was now excited and talkative.

"That's it!" he cried, and I could barely catch the words above the roaring of the engine. "Now we're traveling! Hal! hal! The President faster than the Grant? Not likely! I'll catch up to her yet, see if I don't!"

Shall I ever forget those terrible words! They actually seemed to paralyze me. As I stood there, clinging for support to the side of the cab, the awful truth flashed through my mind. The engine was mad! And, worse still, he was under the delusion that the President was in his head.

My first impulse, when I had partly recovered from the shock, was to spring forward and grasp the reversing rod. But a moment's reflection showed me that this might instantly seal my doom. Norris would have grappled with me, and if it came to a struggle I was lost. He would fling me headlong from the engine.

Then another thought occurred to me. Heaven forgive me!—but I must strike him from behind in order to save my life. I looked around for a weapon. As I did so he seemed to guess what I was at, and turning round thrust his hand into his breast. The next moment he held a revolver toward me, while his blazing eyes threatened instant death if I did not desist.

After that I gave myself up for lost. Unless Providence interposed on my behalf a horrible end awaited me. Up to this I had felt the heat oppressive, but now I shivered. My hands were cold and clammy. A band of iron seemed to encircle my head.

On we tore, the engine swaying fearfully. Every moment I expected to be blown to atoms by the bursting of the boiler. Norris never ceased to rave about the race with the President. And yet, though he was so absorbed in his work, he kept his eye on me the whole time.

Then it was that an idea flashed across me. A faint hope sprang up in my mind. I must overcome him by cunning; it was the only chance.

I advanced to examine the indicator, and though my heart sank when I saw the hand quivering at 250, I made it appear as if I were delighted.

"Good," I cried, "we'll beat her yet! But we want more coal."

I made toward the tender, placed my left hand upon a lump of coal and struck it across the back with the sharp edge of the shovel. The blow left a gash from which the blood flowed freely. I gave a cry and Norris instantly turned round.

I held up my right hand that he might see the blood dripping from it. Then I stood with my back toward him and pretended to bind up the wound. But I only wrapped a handkerchief round it, and quick as lightning drew out my pocket-book. I tore away the leaves which were written on, and placing the book upon my knee scrawled these words across the first page:

"Driver mad, wire, grease rails."

Then holding it in my injured hand I thrust it under my jacket and returned to the engineer's side.

We were now rapidly approaching Weston, but I knew that Norris did not intend to stop. And I was right. He blew a long whistle, as if to startle the officials, and the engine shot through the station like a rocket.

But I had managed to drop my pocket-book at the side of the track. I did not dare to look back or make the slightest sign to the Weston officials. If I had done so I certainly would have got a bullet through me. Still I fancied I had caught a glimpse of a man hurrying forward to where the book had fallen.

The suspense was terrible. Even if they noticed the pocket-book, they might not be able to understand what was written inside; for it may be im-

agined that under the circumstances the scrawl was barely legible.

I had made up my mind what to expect. The next station was Red Fork, but fifteen miles farther on. I was sure the track would be clear as far as this place, but once past it we might encounter an up train at any moment.

If the Weston people discovered my message they would wire at once to Red Fork, and there would be time enough to wait patiently at that station to grease a portion of the rails before we came on the scene. Should this be done on any sort of an incline the wheels would slip on the track and the engine soon come to a standstill. It was with a thrill of joy I remembered that there was such a piece of road just outside Red Fork station.

But if it turned out otherwise, and we passed the place without being stopped, I resolved to lose no time in grappling with the engineer. Come what might, I would spring upon him and try to wrench the revolver from his hand. The case would then be desperate; and it was as well to die in a fight for life as to wait patiently and be mangled in a collision.

When I arranged all this in my mind I endeavored to resign myself to fate. I could do no more at present. But the agonies I suffered during that short run from Weston to Red Fork I can never describe. The terrible strain of suspense, the wild rush, the swaying from side to side, made me feel sick and faint. I clung on without daring to look on either hand; if I had done so I think I could not have resisted the temptation to fling myself from the engine.

It was getting dusk. I was dimly conscious of hedges, telegraph poles and bridges skimming past me like so many flashes. The hoarse shouts of the madman made my blood run cold. He seemed to be working himself into a regular frenzy.

Red Fork one mile ahead!

One minute more would decide the question of life or death.

I drew my breath hard; I trembled like a child. We had reached the incline. The engine went at it with a dash. I glanced out to see if any friendly figures were on the track.

Not a soul was in sight. I groaned and almost fell on the floor of the cab. The surrounding objects seemed to fade from my view, and in their place rose up a picture of the old home away in England. I saw the little cottage; I looked into my mother's face—

"Oh, thank God!"

Never before nor since did such a cry of joy escape me, for at that moment I felt the wheels of the engine slip.

Gradually the furious speed declined. Norris dashed about the cab storming and swearing. Very soon we were almost at a standstill. The next second I had jumped to the ground.

Only just in time. The madman had turned savagely upon me. I suppose suspecting that I had something to do with the stoppage. I saw his purpose and ducked my head as a bullet from his revolver whizzed over it. Then I ran for dear life down the track.

When I was out of range I sat upon the bank, completely overcome. The reaction was too much for me, and I believe for a minute or two I was quite unconscious. But before I became insensible I heard another report from the pistol. I knew what had happened.

I was aroused by a confused hum of voices. Upon opening my eyes I saw four men standing around me. I got up at once and we hurried back to the engine.

There stood the Grant upon the track with full speed up, the wheels revolving with frightful rapidity, but without making the least headway.

One of my companions sprang on board and shut off steam. Then he came to the side, looked down, and exclaimed:

"I say, boys, Norris has put a bullet through his brain!"

I knew it.—Chatter.

PASSION AND POETRY.

Nothing in the World Like Rhymes to Cool Off a Man's Passion.

There's nothing in the world like rhymes to cool off a man's passion. You look at a blacksmith working on a bit of iron or steel. Bright enough it looked while it was on the hearth, in the midst of the seal-coal, the great bellows blowing away, and the rod or the horse-shoe as red or as white as the burning coals. How it fizzes as it goes into the trough of water, and how suddenly all the glow is gone! It looks black and cold enough now. Just so with your passionate incandescence. It is all well while it burns and scintillates in your emotional centers, without articulate and connected expression; but the minute you plunge it into the rhyme-trough it cools down, and becomes as dead and dull as the cold horse-shoe. It is true that if you lay it cold on the anvil and hammer away on it for while it warms up somewhat. Just so the rhyming fellow—the pounds away on his verses, and they warm up a little. But don't let him think that this afterglow of composition is the same thing as the original passion. That found expression in a few oh's, ah's, che's, he's, ho's, he's, and when the passion had burned itself out you got the rhymed verses, which, as I have said, are as ashes.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic.

The Delight in Cruelty.

This element of cruelty has a part in the vocation which impels certain men to choose the profession of butcher, surgeon or executioner. I have known very good-hearted surgeons and butchers, who yet, in the exercise of their trade, betrayed enough satisfaction and ferocious sensuality to make one clearly understand that without the checks of morality and religion they would have certainly become barbarous assassins.

Be present at an execution, a bull-fight or a cock-fight, and watch the expressions of the spectators; you will certainly find horrible revelations there. As the sight of the gallows or of the chukos you will see certain involuntary spasms of sanguinary voluptuousness which will recall our anthropophagous ancestors and the great brotherhood of teeth and nails, which makes all living beings either the devourers or the devoured.—Sig. Mantegazza's "Physiognomy and Expression."

HOW THE PRINCE DIED.

Eugenie's Son Was Shot in the Back by Zulu Savages.

I have recently had a very interesting interview with an English gentleman who was present in Zululand at the time of the death of the Prince Imperial, and who knew the young gentleman well, besides being personally acquainted with all the details of the catastrophe. He was not much impressed by the character and manners of the ill-fated Prince himself, describing him to me as a very full-fledged specimen of the most obnoxious type of a fast young Parisian society man. Besides which, he was possessed with an overwhelming idea of his own importance, and insisted always on taking the command of every expedition in which he was included.

The fatal fray in which the unfortunate youth lost his life owed its whole success for the Zulus to the fact of the Prince's party being taken by surprise. Everybody ran away on the sudden attack of the savages, and it was owing to a broken girth that the Prince failed to make his escape with the others. There were only five Zulus concerned in the attack, and they all belonged to one family—a father, his three sons and his son-in-law. They stripped the body of their victim, leaving nothing behind but a gold locket suspended around his neck, and which the Zulus thought contained a charm.

My informant told me that, for him, the most trying part of the whole business was the interview which the Empress Eugenie insisted upon having with him after he returned from England. She asked the most minute questions about the Prince's death, being especially anxious to know if the fatal wounds were not dealt him in front. But, unfortunately, they were all in his back. Then she wanted to be told that he had died fighting for England, and the Englishman was compelled to assure her that such was not the case. "But, at least, Mr. X., you can say it was," was the unhappy mother's suggestion. It did not occur to her, poor lady, that an English gentleman has a natural objection to telling lies on any subject whatever.—Paris Letter.

THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

Clear-Headed Foresight of a Poor New Yorker Named Harnden.

Lionel Jacobs, Jacksonville, Fla., tells the Chicago Tribune: I read not long ago a story about the "Original Jacobs" of the express business in this country. My recollection is the story was not correct.

The first express-package carrier was a rather consumptive-looking young man of the name of Harnden (his given name has escaped my memory), who in 1839 instituted the business in New York City by calling on bankers, brokers and merchants with a carpet-bag and soliciting the carrying of money and other valuable packages between that city and Boston. Like all new undertakings, it was not long before a competitor appeared in the person of Alvah Adams, who selected Philadelphia as his objective point, and who adopted the same tactics as Harnden. Mr. James Hoey, who is now a prominent figure in the Adams Express Company and a reputed millionaire, was at that time a young Irish boy employed to sweep out a 10x15 office on William street, west side, between Wall and Pine, and to deliver and call for packages, which became too large for the carpet-bag. The business grew rapidly, the trunk took the place of the carpet-bag, succeeded by iron-bound crates strongly padlocked, which had to give way to box-cars on truckwheels, for the convenience of transfer from the New York and Providence line of steamboats to the Boston and Providence railroad. Harnden continued the Eastern route and Adams the Southern. Later on a consolidation took place under the present title, and Harnden's Express was merged into the Adams Express Company.

In making this statement I have no interest to conserve except that of historical fact and that due credit should be given to one who by his clear-headed foresight has done so much to benefit the business world.

BREAD FROM WOOD.

A Remarkable Possibility for Which Science is Striving.

Science has already enabled man to extract fiery beverages and many other things of more or less value from wood, and it is proposed to go a step further and produce bread from wood. In an address recently delivered at Heidelberg, Germany, by no less eminent an author than Victor Meyer, it is announced "that we may reasonably hope that chemistry will teach us to make the fiber of wood the source of human food." What an enormous stock of food, then, would be found if this becomes possible in the wood of our forests, or even in grass and straw.

The fiber of the wood consists essentially of cellulose. Can this be made into starch? Starch has essentially the same percentage composition, but it varies very much in its properties and the nature of its molecule is probably much more complex. Cellulose is of little or no dietic value, and is not altered like starch in boiling water. It really gives glucose when treated with strong sulphuric acid, as is essentially shown when cotton wool, which is practically pure cellulose, is merely immersed in it. Starch gives the same product when boiled with weak acid.

The author further quotes the researches of Hellriegel, which go to show beyond dispute that certain plants transform atmospheric nitrogen into albumen, and that this process can be improved by suitable treatment. The production, therefore, of starch from cellulose, together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants, would, he adds, in reality signify the abolition of the bread question.—Milling Record.

SOUND INDIAN LOGIC.

