

Chase County Courier.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

HOW TO THE LINE LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOL. XX.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1894.

NO. 41.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

ABOUT 300 money order offices will be established throughout the United States July 2. Of this number the Indian territory will get three, Kansas three, Iowa and Oklahoma five, and Missouri seven.

A bill has been agreed upon by the house committee on pensions to increase the pensions of survivors of the Indian and Mexican wars from \$8 to \$12 a month.

The report of the sub-committee to devise a measure to restrict competition by convict made goods with products of free labor has been adopted by the house committee on commerce with important amendments. As amended the bill will prohibit the shipment beyond the limits of the state in which it is produced not only convict made goods, but coal, iron ore, marble, lumber and all articles of commerce made ready for market by convict labor.

The attorney-general has sent to the senate a request for a deficiency appropriation of \$125,000 in lieu of \$50,000 asked for some time ago. This amount of his estimate will be used to meet the expense incurred by the United States marshals and other officers of the department of justice in the arrest and punishment of Coxeyites in the west charged with stealing trains over which the government has jurisdiction. These Coxey demonstrations occurred in fourteen states and territories.

The bill creating Labor day a national holiday has become a law, for Mr. Cummings, of New York, who first introduced the bill, took it to the president and had it signed.

CHAIRMAN WHEELER, of the committee on territories, declared that the committee was anxious to secure statehood for Oklahoma, and that she would be welcomed to the sisterhood of states when the time was ripe for her admission. There was such opposition, however, to the admission of Oklahoma without the five civilized tribes that the committee would not attempt to secure her admission at present. An effort will be made, it was stated, to attach the Oklahoma bill as a rider to the other statehood bills when the latter came before the senate, but there appears to be little hope for success.

It was stated on the 28th that as soon as the tariff bill was disposed of the elections committee would take final action on the Martin-Ady contest. Senator Martin has notified the committee that he would like to have it disposed of as soon as possible, and the request will be granted.

REAR ADM. WILLIAM GREENVILLE TEMPLE, U. S. N., retired, died of apoplexy at Washington on the 28th aged 70.

THE EAST.

MISS EMMA JUCH, the prima donna, and Francis L. Wellman, assistant district attorney of New York, were married recently.

An alarm of fire was rung in the Charleston, Mass., prison for a small blaze. It was caused by an outbreak among the prisoners, in which one man was fatally shot and one seriously hurt. The fire started in the chair shop, a two and a half story building and extended to the upper story. As soon as the alarm of fire was given the prisoners in the workshop made a break and in spite of the efforts of the officers they rushed into the yard. The whole affair lasted only a few minutes, and with the assistance of a force of police the prisoners were quieted and put in their cells.

The colonization movement among the strikers of the coke region of Pennsylvania was getting into shape on the 28th. Several agents of the Canadian government mingled among the strikers at the great Connellville meeting and distributed circulars in lavish language showing the great benefits to be derived from removing to Manitoba.

The triangular freshmen's race between Yale, Harvard and Columbia was rowed on the 28th and resulted in the triumph of Yale, Columbia second and Harvard third.

CLEARING HOUSE returns for the principal cities of the United States for the week ended June 29 showed an average decrease as compared with the corresponding week of last year of 20.5; in New York the decrease was 30.3; outside, 6.9.

DUN'S review of trade for the week ended June 29 said that the demand for products was smaller than was expected. Textile fabrics were embarrassed by probable change in the tariff. Wheat had declined 2 cents. Corn had also declined, receipts being larger than of wheat and a heavy crop expected. Pork products were a shade lower.

AT Brooklyn on the 29th fire destroyed two warehouses. Loss on buildings and contents, \$1,075,000; fully insured. While the firemen were working one of the walls fell and caught three of the firemen. A rescue party was immediately formed, which succeeded in getting the bodies out, but two were found dead and the other had received injuries which will probably result in death.

JOSEPH WHITSETT, of Millville N. J., stabbed his wife, cut his daughter's throat, set fire to his house and tried to burn himself to death in the flames. Mrs. Whitsett will recover, but the daughter will probably die.

YALE won the annual boat race from Harvard with ease on the 28th.

THE WEST.

THE Republican National league convention assembled in Denver, Col., on the 28th, forty states and territories being represented.

THREE robbers entered the house of Judge T. C. Gutierrez, 4 miles west of Albuquerque, N. M., and one Bolols Chavez was shot four times by the judge and killed. The others escaped. Reports from the country around Wilmar, Minn., show that over thirty houses and barns were totally destroyed by the tornado. A family of seven is reported to be killed at Roseland.

A TORNADO struck Sisseton agency, S. D., while the payment of the Indians was in progress. Over 1,000 people were on the ground. One store building and one barn were torn to pieces, the Indian tepees blown away and several people injured, two fatally. The latter were two whites.

At 12 o'clock on the night of the 28th every member of the A. R. U. in the Santa Fe employ at Argentine, Kan., quit work in obedience to an order directing United States Marshal Neely to protect the railroad's property. The Missouri Pacific switchmen at St. Louis have struck, tying up that road.

At Cairo, Ill., every railroad line entering the city was at a standstill on the 28th on account of the Pullman boycott. The employees at the stock yards at Chicago have decided to strike unless the company refused freight of lines hauling Pullman cars. All A. R. U. men on the Santa Fe at Pueblo, Col., have quit work. All was quiet at Albuquerque, N. M., though not a train was moving on the Santa Fe or Atlantic & Pacific. San Francisco was completely shut off by rail with the outer world.

By the explosion of some fireworks on the rear platform of the special train bringing home from the Illinois state convention the marching club of the Cook county democracy, eight of them were burned. The accident occurred at Bloomington. The report was started that an attempt had been made to blow up the train. Great excitement ensued.

The Chicago Sugar Refinery Co., employing 2,500 men, closed its works on the 28th on account of the railroad strike.

The executive committee of the National Republican league held a prolonged session on the 28th at Denver, Col. John Goodnow, of Minnesota, was elected chairman. Hon. E. H. Harper, president of the Mutual Reserve Fund & Life association, of New York City, was elected treasurer. The headquarters will be continued in Chicago.

THREE female experts, Drs. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Harriet Alexander and Florence W. Hunt, were witnesses in the Prendergast insanity hearing at Chicago on the 28th. They testified that the assassin was an imbecile and that his brain was not developed. Other witnesses were examined, among them Mrs. Prendergast, the mother of the prisoner. She testified that there had been insanity in the family.

The members of the A. R. U. struck on the 28th at Terre Haute, Ind., because Pullman cars were being used. The Rock Island road, it was said at Chicago, would be tied up on the 30th. All the trainmen at the Chicago Union stock yards struck at night on the 29th. The officials of the Santa Fe believe the strike had spent its force so far as their lines were concerned. At Emporia, Kan., the yards were filled with loaded freight cars, the regular passenger trains, however, passing. All the Santa Fe employees were out at Florence, Kan. Santa Fe trains were unable to get away from Denver, Col. The Southern Pacific west of El Paso and Deming was paralyzed.

In Denver, Col., fire destroyed the public tramway and one bin together with bins of the Veteran, Enterprise and Aspen mining and smelting companies' mines. The loss amounts to \$30,000, with no insurance.

STEPS have been taken looking toward a thorough overhauling by the courts of General Secretary-Treasurer John W. Hayes, of the K. of L., at a meeting held at Philadelphia. Resolutions were adopted condemning the suspension of Messrs. Powderly, Quinn and Wright as a "flagrant outrage and a brutal manifestation of enmity."

THE SOUTH.

A TRAIN on the Savannah, Florida & Western railroad was stopped near Hornersville, Ga., on the evening of the 26th by half a dozen men and the Southern Express Co.'s safe blown open with dynamite. The amount taken was not known. A posse with blood hounds was on the trail of the robbers.

A SEVERE rain and windstorm swept over east Tennessee on the night of the 26th and was followed by a cloudburst on the Tennessee river, 20 miles east of Knoxville. Much damage was done to crops, whole corn fields being almost destroyed. Several houses and barns were washed away. No loss of life is reported.

A SPECIAL from Birmingham, Ala., said a westbound local freight on the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham railway jumped the track near Horse Creek on the 28th and was wrecked. The engine turned over down an embankment. Engineer Boelschlag escaped by jumping, but was badly injured. Fireman Jack Hale was caught under the locomotive and was scalded and crushed to death. Another brakeman, who jumped, was badly injured. Several cars were wrecked and much damage done.

WILLIAM P. TAYLOR and George E. Taylor, wanted in Linn county, Mo., on the charge of murdering the Meeks family near Brownson on May 10, were arrested near Little Rock, Ark. They will return to Missouri without requisition papers.

CALLEN GODLEY, a malatto, was hanged at Bowling Green, Ky., by a mob after admitting that he had made an attempt to assassinate the wife of his employer, Mr. W. P. Coleman.

GENERAL.

THE steamers Croeshill and Norah collided in the British channel. The Norah sank and several of her crew were missing. The Croeshill has been beached.

BOOTH'S lumber mill at Nichandore Falls, Ont., has burned. Loss, \$250,000. The strike against handling Pullman cars was extending all over the country on the 27th. Eleven Chicago roads were tied up. Not a train moved from California, only suburban trains being run. An order was issued for a general strike on the Santa Fe.

POLICE in cities in Italy have made a large number of arrests in consequence of the reported existence of an international anarchistic plot to blow up public buildings and murder prominent political personages.

THE list of those killed by the explosion of the Albion colliery in Wales continues to swell, and the number is now far ahead of the first estimates of the fatalities. Thus far 265 bodies have been brought to the surface. One hundred and twenty of the dead were buried on the 27th. The funeral was attended by 30,000 colliers.

THE Scottish Chambers of Husbandry have adopted a resolution to the effect that the present financial depression is due to the monetary change of 1873, and they have decided to petition parliament in favor of bimetalism.

ABOUT a thousand Italians who fled after the assassination of President Carnot, fearing persecution, were camping in the fields near Metz. Most of them were without means and were suffering many hardships.

A DANISH official of Godthaad in Greenland, writes under date of May 30 that a whaler had reported that Bjorling and Kallstenius, the young Swedish botanists, who set out in 1893 on a voyage of discovery toward the north pole in a forty-five-ton vessel, the crew of which only numbered five men all told, had started in a small open boat in an attempt to reach Labrador.

FAILURES for the week ended June 29 were 214 in the United States, against 307 last year; in Canada 35, against 27 last year.

A DISPATCH from Shanghai says that war between China and Japan is imminent.

It is now established that a regular plot, in which a number of people were concerned, existed to assassinate the French president. The final meeting of the conspirators took place at Cotte, and Santo was chosen by lot to commit the actual murder.

THE LATEST.

THE Montreal express on the Canadian Pacific railroad, went through a trestle between Askwith and Moosehead, Me. Five persons were reported killed and a number injured.

A FREIGHT train, consisting of an engine, caboose and twenty-eight cars, fell through a high trestle on the St. Louis Southwestern road near New Louisville, Ark. Two employees were killed.

FIRE at Gattenburg, Ia., burned a flour mill, agricultural warehouse, hotel and four dwelling houses. A change of wind saved the town from destruction. Loss, \$30,000.

IN Buda Pesth ten houses have been destroyed and twenty-five badly damaged by fire. The loss is 500,000 florins. During the conflagration a wall fell, killing two policemen and injuring several firemen.

BROCKERS John W. McCartney, of Washington, and Elverson R. Chapman, of New York, indicted for refusing to reply to questions of the senate sugar investigating committee, have been arraigned in the criminal court.

IN New York prices of dressed meats have advanced in consequence of the railway strike in the west 1 1/2 to 4 cents a pound, according to the grade.

ALL the miners in the coal shaft at Moweaqua, Ill., have struck against a reduction of 5 cents per ton. They had been receiving 10 cents more than the old scale, and worked all through the big strike.

THE Hamburg-American line steamer Venetia, Capt. Von Bassowitz, which sailed from Christiania June 30 for New York, was reported ashore at Stroms Island, off the northerly coast of Scotland.

THE senate on the 2d had an exciting time over Senator Hill's amendment for the sugar bounty repeal to take effect on the passage of the act instead of next January. The amendment finally carried. The house held a brief session and on account of the difficulty of holding a quorum nothing of importance was done. A resolution was passed directing the commissioner of labor to investigate the question of work and wages of women and children.

THERE was little change in the railroad strike situation over the country on the 2d. Serious trouble was reported from Chicago and the lawless element was in complete control at Blue Island. United States court orders being ignored and deputies unable to keep the peace. A call was made for federal troops.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

Kansas Fairs.

Following is a list of fairs to be held in Kansas during the present year: Allen county, Moran, August 22-25.

Anderson county, Garnett, September 4-7. Brown county, Hlawatha, September 4-7. Chase county, Cottonwood Falls, September 25-28.

Clay county, Clay Center, August 23-31. Coffey county, Burlington, September 10-14. Cowley county, Winfield, September 25-27.

Crawford county, Girard, August 23-31. Finney county, Garden City, October 4-4. Franklin county, Ottawa, September 17-21.

District Fair, Franklin county, Lane, September 11-14.

Greeley county, Horace, September 25-27. Jackson county, Holton, September 24-28.

Jefferson county, Oskaloosa, October 10-12. Johnson county, Co-operative Fair association, Edgerton, September 23-28.

Johnson county, Olathe, August 23-31. Linn county, Mound City, September 10-14.

Frankfort Fair association, Marshall county, Frankfort, September 18-21.

Miami county, Paola, September 25-28. Montgomery county, Independence, September 18-21.

Morris county, Council Grove, September 18-21.

Nemaha Fair association, Seneca, September 11-14.

Neosho county, Erie, September 4-7.

Osage county, Burlingame, September 23-25. Osborne county, Osborne, September 11-14.

Montgomery county, Independence, September 18-21.

Saline county, Salina, September 13-16.

Kansas State Fair, Wichita, October 2-5.

Wilson county, Fredonia, September 11-14.

Miscellaneous.

Nine Indian pupils graduated at Haskell institute in Lawrence.

Miners at several of the coal mines in Leavenworth struck again the other day.

Gov. McKinley, of Ohio, it is said, cannot visit Kansas and speak at Ottawa, as had been previously announced.

Montgomery county has harvested and is stacking without injury by rain or rust, the finest crop of wheat its farmers ever garnered. It is estimated all the way from 600,000 to 750,000 bushels.

Hugo Brandt, a white employe of the Ballou house at Ellsworth, shot and killed William Richardson, the colored cook at the same house, the other morning. Brandt surrendered to the authorities.

Lightning played havoc at Nortonville during one of the late storms that passed over that place. Two horses were killed and the house of C. O. Hansen was badly wrecked by being struck and a young lady had a narrow escape from death.

R. F. Sloat, the Santa Fe conductor who was discharged at Topeka for refusing to take his train out, because of the Pullman boycott, is being boomed for the legislature. Sloat is president of the local branch of the American Railway union.

Mrs. Nannie Hensley, a married woman of Kansas City, Kan., has filed suit in the common pleas court of that city claiming \$14,883 damages from the owners of the several gambling houses, where she alleges her husband has spent all his earnings the past two years.

Joseph H. Smith, the populist lawyer who wrote a letter to Gov. Leveiling last January, setting forth wholesale charges of boodling and corruption on the part of the police authorities of Kansas City, Kan., was acquitted of the charge of criminal libel by a jury in the Wyandotte district court the other day.

Pensions lately granted Kansas veterans: Original, David Criswell, Junction City; Amos Sutton, Eureka; John T. Spencer, Pontani. Reissue, John Nelson, Great Bend; Nathaniel W. Pickard, Florence. Reissue and increase, George Van Norwick, Oketo. Original widows, etc., Annie M. Stowell, Lebo.

Judge Hazen, of the Shawnee county district court, has decided what is known in insurance circles as the "reciprocal tax" case, holding that the claim made by the Kansas Insurance department of a right to collect a tax on the gross premiums received by New York fire companies in Kansas was not well founded.

An effort is being made in Kansas to organize a state retail jewelers' association. A number of jewelers met at Topeka the other night and a committee was appointed to issue a circular letter to jewelers, with a view of ascertaining whether they would rather form a state association, or join the Missouri and Kansas Jewelers' association.

Late the other night James Thompson, 21 years of age, climbed on top of a freight car standing in the Santa Fe yards at Topeka and took a seat on the brake wheel. Without warning a number of cars were switched against the car occupied by Thompson, throwing him off. His clothes caught on the brake beam at the side and he was dragged to death.

Following were the expenses of the state charitable institutions for May: Insane asylum, Topeka, \$7,001.48; industrial school, Beloit, \$531.72; insane asylum, Osawatimie, \$6,646.82; blind asylum, Kansas City, \$1,376.10; deaf and dumb asylum, Olathe, \$2,854.25; imbecile asylum, Winfield, \$714.52; reform school, Topeka, \$1,829.07; soldiers' orphans' home, Atchison, \$1,759.62.

M. E. Phelps, of Smith county, who had been an inmate of the state insane asylum for five years, appeared before Judge Hazen, of the Shawnee county district court the other day on a writ of habeas corpus, and after a hearing was discharged from the institution. There was no evidence that Phillips had ever been insane, and he claims that he was sent to the asylum without a hearing.

A CRISIS.

Chicago Strikers Lock Horns with State and Federal Troops.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES ROTTING.

Complete Interruption of Freight Traffic at St. Louis—The Pacific Coast—General Managers' Bulletin—President Debs Interviewed.

CHICAGO, July 3.—Yesterday's developments in the great Pullman-A. R. U. strike have been prolific in sensationalism, the principal theater being in Chicago and adjacent suburbs. The first serious clash occurred when 200 deputy United States marshals were surrounded at Blue Island by 2,000 strikers, who openly defied federal authority. Weapons were drawn by both sides, and Deputy United States Marshal John A. Logan was painfully cut with a knife, but when a bloody conflict seemed imminent the deputies retired to their barracks cars to await reinforcements from Fort Sheridan, leaving the strikers masters of the situation.

Last evening an injunction from the United States court was read and bulletined. The authority of the United States was openly derided, and after a few minutes quiet, the riotous spirit of the strikers asserted itself. At midnight reports of other disorder were current, it being stated that the strikers were tearing down the bulletin mandate of the court.

Fearing to precipitate bloodshed the Rock Island company decided after its 5:30 express had been gotten through, not to make any further efforts to move trains, but to-day can hardly fail to bring a crisis. The strikers have now locked horns with the state and federal authorities.

A number of trains have been derailed by misplaced switches. A Panhandle train was partly derailed at Kinzie and Canal streets last night, but was not seriously delayed.

Tons of fruit, vegetables, ice, meats, and other perishable goods stand in the cars, under a broiling sun, no one caring or daring to move it to the destination. Dumb animals crowded into stock cars suffer thirst and hunger, and prices of vegetables and fruits are going up.

RIOT AT BLUE ISLAND. BLUE ISLAND, Ill., July 3.—The present outlook here is not the most prosperous for law and order. There is a very turbulent element among the strikers, especially among their sympathizers, 2,000 of whom are employed in the different yards at Blue Island. These men are off for the Fourth of July and it is the element that is most feared.

Yesterday morning a train having on board 100 deputy United States marshals, commanded by United States Marshal Arnold, came into the yards and was stopped by the strikers. A small riot followed, in which guns and knives were drawn and a general knock down fight occurred.

IMPROVING IN DENVER.

DENVER, Col., July 3.—The situation in this city, so far as the operating of passenger trains is concerned, showed some improvement yesterday. The usual morning trains were sent out in all directions. The Santa Fe brought in a train from the east which had been four days on the road from Chicago. The Union Pacific Cheyenne train came in without a sleeper, but this was because connections were missed. There was no train from the east on the Rock Island, it being tied up at Omaha. The Denver & Rio Grande is running all passenger trains. Few freight trains are running on any of the roads.

Five companies of the Seventh regiment, United States army, stationed at Fort Logan, left at 3:30 o'clock, yesterday morning on a special train for Trinidad, where over 100 deputy marshals were dispersed by a mob. The troops are under command of Col. Ward and Lieut.-Col. Baker.

