

Chase County Courier.

W.E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOL. XVI.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1890.

NUMBER 37.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

CONGRESSIONAL.

When the Senate met on June 11 petitions were presented and a number of bills reported and placed on the calendar. Senator Plumb introduced a bill, prepared by Mr. St. John, of New York, for the purchase of silver to use as lawful money. The conference report on the Military Academy bill was agreed to. The conference report on the Army Appropriation bill was presented and the question of the sale of liquor at the canteens in Prohibitory states discussed. It forbids the sale of liquors to enlisted men in such states. A number of Senators favored the proposition to make it apply to officers as well as men. The report was adopted and the Silver bill discussed until adjournment. The proceedings of the House were unimportant. A number of bills of a local nature passed, among them the Senate bill to divide the judicial district of the State of Kansas into two divisions. Adjourned.

After the report of committees in the Senate on the 3d resolution of Senator Edmunds for an investigation of the management of the Fish Commissioner's office was the subject of a lively discussion, there being serious charges against the conduct of the office. The resolution went over and several bills passed. Debate on the Silver bill was then resumed and continued. Senators Fugate and Farwell both addressing the Senate on the subject. The proceedings in the House were brief and uninteresting, the contested election case from Alabama of McDuffie against Turpin occupying most of the time.

The Senate on the 4th agreed to the resolution for an inquiry into the management of the Fish Commissioner's office. The Forfeitures bill was then taken up, discussed and passed. Senator Fry offered a joint resolution to authorize the President to form alliances with foreign countries for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Referred, and the Senate adjourned. The House further wrestled with the Alabama contested election case of McDuffie vs. Turpin and seated McDuffie by a vote of 139 to 113. A correction was made in the enrollment of the Customs Administrative bill and the House adjourned.

Soon after assembling on the 5th the Senate resumed debate on the Silver bill. Senators Hiscok and Sherman addressed the Senate in opposition to free coinage and Senator Stewart favored it. Several important bills passed and Senator Blair introduced a bill to prohibit the exportation of alcoholic liquors to Africa and the islands of the Pacific ocean. Adjourned. When the House met Mr. McKinley, of the Committee on Rules, reported a resolution providing for immediate consideration of the Silver bill, the previous question to be ordered Saturday at three o'clock. This brought on a spirited fight, but the resolution was finally adopted by a vote of 139 yeas to 115 nays, eleven Republicans and the Democrats voting against it as having a tendency to shut off debate and amendments. The Republican caucus bill was then offered as a substitute and debate continued until adjournment. The bill authorizes the purchase of silver bullion to the aggregate amount of \$4,500,000 each month at the market price, not exceeding \$1 for 371 25-100th grains, for the payment of which treasury notes are to be issued which are to be legal tender and redeemable in coin.

The Senate on the 6th had the Silver bill under consideration and Senator Plumb spoke at length in favor of silver. A message was received from the President in relation to the landing of an armed force at Cedar Keys, Fla., which was referred. A resolution was agreed to calling on the Secretary of the Interior for copies of the correspondence on the subject of intruders in the Indian Territory, etc. Adjourned. The Silver debate was resumed in the House and continued during the day and at the evening session.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

An important opinion has been given out by Attorney-General Miller concerning the effect of the Irrigation law, which he declares to be very sweeping in its scope. All rights of entry upon lands which may be benefited by irrigation are suspended.

A rather bellicose joint resolution has been adopted by Congress against Venezuela. The President is authorized to secure indemnity for seizure of American vessels by force if necessary. The internal revenue collections of May aggregated \$16,837,773—greater than for any one month since 1870.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has vetoed the bill for the erection of a public building at Hudson, N. Y., on the ground that the public needs do not suggest or justify such an expenditure as is contemplated by the bill.

REPRESENTATIVE VANDIVER, Republican, of the Sixth California district, has sent telegrams to his friends declining the field for renomination and asking that his name be withdrawn.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MILLER has returned to Washington after a brief visit to Indianapolis.

The Senate Finance Committee has decided to give no more tariff hearings. The President and Mrs. Harrison left Washington on the 6th on the United States vessel Dispatch for a short season of recreation on the Potomac river and Chesapeake bay.

THE EAST.

In the Cambridge (Mass.) court Francis B. Holland, the Harvard student recently arrested for thefts of bicycles, books, watches, etc., from the college building, was adjudged insane on medical testimony and committed to the lunatic asylum at Worcester.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE RUSK visited the nurserymen's convention in New York City recently. S. M. Emery, of Lake City, Minn., was elected president and Charles F. Green, of Rochester, N. Y., secretary.

JUDGE BEACH, of New York, has signed the findings in the Tilden will case, declaring the bequest to the Tilden trust illegal and void and giving judgment in favor of Colonel George H. Tilden, the plaintiff.

The two largest blocks in Waynesburg, Pa., were destroyed by fire. Loss, \$40,000, divided among four firms.

The overdue French steamer La Bourgoigne has arrived at New York.

SPEAKER REED has been renominated by the Republicans of the Maine First Congressional district.

By an explosion of gasoline at a fire at Philadelphia eleven firemen were burned, some fatally.

The new United States gunboat Bennington was launched at Roach's shipyard at Chester, Pa., in the presence of a large company.

Among the bills signed by the Governor of New York was one exempting editors and reporters from jury duty.

The Supreme Court, of New York, general term, has affirmed the sentence of ex-Sheriff Flack.

RICHARDSON BROS.' saw manufactory, New York City, has been sold out to a syndicate for \$500,000. The company takes one-third of the stock. The syndicate is headed by Henry Disston & Co., of Philadelphia.

THE WEST.

FATHER HENNESSY, the Catholic priest of Dunganon, O., who assaulted Ella McGraw with a club, has been held in \$500 bonds for trial on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

CONSIDERABLE damage was reported from many places in Iowa from recent heavy rains. At Underwood thirty-five dwellings were washed away. Much stock was drowned.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Royal Arcanum commenced at Milwaukee, Wis., on the 4th.

D. D. MORRILL, chairman of the St. Paul executive committee of the National Educational Association, entirely exonerates Prof. Canfield of any responsibility for the misunderstanding with Archbishop Ireland over the reading of a paper on "Parochial Schools."

GOVERNOR FRANCIS, of Missouri, has ordered the delivery to the Colorado authorities of Mansfield King, the Denver Bank robber.

CONGRESSMAN SPRINGER has been renominated by the Democrats of the Thirteenth Illinois district.

CENSUS SUPERVISOR DAVIS estimates the population of San Francisco at 356,000. This is a gain of 123,000 since the last census. He also estimates the population of Chinese at present at 20,000, as against 22,000 last census.

ZEKE HUXLEY, chairman of the State Democratic Central Committee, was murdered by his son Fred, aged sixteen, at Huron, S. D., recently.

A PARTY of drunken Indians are said to have murdered Chief Engineer Crittenden and three of his assistants in the Upper Green river country of Wyoming. Crittenden was well known in St. Louis in connection with the building of the Eads bridge and was in charge of a Government survey when he met his death.

MILK from dirty cans prostrated sixty of a picnic party recently near Union City, Mich. All recovered.

DURING the progress of a Brotherhood ball game at Cleveland, O., lightning struck the pavilion. Three persons were stunned and a panic seized the remainder. No one was seriously hurt.

A SPECIAL from Shawano, Wis., says that 1,500 Indians with Winchester rifles on the Menominee reservation have driven the agent off. Trouble was feared.

It is positively denied that there has been any murders by Apaches in Arizona for two weeks. Mexican tales of renegades have also proven fruitless.

THE June condition of Michigan wheat is reported officially to be 76 per cent. of a full average—a gain of 8 per cent.

THE United States steamer Rush has sailed from San Francisco for Behring sea to watch for illegal sealers.

POLLIO, a Umatilla Indian woman, was hanged at Portland, Ore., recently by United States authorities for the murder of an Indian woman on the Umatilla Indian reservation about a year ago.

Two young men working near Ashley Lake, Utah, named Workman and Bird, were drowned the other day while trying to rescue a Mr. Wimmer who had fallen into a raging stream by the caving of a levee.

The planing mill workmen of East Saginaw, Mich., struck recently for nine hours' work. The furniture workers were expected to follow.

Four section men were killed near Rockford, Ill., recently by the derailling of a train, caused by a broken wheel.

THE SOUTH.

THE union printers of the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times struck for higher wages. Their places were soon filled.

ALABAMA Republicans have placed a full State ticket in the field, headed by Noble Smithson, of Birmingham, for Governor.

The confession of Dick Hawes, the murderer executed at Birmingham, Ala., some time ago, has been partially made public. He and Fannie Bryant, the negro woman convicted as his accomplice, drugged his wife and child and took them to the lake, where they were cruelly murdered and their bodies sunk in the water.

THE Southern memorial day was observed at Baltimore Md., on the 6th, graves of Confederate soldiers being decorated.

Two boys were killed and two men badly injured by lightning at the Pioneer coal shaft near Charleston, W. Va., recently.

There was a bad wreck on the Ohio River road at Clarington, W. Va., on the 5th. Several Baltimore & Ohio officials were injured, but no one was killed.

THE Louisville & Nashville eastbound limited which left Louisville, Ky., on the 4th for Cincinnati was wrecked just east of English, Ky. Quite a number of persons were seriously hurt, among them being Major Stickney and Colonel Hodge, of the army.

GENERAL.

Four hundred coal heavers of Most-reel have struck for 35 cents per hour.

THERE are rumors that the binding twine trust has collapsed.

The trial at Paris of the Marquis de Mores and the others arrested with him for connection with the May day disorders ended in their conviction. The Marquis was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and the Anarchist Vallée to one month in prison.

The journeymen bakers of Vienna propose to strike unless the price of bread is advanced so they can get more wages.

The Car has issued a ukase ordering an abandonment of the persecution of Hobsbaws for one year.

The steam schooner Louis Bucki, Captain Hansen, was destroyed by fire on the Atlantic. The crew were picked up just in time. They were in a small open boat.

The international cable conference, in session in Paris, has rejected the proposal to increase the number of figures charged for as one word by cable companies.

M. BOMBONNEL, the famous panther killer of France, died in Paris recently.

EXPERIMENTS with American cotton seed in Turkestan and other Russian trans-Caspian provinces are reported eminently successful.

LAGRANGE CHATELAIN, the famous monastery in the department of Isere, fourteen miles from Grenoble, France, has been much damaged by the explosion of a quantity of dynamite believed to have been set by persons living in the locality.

The British House of Commons has rejected the bill for the construction of a tunnel under the British channel between England and France.

At a meeting in London Henry M. Stanley agreed to raise the money to place a steamer on the Victoria Nyanza in Africa.

CHANCELLOR CAPHIVI had a fall from his horse at Berlin on the 5th. Wild rumors were afloat, but he was not seriously hurt.

At Freudenthal, Austrian Silesia, 400 striking weavers captured by storm all the factories running and compelled all operatives to leave. Gendarmes dispersed the mob after a stubborn fight, in which several were wounded, but the intimidated workmen were afraid to return to work.

The prospects for the coming wool season throughout Australia are encouraging. The pastoral outlook is excellent, owing to plentiful rains.

BUSINESS failures (Dun's report) for the seven days ended June 5 numbered 205, including Canada, compared with 218 the previous week and 235 the corresponding week of last year.

The grand medical prize at Goettingen, Germany, has been awarded to Dr. D. R. Phillips, a medical student from Leavenworth, Kan.

M. CHRISTIC, formerly Prime Minister of Serbia, is about to bring an action against his wife for divorce. Milan, the ex-King of Serbia, is named as co-respondent.

THE LATEST.

The Egyptian Government has paid to Captain Casati for Emin Pasha more than \$25,000 as Emin's salary for seven years as Governor of the Equatorial province in Africa.

The members of the Philadelphia Athletics and the Rochester base-ball teams, with Umpire Toole, have been arrested on the charge of playing base-ball on Sunday at Irondequoit, N. Y.

EFFORTS to run street cars on the Consolidated railway at Columbus, O., on the 9th proved abortive, the police being unable to do any thing against the excited strikers.

The Silver bill and Vest's Cattle Transportation bill were before the Senate on the 9th. But little was transacted in the House the Committee of the District of Columbia having the floor.

The President and his family have returned to Washington from Fortress Monroe.

JUDGE BARRITT, of the New York City Supreme Court, has remitted the \$2,000 fine imposed on Alderman John O'Neill of the 18th "hoodie" board, now in State's prison, and he will be released.

THREE men were crushed to death by a cave-in while getting out iron ore at Princeton, Ky., recently.

RECORDED SMYTHE, of New York, has sentenced Broker George H. Pell, of Sixth National Bank wrecking fame, to imprisonment at hard labor for seven years and six months in the State prison.

THE Hyde & Behman Theater, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$100,000.

MAJOR WEISSMANN, German Commissioner to East Africa, has arrived at Suez on his way from Zanzibar to Berlin. He reported Emin Pasha in fine health.

THE \$75,000 elevator at West Memphis built for the Kansas City railroad burned the other morning. E. C. Adams, of Atchison, Kan., the contractor, who had just completed the building and was sleeping in the second story, was lost. He was seventy-five years old.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) rifles won first money (\$2,500) in the Inter-State infantry drill at Kansas City, Mo.

FOUR children—Maggie Baker and Lola, Annie and Charlie Seib—were drowned recently at Rapid City, Ill. They were boating when they ran against a snag.

A DISASTROUS fire of supposed incendiary origin has occurred at Charleston, S. C. Four or five buildings were destroyed.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

GEORGE H. EVANS & Co., State House contractors, have sued R. E. Kepley, of Topeka, for \$8,077.65, alleging that his material was not up to sample.

The dead body of Jerry Donahue was found the other evening near a school house four miles from Atchison. He had been on a spree several days and the cause of his death was unknown.

PROF. L. E. BLAKE, professor of astronomy and physics of the State University, has been offered the same chair at Amherst at nearly double the salary he is now receiving.

The residence of F. G. Adams, of Topeka, secretary of the State Historical Society, was destroyed by fire the other day. Loss, \$5,000; insurance, \$3,000. He saved his library and the manuscript of his history of Kansas.

FRANK ANES, a young school teacher living near Wichita, left home the other day and has not been seen since. He is thought to have been murdered. He had been married only three weeks.

The Hale Hotel, the first public house in Hunnewell, was recently destroyed by fire. Loss, \$2,000; not insured.

KANSAS, although ranking eighth in area and twenty-first in population of the United States, stands second in railroad mileage, Illinois alone leading it. Of the 106 counties in the State only six are not penetrated by the railroads. These are Garfield, Grant, Haskell, Morton, Stanton and Stevens.

T. J. OYERMAN, of Oklahoma City, was knocked from a train at Wichita the other day and fell on some railroad iron. His injuries were thought to be fatal.

The Topeka Trade and Labor Assembly has issued a call for delegates to a State convention to meet in Topeka July 3 to organize a State federation to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

The other morning as a Rock Island car was being unloaded of lumber at Clay Center the body of Patrick Connolly, a boy apparently about seventeen, was found jammed between the ends of the lumber piles. A letter on his person gave his name and indicated that he was from Michigan. He had evidently been stealing a ride on the freight car.

From reports of correspondents representing 103 of the 106 counties of the State the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture learns that the conditions throughout the State for the growth and development of plant life were not in a high degree favorable during the month of May. In some sections, especially in North-western and West Central Kansas, the wheat is in bad condition, in many instances practically lost, and considerable area will be plowed up, and throughout the State generally the crop has been checked in its growth by insufficient rainfall and unseasonably cold weather during the past month. The condition of wheat for the State is reported at 89 per cent., a loss of 12 points since last report.

The Governor has offered a reward of \$250 for the arrest of Theodore Pfeifer, who broke jail at Dodge City May 24. Pfeifer was convicted of arson and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. The night of the day he was sentenced he broke jail and has not since been heard of.

ACCORDING to the report of Secretary Mohler, Kansas has not been for many years so free from chinch bugs and other noxious insects as at present. Correspondents report no damage whatever from chinch bugs, but few are seen. The millinery store of Clara E. Cook & Co. at Atchison was recently destroyed by fire. The loss was \$9,000; insurance, \$4,500.

A VOUCHER for \$15,974.90 was recently issued to ex-Governor Samuel J. Crawford. State agent at Washington, as commission on extra school lands he had obtained from the Government.

THE Santa Fe road complains of numerous raised pay checks recently. The original figures are skillfully eradicated with an acid and a larger amount substituted.

The Lawrence canning factory canned 1,000,000 cans of strawberries this season.

At a late meeting of the Executive Council the contract for supplying printer stock for State purposes during the coming year was awarded to Bradner, Smith & Co., of Chicago. The bid was reduced below that of last year so much as to effect a saving of \$5,000. The contract for binding, etc., was awarded to Gane Bros. & Co., of Chicago. Both firms held the same contracts last year.

WILLIAM BAKER, of Lincoln County, has been nominated by the Farmers' Alliance convention for Congress from the Sixth district.

FRANK TUCKER, of Coyville, recently committed suicide by taking laudanum. Financial troubles the cause.

The Democratic State Central Committee met at Leavenworth on the 6th and decided to hold the convention to nominate candidates for State offices, at Wichita on September 9. The basis of representation will be one delegate for every 250 votes cast for the highest Elector for Cleveland for President.

A FIRE at Washington avenue and Fifth street, Kansas City, Kan., early on the morning of the 7th completely destroyed what is known as the "Ryus corner." The Ryus Planing Mill was a complete loss, and the lumber yards of the Chicago Lumber Company were considerably damaged.

T. F. COLWELL, proprietor of a Topeka bakery, recently deserted a crippled wife and sundry creditors and skipped for parts unknown.

FATAL ERROR.

An Operator's Mistake of Forty-five Minutes.

Shocking Loss of Life to Stablemen and Others by Collision of a Train Bound for the Kansas City Races.

St. Louis, June 10.—At 1:25 yesterday morning a palace horse car train, composed of eight cars loaded with valuable race horses bound for Kansas City, came in collision with freight train No. 18 on the Wabash, at a point one-half of a mile west of Warrenton, Mo. The trains were running at full speed and came together with an awful crash with fearful result. The accident was the result of a telegraph operator's error in train orders, made by the operator at Montgomery. The special horse train had orders to run two hours and five minutes late and the order delivered to Conductor Holland and Engineer Shivel of train No. 2, held by the operator at Montgomery, read that the special was to run two hours and fifty minutes late.

The fatal error was that the operator mistook five for fifty and handed the death warrant of at least seven men to the trainmen in charge of the freight train, which dashed into and demolished the special horse train at a point near Warrenton. The two powerful freight engines came together with a terrific crash, rearing up and tearing each other to fragments, leaving nothing but the solid part of the great machines intact and crushing them out of all resemblance of locomotives, both engines being pronounced almost total wrecks.

The escape of the engineers and firemen of the respective trains was almost miraculous. All the trainmen are said to have acted bravely and with good judgment, doing all they could to avert the accident and no blame is attached to any one in charge save the operator at Montgomery, who is said to have been driven almost insane by his error.

In addition to the demolished engines two palace horse cars and sixteen freight cars were badly wrecked and the money loss will be very heavy. Following is an official list of the killed and injured:

Killed—William H. Thomas, colored boy, Cynthia, Ky.; Henry Stone, trainer, Harrodsburg, Ky.; James Kelley, Chicago, Ill.; Ed. Simmons, hostler, Lexington, Ky.; Morris Green, colored, Frankfort, Ky.; Sam Davis, rider, Lexington, Ky.

Injured—Engineer Shivel, rib broken; William Taylor, colored trainer, Covington, Ky., arm broken; Lewis Thompson, colored, Harrodsburg, bone of foot fractured; Lee Parsons, Wabash, locomotive fireman, collar bone broken; J. E. Norton, brakeman, severely bruised; Louis Augustus, colored, Harrodsburg, Ky., left thigh fractured; George Hurley, colored, Cynthia, Ky., arm and leg broken; Lee Brown, Louisville, Ky., arm cut and back bruised; Merritt Johnson, colored, St. Louis, arm broken. Several others received minor cuts and bruises.

Seventeen valuable race horses were killed.

The names of some of the horses killed are: Little Prince and a two-year-old in the same car (no name), Ben Ridgely, Mattie Park, Egypt, Lige P., Spring Dance and Turner. The mare Huntress is badly injured.