The Way a Redskin Outbreak Was Prevented by a Wise Chief.

A settler from Cheyenne river, in the recently-opened Sioux reservation, relates the following interesting account of camp life of the Government troops now there, and how trouble between the settlers and Indians was averted:

The troops were sent to the reservation for the purpose of guarding the settlers against any feared or fancied outbreak of Indians on the Sioux reservation. There are now about three hundred and fifty soldiers encamped on the Cheyenne river. The usual routine of their lives is made less monotonous by daily visits from about four hundred Indians who are encamped in their vicinity. The redskins get around at reveille and keep the soldiers busy watching them to see that they do not steal a tent, horse, cooking stove, one of the officers or some other little thing until retreat is sounded at night. In spite of all vigilance, however, a great many articles of more or less value disappear every day.

The Indians appear friendly and fear of an outbreak has almost subsided. When the troops first arrived on the ground there was much reason for apprehension, and indeed one officer asking for two companies of infantry, intimated that he would at once march on an Indian village, destroy it and thus open the ball. At this time the young bucks were anxious for battle and had it not been for the wiser counsel of the older warriors would doubtless have precipitated one. An old fellow, however, when the war council was held built two hills of sand. One was small, the other much larger. Pointing to the little one the old Indian said: "Like Injun;" to the big one, "Like white man." Injun got no show against white man." This seemed to settle it. The ardor of the young bloods, eager for scalps, was dampened, peace was determined upon and the council broke up.

At present a band of two hundred Indians are camped on the Belle Fourche river. They are on the reservation and apparently mean no mischief. When they first struck camp there they visited the various settlers and offered to trade any and every thing they had, even to their wives and papposes, for saddle ponies. The settlers wisely refused to trade and therefore have not suffered from a raid, for one was doubtless intended and would have been attempted if the redskins had succeeded in securing the saddle ponies.—N. Y. Herald.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Some very careful and successful housekeeper insists that a frying-pan should never be washed. Their method is to scour it thoroughly with salt the moment it has been used and set it away for the next service.

—Indian Sponge-Pudding—Crumble cold corn-muffins to make two teacupfuls. Soak in a quart of sweet milk three or four hours. Then add three well-beaten eggs, three level tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat well, bake one hour in a moderate oven, and serve hot with rich cream and sugar, or with a sauce made by beating into a cream, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a teacupful of granulated sugar, one egg, with a very little vanilla for flavoring. It is delicious served with ice-cream.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—In washing clothes, grass stain is particularly obstinate to remove. It will sometimes disappear by dipping the spot with molasses, and letting it lie a few moments. Rinse the molasses out in clear water, and the stain will disappear with it. A more effectual method, however, is to dip the spot in a solution of tin chloride, and immediately wash it out in an abundance of clear water. Many stains which are too firmly set to yield to the treatment with boiling water will come out by dipping the spot in warm chlorine water.—Boston Budget.

—PICKLED TOMATOES—Select tomatoes hardly ripe enough for table use. Wipe them and drop into a two gallon crock. Cover with cold cider vinegar, to which has been added a tablespoonful of mixed spices, tied in a cheese cloth sack. If you have not enough tomatoes to fill the jar, they may be added from time to time keeping them well under the vinegar. A little sugar may be added, or better, fresh vinegar after they have stood some time. When wanted, take from the vinegar, slip off the skin, cover with powdered sugar and serve in saucé dishes. Almost equal to fresh fruit.—Western Rural.

—GIBLET PIE.—Select large giblets and wash carefully, and put them on to stew in a very little water, add salt and a small onion with two cloves stuck in it, half a saltspoonful of sage, salt and pepper, cover closely and cook until tender; cut a chicken in pieces, remove the skin and wash it, parboil it, seasoning with chopped onions, salt and pepper; in about half an hour remove the chicken to a deep dish, remove the onion and whole cloves from the giblet gravy, pour all the rest over the chicken—the giblets must be cut in small pieces—add one teaspoonful of mushroom catsup, with flour, cover the dish with good paste and bake one hour.—Boston Herald.

—BLACK WEDDING CAKE.—One pound each of flour, butter and sugar, twelve eggs, four pounds of stoned raisins, three pounds of currants, one pound and a half of citron, three-quarters of a pound of blanched and pounded almonds, four ounces of cinnamon, six nutmegs, one ounce of mace, one of cloves, and three gills of molasses. Dredge the currants and raisins with one cupful of flour. Mix the spices with the remainder of the flour. Beat the butter to a cream. Gradually beat in the sugar, and add the molasses a little at a time, beating until the mass is smooth and creamy. Add the almonds, and beat well. Now add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, then the whites. Stir the flour in lightly, then the raisins and currants. Spread the cake-mixture in layers in the pans, and spread thin slices of the citron on each layer. Bake for four hours in a moderate oven.—Demorest's Monthly.



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## THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

Just fifty years ago, dear wife,  
Since you and I were wed,  
To-day's our golden wedding day,  
Where can the years have fled?  
Am I that shy and awkward youth?  
Are you that maiden fair?  
With silver threads among the curls  
That once was golden hair?  
I never can forget the day  
That made you all my own,  
Your lips like tempting cherries ripe,  
Your cheeks like roses blown,  
Your sweet eyes shining bright as stars,  
In fancy yet I see;  
And you that day than all the world  
Were dearer far to me.  
And yet, dear heart, I know that I  
Love better far to-day  
Than e'en I loved that maiden fair  
The wife that's old and gray,  
And I will pray that you and I  
May walk life's golden sands,  
Until we reach that better place,  
The home not made with hands.  
—Jesse M. Johnson, in Yankee Blade.

## ARIEL, The Half-Breed.

A Romance of Colonial Days.

BY ROBERT A. CUMMING.

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

When the remains were exhumed from the ruins, Ariel observed that the teeth were larger than those of Mlle. Destain and he resolved to search for the stiletto and the belt buckle, which he thought were most likely to resist the fire. For these his search was vain, and what he did find he carried to Mrs. Vernon to whom he confided his discovery. That lady was in the habit of visiting and ministering to the wants of the sick of her people, and she quickly seized another link in the chain of evidence. Taking Ariel with her she proceeded at once to the river-bank, where she found the woman she wanted, seated on the ground, her head bowed down and covered with her blanket. Mrs. Vernon laid her hand on her shoulder and spoke a few words in her own language. The woman unveiled her face on which the



HER HEAD BOWED DOWN AND COVERED WITH A BLANKET.

lines of hopeless anguish were traced in deepest furrows.

"The daughter of the Great Spirit comes too late," she said; "the child is gone!"

"Where have you buried her?"

"Gone! Gone!" she repeated, with a despairing gesture. With the sweet sympathetic tone of one to whom grief was familiar, Mrs. Vernon touched the heart of the bereaved mother; who told her briefly the wrong which had been done her. Her child, a girl of sixteen, died the night before, and the mother went to seek aid among the tribe to bury her the next day. When she returned the corpse was gone. She knew not where. Mrs. Vernon was satisfied. She had seen the sick girl and tried to save her; she had also observed the armband and necklace with the instinctive glance which women bestow on dress or ornament.

"You are right, Ariel," she said, as they turned away from the river. "Mlle. Destain still lives, and we will see if we cannot outwit this Lemourier and restore her to her lover and her family. Go, and tell your master to come to my house this evening."

CHAPTER XII.  
THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Where the mighty river of the North, offspring of the "unsalted seas," the great St. Lawrence, reflects in its crystal breast the emerald foliage of the frowning rocks of a thousand isles, now murmuring softly on some pebbled beach, now rushing on with foaming crest and swift impetuous course, like a prodigal sated with joys and flying from their embrace; in this dreamland of Nature, where the only sounds were the songs of birds, the rustle of leaves, or the gurgle of water forcing its way through narrow rocky channels, a man standing on the shore of one of the islets gazed on the fairy scene with the air of one not so much enchanted by its beauty as to be heedless of time and circumstance. In fact he was a sentinel rather than an artistic admirer—his quick restless eye observing every shadow on the water, every movement of bird or leaf. At his feet a birch canoe was drawn up on the beach; a few paces behind him a boy was broiling some fish upon the embers of a wood fire, while the aroma of coffee pervaded the air.

"Thy supper hath an appetizing smell, Ariel, and I think you may eat it in peace as we left no trail which the eye of a Huron could detect, and without a trail even a bloodhound could not follow us."

So saying he threw himself at length upon the ground and fell into a reverie from which he was presently aroused by Ariel with the intimation that supper was ready. A hungry man might well be thankful for such a banquet, and Marden, having done his duty by the fried venison, broiled fish and aromatic coffee, lighted his pipe and resumed his rovery, while Ariel extinguished the fire and made other preparations for the approaching night. One by one the stars came out, and the silence would have been oppressive but for the gurgling

sound of the water, which had such a soporific effect upon Marden, tired as he was, physically and mentally, that he was obliged to pace the narrow limits of the isle to keep awake until Ariel, refreshed by a few hours' sleep, relieved his guard.

The boy paused not for reveries nor listened to drowsy murmurings. For a moment his eyes swept the obscurity around him, and glancing upward discerned the branches of a lofty tree outlined against the star-lit sky. Noiselessly he launched the canoe and soon gained the shore of another and larger island, from the center of which arose the gigantic form of the tree he was in search of, and he soon gained an elevated position among its branches where he remained hour after hour, striving to penetrate the darkness.

With the first faint indication of daylight his patience was rewarded by a spark of fire on a distant isle, between himself and which many others were dimly visible. Then the spark flashed into a flame which grew until he could see that it was fed by dusky figures that momentarily grew more distinct. There were four of them and the spy soon decided that they were whites and that they were about to prepare a meal. Instantly the boy descended from his perch and pushed out in his canoe, which he headed in the direction of the scene he had just witnessed. It was now daylight and he proceeded with great caution, counting the intervening islands until he reached one which he knew must be opposite to the point where he saw the fire. Here he landed and crept along until he got a view of the scene, now only a few rods distant. In the foreground was a fire on which were some culinary utensils. Two of the men lounged on the grass, while another aided the cook, whose negro features and the sound of his voice, as he directed his assistant, indicated that he was Lemourier's servant. In the background he caught a glimpse of a rude shelter composed of bark and blankets suspended upon poles driven in the earth, at the entrance of which sat a girl whose long, straight, black hair fell over the vesture of a squaw or half breed.

Ariel waited a few minutes for further developments, and then crept back to the canoe. He found Marden awaiting his return with much anxiety.

"Where hast thou been, Ariel?" he asked. "Thy face indicates some discovery."

The boy at once communicated his adventure, after which he proceeded to prepare breakfast while his master thought out a plan to assure himself of the presence of Mlle. Destain in the enemy's camp and to rescue her if possible. After the meal the fire was extinguished, and the baggage transferred to the canoe, which was headed for the island where Ariel made his first observations. There, concealed in the foliage of the great tree, the adventurers watched the movements of the enemy.

The whites were lounging on the shore; but the negro was not visible. Presently a tall female figure emerged from the tepee, followed by another, which Ariel recognized as that of the squaw.

The distance was too great to distinguish features, but Marden felt that the tall slender form could belong to no other than Ninon Destain. Two canoes were drawn up on the shore, and the careless demeanor of the men indicated their entire sense of security from attack or observation. All day the scouts kept watch in the branches until the growing darkness hid the island from view, when they descended and made a fire to prepare the meal which their long abstinence rendered necessary to recruit them for their contemplated enterprise.

