

NUMBER 46.

Then, a beautiful girl of less than
years of age. Jealousy prompted t

Chase County Courier.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

WATSONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

THE COMING MAN.

Only a vagrant of the street,
Raiment of rags, and bare, soiled feet.
"Daily papers!" his constant cry,
While the hurrying people passed him by.
Dirty, tired and hungry was he;
But tho' of such shall the kingdom be.
Nobody thought and nobody cared
How the poor child felt or fared.
No father's love had the little lad;
No mother's kiss to make him glad;
No friend or home in this greet town;
Only the stars in the skies looked down
On the childish face, and seemed to shine
With the light of a pity and love divine.
Down the street, drums beating loud,
Came the gayly paraded crowd;
Banners, badges and golden lace,
And many a wrinkled, war-worn face;
While the great flag floated overhead,
With its stripes of silver, blue and red.
And the eagle above; how his feet kept time!
How his thoughts with the music seemed to
chime.
Down went the papers; the music swelled
strong;
The boy was marching with the throng,
What tho' his coat was only a rag,
He felt like a king beneath that flag.
And proud as a king he marched beside
The soldier who bore it in love and pride
Bloomed like a flower the rainbow bars;
The blue field glittered with golden stars,
And God's stars, gleamed thro' the summer
night,
And the boy's blue eyes as stars shone bright.
The gray-haired veterans around him smiled
As they turned to look upon the child,
For sturdy he marched, erect and free;
Type of our great democracy.
Under the grime the face was fair;
The lights made an aureole round his hair.
No voice might chide him or bid him stay;
That boy might take their place some day;
Fight for the land as they had done;
Strive, till victory should be won.
In the soul of that boy might wait the part
Which, played, should thrill a nation's heart.
O, the truly great are the truly wise;
The bright tears trembled in their eyes,
As ragged and dusty, side by side
With them he marched in joy and pride,
Looking up to the flag on high,
With glowing face and kindling eye.
And the crowds looked on and wondered when
They saw him there with these mighty men,
Ragged and unkempt, marching with those
Whose famous deeds all the great world knows.
Given a place of honor, beneath
The flag for which they had faced death.
But patiently down the stony street,
Plodded the small, tired, shosless feet;
And the young face smiled beneath the grime,
For the heart in his bosom still kept time
With the music's triumphant strains. So on,
And on, would he go, till the march was done.
For the lonely child, so friendless and poor,
Had the hero's soul that could dare and en-
dure.
And the flag floated free on the winds of the
night;
And the gold stars glittered bravely and bright.
Brother, on life's road be it thus;
We are marching, come and go with us.
Speed to the best place, and there keep
Your rank, tho' the way be stony and steep.
Poor, and weary, and friendless. Yet still,
Pate bows down to a dauntless will.
To the daring soul shall be given the prize;
Out of the depths power will up-rise
And find its place. Who so will, can;
And of such shall be the coming man!
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE NEW CURATE.

Quite a "Catch," and How and By
Whom He Was Caught.

"You haven't seen him yet? Well, that's a pity. He's quite a catch, I am told. Young, handsome and single. Why don't you set your cap for him, Mattie? You've got as good a chance as the rest of them, and twenty-four is not old, by any means."
She leaned over the garden gate as she spoke, this veritable village gossip. I can see her now, with her great poke bonnet, from which the clustering gray ringlets peeped, the keen blue eyes that seemed to read your very thoughts, the trim little figure, clad always in ample skirts of Quaker gray or sombre brown.
Never was there a wedding, funeral or christening in the village without this estimable lady's presence. What a harmless little body she appeared and how incapable of carrying about that wonderful budget of information! How nicely she imparted her knowledge to her listeners, beginning with: "Well, I don't mind telling you," or "They do say, but of course you can't believe anything," and ending with: "That's between you and me; it will go no farther."
I was in the garden that morning training some June roses; my thoughts were not the brightest, scarcely in harmony with nature, which was decked in one of her brightest mantles. It was quite unnecessary for Mrs. Briggs to remind me of my age. I was thinking seriously of it. Twenty-six. Not very old, to be sure, and yet not very young to an unmarried woman. I must be content with fewer laurels, less conquests. I must step out of the field, as it were, and leave the romance and day dreams to younger and fairer girls.
It mattered little to me whether the new curate was young and unmarried, or a portly old fellow with a young wife and grown daughters. At heart I disliked this interfering old woman who had broken in on my reverie.
I thanked her kindly for her advice, telling her that at present I had no intention of setting my cap for any one,

not even for the new curate, so saying I went back to my work and the roses. "There, Mattie; don't get riled. Of course it's nobody's business if you're going to leave yourself an old maid; but take my advice and don't spend your time fretting and worrying over Bob Preston, for he ain't worth it, no-how."

She shook her head wisely and was off before I had time to recover from the cruel thrust that had opened the old wound—Robert Preston and the past.

I had tried to guard my heart, to trample under foot the old love. I could have laughed at my girlish folly as if it were a dream until a thoughtless word had brought back the past, like the dead risen to life again, or a smouldering fire that needed but a gentle breeze to make it a burning flame. One by one the roses dropped from my hands. One by one the blinding tears fell. I was only a weak woman, after all, as, covering my face with my hands, I sobbed:

"Robert, oh, Robert! Why were you false?"

It all came back to me—that visit to Aunt Martha, where I first met Robert Preston, a young student just returned from college. I can not tell you all those bright, happy day dreams; how I loved him and waited for the happy day when he would ask me for that love. He read my answer in my tell-tell face before my lips uttered it.

So engrossed with Robert's society, I took little heed of other matters, scarcely giving thought to the fact that a young lady, the daughter of a deceased friend of my aunt's, was going to make her home with us. She came. From the moment I looked upon her lovely face my happiness was gone. I was a pretty girl, fair and fragile, yet one might as well compare a simple little daisy to a full-blown poppy or rich red rose as my frail beauty to this girl's exquisite loveliness.

For a time his love was unchanged. I laughed in my foolish heart at my doubts and fears. At times I would find his serious eyes wandering from me and resting admirably on the beautiful face of Kathleen Lee. No man could resist that wondrous, fascinating face. She never encouraged him, but the drooping lids, the faint flush, the trembling of the little hands, all told plainly that she, too, loved him.

How I suffered! In my mad jealousy I grew almost to hate the child. He loved me before she came, with her beautiful flower-like face, to rob me of that love. Was she blind that she did not see that we were betrothed? I prayed that she might go away and leave us to ourselves once more, and Robert would go back to his old fond ways. His caresses were growing colder, his kisses lighter. I spoke of his seeming neglect. He answered lightly, taking both my hands in his and looking fondly at me.

"Nonsense, Mattie! Do you know, my little girl, that you are growing nearer and dearer to me every day?"

For a time I was satisfied, trying to be content with but a share of his love.

We were seated in the garden, one afternoon in the early autumn, Robert, Kathleen and I. She was looking unusually handsome in a dress of soft Indian mull. My lover had just paid her a well-merited compliment, for which she was about to make a gracious reply when Aunt Martha came to us.

"Robert," she said, placing her hand fondly on his shoulder as she spoke, "will you gather some grapes for me? I find that some of the bunches hang too high. The girls will go with you and hold the basket."

He rose to comply with her request. Kathleen was at his side in a moment, while I refused to join them, feigning a severe headache.

"They do not want me," I reasoned within myself.

I watched them as they walked away together, he carrying the little wicker basket and she tossing her bright curls with that coquettish air that came so natural to her.

I can not tell you what tempted me to follow them. It must have been some evil genius. Slowly I followed down the pathway, taking every precaution, however, not to be observed. Seated upon a little rustic bench, I could see every movement of my lover and Kathleen.

How lovely she looked standing in the orchard, the sunlight falling athwart the lovely upturned face, on which a smile rested! Never was seen a fairer vision. Her sleeve of soft texture falling back showed the shapely outstretched arm.

Sometimes a peal of merry laughter would fall upon my ear. They did not miss me—not even Robert, he was content with Kathleen.

The basket was full to overflowing, and still they lingered. One bunch of lucious grapes, the last gathered, was in Robert's hand. He stooped to place it with the others, when their eyes met, their hands touched. Was I dreaming? Alas! no. I saw him stoop and kiss her fondly. I waited no longer. With a cry of pain I turned and fled to the seclusion of my own room, where I sobbed out the trouble of my young heart, with only God to hear me.

I went away quite unexpectedly. I was homesick. I told Aunt Martha. I left a letter for Robert, giving no explanation of my conduct, simply telling him it was better we should part. I was a proud girl and would not stoop to acknowledge a rival.

I remember taking the ring he had given me from my hand, and what a struggle it cost me to place it with that letter—the last I should ever write to Robert.

I came home to mother, who was

quite an invalid and needed all my care. I never heard from Robert save once, through Aunt Martha, who wrote:

"Of course, Mattie, you've not forgotten Robert, whom, to speak candidly, you treated rather unkindly. He has gone to New York to practice medicine. He is doing well."

An old newspaper had fallen into my hands, where an account was given of a brilliant reception. Among the guests were the names of Dr. Robert Preston and wife. I knew it was Robert and Kathleen. I made no inquiries, and receiving no further information took it for granted that Aunt Martha's kindness of heart prevented her from referring to the past. I closed my heart forever. The world will never know me as a disappointed woman, I thought, flattering myself that I had quite succeeded in deceiving humanity in general, until the gossip had come upon me with her idle words, bringing to life the bitter past that I thought I had buried years ago.

"Going to service, Miss Kenwood?"

It was my neighbor who asked me the question, Marcia Hall—a dear little girl with the utmost faith in mankind in general. I smiled faintly as I caught sight of the new bonnet with its dainty ribbons, evidently got up for the new curate.

"Young and foolish," thought I. "Wait until she is twenty-six, and I'll wager she will not buy a new bonnet for all the new curates in town."

Slowly we walked to church on that bright Sunday morning, Marcia chatting gayly, and I, dressed in the plainest of dresses, walking silently beside her.

I had not fully recovered from Mrs. Briggs' unkind remarks, and was determined to show her my disinclination to "set my cap," as she termed it, by appearing in an exceedingly unbecoming gown. I was really disappointed, on catching a last glimpse in the mirror, to find that notwithstanding my plain toilet and my twenty-six years I was still a pretty woman, and to hear my mother say as I stopped to kiss her: "How well you're looking, Mattie!"

How crowded the little village church was—filled to overflowing. Every one was there, even that hateful Mrs. Briggs. I caught a glimpse of the great poke bonnet as I walked quickly to my seat.