OUT IN ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, July 3.—The status of the railroad strike here is that of almost complete interruption of freight traffic, while passenger trains made up by yardmasters and a number of terminal association switchmen who have returned to work are moving practically on time. On both sides of the river all switchmen have struck except those on the Wabash Western and the St. Louis, Keokuk & Northwestern. In all about 1,500 men have gone out in all the yards and perhaps 2,000 more have been thrown out in unskilled lines of labor by the defection of the switchmen and their allies. The only additions to the ranks of the strikers yesterday were the freight brakemen of the St. Louis division of the Louisville & Nashville, who have thereby laid up that division.

NO TROUBLE AT ST. JOSEPH.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 3.—It is not unlikely that a general tie-up on all of the roads running into St. Joseph will occur at any time. Members of the American Railway union are reticent on the subject, merely saying they expect to do what they think is right at all times. How soon they may decide that it is the proper thing to bring about a general tie-up no one can accurately foretell.

The American Railway union of this city will hold another meeting to-night, at which their future course will possibly be outlined.

CONGRESSIONAL.

The Proceedings of the Week Briefly Given.

WHEN the senate met on the 25th Senator Morgan, chairman of the committee on foreign relations, offered resolutions of sympathy and sorrow on the bereavement that had fallen upon France in the assassination of President Carnot, which the senate adopted and immediately adjourned. When the house met a message from the president was received giving officially the fact of the assassination of the French president. Resolutions of sympathy were offered by Mr. McCreary, and after speeches they were adopted and the house adjourned.

THE senate entered upon the thirteenth week of the tariff drag on the 26th. Mr. Hill continuing his opposition to the income tax by offering various amendments. Several committee amendments were accepted but Mr. Hill's were rejected. At 6:10 o'clock the senate adjourned. The house passed the bill making labor day a legal holiday and the elections committee made two reports on the Moore-Punston contest from the Second Kansas district. The majority report favors the seating of Moore. The minority report, signed only by republicans, favored Punston. The house then further considered the deficiency bill and adjourned at 5:10 o'clock.

The senate continued to grind on the income tax provision of the tariff bill on the 27th. The debate was uninteresting and continued until 6:20 o'clock. The house got into a squabble on the New Mexico admission bill and did not finally dispose of it. A cablegram from the French government acknowledging the action of congress on the death of President Carnot was received and two or three unimportant local matters disposed of.

Mr. Hoar did some filibustering when the senate met on the 28th, but at the regular hour the tariff bill was taken up and rapid progress made. A motion by Senator Hill to strike out the income tax provision was defeated by 24 to 40. Three democrats voted for it and six republicans against striking out. The last section of the bill was reached at 7 o'clock when the senate adjourned. After the disposal of routine business and passing several local bills the house took up and passed the bill for the admission of New Mexico as a state. Pending consideration of a District of Columbia bill a quorum disappeared and the house adjourned.

WHEN the senate met on the 29th the joint resolution appointing Charles M. Anderson, of Ohio, Sidney J. Cook, of Kansas, and A. L. Pearson, of Pennsylvania, members of the board of managers of the national home for disabled volunteers passed. The joint resolution continuing the annual appropriations thirty days after June 30 also passed. The tariff bill was then taken up and completed in committee of the whole. It was formally reported to the senate and after an executive session the senate adjourned until Monday. The house engaged in filibustering over the Watson-Black contested case from Georgia, but finally adopted the report of the elections committee which declared Black elected. A few minor bills passed and pension bills were considered at the evening session.

The senate was not in session on the 30th. The house held a short session and cleared the calendar of all pension cases which had been agreed to in committee of the whole at Friday night sessions.

TWO WORRIED PAINTERS.

They Couldn't Suit Customers Who Didn't Understand "Art."

They were both well-known New York portrait painters, and as they met each noticed that the other seemed careworn.

"You look weary, Joe," observed the first. "What's up, anyhow?"

"I am just as weary as I look," returned the other sourly. "You know that portrait I'm painting? I finished it the other day, and showed it to the man's wife. What do you think she said when she saw it?"

"Give it up," returned his friend.

"You know it's a three-quarter picture, and the first thing that struck her when she saw it was that there was only one ear of her husband showing. She complained about it. She said her husband had two ears, and she thought that she ought to see the other. I argued with her for half an hour, trying to explain the laws of perspective, but it was all fruitless. She wouldn't or she couldn't understand. She liked the likeness well enough, but she insisted upon having the two ears."

"Well, what did you do about it?" asked his friend.

"What did I do?" repeated the other solemnly. "Why, I saved my bacon; I erased my name from the picture and painted the second ear on the profile of the cheek. She was satisfied and I was paid. But it wasn't art."

The other painter laughed.

"I'm having a little experience of my own," he said, "that's about driving me insane. I've just finished the portrait of a well-known young lady. Her friends are coming up to the studio every day to inspect it. Her mother thought that I had painted her face too yellow, and so I made it lighter. Then her grandmother came, and thought the drapery too low. So I raised it. Then her aunt came and criticized the hair as being too brown. I had just lightened it, when her cousin dropped in and insisted that it was too shades darker. Then as to the eyes. According to the different opinions of her relatives and friends their color must be as variable as that of the chameleon. I have repainted them three times, and how many more times I'll have to do so I don't know. And so it continues, day after day, and before that portrait gives satisfaction I believe my hair'll be turned gray."

And the worried painter drowned his sorrows in a cocktail.—N. Y. Record.

Pat's Certificate.

"I hope, son, you will assist a poor man whose house and everything that was in it, including me family, sor, was burned up two months ago last Thursday, sor."

The merchant to whom this appeal was addressed, while very philanthropic, is also very cautious, so he asked: "Have you any papers or certificate to show that you lost anything by the fire?"

"I did have a certificate, sor, signed before a notary public, to that effect, but it was burned up, sor, in the house with me family and the rest of me effects."—Tit-Bits.

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.
COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS

A GARDEN OF LONG, LONG AGO.

I can see long back in fancy, in kaleidoscopic view.
Mid the circling disc of time rings that my mind is gazing through—
A fairyland of beauty which my yearly childhood knew.
Where the purest, sweetest flowers and the softest mosses grew.
The paths were stiffly outlined by a bordering of box.
The flower beds flashed brightly with marigold and phlox.
While the grapevines grew precisely, in a fashion orthodox.
To evade the crafty cunning of each spilling two-legged fox.
I can see the drooping pear tree, stooping low to touch the ground.
And deposit ripened sweetness where it soonest could be found.
While the honey bees grew heavy, as they circled round and round.
And clapped their wings in soft applause, with hazy, happy sound.
The currants flashed to crimson 'neath the brightness of the sun.
Until, all red and rosy, they shook their heads for fun.
And tumbled off demurely in the green grass, one by one.
To wait until the children adown the pathway run.
And then—the very best of all—the merry little brook.
That dashed along and splashed along with circling curve and crook.
Yet held its little mirrors where the lilies bent to look.
And gave us tiny concerts from a natural music book.
As I tell myself the story, my heart is all aglow with reverberating pleasures, that from the merry grow.
So I write down glimpses of it, that others, too, may know.
The sweetness and completeness of the distant long ago.
—Alice Crary, in Ladies' Home Journal.

ANNIE'S SURPRISE.

How Her True, Sisterly Devotion Was Amply Rewarded.

Annie Sargent was fifteen when her mother died; the three boys were older. Jabez Sargent never got along well with his children; he was too hasty and unreasonable. When his wife was alive she had often prevented wordy wars between her husband and the boys. Annie did not have her mother's tact, and besides she stood in awe of her father. So when he scolded the boys she would look frightened at first and then run away where she could not hear their angry voices.

When Will, the oldest, was twenty-one he went to the city to find work. He had a hard time, but the folks at home never knew about it. He was capable and determined, so two years later, when Joe came of age, Will was able to get him a good situation. Only Fred and Annie were left at home after that.

It was only a month after Joe went away that Fred had a letter urging him to join his brothers in the city. "Why should you stay on that old farm, when you might be here with us, earning a dollar and a half a day at least? Talk with father about it and let me know soon."

Fred looked up from the letter with bright eyes. "What is it?" asked Annie. She was clearing up the dinner-table.

"Joe wants me to go to the city. He's got a place for me, and I can earn a dollar and a half a day at the very first. Do you believe father will let me go? Where is he?"

"Out in the barn," Annie's voice sounded strange to Fred, but he was hurrying out of the door. He glanced in at the window as he passed it. He did not stop, but Annie's face haunted him. He tried to think it was the unevenness of the window glass that distorted her features, but he knew it was tears that made her eyes so bright.

"I suppose you can go," said his father, rather ungraciously, "but I'd rather you'd stay here. You can help a good deal about the farm when you are a mind to—but you ain't a mind to most of the time."

Fred went back into the house. He was jubilant to think that he was going, but indignant at his father's remarks.

He got a piece of paper, a pen and the ink bottle and began a letter to his brother. He wrote it hastily and put it in an envelope before Annie came into the room. He could not look up just then, for he was writing Joe's name on the envelope. When he had finished he said: "Father says I can go, and I am going to take this letter to the post office right off. I told Joe I'd be there in a week."

Annie did not speak; her back was towards him.

Half a mile from the Sargents lived old Mrs. Millicent Jennings. She was a friend to all the boys and girls in the neighborhood, and even the older people were sometimes glad to get her advice, for she had a "level head." After Fred had mailed his letter he went directly to Aunt Millie's to tell her his plans. She was sitting in the kitchen knitting when he went in.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, looking at him: "good news, I guess."

He told her the news, and she listened quietly. She was silent so long after he finished that he began to be impatient. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

"I think," she said, slowly, "that you might have waited a little before you decided to go."

"What's the use to wait?"

"You might have thought of some things that would make you feel you ought to stay at home."

"What things? I don't like the way father treats me."

"Does he treat Annie any better?"

"I don't know's he does."

"How did Annie feel when the other boys went away?"

"Blue for a week."

"Who cheered her up?"

"I tried to—father didn't seem to notice."

"It will be pretty lonesome for her if you go."
"I could write often and—"
"But you wouldn't."
"And I'd earn so much money that I could give her things she wants."
"I guess you'd find you could use all you'd earn for yourself."

"What! Do you think I ought to stay at home just for Annie?"
"Well, considering that she left school when she wanted to be a teacher, and gave up all her plans, and stayed at home and worked hard just for Will and Joe and Fred—it does seem rather tough for them all to desert her and go and do what they want to."

Fred looked very sober.
"Think it over," said Aunt Millie.
"But I've written," he returned, brightening a little.
"Couldn't you write again?"
"I suppose so."

"I hope I haven't made you angry, Frederick," she said, as he rose to go. "Oh, no," he answered somewhat shortly.

That night at supper there was hardly a word spoken. Jabez never talked at meal times. Fred was thinking. He looked at Annie furtively. Her eyes were red, and he thought she did not eat much.

When she began to wash dishes, he took the dish towel away from her. She looked at him in astonishment. "I can wipe them," she said, huskily. "So can I," Fred answered.

He did not sleep much that night. The next morning after breakfast he followed his father out to the barn. He was gone a long time. When he came in there was a queer expression on his face; satisfaction, regret, resentment and high resolve. He got the writing materials and sat down at the dining table. Annie was paring apples. She watched him closely.

"Want to send any word to Joe?" he asked, looking up. "I'm writing to him."

"Send my love," she said, and bent over the apples. Fred, noticed, and smiled.

"Want to read it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'll wash my hands first."

She took the letter and began to read.

"Poor little girl," Fred thought, as he looked at her woe-begone face.

The woe-begone expression did not stay long. She looked up quickly, and saw him smiling at her.

She opened her lips to speak, but choked instead. She threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tight; it was his turn to choke then.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she sobbed. "It would have killed me."

Fred had to write the letter over again, it was so crumpled up in the embrace.

This happened the last of May. When Fred told Aunt Millie about it the old lady looked pleased, and when he told her something else she laid her knitting down deliberately, walked over to him, took his face between her hands and looked into his eyes.

"If you do it," she said, "you're a regular— Well, we'll wait and see."

Then she kissed him.

"What are you reading?" asked Annie one evening.

"A very interesting book," answered Fred, gravely.

She looked over his shoulder. "The cook book?"

"Why not?"

"Don't I feed you enough? Are you hungry?"

"I have enough to eat, but I want to learn to cook. Will you teach me?"

Annie laughed. "Get a few more who want to learn, and I'll start a cooking school."

Fred looked serious. "I'm not joking," he said. "Please take me seriously for once. Will you teach me to cook?"

"What do you want to cook for?"

"I have a feeling that perhaps I am a born cook. Who knows but what I may be the genius of the family? Think of the salary a French chef gets, and do not, I beg of you, refuse to give me my first lesson."

"If you are in earnest, you can come and mix up the bread," and Annie whisked off her apron and held it out to him.

Fred sprang to his feet and caught the apron from her hand.

"Why don't you have the strings longer?"

"They are long enough for me. Here!—I'll pin it with two pins."

Fred brought a rocking-chair from the sitting-room, and made Annie sit in it. "Now, tell me everything to do."

Fred took great pride in that bread, for it turned out well, and after that he insisted on making all the bread.

His success was not so good with other things. When Annie gave him minute directions he got along all right, but when he tried to go alone he met with mishaps.

Fred kept his temper, and studied the cook book diligently. Sometimes he would take his perplexities to Aunt Millie.

"Say, Aunt Millie! I made an old-fashioned johnnycake this morning, and when I tried to turn it over it fell to pieces; what made it do that?"

"Did the water boil when you put it into the meal?"

"Not quite."

"That is what's the matter."

Then the next time he saw her he would say: "I had the water boiling this time, and the johnnycake was a number one."

Fred did not devote all his energies to the art of cooking. He worked with his father a part of the time, and Annie noticed, with surprise and pleasure, how well they got along together.

One evening in July, Fred said to Annie: "How long is it since you have been to see Mary Slocum?"

Mary Slocum was one of Annie's friends, who lived in the next town.

"I have not been there to stay any for two years."

"Haven't you got a standing invitation to go there and stop a month?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then write to her this very night"

and tell her you are coming next Friday to spend a week with her."

"How can I leave?"

"Father and I will be glad to be rid of you for a week," he said, jokingly.

"I can cook—you admit that my bread is better than yours. We shall get along all right."

The end of it was that she went and had a good time.

"But they know so much," she confided to Fred. "I felt as though I didn't know a thing, and Mary does splendidly with her school."

They were washing dishes, and Fred carried a dish away, and in the seclusion of the pantry laughed softly and said to himself: "Just what I wanted."

"Let's take a walk," Fred said, after the dishes were finished.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and they walked along for some distance in silence. They climbed a big boulder and sat down.

"You see that building over there?" began Fred.

"The schoolhouse? Yes."

"You know how hard it is to get a teacher who will stay more than one term?"

"Yes, it is so lonesome."

"Exactly. Well, before many more years have passed you are going to be the teacher of that school."

"Why, Fred! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, my dear."

"How in the world—"

"Now, Annie, don't you say one word. Remember I am the oldest, and you have got to do just as I say."

"You are a rather remarkable girl, and I want you to live up to your reputation by keeping perfectly silent while I explain. In two weeks examination papers will come, and if you pass the examination—and you must—you will go to the city and study to be a teacher. You will board where Will and Joe do, and they will look out for you. Your vacations will be spent at home here, and if you are very anxious, I'll let you do so some of the work then."

"But, Fred! how can I go? It will be worse than for you to go."

"There is no question about it," said Fred, firmly. "You are going. And now this next fortnight you must study hard. I'll help you what I can."

"But the money?"

"Never mind about the money—that's all fixed."

There was silence for a moment.

"Now say you are pleased."

But Annie could not speak just then.

—Susan B. Robins, in American Agriculturist.

HIS FIRST OF THE KIND.

A Hunter Tells How He Got His Initial Rhinoceros.

A hunter in Africa tells how he shot his first rhinoceros near Kilima-Njaro.

He crawled along the grass till within fifty yards of the big beast. "Then," he says, "I raised my head, saw that some twenty yards farther on there was a tuft of slightly longer grass, and determined to get up to this before firing. However, just before we reached it some half dozen birds came from the direction of the other two rhinos and settled on our cow's back, but we eventually succeeded in reaching the tuft. The difficulty now was to get into a sitting position and ready to shoot without being seen by the birds. To do this I worked my legs toward the rhino as I lay on my side and gradually raised myself into a sitting position, but at that instant the birds saw me and flew up with their usual cry of alarm. At the same moment the rhino raised himself on his forelegs like a huge pig, and I then realized that I was nearer than I intended to get—only about twenty yards separating us—but she did not appear to see me. As she remained sitting in this position, without moving my body, which I knew might attract attention, I stretched out my arm behind me for the four-bore, but did not feel it at first, and thought that for once my faithful Ramazan had received rather a shock to his nerves on finding himself at such close quarters. However, he put it in my hand at last, after a delay of perhaps two seconds, which appeared to me much longer, and I quickly planted a bullet on the point of her left shoulder, which knocked her over. Reloading before I moved, I saw she was still down, but making desperate efforts to get up; but as she was lying on her left side, with her broken shoulder under her, she was unable to do so, and I ran up and dispatched her with a shot in the neck."—Chicago Times.

TURNING THE TABLES.

The Negro Met the Lawyer on His Own Ground.

A Kentucky lawyer was standing on the steps of the Covington post office the other day, when an old colored man came up, and, touching his hat, asked:

"Kin you tell me, is dis de place where dey sell postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir; this is the place," replied the lawyer, seeing a chance for a little quiet fun: "but what do you want with postage stamps, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of course."

"Well, then, you needn't bother about stamps; you don't have to put any on this week."

"I don't?"

"No, sir."

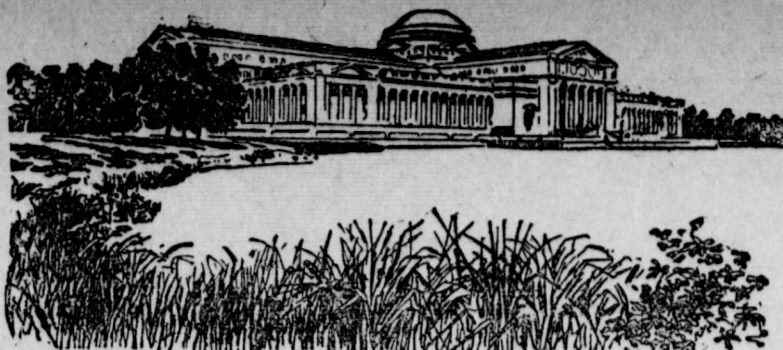
"Why—for not?"

"Well, you see, the conglomeration of the hypothesis has differentiated the parallelogram so much that the consanguinity don't emulate the ordinary effervescence, and so the government has decided to send letters free."

The old man took off his hat dubiously, shook his head, and then, with a long breath, remarked:

"Well, boss, all dat may be true, an' I don't say it an't, but just s'posed dat de eccentricity of the aggregation transubstantiates de ignominiousness of de puppindickler and sublimites de puspicuity of de consequences—don't you qualificate dat de government would confiscate dat dare letter? I guess I'd jest better put some stamps on anyhow, fer luck!"

And the old man passed solemnly down the street.—Chicago Times.



FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, CHICAGO.

Located at Jackson Park, Chicago, and formerly known as the Fine Arts Palace of the World's Columbian Exposition. It contains many rare collections, exceeding in value and interest all other similar enterprises in the country. The National Museum at Washington excepted. The museum is open to the public free of charge Saturdays and Sundays. On other days an admission fee of 25 cents is charged.

ZOOLOGICAL ODDITIES.

An Hour with the Animals at Lincoln Park.

Major, the Big Lion, Is a Chivalric Sort of a Creature and Extremely Fond of Jennie, His Mate—A Bear Who Loves Sugar.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

The animals and birds from all parts of the world which make up the zoological collection at Lincoln park, Chicago, know when Sunday comes every bit as well as does the calendar man. More than this, they keep Sunday much more consistently than do many men and women who advocate its strict observance.