The scene at the wreck was a terrible one. Cars and engines were intermingled in one huge mass of debris, from under which came the screams of wounded and dying, some cursing and begging to be killed, while others were praying for help.

A force of men worked from two a. m. until seven rescuing the unfortunate from just such positions as the above, and had it not been for a steady down-pour of rain, the loss of life would have been much greater, as the wreckage would have caught fire.

There were in all eight dead taken out, four whites and four negroes, and twenty-five wounded.

The stable most affected by the wreck was that of F. J. Kellar, of Cynthia, Ky. It occupied the car next to the engine and Kellar and his young son, who were sleeping in the front end, were killed instantly. After the debris had been cleared away their bodies were found within a few feet of each other, the heads of father and son lying on the same pillow. They had five horses and every one of them was killed outright. The horses' names were Egypt, Lige P., Spring Dance, Turner and Ben Ridgely, and Kellar and his son had been racing them only since the Louisville meeting in May.

The stable of Jack Chinn was almost wiped out of existence. It occupied the second car that was demolished, and it is a wonder that every one of the horses was not killed outright. As it was Ganges, Little Prince, St. Bridget, Oklahoma and Leo never walked after the car they were in left the track. The stablemen were able to take Mary McGowan and the fast filly Josie M. to a lively stable at Warrenton, but they were so seriously injured that they will never race again. They were left at the town when the train proceeded on to Kansas City. In the stable with the Chinn horses was Huntress, she remained under the debris several hours before she could be extricated, and it was thought by stablemen on the train that she would never face the starter again.

FIERCE STORMS.

The Town of Bradshaw, Neb., Wiped Out by a Cyclone and Many Killed and Injured—Storm in Iowa.

OMAHA, Neb., June 5.—The results of Tuesday night's storm at Bradshaw were fully as bad as at first reported, the cyclone striking the place about 8:30 o'clock, almost completely demolishing every building, instantly killing five persons and injuring a score of others. The killed are: Mrs. Henner, three children of John Shaw, a young son of J. A. Brumsey.

Among the injured are: J. A. Brumsey, arm broken; Mrs. Brumsey and two daughters, Mrs. Cutsball and family, Mrs. M. Williams, an unknown emigrant, Nellie Dorsey, Mr. and Mrs. Miller and family, Dr. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Keyser, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Babcock and three children, Willie Chapin, F. M. and T. Colby, J. N. Cook, Willie Heath, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Charles Miller, Mrs. Ex Chapin. Mr. Shaw, father of John Shaw, is missing.

The roar of the whirlwind was the first notice the terrified people had, and whenever possible they sought places of safety. But few, however, had more than time to close the doors of their homes.

Thirty minutes after the storm struck the town the stars from a clear sky shone out again.

Not a building was left standing. Every business house was wrecked and the principal street was filled with ruins, while their contents were scattered broadcast over the prairies. The depot was crushed into kindling wood and all but one car was wrecked. This, which chanced to be loaded with stock, was blown to York, a distance of nine miles, without leaving the track.

Thirty-five persons were in the hotel during the blow. The roof was torn off and the sides partly caved in and the windows knocked out, but no one was hurt.

Seven men were in a hall over a store and remained there until the blow was over. The hall and store are a mass of ruins, but not a man was hurt.

One man's family was saved by clinging to a heavy beam burner.

Another child clung to a small tree in the yard and it held and saved her.

A Russian settler near Bradshaw was struck and the report is that nine persons were killed there outright.

The physicians say that in all, twelve are dead, eight mortally wounded and perhaps twenty-one hurt more or less seriously.

THE STORM IN IOWA.

DES MOINES, Iowa, June 5.—Great damage was inflicted upon the towns of Underwood, Neola, Persia and Weston in Pottawattamie County Tuesday night by rain, and yesterday morning about ten o'clock Mosquito creek, that flows through these towns, overflowed its banks and all the country in the vicinity was overflowed. The sudden swelling of the creek is thought to have been caused by a cloudburst near Neola yesterday morning, but owing to rail and telegraph communications being cut off exact facts can not be ascertained.

At Underwood about thirty-five residences in the low lands were wrecked by water and as many families rendered homeless. Five miles of the Milwaukee track were washed away and that part of town traversed by the Milwaukee and Rock Island roads is submerged under fifteen feet of water. No lives were lost, but there were very many narrow escapes by residents of the flooded districts. At Weston the same creek overflowed its banks and the city was flooded to a depth of five feet throughout. This occurred about five o'clock in the morning and so sudden was it that the people are firm in the belief that a cloudburst occurred near that point. Thirteen houses were wrecked and fifty more or less damaged. There was no loss of life.

A fast stock train on the Illinois Central plunged into a washout at Ackley with seven car loads of cattle. Over a hundred head were killed.

The storm about Adair was the worst ever known there. The wind blew a hurricane and the rain fell in blinding sheets. During the night there were three different storms from as many points of the compass. Corn was badly washed out and orchards and gardens ruined in many places. Many window lights were broken by hail.

A German farmer northwest of Adair, whose residence and outbuildings are located on the low lands, lost sixty head of good hogs by drowning. His barn, corn cribs, hay stacks and fences were flooded away and three feet of water stood in his residence, driving his family to the upper story. The lightning was very vivid and continuous and did much damage. The telegraph wires were badly down, the line repairer having twenty breaks to close between Adair and Atlantic.

John Cook, living just east of Casey, had a \$2,000 stallion drowned in the Middle river and came near losing his own life. That stream was a wide, raging flood. The storm all over that vicinity did great damage and it is only surprising that no lives were lost. People very generally took to caves and cellars.

CHESTER, Iowa, June 5.—A cyclone passed near this place at 3:30 yesterday afternoon.

A school house three miles south was struck by the storm and completely demolished. The teacher, Miss Mary Smith, was badly injured and one pupil fatally injured. Miss Smith may possibly recover.

Several farm houses and numerous outbuildings were blown away. The number of people injured is estimated at twenty.

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

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

SWEETBRIER LANE.

Dearest of all are the sweet-spring flowers
That come with the sun and rain.
I was stirred to depths of my soul to-day
By the sight of the primrose again.
It was held in the grasp of a childish hand,
And its odors, subtle and sweet,
Were borne on the wings of the gentle wind
Through the city's sunlit street.
And in thought I was treading the turf again
In Sweetbrier Lane.

And the sweet pure air, a vigorous breath,
Swept down from the green hillsides,
And rustled the myriad leaves of the trees
That overshadow the footpath wide—
The path that leads to the pasture-gate,
Where the cattle stand sleek and strong,
Where the blackbird whistles a low sweet note
And the thrush pipes loud and long;
And my light heart echoed the glad refrain
In Sweetbrier Lane.

The sunbeams chase the shadows along,
Like merry elves at play;
And, decked with flowers, the children troop—
Dear living sunbeams they!
They flutter and dance and laugh and shout,
They revel the long day through,
With never a thought of the storms that hide
The sun and the sky so blue;
How different life from the city strain
In Sweetbrier Lane!

Dear Sweetbrier Lane, so far away!
'Tis only in dreams I see
The wondrous beauty that spring loves to
Lavish abroad on thee.
I sigh as I dream of this boyhood's haunt—
Of the changes that time hath wrought;
Of the innocent sweet so rudely effaced
By knowledge so dearly bought;
And my song of joy hath a sad refrain,
Dear Sweetbrier Lane!

—Charles H. Barstow, in Chambers' Journal.

CAPTURING A BURGLAR.

A Little Boy's Story of How It Was Accomplished.



NE night Bob heard a burglar getting in a dining-room window. Bob is my brother. He waked me and told me that some one was getting in, and then he covered up his head and I shivered too, but I didn't cover up my head. I couldn't think very well that way. Papa wasn't at home. Tom was over in the next room, but Tom wasn't much good. He was a country cousin of ours, and as he had never been to the city before, he knew very little about burglars. I went over to Tom's room and said to him: "Tom, there's burglars in the house." "Tom, there's burglars in the house," Tom rolled over after he had stopped snoring a moment, and muttered something about it not being milking-time. I went back to Bob, told him I couldn't wake Tom up and he would have to help me fight the burglar himself. Bob said that after all he didn't think there was a burglar in the house; but I knew that he was afraid, and only wanted to avoid going down-stairs. Bob is a little fellow, though, and that was the reason, I suppose, that he was afraid. I was a little afraid myself. I had been wishing for a long while that a burglar would get into our house. For I felt that I was getting old enough to protect the family when papa was away. A boy fourteen years old is old enough to protect the family, isn't he? I was just a little frightened, but I went down to mamma's room to get papa's revolver. That was where he kept it. I had to keep pretty quiet so that I wouldn't waken mamma and get her nerves excited; for if there's any thing mamma has more than all others, it's her nerves. Mamma was sound asleep, so I went to the bureau drawer and got the revolver. It was a fine one and just fitted my hand. I had wished it was mine many a time. Then I went back to Tom and said to him, as I shook him on the shoulder: "Tom, there's burglars in the house." But Tom only growled out that he had fed that heifer enough to last till he was ready to get up. Then I knew that



ME DID IT LIKE A MAN.
I would have to attend to that burglar myself. What could I expect a boy from the country to know about burglars anyway? I felt lonely when I got down-stairs, all alone there in the big house. I heard a street-car go along in a side street, and the bell on the horse tinkled louder than I ever heard it tinkle before. I wondered if the people in the car would read in the paper next day how bravely Ned Harwood, son of Hon. John W. Harwood, of Ashland avenue, had captured a burglar. That made me feel better, and I went into the dining-room.
The dining-room looked dark and lonely. Every thing looked lonely that night. I never saw things look so queer. One of the dining-room windows was open, and I knew that the burglar had gotten in by it and was some place in the house. I sat down on a chair, rested

my revolver hand over my left arm and wondered what I was going to do next. The clock ticked like all possessed, and I could see the glassware on the sideboard shine in the light that came in through the window-slats from a street lamp.

I hadn't been sitting that way long when I heard some one coming out of the next room. It was the burglar, and he didn't see me as I sat there in my corner keeping very still. He had a dark lantern in his hand. He threw the light on the sideboard and said to himself, aloud:

"I wonder what's in that old box?" Mamma kept some of her silver in that box, and I knew what a shock it would be to her nerves if it should be stolen.

The burglar stooped down and began to pry open a drawer of the sideboard with a screw-driver or something that he had. I knew that now was the time for action, so I raised my revolver to the level of the burglar's head and said: "I guess you needn't trouble yourself to open that drawer, my friend."

The burglar knew I had him, and he stopped perfectly still.

"Drop that and throw up your hands," I said, and he did it like a man.

"How are all your folks?" I asked, because I didn't know what else to say; but the burglar didn't answer.

I had captured my burglar, but what to do with him I didn't know. I couldn't yell and wake up the whole house on account of mamma's nerves. I wouldn't do any thing to agitate mamma's nerves.

"Now see here, mister," said the burglar, "you ain't goin' to hand me over to the peolers, are you?"

"That's what I'm going to do," said I. "Don't you know that I have a wife and seven small children to support?" said he.

"Do you support them by burglarizing houses?" I asked.

"I wasn't burglarizin' no house, mister," he said. "I was just lookin' for somethin' I lost last year." And he laughed rather low. It made me feel pretty good to be called mister.

"If you must call a cop, you'd best raise the window and call him," said the burglar. "I might get away if you should go to the front door. You can just raise the window and wait till one comes along."

That was about the best way to do, I thought, though I would have to go pretty near the burglar. But, as he had no revolver, that would make no difference.

So I went over to the window. B-r-r-r. I never felt so funny in all my life. That burglar must have hit me with a sand-bag or something.

When I came to my senses in a few seconds the burglar was standing over me, pointing my own revolver—or rather papa's—at me. Such a burglar is a disgrace to his profession.

"I'm just holdin' yer gun for ye while ye open the window," he said with a grin.

I sat up and rubbed my head. The burglar laughed again rather low and said:

"Sonny, where's your papa?" "He's out of the city," said I, rather shortly, for I was mad. "Did you want to see him?"

Well, I never saw any one laugh as that burglar laughed.

"Yes," he said; "I wanted to see him on business. Do you know whether he would sell that corner lot of his out on Sixteenth and State?"

"And say," he went on after he had stopped to laugh again, "do you know whether he's got any more street railroad stock to dispose of?"

When I didn't answer the burglar was still a moment, and then, he said, pointing to the sideboard:

"Does your ma keep her silver in this?"

"Oh, now, you're not going to take mamma's silver, are you?"

"Is it solid?"

"I won't tell you," said I, beginning to think I would raise the house in spite of mamma's nerves.

"Come now, young feller, no time fer foolin'," said the burglar—and would you believe it? Right there in my own house he put my handkerchief in my mouth, tied my hands and feet and set me up against the wall.

"Now, young feller, don't you try to cheep."

Then that impudent burglar pried open a drawer in the sideboard—all the drawers, in fact—and got into the silverware. He put whole dozens of solid silver spoons in his pockets and threw every thing out of the drawers on the floor. He found about a dozen butter-knives that had been given to mamma and papa when they had their silver wedding. Only one of them was solid, and he took that.

"Any money in the house, young feller?" he asked, when he had taken the things all out of the sideboard.

I shook my head.

"Excuse me if I doubt your word," he said; "but I think I'll just look around a bit."

The burglar was about to start into the next room again when the clock chimed out four.

"Well," he said, "I'm makin' a longer call nor I expected, and I guess, as it's gittin' long to'ard daylight, I'd best be goin' home. I guess I'll borrow yer gun, so I see any thing to shoot at on the way home I'll have something to shoot with."

When the burglar had said this he picked up a bag that I hadn't seen before and dropped it out the back window. He helped himself to an orange from the table, said it was good, and prepared to leave.

"Good-bye, sonny," he said, as he put his foot on the window; "somebody will let you loose after awhile. Good-bye."

Just then there came the biggest noise I ever heard. It sounded like a dynamite explosion, and it seemed to come from the hall door. There was a sound of breaking glass, and of the table things being mashed as somebody rushed out of the hall and grabbed the burglar. When the smoke cleared away there I saw Tom standing over the burglar with papa's breech-loading shot-gun.

The burglar wasn't hurt, but he was scared. He had dropped the revolver. The window above him was shattered with the shot from the gun, and the glass was scattered all around.

"Aunt Fanny!" yelled Tom, without any regard for her nerves. It was never she had this time instead of nerves.

That was what papa said afterward, for she sailed down-stairs like the tragedy queen in Macbeth that we saw at the theater, and took charge of things as if she was used to burglars. It was because somebody was in her silver, I suppose. Mamma always was doudy about that silver.

She untied me in half a minute and sent me for the police, while she went for that burglar. Tom said he never saw the like.

In ten minutes I had the police.

"Good-bye, sonny," said the burglar to me as they took him away with handcuffs on, and he smiled at me out of the corner of his eye.

Well, that's all about the burglar. Papa laughed at me when he got home, and said that Tom showed considerable bravery; but for my part, I don't think much of a fellow who can't hit a burglar across the dining-room with a shot-gun.

Besides, he never would have waked up if poor little Bob had called to him that somebody was stealing the heifer.

THE BURGLAR WASN'T HURT.
That waked him so that Bob could tell him there was a burglar in the dining-room.

Then he came down and blew the window out with papa's shotgun. Tom is a stupid fellow, and I don't think he ever will learn much about city ways.

I have thought it all over, and have come to the conclusion that it isn't much to capture a burglar. Almost any one can do it.—C. L. Hooper, in Santa Claus.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

A Newfoundland Whose Sagacity Seemed Inexhaustible in Its Resources.

A good dog story is always appreciated, because canine sagacity seems inexhaustible in its resources. A Glasgow gentleman owned an intelligent Newfoundland dog, which accompanied his master wherever he went, and was his inseparable companion in his visits and to church. One evening the gentleman went to visit a neighbor. The dog attended him. It was quite late when the gentleman started for home, and to his surprise, the dog could not be found.

After the family had retired, there was a great noise in the kitchen. It was supposed that burglars were robbing the house. Soon there was a crash and a smash like the breaking of a window, and then all was still. The morning revealed the mystery. The dog had fallen asleep under the table. He had realized that his master had gone home, and the noise heard was the attempt of the dog to make his escape. As there was no other way to get out, the sagacious animal went through the window, taking glass and frame with him.

It was a long time before his master visited that house again. When he did his dog accompanied him, and the animal found his way through the open door of the kitchen to his old hiding place under the table. When the master was about to start for home neither his hat nor cane could be found. After a long search the dog was discovered fast asleep under the table; one paw was on his master's hat, the other resting on his stick. How the dog obtained possession of these articles no one could tell. He remembered his last visit to the place and how severely he had been treated. The sagacious creature resolved not to be left behind next time. He knew that his master could not go home without his hat and stick, and that he would be awakened when his owner got ready to start. His plans were acutely laid, and, if he had been human, he could not have done better.

—Boston Budget.

NO DREAD OF DEATH.

Men Who Felt No Pain or Fear in Being Torn by Wild Beasts.

I have known three friends who were partially devoured by wild beasts under apparently hopeless circumstances of escape. The first was Livingston, the great African traveler, who was knocked on his back by a lion, which began to munch his arm. He assured me that he felt no pain or fear, and that his only feeling was one of intense curiosity as to which part of his body the lion would take next.

The next was Rustem Pasha, now Turkish Ambassador in London. A bear attacked him, and tore off part of his hand and part of his arm and shoulder. He also assured me that he had neither pain nor fear, but that he felt excessively angry because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction in munching him.

The third case is that of Sir Edward Bradford, an Indian officer, now occupying a high position in the Indian service. He was seized in a solitary place by a tiger, which held him firmly behind the shoulders with one paw, and then deliberately devoured the whole of his arm, beginning at the end and finishing at the shoulder. He was positive that he had no sensation of fear and thinks he felt a little pain when the fangs went through his hand, but is certain that he felt none during the munching of his arm.—Letter of Sir Lyon Playfair.

POOR MR. PEDUNCLE.

He Brings Matters to a Test and Gloomily Returns to Town.

CHAP. I.
The summer day was drawing to a close and it was time for the picknickers to return home. They had battled with abandoned mosquitoes, fired stones and disengaged profanity at itinerant pigs, changed their camping-ground two or three times on account of bumble-bees' nests, sunburned their noses and caught one small mud-cat, sixteen crawfish and one snapping-turtle. The only thing yet to be done was to finish the contents of the lunch-baskets and eat what remained of the ice-cream.

A little apart from the others sat, on a buggy-cushion, Oliver Peduncle and the young lady to whom he had devoted himself during the day.

CHAP. II.
"Maud," he said as he brushed an ill-bred country insect from her dress and threw a sycamore chip at an inquisitive half-grown pig that was trying to be sociable, "I managed to get this saucerful of ice-cream before it was all gone."

And he set it down on an inverted bucket.

"There is more than I want, Oliver," she said. We will eat it together."

Oliver's heart beat wildly. With a trembling hand he took two spoons from the basket beside them, gave one to his fair companion, kept the other himself—and waited.

CHAP. III.
The young lady opened the basket, took out another saucer, emptied half of the ice-cream into it, and proceeded leisurely to eat her portion.

And then Oliver put his saucer down, went off and sat on the bank of the stream, and looked pensively over into the marshes beyond, where the bullfrogs were sounding their opening notes of their evening overture.

"It didn't work," he said to himself. "I needn't hang around that girl any longer."

And the buggy in which Oliver and Maud traveled homeward reached its destination three hours ahead of any of the others.—Chicago Tribune.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Why the Man With the Gun Would Not Speak for Three Hours.

Six men of us had come out of the mines in Montana to take a train for the East, but the train we intended to take met with an accident and was several hours late. The station was a small one, the weather very bad, and after awhile one of the party went to the agent, who was also the telegraph operator, and asked how long before we might expect the train.

"Dunno," was the brief reply. "You don't! Well, then, find out!" exclaimed the other.

"When I do I'll let you know."

"Oh, you will, eh? Now, then, you ask Rosenberg if the train has left there yet."

"I'll be hanged if I do!"

One man out with his gun and was going to shoot, but two or three of us drew him away and talked to him, and finally cooled him off. The most solid argument we advanced was that if he killed the operator we could get no news of the train, and would be even worse off than we were. This argument was what decided him, and five hours later the train came along and we got aboard. We were all seated together and had got a fair start when some one observed:

"That operator had a narrow escape."