After two hours rest, they launched the canoe and steered boldly for the camp of the enemy. The white men were asleep by the fire; but the negro was not to be seen when Ariel stepped on shore to reconnoiter, and crept softly toward the tepee, across the entrance of which was stretched the bulky form of the negro. The boy retreated to the rear of the tepee, where he searched for



AT HIS FEET A BIRCH CANOE WAS DRAWN UP.

a crevice in the side. The interior was dark with the exception of a faint ray which struggled through the entrance from the fire without. Baffled in this attempt to communicate with Ninon, Ariel resolved upon a dangerous experiment. Creeping along the ground like a snake, he approached the negro, whose heavy breathing encouraged him to proceed. He arose and stepped over him. In doing so he intercepted the ray of light, which, as he perceived, fell upon the face of the squaw. She moved, and as Ariel glided into the darkness, she raised herself on her elbow, then apparently satisfied, composed herself to rest again. Ariel paused to listen, and soon detected a gentle breathing; he knelt down and touched a hand which shivered and withdrew. Then the negro's voice jarred upon his ear, asking the squaw if she was asleep. The woman replied sulkily. He muttered a threat and went away to the fire, and returning with his pipe lighted, resumed his place at the entrance.

Ninon, also awakened, stretched out her hand and encountered that of Ariel. It was a critical moment; would she scream? He placed a finger on her lips. She did not move and scarcely breathed.

Ariel traced his name letter by letter on the palm of her hand, and he knew by the pressure on his own that she comprehended all. Her presence of mind saved them, and while she asked the squaw some careless questions, she drew a piece of bark aside and pushed him through the crevice. She was about to follow him when the squaw laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Why you not go to sleep?" she asked in broken French. Ariel heard the question and knew that the opportunity was lost for the present, although part of his mission had succeeded. Mlle. Destain knew that her friends were at hand.

"That will be a relief to her," he thought, "if she does not betray it by her looks."

Marden was growing impatient, however. He told Ariel, that no better opportunity was likely to occur, while some accident might snatch the prize from their grasp.

"Go back," he said; "or stay; I'll go myself. We must have her to-night if we have to fight against odds. Hal! what is that?" Something attracts their attention. "Ariel did you hear that shout? It came from the water. See!" As he spoke a huge shadow appeared a few rods from the shore; another moment and the firelight fell upon a barge, propelled by six rowers, in the bow of which stood a man of large proportions, who sprang to the shore before the vessel touched. Marden recognized him instantly. It was Lemourier.

CHAPTER XIII.  
"BRING HANDFULS OF LILIES."

Mercer was prepared, as far as his limited force admitted, for the attack of the enemy, with the courage of a man who was ready to die at his post, mingled with scorn of the pusillanimity which rendered the loss of an important position almost certain, and for which the English Generals Loudoun and Abercrombie earned the lasting contempt of the colonists, if not of their own troops, while history accuses them of imbecility and cowardice.

It was Renwick's whim to announce the arrival of the little fleet at Oswego by the discharge of one of the captured cannon, to the surprise of Mercer, who did not know that these reinforcements were possessed of artillery. Jabe had placed these in position on a raft, and stacked the French muskets with fixed bayonets on the same vessel, so that they made quite an imposing effect. "It will show our friends that we have not been idle, or backward about helping ourselves," said the ranger, "and I guess the Frenchmen will know the sound of their own guns when they speak to them from the walls of the fort. Eh, Lieutenant; that was a neat job of yours."

"Thanks to your suggestion, Jabe," replied Renwick, "and the help you gave us from your perch on the tree. In truth, it was you who captured the guns, my friend."

Jabe, much pleased with the compliment, laughed heartily. "We'll give it to them again, Lieutenant. They don't know that the fort is reinforced, do they? Well, I hope they won't find it out and run away before we get a shot at them."

"Have no fears on that score, Jabe," responded Renwick, grimly. "I think your chances for capturing more cannon are good."

"I say, Lieutenant," said Jabe, with sudden gravity, "don't you believe that we can whip them?"

"To be sure," was the careless reply; "that's what we're here for."

"This answer was so unsatisfactory that a doubt for the first time crossed the mind of the ranger. "If we can't hold the fort," he thought, "what will become of the women and children?" and a vision of his wife and baby at the mercy of the Hurons, having received Selwyn and his followers, and thanked him for their services, made a place for them in the programme of defense.

The women and other non-combatants were removed from Fort Frontenac to the stronger building, and Selwyn was ordered to garrison the former.

"Jabe," said Mrs. Locke, "I dreamt last night about Captain Marden and his boy. Has nothing been heard of them?"

"No; but the Captain's safe enough. He's a prisoner of war, you know, and as for Ariel, I guess he's found his master by this time."

"Jabe," said his wife, earnestly, "are you sure that you don't know any thing about Ariel?"

"What should I know?" asked the ranger, in surprise.

"Oh, I mean about who he is and where he came from."

"I guess we know all that he knows himself, and you know the story as well as I do," he replied; whereupon his wife refrained from asking any more questions, and presently fell into a train of reflections on the obtuseness or indifference of men on all subjects which did not immediately touch their interests or strike their vision, while Jabe contentedly played with his baby.

At midnight a sentinel gave the alarm. The gunboats from Fort Frontenac were approaching, the movements on board and the voices of command being distinctly audible.

The news was speedily communicated to the blockhouse. Renwick, who was officer of the watch, aroused Selwyn. "The gun-boats are here, Charley," he said. "Let's make a dash at them."

Selwyn looked at his friend in surprise. "Yes, I know it looks like a rash project, but consider it well. The night is dark, they have just arrived, haven't seen us by daylight, and don't expect us. We will man the canoes with thirty rangers armed with the French muskets and our own knives and rifles. We will tackle the first gunboat we reach, sweep her decks first and then tow her up the river here."

Selwyn thought favorably of the plan and went to lay it before Mercer, while Renwick called for volunteers and made preparations for the raid.

In half an hour six canoes each carrying five men glided through the darkness, keeping close together, the paddles making no sound as they propelled the little barges along. Soon the hulls of the gunboats began to loom up, and the

sound of oars indicated that some of them were being placed in position. Then a gun from the foremost one proclaimed that the siege was begun. Instantly the lights in the fort were extinguished, but the gunboat did not cease firing.

"They have got the range," thought Renwick. Bang! went another gun almost over his head. "Come on, men!" he shouted, grasping the tow rail of the gunboat and springing to the deck, followed by Jabe and the rest with the exception of one man to secure the canoes.

The boldness of the attack secured its success, and the Frenchmen, appalled by the apparition of a band of foemen on their deck who poured in a volley and then charged with the bayonet, dived under hatches, jumped overboard, or surrendered at discretion. Renwick knew there was no time to be lost. The nearest vessel was approaching to see what the firing meant, and he would soon have the entire fleet upon him. Promptly he ordered one-half his force to return to the canoes in order to tow the prize while the others remained on board to guard against attack. Already objects were becoming faintly visible in the dawn of an August morning and as



"THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR."

Renwick measured the distance between the enemy and himself, he was gratified to observe that it was momentarily increasing. Evidently the Frenchmen did not quite understand the situation, else they could have made Master Renwick pay dearly for his temerity. As it was, one of the vessels was about to open fire with its bow-guns when Jabe spoiled the shot by dropping the gunner, while his companions prevented further annoyance by clearing its deck with bullets which were not fired at random.

As soon as it was light enough to observe the situation, Mercer in turn opened fire on the enemy, the effect of which encouraged Renwick to attempt the capture of the vessel whose guns he had silenced. With this view he ordered the canoes to halt, while with the aid of oars he approached the second prize and made her fast with a rope. He had scarcely gotten under way again, however, when the enemy discovered the insignificance of their antagonist and began to lower and man their boats to attack him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TOUGH RED MAN.

How He Was Thawed Out by the Devoted Queen of His Wigwag.

To show what an Indian can stand when he has to I may tell of an incident which happened during the winter I was with them. Toward evening on a very cold winter day, when it was snowing just a little and drifting a great deal, an Indian came to the log house with a jug half full of whisky and with his rifle. I imagine that the jug had been entirely full of whisky when he started, and by the time he got to the house he was in rather a jolly condition. The jug and the rifle were taken away from him and he was ordered to get to his wigwag as quick as he could before darkness came on. He left, and was supposed to have gone to the camp, but early next morning his squaw appeared at the house and said he had not come home that night, and as the night was very cold she had been anxious about him. Then the search for the lost Indian began. He was found in one of the sheds near the barn, under a heap of drifted snow, and the chances are that the snow that was above him had helped to save his life. The searchers for the Indian had gone in different directions, and it was his own squaw who, with true Indian instinct, had tracked him out, and she was alone when she found him. Apparently the Indian was a frozen corpse. She tumbled him out of his snow-bank, pulled off his blankets, and dragged him down to the creek, where a deep hole was cut in the ice for the purpose of watering the cattle. Laying the Indian out on the snow she took the pan that was beside the ice-hole, and, filling it repeatedly, dashed painful after painful of ice-water over the body of the Indian. By the time the other unsuccessful searchers had returned she had her old man thawed out and seated by the fire wrapped up in blankets. There is no question that if he had been found by the others, and had been taken into the house frozen as he was, he would have died.—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

The house well and elstern should be carefully cleaned out and guarded against the influx of any noxious fluids from the out-houses or manure piles. It is often noticed that the water is not clear for a certain length of time after the cleaning of the well. This trouble may be remedied by emptying a few pounds of borax into the well.

A NEW ORLEANS colored clergyman was a barber originally. After he was ordained his first duty was to baptize a child. Wetting his hands in the water-bowl he laid them on the child's head, and then, his mind reverting to his old calling, he began rubbing the head vigorously, and turning to the astonished mother, said: "Shampoo?"

The Abyssinians make a composition of butter and pounded coffee berry, which, in traveling, they find more sustaining than either bread or meat.

## A DAY OF TRIALS.

How It Was That Uncle Bobby Didn't Go to Church.



LD BOBBY GIVENS sat on the steps of his little back porch early one Sunday morning strapping his razor preparatory to shaving himself. This was a regular Sunday morning job, for Uncle Bobby, as the neighbors called him, although a tolerably fair Christian and an elder in the Sugar Run Presbyterian church, was not so strict in his orthodoxy as to deny himself the luxury of his Sunday morning scrape. He even went so far sometimes as to take a pan of salt and go out to the "fur end of the plait" and salt the sheep, although he never did this without a protest from his good wife Polly, who thought it "a sin an' a shame to work on the Sabbath 'ness there wuz a necessity for it."

It was his custom, too, in summer time to go out on the little back porch, which fronted the south, to sharpen his razor; this done, he would go into the house and, taking down the little kitchen mirror, would take it out and hang it on a nail on the porch where he could get a better light for his weak, old eyes. On the particular morning of which I am now writing Uncle Bobby had been having a hard time of it. He had started out early, as was his custom, to do the chores, and found that the horses, led by old Tom, the equine rogue of the farm, had all been in the cornfield all night. The old gentleman had a vast lot of trouble getting them out and up to the barn. He finally accomplished it, however, but not until he had kept the breakfast waiting for nearly an hour and worried the "wimmin folks" nearly to death for fear they'd "be late to meetin'."

Then the next trouble came when he found that he was utterly unable to get his razor in "good runnin' order." Three different times had he tried to shave and had given it up in despair. So there he sat, in the soft morning sunshine, carefully strapping his old-fashioned horn-handled razor on the softest part of his boot-leg. Finally he succeeded in getting it so that it would

drive a hard bargain. Young Bill was married and lived with his wife at his father's house. Bill assisted about the farm, while Sally, his wife, assisted his mother with the onerous duties that fall to the lot of a farmer's wife in the rough countries.

When strangers and uninitiated traders were scarce the two Bills would trade with each other, and it often happened, as a result of disagreement concerning these inter-family transactions, that a hand-to-hand scuffle between the father and his dutiful "chipp" would ensue. The results were generally a draw, with the odds in favor of the old man.