They were singing as we entered, yet I scarcely heard them, feeling rather embarrassed at coming late to be gazed at by the entire congregation.

I sank wearily among the soft cushions, gladly taking refuge behind a large palm-leaf fan kindly proffered by a portly old gentleman beside me.

Now a hush, a slight flutter among the congregation, a rustle of garments, with now and then a subdued whisper as the pulpit was rolled close to the chancel and the new curate ascended.

"He's just lovely," whispered Marcia, pulling softly at my sleeve. "Do look at him, Miss Kenwood."

I kept my eyes downcast. If every woman in the congregation cast glances of admiration I was determined to do otherwise.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" was the text. Clear and distinct were the words of the speaker. The first words had caused my heart to beat wildly. How like that voice of long ago—that rich, soft voice that pleaded for my love! I listened like one in a dream, until I raised my eyes to see before me—Robert Preston.

Yes, Robert Preston. Changed, to be sure; not the bright, boyish face of long ago. There were lines of care and suffering on it now, while the dark hair was streaked with silver.

Was Kathleen dead? I wondered. Had he given up his practice? Was he happy? Fifty different queries crowded upon my memory. Why had fate thrown us once more together after my bitter struggle to forget? One thing I was determined upon. I must leave the village. I dared not trust myself further. Reason as I would, my heart told me that I loved him still.

It was all over. I could hear the whispered comments of the worshippers on the eloquence of the new curate. The singers were chanting in that nasal, drawing tone so natural to village choirs, and still I sat dreaming.

"Are you coming?" asked my companion; then, as I rose mechanically to obey: "Don't you like him, Miss Kenwood? Do tell me! You listened attentively, and once, as I looked at you, I thought you were going to faint away, you looked so pale. Are you ill?"

"Yes, I like him," I added aloud, while my heart whispered: "God pity me, I love him!"

We were out once more in the bright sunshine, coming quite unexpectedly upon a little group composed of the wealthier members of the congregation gathered around the new curate. They had learned he was a man of wealth and standing, choosing his calling simply as a matter of taste. Some one—I think it was the pastor's wife—presented me to him. Our eyes met, our hands touched, as resting those serious eyes upon me, he said:

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kenwood before."

I can not tell how it happened that we were all walking out towards the highway, and I found myself alone with Robert. He was the first to break the silence. It pained me to think it was a commonplace remark.

"How is Kathleen?" I asked, endeavoring to show him how little I cared for the past, and how, without betraying the slightest emotion, I could inquire after his wife's health.

"Kathleen?" He looked dazed at the question. "I believe she is well but not happy, poor girl."

He believed she was well. How strange! Had he grown weary of her as of me? Was he utterly devoid of honor?

"Not happy," I said, as I toyed nervously with the roses in my bodice. "She should be very happy as—your wife," I faltered.

"As my wife," he said, gazing in blank amazement. "Did you—oh, Mattie, you have judged me wrongly. I never married Kathleen."

He looked like a man upon whom a sudden truth had dawned, or one accused of a great wrong who could prove his innocence.

It was in the twilight before service that he told me it all. The notice concerning Robert Preston and wife had referred to his cousin. He had entered the ministry from choice, as he had come into a large fortune through the death of his uncle. True, he had admired Kathleen as a man would admire a beautiful woman, but he never entertained the slightest feeling of love for her.

The scene in the orchard was but a little ruse gotten up by Robert and Kathleen to excite my jealousy, little dreaming of the serious result.

Kathleen made an unfortunate match, like most beautiful women making a poor selection from her many suitors. Poor girl, what a dear, kind letter she sent to us, telling how happy she was to hear we were reunited.

"Just to think of it," said Mrs. Briggs. "He came back to her after the other girl had given him the mitten. I wouldn't take him. Would you?"

We can afford to laugh at her idle gossip, we are so happy, Robert and I. I smile proudly to think that without "setting my cap" I have captured the new curate, after all.—N. Y. Graphic.

DECAYING MANNERS.

Jennie June Laments the Decline of Social and Domestic Sweetness.

Higher education has something to do with the gradual decline in that social and domestic sweetness which is the outgrowth of the performance of loving little duties and attentions one toward another. The daughter has her school, her college, her post-graduate course, her societies, her discussions of political economy and her "aims," and no longer relieves her mother of household cares or places the slippers by the fire for her father. The son has his night key, his own set of companions and associates, is only seen at meal times, and not always then, and has so many engagements that mother or sister can rarely rely upon him as an escort, and are often obliged to seek or accept the attention of strangers or mere acquaintances which they do not find at home.

But this is not the worst of "society" young men. Vanity and imbecility are fast rendering them an indistinguishable race, neither divine, human nor respectable as brutes, but a new species, possibly the "missing link," to be investigated and assigned a place by naturalists. A young dude recently made it a condition of going to a party with his sister that she should not "introduce" any one. He didn't want to "incense" the list of his acquaintances; besides, he was "afraid" the "collection might be mixed." This is literally true.

Modern improvements, inventions and luxurious appliances have done their share toward ridding us of the humanities. Nobody now wants to "take any trouble" for themselves or for other people, not even the members of their own households. What is the use of taking a message or carrying a parcel? There is the telephone in the house or office and the messenger boy on the corner. Memory is no longer cultivated in the direction of performing thoughtful little acts, and falls even in the service of directing others to attend to them.—Jennie June, in N. Y. World.

UNPROFITABLE STOCK.

Why It Does Not Pay to Keep Poor Horses on the Farm.

Of all stock kept upon the farm poor horses may be considered as the worst, as well as the most unprofitable. Poor cattle, sheep or hogs can be fattened and marketed. We can take a lot of poor calves, shoats or lambs in the fall, winter on roughness if reasonably well sheltered, giving enough grain to keep in a reasonably thrifty condition, and let them have the run of the pastures until a sufficient growth can be secured, when they can be fattened and marketed. They may not pay us as large a profit as if we had kept better stock, yet when they are ready for market they can be turned into cash! But a poor horse—commence when but a colt, you may be able to feed him cheap enough while he is growing, but after he has matured and is ready to be marketed there is no demand. He can not be turned into cash, and a trading horse can not be considered as being valuable property, because in a majority of cases we must either take another trading horse of less value, or pay the difference between what we own and what we trade for, and this we may not always find profitable.

Good horses are nearly always in demand at fair prices. They cost but little, if any more, to feed and keep. They can be turned into cash, and for this reason may be considered as being valuable property; but a poor horse that can not be sold for cash, and must either be kept or traded for another horse of the same kind, is certainly poor property.—American Agriculturist.

A baby of some 18 months fell from an upstairs window in Bethlehem, Pa., and was picked up for dead, but really only breathless, and five minutes later crawled about as though nothing had happened.

GETTING NEWS AT SEA.

How a Shipment of Passengers Learned of Lincoln's Death in 1865.

What was the news from home? How was the great war progressing, or had it ended? Intensely interesting to me were these questions. In India I had heard of the re-election of Lincoln. At the Mauritius, where we put in to mend the breakage by a hurricane, no news was had, or at least none that reached my ears. The captain was manifestly wild with eagerness for intelligence. In his black rubber coat and sou'-wester he stood himself on the wet and heaving deck with a knee against the port rail and a hand grasping one of the mizzen shrouds. With the other hand he held a trumpet.

"Ship ahoy!" he yelled through the brass.

A man on the quarter-deck of the Catherine, high above us, likewise put a trumpet to his mouth, and we could see the muscular action of his face and throat; but not a sound came to us, for we were dead to windward. The bulls of Bashan couldn't have bellowed successfully against the stiff breeze. We could communicate matters of no particular interest to him, but the captain of the Catherine, who was for us a mine of news, was powerless to give us any thing. Neither vessel had the flag-signal system.

Our captain bawled to him that we were with rice from Rangoon, Burmah, to New York; that we were a long time out and had heard nothing from America for nearly five months, and old news then; gave him our longitude, asked him to report us at New York, and yelled and yelled for intelligence about the great civil conflict, which the other captain with a trumpet threatened to split his windpipe in the effort to give, but couldn't. This might not last long. Each craft was keeping exactly to her course. The Catherine was leaving us. Her master was willing to tell what he knew, but had no disposition to shorten sail for the pleasure of our slow-going company. But an idea had seized that other captain. He tossed away his trumpet and we witnessed some quick pantomime. Then in a few moments a mariner, probably one of the mates, got nimbly out over the rail, with his feet on the wale and a hand on the rail top, and we saw that he had slung to his waist a paint pot. It was a hard job for him to hold on in that fashion, so heavy was the ship's motion, let alone doing anything else, but he was too much of a grampus to let that get the best of him, and slowly crept forward, using a brush and white paint as he went, a row of heads showing over the rails to watch his performance while our whole crew looked on with closest attention.

One by one great, uncouth white letters appeared on the ship's black side. That sailor would never have made his fortune as a sign-painter. But the letters were plain enough to be read half a mile away. This was what came into view: "The War's Over. Lincoln Killed. Jeff Davis Ran Away with the Money."

Our old man gave a hurrah for the first sentence, a sort of groan at the next. The Catherine was now nearly ahead of us. As a parting favor the man over the side painted the figures to express the longitude according to their reckoning. That ended the interview. A few hours after she was out of sight and I never saw the ship again.—Baltimore American.

ELEPHANTS' FEET.

How They Are Trimmed by the Attaches of Menageries.

The operation of trimming the feet of circus elephants has to be performed three times a year—once on the road, once in the fall and again in the spring.

The sole of the elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick, horny substance of material similar to the three toe-nails upon each foot, and as it grows thicker and thicker, it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. When the work of trimming is undertaken, the elephant stands upon three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a big tub. Two men hold the leg down, and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then the chief operator, with a two-foot drawing-knife, proceeds to shave off great pieces of horn from the sole of the foot. Shavings of horn six inches by four and a quarter of an inch thick are rapidly cut, the edges of the foot being carefully trimmed. Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, etc., which have been picked up during street parades, are found imbedded in the foot. Sometimes these irritating objects work up into the leg and produce a festering sore.

When the feet of the elephant Pallas were trimmed, at Bridgeport, some time ago, a large nail was found imbedded in the foot, over three inches from the bottom. It was pulled out, and the wound syringed with warm water and covered with tar. Pallas apparently suffered great pain, but seemed to know that the operation would give relief. He held the foot high and quietly of his own accord until all were finished, then flourished his trunk, and expressed almost in words his sincere thanks.