The head keeper of the large, oddly-assorted family of creatures strange and familiar, Mr. C. B. De Vry, has for



MAJOR WAITING FOR HIS DINNER.

them the solicitous fondness which makes him keenly observant of them. He feeds them all every day in the week excepting Sundays. As it is found that animals are healthier when they fast one day in the week Mr. De Vry decided not to feed them on Sunday, as that enabled him to let his helpers have at least a part of the day to themselves. During the week they are fed at four o'clock each afternoon, and for half an hour before the keeper appears with their food they devote themselves to watching for his coming. They move restlessly about their cages, looking anxiously in the direction from which he approaches. They never mistake the time of day and never fail to keep their watch save on Sunday, when they show not even the slightest signs of restlessness when their usual feeding time approaches.

Mr. De Vry says that after the animals have been in the park a few months they never make a mistake as to the day of the week.

A little observation demonstrates the fact that animals are as individual as are human beings, and that there is, for example, as much difference among lions as there is among human beings of the same race. Among those who are wise as to lions and can judge them as certain men judge horses, Major, the splendid male lion of the Lincoln park collection, is considered one of the finest of his kind in confinement. He certainly is a superb picture of might, ferocity and courage, tempered with dignity and grace. Whether or not the reasons, he does many things which would seem to indicate that he does, and he certainly remembers and is essentially faithful to his friends. He was brought up on a bottle by a woman living in Chicago.

For months he had not seen her and as every one knows who has visited the animal house in Lincoln park there are throngs of people about the cages from early in the morning until late at night every day in the week. One day she came to see him, and almost as soon as she entered the door, and long before she could get near his cage, he saw her and rushed against the bars in his anxiety to welcome her. When she came close to his cage a glad child could not have evidenced more affectionate regard than did this magnificent, regal king of beasts.

Major is very fond of Mr. De Vry and his great amber eyes glow with pleasure every time he comes near him. When he enters his cage, as he often does, Major puts his wide, soft paw on his shoulder and lays his big nose against his cheek. Gentle and apparently quite guileless as he is most of the time, there are occasions when he displays the savagery of his kind crops out. He is very fond of his mate Jennie and always treats her with a gentle complaisance and consideration worthy of a knight-errant of old.

The keeper laughingly says that in all the years they have been together he does not think they have had one cross word. At one time some new lions were brought to the park and it was thought advisable to put one of them with Major as his mate. When she was put in his cage he deliberately turned his back on her, and in a day or two became so cross that even the keeper, of whom he is so fond, could not go near him. He neglected his food and was becoming quite a wreck when it was decided that Jennie should be restored to him. No sooner was she placed in his cage than his bad temper vanished and soon he was quite himself again.

In a cage next the one occupied by Major and Jennie are two magnificent tigers which exhibit at all times and

under all circumstances a hatred of Mr. De Vry which is in singular contrast to the fondness which the lions exhibit for him. This is not the result of any trouble between the keeper and the beasts, but was true from the first time they saw him. Whenever he comes within sight of their cage they become the personification of ferocity. They open their wide jaws until every one of their heavy teeth are visible, their great eyes become green with rage, and switching their great tails they snarl and growl in a way to make one shudder. As long as they can see him they keep this up, and it is just the same when he comes to them bringing their food. It seems to be an exaggerated case of such dislike as sometimes exists, without any reason whatever, between human beings.

Many of the animals are the special pets of frequenters of the park. Between an old and well-known physician and a big, shy elk there is the best possible understanding. Wherever the elk is, when he hears the doctor's low, peculiar whistle he at once gives all his attention to locating him, and when he discovers where he is rushes to him with every evidence of delight. One of the half-grown bears has a way of expressing his joy when a lady, who is in the habit of bringing him lumps of sugar when she comes to the park, makes her appearance, by howling in a way that he is never known to do at any other time. As soon as he receives his lumps of sugar he ceases these demonstrations. One day this lady, riding unexpectedly through the park, did not have with her the usual portion of sugar. Although she sat well back in the carriage the bear caught sight of her and set up his usual howl, and as she had nothing with which to appease him he kept it up until she was well out of sight. The next time he saw her he started to howl a greeting, as had been his wont, when, as if remembering that he had not been treated well on the occasion of their last meeting, he stopped short and declined to be friendly until after he had been given his treat of sugar lumps.

The way in which some of the animals become the possession of the park commissioners is peculiar. For instance, the big brown bear, "Old Jim," was at one time in his career a dancer, and made an uncertain income for the little Italian who owned him, by performing as they went up and down the country together. He was always given to fits of bad temper, which have now become chronic—and one day after dancing for a gaping crowd while he was still on his hind legs he seized his owner and hugged him to death. As no one was discovered who belonged to the Italian save the bear, there seemed nothing better to do with him than to take him to Lincoln park. He has been there for many years, and is now grown very decrepit, and, in fact, is suffering all the inconveniences of old age. A year ago he could scarcely see, but he is now getting the second sight of the aged. His temper has not altered for the better, however, as he has grown older. He has no use for anybody but himself, and when he is permitted to exercise in the open part of the pit where the bears are confined it is necessary to shut out all the others to prevent a battle.

Among the birds is a small, silver-gray parrot with a brilliant red tail



LISTENING FOR THE CALL.

which, because of its intelligence and powers of imitation, is a great pet with those employed about the park. No sooner does he see the gray uniform of the park police than after turning his head first on one side and then the other as if he were thinking it all over he sends forth a perfect imitation of a policeman's whistle. Whenever he hears a new sound which he considers worth reproducing, after listening very attentively and apparently thinking it over most carefully, he repeats it with the utmost accuracy and, having done so, looks about as much as to say: "I don't think that could be improved upon, do you?"

ANTOINETTE VAN HORNEN.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

"The old man run fer sheriff, didn't he?"
"Yes." "And they beat him?" "Yes; but he's still ahead." "How's that?" "Feller shot the sheriff an' the old man's corner!"

A Book of Books for 2 Stamps.

A copy of the "ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE" of the "Four-Track" Series, New York Central Books and Etchings, the only book of its kind ever published, will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of two two-cent stamps, by GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

"Don't seek the beautiful, sweet maid,
Amid these pastoral scenes
Of flowers in richest verdure framed?"
She answered, shortly: "Greens."

—Detroit Tribune.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

When an actress is young she has her lithographic likeness, and when she is old she does not depart therefrom.—Boston Transcript.

BEAUTY marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

It never cools a man off when the street sprinkler throws water on him.—Atchison Globe.

Higgs—"Figs is prospering, isn't he?" Hatch—"Oh, yes. He's got now to where he can pass his butcher."—Judge.

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story. The great volume of evidence in the form of unpurchased, voluntary testimonials prove beyond doubt that

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be Sure to Get Hood's Cures
Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

TO A SCHOOLGIRL.

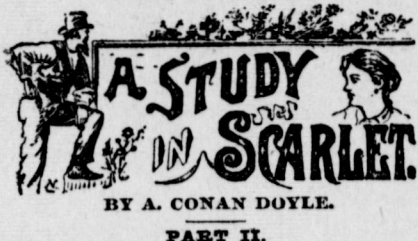
Her smooth head bending low,
She pores with eager joy,
Dark eyes and cheeks aglow,
O'er the old tale of Troy.
Dear heart and innocent soul!
Thy may the growing years,
As thy quick spring-tides roll,
Bring joy, not tears.

For thee let knowledge spread
History's tented page,
Quaint thoughts of sages dead,
The poet's noble rage,
Gains patient science gives,
And lettered fancies fine,
The master-word which lives,
Deathless, divine.

For thee let music wake
Deep, inarticulate chords,
Which the rap-soul can take
Swifter than any words:
Art's precious garden smoothes
Through gates enwreathed with flowers,
And fairy dreams beguile
Thy blameless hours.

But may no learning dim
Those clear, regarding eyes;
Still let the morning hymn
And orisons arise,
Leave knowledge to the mind,
And not the heart, can move;
Still, girl, thy treasure find
In faith and love.

—Lewis Morris, in London Queen.



CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"The moment for which I had waited so long had at last come. I had my enemies within my power. Together they could protect each other, but singly they were at my mercy. I did not act, however, with undue precipitation. My plans were already formed. There is no satisfaction in vengeance unless the offender has time to realize who it is that strikes him, and why retribution has come upon him. I had my plans arranged by which I should have the opportunity of making the man who had wronged me understand that his old sin had found him out. It chanced that some days before a gentleman who had been engaged in looking over some houses in the Brixton road had dropped the key of one of them in my carriage. It was claimed that same evening and returned; but in the interval I had taken a moulding of it, and had a duplicate constructed. By means of this I had access to at least one spot in this great city where I could rely upon being free from interruption. How to get Drebbler to that house was the difficult problem which I had now to solve.

"He walked down the road and went into one or two liquor-shops, staying for nearly half an hour in the last of them. When he came out he staggered in his walk, and was evidently pretty well on. There was a hansom just in front of me, and he hailed it. I followed it so close that the nose of my horse was within a yard of his driver the whole way. We rattled across Waterloo bridge and through miles of streets, until, to my astonishment, we found ourselves back in the terrace in which he had boarded. I could not imagine what his intention was in returning there; but I went on and pulled up my cab a hundred yards or so from the house. He entered it and his hansom drove away. Give me a glass of water, if you please. My mouth gets dry with the talking."

have a draw out of one of these boxes, while I ate the pill that remained. It would be quite as deadly, and a good deal less noisy than firing across a handkerchief. From that day I had always my pill-boxes about with me, and the time had now come when I was to use them.

"It was nearer one than twelve, and a wild, bleak night, blowing hard and raining in torrents. Dismal as it was outside, I was glad within—so glad that I could have shouted out from pure exultation. If any of you gentlemen have ever pined for a thing and longed for it during twenty long years, and then suddenly found it within your reach, you would understand my feelings. I lit a cigar and puffed at it to steady my nerves, but my hands were trembling and my temples throbbing with excitement. As I drove, I could see old John Ferrier and sweet Lucy looking at me out of the darkness and smiling at me, just as plain as I see you all in this room. All the way they were ahead of me, one on each side of the horse, until I pulled up at the house in the Brixton road.

"There was not a soul to be seen, nor a sound to be heard except the dripping of the rain. When I looked in at the window I found Drebbler all huddled together in a drunken sleep. I shook him by the arm. 'It's time to go out,' I said.

"All right, cabby," said he. "I suppose he thought we had come to the hotel that he had mentioned, for he got out without another word and followed me down the garden. I had to walk beside him to keep him steady, for he was still a little top-heavy. When we came to the door I opened it and led him into the front room. I give you my word that, all the way, the father and daughter were walking in front of us.

"It's infernally dark," said he, stamping about.

"We'll soon have a light," I said, striking a match and putting it to a wax candle which I had brought with me. "Now, Enoch Drebbler," I continued, turning to him, and holding the light to my own face: "Who am I?"

"He gazed at me with bleared, drunken eyes for a moment, and then I saw a horror spring up in them and convulse his whole features, which showed me that he knew me. He



"HE GAZED AT ME WITH BLEARED DRUNKEN EYES A MOMENT."

staggered back with a livid face, and I saw the perspiration break out upon his brow, while his teeth chattered. At the sight I leaned my back against the door and laughed loud and long. I had always known that vengeance would be sweet, but had never hoped for the contentment of soul which now possessed me.

"You dog!" I said; "I have hunted you from Salt Lake City to St. Petersburg, and you have always escaped me. Now at last your wanderings have come to an end, for either you or I shall never see to-morrow's sun rise." He shrank still farther away as I spoke, and I could see on his face that he thought I was mad. So I was for the time. The pulses in my temples beat like sledge-hammers, and I believe I would have had a fit of some sort if the blood had not gushed from my nose and relieved me.

"What do you think of Lucy Ferrier now?" I cried, looking the door and shaking the key in his face. "Punishment has been slow in coming, but it has overtaken you at last." I saw his coward lips tremble as I spoke. He would have begged for his life, but he knew well it was useless.

"Would you murder me?" he stammered.

"There is no murder," I answered. "Who talks of murdering a mad dog? What mercy had you upon my poor darling when you dragged her from her slaughtered father and bore her away to your accursed and shameless harem?"

"It was not I who killed her father," he cried.

"But it was you who broke her innocent heart," I shrieked, thrusting the box before him. "Let the high God judge between us. Choose and eat. There is death in one and life in the other. I shall take what you leave. Let us see if there is justice upon the earth, or if we are ruled by chance."

"He cowered away with wild cries and prayers for mercy, but I drew my knife and held it to his throat until he had obeyed me. Then I swallowed the other, and we stood facing each other in silence for a minute or more, waiting to see which was to live and which was to die. Shall I ever forget the look which came over his face when the first warning pangs told him that the poison was in his system? I laughed as I saw it, and held Lucy's marriage ring in front of his eyes. It was but for a moment, for the action of the alkaloid is rapid. A spasm of pain contorted his features; he threw his hands out in front of him, staggered, and then, with a hoarse cry, fell heavily upon the floor. I turned him over with my foot and placed my hand upon his heart. There was no movement. He was dead!

"The blood had been streaming from my nose, but I had taken no notice of it. I don't know what it was that put it into my head to write upon the wall with it. Perhaps it was some mis-

chievous idea of setting the police upon a wrong track, for I felt light-hearted and cheerful. I remembered a German being found in New York with 'rache' written up above him, and it was argued at the time in the newspapers that the secret societies must have done it. I guessed that what puzzled the New Yorkers would puzzle the Londoners, so I dipped my finger in my own blood and printed it on a convenient place on the wall. Then I walked down to my cab and found that there was nobody about, and that the night was still very wild. I had driven some distance, when I put my hand into the pocket in which I usually kept Lucy's ring and found that it was not there. I was thunderstruck



"HE COVERED AWAY WITH WILD CRIES AND PRAYERS FOR MERCY."

at this, for it was the only memento that I had of her. Thinking that I might have dropped it when I stooped over Drebbler's body, I drove back, and, leaving my cab in a side street, I went boldly up to the house—for I was ready to dare anything rather than lose the ring! When I arrived there I walked right into the arms of a police officer who was coming out, and only managed to disarm his suspicions by pretending to be hopelessly drunk.

"That was how Enoch Drebbler came to his end. All I had to do then was to do as much for Stangerson, and so pay off John Ferrier's debt. I knew that he was staying at Halliday's private hotel, and I hung about all day, but he never came out. I fancy that he suspected something when Drebbler failed to put in an appearance. He was cunning, was Stangerson, and always on his guard. If he thought he could keep me off by staying indoors he was very much mistaken. I soon found out which was the window of his bedroom, and early next morning I took advantage of some ladders which were lying in the lane behind the hotel and so made my way into his room in the gray of the dawn. I woke him up and told him that the hour had come when he was to answer for the life he had taken so long before. I described Drebbler's death to him, and I gave him the same choice of the poisoned pills. Instead of grasping at the chance of safety which that offered him, he sprang from his bed and flew at my throat. In self-defense I stabbed him to the heart. It would have been the same in any case, for Providence would never have allowed his guilty hand to pick out anything but the poison.

"I have little more to say, and it's as well, for I am about done up. I went on cabbaging it for a day or so, intending to keep at it until I could save enough to take me back to America. I was standing in the yard when a ragged youngster asked if there was a cabby there called Jefferson Hope, and said that his cab was wanted by a gentleman at 231B Baker street. I went round, suspecting no harm, and the next thing I knew, this young man here had the bracelets on my wrists, and as neatly shackled as ever I was in my life. That's the whole story, gentlemen. You may consider me to be a murderer; but I hold that I am just as much an officer of justice as you are."

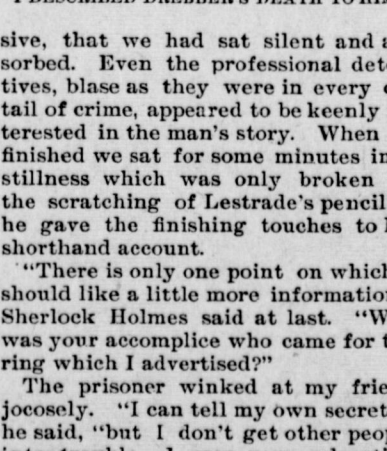
So thrilling had the man's narrative been, and his manner was so impressive, that we had sat silent and absorbed. Even the professional detectives, blasé as they were in every detail of crime, appeared to be keenly interested in the man's story. When he finished we sat for some minutes in a stillness which was only broken by the scratching of Lestrade's pencil as he gave the finishing touches to his shorthand account.

"There is only one point on which I should like a little more information," Sherlock Holmes said at last. "Who was your accomplice who came for the ring which I advertised?"

The prisoner winked at my friend jocosely. "I can tell my own secrets," he said, "but I don't get other people into trouble. I saw your advertisement, and I thought it might be a plant, or it might be the ring I wanted. My friend volunteered to go and see. I think you'll own he did it smartly."

"Not a doubt of that," said Holmes, heartily.

"Now, gentlemen," the inspector remarked gravely, "the forms of the law must be complied with. On Thursday the prisoner will be brought before the magistrates, and your attendance will be required. Until then I will be responsible for him." He rang the bell as he spoke, and Jefferson Hope was led off by a couple of warders, while my friend and I made our way out of



"I DESCRIBED DREBBLER'S DEATH TO HIM."

the station and took a cab back to Baker street.

CHAPTER VII.

We had all been warned to appear before the magistrates upon the Thursday; but when the Thursday came there was no occasion for our testimony. A higher Judge had taken the matter in hand, and Jefferson Hope had been summoned before a tribunal where strict justice would be meted out to him. On the very night after his capture the aneurism burst, and he was found in the morning stretched upon the floor of the cell, with a placid smile upon his face, as though he had been able in his dying moments to look back upon a useful life and on work well done.

"Gregson and Lestrade will be wild about his death," Holmes remarked, as we chatted it over next evening. "Where will their grand advertisement be now?"

"I don't see that they had very much to do with his capture," I answered. "What you do in this world is a matter of no consequence," returned my companion, bitterly. "The question is, what can you make people believe that you have done? Never mind," he continued, more brightly, after a pause, "I would not have missed the investigation for anything. There has been no better case within my recollection. Simple as it was, there were several most instructive points about it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Well, really, it can hardly be described as otherwise," said Sherlock Holmes, smiling at my surprise. "The proof of its intrinsic simplicity is that without any help, save a few very ordinary deductions, I was able to lay my hand upon the criminal within three days."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTENTIONS WERE GOOD.

A Drunk in the Ladies' Gallery of the United States Senate.

He held an all-night session by himself; he was weary, exceedingly weary, and by some promptings of an alcoholic intellect he strayed into the ladies' gallery of the senate the other morning. There he proceeded to fall fast asleep on the cushioned seat, his snoring furnishing a subdued accompaniment to Senator Cockrell's speech. The senator from Missouri, being on the third day of his long-distance oratory, wobbled uncertainly in his gait at intervals.

"Silver!" he yelled, in a voice somewhat husky through protracted sprinting. "Silver! Silver!"

Here he paused, having dropped the connection to shuffle through his manuscript.

The well-dressed man in the ladies' gallery had been awakened by the peal. Half rising from the seat, he belated, in a maddened attempt at song: "Oh, silver is my joy, silver is my (hic) boy. Oh—"

Then he sank back upon the cushions, while everybody began to look from the ceiling to the floor in search of the mouthpiece of the outbreak which had interrupted the hallowed proceedings of the senate. When the doorkeeper ascended into the ladies' gallery they found only a well-dressed man of middle age slumbering as peacefully as a child. They took him out with a happy smile of surprise cast back toward the arena, and he was so entirely innocent of any design upon the peace they had not the heart to arrest him.—Washington Post.

WHEN HE DID.

Result of a Benevolent Man's Investigations into Tramp Life.

The benevolent person had put five cents into the hands of the tramp and feeling a sort of proprietary interest in him thereafter proceeded to question him a bit.

"You're a pretty hard citizen, aren't you?" he asked.

"Rather difficult at times, sir," replied the peripatetic, frankly.

"I presume you steal when you get a chance?"

"Only in very necessitous cases, sir, and then only in a small way."

"And lie?"

"Yes; it's part of our profession, sir."

"And use tobacco?"

"When I can get it, sir."

The benevolent person began to be sorry he had invested in such stock, but he was going now to the bitter end.