Young Bill had been unusually sober and thoughtful for some time, and the old man suspected that something was on his mind, but he said nothing. One day they were behind the barn looking at the field of corn, when young Bill opened the conversation:

"Pap, you've done a heap of work 'in your day!"

"Yes, William, I've scratched er bit." "You've just kept it from sun-up 'till er milkin', and by the sweat o' yer brow raked together this hull farm!"

"That's so, William," replied the old man as he shifted his quid of tobacco uneasily from one cheek to the other, "that's so."

"And, pap, it's gin me a deal of on-easiness to see you, at your age, raskin with the cares of life. You oughter be jest settin' 'longside the fire, smokin' your pipe, or layin' out under the trees in the shade."

"That's so, William, I oughter." Bill was so engrossed with the beauties of his own thoughts and plans that he did not notice a dangerous light in the old man's eyes, and that he spat on the palms of his hands and rubbed them together once or twice.

"Now, pap, bein' as you are gittin' old and feeble and your light just a flicker 'in you give me a deed of the farm and you and mam kinder jog along the rest of your days with me and Sally."

"William," said the old man as he pushed back his sleeves and rubbed his hands together, "I think I see the drift of them remarks. My light's er flicker 'in, is it? Gittin' old and feeble, am I?"

"Much obliged, Jake," replied the old man, "I'll go right down and git 'em out." Then turning, he hurried back onto the porch, laid his razor on a chair, seized a towel and wiped the lather off his half-shaven face, snatched his hat from its accustomed nail inside the kitchen door and was hurrying away when Aunt Polly stopped him with:

"Whar on airth are you a-goin' now, Robert?"

"Them yar dad-burned, dog-bited hogs o' Bill Honnicutt's has got into the bottom wheat-field an' I've got ter go an' git 'em out; whar's Tige?"

"Pap Givens!" ejaculated the old lady, "do you know what you're a-sayin'? Don't fergit that you're an elder in the church an' this is communion day, too."

"Oh, go long, mother. I hain't got time to listen ter you now. Yer, Tige, yer, Tige, yer, yer!"

The dog came bounding out from under the porch, his accustomed sleeping-place, and the old man, foaming with wrath, set off, Tige at his heels, "to get them fetch-taked hogs outen the wheat."

An hour later he returned to the house only to find fresh troubles awaiting him. As he came up the steps there sat his two daughters, Tille and Callie, both in tears, while from the inside could be heard the shrill tones of the old lady alternately scolding and wailing over the ill-luck which had this morning befallen them. "Oh! pap," said Tille, the younger of the daughters, and herself a buxom, rosy-faced girl of eighteen; "Oh! pap, what do you think? Cal and I went to hitch up old Doll to the buggy, and the mean old thing got away from us with the harness on, jumped the bars in the boss lot, an' she's way out there in the back pastur' now."

What'll we do? It's time now we wuz gettin' ready for meetin'!"

"Goshernighy!" exclaimed the old fellow in despair, "what on airth'll happen next, I wonder? Wall, he continued as he took off his hat, and, sinking down on the steps, began to wipe his heated face, "wall, gals, unless you kin go an' drive her up she'll hev to stay 'till I git a little mite rested. I'm too mity nigh tuckered up now to go racin' around after that old heffer."

The girls demurred to that proposition and went upstairs to finish their cry, while Uncle Bobby quietly stole into the cool, old-fashioned front parlor, where he lay down on the floor and soon forgot the troubles of the morning in sleep. When he awoke, dinner was ready and old Doll had, of her own accord, come back to the house and was standing at the watering trough in the barn-yard neighing for a drink. He went out and watered her, put her in the stable, ran the old buggy back in its place under the shed and then went into the house and took another long nap. That evening a neighbor driving by stopped to chat for a few moments and, in the course of the conversation, asked Uncle Bobby why his folks had not been to church that day.

"Wall," answered the old fellow, and there was just the faintest suggestion of a smile playing around the corners of his mouth: "Wall, it wuzent jes quite convenyunt fer us to git out to-day, so we concluded to stay at home an' git rested good; fer nex' week's ergoin' ter be er powerful busy time at our house."

But that particular Sunday was long remembered in the Givens family as "a day of trouble."—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

HE SAW THE DRIFT.

The Old Man Did Not Fall in with the Plan Proposed by His Son William.

IN ONE of the Southern counties of Arkansas lived a pair—old Bill Alkens and his son Bill—who were characters in their way. They were well known as sharp dealers and to

drive a hard bargain. Young Bill was married and lived with his wife at his father's house. Bill assisted about the farm, while Sally, his wife, assisted his mother with the onerous duties that fall to the lot of a farmer's wife in the rough countries.

When strangers and uninitiated traders were scarce the two Bills would trade with each other, and it often happened, as a result of disagreement concerning these inter-family transactions, that a hand-to-hand scuffle between the father and his dutiful "chipp" would ensue. The results were generally a draw, with the odds in favor of the old man.

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Did Not Want a Back Pension.

Applicant—Is this the pension office? I want a pension. I am old, and the Government owes me a pension. Agent—Do you want a back pension? Applicant—No; I was wounded in the neck.—Light.

Light.



The Chase County Courant.

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

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor, CHAS. A. ROBINSON, Douglas co. For Lieut.-Gov., D. A. BANTA, Barton co. For Atty. Gen., J. N. IVEY, Rice county. For Secy. of State, S. J. ISKETT, Noshoe county. For Auditor of State, JOS. DILLON, Kearney. For State Treasurer, THOS. KIRBY, Dickinson. For Supt. of Pub. Inst., M. P. WOOD, Anderson. For Chief Justice, M. B. NICHOLSON, Morris.

The Emporia Republican says: "The devil is in the Republican fold and playing havoc with the sheep."

The Kansas City Times, that most aggressive paper, is now getting out an evening edition, a copy of which comes to this office regularly.

What is the use of Republican papers rejoicing over the fact that the tariff on lumber has been reduced 50 per cent., if this reduction, according to their arguments, increases the price of lumber?

President Harrison is one of the few public men who can open his mouth without danger of getting his feet into it.—Rep. Ec.

Is it because his mouth is too small, or because his feet are too large?

The average per cent. of the tariff under the McKinley bill is 60. This is the highest per cent. in the history of American tariffs, and on many articles is practically prohibitive. The people will soon realize that this is protection run mad.

Bulletin No. 13, on "Experiments with Oats," has been received from the experiment station, Kansas State Agricultural College. These bulletins are for free distribution and can be had by sending your address to I. D. Graham, Secty., Manhattan, Kans.

Every Democrat in Congress voted against the infamous McKinley tariff bill. A record every good citizen is proud of. Every Republican except three in the House and three in the Senate voted for the bill. A record that the people will repudiate at the election next month.

The Springfield Republican has been making a study of the new campaign text book of the Republican party, and has discovered eight false statements in it. That is a very moderate find in such a document. We should not suppose that it was possible to discover any truth at all in the book.

Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia and Tennessee only cast 22,094 votes in 1860 for Mr. Lincoln but sent 301,612 soldiers into the union army. Ohio gave Mr. Lincoln 221,809 votes and 319,659 soldiers for the union. Two counties in Illinois only gave Mr. Lincoln 37 votes but furnished 2,000 soldiers. Hence it is not fair to say that all these soldiers were Republicans.

Very rich deposits of gold have been discovered in Wyoming. It is fortunate that this discovery was not made before Congress adjourned. Otherwise there would have been a headlong rush to Washington to get a fifty per cent. duty put on gold to protect this infant industry. And McKinley would undoubtedly have acquiesced if the new mine owners had only agreed to plank down handsomely for Republican campaign expenses.

If the tariff is a tax paid by the consumers, why did those foreign importers of goods upon which the duty was raised make such a frantic rush to get their shipments into this country before the law should go into effect?—Strong City Republican.

Why, because they wanted to take all the advantage possible of the advance in prices of goods after the bill went into effect. Please to ask us something easy the next time.

We have been told that it is a trick of the merchants in putting up the prices of goods since the McKinley bill went into effect, to thus take advantage of the ignorance of the people. Whether or not this be so the people are the losers by the advanced prices; and if it is a trick, the "small fry" follows have the example of Postmaster General John Wanamaker who was about the first "shrewd shopkeeper" to call public attention to the effect of the McKinley bill upon the cost of goods, in his famous tinware advertisement.

NARROWING THE FARMER'S MARKET.

The harm that the McKinley bill will do our farmers by reason of the increased cost of manufactured articles is by no means the only evil it will inflict upon them. The greater evil will be in the damage done to the farmers' foreign market.

This restriction of our foreign market for farm products may not necessarily come in the form of direct retaliation. It will more certainly come as the result of the struggle which we are forcing upon Europe to find markets elsewhere in which to sell, for where a country sells there it will also buy if it can.

That such a restriction of our foreign market will take place is almost an absolute certainty. Already the forces have been set in motion to accomplish that result. The London correspondent of the New York Times writes to that paper about the effect of the bill in Europe. He says of the bill: "For one thing, it has already made it certain that Europe will take no interest in the Chicago exhibition, and will practically be unrepresented there. Even more important is the impulse it has given here to consolidate capital in an energetic effort to

immediately push railways throughout the Indian and Russian wheat belts, and thus render the European market independent of American grain supplies."

Let the farmers keep an eye on "McKinleyism!"—Atchison Patriot.

POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE.

No one wants the original package; but it seems to us the only escape from it is high license.

There are many shrewd Republicans who say it will be not "Dairyman," but Congressman Otis, after the 4th of November.

W. W. Belknap, Grant's Secretary of War, who retired in disgrace, died of heart, in Washington, Monday of last week.

It is reported that the local Republican committee, of Wichita, refused to let Senator Ingalls come there to make a speech.

The passage of the McKinley bill will have one good effect; ex-President Hayes says that its passage will annihilate the Republican party.

The issue is plain before the voters of Kansas. It is the saloon with license, or it is the saloon (original package) without it.—Topeka Democrat.

It turns out now that "it was a trick of the drummers to make merchants believe that the McKinley bill would increase prices;" and that "the passage of the silver bill is having its effect in that direction."

It is generally conceded throughout the State, that Robinson will carry all the rural districts, and that Humphrey will have what is left.—Butler County Democrat.

It is said that Senator Ingalls never signs a note nor gives a mortgage. He planks down the cash for everything he gets, whether it calls for 20 cents or \$20,000. It is claimed that he can put his hand on more ready money than any man in Kansas.—K. C. Star.

Senator Ingalls, in his speech at Atchison, said the McKinley bill did not suit him and was not just what the people wanted, and he did not like it; but it was a Republican measure, and he had to vote for it. Plumb felt the same way but voted no in the interest of his constituents. Which of the two was right?

Col. D. R. Anthony, that stalwart Republican, has taken down from the masthead of the Leavenworth Times the names of L. U. Humphrey, for Governor, and Wm. Higgins, for Secretary of State, and asks that the State Central Committee take them off the ticket, because he believes them to be unworthy of re-election.

Good news for the workingmen. Under the provisions of the late brilliant legislation the duty on seal skin saques has been lowered 10 per cent. It is true that the duty on the plush saque has been raised 60 per cent., but what does a workingman's wife care for the plush saque when the genuine article has been reduced 10 per cent.—K. C. Star.

Complaint is made that the Republican Congressional Committee's headquarters in Washington are a nuisance to the neighborhood where they are located. Why should any one be surprised at that? The Republican party is constituting itself a nuisance in about everything that it undertakes nowadays. That has come to be its normal condition.

The re-election of the Republican State ticket in this State means a continuance of the manners, methods and measures of the State-house ring. It means rottenness in the letting of State contracts, inefficiency in the public service, a Board of Railroad Commissioners appointed by the railroad companies; it means approval of the McKinley bill, and antagonism to the free coinage of silver; it means high freight rates and low prices for products. The election of Robinson means exactly the reverse of all these things. It means a complete and radical change of administration of State affairs. It means good, pure and honest government. The change is necessary.—Atchison Patriot.