After paring the foot, each toe-nail is cut between and then filed down, giving each foot a white, clean look with its settings of polished nails. It takes six hours to finish dressing an elephant's feet, and it is said to be one of the hardest bits of work the men have to do.—Golden Days.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—As the principle of love is the main principle in the heart of the real Christian, so the labor of love is the main business of the Christian life.—Jonathan Edwards.

—"It is proved by figures that can not be questioned, that in New York and Pennsylvania, the illiterate man's liberality to crime is seven times that of the educated person.

—Meditative self-knowledge is the true school of reverence, of sympathy, of hope, and of immovable humility, for there we see, side by side, what we ought to be; for there, too, we meet, spirit to spirit, the Almighty Holiness that lifts us to himself.

—Many wise and true sermons are preached to us every day by unconscious ministers, in street, school, office or home; even a fair table may become a pulpit, if it can offer the good and helpful words that are never out of season.—Louisa M. Alcott.

—We never knew through what divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out his sublime plan; and those three words: "God is love," ought to contain, to every doubting soul, the solution of all things.—Miss Muloch.

—To exercise spiritual power is to develop and strengthen it. To disuse it is to repress and extinguish it. Your spiritual facilities being uneducated, you are disqualified from apprehending truth by means of powers you have atrophied by disuse.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

—Distinguish between true spirituality and mere fervor. They are not the same thing in religious experience, though many seem to think they are. To begin with, true spirituality implies more reflection than does mere fervor. There is a lack of prayerful contemplativeness in the religious life of our day.—Morning Star.

—The struggle for existence is a wonderful phenomenon. Power of mind, forces of body, mechanical laws, principles of science, agencies of nature, domestic bonds, social brotherhoods, governmental organizations, international leagues are all brought into requisition to propagate and perpetuate physical existence; and yet one-half of the race die in infancy, and every forty years the human family perishes.—Methodist Protestant.

—The building of character is the one great aim of our earth life. Whatever helps us to this end, even though it be poverty, persecution or sorrow, is a blessing. Whatever hinders that work though it be wealth, prosperity or popularity is a curse. The true aim of life once realized, we may properly estimate the value of all those conditions and circumstances which help or hinder character. It is because character is the great end of our earth life that "all things work together for good to them that love God and are the called according to his purpose."—Christian Evangelist.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—You will often find some of the poorest poultry on the top round. And chickens are not unlike men in this respect.—Duluth Paragraphist.

—To reprove small faults with undue vehemence is as absurd as if a man should take a great hammer because he saw a fly on a friend's forehead.

—Men who think for themselves do not believe quite so much as those do who take for granted all that they hear; but they have a better quality of faith.

—The man who knows all about the laws of poker is on the road to fortune, good fortune or misfortune. He's sure of one or the other.—Merchant Traveler.

—To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we can not suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

—The juryman who sleeps through the whole trial and awakes and listens to the charge of the judge is the safe man of the twelve; he knows something; the eleven are only fuddled with the evidence.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

—There are ills besetting us which it is impossible to avoid, but many of us—all of us, perhaps—suffer most from those we bring upon ourselves. And yet we rarely confess our share in producing them; we excuse ourselves by pious reflections upon the "mysterious dispensations of Providence."

—Remember, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men that work the hardest.—Hawkins.

—There is something inspiring and contagious in dignified courage, but there is an ocular way of saying things that produces nothing better than contempt or amusement. It ignores all the suggestion of possible mistake, no matter how doubtful the subject may be, and takes on an air of infallibility that formally scolds the idea of human weakness.—Standard.

—It is a vast misfortune if the sense of humor is left out of one's position. Every thing becomes distorted to the man who never allows the sidelight of humor to wrinkle the corner of his eyes, or to draw up the corner of his mouth. The lack of this sense prevents a correct judgment of men and matters, and is especially characteristic of narrow and provincial minds, even though they may be sharp and intense in some directions.—Golden Rule.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

NINETEEN.

She was just nineteen the day,
WT roses red an' rife,
When Mess John said his magic say
That made us man an' wife.
It was nae for her bonny face—
Though that 'oomatiched a' art—
I lo'd her, 'twas the tender grace
That cam' frae her true heart.

Thretty lang years hae come an' gane,
As aft the winter's snaw
Has smoo'd the gowans in the lane,
But she hae bloom'd through a'—
She's been the ae flae'r o' my hame,
What o'er fate hae me dree—
Through cloud an' sunshine free o' blame,
A simmer aye tae me.

Twa buirdy chiefs, bosth stout an' strang—
Guid, hearty, honest men,
Remind me that the time's been lang—
'That's a' the change I ken.
Their mither—ye my word may doot,
But love declares it true—
An' love's a chief bears nae dispute—
She's only nineteen noo.
—Wm. Lyle, in *Journalist*.

TWO PLUCKY GIRLS.

How They Disposed of a Dozen Alligators.

A Thrilling Battle Between a Bear and a Band of Saurians—Narrow Escape From an Awful Death.

Wilda and Josie Bryan, the two twin daughters of G. H. Bryan, one of the oldest settlers in this section, who lives about two miles north of this place. These two girls, or young ladies rather, as they are just beyond "sweet sixteen," are bonny, buxom lasses, and as well acquainted with the country as the best hunters in it. They, too, are excellent shots, and as for hunting their record is something that Mr. Bryan often boasts of. The girls take a quiet hunt very often, either on the river or in the high hummocks so numerous around here, and they put to shame many of the Nimrods or hunters by the fish and game that they bring in.

Just now the most exciting topic is a stirring adventure which the girls had the other day, and in which they came off victorious, displaying great pluck and bravery.

Friday last the two girls concluded to take a day's hunt in the Great Aurantula Hummock, the upper edge of which touches the river some miles below here. Starting out early, they made good progress, and by nine o'clock were in the midst of the wild hummock. During the forenoon they had good luck—killing a deer, a wildcat, ten big gray squirrels and several enormous snakes. After taking a noonday lunch they decided to cross over Alligator creek, a wide but shallow stream that crosses the hummock, emptying into the Withlacoochee.

Just before reaching the creek they had to pass through a dense canebrake for several rods. When about half way through one of their dogs, that had lingered behind, came rushing up, yelping lustily, while close on its heels was a big black bear, fierce and ugly as it could be. The path was so narrow that they had no chance to fight the animal, and, in fact, the bear and dog came in on them so suddenly that little time was allowed for reflection. Miss Josie slung her rifle around and fired at the beast, but in the confusion only wounded him. The girls then ran ahead, intending to get out onto the open bank by the water's edge, so as to get a fair ground to battle old Bruin. But the infuriated animal, aroused to madness by the rifle ball, pursued them so closely that only scientific dodging saved them from a close hug. Emerging from the path they noticed the dugout used to cross the creek lying right in front of them, and both of the girls, struck by the same idea, sprang into the boat, their impetus carrying it out into the creek. The dog was unable to get into the boat, but he bit at Bruin's heels so sharply that the latter had to stop his pursuit of the girls and endeavor to punish his four-footed assailant. But the dog was too wary, and kept out of his reach; the girls called him, and plunging in he swam out to them.

Meanwhile the hungry denizens of the creek, whose numbers gave it its name, were awakened by the tumult, and they began to show themselves. As the dog jumped in the splash attracted scores of the ugly reptiles from all directions, and the water was dotted by the black snouts of the hungry 'gators. The girls noticed this and called encouragingly to their dog, who seemed to be fully aware of his danger. Several black noses were already pointed in his direction, and it looked as if the 'gators might get a meal. But Wilda seized the pole lying in the bottom of the canoe, and by a skillful push sent the boat close to the dog. Josie was waiting, and as the dog swam up she helped him clamber over the side, almost upsetting the frail vessel. And it was just in time, too, for just as the dog's legs slipped out of the water a huge pair of jaws rose out of the depths with an ominous snap. With a souse the disappointed saurian sunk.

While this was going on Bruin stood on the bank growling and snarling impotent rage at the dog and girls thus escaping. Seeing the dog in the canoe seemed to render him still more furious, and, with a deep growl, he dashed into the water and began swimming toward the boat. Between the bears and the 'gators the girls began to think their hands would be full. Wilda picked up her gun and made a snap shot at the animal, but a movement of the dog disconcerted her aim, and the load of buck-

shot flew to one side, only a small number striking the bear. But they angered him the more, and with a snarl he almost leaped out of the water in his mad eagerness to reach the boat. Wilda dropped the gun and picking up the pole soon placed the boat a rod ahead of the pursuing animal. Josie had again reloaded her gun, and she turned to deliver his quietus to the animal. But the commotion in the water and the bear's evident disquietude put a new face on matters, and she withheld her fire. The dog's yelping and the bear's growling had evidently awakened the scaly denizens of the creek to a realizing sense that it was meal time. Missing the dog they were not averse to bear meat. Bruin in his hurry to catch his first prey had paid little attention to what might befall him in the creek. But now he began to notice the increasing number of black spots on the water, all turning toward him, and probably instinct told him that hungry 'gators in their own element, were a foe not to be despised. With an uneasy whine he attempted to turn and regain the shore, but now it was too late. With a rush a big, black form was seen to dart up against him and in a second was seized and dragged under. The old fellow was game, however, and now that he had gotten into the fight he proved no mean antagonist. With an immense effort he plunged away from the attacking 'gators and dashed forward for the shore. The water shoaled and it seemed as if he would escape. A big bull saurian dashed forward and seized the bear by one of his hind legs, while two others swam behind him to cut off his retreat. With a deep roar of rage the bear turned on the one that had seized him, and with one stroke of his paw clawed out the 'gator's eyes. The latter bellowed with pain, and, threshing the water madly, plunged forward at Bruin. Other 'gators joined in, and the poor animal was beset on all sides. Sitting on its haunches, with the blood flowing from a gaping wound on its hind leg, the bear snapped, clawed and bit at his savage antagonists; but they were too many for him. Another seized one of his legs in its powerful jaws, and with a strong effort drew the bear off into deeper water; others dashed at him from all sides, snapping at him from every point. The water splashed high and was churned into snowy whiteness by the furious efforts of the fighters, save where the red blood told the tale. But a few moments longer did the unequal struggle last. Bruin strove to regain his feet, but the cruel jaws of the reptiles closed on his legs, sides and wherever a hold could be secured, and with one mighty, agonizing roar the bear disappeared, while the furious struggle continued under water for several seconds. Bits of flesh and the blood-dyed waters however pointed to the bear's fate and the hyenas of the water fought among themselves for the morsels of meat.