"Of course," he went on, "you drink, too?"

The tramp hesitated for the first time, as if in doubt, and looked at the nickel in his hand.

"Well, sir, yes," he replied, slowly.

"I drink two when I get the price, but under the present circumstances I'll only drink one, unless you—"

But the benevolent person could not stand it any longer and he made a rush for the visitor, which resulted in a sudden disappearance.—Chicago News.

Inconsistent Creatures.

A girl never marries her ideal. One reason is that she seldom finds him, and when she does she doesn't like him. Another reason is, the material man is so dreadfully unlike the one of her imagination. A girl is an inconsistent creature, anyway. As sure as she fashions the idol of her mind's eye as a great, fierce, black mustached, brigandish-looking individual, the end will be a promise to love and obey some meek, freckled, red-haired person who cannot forget his affection for chocolate caramels and football serimmages. Most dreadful is the fate of the little woman who admires the jolly man who can laugh at paper-weight biscuits and boiled beefsteak, for she invariably falls head over heels in love with some solemn, stately man whose very photograph makes her dumb with silent awe.—Chicago Record.

Naturally Enough.

"I love to think of the Christmases past," remarked old Mr. Seadiss.

"I don't, papa," replied his daughter.

"I am more interested in the Christmases present."—Detroit Free Press.

THE FARMING WORLD.

A PET JERSEY BULL.

How an Intelligent Farmer Tamed the Head of the Herd.

Much has been said and written about viciousness in bulls, which, to a more or less degree, will hold good; but a great deal of this peculiarly bad trait in their characters could be eliminated, were the proper means resorted to. The bull is a gregarious animal; he likes not to be alone, and one of the greatest stimulants to engender a cranky, vicious nature in him is to keep him secluded, to isolate him from his world, so that he sees none of his kind and hears only the voice of his attendant. My own experience in the treatment of a two-year-old bull, with seven-eighths Jersey blood in him, and the result obtained therefrom, may be interesting as demonstrating some of the more docile traits in the animal's nature.

During the winter months I kept the bull in a stable where the young stock were wintered, feeding him on the same rations as the latter received, and driving him out to water along with his companions. He was always tractable, never fractious, and showed no disposition to separate himself from them. As soon as the cows were let out to pasture he was allowed to go with them wherever they went, except into the yard where they were milked. At the end of three months, I installed him in one of the corners of the cow stable, where he was kept until it was time to bring the herd inside, when he was removed to another stable by himself. During the period of his incarceration in the cow stable, he was well looked after, kept scrupulously clean by being supplied daily with bedding material, fed and watered regularly. Here he was as "gentle as a lamb." When leading the bull to and from water, I have at times done so by simply taking hold of his horn, and at no time did I employ any means other than the device shown in the accompanying illustration, which obviates the use of a halter, being more speedily adjusted and just as secure. It consists of a piece of rope with a loop at one end, which is thrown over one horn, a half hitch being made around the other horn, thus firmly securing the rope, for the more the animal pulls the tighter the rope is drawn. This same device was used in tying him in the cow stable, when the cows were outside, thus allowing him the freedom of walking around to the "end of his



A PET JERSEY BULL.

tether," he, of course, being fastened in the stanchions while the cows were being milked. The statement has been advanced that the bull should never be petted, as that course has a tendency to lessen his virility. Be that as it may, this Jersey was petted and apparently liked to be so, and no trouble was ever experienced in the lines indicated. I had a herd of thirty cows and his offspring in each case was always healthy and strong, and never did his efforts prove abortive. He knew his name, answering to it whenever called, and he would come to eat salt, a potato, or a little silage out of my hand. It may be that this Jersey was an exception to the average bull, but I think the care and kind treatment he received was what made him so gentle and docile.—Alex Wallace, in American Agriculturist.

Why Some Dairymen Fail.

One source of great loss is lack of skill in breeding. As far as possible the producer of milk should put the finished product into the hands of the consumer, for it is the finished product that gives the profit, the raw material does not. The skimming of milk for cheese and not branding it just what it is, is cheating. It is adulteration by subtraction. The making bogus butter is adulteration by addition. The factory has done an irreparable injury to the cheese industry of Ohio. I do not think the factory men have been consciously dishonest, but by skimming they have committed a great wrong. I believe farmers must refuse to sell milk to manufacturers of skimmed milk cheese. The butter business is better than the cheese industry because it admits of an unobstructed sale to the consumer without the interference of the middleman. The farmer who does not sell a finished product will not be prosperous.—W. J. Chamberlain, in Rural World.

More Variety for Hogs.

The fattening hog has usually less variety in his feed than any other animal. What is worse its nutriment is concentrated in small bulk, and when this feed is corn, as it usually is, there is too much starch in it and too little other nutrition. The result of such feeding is that the hogs become surfeited and their digestion is injured. They may increase fat, but it is not good healthy pork, and they will not gain so rapidly as if they had greater variety. They will eat out clover hay in considerable amounts if it is steamed, and wheat middlings put on it. Hogs thus fed will continue to grow and may be fattened until a year old with profit. It is indigestion caused by poor feeding more than anything else which makes it unprofitable to keep hogs after they weigh 150 to 200 pounds each.—Colman's Rural World.

A permanent pasture should signify permanency of good feed.

PROFIT IN POTATOES.

Two Excellent Systems of Culture Described and Illustrated.

The two accompanying illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2, are for the purpose of giving the reader who is directly interested in profitable potato culture some tangible idea how potatoes grow and the form and conditions they assume when growing. These conditions are no doubt quite familiar to experienced growers, but every year new growers embark in potato growing and too often feel the need of some fixed method to direct them successfully. There are just as fixed rules governing the growth of the potato plant as of any other plants that are susceptible of cultivation, and these principles must be closely followed to insure profit.

In my last article mention was made of recovering my potatoes after they were fairly through the soil and then

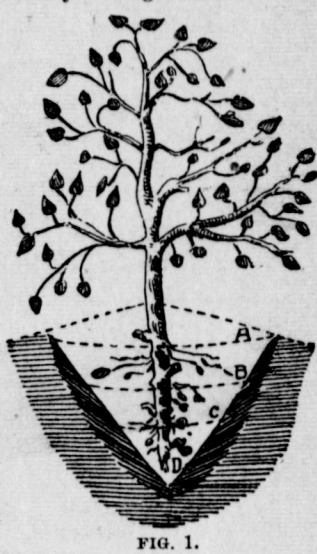


FIG. 1.

harrowing effectively in a few days afterwards. This was done last season by way of experiment, but extreme drought failed to develop anything profitable from the scheme.

Fig. 1 represents the trenching system where the ground is struck out about six inches deep and the potato, D, dropped and covered at C. We put the harrow on as soon as the sprout is through the soil and work the dirt in up to B, seeing of course that the plant is in no way left with stones, clods or sods on it to prevent growing. When the plant gets through this last coat of earth, and is about 3 inches high, begin cultivation with some good narrow-toothed implement, working the soil around the plant on a level at A.

Other cultivations will gradually work more soil toward the plant till a slight ridge will be formed at the base of the vine as indicated by the dotted line on top Fig. 1, which will leave the parent potato fairly deep in the soil prepared to withstand a pretty severe drought.

By examining the illustration, Fig. 1, the reader will observe that each layer of soil worked toward the plant induces the stalk to throw out a lateral and a set of roots from which the potato sets are sent out, and each lateral joint usually starts nearly the same number of tubers.

I have never yet applied this system to general field culture, but only where I was desirous to get a large yield from a small quantity of seed; but I am fully persuaded that it can be profitably applied to general culture, especially where growers are limited to a short acreage. It is no great task to get 40 to 50 bushels from one bushel of seed if the soil is made fertile and put in good condition and the crop thoroughly cultivated.

Fig. 2 represents the more general system of cultivation among growers where the ground is marked out three to four inches deep and the seed is covered at once with some covering direct that throws a heavy ridge over the potato, after which it is left to sprout and work its way up through the dark, cold earth, getting whiter and slimmer as it nears the border of the world. It has been hunting for the past three to four weeks and usually having but one lateral joint to send out roots and sets. I think this system could be greatly improved if the harrow or some mode

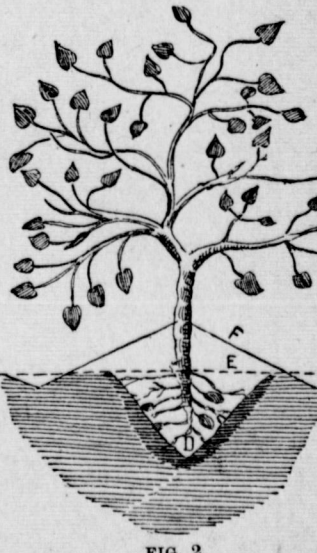


FIG. 2.

of leveling the ground were used after planting, putting the entire surface on a level as indicated at the dotted line E. Then when the plant appears through the ground and is ready to start a leaf, put on an implement that would throw back the original dirt as shown in Fig. 2 at F.

This modus operandi I am sure would induce the plant to add another lateral joint and thereby very largely increase the yield, which would pay well for the labor expended.

There is no crop we grow on our farms that requires so much study and scientific treatment as the potato; none that responds so liberally to fair, honest treatment, and none that resents neglect to the degree that this standard source of profit or loss does to the grower of this and other countries.

The fact that its product per acre gives an average income three times as great as other standard crops has made it a popular adjunct to modern agriculture.—George E. Scott, in Ohio Farmer.

The Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.
Issued every Thursday.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

The following is the ticket nominated by the Democratic State convention, at Topeka, on Tuesday, July 3d, instant:
For Governor—David Overmeyer.
For Lieutenant Governor—Sidney G. Cook.
For Associate Justice—J. D. McCleverty.
For Secretary of State—E. J. Herning.
For Attorney General—James McKinstry.
For Auditor of State—William E. Banks.
For Treasurer of State—B. Lantry.
For Superintendent—Miles H. Wycoff.
For Congressman at-large J. G. Lowe.

"Jim" Troutman Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, is the most radical and pronounced prohibitionist in the state, and his election would be just as preferable as that of St. John. In this campaign there is a little scheme on foot that the average Republican voter is not aware of. Morrill wants to go to the senate, and about eighteen months ago his friends announced that to reach the coveted position he would first try for the election of governor. His friends yet have this idea in view and if the Republicans succeed in electing their state and legislative ticket, Mr. Morrill will be elected to the senate. This point accomplished, what will be the result? "Jim" Troutman will be governor, and he boasts of his intention of enforcing crankism advocated by himself. The duty of the opposition is plain. Kansas and Kansas people must not tolerate this blighting influence. —Westphalia Times.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE NEWS-PAPER.

At a recent business convention ex-Governor Francis, of Missouri, who is in a position to know whereof he speaks, paid tribute to the local newspaper as follows:

"Each year the local paper gives from \$500 to \$5,000 in free lines to the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor in proportion to his means does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness with men he should be supported—not because you admire his writing, but because the local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliantly edited or crowded with thought, but financially it is of more benefit to the community than the teacher or the preacher. Understand me, I do not mean mentally or morally, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find most of the papers on the right side. Today, editors of the home papers do the most for the least money of any people on the face of the earth."

HOMES IN ARKANSAS.

The location of Arkansas is such as to exempt it from extremes of heat and cold. Its elevation and richness of soils adapt it to the production of a greater variety of crops, fruits and general products used for the sustenance and comfort of man than any other State in the Union. While its salubrious climate, joined with the other combinations mentioned, give to its fruit and food products a peculiarly delightful flavor that can be found nowhere else. It justly boasts of more health-giving springs and better well-water than any other State. Lands are cheap and productive; markets accessible; health good; no blizzards; no drought; never a failure of crops; good schools, churches and society, and what is also important, a hearty welcome for all. For descriptive pamphlet address Jno. C. England, Little Rock, Ark.

ONE OF THE BEST.

Under the foregoing head, the Guthrie (Okla.) Leader has the following to say of former resident of Cottonwood Falls:

"One of the most faithful officers of territorial departments is Edgar West Jones, librarian and supreme court clerk. In the term of supreme court now concluding, all who have had business before that tribunal spoke in the highest terms of Edgar. Without any appropriations or funds he has managed to found a territorial library of more than a thousand volumes. He is at all times courteous, kindly, and has rooms open to visiting attorneys in the preparation of their legal documents. Not a record or paper in his charge has been lost or misplaced, although a very loose rule of court permits the originals to be sent from the office all over the country."

The term "seigniorage" which plays so prominent a part in the current financial discussions, is defined by an authority as "the profit, exclusive of cost to the manufacturer, between the cost of bullion used and the price at which the coin is issued, after deducting the loss of bullion in the process of coining." The cost he illustrates as follows: The cost of 1,000 ounces of silver at the market rate, say of seventy-five cents per ounce in gold, would be \$750. This would coin 1,292 pieces, upon which the seigniorage would be \$542, less the loss of bullion in manufacture, say about \$6, making \$536. The cost of manufacture of 1,292 pieces would be \$39, thus showing a net seigniorage of \$497 upon an expenditure of \$750 in gold for 1,292 silver dollars. The origin of the term thus used may be inferred from the following, which is taken from the Century dictionary: Something claimed by the sovereign or a superior as a prerogative; specifically, an ancient royalty of the crown, whereby it claimed percentage upon bullion brought to the mint to be coined or to be exchanged for coin; the difference between the cost of a mass of bullion and the face value of the pieces coined from it. A curious example, by the way, of the changes of meaning words undergo in process of usage.

When the women of Kansas will have been allowed to vote at all elections in this State will the men, when taken in marriage, have to take the name of the bride? If not, will it not be unequal, and not equal, suffrage that will prevail?

The Kansas City, (Kan.) Catholic well says: "Benedict Arnold must be credited with being the founder of the A. P. A. When he betrayed West Point to England during our revolutionary war he claimed that it was because there were 'too many Catholics' in Washington's army. With Arnold as their founder, and the British and anti-American Orange Tory, Trainor, as their present leader, they are a well equipped set of traitors."

GOING EAST THIS YEAR.

If so, the editor's advice is, take the Santa Fe Route as far as Chicago. The service is as near perfection as quickwitted managers can devise. Being thirty miles the shortest road, you can depend on getting through on time. The line is run as straight as modern engineering could make it. Track is laid with heavy steel rails. No prettier, cosier and more comfortable trains leave Kansas City than the two fast vestibuled daily expresses over the Santa Fe Route, at 5:30 p. m. and 7:30 p. m., reaching Chicago 9:15 a. m. and 11:30 a. m. Superb accommodations with respect to dining cars, free chair cars and sleepers.

Inquire of nearest agent.

YOU NEED A VACATION.

Just a suggestion: Why not try the Rocky Mountains? No better medicine exists than the dry, clear, balmy air of that region. Anywhere around Pike's Peak, or further into the range (like Glenwood Springs) will do. Did you whisper trout fishing? Yes, plenty of it, off the railroads, in secluded nooks. Camping out in tents, living in cottages or boarding at the big hotels—the cost is little or much, as you please. The Santa Fe Route has on sale excursion tickets to all principal Colorado and Utah resorts. Inquire of nearest agent.

When the women of the Sunflower state shall have been granted the right to vote at all elections within our borders, will they become conductors, brakies and section hands on our railroads? If not, will it not be unequal, and not equal, suffrage that will have been attained.

NUMBER "SEVEN" IN THE BIBLE.

On the seventh day God ended his work.

On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent forth. Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven years more. Jacob was pursued a seven days journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tents.

Every seven days the land rested. Every seven years the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jerico, seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days, on the seventh day they surrounded the wall seven times and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

In the tabernacle were seven lambs. The golden candlestick had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement.

Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after the resurrection appeared seven times.

In the Revelations we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven vials, seven angels and a seven headed monster.

THEY WANT NAMES.

The Russell Art Publishing Co., of 928 Arch street, Philadelphia, desire the names and address of a few people in every town who are interested in works of art, and to secure them they offer to send free, "Cupid Guides the Boat," a superbly executed water color picture, size 10x13 inches, suitable for framing, and sixteen other pictures about same size, in colors, to any one sending them at once the names and addresses of ten persons (admirers of fine pictures) together with six two-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing, etc. The regular price of these pictures is \$1.00, but they can all be secured free by any person forwarding the names and stamps promptly.

NOTE.—The editor of this paper has already received copies of above pictures and considers them really "Gems of Art."

When female suffrage will have been conferred on the women of Kansas will they become Colonels, Captains and high privates in the State Militia? If not, will it not be unequal, and not equal suffrage, that will have been secured?

LITERARY NOTES.

Although there are many publications on the Chicago Exposition, there are none which have been so broadly planned and so conscientiously and thoroughly carried out as THE BOOK OF THE FAIR, by Hubert Howe Bancroft. Besides the full history and description of the Exposition as a whole, and in its several national parts, every art and industry will be presented.

The publication of the work by The Bancroft Company, with offices in the Auditorium Building, Chicago, will proceed side by side with the progress of the Exposition itself, thus affording the public the opportunity of judging of its merits as the work proceeds.

Last year The Bancroft Company established themselves in the Auditorium Building, Chicago, for the express purpose of producing in print and pictures, the best work on the great Columbian Exposition. They sent East and to Europe for the best artists, and set up an entire plant for drawing, photographing and engraving. Being in the field long before the Exposition opened, they prepared in every way to paint this wonderful panorama true to life. In many respects THE BOOK OF THE FAIR, by Hubert Howe Bancroft, has no competitor, and can have none. To enter into details regarding its plan is obviously impossible. Not only have the buildings and the exhibits of the Exposition departments their special curios and educational attractions, but the commonwealths of the United States and the foreign countries present miniature worlds in themselves. All are reproduced true to life. There are also scores of unclassified features, such as those grouped and massed along Midway Plaisance. Then again, are presented the intellectual and religious traits of all nations, such as center around the World's Congress Auxiliary. To clearly place this vast panorama before the public, is a work worthy of the highest ambition; but the Bancroft Company is accustomed to great enterprises, and to carrying them to a successful issue.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR, by Hubert Howe Bancroft, is the only work of the kind published regarding the great Exposition. It is to be a full and complete history and description of the World's Fair at Chicago, organization, buildings, and exhibits, covering the whole ground, and is as full in detail as can be within the limits assigned, namely, 1,000 imperial folio pages of pictures and print, to be issued in 25 parts, of 40 pages each, publication beginning soon after the opening of the Exposition. THE BOOK OF THE FAIR is published by the Bancroft Company, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

The Bancroft Company of San Francisco, have established a branch in Chicago, with offices in the Auditorium Building, their purpose being, among other things, the publication of an elegant and elaborate illustrated work entitled THE BOOK OF THE FAIR, under the authorship of Hubert Howe Bancroft, who has also removed to Chicago with his family.

For the publication of his BOOK OF THE FAIR, the author, Hubert Howe Bancroft, moved with his family to Chicago, and brought thither his publishing house from San Francisco, and chosen artists from New York and Paris. His work is a reproduction of the great Exposition, so far as it can within reasonable limits in print and pictures. The text is pure classic, and the illustrations the finest that can be made.

When the women of Kansas have been allowed to vote at all elections in this State, will the statutes be so changed that they can dress in male attire whenever and wherever they please, and that men can dress in female attire at libitum without being offenders against the law? If not, will it not be unequal and not equal suffrage that will have been attained.—CHASE COUNTY COURANT.

Don't fear, Brother Timmons, the equality of dress will follow so that women can wear pants and men wear dresses and long stockings. A good many women wear the pants now. There are many women tied to men who don't know beans when the bag is untied. If a man won't support a wife properly then let the wife take the reins in her own hands and we'll bet that she will make business fly.—Fairview Enterprise.

Brother Groesbeck, we agree with you in every particular, and since this female suffrage question has arisen we find more men wearing dresses and long stockings than ever did before, and more women are wearing pants; and that more women than ever before are tied to men who don't know beans when the bag is untied; and there is no telling where the thing will end unless the men who do know beans when the bag is untied, stop the progress of the disease.

Judge T. O. Shinn, of Eldorado, has left the populist party, he says permanently. He is now a stalwart, middle-of-the-road democrat, pro free trade and anti woman suffrage.—Eldorado Times.