Senator Plumb in an interview in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, says: "The suggestion of a standing tariff commission, came to me in this way. I was in Kennebunk, Me., three or four years ago. While there I went through a shoe factory. The process interested me, and I made inquiries as to the cost of manufacture and the prices at which the shoes were sold at the factory. When I got back to Kansas I learned that these same shoes were sold there at two and three times the price at which they were turned out with profit in Maine. Whether this striking inequality was due to grasping middlemen or to some other cause I don't know. It occurred to me that a standing board or commission would investigate all of the inequalities between cost and price. It could take evidence to show just what duty is really necessary to protect our industries. It could go into both sides of these questions instead of being guided as we are too often in Congress by ex parte statements."—State Journal, Rep.

Did you ever meet a college-bred girl who did not love her Alma Mater? And why should not she, as well as her brother, think her own "the dearest and noblest and best?" After reading the charmingly written and magnificently illustrated article on "Student Life at Wellesley College," in Demorest's Family Magazine for November, just received, we do not wonder at the enthusiasm of the Wellesley alumnae and students for the "Wellesley blue."

Every woman, and every man, too, will be interested in the illustrated article about "The Fur-Seal;" the women, because every blessed one of them loves a handsome sealskin garment; and the men, because they want to know what they pay their money for, for "sealskin is sealskin" now, and costs a pile of money.

Indeed, this number of the Magazine really takes us all around the world. Starting at Wellesley, by simply turning the leaves we are transported to "The Land of the Lapps," and the numerous illustrations and vivid descriptions make us quite familiar with these queer people; then the illustrated serial story carries us to China, and we complete the circuit by visiting the seals in Alaska and Greenland, taking a little diversion by the way in reading "Clara," about society doings, and enjoying in imagination so many good things told about in "Household," that we wish Thanksgiving were already come.

In fact, if you want to be amused with good stories, learn how to keep house and make it beautiful, how to keep well, or anything else that you want to know, take our advice and send your subscription (only \$2 a year) to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

Mr. E. T. Baker, the nominee of the Republican party, for Representative for Chase county, in the State Legislature, is a very good man; but when his party pledges him to work for a uniformity of text-books in all the schools of the State, they are asking far too much of the people to expect of them their votes for him on this question; because it is just this uniformity-of-text-books law in Wisconsin and Illinois that is uniting the Lutherans and Catholics in a struggle for liberty of conscience; and, while the county platform does not pledge Mr. Baker to vote for a more stringent prohibitory law, the county convention that nominated him, endorsed the State platform, and that platform pledges the Republican party of the State to the passage of a more stringent prohibitory law, and how can this be done unless the Republican legislators vote as the State platform pledges them to do? in other words, the Republican party of the State has given its "letters of instruction" to its candidates for State officers, with which they must comply, if elected, or else to account unfaithful servants; and the county convention has adopted these same "letters of instruction" to their candidate for Representative, with other instructions added thereto; and we say that if he does not intend to carry out these instructions, he is not the man the Republicans want to send to the Legislature; or if the Republicans do not want him to carry them out they are acting in bad faith with those whose votes they expect to capture by these "letters of instruction."

Then again, there is Mr. J. S. Doolittle, the People's or Alliance candidate, who is also a very good man, and who, as far as the tariff and voting against Ingalls for U. S. Senator are concerned, suits the Democrats of this county; but who is unpledged, either individually or by his party on the prohibition question, a question with which our next Legislature will, most assuredly, have to deal, and who voted for prohibition when he was in the Legislature; and the question now arises: Will he do so again? Under these circumstances it behooves the Democratic party to weigh well the question of whether they will choose the lesser of two evils or will put a county ticket of their own in the field, and thereby give the voters of the county a chance to express themselves on this momentous question.

AMERICAN FARMERS SUFFER.

Our protected manufacturers are selling their goods in foreign countries cheaper than at home. Protection means that our people must be taxed to give higher prices to our manufacturers while they are exporting their goods and selling them to foreigners in competition with foreigners at prices far below those at which they are selling to us. This charge has been made repeatedly, and it has always been vehemently denied by protectionists, and it has been repeatedly proven to be true.

Table with 3 columns: Foreign Prices, Home Prices, and Difference. Items include Advance plough, Hay teder, Horse rake, Cummings' cutter, Ann Arbor cutter, Clipper cutter, Lever cutter, and Swoop.

It will be seen from these prices that these articles are sold to our own farmers 50 to 100 per cent. higher than they are to foreigners.—K. C. Star.

HON. JOSEPH DILLON.

THE DEMOCRAT—RESUMPTION CANDIDATE FOR STATE AUDITOR. Is 40 years of age, born in Ireland, came to this country when he was only eight years of age, settled in New York with his parents, his father having had to leave his native country on account of being connected with revolutionary movements against the British government. Young Joseph Dillon received a common school education and resided in New York until 1877, when he moved to Michigan, not liking that state he came to Kansas and settled in Kearney County in 1879 and engaged in the publication of the Hartland Herald, which paper he still owns and edits. He was postmaster at Hartland under President Cleveland, when he had the distribution of mail for some thirty-five other post-offices, during the booming times of Kansas; handling daily thousands of dollars for the government and the numerous banks in the Southwest. During his term of office neither the government or the people ever lost a single cent that passed through his hands, having slept many a night on the soft side of a board rather than leave the property of the people in a poorly protected postoffice. His record as a government official stands in the postoffice department at Washington without a blemish. Few men have done more with the pen to advertise the Southwest than Mr. Dillon. His whole soul is in life to see the Southwest blossom in rose. He is loved and respected by all his numerous friends and as many Republican as votes.

H. F. GILLETT, SUCCESSOR TO CAMPBELL & GILLETT. DEALER IN SHELF & HEAVY HARDWARE, CUTLERY, TINWARE &c. and the finest line of COOKING & HEATING STOVES. In the Market. Also agent for the Celebrated WOOD MOWER, and the best make of Agricultural Implements and Machinery. STUDEBAKER WAGONS AND BAKE BARBED WIRE. Please call and examine my stock and ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

J. C. SCROCCIN, VERNER & SCROCCIN, Live Stock Commission Merchants. M. J. VERNER, Hog Salesman. J. C. SCROCCIN, Cattle Salesman. G. D. ABLE, Room 19, Live Stock Exchange, KANSAS CITY, MO.

B. U. SCHLAUDECKER, ROLAND ROBERTS, ERIE MEAT MARKET. SCHLAUDECKER & ROBERTS Proprietors. Dealers in— All Kinds of FRESH MEAT. Cash paid for HIDES. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN A

J. A. GOUDIE, DEALER IN FURNITURE, PICTURE FRAMES, ETC., ETC. STRONG CITY, KANSAS. MAKE A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING AND ATTEND ALL ORDERS, DAY OR NIGHT, FOR UNDERTAKING.

SHOP IN THE CENTRAL HOTEL, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. JULIUS REMY, Tonsorial Artist.

The Best WASHING MACHINE. We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money. AGENTS WANTED can show proof that agents are making from \$75 to \$150 per month. Farmers make \$200 to \$500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only \$5. Sample to those desiring an agency \$3. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WASHERS at manufacturers' lowest prices. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars. LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

A MATTER OF TASTE. A few folks like old-fashioned things, old clothes, old houses and old books. Others want modern articles. The latter class is in the majority. There are a few old fogies who prefer slow trains, light rails, hand brakes and big smokestacks. The rest of mankind enjoy traveling close to a mile a minute, on steel rails, in vestibule cars, with every home comfort at hand. The Santa Fe Route, between Kansas City and Chicago, is a modern line for people of the 19th century. Geo. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., T. & S. F. R. Co., Topeka, Kans., J. J. Byrne, A. G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ills.

TEACHERS EXAMINATION. There will be an examination of applicants for teachers' certificates, held at the school house at Cottonwood Falls on Saturday, Oct. 25, 1890, beginning at 8 o'clock a. m. J. C. DAVIS, County Supt. Wm. H. HOLSINGER, DEALER IN Hardware, Stoves and Tinware.

RACING AT THE FAIR GROUNDS. The following races will be run on the Fair Grounds, Saturday afternoon Oct. 25th, 1890, commencing at 1:30 p. m. prompt. Matched race, Wild Bird, owned by N. F. McClelland, and Davie Crockett, owned by Frank Kent 1 mile dash and repeat, purse \$100; 1 mile dash; "Wild Bird" and "Powder" the latter owned by Jim Cox, purse \$50; also 350 yard race; also prospects of another 1 mile running race. Admission 15 cents, vehicles 10 cents, children under 12 years free. Come out everybody and witness several good races. J. P. Kuhl, Sec'y.

HALLOWEEN. The Ladies Society of the Presbyterian Church of Cedar Falls will give a social on the evening of Oct. 31st. Refreshments will be served. W. H. HOLSINGER, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

SHERIFF'S PROCLAMATION! OF THE TIME OF HOLDING A GENERAL ELECTION For State, District, County and Township Officers. STATE OF KANSAS, ss. Chase County, ss. The State of Kansas to all to whom these presents shall come, greeting: Know ye, that I, E. A. Kinne, Sheriff of Chase county, Kansas, by virtue of authority in me vested, do by this proclamation give public notice that on the Tuesday succeeding the First Monday in November, A. D. 1890,

there will be held a General Election, and the officers of that time to be chosen are as follows, to-wit: Chief Justice of Supreme Court, Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, State Auditor, State Superintendent, Member of Congress, 4th District, Representative, 6th District, Probate Judge, Clerk of District Court, County Attorney, County Superintendent, County Commissioner of the 1st District, consisting of Hazlar and Two-a Townships, Two Justices of the Peace, two Constables, one Trustee, Treasurer and Clerk in each township, one Road overseer in each road District in the county. There will also be submitted a proposition to amend sections Three and Twenty-five of Article Two of the Constitution and a proposition to amend sections Two and Thirteen of Article Three of the Constitution. And votes of Electors for said officers and propositions will be received at the Polls of each Election District in said County. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at my office at Cottonwood Falls in said County, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1890. E. A. KINNE, Sheriff.

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

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

YOU WANT ONE OF THE CELEBRATED JACKSON CORSET WAISTS. MADE ONLY BY THE Jackson Corset Co. JACKSON, MICH. LADIES who prefer not to wear stiff and rigid Corsets, are invited to try them. They are approved by physicians, endorsed by dress makers, and recommended by every lady that has worn them. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. B. OSBORN, Southern Agent, 66 RICHARDSON BLOCK, Chattanooga, Tenn.

LEADER STOVES AND RANGES. ESTABLISHED 1857. A third of a century of experience and progressive improvement is represented in THE LEADER LINE of STOVES and RANGES. The line embraces an extensive variety of RANGES, COOK STOVES and HEATING STOVES for hard coal, soft coal and wood. They are all models of perfect modern stove construction, and meet every known requirement of the uses for which they are intended. COLLINS & BURGIE, Chicago. J. W. MC WILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency Railroad and Syndicate Lands. Will buy or sell wild lands or Improved Farms. —AND LOANS MONEY.— COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS







SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

THE GROWING DISCONTENT.