The girls had gazed on the fight spell-bound, but now they were rudely aroused to their own peril. The dog had barked loudly during the savage fight going on so near, and the 'gators who missed bear meat seemed to be after dog's flesh. The canoe rocked, almost overturning, and the startled girls saw a monstrous pair of open jaws right at the side of their small craft. Josie pushed her rifle barrel in the 'gator's mouth and pulled the trigger, sending a bullet where it evidently didn't agree, judging from the reptile's sudden sinking and threshing about. A moment later a huge tail came flying over the bow of the boat, and striking the dog, who stood there barking, knocked him into the water. A big pair of wide-open jaws was just about to close on the tempting morsel when Wilda stooped down, and, catching the dog's forepaws, by a sudden effort drew him into the boat, the saurian's jaws closing with a snap that indicated a great disappointment. The dog cowered down at the bottom of the boat, while the girls attended to the other 'gators, who seemed to manifest an inclination to get into the canoe. Several shots were fired at the scaly reptiles, but their taste of blood had made them fearless. A scream from Josie aroused Wilda, who was striving to pole the boat ashore. Turning around she saw her sister half drawn out of the canoe, a big monster 'gator having seized her dress. Josie was beating the 'gator over the nose with her rifle with one hand, while with the other she endeavored to hold herself in the boat. Without a moment's hesitation Wilda raised the long pole she was using, and poising it a moment threw it at the 'gator's head. By rare good fortune it struck him in the eye and penetrated to the brain. With a loud bellow the reptile opened its jaws and sunk.

For the next few minutes the brave girls had all they could do—one firing at the saurians as they approached too closely, while the other, using the breach of her gun as a paddle, urged the canoe to shore. As it touched the sand, both leaped out and ran up the bank, none too soon, either, for a big pursuing 'gator, in its mad desperation at losing its prey, threw itself forward, crushing in the sides of the dugout. The girls concluded that they had enough hunting for that day, and returned home by another route. The next day a party of men went down to the creek to see the scene of the struggle. Over ten big 'gators were found dead in the creek, while in the center several clean-picked bones showed that bear meat was a relish to alligators. The girls make light of their thrilling experience, but admit that they would not care to have many such. Considering the partiality the 'gators evidently had for dog meat, and the clumsiness of a log dugout, it is a wonder that the

girls escaped, for the creek is said to be fairly filled with 'gators, and a dozen or more of the reptiles make very unpleasant and disagreeable neighbors.—*Pemberton Ferry (Fla.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

WOMEN AS MONEY-MAKERS.

They Do Not Succeed as Well as Men Because They Are Better.

When woman has to concern herself with the material necessities of life she descends from a higher plane than man. She must often stoop to conquer. Humanity has made immense strides since it was first heard of, but it has a great way yet to get before it reaches the repose of perfect harmony and crowns a finished world. The angel in man has finally bruised the head of the brute in man, but the brute still bites at the head of the angel.

As between the angel and the brute, I think our own country leads the world. The unquestionable claim of women, the deference due to women, the sacredness of her physical inferiority and of her spiritual superiority, are not only a commanding instinct, but clearly defined idea in American manhood.

A thousand violations on the part of both men and women do not annihilate this fact. Thousands of women earning their own living, thousands of wives working harder than self-supporting maidens, thousands of both doing their work with or without protest, nay, even with rejoicing, do not affect the fact. Even America, advanced as it is, has not reached the ideal life. It is much that we have reached a point where we can catch glimpses of the Promised Land.

At first sight it seems ideal to say to women who are wearing themselves out in doing work that should be done by servants, or to a world in which a large part of the household work not only, but of outside work as well, is done by women, that ultimately and ideally they outwork at all. But in any comparison of their effectiveness with that of men, it certainly should never be forgotten, it should always be kept well in sight, that however unsuccessful their efforts be, it is in a field which they are not made to cultivate. It is better that they cultivate that field than that they be idle in their own or they starve in their neighbors'.

Many women are not sufficiently developed to discern their own peculiar work.

Without discerning it they do a great deal of it instinctively in the lower fields where they are forced to live, but from which they will one day be graduated. But always it should be held upon all sides to the light that women's real work is on character, her surest weapon is influence. She can buy and sell, and cook and sew, and wash and iron, because she is still of the earth earthy, but she can not do it as well as a man because she is not so much of an earth creature as he. As a matter of fact, even in this favored country, where men pay to women as women, not as ladies, or belles, or beauties, an extraordinary deference, the mass of wives work as hard as the mass of husbands. Their spiritual superiority is signified chiefly in this—that the women work for love, the men for money.

The woman who fails in her business is not necessarily the woman who sinks beneath the toil of the kitchen, or who pricks her life out with the needle, or who can not make both ends meet in a dry-goods establishment or a milliner's shop. Such a woman fails in man's business, not in her own. The woman who makes a real failure, a failure in her own business, is the unloved woman, the ungracious woman, the grasping, the selfish, the repressive, the unsympathizing, the censorious, the untruthful, the woman who is a center of discomfort, a source of anxiety, an object of avoidance, instead of being that gentle, consoling, considerate, motherly magnet which draws into itself all human want, and love, and bliss, and aspiration.—*Minneapolis Star*.

Arctic and Antarctic Icebergs.

It is not generally known that a marked difference exists in the form of the icebergs of the two hemispheres. Those of the Arctic ocean are irregular in shape, with lofty pinnacles, cloud-capped towers and glittering domes, whereas the Southern icebergs are flat-topped and solid looking. The former reach the shore by narrow fords, but the formation of the latter is more regular. The northern are neither so large nor so numerous as those met with in the southern ocean. In 1855 an immense berg was sighted in 42 degrees south latitude, which drifted about for several months and was sighted by many ships. It was 300 feet high, sixty miles long and forty miles wide, and was in shape like a horseshoe. Its two sides inclosed a sheltered bay measuring forty miles across. A large emigrant ship ran into this bay and was lost with all on board. Only about one-ninth of an iceberg is visible above water. There are several well authenticated accounts of icebergs 1,000 feet high having been sighted in the southern ocean. This would make their total height 9,000 feet, or nearly two miles.—*Science*.

The later statistics do not improve the record of some New England States as to the number of divorces granted by the courts. In New Hampshire in 1886 there was one divorce for every 8.3 marriages. In Maine in 1887 512 divorces were granted by the courts. Doubtless hasty, thoughtless marriages are to blame for many of these, as alleged, but probably hasty, thoughtless words, and unkind and neglectful acts after marriage are responsible for a much larger number.—*United Presbyterian*.

WOMEN OF YUCATAN.

The Simple Pleasures Afforded by Their Lords and Masters.

It is said that the female population of Yucatan stands as two to one. Every thing, however, seems to have been especially designed for the benefit and enjoyment of the masculine third of that community, oblivious of that of the majority. The plazas, the paseos, the casinos, the cafes, the social life, are all for the amusement of the men, while the women are supposed to find their highest pleasure in religious performances and the seclusion of home. They are looked upon by the lords of creation in much the same light that the Turk regards the inmates of his harem—objects to be petted or abused, treasured or neglected, according as they minister to his enjoyment or fail to please; but at all events, to be kept jealously out of sight of other men, and supposed to have no wishes, tastes or preferences of their own.

As a rule the women take kindly to their chains, having never known or heard of any other mode of living; and when, as in rare cases, she rebels it only does her infinite harm by increasing the harshness of her master. Though instinctively virtuous, so far as faithfulness up to death to one man is concerned, the standard of morality is not very high, and the *amigas* ("friends") of married men are considered to be as good as any body. The nature of Yucatecan women is not intense; it is only warm, weak and indolent. Though as children, especially among the lower classes, they go about absolutely unclothed until nearly half grown, as adults they are fully as modest in appearance as their Northern sisters.

Whatever their inward thoughts may be, I can not say. A young American writer, lately here, who, doubtless, observed the girls more intelligently than your correspondent could do, says of them: "They can no more help showing the pleasure a young man's presence causes them than flowers can help showing that they like the sunshine; but they look demure as kittens, and when gazed at drop their liquid eyes like vestal nuns."

Because of their hampered and secluded lives they enter with double zest into such simple pleasures as are afforded them. It is said that all engagements in Yucatecan high life are made during some religious fiesta, in the ball-room or at the gaming table. Most zealously do they improve those fleeting hours when they can have the rare pleasure of dancing with their lovers, or even of looking at them over the heads of others. They yield themselves to the sweet abandon of the occasion, and float through the slow measures of "the mazy" in the arms of their cavaliers listening eagerly to honeyed words that may be whispered in their ears, despite the pressure of lynx-eyed mammas and duennas. No people in the world possesses more charming manners, both in public and private, than the high-class Yucatecan, but, as in other parts of the world, no doubt, the suave politeness of a calm return may cover depths of passion and despair, heart-throbs and heart-aches, high hopes and bitter disappointments, even in the midst of mirth and merriment.

Among the women a favorite saint is Santa Lucia, who is one of the holiest in the calendar, celebrated for her power of working miracles in favor of lovers. If any young man prays to her for a wife, or any young woman for a husband, it is believed that he or she is sure to receive the object of such supplication. More than once it has been solemnly hinted to me that doubts on this subject are sinful, and case after case is cited of marriages made in which one had fallen in love with the other, who was perhaps ignorant of it, or even disliked the other person, yet was finally brought to terms through the miraculous powers of Santa Lucia.—*Frank B. Ward, in Philadelphia Record*.

THE TIPPING EVIL.

Why Waiters Should Not Be Paid Extra by Customers.

It is to the selfishness and thoughtlessness of the rich that the growth of "tipping" is mainly due. But, while the result is not oppressive to them, it has become a serious tax on persons of moderate incomes who travel much or take their meals in restaurants. The man who can afford to pay anywhere from \$2 to \$5 for his dinner does not miss the quarter, which is the lowest that he will give the waiter. To the man or woman of moderate means who takes three meals a day at a restaurant where the service is sufficiently good to be agreeable the necessity of paying thirty cents a day for "tips" is a serious addition to the expense of living. If his three meals cost from \$1.50 to \$2 the increase is from 16 to 20 per cent.

Over \$100 a year compulsorily spent in "tips" is a sum which, if saved, would make to many people the difference between continual pinching and a fair degree of comfort. Ten cents is the lowest "tip" that can be given in a good second-class restaurant. Now, if a man has a chop and a glass of beer or a cup of tea or coffee for lunch at the cost of thirty-five or forty cents he is paying twenty-five per cent. additional for the privilege of giving the restaurant-keeper a large profit, as the cost of the meal, with all expenses added, is at the highest not more than two-thirds of the amount charged.