The above is good news. Judge Shinn is an energetic worker and will be a valuable accession to the democratic party. On behalf of the democrats of Greenwood county we cordially welcome him to the ranks of the best political organization now in existence. Who will be the next to embrace the truth.—Eureka Democratic Messenger.

We have today received a copy of Chancellor Snow's third annual report in regard to the success of his chinch bug infection. About one hundred of these reports have been sent to the county commissioners of this county for distribution. Should anyone interested in the spread of the chinch bug disease fail to receive a copy of the report from the commissioners, he should send 6 cents in stamps for postage to F. H. Snow, Lawrence, Kansas, who will on receipt of the application forward a copy of the report.

TRY A TEXAS TRIP

To San Antonio, Austin, Ft. Worth or El Paso, and get a touch of summer in winter. The Santa Fe is offering some low ticket prices with liberal conditions as to limit. Text may be just the place you are looking for, as a home or for investment.

Eureka Messenger: A bald-headed man who is too modest to have his name appear in print, makes this contribution to our suffrage debate: "When the women become men, who will be the women? Or will there be any women? If there are to be no women, will there be no children? If there are to be no children, what is the use of inaugurating a reform if there is to be no future generation to enjoy it?"

SECRETARY SMITH'S WIFE.

A number of comrades have asked us as to the truth of the following statement:

"It is not generally known," says the Barnesville, (Ga.) Republican, "that Wirz, the Andersonville prison demon, who was hung for violating the laws of civilized warfare, in starving thousands of Union soldiers, was the father-in-law of Hoke Smith, the present Commissioner of Pensions. The latter seems to have embodied Wirz's hatred for the defenders of the Union."

We referred the matter to Gen. J. R. Lewis, of Atlanta, Past Junior-Vice Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R., who replies:

"There is no truth whatever in the statement. Hon. Hoke Smith is the son of a Connecticut man, and his wife is a granddaughter of the late Gen. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, and a daughter of Gen. Hoke, of North Carolina. He is no relation of Wirz."—National Tribune.

A LITTLE TARIFF POEM.

He sat in his door at noonday, lonely and gloomy and sad; brooding over the price of his corn crop, and figuring how much he had. He had worked from early springtime, early, late and hard; and now, he was counting his assets and figuring out his reward. He figured that it took two acres, to buy his two boys new boots, and ten acres more on top of this to fit them out with new suits. To buy his wife a protected dress, took one hundred bushel more; while five acres went in a solid lump for the carpet on the floor. His taxes and his grocery bill, took all his crop of oats; while the interest on his mortgage took all his fattened shoats. The shingles on his cow shed, and the lumber for his barn, had eaten up his best steers and the balance of his corn. So he sat in his door at noonday, lonely and gloomy and sore; as he figured up his wealth a little less than it was the year before. "By gum!" they say I'm protected, but I know there's something wrong; I've been deceived, gulled and hoodwinked by this high protection song. They told of rebellious traitors and held up the bloody rag, and I followed along like a pumpkin, and now I am holding the bag. But, from this time on I'll investigate, and get to the bottom of facts, and I'll bet four dollars to begin with the tariff is—a tax."—Monroe (Pa.) Democrat.

CHRISTIANS AND THE A. P. A.

It is sometimes said that novelty is the spice of life. A regular attendant at the meetings in the big pavilion would suppose that the preaching of Christ and Him crucified would be sufficient to bring sinners to repentance, but the distinguished revivalist seems to think otherwise. To make sure that you are on your way to heaven you must not only belong to his church but you must connect yourself with the order known as the A. P. A.; you must inscribe on your banner "Christ, A. P. A. and the republican party."

You must not believe that your neighbor who happened to be a Catholic can be a trustworthy citizen, much less a Christian. He may be honest, capable, charitable. He may have all the good qualities requisite to good citizenship, but he is a Catholic, therefore he must not be trusted. The good Samaritan must pass him by. He may not be a Catholic but his wife and family are Catholics. The doctrine of the A. P. A. is that on this account he is not worthy of public trust. Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Rosecrans, Gen. Mead and many other distinguished heroes of the late war were they now living would be ostracized as unworthy of trust by this secret order. Our national cemeteries contain thousands of heroes who when living were Catholic communicants. The sins of the fathers must be visited on the children, and you must see to it that political emoluments are not permitted to them. Jealousy and envy is as easily detected in a congregation as it is in an individual. In the Christian world the Catholics are more numerous than all other Christian denominations combined. They are good citizens wherever found. Their patriotism and value as citizens of this government has been recognized and appreciated since the foundation of the government. Their valor and loyalty have been tested on hundreds of battle fields. The hospital work of the Catholic sisters in the late war was not excelled by that of any other denomination.

They are not directed as to their conduct in matters of state by the Roman Pontiff and would resent it if they were. They recognize the Roman See as the spiritual head of the Church. He has no more to do with them in the affairs of government than has the arch bishop of Canterbury with the Episcopal Church of this country.

We are not a Catholic. We were reared in the orthodox Quaker Church. We believe in the just rights of all denominations. We believe in religious liberty. When a secret order or a church makes war on another church they are back numbers in a progressive age. Their conduct would justify the persecutions of John Knox or the Duke of Alva.—Hutchinson Headlight.

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THE FARMER'S PROBLEM.

The period has been reached in the history of this country when producers in every industry must figure on close margins of profit. It is thus the more necessary that every farmer who expects to prosper in his business, avail himself of all the aid and information obtainable. And there is nothing more useful in this line than a subscription to a first-class and practical agricultural journal like the old reliable KANSAS FARMER, a 16 to 20 page farm journal which was established in Kansas in 1882. It speaks above most of the journals of its class, and no enterprising farmer can afford to deprive himself or family of it. Every issue has information worth the price of a year's subscription. It only costs \$1.00 per year. Send at once to Kansas Farmer Co., Topeka, Kansas, for a free sample copy and supplement of premiums, benefit offers, etc., and call at this office and subscribe for the CHASE COUNTY COURANT and the KANSAS FARMER, both papers for one year for only \$2.25.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that proposals for the building of a double arch bridge across South Fork, at the W. P. Evans crossing, will be received at the County Clerk's office, in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, until Monday, July 2, 1891, at 12 o'clock, m. Each proposal to be accompanied by a forfeit of \$50 deposit. Specifications on file with County Clerk. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.

Witness my hand and official seal, this 20th day of June, A. D. 1891.

M. K. HARMAN, County Clerk.

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TAX REFORM STUDIES.

EDITED BY BOLTON HALL.

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TWO MINUTES TO PAY UP.

A Tax Collector With Handcuffs and a Black Maria—It Worked Excellent.

HILLSDALE, N. J.—John W. Eckerson is an original man. He is the tax collector of Washington township and it is his purpose in life to see that the township gets its dues.

When he took office he swore to do his duty to the utmost of his ability. By doing his duty, he understood that he was to collect the taxes.

Yesterday he drove around in a black maria with a pair of handcuffs in his pocket, and gave the delinquents two minutes to settle up, with the alternation of being handcuffed and taken forthwith to jail.

Folks did not believe he meant it at first and tried to call him down. But Mr. Eckerson did believe it.

He had a special deputy with him. The special deputy was a burly fellow, who looked as if he meant business. While Mr. Eckerson held his watch and counted the seconds, meanwhile chinking the handcuffs, the big special deputy glared.

THEY ALL PAID PROMPTLY.

It was a bluff on Mr. Eckerson's part. It was a mighty good bluff. The delinquents sputtered a little, but eventually they yielded. Before the minute hand had counted the full two minutes' grace every one of them produced his pocketbook and paid up.

Some persons tried to argue, but Mr. Eckerson would bandy no words.

"You owe so much," said he, naming the figure, "come now, pay up and be quick about it."

"But suppose I didn't?"

"Then I shall clap the handcuffs on you double quick and take you to Hacksack to jail. Come, I'll give you just two minutes."

The man paid up.

Anthony Feeney was rebellious. He said that he had been in the country a great many years and had never paid any taxes. He didn't propose to begin now.

Mr. Eckerson called up his big deputy and they actually succeeded after some effort in clapping the handcuffs around Feeney's wrists.

They dragged him down to the Black Maria, and were about to pop him in, when Feeney, figuratively speaking, threw up his hands. Mr. Eckerson told him that it was not too late. Feeney paid up, and the energetic collector pocketed the money and drove along to the house of the next delinquent.

NO RESPECT FOR SEX.

Delinquent taxpayers were delinquent taxpayers, whether they wore dresses or trousers. One woman he called upon was very indignant at the demand made upon her, and emphatically declared she would not pay.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Eckerson, "I shall have to handcuff you then and take you to jail."

"I never saw a pair of handcuffs," said the woman, pertly.

"I am pleased to show you a pair," said Mr. Eckerson, taking the handcuffs from his pocket.

The woman looked at them critically and examined their working.

"I don't think I like their looks," she said. "I guess I'll pay up."

She paid up.

Mr. Eckerson collected all the township's bad debts that he demanded, and took his Black Maria home empty.—Ex.

This is probably a lie, as the collector would be liable to arrest and damages, still it shows the only possible method of collecting purely personal taxes. Even that plan could collect only a part.—Ed.

Taxing a Vacuum.

A correspondent who is a believer in the system of double taxation, says that he can not support a method which permits a man of unlimited means, invested in mortgages, to reside in Massachusetts and contribute only \$2, the same amount that the industrious, hard working laborer pays toward defraying the expenses of a city or town. This is a fair indication of the manner in which men allow their conclusions to be deflected and vitiated by mere surface appearances. Suppose a man had a hundred thousand dollars which he had invested in the stock of a Massachusetts cotton mill on which the regular tax was paid. He concludes to sell this stock, takes his hundred thousand dollars and uses it to purchase a business building in the city. Having secured this property he lets it at the rate of \$6,000 a year and taxes \$1,500. The building is, no doubt, assessed in his name, but when the time for paying the taxes comes round he pays these by a check received from the tenant. According to our correspondent's notion, he has evaded the taxes, and out of his own pocket pays only a \$2 poll tax.

But suppose that instead of letting his building for \$6,000 per annum and taxes he had let it for the gross sum of \$7,500 and paid the taxes himself. The result to him would be much the same, and to the tenant there would be no difference in the ends reached. Now, apply this to a question of mortgages. Instead of investing the hundred thousand dollars obtained from the sale of stock in real estate, this imaginary person purchases mortgages. He finds various individuals having in the aggregate \$50,000, which, combined with the \$100,000 that he has to invest, is made use of in constructing taxable property. When the operation is concluded the state has \$150,000 of taxable property in the shape of buildings and otherwise improved real estate that it did not have before.

Now, the lender might let the money at 6 per cent. and agree to pay each year the proportion of the tax upon the real estate which was represented by

the mortgage loan, or he might lend the money at 4½ per cent., and allow the borrower to pay this tax himself. The latter proceeding is commonly resorted to, not from necessity, but from convenience; but the capitalist with the \$100,000 would, in either event, pay the tax to the city quite as much as he would if he had bought the property instead of taking a mortgage upon it, and, it may be added, that the tax on this \$100,000 would come into the state treasury in any event with the same certainty that it did when invested in the shares of the manufacturing corporation.

The trouble with our correspondent is that he is not seeking to tax property, but to tax persons. He believes that if there is, let us say, a thousand million dollars' worth of property in the state of Massachusetts, it would be possible for its citizens by writing notes and swapping them with each other to make that property \$2,000,000, or \$3,000,000,000 or \$4,000,000,000, and that, having created this vast amount of indebtedness, which he would term wealth, it is the province of the assessors to so classify it, and the province of the tax collector to collect a full round tax upon it.—Boston Herald.

Taxation Underlies the Referendum.

We are told that the initiative and referendum is a success in Switzerland, and we believe it to be true as to some parts of that country, but it is true because, and only because, different conditions prevail there to what prevail here. In all the cantons of Switzerland there are certain communal rights in which all the people have a more or less financial interest. In Trensdenstadt, for instance, the clay pits and some certain surplus timber lands belong to the community, and the income from these sources pays the salaries of the officials, builds their schoolhouses, pays their teachers, builds their churches and pays their priests. There has not been a tax levied in that community for 340 years, and occasionally there is a surplus, which in 1882 amounted to \$13.55 for each man, woman and child living in that community. In the following year the surplus amounted to \$16.35 for each person, but the people, on a motion submitted through the initiative and the referendum, decided to use the money for building water-works.

THE POOR THEY HAVE NOT "ALWAYS WITH THEM."

Such a thing as a pauper has not been known in that community for some 300 years. We believe there are several of these cantonal communities in Switzerland, and we can easily understand that, having a more or less strong financial interest in the government and its affairs, the initiative and referendum is operative there. But those conditions are different from what exist here. No man can see plainly the interest he has in our government unless he be a student. Private interests use our legislative conventions for their personal aggrandizement. We as a whole people have permitted this. The common thought in the minds of most men is that they have no direct interest in our government. They are wrong, it is true; but they think they are right, and they can act accordingly.—National Economist.

Prof. Potter.

Prof. A. P. Potter, of Syracuse, N. Y., representing the Tax Reform association of Central New York, gave a free lecture to the people of Borodino and vicinity, on Saturday evening, at the Town hall. The subject of the lecture was "The Unjust Burdens of Taxation Being Now Borne by the Farmers, and Suggestions Regarding How the Farmers Are to be Relieved from Them." Prof. Potter is a fluent speaker, and is perfectly familiar with the subject he speaks upon. Arrangements can be made with Prof. Potter by granges and farmers' societies who wish to discuss this subject, or he will answer questions by letter.

One Tax on One Thing.

Not only mortgages but all evidences of debt and shares in corporation property should be exempt not only for the reasons stated, but because they are not wealth or productive property. They are evidences of debt, or ownership actual or contingent, and to tax them and the property to which they relate also is to tax the same property twice. A mortgage on a farm or city lot does not make two farms or lots out of one, and there is no more property or justice in taxing the farm or lot and the mortgage also than there would be in taxing the property and the title deed also. If the property is taxed, all there is out of which a tax can be collected is taxed.—Chicago Herald.

The Evil of Indirect Taxation.

"One object of indirect taxation is that the individual taxpayer has no easy means of ascertaining exactly how much he is paying year by year, and consequently does not feel the burden. The indifference engendered by this fact is the main cause of the maladministration of public funds, and the corruption that are more or less characteristic of the public departments and other bodies which spend the nation's money."—Fabian Society.

At Vernon, N. Y., through the assistance of the town assessor, we obtained the following facts:

Personal property found and assessed in town of Vernon.....	\$100,000
Amount of taxes realized in taxing the above.....	250
Amount farmers of town owe on mortgages, at very lowest estimate.....	250,000
Saving to borrowers of money of Vernon by untaxing personal, at least 1 per cent. on \$250,000.....	2,500
Amount realized by taxing personal.....	250
Net amount saved to borrowing farmers by untaxing personal.....	\$2,250

Helping thus, by lowering interest would make farmers prosperous, would also enable them to improve and add to taxable property.

Let's adopt somebody's idea of taxation for a change—We can not possibly get into a worse condition than we are now.—Versailles Statesman.

Why not give the single tax idea a trial?—H. M. Williams.

PROTECTION ERRORS.

Senators Sherman and Frye Ought to Be Ashamed of Themselves.

In his speech in the senate a few days ago, Senator Sherman, speaking in behalf of the political wool growers of Ohio, said that "many changes had been made in sections of the tariff bill looking to the protection of American industries, remarkably so in the cotton schedule. He hoped that the change would prove of great benefit to the southern states, by enabling them to convert their cotton into cloth." Now there has been, as the senator says, a very material change made in the schedule referred to, but his effort to associate this with the southern states is on a par with the effort of some of our northeastern writers and speakers, who claim that the south is getting all the protection in the proposed tariff bill, while the rest of the country is being ignored.

The cotton schedule, as framed, was framed almost distinctly in the interest of New England. The reason for this change in the direction of protection was that during the last few years we have been spinning in this country cotton yarns of high counts, or, in other words, of a fine quality, and it is held that we cannot compete successfully with the cotton spinners in England, France and Germany in this class of work. But these fine yarns have been spun almost entirely in the northeast. We doubt whether there is a single mill south of Mason and Dixon's line that is engaged in this fine work. Without exception, the cotton mills of the south spin coarse yarns and weave a coarse class of goods, not so coarse as they did a few years ago, but still decidedly so when compared with the work which the amended tariff is intended to protect. In the manufacture of these coarse cotton goods we stand pre-eminent. For more than half a century we have steadily exported cotton fabrics of this character, selling them in China and the East Indies in competition with the English, and at times selling them even in England. To tell the southern people that they are protected in their cotton manufactures is just as sophisticated as to inform the wheat growers in the west that the tariff protects them, and we regret to say that in making such statements, those making them, both here and elsewhere, must be doing so for the purpose of deception, since the facts are too well known to assume that there is any mistake in the premises.

Another self-evident misstatement is that for which Senator Frye is responsible, who, in the same debate, is said to have made the assertion that "the republican senators were in favor of a duty on wool because they did not believe that a pound of wool would be raised in the United States if there was no duty on it." Senator Frye, in matters of this kind, is always a loose talker, but we should suppose that, considering the fact that within six or eight weeks wool will be free, and that an opportunity in the next year or two will thus be afforded of proving beyond the possibility of a doubt the absolutely ridiculous character of the above quoted assertion, he would have sufficient regard for his own reputation to put some mild sort of restraint upon his tongue. The proposed tariff reform bill is far from being the reform measure that we wish it was, but it will certainly have this effect—that it will prove to the people of this country that the advocates of protection, such as Senator Frye and others, are either entirely ignorant of the first principles of economic science, or they have been for years past indulging in the most arrant sort of wilful misstatements.—Boston Herald.

ESSENTIALLY BAD.

The Modified Senate Bill Relating to Sugar Is Not Tariff Reform.

Democrats who believe in substantial, enlightened reforms in tariff legislation do not approve the modified senate tariff bill relating to sugar. It is contrary to democratic principles and beliefs. It is molded on the repulsive forms of McKinleyism and is essentially bad.

But it is exasperating and ridiculous in the republicans to assail the sugar protection feature of the modified bill and to accuse the democrats of being corrupted or wheedled by the agents of the sugar trust in its adoption. In framing the new sugar schedule the democrats departed from the line of instructions given at the ballot box in 1892 and followed the line of McKinleyism. Whether they were bought up or bamboozled they did just what the republicans have done in every tariff act that they have passed, and probably from the same motives.

The McKinley bill made raw sugar free and put a duty of one-half cent per pound on refined sugar. This was to protect and to enrich the sugar trust. The new modified senate tariff bill places a small duty on raw sugar and a larger duty on refined sugar and postpones the imposition of the tax until next January. This is to protect and enrich the sugar trust. The democrats simply followed a pernicious and probably corrupt republican example.

It is detestable hypocrisy and balderdash for the republicans now to accuse democrats of working in the interests of the sugar trust. Every line of the republican tariffs relating to sugar, from first to last, has been written by agents of the sugar combines of various character. The McKinley bill was framed throughout by the trusts. The lobby agents in each trust interest were invited into the councils of McKinley's committee, and were told to write in the bill the schedule of duties that they wanted on their products. That was what made the McKinley bill a "scientific tariff"—scientific in its systematic lawlessness.

The democratic party does not believe in the senate sugar schedule placed as a patch on the Wilson bill, and it is probable that it will yet be defeated.

Protective tariff legislation breeds trusts. Protective tariff legislation by democrats breeds trusts the same as protective tariff legislation by republicans breeds trusts. There is no difference in the result when the iniquitous course is once entered on.

There is a great difference, however, between a party, like the democrats, the mass of which is opposed to the whole tariff infamy and is coerced into some of the practices of its opponents through the corruption or the folly of a few of its representatives, and a party, like the republican, the mass of which heartily supports the tariff abomination and not one member of which, in or out of congress, raises his voice against it.

The sugar schedule as it now stands is a fine example of republican protective tariff thievery. It was forced upon the party in the senate by a few pretended democrats who have drawn their morals and their politics from the republicans. It is the one genuine article of republican faith in the bill.