A Craze for Wealth on the One Hand, Grinding Poverty on the Other. It was the great Edmund Burke who wrote so learnedly when giving his "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," and many before and since have noticed a restlessness among the people. At present the discontent can be found in all countries. American soldiers have been so discontented that Congress and leading army officers have edged their brains to find some way by which the number of desertions can be lessened. In England the famous and favorite of her majesty's troops have been sent to India for insubordination. And emute has recently been reported in Halifax, and the troops in Dublin are upon the verge of open revolt. Among the civilian class this discontent is also manifest, and is seeking satisfaction in various ways. In Russia the dissatisfaction of the common people has found vent in an insane attack upon the Jews, which has resulted in a second, and this time an involuntary, exodus, where no Red Sea is called upon to open a passage way. The laboring classes in England are dissatisfied and thousands of them meet at intervals in Trafalgar square, and with more or less feeling discuss the situation. Farmers in this country are dissatisfied and are seeking in various ways to secure relief, while the laboring men were never more restless and uneasy.

Philosophers and economists have been endeavoring to account for this in vain. The world is wealthier and the rate of wages higher than ever before. Mechanics and their families live better and dress better than did lords and nobles a few hundred years ago, and as far as the comforts and luxuries of life are concerned, the man in comfortable circumstances enjoys more of them than did kings of old. Present discontents, therefore, do not arise from the condition of the people, but rather from an increase of intelligence and a spread of democratic ideas which demand more and more every year. What would have satisfied a nobleman in the past will not satisfy a day laborer now. Men being born free and equal can not submit quietly to any system of government or conditions of life that breeds and fosters disparities afterward. While one citizen must live in a garret and feed on crusts, he can not believe that his neighbor who spends \$700,000 on a stable, has not been partially dealt with to the disadvantage of the poor.

However much we may yearn for that millennium dreamed of by theorists, seen in visions by philanthropists and pictured by the artists of the Bellamy school, there is but little encouragement to hope that a change is to be enjoyed in the near future that will bring about contentment and entire quiet. It is contrary to man's nature. The more intelligence is diffused the more dissatisfaction will exist because man's desires outstrip his ability to gratify them. This unrest is the cause of man's advancement. Were we all satisfied, improvement could not come. At present the world, collectively and individually, is engaged in the task of accumulating wealth. Not a very high pursuit, it may be observed, because the acquisition of wealth is merely an animal instinct which, fired by ambition, has been intensified into a craze. It is well to obey the biblical injunction, and provide for one's household, but the spectacle of sensible people making life a burden to themselves in the race for wealth that they can not possibly use is ridiculous. The deification of the dollar, the unequal distribution of wealth and an irrational view of life may be said to cause discontent at present. Until people can look upon the world through different glasses, or until ambition finds a new parallax, little change can be expected. People should learn to enjoy the possession of what they have, and spend less time in an insatiate yearning for what they have not. If happiness is desired, it is quite as necessary and as much a duty to provide one's household with "sound bodies, health and unwearied minds and correct ideas as it is to furnish lands and estates. The Oriental maiden who makes display of her burdensome estate of rings, coins and other trinkets, by wearing them around her neck, we esteem vulgar and foolish. Yet she is inspired by the same motive that impels a man to load himself down with strife and misery in the gathering and display of a wealth which is worthless to him because he can never use it, and which finds its root in the purely animal desire for the preservation of life, or, as it is called, the law of self defense. Tariffs may be raised or lowered, the earth may give forth a tenfold increase and people will be better off, but not less discontented, until insane ambition passes its perihelion and recedes into space, leaving virtue, purity and unselfishness the objects of pursuit. The diffusion of intelligence is hastening the good day.

TWO WOMEN

And Why They Are Single Taxers. Brooklyn Citizen. Miss Lillian Headlin is an active member of the Eastern District Single Tax Club, rarely missing any of the meetings. Her rare musical talent and sweet disposition have endeared her to the members. Asked as to the reasons which induced her to accept the single tax, she said: "I first attended a meeting of the Eastern District Club on invitation of Mrs. Deverall, who asked me to come and sing. Solely to oblige her I went, knowing little and caring less about the single tax. I was content to feel that, where my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Deverall were, my life, at least, would be safe. Well, when my turn came, I sang my little part, and later, when the discussion came on, I found my indifference gradually disappearing, and before the evening closed I was as vigorous in my applause (size, etc., considered) as any person in the hall. A few more meetings and I was anxious to join the club, and here I am," said the little lady with emphasis, "enlisted for the war. Before joining the ranks I supposed that at least the single tax people were a lot of visionaries who, seeing the poverty

and injustice that everywhere abound, had some sort of quack remedy which would prove about as efficacious for the social system as the usual quack nostrums do in curing the ills of the human body. Needless to say, I entertain a different opinion now," said the lady with a smile. Growing more earnest, she continued: "I now firmly believe that the single tax will bring about a reign of justice so perfect that its full realization means the total abolition of the selfish scramble which we now see on all sides—the weak crushed by the strong and the baser instincts running riot because of the ever lessening opportunities for cultivation and advancement which are open to the workers. Who so blind that can not see the rapidity with which women are replacing men in the industrial ranks, aided in great measure by labor-saving machines, which enable them to perform the work formerly requiring a man's strength? Do the women who boast of this ever reflect on what becomes of the men who are thus displaced? Why, they are driven by their necessities to seek work at any price. This unnatural competition ever tends to force wages down. I believe that the single tax will remedy this; and I further believe that, if the remedy be not soon applied, we, the toilers, will be reduced to the same degrading conditions in which the masses now find themselves throughout the old countries. In this so-called free land we may flatter ourselves that no such a result can overtake us, but I tell you that the same factors are at work here and the same results are inevitable unless we rise up and take this land monopolist by the throat and force him to let go his grip upon the natural bounties which are the inalienable inheritance of every living human being. This is my excuse, my justification, for having allied myself to what some are pleased to call a political movement."

Mrs. Emily A. Deverall, secretary of the Eastern District Club, said: "I came from a small town where the pressure of the landlord was not felt to any great extent, at that time each family occupying a house. When I tried to make a home in a flat of four rooms, my heart sank at the prospect, and yet the neighborhood was good, the rooms nice. Well, I made the best of it, but I could not help feeling that it was a very poor substitute for home. When, however, I went into the lower portions of the city and saw the tenement houses, I was thankful (not content) that my lot was no worse; but when I saw that there was an abundance of vacant lots in different parts of the city I naturally wondered why they did not build more houses and thus relieve the congested districts. I had never been encouraged to think upon matters of taxation and knew but little about them. Well, I could only feel sorry for the people crammed into those terrible tenement houses, but I could see no way out of it. Then along in 1887 I began to hear something about taxing land values, and that if this system of taxation were adopted there would be no profit in holding unimproved land. My eyes slowly began to open. After a little thinking I saw the connection. The holding of unimproved land is a profitable business; make it by taxation unprofitable, and the holder will improve it. The moral side of the question at once appealed to my sense of justice, and I am trying hard to inform myself on all that pertains to the single tax and free trade. I beg of my sisters who may see this to arouse themselves and look into the matter. For the sake of our children we should stand by our husbands in this struggle for right, and if they are not of that mind, stand alone."

Who Heaps the Harvest?

Boulder, Mont., Apr. 2. The Helena Journal says that "to those who doubt that a benefit to a city helps every individual thereof, it is only necessary to state that conservative business men estimate that the price of real estate in Chicago has already advanced more than the amount which the World's Fair will cost that city, and the harvest has not commenced." It will puzzle the average individual to see how the rise in real estate should benefit every individual inhabitant in Chicago. It looks as though only the landlord is the chief person to be benefited. There is no indication that wages will be greater, that the merchant will be able to make a greater profit on his money, that work will be easier to get. Rent is the only thing which is to be higher, and it will be higher not through the energy and enterprise of the landlord but solely through the work, the presence, the energy and the enterprise of the very men who will be compelled to pay the higher rent.

The Single Tax and Perjury.

Boulder, Apr. 2. The Miles City Stockgrowers' Journal complains of the assessment returns of Custer County can find no remedy "when individuals put in lists to which they are willing to swear." The Journal ought to be able to see that a system of taxation which so encourages perjury, which makes the honest man pay a great deal higher proportion of taxes than he should, must be a faulty system, and the Journal should therefore be willing and ready to study the reasons which promise justice to all. The Single Tax is such a system and all that its advocates desire in an impartial examination of its plans and the reasons therefor.

—Twelve carrier pigeons from N. E. DeLaney, of Mount Morris, N. Y., arrived at the office of the American Express Company, in Oil City, one day recently, and at seven o'clock next morning the pigeons were let go. They hesitated a moment but rose gradually and took a due northeast course. At 10:05 the twelve in a bunch arrived at their owner's residence in Mount Morris, having made 160 miles in five hours. They flew at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour.

—Russians dress recent wounds with a thick layer of ashes, prepared by the burning of cotton or linen stuff. This simple, effective, and convenient method has been practiced from time immemorial by the Russian peasantry.

FORCE VERSUS FREEDOM.

The Hypocritical Bargain Made to Enslave the American People.

It has been the policy of the Republican press in Western States opposed to Federal coercion in State elections to assert that the force bill has finally been disposed of; that its postponement means its death, and that it will never be taken up again.

Senator Vest's disclosure of the agreement under which the bill was postponed shows how false is this pretense. "The agreement was made," he said, in his St. Louis speech, "but mark you, on this condition:

Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, who claims to be the father of the force bill in the Senate, exacted of his colleagues in the Republican caucus that an agreement in writing should be signed by them, or a majority of them, to the effect that on the first Monday in December the force bill should be taken up and pressed to a final disposition in exclusion of every other bill or resolution upon the calendar. Forty-four Republican Senators, a majority of the Republican caucus, signed that agreement, and to-day the people of the United States are confronted with that agreement, and unless they interfere with their sovereign votes at the coming November election, with the certainty that this force bill, with all its enormity, will be placed upon the statute books as the law of the land."

This is the first full statement of the agreement under which the Republicans postponed the force bill. Mr. Hoar demanded and received the signatures of 44 of them to a pledge that, from the very opening of the second session, the bill should be pressed to passage.

The present intention is undoubtedly to refuse to recognize the majority; to put Ingalls in the chair; to trust aside the constitutional requirement of roll-call, allow the floor only to Republicans, and pass the bill for use in controlling the general elections of 1892.

Unless the country speaks with decisive effect in November, popular government in the United States will end at the opening of the polls in 1892. From on and after the date of the passage of the force bill majorities in the electoral college and in Congress will be made up by secret caucuses of Washington politicians, from whose decisions there will be no appeal. With an army of mercenaries, employed by them and paid from the Treasury, to carry out their orders, as supervisors, returning boards and deputy marshals in armed possession of the polls, any President who pleases may re-elect himself; any partisan majority in Congress may perpetuate itself. Nothing will remain of the free Government of equal States and free people. The money of the combined corporations of the Northeast will have a hold on the Government, against which no majority of the people can prevail in elections. The creatures of the plutocracy will sit in the White House and in Congress; the will of the plutocracy will be registered in laws which "bind on men's backs burdens too heavy to be borne."

If this power of incorporated money is so all-pervading, so audacious now, what limit could be set to its audacity when the reformatory force of the people had been taken from them; when the control of the ballot had been usurped, and power to loose and to bind given to a few office-holding politicians in the District of Columbia, removed from the people, with the army at their call, and no responsibility to any power except that of their own faction?

The people have the power of Samson. Will they suffer their strength to be shorn from them that they may be made a mock to the chief men and lords of the plutocracy, assembled to make sport with blind Samson grinding in their mills?—St. Louis Republic.

POOR OLD HARRISON.

A Study in Microscopy That Should Engage Republican Attention.

It was only on the 4th day of March, in the year 1889, that Benjamin Harrison became President of the United States, yet it seems much longer. It happens to every one, now and then, that he has recalled to mind the exact time of the death of some person of no great significance, and said in his mind, if not in words: "Why, has he not been dead longer than that? I thought it was twice as long." There is nothing like oblivion to make the years seem tardy in their course, and it is the simple, unvarnished truth that the name of Harrison has not played any important part in the affairs of the country since he took the oath of office. Of whom have we heard all this time? Of Blaine now and then, of McKinley every day and of Reed every hour. It is odd, too, that the only member of the Cabinet of the President who has kept awake and maintained a place in the minds of the American people and of foreign nations has done so purely upon his own lines. The Pan-American conference, farcical as it was in some respects, was at least talked about, and the reciprocity issue, which the Secretary of State forced upon an unwilling administration, is the only rational suggestion that has come from any member of the party in power since that power was gained.