"Yes, I meant to shoot him," replied the man who had pulled his gun, "but these gentlemen argued that in case I did we could not hear from the train at all."

"Thunder!" gasped a third. "Why, I'm an old operator myself, and had you shot him, I was ready to locate that train in five minutes."

"Then may I be toetotally kicked to death by jackass rabbits," groaned the would-be slayer, and he leaned back and nursed his disappointment, and would not speak to any of us for the next three hours.—N. Y. Sun.

An Exception to the Rule.

Colored Walter—I jes' spise dis heah slang. "Pears like you can't go nowhar but you heahs some of de mis'ble trash. Now, it's in de soup—in de soup—wha' ever you goes—ev' thing's—in de soup."

Boarder—Not quite every thing, Julius. Didn't you say that this is chicken soup?

"Yes, sah."

"Well, I'm dead sure there's no chicken in the soup and never has been.—Texas Siftings.

The End of All.

Mendicant—Please, sir, can't you give me a little money? I haven't a cent to buy food or medicine, and my wife is going to die.

Citizen (giving him a quarter)—What is the matter with your poor wife?

Mendicant—Nothing, sir, nothing—just at present, that is; but I'm afraid she'll die. Every body is going to die some time, ain't they?—Munsey's Weekly.

Quickly Arranged.

Old Million—What? Want to marry my daughter? Why, the child is hardly out of school dresses yet. She needs a mother's care as much as ever, sir.

Young Poorchap—Oh, that's all right. I'll live here.—Life.

—Out in the wild West a mail bag was emptied of valuable contents by parties unknown, and filled with stones. The loss was not discovered until the bag reached its destination, and no one had any notion where the theft was committed withing 1,000 miles of the journey. But a petrologist was shown the rocks, and he said at once that there was only one place in the United States where such were to be found. He told where the place was, and a detective going there—it was 450 miles away—found two Chinamen at work in an isolated spot, where, it was subsequently remembered, the robbed train had stopped for water. He promptly charged them with the crime, and they were so taken by surprise that they confessed it.

CAVOUR'S LOVE STORY.

A Melancholy Romance in the Life of the Great Italian.

Miss Godkin contributes to Macmillan an account of "The Young Cavour," from which we extract the following passages: It is not to be credited that so warm a heart, however well guarded from all assaults, could have passed the critical period from twenty to thirty quite scathless. Camillo was too clever and too keen to be taken in by the wily arts of the coquette; but he was not insensible to the attractions of a sweet and lovely woman, whose grace, refinement and cultivated mind won his admiration almost at the first meeting.

Intense sympathy drew them together, and before they were aware of it they had become deeply attached to each other. They separated with the sad feeling that they should never meet again, for, unhappily, there was an insurmountable obstacle to their union; the young lady's hand had been already disposed of by her father, after the manner of Italian marriages of that day.

They seemed made for each other, but they met too late. Cavour was only twenty, and the girl probably about the same age. He heard nothing of her for three years, except that she lived in Milan, and was a constant sufferer from bad health. Once he wrote to express his sympathy, and received a brief reply to thank him, but that was all. He preserved a tender remembrance of her, and a feeling of regret that fate had divided them; but his love had subsided into friendship, nor did he dream that the unhappy girl's health had been ruined by her devoted attachment to him.

But it was so. After three years' absence she returned to Turin, and it only needed the sight of her sad, beautiful face, with its traces of suffering, to rekindle Camillo's almost extinct love. After two or three painful interviews they parted once more; the fair unknown going to the baths with her parents, who probably wished to remove their daughter from the dangerous vicinity of the young Count.

Then began the correspondence which lasted for years. They sometimes wrote twice a day to each other; her letters were preserved and numbered by Cavour; but her name, even her Christian name, carefully erased. He calls his lady "L'Inconnue" in his diary, where he relates the whole story of his unhappy love in the most passionate and touching language. Cavour's letters are lost, but from those of the unknown we can gather an idea of their contents. Hers are very beautifully written, and express the intense, all-absorbing, hopeless love which had prostrated her strength for years and was slowly sapping her life. It is impossible to convey in a few words the painful impression left on the reader's mind by the perusal of these heart-broken letters.

At one time her parents thought that her mind was giving way, and threatened to put her under some restraint. Cavour, who hated and cursed himself for being the cause of so much misery to this "heavenly woman," moved as much by pity for her position in her family as by his own feelings, was tempted to ask her to fly with him to a foreign country. Happily, he put away the mad thought before communicating it to her.

When she felt her end at hand she wrote a pathetic farewell to the man whom she had so loved, who seemed to her a "celestial intelligence," and for whom her life was sacrificed; for she died literally of a broken heart. In that last sad letter she told Camillo that he had never fully comprehended her love; how could he, when no human language could explain it? When you read these lines an insurmountable barrier will have been raised between us. I shall have been initiated in the grand secrets of the tomb; and, perhaps, I tremble at the thought—I may then have forgotten you."

FISH AND LEPROSY.

A New Theory Regarding the Cause of the Terrible Disease.

Jonathan Hutchinson, writing in the Friends' Quarterly Examiner, makes a strenuous effort to prove that leprosy is caused by a constant fish diet, and that it is not contagious. He calls attention to the fact that at the present day in England there are only a few imported cases, and no special precautions are taken against contagion; yet the disease never spreads.

The United States has remarkable immunity from the disease, and this in spite of the fact that emigration from the leprosy districts of Norway to the States has been very free. Noting the parts of the globe where leprosy is still indigenous Mr. Hutchinson points out that these are either on the seacoast or in proximity to rivers or lakes, while the climatic or racial conditions are extremely varied. He considers the evidence certain that the poison producing the disease gains access to the body in the form of food, and that this must be through "fish," including "edible molluscs, crustaceans, and all living denizens of water, both salt and fresh."

"It may be," he adds, "that the poison is wholly absent from fish under most conditions, and present only under exceptional ones. It seems very probable that fish caught in the warm waters of the tropics are more dangerous than those from northern seas, and that all kinds of preserved or salted fish, or fish in a state of partial decomposition, are more risky than that which is fresh and sound. Lastly, it is possible that raw fish may contain a poison which is destroyed by cooking."

—In the northeastern part of Yellowstone Park is what is called "Death Gulch." It contains evidence of former hot springs in geyser-like deposits, while copious gaseous emanations arise from a creek flowing through it. The odor of sulphur is strong. Bears and other wild animals of the region are often killed by the gases. Dead bears are found in all stages, from skeletons to freshly killed, and with them remains of elk, squirrels, rock hares, etc., many dead butterflies and other insects.

—During Lent the New York sale of eggs is estimated to amount to 4,000 barrels, or 3,360,000 eggs a day.

CUSTOM-MADE TOILETS.

An Argument Showing That the Best Is the Cheapest in the End.

While it may seem like sinful extravagance to the economical house-wife to pay \$75 for a simple dress there is, nevertheless, a feature about such an investment that is of more than negative importance. A linen handkerchief does not last any longer than one of cambric or cotton, but there is a delicious sense of refinement about one that a cotton mill can not even approach. And so with the custom-made toilet. It may be a simple \$1.25 a yard cashmere, but properly cut and prettily made it is infinitely preferable to the gorgeous batch turned out by the ignoramus who styles herself "a ladies' tailor," tells forty lies and wastes forty hours of "fits" and broken engagements. She only charges \$12 or \$14 for her work, which is 50 per cent. less than an artist will ask and the ruin of material, temper and future comfort.

Any woman who can make a dress is entitled to \$25, provided it is made right and gives satisfaction. In such a case it is not only cheap, but a positive luxury. It gives a customer grace, ease, comfort and service. It puts her at her best. There is about a well-made costume a finish that comes from intelligence and is wholly lacking in a hit-or-guess fit. You can't tell a true artistic gown. It is fresh, bright, pleasing and ultra, but not new for the reason that fine trimmings are used. The linings have body without starch, and the whole bones bend to the figure instead of from it, as is the case with steels and celluloid. Then, too, there are the delicate ruchings about the neck and sleeves, the cloth-lined pocket and the faint scent of lavender, orris or attar that is not a characteristic of cheap finery.

The thing is, after all, as broad as it is long. By close buying a dress-pattern can be had for \$10. The findings will cost \$5, which, with \$25 for making by an artist, will bring the total to \$40. This means the very perfection of fit, a quiet, lady-like style and a costume that may be worn six months, without interruption, if necessary. While it lasts the owner has the satisfaction of knowing and feeling that she is dressed like a lady. On the other hand the customer being ill-advised pays \$20 for some alleged importation and \$30 for linings, threads, etc. The dressmaker recklessly chops into the cloth and, finding herself limited, demands a buckle, some passementerie and a bolt of ribbon to finish off and cover up her blunder. By the time it is finished the bill of expenses amounts to \$40, at the very lowest estimate. The dress is a failure; it fits badly and feels worse, and not a penny's worth of comfort remains for the Witch-of-Endor figure you cut or the hours wasted in going to and from the cloth-buster.

Better a hundred times put your money in a correct fit than the eye-tiring glittering of passementerie and cut-glass buckles and epaulettes.—N. Y. World.

A TALK ABOUT TOWELS.

Advice That Is Good Enough to Be Heeded by Every Housekeeper.

The best thing of which to make roller towels is Russian crash. I am told it is woven by hand by Russian peasants. At any rate the best and medium qualities are more satisfactory for roller towels than any other crash I know, and are least objectionable when new. Just here comes in a word as to when to begin using new towels. Let it be in the summer time, when skins are not chapped or sensitive, and when laundry work is so much easier that the conscience feels less compunction at putting slightly soiled towels into the wash for frequent laundering. One who has ever supplied towels for a group of growing boys and girls will know that new towels in winter make sorry work. Nor is this at variance with the advice to buy in the winter. Buy and freeze, and then wait for summer to continue the necessary softening process.

One thing more: All know how very disagreeable new dish-towels are. Well, don't have 'em! Go to the supply of roller-towels, select some of the oldest, best-softened ones, cut them in two, and hem at both ends. The dish-towels are thus never new, and the ample replenishing of roller-towels will make it all right. Does some one suggest that this is not a clean way to do? Then use more soap, water and boiling when you wash your roller-towels, and it will do.

Is there any use for other towels that have developed very thin "middles" and lost most of their fringe? If one has time to devote to such saving work, or if there are little girls in the family who need employment, my advice is to cut the towels down the center, lengthwise, and "over and over" the edges together. This gives a firm "middle" good enough to cut square waste-cloths from, for those who like such, or to use for any other purpose for which soft, old linen can be used.

Always have towels of linen. Do not be tempted into trying the cheaper cotton, which is very costly to temper and strength, as it leaves a disagreeable lint behind it, in gentle protest. Once I was beguiled into it, and the experience now serves to put greater warmth into my advice.

One word about "company" towels and I am done. Have them better than the family towels, if you please; but be sure to let the family take the "new" off. This may be hard on the family, but the wiping guest will love you more, and leave behind a blessing instead of a reproach.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—There is a new use for hypnotism—namely, as a remedy for habitual drunkenness. The drunkard, after being hypnotized, is informed that ardent spirits are nasty and the object of his particular hatred. If this is repeated two or three times the habit of thought becomes so fixed that the drunkard can not bring himself to drink a drop of spirits.

—Except in specially aggravated cases the disposition of the Secretary of War is to limit the sentences for desertions to three years for old soldiers and two years for recruits.

"STRUCK THE PAY."

Swish! here, Rover; we must be going.
Sundown, and nothing to eat all day.
You miles back to the camp, and blowing.
But what's the odds, when we've "struck the pay?"

Glory! Old boy, it's hard to quit it,
Even to leave it for overnight.
Clutch it, porphyry, where we hit it,
With hard black fingers, stinging and tight.

That little seam that means salvation—
Hope for me and a home for Sue—
Four lonely years of half starvation
But their heads into that streak of blue.

Ugh! how the cold snow-flour is sifting!
Curse on the wind, that it comes just now!
Only my tracks for trail and drifting;
And fourteen inches is tough to plow.

Hard work! That's what it is, old Rover,
That mile was swelled to four times its size.
Trail plum gone, and the daylight over,
And wind that cuts like steel in the eyes.

Whining, Rover? But that won't mend it.
Come, we must take it like men, you know.
One step here in the cold would end it;
Our only safety is on the go.

Think who's praying in old Pequawot.
To-morrow wires will tell her: "Come!
Struck it rich in the 'Empty Pocket!'"
See her laughing and crying? Well, some!

What? You won't move? Then on my shoulder
I'll have to pack you, you rascal, you
N-h! you're a load! I'm getting colder;
There's a ton of lead in either shoe.

Down! O God! But we've got to make it!
Ah-h! How this pinion keeps off the storm!
Droway-droway—I can't shake it—
And this is so soft and so warm!

What should life and its cares be won for?
Siren, the Forgetter, is kindest.
Come, old dog, we are done for!
Here—we will rest—

—Charles F. Lummis, in Harper's Weekly.

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and
Vengeance of Harmachis, the
Royal Egyptian.

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines,"
"She," "Allan Quatermain,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Illustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOOD-
VILLE and GRIFFITHS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE ESCAPE OF HARMACHIS FROM TARSUS;
OF HIS BEING CAST FORTH, AS AN OFFENDER
TO THE GODS OF THE SEA, OF HIS JOURNEY
IN THE ISLE OF CYPRUS; OF HIS RETURN TO
ABOUTHIS; AND OF THE DEATH OF AMEN-
EMHAT.

MADE my way down
the stairs in safety,
and presently stood
in the courtyard of
the great house. It
was but an hour from
dawn, and none were
stirring. The last
reveler had drunk his
fill, the dancing
girls had ceased their
dancing, and silence
lay upon the city. I
drew near the gate, and
was challenged by an officer
on guard wrapped in a
heavy cloak. "Who passes?" said the voice
of Brennus.

"A merchant, may it please thee, sir,
who having brought gifts from Alexandria
to a lady of the Queen's household, and
having been entertained of the lady, now
departs to his gallery," I answered in a
feigned voice.

"Umph!" he growled. "The ladies of
the Queen's household keep their guests
late. Well! 'tis a time of festival. The
password, 'Sir Shopkeeper! Without the
password thou must needs return and crave
the lady's further hospitality.'"

"Antony, sir, and a right good word, too.
Ah! I've wandered far, and never saw I so
goodly a man and so great a General. And,
mark you, sir, I've traveled far, and seen
many Generals."

"Aye, 'Antony' is the word! And Antony
is a good General in his way—when it is
a sober way, and when he can find a skirt
to follow. I've served with Antony—and
against him, too, and know his points. Well,
well, he's got an awful run!"

And all this while that he was holding me
in talk, the sentry had been pacing to and
fro before the gate. But now he moved a
little way, leaving the entrance clear.

"Fare thee well, Harmachis, and begone,"
whispered Brennus, leaning forward and
speaking quickly. "Linger not. But at
times betwixt thee of Brennus, who risked
his neck to save thee. Farewell, lad; I
would that we were sailing north together,"
and he turned his back upon me and began
to hum a tune.

"Farewell, Brennus, thou honest man," I
answered, and was gone. And, as long after-
ward I heard, when on the morrow the
hue and cry was raised because the murder-
ers could not find me, though everywhere
they sought me to slay me, Brennus did me
a service. For he swore that as he kept his
watch alone an hour after midnight he saw
me come and stand upon the parapet of the
roof, that then I stretched out my robes and
they became wings whereon I floated up to
heaven, leaving him astonished. And all
those about the court lent ear unto the his-
tory, believing therein, because of the great
fame of my magic; and much they won-
dered what the wonder might portend. The
tale also traveled into Egypt, and did much
to save my good name among those whom I
had betrayed; for the more ignorant among
them believed that I acted not of my will,
but of the will of the dread Gods, who of
their own purpose willed me to heaven.
And thus, even to this day, the saying runs
that "When Harmachis comes again, Egypt
shall be free." Only Cleopatra, though she
was much afraid, doubted her of the tale,
and sent an armed vessel to search for the
Syrian merchant, but not to find him, as
shall be told.

When I reached the gallery whereof
Cleopatra had spoken, I found her about to
sleep, and gave the writing to the Captain,
who coned it, looking on me curiously, but
said naught.

So I went aboard, and immediately we
dropped swiftly down the river with the
current. And having come to the mouth
of the river unchallenged, though we passed
many vessels, we put out to sea with a
strong favoring wind that ere night fresh-
ened to a great gale. Then the sailor men,
being much afraid, would have put about
and run for the mouth of the Cydnus
once again, but could not because of the
wildness of the sea. All that night it blew
furiously, and ere dawn our mast was car-
ried away, and we rolled helplessly in the
trough of the great waves. But I sat
wrapped in a cloak, little heeding; and be-
cause I showed no fear the sailors cried out
that I was a wizard, and would have cast me

into the sea, but the Captain would not. At
last the wind slackened, but ere noon it
once more blew in terrible fury; and at the
fourth hour from noon we came in sight of
the rocky coast of that cape in the island of
Cyprus which is called Diareion, where is a
mountain named Olympus, and thitherward
we drifted swiftly. Then the sailors
saw the terrible rocks, and how the great
waves that smote thereon spouted up in
foam, once more they grew much afraid,
and cried out in their fear. For, seeing that
I still sat unmoved, they swore that I cer-
tainly was a wizard, and came to cast me
forth as a sacrifice to the Gods of the sea.
And this time the Captain was overruled,
and said naught. Therefore, when they
came to me I rose and defied them, saying:
"Cast me forth, if ye will; but if ye cast
me forth ye shall perish."

For in my heart I cared little, having no
more love of life, but rather a desire to die,
though greatly I feared to pass into the
presence of my holy Mother Isis. But my
weariness and sorrow at the bitterness of
my lot overcame even this heavy fear, so
that when, being mad as brute beasts, they
seized me and, lifting me, hurled me into the
raging waters, I did but utter a prayer
to Isis and make me ready for death. But
it was fated that I should not die; for, when
I rose to the surface of the water I saw
floating near me a spar of wood, whereon
I swam and clung. And a great wave came
and swept me, riding, as it were, upon the
spar, as when a boy I had learned to do in
the waters of the Nile, past the bulwarks of
the gallery where the fierce fadallors
clung to see me drown. And when they
saw me come mounted on the wave,
cursing them as I came, and saw, too, that
the color of my face had changed—for the
salt water had washed away the pigment,
they shrieked with fear and cast themselves
down upon the deck. And within a very
little while, as I rode towards the rocky
coast, a great wave poured into the vessel,
that rode broadside on, and pressed her
down into the deep, whence no more she
rose.

And so she sank, with all her crew. And
in that same storm also sank the galley of
Cleopatra had sent to search for the Syrian
merchant. Thus were all traces of me lost,
and of a surety she believed that I was
dead.

But I rode on toward the shore. The
wind shrieked and the salt waves lashed
my face, as alone with the tempest, I rushed
upon my way, while the sea-birds screamed
above my head. No fear I felt, but rather a
wild uplifting of the heart; and in the stress
of my imminent peril the love of life seemed
once again to waken. And so I plunged and
drifted, now tossed high toward the lower-
ing clouds, now cast into the deep valleys of
the sea, till at length the rocky headland
loomed before me, and I saw the breakers
smite upon the stubborn rocks, and through
the screaming of the wind heard the sullen
thunder of their fall and the groan of stones
sucked seaward from the beach. On I high-
throned upon the mane of a mighty billow—
fifty cubits beneath me the level of the his-
sing waters; above me the inky sky! It was
done! The spar was torn from me, and
dragged downward by the weight of the bag
of gold and the clinging of my garments,
struggling furiously, I sank.

Now I was under—the light for a moment
streamed green through the waters, and then
came darkness, and on the darkness
pictures of the past. Picture after picture
—all the long scene of life was written
forth in my ears I heard only the song of
the nightingale, the murmur of the summer
sea, and the music of Cleopatra's laugh of
victory followed me softly and yet more
soft as I sank away to sleep.

Once more my life came back, and with it
a sense of deadly sickness and of aching
pain. I opened my eyes and saw kindly
faces bending over me, and knew that I was
in a room of a builded house.

I SAW A SPAR OF WOOD, TO WHICH I SWAM.
"How came I hither?" I asked, faintly.
"Of a truth, Poseidon brought thee
Stranger," answered a rough voice in bar-
barous Greek, "for we found thee cast high
upon the beach like a dead dolphin, and
brought thee to our house, for we are fisher-
folk, and here methinks, must thou lie
awhile, for thy left leg is broken by the
force of the waves."