It is outrageous that the impudent orators and editors who have defended this sort of thing, not as to the sugar trust alone, but as to all the trusts, should now attempt with ill-concealed bad faith to disown their own offspring.—Chicago Herald.

BLANKET TARIFF.

The Wall of Protection Thrown Around Blanket Manufacturers.

It is reported that many of the duties on woollens in the senate's tariff bill—duties ranging from twenty-five up to fifty cents in the dollar—will probably be advanced as much as five per cent. This done, the finance committee may win a repetition of the plaudits "perfectly satisfactory" which it received from the republican leader for its cotton schedule. When the republicans get all the increase of "protection" they desire the schedules will no doubt be entirely "scientific."

It is true the wall of "protection" which the senate is building is not as high as that reared in 1890 by the republicans. But a Chinese wall fifty feet high may be practically almost as exclusive as one a hundred feet high. And it is not strange that the South Dakota Senator made such a gallant fight for free wool and low duties on woollen clothes and blankets necessary to keep his constituents from freezing on their blizzard-swept plains.

There is something peculiarly grievous in making blankets costly and dear. A tax on woollen clothing so high as to prevent many millions from buying a warm suit to turn the icy gales of winter is bad enough. Still, the "protectionist" democrat may argue, with some color of logic, that comfortable clothes, especially when set off with Troy collars and cuffs, minister to pride and vanity. It will do the people no harm to wear their old clothes till they drop off; the tax will have, too, a moral effect—it will build up our "infant industries" and enhance wages—in a word, it is a highly patriotic and American tax! But it cannot be demonstrated quite so logically that the modest blanket ministers to human vanity. It is used only in private, in the unconscious slumbers of the night, in the sick room and hospital, where men are racked by disease and death. To deny a man his blanket is, therefore, the refinement of barbarity.—N. Y. Herald.

Coming Home to Roost.

One of the neat little tricks, says the New York Evening Post, played by the woolen manufacturers in the McKinley bill is now coming home to plague them. In that "scientific" tariff they wrote in for themselves a specific duty equal to four times the duty per pound on wool and in addition 50 per cent. ad valorem. The specific duty was "compensatory"—that is, as it took four pounds of raw wool to make one pound of cloth, the four-fold duty only made up for the tariff on the raw material, and the real protection was found only in the 50 per cent. ad valorem. Now comes the senate bill leaving out the compensatory specific duty, of course, as there is to be no tax on wool to compensate for, and giving a rate of 40 per cent. ad valorem on the finished product. But the woolen manufacturers cry out as one man that this means ruin to them. "What," asked the astonished committee, "can't you stand one-fifth off your former protection, admitted to be high?" Then the manufacturers draw the senators off into a corner and say: "The fact is, we lied when we said it took four pounds of wool to make one pound of cloth; it really takes considerably less than three, and the biggest part of our protection lay in the specific duty." So at least says the Wool and Cotton Reporter, and adds:

"The proper thing to do now for manufacturers is to confess to a little deception regarding the make-up of the specific duty, admit the truth, and ask for recognition of actual facts. The protection was needed, and the only sin committed was in the way it was obtained."

A Specimen Tariff Swindle.

In the senate metal schedule I notice that they have placed a duty of 40 per cent. ad valorem on bronze powders. This is an article which, if manufactured at all in this country, is only made to a very limited extent. In fact, I have never heard of its being made by any one here. Ninety-five per cent of all that is used comes from Europe, mostly from Germany. It is used by wall paper, molding, picture-frames, gas-fixture and other manufacturers, and every painter in the United States. If the duties are kept at this very high rate it will be a source of great hardship to a very large class of working people. There is a well authenticated report in circulation that the National Wall Paper Co., a gigantic monopoly, is going to start manufacturing bronze powders on a very large scale. If this is the case it will enable them to collect blood-money from the few outside manufacturers in their line and others who have to use it in their business. Under existing circumstances it seems very clear to me that 10 per cent. ad valorem is a high enough duty for this class of goods. And, in fact, it ought to be placed on the free list.—Cor. N. Y. World.

REED'S ROTTEN RANT.

The Ex-Ceare's Giratory Ideas on the Silver Question.

When a man gets the presidential bee in his bonnet its buzzing interferes with and prevents that clear conception of cause and effect and of conditions which should distinguish an aspirant for so exalted a station; and it also affects in a singular manner the optic nerves, causing them to present to the active brain a distorted picture of things and their relations. It is only on this theory that one may account for this aberrancy so conspicuous in so many of these ambitious patriots. We might cite distinguished instances of this from our history, but the present is rich enough, and we need not point to any other than Mr. McKinley, who insists that the foreigner pays the tax; to Mr. Bland, who insists that as Adam dragged humanity down with him into sin, so silver has pulled the values of everything down with it in its demonization.

But equally prominent with any in the present or the past who have had the wheels in their heads set in motion by the busy presidential bee, none is more, few so conspicuous as Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine. Mr. Reed is a staunch protectionist, one of those who laughed scornfully at the reciprocity dodge of Mr. Blaine as a delivery to the enemy of the keys to the gates of the fortress of protection. But Mr. Reed sees that Mr. McKinley has a dead cifer on the single question of protection; that there is a decidedly silver lining to the clouds lowering over his party; and he fancies if he can couple silver and protection and reciprocity he will have three trumps in his hand to McKinley's one. So we have him in his noted interview boldly announcing a new policy, in which he proposes to drive protection, silver and free trade tandem. They are kittle cattle, and we shall watch with interest Mr. Reed's handling of the ribbons over his wild team.

But there are some fallacies in Mr. Reed's statements that are too plain to be hidden under any guise of rhetoric he may have at command. One of these is the effect of the demonization of silver on the exports of the silver-using nations. They have been vastly stimulated by crafty merchantmen, who bought silver bullion at its market value, took it to those countries, converted it into coin and bought produce with the coin at its face value, making a profit which they either pocketed or shared with the consumer in a reduced price. This was not an original discovery of Mr. Reed's; we remember that Senator Davis made something of the same statement in his opening speech at Crookston in the campaign of 1890, but which he did not again repeat, because his fellow campaigner, Gov. Merriam, told him, after the speech, that it was dashed nonsense.

If this is a true fact, as the boys say, with a nice discrimination, we might confidently look to the trade returns of these countries to find confirmation of it in the increased imports of silver, the decreased imports of gold and a great increase of imports of merchandise and exports of produce. As India is the great silver consumer of the silver nations, we might expect to see its effects there most marked. For the eleven months ending with February, 1893, the latest report at hand, her imports of merchandise, stated in tens of rupees, of the nominal value of \$3.66, amounted to 59,953,992, and for the same period in '94 they were 67,403,097, a gain of less than 11,000,000. The total value of her exports of merchandise during the same periods were 90,408,044 and 91,522,006 respectively, showing a gain of a little over 1,000,000 in '94.

The imports of gold into India were 1,484,110 tens of rupees in the eleven months ending with February, 1893, against 2,908,956 for the same period in 1894, showing a gain of 100 per cent. in the latter term. The inflow of silver, which should show a large increase if Mr. Reed's conjecture is accurate, shows a hardly perceptible increase in the periods compared, the imports being 14,090,384 tens of rupees in the first and 14,219,024 in the second term, a gain of less than 10 per cent., while, as noted, gold imports increased 100 per cent.

Thus, accepting Mr. Reed's own test, we find his statement contradicted by the facts. We have not the figures at hand for the silver countries south of us, but have no doubt they show the same proportions. Whatever of increase there is in exports, especially of grain, is due, not to Mr. Reed's absurd cause, but to the development of the agricultural resources of those countries, stimulated by our own policy of obstructing the exchanges of the consuming nations with ourselves. Mr. Reed's new hobby may have wind and music enough to carry him through the next national convention, but it will break down when it reaches the federal capitol.—St. Paul Globe.

MCKINLEYISM AND TRUSTS.

Significant Facts Brought to Light in the Sugar Swindle.

The head of the sugar trust frankly told the senate investigating committee that the trust contributed, as its books would show, to democratic campaign funds in democratic states, and to republican campaign funds in republican states. It did not contribute to the funds of the minority party in any state. The trust had no politics but the politics of "business." It did not contribute to promote the success of any party or its principles, but it did contribute to promote the interests of the trust. That was the politics of "business."

It was after the publication of this precious testimony of the boss of the trust that the McKinley organs repeated the stale falsehood that the pending tariff bill favored "the octopus sugar trust because its members are democrats who donate freely to the campaign funds of that party." The organs assume that their readers read their editorials but do not read their news dispatches from Washington.

After H. O. Havemeyer, Mr. Searles, another conspicuous member of the

trust, appeared as a witness before the committee, and in the course of his examination the following colloquy shed light on an important point:

Senator Allen—You state briefly what difference, in your judgment, there is between the McKinley act and the pending act as the senate proposes to amend it, or has amended it, to the American Sugar Refining company, which is the better act for you?

Mr. Searles—The McKinley bill by far. Senator Allen—How much?

Mr. Searles—I think one-half. That is what I think. The protection in the margin to the refiner in the proposed schedule is not over one-half of what it is in the McKinley bill.

How did it come to pass that the McKinley tariff was made better "by far" for the sugar trust than the senate schedule is? Was it because the members of the trust are republicans "who donate freely to the campaign funds of that party?" In illustrating the manner in which the trust practiced the politics of business, H. O. Havemeyer mentioned Massachusetts as a republican state. Neither he nor his brother Theodore, who testified later, would give particulars, but it is an unavoidable inference from their general statements that the trust contributed to republican campaign funds in states where the investment would be businesslike, such as Ohio and Illinois. And from the testimony of Mr. Searles it is to be inferred that the McKinley congress was paying a political debt when it made a sugar schedule "by far" more favorable to the trust than the senate schedule is.

There was a nice little speculation in the McKinley sugar tariff. The bill at first gave the trust protection to the extent of 5 per cent. April 15, 1890, this was changed to 40 cents per hundred pounds. The next day there was lively trading in the trust certificates, and the price continued to advance for five weeks, or until the bill passed the house, with a protection of 50 and a possible 60 cents per hundred pounds. The stock exchange reports show that the total advance was 31 points, or \$15,500,000 on the \$50,000,000 of certificates then existing.

These facts would seem to indicate that the republican statesmen owed a considerable political debt to the trust, or that they were extremely liberal in making payment from the pockets of consumers. The same facts suggest the possibility of successful speculation by representatives and senators—speculation upon the certainty of their own action, with the aid of certain persons who know how to make themselves useful by "carrying" stocks for other people.

And the moral of the whole story is that tariff protection is a thoroughly corrupt and rotten business.—Chicago Herald.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

—Republican platforms are devoted principally to the abuse of democratic principles. Well, the democrats can stand it so long as nothing better than republican jobbery is offered as a substitute.—Kansas City Times.

—It is by no means a sure thing that Harrison, Reed and McKinley will divide the national republican convention between them. While they are interfering and jockeying some well-managed dark horse is very liable to gallop around the whole precious trio of leaders.—Detroit Free Press.

—Unfortunately for those who toil and for the nation at large, the system of protection established in this country has not extended to labor. The fruits of the high tariff have gone to the favored beneficiaries who have amassed millions at the expense of the masses. Labor has been imported free of duty and without let or hindrance. It is the undesirable element thus introduced that is largely responsible for the outbreaks which disgrace the country and work harm to the cause of those who are struggling towards the more favored position which is theirs by every consideration of right and justice.—Detroit Free Press.

—The Ohio republicans in their platform "demand such protection for sheep husbandry as will secure fair prices for wool." The Ohio republicans should be more specific. What is "such protection for sheep husbandry as will secure fair prices for wool?" Where is it found and how is it got? Under the protection which the McKinley act gives sheep husbandry, as under all protection given by the republicans to sheep husbandry, the prices for wool have been getting lower and lower, until they have reached their present beautifully "fair" figures.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—The facts about the sugar trust which are coming to light constitute the truth about all trusts and corporations which ask for "protection." Emboldened by the success of so many years, this system of robbery of the American people boldly flaunts its shame in open day and stalks into the public places and the high councils of the nation with startling effrontery. So hardened has "protection" become by what it has fed upon that it is entirely bereft of moral sense and enters the United States senate bearing bribes with hardly any sense or consciousness of impropriety.—Indianapolis News.

—We do not recall in human history an experiment more completely tried, and of which the results are plainer, than our protection experiment, except that of absolute monarchy in France, and it has produced almost as great moral chaos. The country is full of the anti-social, anarchical and crazy ideas of the power of government which preceded the French revolution, and they have grown out of the thirty years of protection as plainly as the French ones grew out of the fifty years of licentious despotism. Not the least diverting part of the prevailing folly is the high-tariff attempt to fasten the responsibility of it all on the free traders, as if it was not the function of a tariff to silence and rout free traders by a display of its own beneficence. The number of theories which in practice would make the world happy if the wicked would only cease from troubling is immense. But how to muzzle the wicked is a chief part of the problem of reform.—N. Y. Post.



FRED RAU, Winner of the Recent Chicago Road Race.

He is a mere boy, being sixteen years old his last birthday. He covered the distance—about eighteen miles—in 57:10. He weighs 140 pounds.

AMERICAN BULL FIGHT.

It Lacked All the Cruelty of the Mexican Sport.

A Wooden Image Took the Place of the Toreador—Fine Exhibition of Broncho Breaking—Fun at the Coronado Race Track.

[Special Coronado (Cal.) Letter.]

With the revival of the old-time sports and pastimes in southern California the glamour of old Spanish days again hovered over Coronado beach, though the blue hills of Mexico no longer frowned in gloomy sovereignty over a subject land. American faces filled the grand stand upon the Coronado race track where the sports were to be held. They were drawn there to see



TAILING A STEER.

the novel feature of a genuine Mexican bull fight. The bulls were in a large corral opposite the grand stand; four great creatures that shook their broad horns and threw up the earth as if scenting the bloody contest. As the seats above the corral were filled and faces peered down above the heavy stockade fence they pawed the ground and emitted hoarse roars. The most ferocious looking was a gray bull that had been driven sixty miles from Mexico. Until then he had never seen a fence or an unmounted man. On the way here he had gone through fences and terrorized whole communities, as he passed, surrounded by a dozen vaqueros with goads, whips and lassos. The great red bull was from one of the large California ranches. The bull fight was kept in reserve for the final exhibition.

The pastimes were begun by a burst of music from a Mexican band of silver instruments. A brilliant cavalcade of Spanish and Mexican horsemen appeared down the track. The leader rode in advance on a splendidly-caparisoned steed. He was attired in a velvet jacket with silver buttons and fringed trousers. His chain bridle clanked and his spurs jingled as he reined up his horse and with courtly Spanish grace lifted his sombrero to the judges and said "at your orders," to signify that his men were in readiness. The word was given and a brilliantly-colored cavalcade of American cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, brightly bedecked metadors dashed past and rounded the half-mile track to the three-eighth pole and halted. A herd of wild steers was turned into the track and rushed bellowing past the stand. The vaqueros made a run upon them, swinging in long coils their riatas, and were soon mingled with the herd. With wonderful dexterity they entangled the legs of the steers with their ropes and threw them in the dust, dismounted and tied them in less than a minute. Other vaqueros would ride up to a fleeing steer, grasp the tail and with a jerk throw the animal leaping to the ground the man would tie the legs of the struggling beast before it could rise. These "tying" and "tailing" operations are practiced on the cattle ranches of Southern California and Mexico at rounding-up and branding seasons, but here the cruel and repulsive feature of branding was omitted.

The Mexican vaqueros almost live in the saddle and are the best horsemen in the world. They then gave an exhibition of wild horse breaking or "broncho busting." Horses that never felt rope or strap were turned into the ring, lassoed, saddled and ridden by these fearless knights of the rancho. When first mounted the bronchos were frenzied with excitement and vicious rage, and reared, "bucked," plunged and per-

formed the wildest contortions in the air while the riders kept their seats with as much composure as if on rocking hobby horses. Within half an hour the bronchos, with bleeding mouths and heaving flanks, tamed and subdued, obeyed the bit and spur. In these contests the daring of the men, their skill and dexterity, the brilliancy and variety of color and movement combined to cover up any suggestions of cruelty, yet cruel it was. An amusing diversion, a burro race, was next introduced. The riders were Indians. The burros were the most perverse and wicked little animals that could be found. They balked, kicked, bucked, lay down and did everything but run, as a racer should. But the Indians were a match for them. With their clubs they beat and punched and set up such hideous yells that even the obtuse burros were frightened and set off on a lively scamper, while the riders still plied clubs, hand and heels, and enjoyed the sport as much as the spectators.

Anticipation was at fever heat to see the bull fight, for this king of sports is prohibited by law in the United States, and fears were entertained that it would be prevented at the last moment.

The appearance of the red and yellow metadors set doubts at rest. All but one of the bulls were removed from the corral. A vaquero rode in and as the bull charged him a metador leaped forward and flaunted his red decape cloth. The bull turned and rushed at him with a ferocious roar that seemed like a fatal attack, but the metador, throwing his cloth over the animal's horns and eyes, dexterously slipped aside with not an inch to spare. It was a close shave and the crowd which had watched breathlessly gave a great cheer. As the bull charged from one side of the pen to the other he sometimes lifted the horse off its feet, but the skillful metador was always at hand to prevent serious going of either horse or rider. In the fight spears were not used, nor was blood drawn from the bull, as this feature and the disemboweling of horses was deemed too repulsive to be permitted.

But the fight was as exciting as if bloody. When the bull was at the height of his raving madness, the horseman retired, and the metador placed in the center of the corral a mono, or wooden man, bright painted, with arms extended and lower part rounded and weighted so that whenever knocked over it would swing back into an upright position. The bull took genuine satisfaction in the mono, for it would always stand up to be hit, and the people were almost paralyzed with delight as the mono bobbed up serenely and the bull renewed his attacks with growing ferocity.

After a few good rounds it seemed to occur to the bull that there was something queer about the thing, and when he drew off to contemplate the havoc and saw the mono standing up bright and chipper as ever, swaying from side to side and inviting another tilt, he was the embodiment of brute astonishment. That was the funniest part of the tournament. As the bull could not be fooled longer he was turned on to the track and the great animal's humiliation was completed as a herder afoot ran up and with a sidewise pull of the tail turned him over. Two more bulls were introduced and the same performance repeated. After the last contest the metador rode the bull down the track. The whole affair was so planned that a humorous instead of a gory finale was rung in at the end of each act.

During the three days while the sports lasted there was a more quiet but equally interesting feature in the colony of Pueblo Indians brought from New Mexico. They engaged in their customary employments, baking, grinding corn and wheat, weaving, making pottery. These sports and pastimes probably will be repeated yearly at Coronado beach.

HERBERT HEYWOOD.

Exempt.
Citizen—Why don't you stop those two men bawling on the street? That small one with the spectacles began it. Run him in.

Officer Maloney—Sure, he's a reporter.

Citizen—Well, the other one, then!
Officer Maloney—And he's a saloon keeper.—Puck.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—It is reported that a Russian chemist has found a simple means to check the progress of gangrene without resorting to amputation, consisting of a simple application of an electric current.

—Electric currents in plants are due, says Kunchel, to the movements of water in the tissues, and not to differences of potential, existing independently. It was considered probable that vegetable electricity was due to biological processes, especially respiration and the consequent chemical changes.

—The interesting though not commercially important feat of obtaining electricity from the light of the stars has been accomplished by Prof. Minchin. By a telescope of the observatory at Westmeath, Ireland, the rays from the planet Venus were concentrated upon a delicate photo-electric cell, when a measurable current was excited.

—A French electrician, M. Treuve, catches fish by sinking in the water a net with an incandescent lamp attached. The curious fish collect around the light, when a pneumatic tire around the edge of the net is silently inflated and rises to the surface, entrapping them without frightening them and, hence, without destroying the spawn.

—Attention has been called to the fact that several of the ancient Egyptian temples were provided with true lightning rods. One is mentioned at Dendrak, which is provided with several pointed wooden poles, covered with copper, the purpose of which were found recorded in inscriptions on stone. Another, at Medinet Abu, built by Rameses III., about 1,300 years before the Christian era, is also mentioned, in which the points of the rods were gilded.