The necessity for "tipping" is ever on the increase. Even at the lunch-counter down-town where the hurried eater sits upon a swinging stool, it is customary to "tip" the waiter, and some patrons also "tip" the carver. In the cafes of the large hotels, where an abnormally high charge is made for liquid refreshment, the waiter who

carries an order from the bar to a table now expects a tip. If the system extends much further the bar-tender who draws a glass of beer will want ten cents instead of five.

The public has become so accustomed to the necessity of "tipping" that while there is much private grumbling there is no organized public opposition. Persons who really can not afford to "tip" either do so and stint themselves in other directions, or patronize cheap and uncomfortable restaurants where "tips" are not expected. There will be no public move against this practice, because people who banded themselves in opposition to it would foolishly fear to be called mean. Hotel and restaurant keepers claim it is impossible to stop the system, because some selfish people would always try to get the better service by continuing the "tip," and therefore they (the proprietors) are only acting wisely in taking advantage of the public's weakness. This is a worthless argument, for the experience of nearly all the best clubs where "gratuities to servants are absolutely forbidden" is that equally good attention is paid to all members. Selfish people would be the first to cease giving "tips" when they found that so doing did not bring any advantage.

Reform is only to be hoped for through the action of hotel and restaurant keepers who will possess enough intelligence to see that larger profits can be made by ridding the public of this, to many, almost intolerable burden. Any man who will start a good restaurant or hotel in which there shall be a strict and rigidly enforced rule against "tips" will almost assuredly have more patronage than he can accommodate. It would need only a few such entering wedges to generally relieve the public of this irksome and unnecessary tax.—*Epoch*.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY.

Practical Suggestions Presented in a Condensed Form.

A loose cluster of white poppies with black hearts seems the fashionable garniture for black lace bonnets.

Green's the wear, even for stockings—pale green, silk clocked with white, or shot green and white embroidered with both threads.

A valley lily in white enamel relieved against its leaf in dark green and a fox glove in diamonds and pink enamel are among the latest and loveliest of the flower brooches.

The latest jewel fad is to wear loose diamonds caught to the gown by invisible pins. Queen Margarita, of Italy, wore at a recent ball a dress trimmed with rose petals caught in place with these eternal dewdrops.

Creme spot cloth of silk and wool with double stripes, forming a raised spot at crossing and *laine et sole* line checks of white silk thrown up on a cream wool ground are among the best of new stuffs for midsummer.

The very finest stockings are either those of white or pale colors with fronts of point lace or in hues something more vivid, hand embroidered in stripes of roses, or else with tiny bouquets dotted here and there upon the instep.

A daring *modiste* has introduced among her tea gowns the costume of modern Egypt's best society. It is loose and swathy, with flowing sleeves that give somehow the effect of a train and a giraffe that is the height of elegant discomfort.

Wide hats of string or straw very openly knotted and guileless of lining with a flower or two stuck on one side are accounted wonderfully stylish; but it is suggested that if shade be their purpose, a cabbage leaf should be constructed to wear inside.

We proclaim to a sinning, suffering and corn-stricken world of women, that pointed toes and narrow soles now mark the cheap and shoddy in footwear, the wide sole, with or without box toe, and common-sense heel appearing in all really first-class work.

Small baskets crocheted of gold thread and filled with short-stemmed blossoms—as carnations, tuberoses, etc.—are lovely decorations for either boudoir or tea table, and tiny mats of similar make and material among the most choice possibilities of domestic art.

Cuff buttons for the horse of either sex are of red or yellow ivory in the shape of jockey caps with peak of gold richly chased—while the unorthodox can buy themselves scarf-pins showing Satan in full gilt grinning and holding out a big moonstone—presumably as a bait for souls.

With sorrow we record it. The rage for smoking extends to cotton gowns, many of which have the yoke of it and deep cuffs and borders to the full sleeves. It looks well when first put on, but when the average laundress gets in her fine work it is something fearful to contemplate.

According to high authority the gown for summer afternoon wear will be of sheer white muslin, either plain, embroidered or lace-trimmed, made up in directoire fashion with sash of soft silk, either white, cream, pale blue, pink or primrose, and worn with flowers and ornaments in harmony with its hue.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

A Cleveland, Ohio, gentleman lost some money in a sleeping-car. The porter said he had not seen it, adding: "It is pretty hard on a porter to have money lost on his car. If it is found where shall I send it to you?" "Don't send it anywhere," was the reply. "Keep it and notify the superintendent of the road. I dine with him to-morrow." There was a look of astonishment on the face of the porter, and, going to the berth again, he soon came back and said: "Here is your money, I just found it at the foot of the berth."

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—A diet exclusively of dry toast and hot water is the treatment for many stomach and liver troubles.—*People's Health Journal*.

—Chamois leather penwipers are the most serviceable, because they wipe the pen thoroughly and leave no lint or fiber, as do those of other materials.

—If quilts are folded or rolled tightly after washing, then beaten with a rolling pin or potato masher, it lightens up the cotton and makes them seem soft and new.

—To preserve the fresh appearance of matting. It will last for years if given a thin coat of varnish (renew about every six months). Varnish not only preserves the matting, but gives it a handsome appearance.

—Syrup that is fermenting will soon become sour, and should be rebelled, by which the germs will be destroyed. It should then be put, while hot, in a perfectly clean vessel, which has been purified by burning a sulphur match in it and keeping it closed tightly.

—Tender feet are relieved by bathing them in a gallon of hot water, holding in solution of a good handful of common salt. When the water cools, rub the feet and legs in an upward direction, with a rough towel. This is a domestic remedy, but a useful one after long standing or walking.—*Med. World*.

—A pretty and serviceable carriage blanket can be made of strips of elder down flannel, about four inches in width, crocheted together with double zephyr worsted, in open work pattern, through which bright ribbon can be run. Line the blanket with opera flannel, and make a deep border in shell-stitch around the edges.

—Treatment for bed bugs and fleas. Aqua-ammonia one quart, a large oiler, put the ammonia in the oiler and fill every broken place in the plastering and every crack not forgetting the floor. The effect is immediate and lasting. It will not discolor the paint, hurt varnish or fade carpets. For buffalo bugs and moths saturate the infected places, the fumes will kill.

—To wash lawn and sateen dresses so they will not fade, use no soap, but boil two quarts of bran in about six quarts of water for half an hour. Strain through a coarse towel and mix in the water in which they are to be washed. Rinse lightly in clean water, without starching. This preparation both cleanses and stiffens the lawn. If it is convenient, it is better to take out gathers and drapings, as the dress will look much fresher when newly gathered and draped.

—Physically, there can be nothing better for daughters, and indeed for many wives, than to take sole charge of a small flower garden. The benefits derived from early rising, stirring the soil, snuffing the morning air, are freshness and glow of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind and purity of heart. Consequently she must be more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as a wife.—*Iowa State Register*.

IMPROVING THE SOIL.

How Clover Can Be Made to Gradually Enrich Farm Land.

The growth of clover as a means for improving the soil can not be too highly considered. But it will not do to grow this crop for hay and feed it and put the manure made from it upon other land in the vain belief that the growth of the clover alone, without at least some of the clover itself, or the manure made from it, will be beneficial. The oft-expressed opinion that clover leaves the land richer than it was before the clover is grown is not supported by experience. It is contrary to experience. If clover is grown for the improvement of the soil it must be put back into the soil. It will not otherwise be of any benefit, but the reverse; it will only further exhaust it because it has taken a very large amount of fertility from it. I have grown clover for many years, and consider it the most valuable crop for the farmer when it is rightly used, and its right use is to feed it, and by the use of all possible materials to make manure from the feeding, and put this back on the land from which the clover was taken. And in addition to this I have plowed under the year's second growth. If farmers would do this the clover would gradually enrich the land. A New York farmer says: "It is impossible to say too much for clover unless you utter the abominable heresy that it enables farmers to dispense with other fertilizers. No farmer who can raise it can afford to do without it; besides its other offices it supplies humus, indispensable but often deficient. George Geddes, a good farmer, was so impressed with its value that he enlarged it rather superlatively. But he kept stock, saved and applied his manure. I spent a day with him a little before he died; we rode over his farm, and, though he was quite feeble, he took special pains to show me his stock and pasture lands, and his mill for grinding feed. I am quite sure he made a good deal of manure and used it." If crops improved during some of the past years, every body of observation and experience knows that they improved most where manure was carefully saved and applied. An experienced fruit-grower recently said: "I don't believe there is any land in the United States that will bear successive crops of any kind of fruit without manuring or fertilizing." To get plenty of manure is the chief difficulty that large fruit-growers encounter.—*N. Y. Times*.



The Chase County Courant.
SUPPLEMENT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.,
THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1888

Official Paper of Chase County.

IT IS A CONDITION WHICH CONFRONTS US—NOT A THEORY.—*Grover Cleveland.*

The household department of the *American Agriculturist* for August contains some pretty and novel ideas for girls with deft fingers who are fond of making fanciful and ornamental things for home adornment. There are illustrations of a particularly novel bed spread, a tasteful embroidered bureau scarf, a servicable tidy, fancy towels and a pretty paper rack, with concise and definite descriptions for making each.

Babyhood for August is, as usual full of seasonable hints and practical advice to young mothers, in the department of "Nursery Problems" alone, a great variety of interesting topics may be found. It is very desirable that *Babyhood*, whose many useful suggestions, and careful medical advice, make it indispensable to every young mother, should be found in every nursery. The publishers offer unusual inducements to energetic canvassers. 15 cents a number. \$1.26 a year. *Babyhood* publishing company, 5 Beekman St. New York.

The midsummer issue of the *American Magazine* abounds with interesting and timely literature. Dr. W. F. Hutchinson presents the fourth of his finely illustrated articles in the series, "Along The Caribbean," in this instance dealing with Trinidad. Another entertaining paper is entitled "Where Burgoyne Surrendered," by B. H. Crandall, in which is described the Saratoga monument that is soon to be unveiled. Frederick G. Schwatka, the noted Arctic explorer, tells about "The American Arctic Savage," in an entertaining manner, and Trebor Ohl has "Six story-tellers for children." Joel Benton has a poem on Midsummer, and Sarah F. Goodrich describes "The Country in Midsummer."