It is not strange that Harrison is so obscure, for he has been a pitiable nobody during every hour since he was inaugurated. He has not only done no good but, as an individual and as President, he has not had character enough to do any harm. He has delegated all his malign powers to the Quayes, the Reeds and the McKinleys of his following.

If he is even now so nearly forgotten, what will the historian say of him! It must be that he will be placed in the most undignified position of any man who has held the exalted office of President in our time and he is certainly entitled to no better classification. It seems a shame to say even so much in criticism of him, for of the dead, even the political dead, we should not speak unless we can conscientiously praise. Harrison died, politically, when the last Republican cheer of the campaign of 1888 returned in echo.—Detroit Free Press.

The McKinley bill is notoriously designed to compel every American citizen, more especially every hard-working American citizen, to yield up a certain portion of his earnings to a privileged class, a class as selfish as the slave-holders and more heartless than slave-holders' overseers.—Chicago Herald.

THE NINE VICTIMS.

The Choice of 144,000 Voters Reversed by Reckless Representatives.

To the list of eight Democrats unseated by the Republican majority to increase its working strength these should be added the name of James Monroe Jackson, of the Fourth district of West Virginia. Charles B. Smith, Republican, was established early in the session in the seat to which the Democrats of the Fourth district had elected Judge Jackson by a very small plurality.

The result of the Smith-Jackson contest is erroneously reported in the index to the Congressional Record. On page 13 of number 4 of the index, by the absence of the word "not," the record is made to read: "Smith vs. Jackson—Resolution passed that Jackson entitled to seat." Hence the omission in the Sun's list of victims.

With this addition we print the list again, and it should be studied by every Democrat and every fair-minded Republican citizen:

Plurality. 1. Congressman Jackson (W. Va.)..... 3 2. Congressman Pendleton (W. Va.)..... 39 3. Congressman Cate (Ark.)..... 1,348 4. Congressman Compton (Md.)..... 291 5. Congressman Wise (Va.)..... 201 6. Congressman Turpin (Ala.)..... 13,153 7. Congressman Breckinridge (Ark.)..... 846 8. Congressman Venable (Va.)..... 652 9. Congressman Elliott (S. C.)..... 1,355

The number of Democratic votes cast at the election of 1888 for these nine expelled Congressmen is 144,574. The choice of these 144,000 voters was reversed by the arbitrary action of about eight score partisans of Republican fraud and force, sitting in the Chamber of Representatives at Washington. One hundred and sixty-six men have deprived nearly as many thousands of American citizens of their right to be represented by the Congressmen they elected.

If the reckless majority now strengthened by this initial infamy should proceed to expel every Democrat in the Fifty-first House and to seat in his place the defeated Republican candidate, no matter by how great a plurality he was defeated, the outrage would differ only in magnitude and not at all in character from that which has already been committed.

Several of the expelled Congressmen have been renominated in their respective districts. All nine of them should be renominated and re-elected in November by majorities impressive enough to make even the boldest of the revolutionists and counters-out hesitate.—N. Y. Sun.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Paddock, Plumb and Pettigrew, the Heroes of the Republican Party.

Senators Paddock, Pettigrew and Plumb deserve the applause of their constituents and of the people of the West generally for their votes against the McKinley bill.

Placed as they were in an atmosphere of monopoly and surrounded by the agents of the protected combines, they had every reason to "go with their party" and to forget the people, but they resisted the threats of party whippers-in and the blandishments of fat-fryers and plunderers. In doing right they abandoned their party and advertised themselves to the trusts as Republicans who are not to be depended upon to further every villainy devised for the oppression of the people. The enemies they have made will not forget them. The people who they have served should have equally long memories.

The Herald considers this Western Republican bolt against the monopoly tariff as one of the most hopeful signs of the times, and it regards it as a most honorable thing for Republicanism. Henceforth no one shall say truthfully that no Republican dare lift his voice against these evils. Three honest and brave men from the West have not failed to go on record against the spoliation of the people.

All honor, then, to Plumb, Pettigrew and Paddock. They have deserted their misguided party at a time when to oppose it is glorious. They have preserved it also from sweeping and indiscriminate condemnation. An organization that is not wholly given over to plunder and pillage may yet redeem itself.—Chicago Herald.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

—Raum, reclamation and refrigerators are the three R's that have been dominating the Pension Office lately.—Philadelphia Ledger.

—Shylock Ingalls demands the full term of the bond, even to 18 per cent per annum. No wonder Kansas farmers have been crying hard times with a load like this to carry.—Philadelphia Record.

—While Minister Mizner is not technically guilty of murder, he is the man most qualified of all Mr. Blaine's proteges to be called back to the innocuous desuetude of private life.—Chicago Globe.

—Matthew Stanley Quay "vindicated" by the Republican majority in Congress probably feels like the safe-blower who asked his wife: "You believe me innocent, don't you, Kitty?" "Why, of course I do," the loving creature replied. "Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "I can now crack safes with a clear conscience and a light heart."—Chicago Times.

—By the educational plank incorporated in the new constitution of Mississippi the voting population will, according to the published figures, be affected as follows: Present voters, white..... 118,808 This bill will restrict..... 11,880 And leave a net white vote of..... 107,000 Present voters, negroes..... 189,724 This bill will restrict..... 183,224 And leave a net negro vote of..... 6,500 Giving a white majority of..... 48,453

"Worthy of His Higher." Motto of the protectionist: "The laborer is worthy of his higher,"—to-wit:

HIGHER. Clothing, Blankets, Shoes, Cottons, Crockery, Tinware, Hardware, Paints, Tobacco, Tools. The motto applies equally well to the professional man and the farm-lands Scriptural, but it is quite bogus.—Chicago Globe.

COPYING FROM US.

European Countries May Take the Hint and Adopt Mr. Blaine's Reciprocity Ideas.

The style of reciprocity which the protectionists in the Senate adopted as the result of the agitation set in motion by Blaine seems likely to find an imitator in Europe. The reciprocity adopted by the Senate says, in effect, to the Southern Nations: "Remove or reduce your duties on our products within a year, or up go our duties on your products."

Now France, which has a great grievance against us on account of our McKinleyism, has taken the reciprocity hint from us, and it is said that that country may "throw a sheet to the windward" of about the same size, shape and color as our own. A trade paper prints the following piece of news:

"On the expiration of the French treaties of commerce, a customs bill will be introduced in Parliament fixing a simple general tariff and giving the French Government the right to increase the duties on goods from countries that refuse to grant France economic advantages."

It is not difficult to decide upon one of the countries which France has in her mind's eye when she speaks of "countries which refuse to grant France economic advantages." France has for months been greatly agitated over our McKinley tariff measures. She made efforts to get other European nations to join with her in a scheme of general retaliation against us in order to bring the McKinley high tariff tinklers to their senses. Failing to secure the cooperation of those nations she put up the duty on our grain to 33 cents a bushel—a prohibitory rate—while admitting grain from other countries at 15 cents.

France is now willing to go further in her efforts to compel us to trade with her. We try to compel our Southern neighbors to trade with us by incorporating into our laws a threat that if they do not begin to trade within a year we will go to taxing ourselves on every thing we buy from them. We drink our free cup of coffee now; but if they do not buy our "barrel of pork and bushel of wheat" we will take vengeance on them by compelling ourselves to pay three cents a pound more for our coffee. At present we buy South American hides free of duty, and the untaxed leather thus going into our shoes is clearly a benefit to all our people; but if South America does not open her markets to us we threaten to grow angry and make our own people pay a tax of \$1.50 on every hundred pounds of hides they buy from South America.

In this way we fancy that we shall "get even with" our southern neighbors. That is a singular way to settle old scores. But, strange as it may seem, France is ready, if report be correct, to adopt our smart Yankee trick, and, of course, to try it on us as the first and most guilty victim. Verily, "The nations do imagine a vain thing."

ON FOREIGN SHORES.

Operations of Our Twine Trust in the Philippine Islands—Trying For Months to Freeze Out the Hemp Dealers in Manila—An Extortionate Monopoly Meets With Stern Opposition and Threats of Lynch Law.

The latest consular reports give some facts about the operations of our hemp monopolists in the Philippine Islands. In view of Senator Davis' attack on the binding twine trust in his speech in the Senate, and in view further of the vote of fifteen Republicans with the Democrats to put binding twine on the free list, this report from the Philippine Islands is of special interest at this time.

In his attack on the trust Senator Davis said: "The entire business, including the sources from which that commodity is supplied is governed by a combination of all (or substantially all) the manufacturers of cordage and binding twine. That combination controls absolutely the raw material (sisal, jute, etc.) in the places where it is grown, and also limits the product of the manufactured article and fixes its price. That combination consists of forty-two manufacturing companies in the United States, and seven or nine in Canada. These companies are banded together by the cohesive force of a common interest. They are superior to all law. In the Philippine islands they limit and control the price of one-half of the raw material, and in Yucatan they control the other half. They have one man in New York to purchase for them all, and a committee of three to limit the output and to fix the price."

The Senator also stated that the profits of this trust are 40 per cent, and that this represented \$4,000,000 profits, as the amount of twine used on this year's crop was \$10,000,000 worth; and he added that yet they came to Congress, and said that they would shut up their mills and cease production unless they received the additional protection of 1 1/2 cents per pound.

"That all-comprehending, unsatisfied and extortionate monopoly"—such was the blasting epithet with which the Senator finished his denunciation of the trust.

Now let us turn to the Consular reports and see what the trust is doing in the Philippine Islands. These islands belong to Spain, and are situated to the southeast of China. The chief town, Manila, gives its name to the manila hemp, largely grown on these islands and extensively used in this country and in England to make rope and twine. The commerce of these islands with the United States is so important (\$6,403,000 worth of hemp sent us in 1889), that our Government maintains a Consul at Manila. This Consul is now Mr. A. R. Webb.

In the Consular reports are printed three reports from Mr. Webb in which there is some interesting news about the operations of our "all-comprehending, unsatisfied, and extortionate monopoly" in those distant islands. Mr. Webb reports, under date of April 1, that there was an almost complete blockade in the market. The local dealers had 100,000 pounds of hemp in storage which had advanced from \$3.57 to \$10.00 per 100 pounds. The national Cordage Commission had two English vessels which had been

SMALL MILLERS SUFFER.

An Example of How the Tariff Protects the Strong and Oppresses the Weak.

A good example of how the tariff is constructed to help the strong rather than the weak, the rich rather than the poor, is seen in the drawback amendment which was put into the Tariff bill upon the motion of Senator Sherman.

A drawback is simply a refunded duty. When any dutiable material is brought into the country it pays, of course, the legal duty; but if this material is used in the manufacture of some article, and this article is then sold abroad, the Government refunds 90 per cent of the duty.

McKinley made a change in his Tariff bill to the effect that the drawback shall be 99 per cent of the original duty and took great credit to his committee for that action. He said: "We give to the capital and labor of this country substantially free trade in all foreign materials for use in the markets of the world."

But the Senate adopted the Sherman amendment, that no drawback should be paid unless the amount is \$10 or more. This will of course shut out a large number of cases where a drawback is now paid, cases where small orders are filled and a drawback is allowed on the bag, tin cans, or other covering of the goods ordered.