—An interesting experiment in the adaptability of electric force to traction on railways was made on the Western of France railway. The electric locomotive invented by M. Heilmann drew a special train from the St. Lazare Terminus, in Paris, to this station, a distance of thirty-three miles, performing the journey in fifty-five minutes. The train was composed of five coaches and a dynamometric brake van, and at certain portions of the line a speed of sixty-five miles an hour was attained.

—It is understood, says the Electrical Engineer, that the Metropolitan Telegraph and Telephone Co., of New York, is about to introduce a new system of telephone tolls, somewhat similar to that which has been in use at Buffalo, and which in Europe is known generally as the Swiss system. The company proposes to maintain the present rate of \$240 per annum for unlimited service with the best apparatus, but it annexes to this flat rate service a toll scheme, which will certainly be more equitable to small users, and give everybody who needs the telephone a chance to use it. This second scale includes instruments at \$150 a year, and the subscriber can have 1,000 talks for that amount. If he exceeds that number, the first 100 will cost him \$12, and so on. Besides this, if two men go on one line, the rate on the second scale will only be \$100 each for nearly the same amount of service, or 700 messages.

—Recent experiments in France, it is claimed, show interesting facts concerning the magnetization of rails and the effect of the direction of travel upon their polarity. Experiments upon a piece of track between Bordeaux and Certe, which extends in an east and west direction, show that the north pole is at the end of the rail that is in the direction of travel. Where the road was double tracked, it was found that the polarity of the rails differed in the two tracks, and that the north end was invariably in the direction that the trains moved. This condition is supposed to be due to the shocks of trains in coming upon the rails, which give the end receiving the shock a south polarity. The shocks are due to relative elevations and depressions of the ends of abutting rails, and to the spaces always left for expansion of the metal. The report does not explain why these conditions should develop a south polarity rather than a north polarity.

GROWTH OF TREES.

Facts From Their History Which Can Be Read in the Rings.

The student of nature may learn some useful and interesting lessons by careful observation of the rings in the trunks of trees. He will observe that some rings are wide, others narrow; some full, clear-cut and regular, others jagged, one-sided and perhaps spotted or stained or maybe deeply indented. These accurately indicate the condition of the tree during its various stages of growth. As each ring is a year's progress, so each is a perfect record of that year's development; so we may know how it was nourished. A full, wide, even ring shows that during that year the tree had abundant moisture and nourishment. A thin, irregular line is evidence that the tree was not in a flourishing condition. Spots, stains and breaks in the lines show that the outside of the tree may have been bruised or bent, or the bark and wood injured in some way. In fruit-trees, imperfectly developed rings may be caused by an unusually large crop of fruit, which so taxed the vital powers of the plant that but little was left to be turned toward the formation of new wood. By careful examination and counting, the skilled botanist is enabled to read the history of the tree-trunk, and to tell in what years it best flourished, when there was little for it to grow on, and when it was too constantly occupied with fruit production to give any care to its own growth other than the absolutely necessary formation and solidifying of its outer coating. It would be of great advantage to the student if the habits and needs of trees could be explained by competent persons. Some day, when tree-planting becomes more important than most people seem to believe, this knowledge would be of great value.—N. Y. Ledger.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Buttered Toast.—Slice the bread evenly and toast to a light brown, butter and serve while hot.—Ohio Farmer.

Cocoanut Pie.—This may be made from desiccated or the freshly-grated cocoanut as suits one's convenience. Beat to a cream three-quarter pound sugar with six ounces butter. Add one-half pound grated cocoanut, the whites of five eggs beaten stiff and one teaspoonful grated nutmeg. Bake in a rich undercrust to a delicate brown.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Broiled Swordfish.—This is a very rich fish. Wipe slices of the fish and season with salt and pepper, then broil ten to twelve minutes. Serve with horse-radish sauce. Cream one-third cupful of butter with a wooden spoon, add a tablespoonful of grated horse-radish, one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, a saltspoon of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of hot vinegar.—Christian Inquirer.

—Spinach.—Pick all the stalks off of two pounds of spinach, wash it well in several waters, and place it in a sauce-pan; add no more water. Boil the spinach till quite tender, then rub it through a wire sieve. Return it to the sauce-pan, with two ounces of butter and, if you have it, a little cream. Season with pepper and salt, then serve with fried croutons of bread rounds.—Woman's Home Journal.

—Fried Tomatoes.—Peel tomatoes and cut crosswise in large slices, salt and pepper, dip each slice into wheat flour, then into beaten egg, and fry at once in hot lard; serve hot. Lard is better to fry any vegetable in, as butter burns so easily. A cup of milk is sometimes boiled, thickened with flour, and a lump of butter added, and poured over them, but are delicious alone.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Curry Balls.—Put one cup of rice into a double boiler with one cup of milk. Cook slowly until the rice has absorbed the milk, then stir. Add the yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of curry powder, a teaspoonful of onion juice and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Mix all well together over the fire and turn out to cool. When cold form into small balls about the size of a walnut. Dip in egg and then in fine bread crumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat. This makes a nice garnish for the fried chicken with cream sauce.—Boston Budget.

—Anchovy Toast.—Take two anchovies for each round of bread three inches in diameter, free them from oil, split them open, take out the backbone, and press through a sieve. Add to this the beaten yolks of two eggs for every dozen anchovies—that is, for every six portions of toast. Have ready this number of slices of bread fried a golden brown in hot butter, and put them on a very hot, covered dish. Set a small sauce-pan containing a teaspoonful of butter into a larger vessel of boiling water; add the fish pulp and beaten eggs, and stir until it thickens; pour over the toast and serve at once.—Country Gentleman.

—Excellent little nut cakes are made by creaming one-half cupful of butter with a cup and a half of fine granulated sugar. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light, add to the butter and sugar, then add three-fourths of a cupful of sweet milk. Froth the whites of the eggs, and add them to the batter, together with two cupfuls of flour sifted before measuring. Add the whites of the eggs and the flour alternately. When light and smooth, add a cupful of hickory-nut meats, chopped and floured. Add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder the last thing, mix and bake at once in a moderate oven. Have the tins well greased.—N. Y. Post.

FASHION NOTES.

Hints and Suggestions Both Timely and Up to Date.

The craze for a revival of old-time fancies extends to names as well as things, and the present pet in Paris is the "Maid of Orleans." There are Jeanne d'Arc hats, Orleans shoes and gloves, and the heroic maiden's suit of armor has been represented in a toilet of gray silk trimmed with steel spangles.

The catenelles hung with all sorts of jingling trinkets, such as miniature flasks, salt bottles, seals, and pencils are to be worn again.

Bridesmaids' dresses of sheer plain muslin, made over silk and trimmed with lace inserting put in perpendicularly, and deep frillings of lace, are pretty for June weddings. With these are worn large, girlish straw hats. Another fancy is to have the bridesmaids wear different colors.

Graceful sashes are made by a double band of ribbon passed around the waist and fastened at the back beneath two rosettes, with long ends reaching to the hem.

Fancy side combs of tortoise shell or gold, set with diamonds, are worn to keep the hair in place. A pretty party for gray hair is an upstanding comb of jet, which extends down at the side of the head, graduating into the hair.

Belts of some description are an indispensable article of summer attire, and they may be of ribbon, velvet or leather. A new fancy resembles chain armor in miniature, and consists of beads and paillettes overlapping each other, and sewn on elastic cloth. Fancy buckles and clasps fasten the belts in front, and these come in every possible variety to suit every purse. The most durable ones, which are nice and inexpensive, too, are of solid silver.

A novel way of giving a dash of style to a plain covert coat is to introduce a wide white duck collar and revers, which are made to button on and take off at will.

White trimmings are universally worn, and white kid is introduced with guipure in the embroideries.

Evening ties for gentlemen suggest the proximity of feminine fingers, and look like women's butterfly bows. Ribbons vie with laces for the favorite place among dress trimmings, and all kinds of plain and fancy ribbons are used on dresses.—N. Y. Sun.



Admitted to be the finest preparation of the kind in the market. Makes the best and most wholesome bread, cake, and biscuit. A hundred thousand unsolicited testimonials to this effect are received annually by its manufacturers. Its sale is greater than that of all other baking powders combined.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Determining the Age of a Horse.
"It is the popular opinion among most people," remarked a veterinary surgeon of Omaha, "that the age of a horse can easily be determined by examining his teeth. That method will work all right until a horse reaches his eighth year, but after that he gets no more new teeth and that means of telling his age becomes useless. When a horse reaches that period where his teeth stop growing a sort of fold or wrinkle becomes visible on the upper edge of the lower eyelid, and a new fold forms each succeeding year of his life, so that in that way his age can be easily determined, no matter how far advanced in years he may be."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Soup from the Bones.
Lawyer Quibble.—There's one thing queer about the family skeleton.
Lawyer Briefless.—What's that?
Lawyer Quibble (complacently).—It often makes us lawyers fat.—Life.

Take Time by the Forelock.
Check growing infirmity and mitigate the ill of growing age with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieves these evils: Rheumatism, lumbago, chills and fever, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, are all remedied by this helper of the aged, weak and convalescent. Prove the truth of this assertion, which is established by evidence.

THREE YEARS' UNDISTURBED POSSESSION OF A SETTER DOG WILL DESTROY THE VERACITY OF THE BEST MAN IN AMERICA.—Texas Sittings.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.	
KANSAS CITY, July 2.	
CATTLE—Best beefs.....	\$ 3 70 @ 4 45
Stockers.....	2 00 @ 3 25
Native cows.....	2 20 @ 3 50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy.....	4 00 @ 4 95
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	50 @ 52
No. 2 hard.....	50 @ 52
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2 mixed.....	33 @ 36
RYE—No. 2.....	48 @ 50
WHEAT—Patent, per sack.....	1 40 @ 1 50
Flour—No. 2.....	1 40 @ 2 00
HAY—Choice timothy.....	8 50 @ 9 50
Fancy prairie.....	6 00 @ 7 50
BRAN.....	56 @ 58
BUTTER—Choice cream.....	15 @ 16
CHEESE—Full cream.....	10 @ 11
EGGS—Choice.....	7 @ 7 1/2
POTATOES.....	60 @ 70
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Native and shipping.....	3 00 @ 4 45
Texas.....	2 50 @ 3 40
HOGS—Heavy.....	4 00 @ 4 95
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	2 75 @ 3 00
WHEAT—Choice.....	2 00 @ 2 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	54 1/2 @ 54 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	40 @ 41
OATS—No. 2 mixed.....	42 1/2 @ 43
RYE—No. 2.....	50 @ 50 1/2
WHEAT—Patent.....	1 40 @ 1 50
BUTTER—Creamery.....	14 @ 16
LARD—Western steam.....	6 40 @ 6 45
PORK.....	12 55 @ 13 00
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Common to prime.....	3 00 @ 4 70
HOGS—Packing and shipping.....	4 00 @ 5 10
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	2 50 @ 3 10
WHEAT—Winter wheat.....	3 20 @ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	58 @ 58 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	40 1/2 @ 41
OATS—No. 2.....	43 1/2 @ 44
RYE.....	48 1/2 @ 50
BUTTER—Creamery.....	14 @ 17
LARD.....	6 65 @ 6 70
PORK.....	12 55 @ 13 00
NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Native steers.....	4 00 @ 4 90
HOGS—Good to choice.....	5 50 @ 6 40
WHEAT—Good to choice.....	2 50 @ 4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	50 1/2 @ 52
CORN—No. 2.....	44 1/2 @ 45
OATS—Western mixed.....	52 @ 53
BUTTER—Creamery.....	14 @ 18
PORK—Mess.....	13 50 @ 14 50

THEY LOOK "SPICK AND SPAN NEW"



Clothes When Washed With

GLAIRETTE SOAP.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

MADE BY THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

A LOST RING.

The Old Story of Woman's Love and Man's Jealousy.

"A diamond, Jack? A real diamond! Oh, how bright it is, like a spark of white fire! Like a star, dropped down out of the sky! I never saw a diamond before; and to think that it is mine! Dear Jack, I couldn't possibly love you any more than I did before, but I do love you, oh, so much!"

The little bit of love-making took place under the frost-bitten apple-trees of the Back Orchard, where Esther Elmford was standing, with a white woolen hood wrapped tightly over her curls and a black-and-scarlet plaid shawl enfolding her, mummy-fashion. She was a tall, rosy-cheeked girl, with a complexion born of mountain-breezes and eyes that shone with ruddy health—no ideal sylph, but rather a rosy, wholesome, dimpled human girl like Wordsworth's heroine—

"Not too sweet nor good For human nature's daily food."

And as she looked at the tiny, glittering stone, the sparkles under her eyelashes were a dead weight for it.

"But you must not wear it every day, Essie, you know," said John Jefferson. "Why not?" Her countenance fell. "You wanted our engagement kept a secret, you know."

"So I did. Anything but the gossip of the whole combined neighborhood!" cried Esther, with a *monstrous* distaste. "Well, anyhow, I can put a black-velvet ribbon through it and hang it around my neck!"

"But you haven't paid me for it yet." "Paid you, you mercenary fellow!" "One kiss, Essie! I don't often get a chance to claim it, you know."

She poised herself on tiptoe to accord the demanded royalty, and then ran, laughing, away toward her home.

"How generous he is!" she kept repeating to herself. "A real diamond!"

When she got back to the kitchen of the roomy old farmhouse, where Mrs. Elmford was frying crullers in an atmosphere of fragrant blue smoke, that lady cast a discontented glance at her.

"Seems to me you've been a long time getting that spotted calf into the barnyard," said she.

"Was I long, mother? But he got clear down the lane, and the orchard gate was open," equivocated Miss Esther.

"The Striker gals stopped here for you. They was going up to the Maple Sugar camp with a lot of fresh baked bread and pies for Tom and Leonidas, and they waited for you till they was clear out of patience," added Mrs. Elmford, fishing another tin skimmer full of crisp brown beauties out of the bubbling mass of fat and landing them in the blue stone jar, afterward to be liberally sprinkled with white sugar.

"Oh, mother, can I go?" said Esther, eagerly. "I'm sure I could overtake them in five minutes."

"I've no objection," said Mrs. Elmford. "And you might take a basket of these 'ere crullers to your Uncle Peter. He's dreadful partial to fried cakes, and he thinks there ain't none like them I make arter Mother Elmford's receipt."

Esther was right. In less than the specified five minutes she had managed to overtake Alice and Jessamine Striker, with their basket of fresh provisions to the dwellers in Maple Sugar camp, on Giant Hill, where the supreme process of "sugaring off" was just then in full blast. But in the two minutes during which she put on her fur-bordered hood and fleece-lined mittens upstairs, she had slyly slipped the diamond ring on the first finger of her left hand.

"I shall be wearing it," she said to herself, "and no one will be any the wiser."

The Striker girls welcomed her joyously.

"It's so nice to have you," said Alice. "Jessamine declared you would not go, but—"

"Why shouldn't I go?" said Esther. "Don't I go up every year when they are sugaring off?"

Jessamine Striker began to giggle. "Yes," said she, "but our Leonidas has never been there until this season, and Mr. Jefferson has never been so particular in his attentions to you before."

Esther crimsoned to the roots of her hair.

"What ridiculous nonsense!" said she.

"Oh, is it, though?" retorted Jessamine. "When all the world knows that Jack Jefferson is as jealous as Othello."

Esther walked on, with silent dignity. In her secret heart she was beginning to regret that she had put herself out to accompany these silly girls. "Don't mind Jess, dear," said good-humored Alice Striker, slipping her hand through Esther's arm. "She will giggle at everything—it's her nature. Isn't this a charming morning? I heard a bluebird in the swamp down by the river, and there's a lot of yellow jonquils in bloom in Anne Rebecca's window box. The snow is thawing in the sunshine, but the walking is good yet, and Leon says the maple trees have never given a better yield."

Up at the sugar camp, all was life and animation. Blue threads of smoke wound upward to the sky from the chimneys of the two or three board shanties, thatched with strips of bark and trusses of straw, where the "hands" kept house in a gypsy fashion. The great kettles where the sirup was boiling down to the requisite solidity, were watched by select deputations, lest the fires should slacken or the saccharine masses scorch, while others were attending to the impromptu stone chimney in the open air, while the carcass of a wild turkey was whirling around and around in front of the blaze, impelled by a most ingenious rotary spit, and a nest of potatoes was baking in the hot ashes below. The girls were joyfully welcomed. Uncle Peter chuckled aloud at the sight of the crullers made after

his mother's time-honored recipe. The two young Strikers extended a hospitable invitation to their meal, even now in process of preparation.

"Leon shot the turkey yesterday by Lone Lake," said Tom. "And it's a prime one, you bet. Rather nice than the salt codfish we had reckoned on."

But Esther declined to stay. "I'll just take a look at the sugar kettles," said she, "and then hurry back to mother. We're going to have the parson's folks to tea, and there's a deal to do."

Leonidas Striker escorted her to the largest kettle of all, ordinarily called "Big Ben," and gave her the monster stick to stir the bubbling waves of sweetness.

"There," said he, "you can say you've helped to sugar off this year. Isn't it a splendid yield? And maple sugar's going to be high this season! Oh, you'd better stay, Esther, there's a lot of young folks coming up this afternoon, and Darky Jones is to be here with his fiddle!"

"Oh, I couldn't, possibly!" said Esther. In truth and in fact she had not been quite at her ease since Jessamine's unlucky allusion to Othello in conjunction with Mr. Jefferson; and she did not breathe freely again until she had reached home, where her mother was just clearing away the dinner dishes.

"Has anyone been here?" said she. "Who should be here?" counter-queried Mrs. Elmford. "I don't expect Elder Morris' folks until four o'clock."

As Esther took off her things in the little chamber upstairs, where the shingled roof sloped down to the eaves, she glanced down at the engagement finger. Terror of terrors, the sparkling little ring was gone!

It was past four o'clock. Mrs. Morris was drowsing away in the sitting-room about the last missionary box which had been sent out to the Hougara Indian reservation; Miss Adelgitha Morris was admiring her hostess' most recent crazy patchwork; the two little Morrises were playing checkers, and the good elder himself was laying down tomes of theological law to Farmer Elmford; while Esther, with tear-swollen eyes, was mixing a batch of biscuits for tea in the kitchen. All of a sudden she caught sight of John Jefferson riding past on his gray pony, with averted face. In an instant she caught down the shawl that hung on the peg back of the buttery door, and muffled it around her head and shoulders, darted across the snowy back-yard where she could intercept her lover at the curve of the road.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried piteously. "I've lost it! Your ring! Oh, Jack, do say something to comfort me! I am so unhappy." "Yes," said he, calmly. "I knew you had lost it. I know how you lost it. I know to whom you have given it." Essie stood dumb before the cruel emphasis of his words.

"I was at the sugar camp an hour ago," said he. "Some one told me you had gone there, and I was going to bring you home. And I saw your ring on Leonidas Striker's watch-guard. Wasn't that rather soon to transfer your last lover's gift to your old swain? Would it not have been better taste of him to display your pledge a little less publicly?"

"Jack, Jack!" pleaded Essie, holding up her hands, as if every word were a blow. "I need detain you no longer," he said, as he bowed frigidly and touched the neck of his horse with his whip-lash, and the next minute he was gone. Tea was over at last, but Esther Elmford did not know whether she had eaten hot biscuit or cold, hasty pudding. She had listened, with a vague, unmeaning smile, to Mrs. Morris' prolonged account of little Tommy's last siege of diphtheria and Miss Adelgitha's proposed visit to New York. It was almost as if brain and nerve were benumbed, when Jessamine Striker's clear, sweet voice struck across the current of her hopeless apathy and she found herself in a confidential corner of the best bedroom upstairs, with Jessamine eagerly haranguing her.

"The strangest thing!" cried Jessamine. "He found it in the maple-sugar kettle. Alice had made some flannel cakes, and he dipped out a dipperful of the hot sirup for us to eat with it, and Leon came within one of swallowing the ring. 'Whose is it?' said he. 'Why, Essie Elmford's, of course,' said I. 'Didn't I see the sparkle of it when she took off her mitten to unfasten the lid of the basket that held Uncle Peter's crullers? And it must have slipped off her finger,' said he, 'when she went to stir the sugar in the kettle.' So he hung it on his watch-chain for safekeeping until we came home, and here it is."