I strove to move my foot, but could not. It
was true, the bone was broken above the
knee.

"Who art thou and how art thou named?"
asked the rough-bearded sailor.

I am an Egyptian traveler whose ship
hath sunk in the fury of the gale, and Olympus
am I named," I answered, for Olympus
these people called a mountain that we had
sighted, and therefore I took the name at
hazard. And as Olympus henceforth was I
known.

Here with these rough fisher-folk did I
abide for the half of a year, paying them a
little out of the sum of gold that had come
safely ashore upon me. For long was it be-
fore my bones grew together again, and
then was I left somewhat of a cripple; for I
who had been so tall and straight and strong
now limped—one limb being shorter than
the other. And after I recovered from my
hurt, still I lived there, and toiled with
them at the trade of fishing; for whither I
showed go or what I should do, I knew
not, and, for awhile, vain was I to become
a peasant fisherman, and so wear my weary
life away. And these people entreated me
kindly, though, as others, they feared me
much, holding me to be a wizard brought
hither by the sea. For methinks that my
sorrow had stamped so strange an aspect
upon my face that men gazing thereon grew
fearful of what lay beneath its calm.

There then I abode, till at length one
night as I lay and strove to sleep, great
restlessness came upon me, and a mighty
desire once more to see the broad face of
Sihor. But whether this desire was of the
Gods or born of my own heart, not knowing
I can not tell. So strong was it at the last,
that before it was dawn I rose from my bed
of straw, and clothed myself in my fisher
garb, and because I had no wish to answer
questions, thus I took farewell of my hum-
ble hosts. First on the well-cleaned table of
wood I placed some pieces of gold, and then
taking a pot of flour I strewed it in the
form of letter-writing—

"The gift from Olympus, the Egyptian, who
returns into the sea."

Then I went, and on the third day I came
to the great city of Salamis, that is also on

the sea. Here I abode in the fisherman's
quarter till a vessel was about to sail for
Alexandria, and to the captain of this ves-
sel, a man of Paphos, I hired myself as a
sailor. We sailed with a favoring wind,
and on the fifth day I came to Alexandria,
that hateful city, and saw the light gleaming
on its golden domes.

Here might I not abide. So once again I
hired myself out as a sailor, giving my
labor in return for passage, and we passed
up the Nile. And from the talk of men I
learned that Cleopatra had come back to
Alexandria, drawing Antony with her, and
that together they lived in royal state in
the palace on the Lochias. Indeed, the
boatmen already had a song thereon, which
they sang as they labored at the oar. Also
I heard how the galley that was sent to
search for the vessel which carried the
Syrian merchant had foundered with all
her crew, and the tale that the Queen's as-
tronomer, Harmachis, had been cast into
the sea from the roof of the house at
Tarsus. And the sailors wondered because
I sat and labored, and would not sing their
rhapsodies of the loves of Cleopatra. For
they, too, began to fear me, and mutter con-
cerning me among themselves. Then I
knew that I was a man accursed and set
apart—a man whom none might love.

On the sixth day we drew nigh to
Abouthis, where I left the craft, and right
glad were the sailors to see me go. And,
with a breaking heart, I walked through
the fertile fields, seeing faces that well I
knew. But in my rough disguise and limping
gait none knew me. At length I came,
as the sun sank, near to the great outer
pylon of the Temple; and here I crouched
down in the ruins of a house, not knowing
wherefore I had come or what I was about
to do. Like a lost ox I had strayed from
back to the fields of my birth, and for
what? If my father, Amenemhat, still
lived, surely he would turn his face from
me. I dared not go into the presence of
my father. I sat hidden there among the
broken rafters and idly watched the pylon
gates, to see if perchance a face I knew
should issue forth. But none came forth or
entered in, though the great gates stood
wide; and then I saw that herbs were
growing 'twixt the stones, where no herbs
had grown of ages. What could this bet
was the Temple deserted? Nay; how could
the worship of the eternal Gods have
ceased that for thousands of years had,
day by day, been offered in the holy
place? Was, then, my father dead? It
well might be. And yet, why this silence?
where were the priests? where the wor-
shipers? No more could I bear the
doubt, I sat down and wept. Lord of
all the land, still not a sight or a sound!
Thence, half fearful of my own footfall, so
terrible did it echo in the silence of the de-
serted Holies, I passed down the passage of
the names of the Pharaohs toward my fa-
ther's chamber. There still swung the cur-
tain o'er the doorway; but what would
there be within—also empty? I lifted it,
and noiselessly passed in, and there in his
carven chair at the table whereon his long
white beard flowed down, sat my father,
Amenemhat, clad in his priestly robes. At
first I thought that he was dead, so still he
sat; but at length he turned his head, and I
saw that his orbs were white and sightless.
He was blind, and his face was thin as the
face of a dead man, and woeful with age and
grief.

I stood still and felt the blind eyes wan-
dering over me. I could not speak—I dared
not speak to him; I would go and hide my-
self afresh.

Already had I turned and grasped the cur-
tain, when, in a deep, slow voice, my father
spoke:

"Come hither, thou who wast my son and
art a traitor. Come hither, thou Harmachis,
whereon Khem buildeth up her hope. Not
in vain, then, have I drawn thee from far
away! Not in vain have I held my life in
me till I heard thy footfall creeping down
these empty Holies, like the footfall of a
thief!"

"Oh! my father," I gasped, astonished.
"Thou art blind; how knowest thou me?"
"How do I know thee? I asked thee that
who hast learned of our lore? Enough,
I know thee and I brought thee hither.
Would, Harmachis, that I knew thee not!
would that I had been blasted of the in-
visible one, I drew thee down from the
womb of Nout to be my curse and shame,
and the last word of Khem!"

"Oh, speak thou not thus!" I moaned, "is
not my burden already more than I can
bear? Am I not myself betrayed and utterly
outcast. Be pitiful, my father!"

"Be pitiful be pitiful to thee who hath
shown no great pity! Thy pity toward me,
gave up noble Sepsa to die beneath the hands
of the tormentors!"

"Oh, not that—not that!" I cried.
"Ay, traitor, that! to die in agony, with
his last poor breath proclaiming thee, his
murderer, honest and innocent! Be pitiful
to thee, who gavest all the flower of Khem
as the price of a woman's amusement—thou
that, laboring in the darkness desert
mines, those noble ones in thought are pi-
tiful to thee, Harmachis! Be pitiful to thee,
by whom this holy Temple of Abouthis hath
been ravaged, its lands seized, its priests
scattered, and I alone, old and withered, left
to count out its ruin—to thee, who hath
poured the treasure of Hor into the woman's
lap, who hath forsown thyself, thy coun-
try, thy birthright, and thy Gods! Yea, thou
art pitiful—Accursed be thou, fruit of
my loins!—Shame be thy portion, Agony thy
end, and Hell receive thee at the last!
Where art thou? Yea, I grew blind with
weeping when I heard the truth—sure, they
strove to blind me from me. Let me find thee
that I may spit upon thee! Thou Renegade!
thou Apostate! thou Outcast!"—and he
rose from his seat and staggered like a liv-
ing wrath toward me, smiting the air with
his wand. And as he came with outstretched
arms, awful to see, suddenly his end found
him, and with a cry he sank down upon the
ground, the red blood streaming from his
lips. I ran to him and lifted him; and as he
died, he babbled:

"He was my son, a bright-eyed, lovely
boy, and full of promise as the spring; and
now—and now—oh, would that he were
dead!"

Then came a pause, and the breath rattled
in his throat.

"Harmachis," he gasped, "art thou?"
"Yea, father."

"Harmachis, atone!—atone! Vengeance
can still be wreaked—forgiveness may still
be won. There's gold; I've hidden it—
Atousa—she can tell thee—ah, this pain!
Farewell!"

And he struggled faintly in my arms, and
was dead. Thus, then, did I and my holy
father, the Prince Amenemhat, meet together
for the last time in the flesh, and for the
last time part.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Effort of His Life.
"So you are something of a Nimrod, are
you, Mr. Catawally?"
"Bless you, no; I never shot off a gun but
wound, and then I shot a little boy and made
a mile away with a wife."

"And what did you do then?"
"I wasted. Awful hard work, y' know!"

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE HAY CROP.

Some Sensible Hints for Cutting, Curing
and Stacking, Etc.

There are thousands of tons of hay
wasted by careless stacking and im-
proper covering, but tens of thousands
of tons are wasted and trampled under
feet by careless and improper feeding. A
little over a year ago an Iowa farmer sent
to the Orange Judd Farmer a sketch and
description of a rack to feed hay, which
was illustrated in its columns. Hessay:
I have used such a rack for several
years, and I think it is the very best I
have used or seen described, and much
superior to the one illustrated in this
journal a few weeks ago, as I know by
actual experience with both. But I
have hit upon what I consider a better
scheme in feeding hay, and that is a
hay-stack rack (illustrated herewith).
Build your rack before you stack your
hay. It is best to build it so as to make
a fence, where the cattle do not have
access, to answer for one side. Then
build your rack on the other side and
ends, according to the size of stack. I
have seen some with rack all around,
but think that this is more costly and
unnecessary.

Place good heavy posts (a) seven feet
long, two and a half feet in the ground
and eight or ten feet apart. Put short
braces on the inside of each post (not



HAY-STACK RACK.

shown in engraving) to prevent the
stock from pushing in when reaching for
hay. Spike two two-inch planks (b)
one foot wide around the bottom. Then
bolt a 4x4-inch post (c) or good
heavy pole above the top of planks two,
or two and a half feet, according to the
size of the stock, as full-grown cattle
will require a larger space than calves
or young stock. This rail is necessary,
as cattle are very liable to "box" one
another into the rack, and falling on
their backs if not found at once will get
killed, as I know by actual experience;
even after they were dehorned they
would force a weaker animal into the
manger. Let your cattle just eat the
hay from the stack, making them eat it
as near the bottom as possible, and then
throw out the refuse that accumulates
in feeding.

Then throw it down from one end just
as you would if you were going to haul
it to the rack, exposing no more of the
stack than you can feed in two or three
weeks. Fill the rack around the side
of the stack to the top of the planks,
as the stock are liable to pull the hay
out and trample it under foot if piled
up to the falling. Give them just
enough so they will clean it up well,
and before feeding again throw out all
the refuse, just as you do with your
horses' manure.

If you have good hay, well stacked, it
is a pleasure to feed it this way, and an
easy matter, too. The reason I think
so:



A CHEAP HAY SHED.

this stack rack preferable to any other
is because it is less labor and does not
waste so much if properly used. In
hauling it to the rack it has to be
visible on the wagon, requiring one man
to build, and then it has to be
pitched on the rack and tramped in. In
this way, it is fed at the bottom of the
stack, saving much unnecessary hand-
ling. With good shelter, plenty of good
hay and 3 or 4 ears of corn per day,
stock cattle will winter in good shape.

The money in hay lies in getting a
large yield from a small amount of
land, and in getting a good article and
taking care of it. One therefore needs
a shed, as it is much better than a
stack. This need not be an expensive
structure. Five tolerable straight
poles twenty feet long, eight feet apart
on each side with three in the middle.
Roof with boards. This will suffice for
an ordinary eighty-acre farm. There
should be four or five feet of fall in the
roof, and the twenty-foot poles should
set three or four feet in the ground.
This, at the most, should not cost over
twenty-five dollars, and if in a timber
country where poles can be had cheaply,
and a man does the work himself, there
need not be much expense outside the
eight hundred feet of lumber which the
roof requires.

Marketing Strawberries.

When we begin picking, writes Presi-
dent Smith, of the Wisconsin Horticultu-
ral Society, the boys and girls are en-
gaged ahead. Each picker has two
boxes—one to put perfect berries in, the
other for small ones. Then a boy whose
business is to carry boxes takes the
filled boxes and leaves the empty ones.
He puts the filled boxes in a crate, and
when this is full, it is carried by an-
other boy to the cellar on a wheelbarrow
with springs on it. They stay here un-
til thoroughly cooled. We sometimes
use ice to do this. They are handled as
little as possible. We make our own
crates of lath, nailed on to ends boards
of lumber of the right width. We drive
to market on a walk. Each crate holds
16 boxes. The fruit is carefully taken
to the depot, but after leaving our hands
it is sometimes abused by express
agents. It takes seven laths to make a
16-qt. crate. A boy will put one in 10
minutes. A 34-qt. crate can be made at
a cost of not over five cents. We place
three laths on the sides. I sometimes
bribe the express boys not to steal the
berries by offering them all they can
eat.

Good grades of stock are always in
demand in the markets. When prices
are down the farmer should endeavor to
gain something by increasing the weight
and quality.

SUMMER PIGS.

Are They Profitable?—Views of a Farmer
Who Thinks That They Are.

No effort is made, says Farm and
Home, to secure a lot of summer pigs
usually. There is a feeling with breed-
ers and farmers that they will not do
well during hot weather—that there is
danger of the sows dying at farrowing
time and that the pigs will perish from
heat. It is also thought that such a
lot of pigs will be too young to put on
the market before severe winter sets in
and that they must be wintered and fat-
tened the next summer, when a fall lot
would answer just as well—when the
dangers of parturition are not so great.
Let us look at this matter.

If through losses of March or earlier
farrowing we have sows that can be
bred for summer litters we do not hesi-
tate on account of prospective heat, but
when farrowing time comes we are care-
ful to know that the sows have an
abundance of shade, with pure, clear
water and clean wallows in reach. Care
is also taken to have the sows in good
thriving condition, although not fat. If
the sows have good pasture and are in
good condition when bred they will
keep up in flesh and gain some as
parturition approaches, without any
grain. It is unsafe to feed grain for a
few days before the young are born, as
it is a good plan to start a young sow
with a summer litter. This will give
her time to regain the strength lost in
suckling before time to breed for spring
litter. The run of grass before and
after farrowing secures the best devel-
opment of the milk-secreting organs,
which is an important matter, and
hears on the future usefulness of the
sow. After farrowing, a sow and litter
can be cared for with less expense than
at any other time in the year. The
grass being plenty, the sow will do well
with a small ration of grain without
slop. The little family can also do the
cleaning of the stubble fields and are the
size to take well to pumpkins and re-
fuse fruit and early ripening grains.

The state of the weather makes it un-
necessary to provide any shelter other
than abundant shade. They can be car-
ried along till grass is done and the
weather begins to get cold, without any
great care from the farmer. With Sep-
tember or October pigs it requires the
best of care from the time they are far-
rowed to bring them to winter quarters
in good shape, while the summer pigs
come to cold weather large and strong.

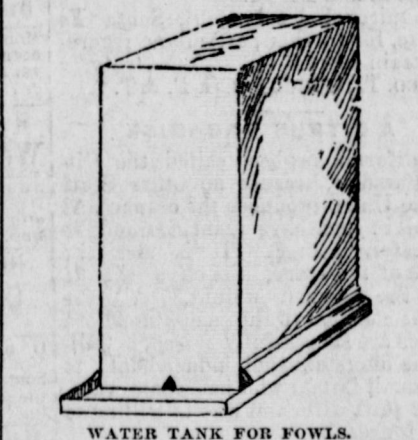
The majority of farmers do not think
of putting March or April pigs on the
market till February, which is a serious
mistake. June and July pigs can be
marketed in February at as good a
weight as is usually made with the
early spring pigs. It can be done with-
out burning out with corn, as many sup-
pose, if an early spring pig is fed corn
in abundance all summer. A pig can
be crowded with food rich in albumin-
oids without breaking down or burning
out the system. This is the way I
handle my summer pigs. Breeding
stock can advantageously be selected
from summer farrowing. Sows so se-
lected can be bred to farrow at four-
teen months old, and they have more
time in the grass field than a sow se-
lected from early spring farrowing.

This is a most important point in the de-
velopment of breeding stock, and, be-
sides, they are more certain to do well
with their pigs than a young sow bring-
ing her pigs without grass range.

COLD WATER.

A Convenient Tank for the Poultry
Yards.

It is important to give fowls fresh,
clean drink. A tank which I have in-
vented is well worth copying. The up-
per part may be a sirup can with the
bottom cut off. In front at the lower
edge a V-shaped notch may be cut,
three-quarters of an inch deep. On the
opposite side at the top a bucket ear
may be soldered. At the sides of the
bottom and near the corners narrow
strips projecting outward should be
soldered to slide under corresponding
strips on the bottom pan. The project-



WATER TANK FOR FOWLS.

ing tips should be double to gain
strength. Let the pan be an inch and
a half deep, and at least an inch larger
in front. It may fit comfortably at the
sides and back to slide easily. Let the
can be turned bottom side up, filled and
inverted. It may then be hung up to
suit the fowls, the ear soldered on at the
top of the back slipping over the hook
in the wall. Such a tank is best made
of galvanized iron.—Farm and Home.

Starting with Poultry.

The questions, how many fowls to
keep, the best variety to begin with,
and how to manage profitably, come up
to the farmer with his first thought
upon the subject of keeping poultry.
He should not enter a new field of en-
terprise hastily, anticipating more than
he can make his stock produce for him.
If he has suitable accommodations, one
hundred, or even fifty, blooded fowls
are ample. They can be made to pay a
larger net profit than double the num-
ber of ordinary dung-hill stock. For
the farm, the Light Brahma, Plymouth
Rock, Wyandotte and White Dorking
are among the best. The white varie-
ties look better about the barn. The
Barred Plymouth Rock, Langshan,
Laced Wyandotte, and Java are also ex-
cellent. A farmer who carefully
studies the best ways of handling his
poultry is taught by his own observa-
tion and experience how to manage
them profitably.—American Agriculturist.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—A gargle of hot boiled milk is recom-
mended for a cough or sore throat.

—Fall not to take full respirations.

Deep breathing is one of life's strong-
holds, and pure air is free.

The Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher

Issued every Thursday.

Official Paper of Chase County.

The Wellington ball club was arrested for playing ball on Sunday. Wellington must have an awful "bum" ball club.

A United States cruiser has been named the Alliance. This seems to have been a direct concession to the agricultural element of Kansas.

A gentleman named Farmer is running for the Illinois Senate. He has numerous relatives in Kansas who are looking for a job of the same kind.

Ex-Gov. Chas. M. Robinson is spoken of as the Democratic candidate for Governor this fall. We thought the rage for antiquities was going out.

Emporia is acquiring the habit of reaching out for things, and bids fair to "accumulate" a government building and a carriage factory at an early date.

Corporal Tanner is reported as making \$100,000 a year out of his pension claim business. Mediocrity sometimes ascends to a higher plane and sticks there by mere force of habit.

A sweet girl graduate at Topeka had a graduating essay on the care of streets. She has, evidently, never had an opportunity to see a practical illustration of her subject during her residence in Topeka.

An eastern man ran eight miles less than an hour the other day over a very rough and rocky road, but that is nothing compared to the speed Farmer Funston will have to show in order to lead at the finish.

Ed Howe, of the Atchison Globe, wants to know what is more awkward than being introduced to a 14-year-old boy? We should say that meeting your mother-in-law when you've a "jag" on is infinitely the more trying position.

Chauncey Dewey assures a confiding public that he is out of politics for a few years. A vote of thanks should be extended to Mr. Dewey by a grateful populace, coupled with the permission to extend the time of his retirement indefinitely.

Udike, the evangelist who is holding forth at Atchison, recently preached on "What Atchison needs." The subject is too voluminous for one man to handle, but if reports are true an undertaker would come nearer filling the bill than anything else.

Boston scientists have succeeded in teaching the dumb to talk. Now if they could impart a little of their newly acquired knowledge to one M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, interesting disclosures in regard to a large-sized hole in Pennsylvania's treasury might follow.

It is not unlikely that the calamities of 1890 will be more widespread and disastrous in their results than those of 1889. We have already had our average quota of cyclones and railroad horrors and it is now reported that congress will remain in session until October. Johnstown would just as well take in her sign.

"The farmers of Kansas have seven millions of acres of corn to plow this year," shouts the Topeka Journal. A paper that has such an air of ruralism about it as the Journal has, ought to know that it is the hired man who is plowing the corn this year. The farmer is so busy saving the country that he hasn't time to attend to such minor things as the growing corn.

The retirement of representatives Morrill and Peters from official life leaves but one of the "Big Four" in the Kansas delegation. Hanback, the other member, was retired by force of circumstances several years ago, and now Perkins, the sole remaining land mark of the famous 1880 convention, is said to be losing his prestige. The political "house cleaning" is evidently on.