The Millers' National Association has issued a circular showing how unjustly this will work in the milling industry. The circular says:

"This amendment will prevent 40 to 50 per cent of the flour exporters of our country from collecting drawback on burials exported abroad, and will amount to thousands of dollars per annum out of the pockets of smaller millers. It means that the rebate on exported burials sacks will be given only to large shippers, and that the smaller exporter must buy at 25 per cent more money for his bags unless he can buy them of the American manufacturer for less, which is, of course, impossible. It tends to benefit the larger manufacturer, sacrificing the smaller, poorer ones, and is an outrage upon the milling industry of the country. After the efforts of the Miller's National Association to make this subject clear to our National legislators, and their appeal for justice when this amendment was reported, its action taken by the Senate can not be attributed to ignorance of facts. It is manifestly in the interests of the late economy, which, as you have heretofore been advised, has been using every effort to obtain a monopoly for their goods through the medium of the tariff measure."

Here are practical business men who point out how the just course is to bring the tariff for its private benefit. When such facts are pointed out to protectionists they usually say it is the mere talk of "free trade cranks."

"South African Progress."

Our Consul at Cape Town, South Africa, sends to the State Department at Washington a report on what he calls "South African Progress." Among other things he calls attention to the great growth of imports into the country. These imports amounted in 1888 to \$5,458,000; but in 1889 to \$7,042,000.

But the Consul is manifestly behind the times. It has clearly not yet heard of the doctrine which has come into vogue since he left the United States—the new doctrine called "McKinleyism"—that imports are an injury to a country and that the only way to have prosperity is to reduce importation.

Mr. Blaine's Department of State prints the Consul's report and sends it abroad into the country. It is not clearly a party mistake to the present an unknown Consul under the administration to teach a doctrine so contrary to McKinleyism?

Is it judicious to disseminate the idea that the mere foreign goods a country buys the more progress there is in that country? Is this Consul an "Assistant Democrat" who is trying to undermine the great and glorious system of protection to American industries and "America for Americans"?

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AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

NEW METHOD OF TESTING MILK.

Dr. Babcock of the Wisconsin Station Discovers a Simple and Accurate Process.

Any one who has attended a dairy convention or who carefully follows the dairy literature of the day must have come to realize that milk testing is the leading question before our dairymen.

It was my pleasure last winter to attend the annual meeting of the Illinois State Dairymen's Association, where I learned that the demand for a test was

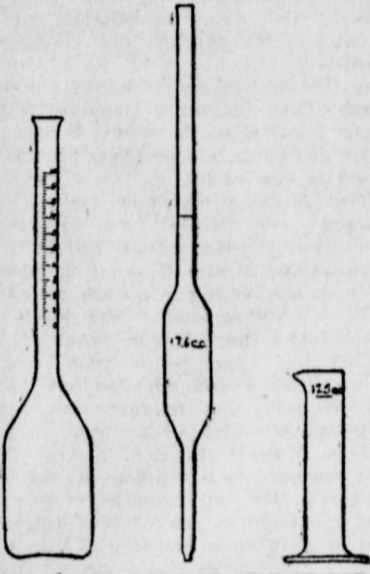
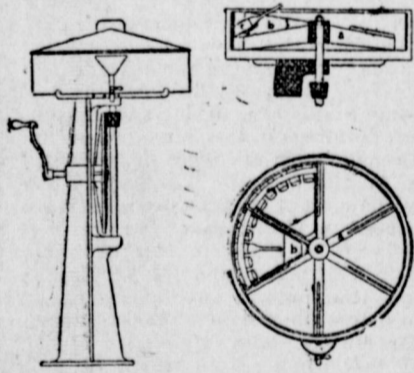


FIG. 1. THE BABCOCK MILK TESTER.

still the leading question. It seemed apparent that while some were satisfied with Short's, others with Patrick's test, something better adapted to factories and more economical in the use of chemicals was called for.

Briefly stated the method of analysis is as follows: A measured quantity of milk is placed in a glass bottle with a long, narrow, graduated neck.

By the old laboratory methods the chemist must charge a couple of dollars an analysis if he makes the wages common to his class.



FIGS. 2 AND 3.

I have seen sixty samples of milk from sixty different herds analyzed and the results recorded in a little over two hours, at a cost of not over eight or nine cents for the sulphuric acid used.

This method of analysis is very easily learned. Heretofore we have taught our students both Patrick's and Short's methods; this year we shall add Babcock's method to the list.

over its nose. This size is good for all sizes of hogs. Throw the hog, and when he opens his mouth slip the holder over his nose, the lower side in his mouth.

DRAFT HORSES.

Some Points in Their Management—How the Street-Car Companies Treat Them.

The horses most desired by street-car companies are of a blocky, chunky kind, weighing from 1,050 to 1,250 pounds.

The feeding, as might easily be thought, is most carefully managed. The food consists of cut hay, slightly moistened, with mixed ground feed (corn and oats) added, given in small quantities at short intervals.

The water is even more particular than the feeding. In some of the New York stables it has been found necessary to filter the water given to the horses.

The general management is so conducted as to avoid danger of disease or exhaustion by the hard work, and to preserve the animals in comfortable condition.

When a man and woman have been made one the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavoring to discover which is that one—Yonkers Statesman.

When medicine is given a child, parents like to feel it is a safe and proper one. Such a remedy is Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyer.

Society dinners, horse-races, human events and love are all matters of course.—Binghamton Leader.

No system in Pico's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

THE COMMON PERENNIAL PHLOX exists in so many varieties that it is a wonder a better assortment is not seen in our collections.

DAMPING A DIAMOND.

The Trick by Which Many a Precious Stone Has Been Stolen.

"Damping a diamond" is the peculiar name for a process in robbery which thieves sometimes adopt. It is popular when some rascal is without partners and obliged to work alone.

The diamond thief exposes his fair and large—as large as he can get. He insists on making the comparison himself.

As to the industry of this country, what is keeping the carpet down is the tax on it.—Philadelphia Times.

"The winters cold in Arkansas?" "I'm not sure; but they always have Hot Springs."

Dr. A. T. SULLIVAN, Rochester, Pa., writes: "I have used your Antidote for Malaria for over a quarter of a century and have found it to be in every respect all that you claim for it."

A GREAT mistake perhaps was made when Dr. Sherman named his great remedy Prickly Ash Bitters; but it is presumed that at that time all remedies for the blood, etc., were called Bitters.

THE worth of a man is not increased by adding to it the worth of his money.—N. O. Picayune.

OWING to exposure I have been indisposed with rheumatic pains about six months. My skill failed to afford me relief and I was induced to try Bull's Sarsaparilla, and must confess that it entirely cured me.

WHEN all the cars are run by electricity, the term "lightning express" will be no misnomer.—Boston Gazette.

DOBBS' Electric Soap does not chafe the hands, being perfectly pure.

THE tramp who works has no professional pride.—Ram's Horn.

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

The Somerset man at the circus seems to live by jumping his board.—Edinburg Gazette.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take some Hall's Honey of Horehound and Far Instanter. Pile's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

All we have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of others.—Denver Road.

THE POINT. From a Catholic Archbishop down to a Bishop down to a

"A" Poorst of the Poor all testify, not only to the virtues of

It Cures Promptly, Permanently; Cures men strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.

BORE WELLS MAKE MONEY! THE WASHINGTON NEWS, WASHINGTON, D. C., writes: "I have made a GREAT PROFIT."

It is used by CHILDREN'S CHILDREN. Thousands of young men and women in the U. S. A. owe their lives and their health and their happiness to Ridge's Food.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion.

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

Insurance Against Disease. In certain instances there have been arrangements made between a physician and the head of a family that a fixed amount should be paid for each day the various members of the family continued in good health.

As to the industry of this country, what is keeping the carpet down is the tax on it.—Philadelphia Times.

The shackles are strong, and forged by neglect, if liver complaint has enchain you, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters breaks them easily and without loss of time.

"Are the winters cold in Arkansas?" "I'm not sure; but they always have Hot Springs."

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.



Why does this man stare so? He is simply listening to the marvelous cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The following case illustrates:

February 14th, 1890. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—A remarkable case has occurred in our territory. J. N. Berry, a man about thirty years of age, was going down rapidly.

He commenced "Golden Medical Discovery," and at the same time commenced to mend. He has used about two dozen bottles, and is still using it.

JOHN HACKETT & SON, Druggists, Roanoke, Ind.

In all bronchial, throat and lung affections, lingering coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" effects the most marvelous cures.

BEACHAM'S PAINLESS PILLS EFFECTUAL. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. FOR BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nerve and Trembling Sensations, &c.

BEACHAM'S PILLS TAKEN AS DIRECTED RESTORE FEMALES TO COMPLETE HEALTH. For Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,

they ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening the muscular System, restoring long lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD of youth the whole physical energy of the human frame.

BEACHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Prepared only by THOS. BEACHAM, M. D., Lowell, Massachusetts, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York. Sole Agents for the United States and Possessions. Be careful to get the name BEACHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE \$1.00 A BOX (MENTION THIS PAPER).

ELY'S Cream Balm for CATARRH OF THE EYE.

THE POSITIVE CURE. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 10 Cents.

The greatest burdens are not the gain-fullest. You can lessen LIFE'S BURDEN by using SAPOLIO.

It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for cleaning purposes.

What would you give for a Friend who would take half your hard work off your shoulders and do it without a murmur? What would you give to find an assistant in your housework that would keep your floors and walls clean, and your kitchen bright, and yet never grow ugly over the matter of hard work? Sapolio is just such a friend and can be bought at all grocers.

PICO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE CONSUMPTION.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY. PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887, IMPROVED JULY 26, 1889.

DR. OWEN'S GALVANIC BODY BELT AND SUSPENSORY. Cures All Rheumatic Complaints, Lumbago, General Paralysis, Nervous Debility, Costiveness, Kidney Diseases, Nervousness, Trembling, Sexual Exhaustion, Wasting of Body, Disordered Cases caused by Indiscretion in Youth, Age, Married or Single Life.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES. A Pair of Indisputable Evidence. Also an Electric Truss and Belt Combined. Send for price for name and address of Dr. Owen Electric Belt & Appl. Co., 506 North Broadway, ST. LOUIS, MO.

BOOK AGENTS. We now have complete and ready for delivery "Framing Peaks" by T. DeWitt Tammage, "Helen" by C. W. Vance, and "Katie Black" three of the best, cheapest and most rapid selling books ever offered to Agents.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN. A desirable real estate property of five acres, well improved, with comfortable eight-room house and necessary out-buildings. Valued at \$7,000. Will sell cheap or exchange for other good property. Address, C. M. VANCE, 441 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Mo.

PENSION JOHN MORRIS. Pension Washington, D. C. Successfully PROSECUTES CLAIMS. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. Address, J. D. BROWN, Socialist, No. 477 West 12th St., N. Y. City.

PATENTS! CAVEATS, TRADEMARKS, LABELS & DESIGNS. Invention IMMEDIATELY to J. B. CRALLE & CO., 100 N. 3rd St., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dr. Bull's Nerve Tonic cures Epilepsy, all Nervous Diseases, Sleeplessness, Fits, and all nervous ailments. By Druggists, 50 Cents per bottle; 4 for \$2.00. Send for pamphlet, Ad. Bull Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY buying and selling REAL ESTATE? We have a large number of properties for sale in the city and suburbs. Address, J. D. BROWN, Socialist, No. 477 West 12th St., N. Y. City.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and Railroad Codes for Employment. Agents here and secure good situations. Write J. D. BROWN, Socialist, No. 477 West 12th St., N. Y. City.

CANCER and Tumors Cured no knife, book free. Free, DR. GRATIGNY & DELAUNAY, 103 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DYSPEPSIA. Positive cure. Sample treated free. Write J. D. BROWN, Socialist, No. 477 West 12th St., N. Y. City.

A. N. K.—D. 1314. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.