Esther murmured a word or two of thanks. "I was very careless," said she. But even after Jessamine was gone, she sat staring at the pretty trinket which had so nearly been boiled down into maple sugar. What was the use of it now? What was the use of anything?

"Esther! Esther!" her father called up the narrow wooden stairway. "Here's Mr. Jefferson wants to speak to you!"

How strangely all these things seemed to succeed one another, like the dim lapses of a dream. She knew not how, but she was standing, with Jack's arm around her, her troubled eyes looking up into his.

"My own darling," he whispered, "can you ever forgive me for being such a brute? I have just seen that Striker fellow. He's not such a bad lot, after all, and everything is explained. Sweetheart, say that you forgive me! I never shall forgive myself."

And all the horrid nightmare feeling was over, and the engagement was a secret no longer, and poor little Esther Elmford was happy again.

"But I don't think," said she, "that I shall ever want to taste maple sugar again. Not just yet, at all events!"—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

DUN'S TALK.

His Weekly Review of Trade—The Effect of Labor Troubles—Good Crop Prospects—Failures.

NEW YORK, June 30.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: The great strike of coal miners has ended at most points, but material threatens to disrupt business more seriously for a time, though the number of hands engaged is comparatively small. Travel and traffic are well advanced on about twenty western roads already, and strikes are threatened on all roads which use Pullman cars. On the whole, other changes during the week have been for the better. Many manufacturing establishments which were stopped by want of fuel have resumed. The depletion of the treasury reserve has been checked by the voluntary deposits of gold by New York banks. Exports of gold have almost ceased. Congress has made much progress toward final disposition of the tariff question. Crop prospects grow better as the harvest draws nearer.

The resumption of work in mines and mills has been a general complaint of dullness and narrow demand, and prices of Bessemer pig and some finished forms are a little weaker. Although the working force has evidently increased, several establishments have stopped for want of orders, or because no settlement regarding wages for the coming year has yet been reached.

Textile manufacturers are embarrassed by the near approach of probable change in the tariff, the effect on which cannot yet be calculated. In spite of this reason for deferring orders and purchases, the number of mills quitting work is not yet as long as was expected, for the mills are buying cautiously, and sales of cloth and jobbers. The cleaning-up process has been accelerated with success by concessions in some cotton goods, but all orders are still limited and the accumulation of goods continues.

Somewhat better orders in woollens, particularly in low-priced all-wool goods and in clay diagonals and worsted chevots, though not large in amount, give hope of larger trade. But the mills are buying cautiously, and sales of wool fell below last year's 2,788,700 pounds for the week, against 3,142,000. In four weeks of June sales two years ago were 23,709,250 pounds, last year only 9,759,878, and this year 11,697,841 pounds. Growers and other holders of wool seem disposed to demand higher prices than can now be paid, but receipts from the interior are liberal and exceed the present demand.

Wheat has declined 2 cents, the year closing with insignificant exports for four weeks of June only 2,920,620 bushels from Atlantic ports, against 9,917,454 last year, while western receipts were 11,080,000 bushels, and the year ending August 31, 1904, will show a much smaller decrease. Corn has declined 1/2 of a cent, receipts being larger than of wheat, and a heavy crop is expected. Pork products are also a shade lower.

Cotton has yielded a sixteenth, as speculation against the enormous stocks in sight grows tiresome.

This week the failures have been 214 in the United States against 217 last year, and thirty-five in Canada against twenty-seven last year. Of late the number and importance of failures have increased a little, as it is near the close of a half year.

BIG BLAZE AT BROOKLYN.

Fire Destroys Two Warehouses—Two Firemen Killed.

BROOKLYN, June 30.—Shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon fire broke out in Woodruff's stores on Furman street. The firemen were enabled to prevent the flames from communicating to adjoining stores and the Union Ferry company's buildings. The storehouses saved contained the most valuable portion of merchandise.

About 8 o'clock, when the firemen were in hopes that the fire was under control, the flames burst forth with greater force and it at once became evident that buildings "K" and "H" were doomed. It was about 9:15 that the south wall of warehouse "K" was seen to bulge out and a moment later fell with a terrific crash. There were four men, employees of the Ferry company, who were on a trestle work which runs through the yard. They were playing a hose on the company's property when the wall fell. Three of them were caught beneath the falling walls, while the fourth one jumped and escaped.

A rescue party was formed which succeeded in bringing their bodies out of the debris. Two of them had been killed, while the third received injuries which will probably result in death. At about midnight the flames were thought to be under control. The burned buildings were valued at \$75,000, while the value of their contents was \$1,000,000, making a total loss of \$1,075,000, said to be fully insured.

FRAUDS ON THE GOVERNMENT

Prominent Philadelphians Arrested on a Charge of Conspiracy.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30.—M. H. Bickley, president; Frederick Belt, superintendent, and J. T. Anderson, of the Pennsylvania Steel Casting & Machine Co., were arrested by Deputy United States Marshal Myers yesterday, charged with conspiracy in perpetrating frauds upon the United States government in furnishing steel gun castings.

The affidavit upon which the arrest was made charges that on or about May 18, 1904, the defendants conspired to defraud the United States by duplicating the official stamp of the inspector of ordnance and in subjecting specimens already stamped and separated for casting for test to treatment different from that received by the castings which would result in delivering to the United States castings of a quality inferior to the specimens of that quality required by the contract of said company with the United States.

In the hearing before United States commissioner, Lieut. W. Irving Chambers testified to the details of the charge as set forth in the affidavit. The hearing was continued until next Tuesday.

SHOT BY A PROFESSOR.

The Italian Consul-General at Malta Badly Wounded.

LONDON, June 30.—A dispatch to the Times from Malta states that Signor Bazzoni, Italian consul-general at La Valetta, capital of that island, was shot and dangerously wounded yesterday by Prof. Hamilton Stilon. It is said that Bazzoni had been a persistent visitor to the Stilon house and the professor had protested against his presence and complained to the police, who ordered the consul not to enter the Stilon home again. In spite of this Bazzoni appeared there yesterday and the shooting was the result.

MURDERED BY THE REDS.

An Assassination in Leghorn Resembling the Murder of Carnot.

LEGHORN, July 2.—A crime somewhat resembling the murdering of President Carnot was committed in this city yesterday. As Signor Bandi, director of the Gazzetta Livornese, was entering his carriage, he was set upon by a man, whom it was subsequently learned was an anarchist, who drew a knife and stabbed him in the abdomen. Signor Bandi was at once attended by physicians, who decided the only hope of saving his life was to perform the operation of laparotomy. This was done but Signo Bandi died a short time afterward.

Prime Minister Crispi was questioned in the chamber of deputies in regard to the murder. He stated that Signor Bandi had been stabbed and killed by an anarchist owing to the articles that had appeared in his paper against anarchism. Signor Bandi was a veteran soldier. He fought at Marshall and Calatimi. Several deputies followed the prime minister in speeches eulogizing the deceased.

The murder has caused a great sensation throughout Italy and the feeling against the anarchists has been greatly intensified. The blow delivered by the assassin caused the dagger to penetrate the liver, and the similarity of the wound to that which killed M. Carnot was remarked upon by the victim shortly before his death.

As yet the murderer has not been captured.

LAI'D TO REST.

The Remains of President Carnot Buried in the Pantheon.

PARIS, July 2.—The remains of the late president, Sadi Carnot, the murdered chief magistrate of France, struck down by the hand of Santo Cesario, the anarchist, at Lyons on Sunday last, were deposited in the Pantheon yesterday by the side of the remains of his grandfather, Lazare Carnot, the "organizer of victory." The procession reached the cathedral of Notre Dame at noon, where a most impressive scene was witnessed. The clergy, headed by the archbishop of Paris, preceded the bier up the aisle to a monumental catafalque, displacing the altar which usually stands on that spot. The catafalque was upon a dais 10 feet high, and was surrounded by eight immense lighted flambeaux. Before pronouncing the absolution the archbishop of Paris delivered an allocution.

The funeral car and its escort arrived at the Pantheon at 2:30 p. m. amid the booming of a salute of 101 guns, fired by a company of artillery stationed in the Jardin du Luxembourg. At brief intervals the massed bands played funeral marches as the procession was winding its way from the cathedral. At the Pantheon the casket was removed amid a trumpet salute and the roll of muffled drums.

STABBED AS CARNOT WAS.

A French Schoolmaster Accidentally Makes a Deathblow to Himself.

PARIS, July 2.—Schoolmaster Guillemin, of Bussieres-Lesh, Clermont-on-Marne, was showing his pupils Friday how President Carnot had been stabbed. The children gathered around him as he drew the knife. A boy named Gerard, 8 years of age, fell forward in his excitement and struck his breast on the knife and it pierced his heart. He died instantly. The children ran screaming from the school room.

No sooner was Guillemin alone than he tried to kill himself with the same knife, but he was saved by two men who had been attracted to the school by the cries of the fleeing children. His wounds are not dangerous. The master is loved by his pupils and the dead boy's parents have besought the authorities not to prosecute him.

AN OUTRAGEOUS DEED.

A Bridge Watchman and His Little Daughter Fatally Wounded.

ST. LOUIS, July 2.—A special to the Republic from Birmingham, Ala., says: Watchman William McLain discovered a big bridge on the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham railroad near Adamsville on fire. Accompanied by his two little daughters, aged 9 and 12 years, whose mother only recently died, he hurried to the scene.

Just before reaching the fire a mob of coal strikers in ambush fired on him. McLain was shot through the side and legs, and it is believed, fatally wounded. His 12-year-old daughter was wounded in the hip and will die.

Sheriff Morrow and a posse with bloodhounds arrived at Adamsville shortly after daylight, and have been making every effort to run down the depredators, but so far without success.

THE SEDALIA CHAUTAUQU.

The Services at Association Park Attended by a Vast Concourse of People.

SEDALIA, Mo., July 2.—The gates of Association park were thrown open to the public yesterday, no admission being charged. Large crowds attended the Sunday services both afternoon and evening, the programme being especially interesting and instructive. Rev. Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut preached for his subject, "The First Church of Christ." It was a most able discourse, but hundreds of people could not get near enough to the auditorium to hear it. Vesper services were held by the Chautauqua circle at 5 o'clock and at 7:30 Prof. C. C. Case led the service of song with a chorus containing 250 voices. The evening sermon was preached by Rev. W. H. Crawford.

Wheat Estimate.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—In compliance with a resolution of inquiry, the secretary of agriculture sent a statement to the senate which says that the visible supply of wheat on July 1 will be about 55,000,000 bushels, in addition to which there will be approximately 8,000,000 bushels available stock on the Pacific coast, and as undeterminable quality that goes by the name of "visible supply." He gives the acreage of winter wheat for the present year at 23,117,173, and spring wheat at 10,108,593, and the probable production of bushels at 414,988,987.

CARNOT'S SUCCESSOR.

M. Casimir-Perier Elected President of France—Sketch of His Life.

VERSAILLES, June 28.—M. Casimir-Perier was this afternoon elected president of the French republic in succession to M. Carnot.

The election was by the senate and chamber of deputies sitting as the national assembly in the great hall of the palace of Versailles, that has been the scene of so many historic events, one of the most recent of which was the proclamation, January 18, 1871, of the victorious King William of Prussia as emperor of Germany. The hall was filled with spectators an hour before the session began, and among the assemblage were many members of the diplomatic corps.

M. Challemel-Lacour presided by virtue of his position as president of the senate. At 1:10 p. m. he called the assembly to order and, after a sympathetic reference to the late President Carnot, read the articles of the constitution relative to the election of a president and then declared the national assembly open.

No time was lost in proceeding to a ballot. The voting was more close than had been anticipated. The assembly consists of about 884 members, of whom the senators number 300. The first ballot gave M. Casimir-Perier 451 votes out of 883 cast—a clear majority of only about 17. France now has as a chief executive a man of exceeding firmness and in many ways, beliefs and character similar to the late president.

The members of the left supported M. Brisson and the senators of the right voted for Gen. Fevrier.

THE NEW PRESIDENT'S CAREER.

M. Perier belongs to a family the fame of which dates from the seventeenth century, and which has given to its native country notable names in finance, commerce, industry and even the church, for there at one time existed a worthy Bishop Perier, of Avignon, and also Rose Philippine Duchesne-Perier, who founded the Society of Nuns of the Sacred Heart in America and died in St. Louis, after arduous labors and heroic actions.

M. Perier's grandfather was the famous Casimir Perier, president of the council of ministers under Louis Philippe, and his father was a diplomat and subsequently a minister of the interior under M. Thiers. The new president was born in Paris forty-three years ago, and signaled his early years by brilliancy in literature and historical studies. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out he entered the Garde Mobile, of the Aube, and was with his company during the siege, winning a special notice from the Emperor of the honor of his bravery. He was private secretary of his father, the minister of the interior, who, in order to assist his son in public life, resigned his position as general councillor of the Seine in July, 1874, young Casimir-Perier was elected to succeed him. At the general election of February 20, 1878, he was elected without opposition to the chamber of deputies by the arrondissement of Nogent-sur-Seine. He put himself on record at the two reunions of the left center and the republican left, was re-elected, and in the republican cabinet formed on December 14, 1877, he took the post of under secretary of state in the department of worship and the arts, of which M. Barodux was chief. He held this position until Dufaure withdrew January 31, 1879. Three months later M. Perier left the left center and joined the republicans.

In February, 1893, M. Perier created surprise by suddenly resigning his seat as a deputy on the ground that circumstances had precluded him from reconciling his family duties with the conduct dictated by his republican convictions. This was the course he took at the time of the passage of the bill authorizing the expulsion of the Orleans princes. In the following month, however, he returned to the chamber, being elected for Nogent-sur-Seine as a candidate of the left center, his defeated opponent being a radical. He has since been in public life as deputy, prime minister and president of the chamber of deputies, and always with credit.

TIED UP.

The Boycott Against Pullman Cars Blocks a Number of Railroads.

CHICAGO, June 28.—The employees of the Chicago Great Western railway went out last night, making a total of eleven Chicago roads now tied up or crippled by the American Railway union boycott of Pullman cars. The roads so far affected by the strike at this point are the Illinois Central, Santa Fe, Chicago Great Western, Chicago & Northern Pacific, West Indiana, Wisconsin Central, Chicago & Eastern Illinois, Wabash, Grand Trunk, Monon and the Baltimore & Ohio.

An attempt was made last evening to send out the St. Paul train on the Chicago Great Western with a Pullman sleeper attached. The train started out, but when it was found the sleeper had been coupled on, a trainman pulled the bell rope, and as the engineer reversed the engine two men rushed to the coupling and in a few minutes the train pulled out, leaving the Pullman in the depot.

The three signal men who control the switches at the Western Indiana tracks at Archer avenue, joined the strikers at 8:30 last night, blocking the system. Under a heavy police guard a new signal man was placed in the tower and the blockade was raised, the crowd making no demonstrations. At 9:30 o'clock the San Francisco limited, over the Santa Fe, with four Pullman cars, passed the crossing in safety, the crowd making no demonstration. The seventy-five signal men and fifteen switchmen employed in the Western Indiana yards are all on a strike.

Convict Made Goods.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The report of the sub-committee to devise a measure to restrict competition by convict made goods with products of free labor has been adopted by the house committee on commerce with important amendments. As amended the bill will prohibit the shipment beyond the limits of the state in which it is produced not only convict made goods, but coal, iron ore, marble, lumber and all articles of commerce made ready for market by convict labor.

Port of Barrios Open.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The bureau of the American republics has advised that the new port of Barrios, on the Atlantic coast of Guatemala, has been declared open for traffic. A pier 1,200 feet long, affording a depth of water of 22 feet alongside, has been finished, and railway tracks extend the entire length of the pier, enabling vessels to load or unload their cargoes directly into the cars. Barrios is the northern terminus of a railway, one-third of which is finished, designed to be extended to Guatemala City, the capital of the republic.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Graham Muffins: Two cups sour milk, two tablespoons brown sugar, a little salt, teaspoon soda, sufficient graham flour to make moderately stiff. If not convenient to use sour milk use sweet, adding cream of tartar.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Buried Salmon in Paper Flocks: Cut sheets of white paper double the size of the slices of buried salmon. Spread them, but not too near the edges, with butter and bread crumbs mixed with white pepper. Put a slice of salmon in each paper and fold the edges well. Broil over a slow fire; serve hot.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Prepared Mustard: Take two tablespoons of ground mustard, one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of sugar, stir thoroughly in a bowl and pour on it boiling water sufficient to make a stiff dough; when cold thin to right consistency with good strong vinegar; Try this once and see if it isn't equal to French mustard at a less expense.

—Dried Beef Creamed: Chop the beef in small, thin slices, or, if bought already cut, pick it apart in small pieces, and carefully remove all fat and stringy pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a small saucepan; when hot add the beef and fry for four or five minutes, stirring constantly. Then add a cup of milk, into which has been stirred a level tablespoonful of cornstarch; let it boil up until it thickens sufficiently and serve.—Boston Budget.

—Knuckle of Veal: Simmer the veal (bones and all) till the meat is tender. To the broth add one small onion cut fine, two slices of carrot, one bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and one teaspoonful of salt. Boil reduced to a quart. Cut the meat in small pieces and put into a baking dish. Melt four tablespoonsful butter, add the same of flour, and pour on slowly the hot liquid. Season and strain over the meat. When quite cold cover with a good thick crust, and bake one hour in a rather slow oven. This makes a nice dinner.—Good Housekeeping.

—Small Swiss Puddings: Beat up the yolks of four fresh eggs with four tablespoonsful of fine white sugar, four tablespoonsful of fine dry flour, two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of home-made baking powder and four tablespoonsful of cream, then add, last of all, and very lightly, the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Have ready the requisite number of small, well-buttered molds, and three parts fill them with the dainty preparation, then steam the puddings very gently until nicely set. About half an hour generally suffices to cook them properly, but of course the exact time required will depend upon the size of the molds used. Serve turned out carefully on a hot dish, with a rich colored fruit sauce or sirup poured around about it; or, if preferred, serve the pudding cold, when of course the sirup would be preferable to the sauce as an accompaniment.—Country Gentleman.

BOWS OF THE SEASON.

Ornamental Additions to the Latest Costumes for Ladies.

Bows are made of black moire or velvet cut on the bias, or moire, satin or fancy striped ribbon from three to six inches in width. The black piece moire is difficult to manage gracefully, except by an expert. Less than two yards of six-inch ribbon is nothing on a hat, even with flowers and lace, and four yards are usually allowed. An elegant chip model lately seen was simply trimmed with seven yards of reversible moire and satin ribbon and two Rhinestone brooches. Never saw your bow too tightly to the hat or it will look stiff. Buckles of jet, steel and Rhinestones are very fashionable in the center of a bow or in a loose band passing around the crown. Rings are new as ornaments, and appear over bow loops and centers and loose, puff crown bands. Long loops need a support in the way of a center strip of flat bonnet wire stitched lightly and invisibly to the ribbon. A bow made of ribbon three inches wide has the ends cut off straight, wired on each side, and a narrow, single row of jet spangle trimming sewed on the sides and end. The loops are trimmed in the same manner. The broad Alsatian bow is of two or four long loops tightly strapped in the center and placed at the back, front, side or side front of a hat. The Viret consists of two broad loops placed at the back and pointing forward, one on each side of the crown, like two huge wings. The butterfly bow is made of several loops and ends, looking as light and airy as a butterfly, and perked up in an unexpected manner. The dress tie bow is only used on a sailor, English walking or Amazon shape, and is of ribbon narrowly folded and tied in two loops and ends exactly like a man's dress tie.—Ladies' Home Journal.

To Soften Stiff Shoes.

It is claimed that the following treatment will make pliable the stiff shoes that have been put aside to dry after a thorough wetting: First wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water, and mud, then, while still wet, rub well with paraffine oil, using flannel for the purpose. Set them aside till partly dry, when a second treatment with oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with