A howl is going up from the press of the state because the sunflower was not chosen as the national emblem. This thing of state pride is all well enough in its way, but when it leads into trying to work off noxious and loathsome weeds as the sunflower as the national emblem of 60,000,000 of civilized people, it is carrying it a little too far. We know something about this much-vaunted weed and if it has a single redeeming characteristic it has never been discovered. It has neither beauty, utility or historical associations to recommend it and the cry that has gone up from some of the self-styled leaders of public sentiment, and which is being echoed by the sheets that follow blindly at their wake, no matter what the question involved, is enough to make a Chinese image weary of the adulation of its followers.

WEEDINGS.

We hate to mention it, but seriously now, property owners, wouldn't it be a good idea to cut some of the weeds along the principal streets and on a few of the back lots as a kind of a starter for the millennium, which is coming by and by? If there is anything that is especially conducive to a good crop of malaria, it is a rank growth of weeds, and then strangers who visit our growing, bustling city like to be enabled to visit the many points of interest here without having to thread their way through a labyrinth of cockle burrs, sunflowers and other noxious weeds. We once heard a fable about a stranger getting lost in the weeds in a town that had the same style of architecture that Cottonwood Falls seems to have, and the town lost several manufacturing enterprises, etc., because they went to a town where the soil was so poor weeds wouldn't grow, but it (the fable) may be a chestnut and we won't ring it in here but save it for some town where stories command a greater premium than they do here. We have to get used to doing things right some time and why not learn to mow weeds first. We don't advise a wholesale extermination to start with, just cut enough of them for the noonday sun to strike us full in the face once more, and then when our malaria comes on this fall we can use the sunny side of the house to a better advantage.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

"Funny! Well, I should say so! Look at the one in short lace skirt to the knees, rubber boots, bare arms, an immense muf, straw hat, and a beard! What is it? Why, that is 'A Modern Columbus' in the burlesque of that name given by the dramatic club of the celebrated Seventh Regiment of New York, and these illustrations and the account of it are, as you see, in Demorest's Family Magazine for July, which has just arrived." The pictures of the six-footers of the Seventh arrayed in feminine togery are about the funniest that have appeared in any magazine for a long time. This number also contains a beautifully illustrated article on the interior of Vice-President Morton's house, which is full of suggestions for modern house-furnishing. The article "Stanley's Rescue of Emin," profusely illustrated, is also of great interest at this time; and "The House-Boat in American Waters" will give a hint to many who are wondering how to spend the summer. In fact the whole Magazine from the handsome Water-color in the front to the "Spice Box" in the back, is artistically and handsomely executed. It is wonderful how Demorest's Family Magazine has come to the front in the past few years, and now stands in the forward rank of the Great Magazines. Indeed, there is no other Magazine published that so acceptably caters to every member of the family. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York.

CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

The twelfth annual session of the Ottawa Chautauqua assembly will be held at Forest park, Ottawa, June 17 to 27, inclusive. The Santa Fe Route makes an open rate from this town on this occasion of one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale June 16 to 27, good to return June 28. Grand Army Day, June 27, is the great day of the assembly. Ex-President Hayes, Gen. Alger, Hon. Wm. Warner, Gov. Humphrey, Hon. Ira F. Collins and Hon. Geo. T. Anthony have promised to deliver addresses. Lectures will be given on other days by Rev. R. W. Gunsaulus, D. D., and Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, of Chicago; Col. Geo. W. Bain, of Kentucky; Prof. W. D. McClintock and Dr. Price. Inquire of local agent, Santa Fe Route, for further particulars regarding train service, etc. Yours truly, Geo. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. & T. A.

A CITRUS PARADISE

California has been called the Citrus Paradise, because no other State in the Union produces the orange and lemon in such large quantities and so delicately flavored. It is also the home of the grape, the olive, the fig and the English walnut. All the grains common to the more northern climes are successfully raised. California offers unusual inducements to the small farmer who has some capital to start with, and who is willing to wait for results.

In going to California you should travel via the A. T. & S. F. R. R., the great middle route to the coast. Address Geo. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., Topeka; Kansas, for additional information.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

For the special accommodation of home- and health-seekers, weekly excursions leave Kansas City every Friday for the Pacific coast via Santa Fe Route. Favorite route to California. Excursion tickets cost only \$35—regular second-class rate. These trains carry Pullman tourist sleeping cars through without change, to principal California points. Only \$3 charged for a double berth, including bedding, curtains, and other conveniences. Experienced managers go with each party. For further facts, call on local agent, Santa Fe Route, or address Geo. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., A. T. & S. F. R. Co., Topeka, Kan.

NEW SECTIONAL MAP OF KANSAS.

Some wide awake realman is advised to give the residents of this vicinity an opportunity to examine and secure a copy of the latest and best Sectional Map of our Great State, a copy of which now adorns our office. We little points of geographical accuracy have received the most careful attention. New railroads completed, new counties and state changes are clearly shown. The location of towns and the population, is readily found by reference to the index which now accompanies each map. Beal, McNally & Co., 148-164 Monroe Street, Chicago, are the publishers, and we predict pleasant and profitable employment for the agent who obtains the right to represent them.

The Clydesdale Stallions,



Drumore Bay, No. 2063, S. C. S. B.

Rockford, No. 4,339 A C. S. B.

And SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,

Will stand for a limited number of mares this season, ending July 1, 1890, at the following places: On Mondays and Tuesdays, at my home, on Diamond creek; on Wednesdays, at William Drummond's, on Diamond creek; on Thursdays, and on Fridays, till noon, at Elm Dale, and on Saturdays, at the Eureka stable, Cottonwood Falls.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without danger, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the world.

SPECIFICS

1. Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria, 25
2. Piles, Blind or Bleeding, 25
3. Catarrh, or Sore, or Itching of the Rectum, 25
4. Croup, Whooping Cough, 25
5. Asthma, Suppressed Breathing, 25
6. Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing, 25
7. General Debility, Physical Weakness, 25
8. Dropsy, Swelling of the Feet, 25
9. Chronic Congestions and Eruptions, 25
10. Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, 25
11. Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed, 25
12. Discharges from the Heart, Palpitation, 25
13. Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance, 25
14. Dyspepsia, Stomach Troubles, 25
15. Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, 25

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL CURES PILES.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.—Used by all owners of Horses and Cattle. A Complimentary copy of Dr. Humphrey's Veterinary Manual (600 pages) on treatment and care of Domestic Animals—Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs and Poultry—sent free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

FREE LANDS.

Home seekers will find the last of the public domain of agricultural and grazing value along the Great Northern Ry. in No. Dakota and Montana.

NEW TOWNS.

100 or more along the Great Northern Ry. line, business chances. Write F. L. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn., for books, maps, etc. Write now.

LOW RATES

Settlers on free government lands along the Great Northern Ry. line in North Dakota and Montana get low rates, and fine markets for products.

HORSES

Montana produces the finest horses and cattle. Free ranges yet in Moose, Milk and Sun river valleys and Sweet Grass Hills.

CATTLE

Health Wealth. In Montana. Free lands, new towns, new railroads, new mines low rates. Largest area of good vacant land.

SHEEP

Sweet Grass Hills, Milk and Sun river valleys, Montana, reached only by the Gt. Northern railway line. Stock raising paradise.

GOLD COAL

The regions tributary to Great Northern Ry. line in Montana produce all the precious and base metals. New towns and railroads are being built.

MILK RIVER

Go to the great reservation of Montana and get a good free homestead. Low rates and free sleepers on Great Northern Ry. line. Go now.

HERDS MINES

These have made Montana the richest State per capita in the Union. Plenty of room for more miners and stock raisers. Now is the time.

YOUNG M N!

Along the Gt. Northern Ry. line in Montana are free ranches and pastures, mines of precious metals, iron and coal, and new cities and towns. Now is your chance.

G. N. R. L.

The valleys of the Gt. Northern Ry. line in Montana are free ranches and pastures, mines of precious metals, iron and coal, and new cities and towns. Now is your chance.

WASHING

Report on Entries, Contests, Tracts of Land, Scrip Locations, Townsites, &c., \$2.00.

Property Land Patents, Filing Arguments, and Contesting Claims on Modern Terms. Send for Circular to

HENRY N. COPP, Attorney at Law, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Every Settler should have COPP'S SETTLER'S GUIDE, 124 pp., price only 25c. (postage stamps).

H. F. GILLETT,

SUCCESSOR TO CAMPBELL & GILLETT

DEALER IN SHELF & HEAVY HARDWARE.

CUTLERY, TINWARE, &c., and the finest line of COOKING & HEATING STOVES

In the Market. Also agent for the Celebrated

WOOD MOWER,

And the best make of

Agricultural Implements and Machinery.

STUDEBAKER WAGONS AND BAKER BARBED WIRE.

Please call and examine my stock and ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - - - - KANSAS

J. A. GOUDIE,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE.

PICTURE FRAMES, ETC., ETC.

STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING AND ATTEND

ALL ORDERS. DAY OR NIGHT, FOR UNDERTAKING.

B. U. SCHLAUDECKER, ROLAND ROBERTS

ERIE MEAT MARKET.

SCHLAUDECKER & ROBERTS, Proprietors.

All Kinds of FRESH MEAT. Cash paid for HIDES.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - - - - KANSAS

JULIUS REMY, Tonsorial Artist.

SHOP WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY.

BILL BROWN,

THE UNDERTAKER,

Keeps everything that is needed in his line.

CASKETS, ROBES, FLOWERS, ETC.,

STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

J. VERNER.

VERNER & SCROGGIN,

Live Stock Commission Merchants.

M. J. VERNER, Hog Salesman.

J. C. SCROGGIN, Cattle Salesman.

G. D. ABLE, Solicitor.

ROBERT BYERS, Yardman.

H. E. BROBECK, Office.

Room 19, Live Stock Exchange, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Best

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. We warrant five years, and if it doesn't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We can show proof that agents are making from \$75 to \$150 per month. Farmers make \$200 to \$500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only \$5. Sample to those desiring an agency \$2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest prices. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

HANDSOMEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD

On a New England or New York railroad? No. On the Santa Fe? Yes. This train runs daily on the shortest line between Kansas City and Chicago, and is also known as Pullman Vestibule Express, Santa Fe Route. Lighted by electricity, heated by steam, with handsome reclining chairs, a library for the studious, fine dining car service for the hungry, and fast time for those in a hurry. When Nellie Bly was in a hurry she traveled by the Santa Fe route. For additional information inquire of agent Santa Fe Route, or write to Geo. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., Topeka, Kas.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE

THE FINEST SEWING MACHINE

WOODWORKING ATTACHMENTS

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE & ORANGE MASS

CHICAGO, 28 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLAS, TEX.

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS'

Chase County Land Agency

Railroad or Syndicate Lands. Will buy or sell wild lands or improved Farms.

AND LOANS MONEY.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS

advt-177

The Famous Horse



CLYDE,

Known as the Taylor Horse,

Will stand during the season of 1890 at the stable of S. J. Evans, in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no risks will be assumed.

Terms.—To insure mare with foal, \$8.00, payable when mare is known to be with foal. mch20-15w S. J. EVANS, Groom.

MARTIN HEINTZ,

Carpenter & Builder,

Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop, at his home, northwest corner of Friend and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kan. advt-177

Wm. H. HOLSINGER,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,

FARM MACHINERY & WIND

MILLS,

Wood and Iron Pumps,

PIPE, RUBBER HOSE AND

FITTINGS,

W. H. HOLSINGER,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

165-17

HOW'S YOUR FENCE?

We have the CHEAPEST and Best WOVEN WIRE FENCING Wire Rope Solvage.

50 INCHES HIGH AT 60 CENTS PER ROD.

Lawn, Garden, Poultry and Stock Fencing, all sizes and widths. Gates, tomahawks. Prices low. Sold by dealers. Freight Paid. Send for circulars.

McMullen's Farm Fencing

P. S.—All-Steel LAWN and CEMETERY Fences.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE,

PISO'S CURE

FOR CONSUMPTION.

It has permanently cured THOUSANDS of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have premonitory symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, &c., don't delay, but use PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists. 25 cents.

A LADY'S PERFECT COMPANION.

Our new book, by Dr. John H. Dye, one of New York's most skillful physicians, shows that pain is not necessary in childbirth, but results from causes easily understood and overcome. It clearly proves that any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to overcome and prevent morning sickness and the many other evils attending pregnancy. It is highly endorsed by physicians everywhere as the wife's true private companion. Out this out, it will save you great pain, and possibly your life. Send two-cent stamp for descriptive circulars, testimonials and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address Frank Thomas & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

H. W. ALLEGER.

1870

1889

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

FROM \$85 TO \$45

This elegant Parlor Organ, style 90, containing 5 octaves, 4 sets of reeds, 10 stops, 24 keys, 100 tones, and look free. For only \$45.00. With right and left complements. "Warranted for 5 years." Circular free to all.

It is only necessary to send references to your responsibility from any banker, postmaster, merchant or press agent and the Organ will be shipped promptly on ten days' test trial.

I Sell Direct to Families

Be sure to write me, and save money. Solid without cause. LOWEST PRICES IN AMERICA.

25 Years Wg. Organ. No connection with any other house.

\$45.00

H. W. ALLEGER,

WASHINGTON, N. J.

The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.
THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1890.

W. E. TIMMONS - Ed. and Prop.

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	6 in.	7 in.	8 in.	9 in.	10 in.	11 in.	12 in.
1 week...	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$4.00	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$5.50	\$6.00	\$6.50
2 weeks...	1.75	2.50	3.25	4.00	4.75	5.50	6.25	7.00	7.75	8.50	9.25	10.00
3 weeks...	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00
4 weeks...	2.25	3.50	4.75	6.00	7.25	8.50	9.75	11.00	12.25	13.50	14.75	16.00
5 weeks...	2.50	4.00	5.50	7.00	8.50	10.00	11.50	13.00	14.50	16.00	17.50	19.00
6 weeks...	2.75	4.50	6.25	8.00	9.75	11.50	13.25	15.00	16.75	18.50	20.25	22.00
7 weeks...	3.00	5.00	7.00	9.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	21.00	23.00	25.00
8 weeks...	3.25	5.50	7.75	10.00	12.25	14.50	16.75	19.00	21.25	23.50	25.75	28.00
9 weeks...	3.50	6.00	8.25	10.50	12.75	15.00	17.25	19.50	21.75	24.00	26.25	28.50
10 weeks...	3.75	6.50	8.75	11.00	13.25	15.50	17.75	20.00	22.25	24.50	26.75	29.00
11 weeks...	4.00	7.00	9.25	11.50	13.75	16.00	18.25	20.50	22.75	25.00	27.25	29.50
12 weeks...	4.25	7.50	9.75	12.00	14.25	16.50	18.75	21.00	23.25	25.50	27.75	30.00

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

TIME TABLE.

TIME TABLE A. T. & S. F. R. R.

STRONG CITY.	
GOING EAST.	
No. 2, "Atlantic" express.	8:32 p. m.
No. 4, "New York" express.	1:30 p. m.
No. 6, "Chicago" express.	1:02 p. m.
No. 8, "Missouri River" express.	12:42 a. m.
No. 10, "Local freight."	2:55 p. m.
GOING WEST.	
No. 1, "Pacific & Texas" express.	1:02 p. m.
No. 3, "Mexico & San Diego" express.	3:17 p. m.
No. 5, "Denver & Utah" express.	3:52 p. m.
No. 7, "Colorado" express.	3:50 a. m.
No. 9, "Local freight."	9:15 a. m.

STRONG CITY BRANCH.

WESTWARD.	
No. 301, "Accommodation."	4:00 p. m.
No. 303, "Local freight."	6:45 a. m.
EASTWARD.	
No. 302, "Accommodation."	2:05 p. m.
No. 304, "Local freight."	7:30 p. m.

ELLINOR BRANCH.

WESTWARD.	
No. 306, "Accommodation."	4:32 p. m.
EASTWARD.	
No. 305, "Accommodation."	6:45 p. m.
No. 307, "Carry mails."	Daily except Sunday.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Business locals, under this head, 30 cents a line, first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Cherries are ripe.

Edgar Jones was in town last week.

J. G. Brown is back from Missouri.

Geo. Hayden was at Emporia Monday.

Charlie Shoaff is home from Colorado.

June Smith is assisting in the post-office.

The alfalfa crop promises to be immense.

The politicians are interviewing the people.

The town cow has become a back number.

Harry Hunt returned to Topeka Monday.

Milk Shake and Lemonade at Hatch's.

Will Vetter came in Tuesday from Pueblo, Colorado.

Clements will celebrate. Ditto as to Matfield Green.

Jacob Rupp has returned to his home at York, Pa.

Roland Roberts has returned from his junket to Colorado.

Have you seen the Professor? He is too numerous to mention.

Dr. T. M. Zane was down from Osage City the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Virgil Cooper and children have gone to Pueblo, Col., on a visit.

J. L. Cochran and son, Lee, were at Kansas City the fore part of the week.

A. F. Fritz shipped a car load of corn from this station Monday night.

Eight car loads of cattle were shipped from Bazaar to Kansas City Sunday.

Prof. Gottschuetz's class of little ones is making rapid progress in German.

The Masons will celebrate St. John's Day, June 24, with a picnic at Florence.

Mrs. Barbara Gillett is occupying the house recently vacated by Dr. Zane.

Virgil Cooper left Tuesday evening to join his wife and little ones in Colorado.

Fred Clark, of Des Moines, Iowa, is in town visiting the family of A. B. Watson.

Mrs. S. P. Young is visiting her old home in Indiana. She will remain all summer.

J. P. Kuhl is putting down a walk on the south side of his residence property.

Chase county is the richest in the State if wealth per capita counts for anything.

Brace Bros. are now delivering ice. Leave orders and have it delivered at your home.

T. Simmons has been undergoing a severe siege of sickness, but is reported better.

D. K. Cartter and bride are expected home from Washington the latter part of the present week.

Communion services will be held at the U. P. church next Sabbath. All are invited to attend.

Dr. E. H. Stewart, of Emporia, a former resident of Toledo township, was in town Tuesday.

Cut rates are no more and walking will now find additional favor in the eyes of many.

The spring chicken of the vintage of '86 is with us again. He will probably remain until frost.

Miss Clara Brandlee, of Matfield Green, returned Tuesday from a week's visit at Emporia.

T. M. Gruwell, W. H. Holsinger and J. Rupert returned, Saturday, from their Colorado excursion.

Sike Wilson shipped one of his thoroughbred short horn bulls to parties at Burton, Monday.

Mrs. Raleigh, mother of Pat Raleigh, of Strong City, is lying very ill at the residence of the latter.

Dr. Stone left Saturday night for a business trip to Henderson, Ky. He will return the last of this week.

Mrs. May Wright, of Elmdale, daughter of Judge Rose, visited the family of the latter Saturday and Sunday.

The Marion Scimeter is supporting Judge Doster for congress. Our Republican brethren might do worse.

T. B. Johnston paid home folks a short visit the fore part of the week. He returns to Kentucky, to-morrow.

Rev. Young returned from Plymouth, Lyon county, Tuesday, where he had been holding a series of meetings.

The work of the census enumeration ends July 1, that being the limit of the time given him to complete it.

Mrs. Walter Simmons has been very sick during the past week, but is considered out of danger at present writing.

David Ford leaves some time this week for Moscow Pass, Colorado, to look after his extensive mining interests there.

Mrs. Bessie Groom, nee Roberts, formerly of this city, but now living at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, is visiting relatives here.

The Elmdale ball club has invited our boys to try conclusions with them at Elmdale on June 21. Our boys will probably accept.

The City Council has ordered the sidewalk between the First National bank and Roberts' meat market repaired and strengthened.

The acreage of winter wheat in this county is reported at 1,700 acres by the State Board of Agriculture. The condition could not be better.

Geo. Pennell, son of J. M. Pennell, formerly a resident of this place, but now of Colorado City, Colo., is visiting friends and relatives here.

The infant son of Mrs. Will Vetter, who is visiting relatives here, was taken seriously ill last week, but is considerably better at this writing.

J. G. Atkinson and Albert Berry shipped a car load of mules to Ft. Worth, Texas, this week. They were purchased in the vicinity of Osage City.

Attorney Sanders has been indulging himself in a new office carpet, new paper and new fixtures generally, and now has one of the cosiest dens in town.