If ever a solid truth was told, it is in the following local item from the *Chetopa Advance*: You want to make a dollar 20 as far as possible, do you? All right, just look over the columns of your home paper, and see who advertises for your custom, and you will find every time that they are the most liberal to deal with and will be the most likely to give you the worth of your money. Now, think a moment and see if it is not reasonable. Call to mind any enterprise that has been set on foot for public good, that required contribution of money, and then compare the contributions of the men who are not advertisers (if they contribute at all) with those of men who advertise, and you will see a much more liberal spirit shown by the advertiser. The same spirit governs these two classes in their business. The liberal man will be open and square with you, while the other will squeeze and pinch to get the last farthing in the transaction. It pays to deal with large hearted men. It pays to be large hearted. It makes a community prosperous to be full of large hearted, public spirited men, for then each one feels an interest in his fellow citizen's prosperity, and each helps the other as much as he can in his business. It pays to advertise, and the better class of buyers are all the time becoming more appreciative of judicious and candid advertising, and are turning their patronage to those dealers who thus advertise.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Cedar Township Sabbath School Convention will be held in T. P. Sayre's Grove, in District No. 18, Friday, August 17, 1888.

PROGRAMME.

Beginning at 9:30 with devotional exercises, led by the Vice-President. Appointment of a committee on permanent organization.

Reports from Superintendents of schools in township.

What is the work of the Sabbath-school? by Rev. Chase.

How can we secure the best possible attendance in our Sunday-schools? by J. Ferguson, and short speeches by all.

Adjourned for dinner.

Afternoon session opening with prayer and singing.

Address to the children, by Rev. H. A. Cook, of Kenyon, Kansas.

Short speeches by all, led by Richard Gause and L. Weston.

Why should I be in Sabbath-school?

Opening of question box to be conducted by S. R. Sayre.

Report of committee on organization.

Exercises of evening to be decided on day of convention.

Singing, led by G. B. Fenn, to be interspersed through the exercises.

All are cordially invited. A basket dinner will be in order. People from a distance will be entertained.

"HARVEST HOME."

CELEBRATING THE RICH HARVEST IN KANSAS.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the premium list of the National Fair Association for their 9th annual exposition, at Bismarck Grove, Lawrence, Kansas, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Each year the managers of this popular Kansas fair out-do their previous efforts in securing unequalled attractions in all departments. By the liberal policy and the energetic methods of the management the Bismarck Fair has reached a high rank in the Agricultural expositions of the country, and stands to-day, as a monument to Kansas pluck and enterprise. It is an institution of which all Kansas may indeed be proud.

We can assure any reader that the Exposition this fall, in view of the glorious crops now made certain in our State, will be something ahead of all fairs held at Bismarck Grove. The glorious fruits of the soil and the peerless products of our green pasture will join in a grand exposition of our wonderful agricultural paying resources.

Corn is still king in Kansas, and Bismarck is the court where all will assemble to pay homage to the monarch, at the Festival of "Harvest Home," Sept. 3rd to 8th.

SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Steps are being taken to provide our school with a small library of reference books, by the time school opens in September. Before investing the money on hand, however, it is suggested that there are possibly many patrons and friends, who have a good book or two, which they would gladly donate for such a purpose. Will all such leave their donations and names at Mr. W. H. Holsinger's as soon as convenient? A list of books and names of donors will be published soon. A gift of this kind will be a burden to no one, yet a good library will be rapidly accumulated. By following the above plan duplications will be avoided. Let there be a general response, as it will cost the community nothing, and it will eventually receive back again, many times the value of the books in the increased intelligence of its citizens—that are to be. L. A. LOWTHER.

The New York *Herald* finds that of the working people of New York State, the 284,149 persons who are engaged in protected industries are poorer paid, living more wretchedly, oftener on a strike for decent wages oftener kicked out by their employers' to give way to Italian and other cheap labor than all the rest.

VESTIBULE TRAINS TO CHICAGO.

The vestibule train is a new factor in western railroad transportation. It is claimed for these trains that on account of their being connected by steel hoods, all danger of telescoping in case of accident is removed, the train being practically one long car. It is certain that the oscillation of the cars is greatly reduced, and it is also certain that the vestibule train affords the greatest comfort yet known to travelers. The adoption of this style of train by the Chicago Santa Fe & California Railway between Kansas City, and Chicago is a strong bid for the passenger traffic between the west and Chicago. This new road is in many particulars ahead of any of its older competitors, and will undoubtedly be the popular road to Chicago.

A GREAT OFFER.

Elsewhere we print a proposition from *The Chicago Times* to send its weekly to subscribers during the presidential campaign for the small sum of 25 cents. *The Weekly Times* is one of the greatest papers in America, and this offer should meet with speedy acceptance at the hands of our readers. We will send *The Weekly Times* with the *Courant* for the campaign for 95 cents. It is not necessary to organize clubs. Individual subscribers will be entitled to this low subscription rate.

THE DEBATE ON THE TARIFF.

The Kansas City *Times* has just published a neat pamphlet entitled "The Debate on the Tariff," which contains President Cleveland's message to Congress, Mr. Blaine's criticism on the message, and all the principal speeches delivered this session for and against the Mill's tariff bill. As a campaign document it is invaluable.

DEEP sea wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett Co Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 a day and upwards wherever they may live. You are started free. Capital is not required and some have made as high as \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. dec8-17r.

25 CENTS

PAYS FOR THE

Chicago Weekly Times

DURING THE

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

\$ 1.35

PAYS FOR THE

Chicago Weekly Times

UP TO JAN. 1, 1890

Here is a chance to secure one of the best weekly papers in the United States at a trivial cost. *THE WEEKLY TIMES* will contain the most important news collected by the daily edition, besides a vast amount of literary, household, agricultural and miscellaneous matter for the general reader. This order will hold good only for a short time. **ORDER AT ONCE.** Send postal note, money order or registered letter.

THE TIMES, Chicago, Ill

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their names. Pay liberal; any one can do the work, either sex, young or old; no special liability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address **TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.** dec8 17r

The Chase County Courant.

Issued every Thursday.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

HOLD THE FORT.

Fling aloft the starry banner,
Float its folds on high,
Rapidly the ranks are filling,
Victory is nigh.
CHO. Hold the fort until November
Thousands answer still,
Send the tidings back to Cleveland,
By our votes we will.
See the hungry hosts advance,
High taxes in the lead.
Loading down the land with tariff,
While the people bleed. CHO.
O, dear people save our rich men,
Is their plaintive cry;
Let the people fill our pockets,
Or we'll surely die. CHO.
Give to millions more protection,
Is the greedy plea;
If you will, we'll promise sure,
To make your whiskey free. CHO.
Double our enormous profits,
People dear, we pray;
Then we'll hire Chinese labor,
At fifty cents a day CHO.
Let the farmers pay us double,
For the goods we make,
And for grain and hogs and cattle,
We'll fix the price they take. CHO.
Lo! the morning light is breaking,
Truth is getting known;
And the freemen of the land
Are coming to their own. CHO.

NOTICE TO DEMOCRATS.

It is desirable that there should be a Democratic Club, at every voting precinct in the county, and we urge upon Democrats to organize themselves into clubs immediately, and send in the names of their officers and members, so that they may get all the campaign literature that is received for distribution in this county.

W. E. TIMMONS, J. W. STONE,
Secretary. Ch'm Co., Club.

A SEASONABLE SUBJECT.

"Ice on toast; yes, that is just about what it is, this weather," said Capt. A Chadwick, the manager of the Twin City Ice Company, the other day, as the reporter wrung out his handkerchief; "but there is no danger of an ice famine," the Captain continued, "even if it should be a hundred in the shade clear into winter. We have a big stock and would ship in, if necessary, to supply our customers. If next winter should be an open season and the ice crop should fail, the Twin City Ice Company would put in machinery and manufacture ice, just as is done in the South. We could make fine ice about as cheap by machinery, only we are in favor of protecting home industry, and, so, have patronized the Cottonwood river; but if the river goes back on us, we will take great pleasure in manufacturing ice and getting ahead of nature; and next spring we will make rates for all who want rates," thus showing that the Twin City Ice Company will do to depend on, and don't you forget it.

SUBSCRIBERS, YOUR PREMIUM

Every person subscribing to or renewing their subscription to this paper, will be supplied with the Kansas City Weekly Journal FREE, during the campaign of 1888.

Here is an opportunity to place in your family the largest and best weekly paper published in Kansas City. Send in your name at once and get two papers for the price of your own.

30 MILES DISAPPEAR.

Thirty miles of country is a big thing to disappear, but this distance has been dropped out between Kansas City and Chicago. How it happened is thus figured out: The Chicago, Santa Fe & California Railway is completed between Kansas City and Chicago, and the distance between the two cities is only 458 miles, measuring from Union Depot, Kansas City, to Dearborn Station, Chicago. This is exactly thirty miles less than by any of the old lines, so you have to travel thirty miles less, your freight has to be hauled thirty miles less, and, practically, the Santa Fe has made thirty miles disappear. A few years, at this rate, and Kansas will be in New England.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Stone & Zane is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved. Our books have been placed in the hands of Elmer Johnston for settlement. All parties knowing themselves indebted to us will please call on Mr. Johnston at once and settle their accounts.

J. W. STONE, M. D.
July 19-5t T. M. ZANE, M. D.

HUMPHREYS'



DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK
Cloth & Gold Binding
144 Pages, with Steel Engraving,
MAILED FREE.
Address, P. O. Box 1810, N. Y.

In use 50 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. Simple, Safe and Sure.

NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations...	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants...	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults...	.25
5	Dysentery, Gripping, Bilious Colic...	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting...	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis...	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache...	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo...	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach...	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods...	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods...	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing...	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions...	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains...	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria...	.25
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding...	.50
18	Ophthalmia, or sore, or weak Eyes...	.50

HOMEOPATHIC

19	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza...	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs...	.50
21	Asthma, Oppressed Breathing...	.50
22	Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing...	.50
23	Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swelling...	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness...	.50
25	Dropsy, and Scanty Secretions...	.50
26	Sea Sickness, Sickness from Riding...	.50
27	Kidney Disease...	.50
28	Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges...	1.00
29	Sore Mouth, Canker...	.50
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed...	.50
31	Painful Periods, with Spasm...	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation...	1.00
33	Epilepsy, Spasm, St. Vitu' Dance...	1.00
34	Diphtheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat...	.50
35	Chronic Congestions & Eruptions...	.50

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post paid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO. 109 Fulton St. N. Y.

Humphreys'
Witch Hazel Oil
Cures Piles.

R. L. FORD,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
COTTONWOOD FALLS,



ELGIN, WALTHAM, SPRINGFIELD AND HAMEN
WATCHES, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
Aikin Lambert & Co.'s Gold Pens
Repairing English Watches a Specialty.