A merry serenading party threw additional halo over the dreams of the sturdy burghers of this place and Strong City on Friday and Saturday nights.

Capt. Thomas Morrison, the "sailor man" of Florence, a former mayor and withal a very prominent citizen of our neighboring village, was in town Monday.

The attendance so far at the Institute is very encouraging, and it is to be hoped that every teacher in Chase county will be enrolled by the first of next week.

Don't forget Brace Bros. when placing your orders for ice. They have an unlimited quantity of pure ice which they will deliver in large or small quantities.

The "home talent" poetry in the *Reveille* of last week was particularly good, and seems to have struck a large-sized nail in the immediate vicinity of the cranium.

Miss Hattie Gilman closed her school in the Miller district, last Friday, with a picnic in Miller's Grove on South Fork. It was a very enjoyable affair to those participating.

Mrs. Jas. Carr, of Topeka, is visiting Mrs. G. W. Hays. Mrs. Carr is on her way to join her husband at Hillsboro, Texas, where he is largely interested in contract work.

Chas. Massey, who has been working in Kansas City for the past two months, was called home, Sunday, by the serious illness of his infant child. He will probably remain at home.

Mrs. Chas. Hayden, nee Ida Vetter, returned to her home on Diamond creek Tuesday, after a short visit here. Her sister, Miss Carrie, accompanied her and will remain a few days.

Miss Lillie Mann returned, Sunday evening, from a week's visit with friends near Matfield Green. She was accompanied by Miss Maud Brandlee who will spend a few days with friends in this city.

Louis Matter, who was adjudged insane by the Probate Court, last week, was taken to the asylum at Oswattomie, Friday night. The court issued an order giving Mrs. Matter the custody of the child.

The following are the names of the officers elected by the I. O. O. F., Saturday night: Geo. M. Hayden, N. G.; Jas. Atkinson, V. G.; H. N. Simmons, Treasurer; Dennis Madden, Secretary; J. Mann, Conductor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McDowell, of Marissa, Ill., arrived here Tuesday afternoon on a visit to Mr. McDowell's parents. Mr. McDowell is principal of the Marissa Academy. He is one of Chase county's boys.

Mrs. Col. Jones left Tuesday for Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where she will test the medicinal effects of the waters of that celebrated health resort. Her son, Edgar, accompanies her, who goes on to Ft. Smith.

John Frisby, wife and children, and Mrs. John Perry left Friday morning, for an extended visit at their old home—Unionville, Ohio. Mr. Frisby will return in about six weeks. The ladies will remain until September.

The social given by the ladies of the M. E. Church, last Friday evening, was one of the most pleasant affairs of the season, socially, and quite remunerative from a financial point of view. The net receipts exceeded \$20.

The meeting of the County Alliance, Saturday, was largely attended and some important business was transacted. It is rumored that they will "go it alone" this fall and contemplate placing a full county ticket in the field.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Children's Day was observed with appropriate exercises at the M. E. church in this city last Sunday morning. The church was beautifully decorated, the altar being a perfect bower of roses and other flowering plants, while flowers were scattered in profusion over the entire edifice. A number of feathered songsters carolled their notes of joy from the windows and delighted the large audience with their vocal exercises. The programme consisted of a thorough exposition of the growth and progress of the M. E. church—its work of recruiting and its educational system, and showing the struggles in the past, the high standing of the present and the hope for the future. The programme was interspersed with choice music rendered by a choir selected for that purpose and assisted by a competent orchestra. There were a number of well rendered recitations and a song or two by the little folks. At the conclusion a collection was taken up for the purpose of furthering the objects mentioned and quite a sum was realized.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Extensive preparations had been made for a proper observance of this day at the Presbyterian church. To avoid conflict it had been arranged that the exercises should be held in the evening, but the inclement weather kept many at home and they were, in part, deferred until some future time. The church had been tastefully decorated and an elaborate programme prepared for a due observance of the day which has within the past few years become so universally recognized.

C. W. White, foreman of the Osage City People for a number of years, and recently connected with this paper, left, Sunday, for Council Grove, where he has accepted a lucrative position on the *Republican* of that city. As an Al printer, and an all round good fellow, Charlie is entitled to a seat on the top-most rung of the ladder.

A very peculiar disease is now prevalent among the horses in this locality. It seems to affect the lips and nose of the animal, they becoming sore and cracking open without any apparent cause. It does not seem to be dangerous, horses thus affected, recovering within a few days, but nearly every horse in this vicinity has been affected by it.

Hog cholera is devastating the herds of a number of Chase county farmers. Farmers should look well to the general health of their hogs and take immediate steps toward preventing the spread of the dread disease. An inch of foresight is worth more than a mile and a quarter of hindsight in a case of this kind.

J. M. Kerr will remove his family to Washington at an early date if the negotiations now pending for the sale of his property here can be consummated. Mr. Kerr is an old resident of this city and the departure of himself and family will leave a wide gap in the business and social circles of the town.

E. D. Replogle came in from Colorado on Sunday night. The party which he accompanied spent most of the time in Denver, and are very enthusiastic admirers of Colorado's Queen, Leo. Forlet, who was a member of the party, has not yet returned and will probably remain some time yet.

The alleged base ball club of Strong City, went down before the invincibles of this city on Sunday last, like ripening grain before that ruthless appendage of a mowing machine commonly called a sickle. The score was 19 to 13.

At the special meeting of the city council Tuesday evening, called to consider the "dog question," the members failed to materialize, and the noble canine has not been subjected to the indignity of wearing a collar.

Street Commissioner Darling is having an inning this week, and the "able bodied" citizens between 21 and 45 years are becoming quite skillful in handling the various tools pertaining to the art of road making.

The Santa Fe bridge over the Cottonwood near Ellinor, has been torn down and removed to other points, which does not indicate any immediate extension of that branch of the Santa Fe.

Dr. Conaway has given the interior of his office in the rear of the Central drug store, a very artistic appearance by recent improvements in the way of new paper and decorations.

Work was begun yesterday morning on the sidewalk south of the National bank, and it is being rapidly torn away and replaced with a new one.

Our railroad prospects are looking up. The Manhattan, Newton & Gulf, a line that will surely strike Chase county, has been incorporated.

The Ladies' Guild of the Presbyterian church, will give a lawn social at the residence of S. F. Perry, next Tuesday evening, June 17.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and the non-arrival of the annual circus is having a perceptible effect upon the small boy.

Leroy S. Hackett, of this city, delivered the salutatory address of the senior pharmacy class at the State University.

The drought which was soheduled for this month has been deferred on account of the recent rains.

Chas. Clark has taken the position on the street car line made vacant by the retirement of Ed Burch.

Artist Rilea is decorating the exterior of the COURT building. Now is the time to subscribe!

Jacob Mann is improving the appearance of his residence by the addition of a front porch.

W. P. Pugh returned from the State University at Lawrence, Wednesday evening.

Prof. E. W. Myler is conducting the Ateshon county Institute at Atchison.

Phillip Spencer, of Strong City, has been granted an increase of pension.

D. A. Ellsworth will read an original poem at Clements, July 4.

Delicious Ice Cream at Hatch's.

NORMAL INSTITUTE.

Our Institute opened with stormy weather, yet 46 students appeared, increased by five more during the day. The number on the second day reached, A grade 33, B grade 26.

Our A grade this year seems to take an unusual interest, ventilating methods, tearing down old theories, exploding some new ones, and producing frequent mental storms. Under our progressive instructors and with the guidance of our County Superintendent, the "A" promises to be No. 1.

The B grade is working up and though their numbers are not so large, yet we expect they will show that No. 2 is further from 0 than No. 1, before the close.

J. M. WARREN, Secy.

NORMAL JOTTINGS.

The County Institute commenced Monday morning with an attendance of fifty-seven, composed of as good looking an aggregation of maams as could be well got together.

Work was resumed immediately and perfect organization left to perfect at odd moments. J. C. Davis, our efficient Superintendent, realizes the value of the minutes at such places.

We understand that two-thirds of the teachers of the county are going back, or can go back, to the same schools that they taught last year. To whom does the credit belong? Surely to the present County Superintendent. This being so, our friend, C. Garth, must be "off of his nest."

The second day of the Institute developed a brisk argument on the following example:

"How many times 6 are 3-2 of 48, x 12?" Some claim that the average school ma'am hardly possesses the brains that the long-eared darling that Christ rode into Jerusalem, will please solve it, paying attention to the comma, and inform which is correct, 14 or 24.

As one of the sweet damsels attending names him "Griggby Griggby," is an authority on physiology.

Ask Prof. Del Rose his opinion on these sweet little black eyed school maams, and her opinion on outlines for the study of history.

Prof. Lowther was a caller the past week. Welcome; call again.

Mr. Brown (not John Brown of Kansas fame) has made his reputation as an objector, and ye should know him in the future as Objector Brown.

J. M. Warren is as one of the boys, and his talents are appreciated now as much as when instructor, for when J. M. takes our side we feel as the person whose house is built upon a rock.

Mr. L. R. Allen, of Clements, is numbered among the shining lights of this session.

West Virginia loses and Kansas gains a beautiful school ma'am in the person of Miss Hattie Jeffrey.

Taking all things into consideration so far in the progress of the Institute, the indications are that in the close of the Institute all who try will have gained much, as every one seems to be doing their best, and have commenced their work with a vim and vigor that is noted for their absence in so many of our Institutes.

The many friends of Joseph Lybarger, tendered him a very agreeable surprise at his residence, near Homestead on Saturday evening last. He had been at Matfield Green during the day assisting in the preparations for the band social at that place, and was more than surprised upon returning home to find that his neighbors had gathered as if by magic, and had taken possession of the premises. After allowing him time to partially realize the cause of the onslaught, they proceeded to serve the elaborate supper, which was not the least substantial part of the surprise, and upward of 80 persons partook of the repast.

The guests lingered until the "wee sma' hours" and then departed, remembering only as an oasis in the desert of every day life the time spent at the feast. The average age of those present was 32 years.

We don't think it absolutely necessary to keep a cemetery cleaned up, but wouldn't it be showing a little more respect to the memory of "those who have gone before" to keep the grass and weeds down in our cemetery so that the stones that mark the last resting place of our loved ones would be discernible to the naked eye? The present condition of the cemetery would be a disgrace to a band of Comanche Indians, and if we are to be recognized by our neighbors as a civilized community, it is about time a little well directed muscular effort was applied to our cemetery.

Considerable opposition is developing on the proposition to vote bonds to erect a new school house on the site selected in the south part of town. It is claimed by some that the erection of a building there would necessitate a division of the school population of the city and the employment of two corps of teachers, thus entailing additional expense upon the taxpayers and impairing the general efficiency of the work. There is no question as to the necessity of additional school facilities, the only point of difference seems to be the manner in which they are to be attained.

E. D. Forney returned from Emporia Monday, whither he had gone to obtain surgical advice in regard to his left optic which he feared had been seriously injured by the collision with a flying fragment of a grindstone. His friends will be glad to learn that the injury is not so serious as to injure his eye permanently.

The English sparrow is gaining quite a foothold here. What's the matter with equipping the small boys with Gatling guns and turning them loose upon a common enemy? It would be sure to result in the extermination of the birds or the boys, and in either event would be a decided gain to the city, while the expense would be trifling.

The "Old Minstrel," with the slight variation that the minstrel was not a minstrel, and the harp was a wheezy accordion, was conspicuous on our streets Friday and Saturday. The air was rent with melody during his stay and the bottom of the drop-in-a-nickle repository was worn smooth by the constant dropping.

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&

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BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

J. W. McWilliams wants town loans—large and small.

FOR SALE.—A cupboard and Victor sewing machine. Apply at Eureka House, may 8 2w

Ford, der Uhrmacher zu Cottonwood Falls, garantiert alle von ihm angefertigte Arbeit. Fremde und schwierige Uhrwerke sind seine besondere Spezialität. augs-6 f

PAINT, beautiful colors at J. W. Stone & Co.'s drug store.

CLAUDINA'S CHOICE.

A Burlesque New York Society Novello.



CLAUDINA VANDERCLAM had just graduated at Vassar College, and was expected home. All was bustle and confusion at the Vanderclam mansion on Fifth avenue.

Old Mr. Vanderclam, the father of Claudina, went around with a fresh-baked smile on his face that would have done credit to a man who had just had an aching tooth withdrawn from circulation.

The Vanderclam family is one of the oldest and most ostentatious on Manhattan Island. Besides his blocks of houses he is the proud owner of a coat-of-arms and an ancient crest, which latter looks like a spavined jimpicute regardant, and, to some extent, in immediate juxtaposition to a two-year-old Durham guayacuta, the latter holding in his beak the squirming motto of the Vanderclams:

"O, give us a rest!" in Latin. The original old Simon-pure-with-his-name-blown-in-the-bottle Vanderclam got his start in life by selling old junk for more than he paid for it.

But there were no specimens of the domestic fly on the charming Claudina. She was a large, copious girl, with handsome features, and large, dark eyes like those of an astonished fawn. She had, moreover, a queenly form. Besides her tailor-made figure, she had still another handsome figure of several millions in her own right.

There was only one person in the Vanderclam mansion who was not stirred up over the arrival of Claudina, and that person was Oliver Birdwhistle, who had charge of the education of Tommy and Bobby, Claudina's two younger brothers. Oliver Birdwhistle was not handsome, for his mouth was so large that he had to be measured for his tooth brushes, but on the other hand he was saturated with intellectuality. He generally wore a pensive smile and patched clothing, for he was penniless, and an orphan.

Oliver Birdwhistle did not see the beautiful young heiress until next morning at the breakfast table. He could not help stealing a glance at her lovely face as he prodded his epi-glottis with chunks of sausage impaled on the tines of a silver fork. Oliver thought that she was the most lovely human being he had ever seen. He smiled at the absurdity of his falling in love with such a superior being, as he inadvertently shoveled a spoonful of salt into his coffee.

Claudina, on the other hand, felt herself strangely fascinated by the pale, intellectual face and noble bearing of the young tutor. She was so struck by his manly beauty that she did not even observe the glossy and careworn condition of his garb. She did not even notice the movement of his arm when he fed himself. She, too, smiled at the ridiculousness of the idea that she should ever wed one whose social status was so inferior to her own. At the same time she absent-mindedly stirred her coffee with her knife.

Of course, Claudina was a great catch in the matrimonial market. It was to be expected that there would be competition to secure the prize, but Claudina's pa had already made his little arrangements to supply her with a husband, in the shape of an old business chum by the name of Bigby.

Sam Bigby was a fat, wheezy old man, with a head as desolate of hair as the inside of a churn. At the same time,



"HAVE YOU SEEN IT?"

he tried to appear very youthful. He was a frisky old man, which Josh Billings calls "a burlesque on all kinds of levity." After the arrival of Claudina, he seemed to have taken up his abode in the Vanderclam mansion. He clustered around Claudina so much that she scarcely had an hour she could call her own. At the instigation of her father, she was almost entirely monopolized by the obese old Bigby. Some people are born great, others acquire greatness, but our unfortunate heroine had greatness thrust on her. However, she was quite equal to the emergency, for one day, when the voluminous Bigby became obtrusively affectionate, she asked him if he did not have a grandson of about her age whom she might learn to love.

"I have no doubt, Miss Claudina," replied Bigby, with a large army-sized sneer, "that you would prefer a lover of the age and appearance of that pauper school-teacher, but I have your father's consent to lead you to the hymenal altar, and I'm going to do it."

He then went out suddenly, slamming the door, and suffering from suppressed rage.

One morning, the young tutor had occasion to use a hammer and a few nails to repair the aged and decrepit trunk that concealed most of his scanty wardrobe. While thus busily engaged, there came a sharp rap at the door, and, on opening it, Oliver Birdwhistle found himself confronted by the stern frown of old Vanderclam and his friend Bigby.

"I believe I perceived you emerge from the pantry just now with a hammer and several nails," said old Vanderclam, making a great effort to conceal his excitement.

"Yes, sir," replied the tutor, with great dignity; "I needed those implements to repair my humble trunk,

which contains my somewhat scanty wardrobe."

"You seem to be a pretty good hand at picking up unconsidered trifles, Mr. Birdwhistle. Did you ever do time at Sing Sing?" asked old Bigby, with a hoarse, malignant chuckle.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Birdwhistle, coloring as much at Bigby's manner as at the insinuation.

"My friend and future son-in-law, Mr. Bigby, means to intimate that a valuable apple that was in the pantry is now mysteriously missing. Have you seen it?" asked Mr. Vanderclam.

The color in Birdwhistle's cheeks faded away and gave place to an ashy paleness suggestive of a piece of antique tripe, as he fumbled around with his right hand in a vain effort to seize the hammer and spoil the beauty of his rival for the fair hand of the peerless Claudina, but, regaining his composure, Birdwhistle said, proudly: "Search me!"

"We will, and we will also explore the room," said old Bigby, viciously.

The pair of old obsolete humbugs searched Birdwhistle's person and also the room. Suddenly a yelp of triumph burst from Bigby, who was investigating a wardrobe. He held aloft a shabby swallow-tailed coat, and extracted from one of the rear pockets a large red apple, the *corpus delicti*, so to speak.

Poor Birdwhistle uttered a wild cry of dismay, staggering back, and almost falling to the ground.

"I knew that he was an ex-convict as soon as I saw him," said Bigby.

"Who dares say that Oliver Birdwhistle is an ex-convict?" exclaimed Claudina, who had suddenly put in an appearance.

Claudina's venerable lover held up the missing apple, and related the circumstances under which it was discovered.

"Claudina," said her father, "he saved you from a fate worse than death. Take her, my boy, and may you be—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Claudina, "this a vile plot, Oliver, dear Oliver, for my sake tell when you stole that apple."

Just at this crisis, in rushed Tommy and Bobby. The latter seeing the apple danced around and said to Bigby:

"So you have found my apple, but, you can't eat it because you are not in the game."

"Game? What game?"

"Me and Tommy was playin' 'hidings.' I took the apple out of the pantry, and hid it in Mr. Birdwhistle's coat-tail pocket, when he wasn't in the room. Tommy was to hunt for it, but the breakfast bell rang, and we forgot all about it until now."

Oliver Birdwhistle raised his eyes and fervently thanked Heaven that he was vindicated. A moment later Claudina was sobbing on his bosom.

Gentle reader, there is not much more to add to this thrilling romance. A month later, there was a wedding in high life. At the altar Oliver Birdwhistle stood by the side of his stately bride and solemnly vowed to share with her all his earthly goods, etc., but who shall portray the chagrin of wheezy old Bigby, who made himself so scarce on that occasion? ALEX E. SWEET.

A GOOD ONE.

Senator Spooner's Story of a Novel Race Between a Hog and a Horse.

Senator Spooner tells the following story as it was told to him during his European tour last summer:

There were gathered together a score or more of German students in Berlin, most of them from Kaiser Wilhelm University. They were discussing sports of all kinds, dueling, chicken fighting, pugilism and horse racing. The latter subject was under discussion when an enthusiastic Rhein-Baier declaimed eloquently upon the merits of a Kentucky stallion recently purchased for him by his indulgent father. One of the party pooh-poohed his claims for the speed of his steed, and insolently offered to wager that he had a hog which could distance the racer. There was danger of a duel, when the obnoxious student said:

"I am not insulting, but in earnest when I say that I have a hog which can beat your horse, and I'll wager two thousand kreutzers that my hog can win a mile race one month hence."

The novel wager was accepted, the date fixed, the money put up and all sealed as a bargain.

The "Hog-Student," as his companions immediately dubbed him, purchased the tallest hog to be found in Berlin. He starved the porker for four days, then took him to the designated race-course and drove him around the track. At the conclusion of the circuit the student gave his hog a fish. There is nothing more toothsome to a hog than a fresh fish. The porker in training received no other food for that day. On the following morning the hog was driven around the track and given another fish. This was repeated for two weeks. At last the student was obliged to get a horse in order to keep pace with the hog as he hastened around the track to get his breakfast.

Meantime the hog was getting thin, and any one who has chased a hungry, skeleton hog, knows how fast he will travel. One morning, toward the close of the month, the student hurried his horse and beat the hog, and refused to give him the fish. The hog was nearly crazy for his food, but had to starve another day. After that, the student, on a fast horse, was unable to keep up with the hungry hog. When the day of the race came, the hog and horse got an even start, and it was an exciting race. All the students and sporting men of Berlin were in attendance, and they made the welkin ring as the novel pair went tearing around the track. The horse never had raced with a hog before. The hog was afraid that the horse would beat him and get the fish. The result was that the hog won the race by nearly a dozen hog-lengths, amid the wildest enthusiasm ever displayed upon a German course.