J. L. Kellogg, C A S H MEAT MARKET.

Having purchased and assumed control of the meat market formerly owned by Wm. Rockwood, I am prepared to furnish all the choicest meat known to the profession at the lowest rates

JESSE L. KELLOGG.

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS'

Chase County Land Agency

RAILROAD AND SYNDICATE
LANDS.

WILL BUY OR SELL WILD
LANDS OR IMPROVED

F A R M S .

—AND LOANS MONEY.—

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS
ad27-1vt

JOHN B. SHIPMAN

Has

MONEY TO LOAN

In any amount, from \$500.00 and upwards, at low rates of interest, on improved farm lands, all and see him at J. W. McWilliam's Land Office in the Bank building.
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.
If you want money ap28-1f

Headquarters for Livery Rigs.

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable,

JAS. C. ATKINSON, MANAGER.

You must get your rig from the Red Front Stable.

For the prices are so that all are able; Good teams for business and others to visit; With trappings and robes and styles exquisite;

Closed carriages and narrow buggies made for lovers,

Open to the sun or full stock covers; Horses well trained, and know just what to do.

Either for a business trip or a Rankaboo; And the blacks and bays and sorrels and grays,

Are speedily hitched for the party that pays.
jy26-1f

THE CHEAPEST MEAT MARKET

IN CLEMENTS.

E. A. BIELMAN, Prop'r.

Hams, Bacon and bologna always on hand.

Choice corned beef. Highest cash price paid for hides.
apr12-1yr.

MARTIN HEINTZ,

Carpenter & Builder.

Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop, at his home, northwest corner of Friend and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.
ja28-1f

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person. Many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make \$5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work; either sex; young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1888

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

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

Terms—per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; at three months, \$1.75; at six months, \$2.00. For six months, \$1.00 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	2.25	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75	7.25
3 weeks	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00
4 weeks	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50
5 weeks	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00
6 weeks	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50
7 weeks	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50	10.00
8 weeks	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50	10.00	10.50
9 weeks	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50	10.00	10.50	11.00
10 weeks	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50	10.00	10.50	11.00	11.50
11 weeks	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50	10.00	10.50	11.00	11.50	12.00
12 weeks	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50	10.00	10.50	11.00	11.50	12.00	12.50

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." No due bills for patent medicines or other goods taken on advertising; that is, we will not advertise for manufacturers of goods and then pay them, in addition to the advertising, as much cash, if not more than the article advertised is worth, for the privilege of advertising their goods.

TIME TABLE.

TIME TABLE A. T. & S. F. R. R.											
EAST. ALX. L. PAS. M. K. X. Y. K. X. CHL.											
	am	am	pm	pm	am	am	pm	pm	am	am	pm
Cedar Gr.	9:43	8:43	10:48	11:52	12:15	12:15	12:15	12:15	12:15	12:15	12:15
Clements.	9:57	8:57	10:58	12:02	12:25	12:25	12:25	12:25	12:25	12:25	12:25
Elmdale.	10:13	9:05	11:15	12:20	12:35	12:35	12:35	12:35	12:35	12:35	12:35
Evans.	10:18	9:10	11:20	12:25	12:40	12:40	12:40	12:40	12:40	12:40	12:40
Strom.	10:25	9:20	11:27	12:30	12:52	12:52	12:52	12:52	12:52	12:52	12:52
Elmdale.	10:31	9:25	11:30	12:35	1:05	1:05	1:05	1:05	1:05	1:05	1:05
Kenyon.	10:42	9:35	11:45	1:02	1:10	1:10	1:10	1:10	1:10	1:10	1:10
WEST. CAL. X.											
	pm	pm	pm	pm	am	am	pm	pm	am	am	pm
Kenyon.	5:02	3:45	4:59	3:21	3:13	3:13	3:13	3:13	3:13	3:13	3:13
Elmdale.	5:10	3:52	4:54	3:28	3:18	3:18	3:18	3:18	3:18	3:18	3:18
Strom.	5:22	4:04	5:11	3:38	3:28	3:28	3:28	3:28	3:28	3:28	3:28
Evans.	5:22	4:04	5:11	3:38	3:28	3:28	3:28	3:28	3:28	3:28	3:28
Elmdale.	5:29	4:08	5:14	3:43	3:33	3:33	3:33	3:33	3:33	3:33	3:33
Clements.	5:37	4:25	5:27	3:42	3:33	3:33	3:33	3:33	3:33	3:33	3:33
Cedar Gr.	5:40	4:35	5:34	3:43	3:38	3:38	3:38	3:38	3:38	3:38	3:38
C. K. & W. R. R.											
	am	am	pm	pm	am	am	pm	pm	am	am	pm
Lost Springs.	11:50	5:27									
Burdick.	11:50	5:27									
Diamond Springs.	11:47	5:27									
Hilton.	12:01	5:27									
Evans.	12:20	5:27									
Strong City.	12:23	5:27									
Cottonwood Falls.		5:22									
Cladstone.		5:22									
Baz.		5:22									
WEST. PAS. FRT. MIXED.											
	am	am	pm	pm	am	am	pm	pm	am	am	pm
Cladstone.		6:50									
Cottonwood Falls.		6:50									
Strong City.		6:50									
Evans.		8:00									
Elmdale.		8:00									
Diamond Springs.		8:00									
Burdick.		8:00									
Lost Springs.		8:00									

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

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

Kansas zephyrs, Tuesday.

Mr. Will French left, Tuesday, for Oregon.

There is to be a "Mother Hubbard" picnic, to-day.

The Santa Fe R. R. Co. is reducing its track forces.

Mr. Frank Strail was down to Wichita, a few days ago.

District Court will meet in special session, September 1.

Miss Elsie McGrath, of Topeka, is here visiting friends, last week.

Mr. Elmer B. Johnston was down to Wichita, last week.

Mr. Wm. Gruwell arrived here, Tuesday, from Kansas City.

Mr. Charles Sheehan is suffering with a catarrh in his left hand.

Mr. Albert Berry, of Strong City, was out to Wichita, last week.

Miss Ella Patee is lying very sick at Mr. S. M. Palmer's in Elmdale.

Mr. J. C. Farrington took four cars of cattle to Kansas City, last Friday.

Miss Mira Tuttle entertained a party of her young friends at tea, Tuesday.

Mr. F. D. Weller, formerly of Strong City, is now located at Topeka.

Mr. Charles Gregory has gone on a visit to his old home, at Howell, Mich.

Born, on July 30, 1888, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Powers, on South Fork, a son.

Mr. E. Williams has our thanks for a mess of fine roasting ears and squashes.

Mrs. B. U. Schlaudeker who has been quite sick for the past two weeks, is improving.

Mr. T. C. Raymer has the thanks of the COURANT outfit for a couple of hickory canes.

Mr. John A. Murphy returned, Tuesday, from a visit to his brother, Frank, at Wichita.

Born, on Monday, Aug. 6, 1888, in Strong City, to Mr. and Mrs. John Burford, a daughter.

Mrs. E. F. Holmes left, Tuesday, for a visit at her old home in Livingston county, Michigan.

Born, on Thursday, August 9, 1888, to Mr. and Mrs. James Lawless, of Diamond creek, a daughter.

Mr. Harry L. Hunt, Jr., returned, Saturday, from Lawrence, where he had been for several months past.

Mrs. Ans. Majors arrived home, Saturday, from Kansas City, where she had been for several months past.

Mrs. T. B. Johnston will return home, to-day, from Marion, where she went to see her sister's sick child.

Miss Mamie Nye went down to Emporia, yesterday, on a visit to friends.

Mrs. C. P. Theis and daughter, of Emporia, are visiting at Mr. Wm. Hillert's.

Mr. Simon Wolfe, of Owensboro, Ky., was visiting Mr. Albert Berry, of Strong City, last week.

Mr. H. B. Jackson, of Elmdale, has made an assignment of his stock of goods to Mr. D. Y. Hamill.

Mr. Isaac Alexander has fenced in his block west of the Court-house, with barbed and smooth wires.

Mr. T. M. Gruwell has moved his stock of goods into the building lately occupied by Mr. Karl B. Farwell.

Mr. Tom Baker caught a catfish in the Cottonwood river, at this place, the other day, that weighed 80 pounds.

Born, on July 27, 1888, at Perrin & Senior's quarry, near Strong City, to Mr. and Mrs. Odile Roberts, a daughter.

Wm. Stewart, of South Fork, has an Aultman-Taylor vibrator threshing machine. Get him to do your threshing.

Mr. S. Fred Perrigo and wife and daughter arrived here, Saturday, from California, on a visit to the parents of Mr. Perrigo.

Mrs. Lalalia Neale will leave, tomorrow, for her home at Chetopa, after a four weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Chas. M. Frye.

Mrs. Pauline Hann, of Kansas City, daughter of Mr. Adam Gottbueh, arrived here, yesterday, on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. F. Dennison, of Strong City, who had been with the well gang on the C. K. & W. R. R., returned home, on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Charles Filson, of Strong City, who has been doing stone work on the bridges of the C. K. & W. R. R., was at home a few days ago.

Dr. W. H. Cartter and family, Mr. J. D. Minick and Miss Marion Hemphill, returned home, Friday, from their visit to Colorado.

We ran a six column supplement this week to make room for matter that has been crowded out of the COURANT for several weeks past.

Mr. Gatewood Martin, who had been the guest of his cousin, Mr. D. A. Ellsworth, at Strong City, left for St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday of last week.

Last Thursday afternoon, while Mrs. R. E. Maloney, of Strong City, was visiting one of the neighbors, her house was entered by some unknown party and robbed of \$30.

Messrs. B. Lantry & Sons, of Strong City, have been awarded the contract for the stone work on a large round-house at Great Bend and on five depots on the C. K. & W. railroad.

The Democratic primaries in this county will take place, next Saturday night, and every township should send a full delegation to the county convention. Read the call in another column.

The Democratic County Central Committee will meet at the COURANT office, on Saturday, August 18, at 1 o'clock, p. m.; and it is hoped every member of the committee will be present.

Married, Tuesday, August 7, 1888, by the Rev. M. L. Wilkinson, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Caldwell, Sumner county, Kansas, the Rev. Maurice Oles, formerly of Chase county to Miss Mattie Bonette, of Caldwell.

Mr. Geo. Mann, Jr., has opened up a lunch stand in Strong City, north of Mr. J. A. Murphy's billiard hall, where you can get as good a lunch as can be found in the State of Kansas. Give him a call when you feel like eating a lunch.

Mrs. Clarence Murphy arrived here, Saturday, from Marion, and Mr. Murphy has moved into the house north of the U. P. church, where he will continue his dye works and cleaning and repairing. See his advertisement in another column.