Preaching and Practice.

Mr. Wealthy—I presume, sir, you will join our new forestry association?

Mr. Richman—Most gladly, sir. The way our virgin forests are being destroyed is a shame—an outrage. John! Put a few more logs on the grate.—The Jury.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

PERMANENT VALUE.

How Jim McPherson Fuzzled the School-masters.

James McPherson was a boy of some intelligence, with a father an ardent protectionist, and an uncle an uncompromising free trader of the Manchester school. Naturally, as Jim's father and uncle lived in the same house Jim got a pretty fair idea of the stock arguments on each side; but what he never could make out was how labor benefited by either policy. His father sternly maintained that in a protectionist country there were better wages, while his uncle just as strongly maintained the same in regard to free trade countries. Now, Jim thought to himself, there can't be such a striking difference between them in any case, or there could not be any necessity for such an endless amount of argument about the subject. At any rate, he thought he would ask the school-master; and one day a favorable opportunity occurred when that gentleman was instructing Jim's class regarding the value of population. "Every additional head of population," said the school-master, "represents a clear gain to the State or to the community as a whole, of many pounds, and adds to its total wealth."

"Who gets the wealth, sir?" asked Jim.

The school-master looked with surprise at a boy who took an interest in economic questions which, as a general rule, did not interest his pupils. "The wealth," said the school-master, "is taken by those who earn it, and who by their industry and frugality deserve it."

"Have you much wealth?" said Jim, looking into the face of his master, who the whole neighborhood knew was a model of industry and frugality.

A troubled look passed over the face of the school-master as he replied: "My occupation is not directly productive, but as every man can not educate his own children, a school-master by doing so leaves others more time to produce, and thus keeps the carpenters, tailors, and factory hands in production and adds to the national wealth."

Jim didn't see that this was an answer to his question, so he tried again. "Do all carpenters, tailors and factory hands who are sober and frugal share in this wealth that you say population gives to the State?"

"Yes," said the school-master, "in a degree, of course they do, but their share is much smaller than that which goes for interest and rent."

"Why?" said Jim.

"Why?" said the school-master, "why? Because population means more laborers, and more laborers mean more competition, and more competition means less wages."

"Then population does not give value to labor?" said Jim.

"No," said the school-master; "on the contrary, competition reduces the value of labor."

"Yet it gives increased wealth to the community. Who gets the value population gives?" said Jim.

"Those," said the school-master, "who possess certain advantages which labor must use to live, and for the use of which labor makes a large return."

"Are there many people possessing such advantages?" asked Jim.

"No," replied the school-master; "they are in one sense numerous, but compared to population as a whole they are few, very few."

"Are those few persons industrious, temperate and frugal? Do they take the wealth because they earn it, and by their industry and frugality deserve it?" said Jim.

"If by no means follows," said the school-master; "those few persons possessing certain advantages gain wealth by the possession of those advantages, and may be neither industrious, frugal nor temperate."

"And they get the largest share?" said Jim.

"Yes," said the school-master.

"It does not seem fair," said Jim.

"It is a state of things," said the school-master, "that is not our place to grumble at; these advantages are natural opportunities, principally land, which a few people have obtained and which entitles them to the value given by population."

"Then if population does not give value to labor it only gives value to land," said Jim, "because labor can not do without it; and the man who owns the land gets the greatest share of the value."

"If you could only prove that, my boy," said the school-master, "you would make out a case for the followers of Henry George, whose works, by the way, I have not read. Unfortunately for his theories, population gives value to many things beside land."

"Permanent value?" said Jim.

"Yes," said the school-master.

"What things?" said Jim.

"Well," said the school-master, "let me see. Here are the boys' hats, for example. If a store-keeper had a lot of hats, and population suddenly increased, hats would become valuable."

"That is not permanent value," said Jim, "but merely temporary. As population increased competition would increase, and wages go down, they would start making hats, and the value of hats would decrease; but the value of land would go up. Is there any thing besides land that population gives a permanent value to, that is what I want to know?"

"Well," said the school-master, "it may be so; we need not discuss it."

"Don't you think," said Jim, "that if land takes the greater part of the value population gives, those who by their industry and frugality deserve it should get a larger share than they do?"

"That would mean," said the school-master, "the handing over of those natural advantages which private individuals now hold to the community for their general advancement, which can never be."

"Who?" said Jim.

"James," said the school-master, severely, "things have come to a pretty pass when a boy of your age can not take his teacher's word without asking

why. We will go on with the next lesson."—Peter Pickle, in Australian Standard.

A LIBERAL TEXAN.

Attorney-General Hogg on Railroads and the Abuse of Land Monopoly.

Attorney-General Hogg, of Texas, who is running as Democratic candidate for Governor, outlined his views on various public questions in a recent address. He declared himself in favor of State regulation of railways, and showed the analogy of railways to toll roads, where a private corporation maintains the roadbed and charges a sum fixed by law to all persons traveling over the same.

Beginning with common earth roads, graded and leveled, public highways changed not in principle, but in condition and methods of use and enjoyment. Passing through many transmutations, from the plain dirt road to the gravel way, from the latter to the horse-car line, and from that to the steam railway, the public highway developed, as it is now, into the greatest civilizer known to civilization, indispensable to commerce and to the wants of the public, has never escaped the control of the power that gave it life. So long as they were simply earth or turn-pike roads but little or no question was raised as to the right of the Government to control or regulate them, but since they have become laid with post-oak sleepers and steel rails, ballasted with sea shells, equipped with fine coaches propelled by steam engines and controlled by magistrates, pools and combines they are defiant of law and revolt at control in all respect. They are now called "private enterprises."

Quite as striking was what Attorney-General Hogg said on the land question. He spoke thus:

Our constitution further provides that, "Perpetuities and monopolies are contrary to the genius of a free government and shall never be allowed." This provision was almost at corporate power in all respects, but especially at their ownership of lands. Under our present laws, land corporations are not prohibited, nor are they expressly admitted; though they are operating in our State by a kind of license and the law of comity to an alarming extent. They control and own about one-fourth of all the lands within the State. When title vests in them, as they live on forever, it becomes a perpetuity. In this way the evils of the English laws of primogeniture and entailment so distasteful to Americans will be surpassed by corporate estates. The control of the property in large tracts is equivalent to a monopoly. Many of them each own and now have exclusive possession and enjoyment of over a million acres of land in one body. Go into the far West through some of the richest counties of our State and you will find great pastures and corporate estates wired in and controlled exclusively from settlement; their management committed to agents; their titles in aliens, English lords, syndicates and corporations. The like has never been known to any country that guarded well its institutions with respect to the rights, liberties and privileges of the free people that compose it. These large estates, controlled now for pastoral purposes, will soon be in demand for settlement. As time goes on, within a few years, as the demand for homes becomes stronger, these princely estates will be cut up into small farms and rented or leased and operated by foreign peasantry, uncongenial to our people and under the absolute control of men who do not understand or respect the principles of our government. In time they will become voters, and cast their ballots as free men according to the will of their landlords and rulers. In this way the time is not far distant in Texas, if this condition of affairs should be permitted to continue, when our people will be met in their councils by representatives of English aristocracy elected by their serfs and peons.

While we have the power in the legitimate exercise of our rights as citizens, it is well not to overlook matters of such serious importance and threatening danger to the welfare of ourselves and our posterity. This is a country, not of landed monopolies and estates in perpetuity created and run for serfs and slaves, but is one of freemen that should be controlled in all things by and for them. As the title of land is concentrated into the ownership of the few, in that proportion patriotism is destroyed. The greater the number of homes, the larger the number of patriots. Deprive our people of lands and they become tenants subject to the will of those who own their homes. In time they grow poor, diseased, degenerate and servile. When that period is reached the underlying principles of our Government will be only known by the blotched leaves of history; and the thoughtless, indifferent people of to-day will be condemned by the mourning millions who bear their names. Cautiously observing vested rights and principles of justice, if I am elected your Governor, I shall favor and insist upon the passage of laws that will prohibit the further operation of land corporations and to limit the tenure of title in those now owning lands within this State. Within a limited period of years they can sell their lands, receive their money for them and go elsewhere if they choose to hold estates in perpetuity. Such laws will not interfere with the subdivision and sale of lands by the corporations now in existence; nor with the ownership of such real estate as is necessary for the purpose of other private corporations whose objects are not the ownership of land.

A gentleman, who imagined that he recognized a lady friend, advanced cordially and addressed her: "I beg pardon," he said, "but isn't this Miss Greenleaf?" "No, sir," replied the lady, "my name is Redpath." "Ah, excuse me, I must be color blind."—Texas Siftings.

"They tell me," said Peggleworth, speaking to his friend Simpson, "that Wilkins is losing his mind." "Yes, I heard so," Simpson answered, "but I do not believe it. I'll tell you why. The other day I met him in the street and asked him to lend me five dollars and he refused."—Arkansas Traveler.

TARIFFS AND WAGES.

How One-Sided Protection Robs the Farmer and the Mechanic.

The Philadelphia Press suggests as another name for the McKinley bill: "An Act to Prevent the Reduction of the Wages of American Labor to an European Basis."

Wages are used to buy necessary supplies for the family. Now, wages are to be "protected" by compelling wage-earners to pay more for all they buy.

Whether a man works in the factory or in the field is determined by the price of farm labor. The American manufacturer bids not against the European manufacturer, but against the American farmer.

Why is it that to-day, after thirty years of a protective tariff, it is necessary to go to Congress to get a law passed to "Prevent the Reduction of the Wages of American Labor?"

What influences are at work reducing wages in America?

Plainly the depression of agriculture. When, in America, agriculture prospers, wages advance; when it is depressed, wages in every factory in the land decline.

In 1877, 1878 and 1879 farm products commanded profitable prices and every section had a "boom."

But in recent years the tendency has been otherwise; the chief agricultural crop has been the crop of mortgages, with the result that wages have declined in all industrial centers, and strikes have multiplied.

Now, we are to have a "bill to prevent the reduction of wages of American labor to an European basis." How is it proposed to do this? Simply by increasing taxation.

Here is an illustration: A farmer sends some early strawberries to his city merchant and tells him to send in exchange twelve dozen tin cans for peaches, tomatoes, etc., etc. Heretofore the Government would take for revenue thirty-three per cent.; the farmer would get nine cans instead of a dozen. He finds that this tax has been increased to five, leaving only seven cans in a dozen, or seven dozen in a gross.

It does not matter what the farmer asks in exchange for his products, the effect of the McKinley bill is the same. If he wants a suit of clothes, a carpet, household utensils, farming implements, knives, guns, fertilizer, anything or everything, he finds that in exchange for his fruits and vegetables, for wheat or corn, for cotton or for cattle, by an increase of taxation he must accept less or he must send more.

This is the way farm wages are "increased." Under the influence of the tariff, agriculture has declined, and wages in the factories and mills have followed. Labor has been imported and is to-day imported free of any tax, and so between the poorly-paid immigrant and the poorly-paid farmer, the laborer in the cities finds that his wages and the wages of the English laborers approach every year nearer and nearer to a level.

Wages come not from capital; they come from the products of labor. They are highest when and where production is highest per hand.

Any natural or artificial impediment to the highest production; any friction, any taxation, any tariff, lessens the productive power of labor and reduces its rewards. Taxation is always an evil; it is tolerable only when imposed to meet the requirements of the Government. When imposed to enrich the rich, to add to the accumulations of the Forty Thieves, it is an outrage to every person, and an especial burden upon American labor in the field or the factory.

Deny it as our Republican friends may, the tariff is a tax.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE VANISHING SURPLUS.

A Deficit in Place of One Hundred Millions in the Treasury.

When Grover Cleveland sent his famous tariff-reform message to Congress he drew attention to the fact that the country was confronted with "a condition—not a theory." That condition was an overwhelming and growing surplus in the National treasury, due to over-taxation. Mr. Cleveland proposed to reduce this surplus by relieving the people from the burden of unnecessary taxation, and the Democrats in control of the popular branch of Congress responded to his demand by a bill which supplied in small part the remedy which he proposed. This measure—the Mills bill—was defeated in the Senate under the control of the Republicans.

It is only a little more than a year since Grover Cleveland went out of office. And now it is reported from Washington that the ensuing year will probably show a deficit of \$100,000,000 instead of a surplus of \$100,000,000. How has this remarkable change been brought about? Not by reduction of taxation, because the taxes have not been reduced. Not by any increased necessities of the Government, for there has been no war nor great National calamity demanding extraordinary expenditures. There has been no vast scheme of National improvements to drain the treasury of its resources.

What is the explanation? The process of converting a huge surplus into an appalling deficit within two years has been clearly outlined by the legislation which has been passed and which is further projected by the present Congress. The estimates are made on the basis of the extravagant appropriations which are outlined and the projected changes in the revenue system. With the exception of occasional objections to some meritorious bill for a public building, there has been a uniform disposition to swell the appropriations in every possible direction. The plan has been seriously contemplated to absorb all possible surplus revenues by voting dependent pensions, service pensions, back pensions and pensions under various designations. If the pension raids do not suffice to get rid of the revenues, then it is hoped the McKinley bill will do the business—not by reducing taxation, but by increasing it to such an extent as to prohibit certain importations and transferring the taxes heretofore paid to the Government into

the pockets of private individuals and corporations paid in the form of bounties.

Which is the better plan for getting rid of the surplus—the Cleveland plan of reducing unnecessary taxes or the pending plan for increasing appropriations and also increasing taxation on imports to a prohibitory figure? That will be the question for the people to decide.—Kansas City Star.

CLARKSON'S EXPLOSION.

The Iowa Spokesman Talks Too Much for His Own Good.

Mr. J. S. Clarkson, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, is a wonderful man. He has been cutting off the heads of Democratic postmasters until he is tired of the work, and now he is delivering political lectures at the North by way of variety. He is not only wonderful, but great. A few years ago, while he was editor of the Iowa State Register, he printed in his editorial columns a statement to the effect that when the great "star-shower" occurred in 1833 the falling stars could be heard rattling on the leaves of the trees.

This sort of thing is characteristic of Clarkson. He has now quit telling about the stars in order to tell some wonderful stories about the South. The star-story was merely an innocent lie, but the lies about the South are told in order to help the Republican party.

These political lies are potent enough to every body except the deluded people who sit and listen to him, and a good many of those must recognize the most of Clarkson's statements to be lies if they read the newspapers. His complaint is that Republicans are not allowed to hold office in the South, and yet there is hardly a county in any part of the South where Republicans are not holding office.

As for the negroes, it is natural that their appointment as postmasters in communities where there are plenty of white Republicans should cause irritation; but do the Southern people prevent the negro from holding office at the North? Has the Southern bulldozer terrorized the President and Mr. Clarkson to such an extent that they are afraid to appoint negroes to office in the North? If not, why have no negroes been appointed to office in the North?

These are very interesting questions. The President and Mr. Clarkson have not hesitated to appoint negro postmasters in the South, where they knew that such appointments are likely to cause irritation; but why have they hesitated to appoint negro postmasters at the North? Are the Northern negroes unfit to hold office? Would the white people protest against such appointments? There are a great many negroes in Iowa.—Mr. Clarkson's State—and many of them are said to be well educated; but how many negro officials are there in Iowa? In the whole State Mr. Clarkson appointed one negro postmaster?

It would seem from this that the gay bulldozer has entrusted his bulldozing operations to the present Administration.—Atlanta Constitution.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Quay will order the Administration to disband before he will consent to sue the New York World for libel.—Atlanta Constitution.

It is wonderful how quiet Mr. Harrison keeps about the Quay matter. Perhaps, however, he is preparing a card for publication.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sumway—Whom did the President mean when he spoke of "tried and true Republicans?" Staggars—Not Quay and Dudley, anyhow; they haven't been tried yet.—Life.

The negro will never amount to anything so long as he is treated as "the ward of the Nation," and it is encouraging to find that he is beginning to understand this.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Ben Battenworth was an independent citizen for four whole days, but when the whip cracked he pulled down his tail feathers, slumped into his boots and voted for the McKinley bill. The G. O. P. whip is a great institution.—Lowell (Mass.) Times.

The report that Blaine will not again try for the Presidency, but will be satisfied to close his career as Senator from Maine, indicates that the Maine man's weather eye is as good as ever. The chance for a Republican successor to Harrison is exceedingly slim.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

On the whole, we think we entertain more respect for a Congressman who sincerely believes in high protective duties, and votes every time to sustain them, than we have for the Congressman who makes fine speeches in favor of tariff reform and then votes the other way, under the lash of the party whip.—Boston Herald.

Some of the Republican papers are trying to resist the impression produced by Clarkson's speeches regarding the remarkable decline of the Republican press by declaring that his statements are much exaggerated. But Clarkson told nothing but the truth, and that he believes what he says is seen in the fact that he has disposed of his own newspaper property.—Chicago Herald.

A Union soldier named Herbst was taken prisoner and joined the Confederate army. When he was recaptured he swore that he took arms against his country because he wished to be released from prison. He should have been shot for desertion, but he was not. His widow asked a pension, and Congress gave it to her. Harrison permitted the bill to become a law. What do honorable Union veterans think of this as a specimen of pension legislation, endorsed by the President?—Albany Argus.

It appears upon the showing of this representative Republican, Clarkson, based upon carefully compiled statistics, that the Democratic party is pre-eminently the reading, thinking, and, therefore, the intelligent party of the country. Undoubtedly, Mr. Clarkson is correct, and it is also true, on the other hand, that the more the people generally read and think, and study the principles and purposes of the two great parties, the stronger, relatively, the Democratic party becomes.—Concord (N. H.) People and Patriot.

COUNTY INDEBTEDNESS.

A Statement of the Indebtedness of Counties in Kansas, as Shown by the Census Report—The Indebtedness of 1890 Compared With That of 1880.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The reports of county indebtedness are being compiled at the Census Office. Complete returns have been received from Kansas. They show that eleven counties have no county debt. Leavenworth leads all, with bonds outstanding to the amount of \$1,062,700. Wyandotte, in which is Kansas City, Kan., has a debt of \$540,232.80. Doniphan has \$609,932 and Douglas has \$520,100. Several counties have decreased their debts since 1880, but most of them show an increase. The tabulated statement presented below gives the debts of 1880 as well as those of 1890. Dickinson is one of the counties which has made phenomenal increase in ten years, having now \$280,000 in bonds, while in 1880 the amount was \$14,500. Riley has increased her debt from \$14,000 in 1880 to \$294,000. The aggregates of county debts show that the general increase is from \$6,885,077 to \$14,229,074.80. Perhaps the most interesting deductions to be drawn from the figures is that the big increases in the debts are limited to less than one-third of the counties. Half a dozen Kansas counties have entirely paid off their debts since 1880. Twenty or thirty have reduced their debts. As many more have neither increased nor decreased. The complete returns are as follows:

COUNTIES.	1880.	Bonded debt.	Gross debt.
Allen	1880	\$150,000	\$150,000
Anderson	1880	150,000	150,000
Anderson	1880	294,500	294,500
Atchison	1880	325,500	325,500
Atchison	1880	290,000	290,000
Barber	1880	8,000	8,000
Barber	1880	416,200	416,200
Barton	1880	47,000	47,000
Barton	1880	35,000	35,000
Bourbon	1880	179,000	179,000
Bourbon	1880	215,200	215,200
Brown	1880	92,500	92,500
Brown	1880	92,500	140,500
Butler	1880	18,000	18,000
Butler	1880	40,000	40,136
Chase	1880	15,000	15,000
Chautauque	1880	28,300	28,300
Chautauque	1880	114,560	114,560
Cherokee	1880	15,150	15,150
Cherokee	1880	18,000	18,000
Cheyenne	1880	21,500	21,500
Cheyenne	1880	121,300	121,300
Clark	1880	121,300	121,300
Clark	1880	230,793	230,793
Cloud	1880	81,500	81,500
Cloud	1880	121,000	121,000
Coffey	1880	152,000	152,000
Coffey	1880	145,000	145,000
Comanche	1880	35,000	35,000
Comanche	1880	227,000	227,000
Crawford	1880	850,500	850,500
Crawford	1880	47,500	47,500
Dickinson	1880	14,500	14,500
Dickinson	1880	280,000	280,000
Doniphan	1880	885,000	885,000
Doniphan	1880	609,932	609,932
Douglas	1880	520,100	520,100
Douglas	1880	10,000	10,000
Edwards	1880	142,000	142,000
Edwards	1880	25,200	25,200
Ellis	1880	47,200	47,200
Ellis	1880	22,617	22,617
Ellis	1880	18,000	18,000
Ellsworth	1880	25,000	25,000
Finney	1880	40,000	40,000
Finney	1880	20,000	20,000
Ford	1880	17,000	17,000
Ford	1880	262,600	262,600
Franklin	1880	269,600	269,600
Franklin	1880	43,110	43,110
Gove	1880	125,000	125,000
Gove	1880	110,000	110,000
Gove	1880	824	824
Graham	1880	79,000	79,000
Grant	1880	40,000	40,000
Gray	1880	43,500	43,500
Gray	1880	20,000	20,000
Greene	1880	215,000	215,000
Greene	1880	215,000	215,000
Hamilton	1880	60,000	60,000
Harper	1880	32,000	32,000
Harper	1880	9,000	9,000
Harvey	1880	1,000	1,000
Haskell	1880	84,000	84,000
Haskell	1880	123,000	123,000
Hodgeman	1880	60,000	60,000
Hodgeman	1880	150,000	150,000
Jefferson	1880	150,000	150,000
Jefferson	1880	42,000	42,000
Jewell	1880	21,000	21,000
Jewell	1880	37,000	37,000
Johnson	1880	21,000	21,000
Johnson	1880	8,000	8,000
Kearney	1880	140,000	140,000
Kearney	1880	14,000	14,000
Kingman	1880	15,000	15,000
Kingman	1880	14,000	14,000
Kiowa	1880	65,320	65,320
Kiowa	1880	124,500	124,500
Lane	1880	124,500	124,500
Lane	1880	724,000	724,000
Leavenworth	1880	1,062,700	1,062,700
Leavenworth	1880	21,000	21,000
Lincoln	1880	160,000	160,000
Lincoln	1880	1,000	1,000
Linn	1880	1,000	1,000
Linn	1880	264,000	264,000
Lyon	1880	264,000	264,000
Lyon	1880	264,000	264,000
McPherson	1880	152,000	152,000
McPherson	1880	100,000	100,000
Marion	1880	100,000	100,000
Marion	1880	100,000	100,000
Marshall	1880	100,000	100,000
Marshall	1880	100,000	100,000
Meade	1880	214,500	214,500
Meade	1880	192,200	192,200
Miami	1880	60,000	60,000
Miami	1880	250,000	250,000
Montgomery	1880	244,000	244,000
Montgomery	1880	10,000	10,000
Morris	1880	100,000	100,000
Morris	1880	53,000	53,000
Morton	1880	143,000	143,000
Morton	1880	123,000	123,000
Nemaha	1880	123,000	123,000
Nemaha	1880	123,000	123,000
Neosho	1880	20,125.00	20,125.00
Neosho	1880	123,000	123,000
Ness	1880	123,000	123,000
Norton	1880	123,000	123,000
Norton	1880	123,000	123,000
Osage	1880	206,400	206,400
Osage	1880	206,400	206,400
Osborne	1880	10,000	10,000
Ottawa	1880	100,000	100,000
Ottawa	1880	100,000	100,000
Pawnee	1880	10,000	10,000
Pawnee	1880	73,800	73,800
Phillips	1880	12,440	12,440
Phillips	1880	60,700	60,700
Pottawatomie	1880	12,500	12,500
Pottawatomie	1880	244,000	244,000
Pratt	1880	30,200	30,200
Pratt	1880	113,000	113,000
Reno	1880	40,500	40,500
Republic	1880	87,800	87,800
Republic	1880	19,000	19,000
Rice	1880	110,000	110,000
Rice	1880	14,000	14,000
Riley	1880	294,000	294,000
Riley	1880	15,000	15,000
Rooks	1880	127,500	127,500
Rush	1880	173,000	173,000
Rush	1880	20,000	20,000
Russell	1880	4,000	4,000
Saline	1880	42,200	42,200
Saline	1880	265,500	265,500
Scott	1880	25,000	25,000
Scott	1880	220,000	220,000
Sedgewick	1880	220,000	220,000

MIXED ON THE PLANETS.

The Telescope Man Puts a Fakir Temporarily in Charge.

The man who owned the big telescope at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street was called away and engaged a fakir to attend to the business for him until his return. The fakir's knowledge of astronomy was not profound, but he did the best he could.

"Step right up, ladies and gents," he exclaimed, with a flourish, "and take a look at the heavenly bodies. Here we have Venus and Adonis, Mercury, Satan and his seven rings, Jupiter Pluvius and all the rest of 'em. Over here on the right," and he indicated a spot in the heavens, "we see the Dog-star, travelin' with great velocity."

"Mebbe the Dog-star has a tin can tied to his tail," yelled a small boy on the opposite corner.

The interruption was treated by the fakir with the contempt it deserved, and he continued:

"Over here we can show you the beautiful planet Uranus, as the boys said when the farmer chased them out of the orchard. I am surprised, gents, that you do not come up and take a look at Venus. It may be the last chance you'll get, as this beautiful and accomplished star is now receding from the earth at the rate of a million miles a minute. Such shrinkin' modesty is not often met with. We also have Romeo and Juliet. I am not certain, but I think they appear to-night in the balcony scene. Surely, gents, here is an attraction worth the paltry five cents we ask you for it. Over here we have Raceland, Badge, Exile, Inspector K., and some more of the talent. If you want to see Neptune in a new bathin' suit, now is yer chance."

The crowd did not seem to be greatly interested in the starchy formality, and many did not hesitate to jeer and scoff. This hurt the fakir's tender feelings, and he wound up his remarks by saying, very tartly:

"Confound yer pictures! I could get every nickel in the bloomin' crowd if I did tell you that this powerful telescope would draw the man in the moon close enough so you could borrow a dollar from him," and he placed his eye to the instrument and swept the sky for his own amusement.—N. Y. World.

TAMED BY PERFUMES.

A Leopard Thrown Into Transport by the Smell of Lavender Water.

Wild animals are completely fascinated and can be tamed by perfumes. There was a Mrs. Lee in India who had a tame leopard that played in the house with her children. He was very inquisitive, as all of the cat tribe are, and loved to stand on his hind legs and with his fore paws on the window-sill look out at the passers-by.

When the children wanted the place for themselves they would all take hold of his tail and pull him down by that. He was generally very amiable, but sometimes, his claws being very sharp, the children were scratched. So Mrs. Lee taught Sol to keep his claws sheathed by giving him when he did a little paper tray on which lavender water had been dropped.

This would throw him into transports of delight. He would tear the paper into bits and roll over with them on the floor. With nothing but a bottle of lavender water I have become the best of friends with a leopard, a tigress and a lioness in the menagerie.—From Rev. J. G. Wood's New Book.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' INCOME.

The balance sheet of the Duchy of Cornwall shows payments made last year for the use of the Prince of Wales amounting to £263,593 5s 4d. In addition to rents and profits accruing in Cornwall there goes into the balance sheet a sum of over £1,200, the produce of royalties of coal mines in the county of Somerset. There are two generally unsuspected sources of revenue for his Royal Highness which appear in this account. One is profits arising out of the office of flavorer, which reached the sum of £12 1 shilling 10 pence. The office of flavorer, it is explained, deals with the proceeds of the sale of unclaimed wrecks. Any wreck found on the coast of Cornwall and not claimed becomes the property of his Royal Highness the Duke. Another source of profit is the seizure of the personal estate of any person domiciled in Cornwall and dying intestate without kin. Last year the Prince of Wales did not benefit a copper from this source.—Wexford Independent.

HE WAS WILLING.

"You haven't explained how you happened to have Mr. Wacker's chickens in your possession," said the magistrate, sternly.

"I've tryin' to think, judge. Gibe me time," replied the prisoner.

"I will! Ninety days!"—Munsey's Weekly.

Pollie, a Umatilla Indian woman, was hanged in Portland, Ore., by United States authorities for the murder of an Indian woman on the Umatilla Indian reservation about a year ago.

TRAIN ROBBERS.

A Northern Pacific Mail Train Held Up and Robbed by Masked Men in North Dakota.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 9.—The Northern Pacific eastbound passenger train which arrived here last night was robbed by masked men near New Salem, N. D., Saturday night.

Two miles east of New Salem and twenty-five miles west of Mandan the engineer and fireman were surprised by two masked men climbing over the tender and backed by big revolvers, ordering the train stopped. The command was obeyed.

Express Messenger Angevine, hearing shots fired forward and suspecting something, hid \$600 in money from the safe, locked the small safe, put out the lights and ran back to New Salem.

The mail car was first tackled by the robbers. Only one mail agent was in the car and he immediately obeyed orders by turning over the mail matter, consisting of forty-seven mail pouches and seven registered packages. A number of registered letters were rifled and then the two robbers turned their attention to the express car. This they thought it was in any case, for a United States officer to appeal to the local authorities for immunity from violence in the exercise of his duties, the situation at Cedar Keys did not suggest or encourage such an appeal, for those to whom the appeal would have been addressed, were the lawless instruments of the threatened violence. It will always be agreeable to me if the local authorities, acting upon their own sense of duty, maintain the public order in such a way that the officers of the United States shall have no occasion to appeal for the intervention of the General Government; but when this is not done, I shall deem it my duty to use the adequate powers vested in the Executive to make it safe and feasible to hold and exercise the offices established by the Federal Constitution and laws.

"The means used in this case were, in my opinion, lawful and necessary, and the officers do not seem to have intruded upon any private right in executing the warrants placed in their hands. The letter, dated August 4 last, which appears in the correspondence submitted, appealing to me to intervene for the protection of the citizens of Cedar Keys from the brutal violence of Cottrell, it will be noticed, was written before the appointment of the new collector. That the officers of the law should not have had the full sympathy of every good citizen in their efforts to bring these men to merited punishment is a matter of surprise and regret. It is a very grim commentary upon the condition of social order at Cedar Keys that only a woman, who had, as she says in her letter, no son or husband who could be made the victim of his malice, had the courage to file charges against this man who was then holding a subordinate place in the customs service."

The papers accompanying the message included the correspondence between the Department of Justice and the Treasury, and between the Treasury and the officers of the revenue cutter McLane. The report of E. L. Estrange, the United States deputy marshal who was sent to Cedar Keys to search for Cottrell and Mitchell, with warrants for their arrest, shows that Cottrell was not found, but Mitchell was arrested and released on bail. He says that he and Captain Smyth of the McLane were victimized by the people, who followed them several times in their efforts to capture Cottrell. The Attorney-General, he says, has been misinformed in the matter of their searching dwellings unlawfully. In every case, he says, they asked permission, which was cheerfully granted.

The report of Captain Smyth of the McLane, and J. H. Pinkerton, collector at Cedar Keys, agree with the reports that have been published.

SEVEN DROWNED.

A Party of Eight Young Men Go Boating at Boston and Seven Are Drowned.

BOSTON, June 9.—About six o'clock yesterday morning a party of eight young men started for a fishing excursion in a sailboat. When they were about one mile from Thompson's island, in Dorchester bay, the boat was struck by a squall and capsized. All but one were swimmers, but instead of trying to swim ashore they tried to climb into the boat, which was so heavily ballasted that their weight would force her beneath the surface, leaving them struggling in the water. In this manner the strength of the men were exhausted and they sank one by one until but one was left.

The survivor, Walter Quinlan, had sunk for the last time when the boat in rising came up under him, lifting him above the surface. He floated in an unconscious condition for some time, when the boat was seen from the shore by employes of the gas works at Cow Pasture Point, who went out, brought him to shore and resuscitated him.

The drowned were: Lawrence McTiernan, aged 24 years, and John Sullivan, aged 24, living in Charlestown; Albert Lombard, 20, of Boston; James Husband, 17, Thomas Troy, 18, and Joseph Tufts, 18, of South Boston, and Edgar Maloney, aged 18, of Dorchester. McTiernan left a wife and child; the others were unmarried.

SAC AND FOX LANDS.

Agreement Reached and Nearly 400,000 Acres of Land Open for Settlement.

SAC AND FOX AGENCY, I. T., June 9.—The Sacs and Foxes have come to an agreement with the Indian Commission and the articles will be put in formal shape to-day, and as there is no objection from any of the tribe or the Commissioners, there is no doubt but that in a few months the Government will have 395,000 acres of fertile soil ready for white settlers.

The agreement was finished last Saturday evening, after a whole day of conference between the Commissioners and the Council.

In the morning Chief Keokuk announced that the Council was willing that the Government should pay the Indians \$491,700, provided they would be allowed to select lands where they should choose. The proposition of the Commissioners that \$485,000 should be paid if the Indians should take their allotments south of the Deer Fork and \$400,000 if they wanted the whole reservation to pick from. It can be thus seen that the only material difference between the Commission and the Council was regarding the location of the several lands.

The 395,000 acres of land which the Government has obtained for settlement is already being made the subject of prospecting tours by large numbers of eager whites.

HUGE CATTLE CORPORATION.

DENVER, Col., June 9.—Articles of incorporation of the Western Union Beef Company, with a capital of \$15,000,000, have been filed with the Secretary of State. The company is a consolidation of all the principal stock interests of Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico and Texas, among which are the North America Cattle Company and Frontier Land Cattle Company of Colorado, the Neucenes Land & Cattle Company, the Fort Stockton Live-Stock & Land Company, the San Antonio Ranch Company of Texas and the Phoenix Farm & Ranch Company of New Mexico.

THE CEDAR KEYS TROUBLE.

Information Sent to the Senate by the President in Relation to the Landing of an Armed Force from the Revenue Cutter McLane at Cedar Keys, Fla.—The Measure Deemed Lawful and Necessary.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The President sent to the Senate yesterday, in reply to the resolution of May 26 requesting information concerning the alleged landing of an armed force from the United States revenue cutter McLane at Cedar Keys, and entry of the houses of citizens by force and their alleged pursuit of citizens of the United States in the surrounding country, a letter containing what he describes as all the information possessed by the Executive Department relating to matters inquired about. "It will be observed," says the President, "that the United States collector of customs at Cedar Keys had been driven from his office and from the town, and the administration of the customs laws of the United States at that port suspended by the violent demonstration of one Cottrell, the mayor of the place, assisted by his town marshal, Mitchell. If it had been necessary, as I do not think it can be in any case, for a United States officer to appeal to the local authorities for immunity from violence in the exercise of his duties, the situation at Cedar Keys did not suggest or encourage such an appeal, for those to whom the appeal would have been addressed, were the lawless instruments of the threatened violence. It will always be agreeable to me if the local authorities, acting upon their own sense of duty, maintain the public order in such a way that the officers of the United States shall have no occasion to appeal for the intervention of the General Government; but when this is not done, I shall deem it my duty to use the adequate powers vested in the Executive to make it safe and feasible to hold and exercise the offices established by the Federal Constitution and laws."

"The means used in this case were, in my opinion, lawful and necessary, and the officers do not seem to have intruded upon any private right in executing the warrants placed in their hands. The letter, dated August 4 last, which appears in the correspondence submitted, appealing to me to intervene for the protection of the citizens of Cedar Keys from the brutal violence of Cottrell, it will be noticed, was written before the appointment of the new collector. That the officers of the law should not have had the full sympathy of every good citizen in their efforts to bring these men to merited punishment is a matter of surprise and regret. It is a very grim commentary upon the condition of social order at Cedar Keys that only a woman, who had, as she says in her letter, no son or husband who could be made the victim of his malice, had the courage to file charges against this man who was then holding a subordinate place in the customs service."

The papers accompanying the message included the correspondence between the Department of Justice and the Treasury, and between the Treasury and the officers of the revenue cutter McLane. The report of E. L. Estrange, the United States deputy marshal who was sent to Cedar Keys to search for Cottrell and Mitchell, with warrants for their arrest, shows that Cottrell was not found, but Mitchell was arrested and released on bail. He says that he and Captain Smyth of the McLane were victimized by the people, who followed them several times in their efforts to capture Cottrell. The Attorney-General, he says, has been misinformed in the matter of their searching dwellings unlawfully. In every case, he says, they asked permission, which was cheerfully granted.

The report of Captain Smyth of the McLane, and J. H. Pinkerton, collector at Cedar Keys, agree with the reports that have been published.

OFFICIALS IN A WRECK.

A Car-Load of Railway Officials Dumped Over a Trestle and Several of Them Injured.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 6.—A telegram received at the offices of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company this morning stated that engine No. 177 and private car No. 703 were wrecked about twenty-five miles south of Benwood, on the Ohio River railroad, last night. The car rolled over the trestle-work and injured the following:

A. H. Johnson, civil engineer, maintenance of way Baltimore & Ohio, badly bruised and cut on head, thigh broken.

J. A. Legge, superintendent Western divisions, Baltimore & Ohio; right arm broken, badly cut and bruised all over the body.

John Meek, superintendent of bridges on the Ohio River road, badly hurt.

A. Walter, general superintendent Baltimore & Ohio road, badly hurt.

A. J. Singleton, brakeman, badly bruised and ankle sprained.

Mr. Hunter, bruised; chest and head injured.

C. L. Williams, superintendent of the Ohio River railroad; badly bruised about the body.

Two colored porters slightly injured. The injured parties were taken to the McClure House, Wheeling, in a special train. The car was badly damaged.

THE INJURED ALL DOING WELL.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 6.—All the passengers who were injured in the Ohio River railroad wreck last night are doing as well as could be expected. They are being taken care of at the McClure House. The worst injured seems to be J. F. Legge, who sustained severe bruises and a broken arm.

TO ADJOURN AT THE END OF JULY.

LONDON, June 7.—As a result of the Cabinet Council held Thursday the government announces its resolve to adjourn the session of Parliament at the end of July until the middle of October. The government also proposes that the grand committees of the House of Commons proceed with the consideration of the Land Purchase, Tithes and Licensing bills conjointly, and further propose that a new standing order be adopted enabling the House to resume work on unpassed bills at the next session from the stage reached in the preceding one.

BAD WRECK.

A Sleeping Car Goes Over an Embankment—Many Persons Seriously Injured—Other Wrecks.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 7.—The Louisville & Nashville eastbound limited which left here at 2:15 p. m. for Cincinnati was wrecked just east of English, Ky., fifty miles from here. The rear sleeper jumped the track and went over a thirty-foot embankment, wrecking the car. None of the other cars left the track. Following is a list of the wounded: Mrs. John Johnson, Memphis, probably fatal cuts and bruises on head and body; Mrs. H. C. Hodge, wife of Colonel Hodge, U. S. A., Jeffersonville, Ind., seriously injured, may die; Colonel H. C. Hodge, U. S. A., quartermaster in charge of the Jeffersonville depot, bruised and leg sprained; John Johnson, Memphis, Tenn., head cut; Major Stickney, United States engineer corps, slightly cut on the head; B. C. Epperson, superintendent of the Louisville & Nashville Short Line division, slightly cut and sprained arm; C. B. Brent, Cincinnati, contracting agent of the Louisville & Nashville railway, injured internally; Brent Arnold, Cincinnati, general agent of the Louisville & Nashville railway, slight cuts and bruises; George Biggers, brakeman, slightly bruised; Joseph Blackwell, Suffolk, Va., porter of Wagner car, cheek injured.

CRUSHED BY AN ENGINE.

ROCKFORD, Ill., June 7.—The Northwestern passenger train from Freeport which reaches Chicago at two o'clock jumped the track two miles west of here at eleven o'clock on account of a broken wheel.

A gang of section men were working about 200 feet from the point where the engine left the track and before they could get away the train had toppled on them.

The entire train was wrecked and the engineer and four section men were killed outright and the fireman, two section men and some of the passengers were injured.

OFFICIALS WRECKED.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 7.—A telegram received at the offices of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad states that engine No. 177 and private car No. 703 were wrecked about twenty-five miles south of Benwood, on the Ohio River railroad last night. The car rolled over the trestle-work and injured the following in addition to those already published: Mr. Hunter, bruised chest and head injured; C. L. Williams, superintendent of Ohio River railroad, badly bruised about the body, and two colored porters, slightly injured. The injured were taken to the McClure House, Wheeling, on a special train. The car was badly damaged.

DICK HAWES' CON