Last Friday afternoon one of the mules attached to the street cars stumbled and fell in front of Mr. H. Chamberlain's in Strong City, and before the car could be stopped it ran onto the mule and injured it so badly that it died that same afternoon.

A party, consisting of Mrs. Dr. T. M. Zane, Mrs. J. L. Cochran, Mrs. E. A. Hildebrand, Misses Luella Pugh, Kate Hildebrand, Colie Adare, Eunalia Neale, Messrs. E. B. Shannon, John B. Sanders, E. W. Tanner and O. L. Hubbert, were out horseback riding, Monday evening.

Street Commissioner S. A. Perrigo has taken up the stepping stones at the west side of Broadway where Friend street intersects that street, and put down a substantial crossing in their stead. He has also put down a similar crossing at the intersection of Friend and Kaw streets.

W. A. Morgan, of Cottonwood Falls was in town, Tuesday, endeavoring to protect his senatorial boomlet. Let's see, Morgan was a warm (?) friend of Judge Foster, of Marion. Marion ought to support Mr. Morgan to a man. She probably will—in a horn.—Cottonwood Valley Times, Aug. 2.

Last Friday the President vetoed the bill granting a pension to Bernard Carlin, of Strong City, on the ground that his claim is still before the pension office. Now, had the President signed the bill Mr. Carlin would draw his pension from that date; but if his bill is allowed by the pension office, he will get back pay.

Mr. Walter D. Simmons, formerly of this city, but now engaged in business at Aurora, Mo., was married, August 3, 1888, to Miss Lizzie Deub, daughter of Mr. Jacob Daub, of Chase county, Kansas. The happy couple have the best wishes of the COURANT in their new state of life, and for prosperity at their new home.

Judge Pennell received yesterday, from his farm at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, two dozen very fine spring chickens. He also showed us a large box containing about 75 dozen roasting-ears from his garden (in Kansas), which looked very tempting. Of course, we seldom eat "spring chicken and roasting-ears," but we don't begrudge others.—Colorado City Eagle.

While Print Brown, son of Mr. J. G. Brown, of this city, was riding the lead horse of a team of five horses drawing a reaping machine cutting timothy, at Perry, Ralls county, Mo., on Wednesday of last week, the team ran away, the lead horse falling and the machine passing over the horse, and young Brown, bruising the young man considerably about the shoulders but not seriously.

In another column will be found the announcement of Squire D. W. Mercer as a candidate for re-election to the office of Justice of the Peace, in Bazar township, subject to the votes of the electors of that township. Mr. Mercer has filled the office well and faithfully for two years, which should be a sufficient guaranty that he will make a good official in the future, if re-elected to that office.

The musical concert given by Mr. Geo. W. Weed's class in music, at the Methodist church, last evening, was a success in every particular, both the class and the orchestra deserving no small amount of praise for the perfection which characterized their parts. The concert was attended by a large audience, who went away at the close with the hope that another concert might soon be given by Mr. Weed.

Died, in Strong City, on Thursday, August 9, 1888, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Caroline Frederick, aged about thirty-three years. She was a widow and leaves two children to miss a mother's care. We understand that she was doctored by a faith doctor, and that there was another lady in the same place suffering with the same disease, and upon whom the same doctor was attending, who changed off to the other kind of doctors after Mrs. Frederick died, and who is now getting well. Mrs. Frederick was buried at Cedar Point on Monday.

The Twin City Democratic club met in Lantry's Hall, Strong City, Monday, President Henry S. F. Davis in the chair. After getting through with the ordinary business of the club, the meeting was addressed by Dr. J. W. Stone, who handled the issues of the day in an excellent manner, showing conclusively why no Democrat should desert his party at the present time, and why every one who is desirous of changing the condition of the American people, for the better, should vote the Democratic ticket this fall. The Strong City Cornet Band are entitled to the thanks of the Club for furnishing music on the occasion. The Club will meet in I. O. G. T. Hall in this city, next Monday night.

The following nine of the Twin City Baseball club went to Emporia, last Thursday, and played with the "Blues" of that place, losing the game by a score of 23 to 8; but that was the first game of the season for our "boys," while the blues had been playing nearly every day this summer; yet our boys played better than their score would indicate. The return game will be played at this city at an early day. A date is also being arranged for with Council Grove. Our nine were: H. B. Jackson, 2nd base, and Captain; Charles Mooney, catcher; Andrew O'Byrne, pitcher; James O'Byrne, 1st base; John Smith, 3d base; Ed Perlet, short stop; Wm. Clark, left field; E. W. Ellis, center field; Louis W. Hillert, right field.

Mr. E. W. Brae informs us that he is prepared to furnish ice in any quantity that may be desired, and that there is no fear of his supply of ice giving out, before he begins to gather it off the Cottonwood, again, next winter, or until he puts in machinery to make ice, as they do in the South, should the river refuse to congeal, this winter. He is determined that the people shall not suffer from an ice famine, even if the mercury should melt out of the top of the thermometer in mid-winter; and he will give rates to those who take a sufficient quantity to justify him in so doing. Now, don't forget that Mr. Brae means just what he says, and there is no fear of any one lacking ice so long as they want it, and so long as they give Mr. Brae their orders.

Mr. H. P. Brockett shipped his stock and household goods to Topeka, this week, where he will reside in the future, and for which place he left, last night, his son, Warren, and daughters, Mabel and Daisy, accompanied by Miss Grace Brockett, of Marion, starting Tuesday, by carriage, for their new home; and Mrs. Brockett and their younger children, Floyd and Harry, will leave to-morrow, after visiting with friends and relatives here. Mr. Brockett and his family have resided in this community for nearly a score of years, and they have many warm friends here, who will miss them very much, but whose best wishes follow them to their new home; and what is our loss is Topeka's gain, as that family will reflect honor on any community in which they may live. They have the best wishes of the COURANT wherever they may be.

From a large advertisement in a Monett, Missouri, paper, we see that Messrs. Farwell & Simmons, formerly of this city, are running a short order restaurant, a day and night lunch counter and are dealing in fine confectioneries, tobacco and cigars, second door from the corner of Fourth and Broadway, in that place. We understand that Mr. W. D. Simmons, the junior member of the firm, is also running a restaurant at Aurora, Missouri. Mr. Simmons was reared in this community, where he has many warm friends who wish him well wherever he may be, and congratulate him and his bride, who is one of Chase county's fairest daughters, on their happy union of heart and hand. Mr. Simmons is a young man of upright and honorable dealings, one who makes friends and retains them, and while we are sorry to have lost him from our midst we congratulate Aurora on his accession to her population.

Isaac Rider is setting up the cigars. It is a girl, born on Saturday, August 11, 1888.

Mrs. Tucker is improving slowly from her long illness.

Mr. J. R. Holmes has got 100 acres of corn cut up.

The Republican club failed to put in an appearance at the meeting of the Democratic club, Saturday night, to discuss the tariff question. H.

ELMDALE ITEMS.

Mr. S. M. Wood shipped a carload of steers to Kansas City, Monday night.

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H. F. GILLETT, SUCCESSOR TO **CAMPBELL & GILLETT,** DEALER IN

Shelf and 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.

Proposed Amendments to the Constitution.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 2.
Senate Joint Resolution No. 2, Proposing an amendment to section one, article eight, of the constitution, by striking out the word "white," and inserting the words "of the United States or of this State," and two-thirds of the members elected to each house thereof concurring therein.

SECTION 1. The following proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Kansas is hereby submitted to the qualified electors of the State for their approval or rejection, namely: The constitution of the State of Kansas is hereby amended by striking out the word "white" in section one, article eight, relating to the militia of the State, so that said section as amended shall read as follows: Section 1. The militia shall be composed of all able bodied male citizens between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five years except such as are exempted by the laws of the United States or of this State; but all citizens of any religious denomination whatever, who from scruples of conscience may be averse to bearing arms, shall be exempted therefrom upon such conditions as may be prescribed by law.

SEC. 2. This proposition shall be submitted to the electors of this State at the general election for the election of representatives to the legislature in the year A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, for their approval or rejection. Those voting in favor of this proposition to amend the constitution shall have written or printed on their ballots, "Against the amendment to section one, article eight of the constitution." Said ballots shall be received, and so of vote shall be taken, counted, canvassed, and returned thereof in the same manner and in all respects as is provided by law in cases of the election of representatives in the legislature.

SEC. 3. This resolution shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the statute book.

Approved February 23, 1887.
I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original enrolled resolution now on file in my office, and that the same took effect by publication in the statute book, June 20, 1887.

E. B. ALLEN, Secretary of State.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 6.

Senate Joint Resolution No. 6 for the submission of a proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Kansas.

SECTION 1. The following proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Kansas is hereby submitted to the qualified electors of the State for their approval or rejection at the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November, A. D. 1888: That section seventeen of the bill of rights of the constitution of the State of Kansas be so amended that it shall read as follows: Section 17. No distinction shall ever be made between citizens of the State of Kansas and the citizens of other States and Territories in the purchase, enjoyment and descent of property, employment or descent of property. The right of aliens in reference to the purchase, enjoyment or descent of property may be regulated by law.

SEC. 2. The following shall be the method of submitting said proposition to the electors: The ballots shall have written or printed thereon, "For the proposition to amend section seventeen of the bill of rights of the constitution of the State of Kansas, concerning the purchase, enjoyment and descent of property," said ballots shall be received, and said vote shall be taken, counted, canvassed, and returned thereof in the same manner in all respects as is provided by law in cases of the election of representatives to the legislature.

WORTH A MILLION.

The Red and Yellow Royal Cloak of the Kamehameha Dynasty.

"I don't care; I wouldn't wear it." "But see what it cost. You don't mean to say you wouldn't wear a cloak that cost a million dollars?" said the stout man in a satirical tone that indicated that the woman he addressed was his wife.

The pair had stopped before the royal feather cloak from the Sandwich Islands that is spread out fan-shaped in a case in the National Museum. This cloak is computed to have cost in labor \$1,000,000. The native name for it is mums. In the days when a Hawaiian bean or belle wanted little clothing, but wanted that gorgeously colored, this cloak or mantle would have been considered of more value, aesthetically and intrinsically, than a shipload of Worth costumes, and its happy possessor might truly be said to be in high feather. Since the natives have adopted wide trousers, lawn-tennis shirts and four-hand ties, its value lies chiefly in the traditions that surround it. The mantle, which is semi-circular, is 4 feet long or deep, and it is 11 1/2 feet wide at the bottom and 23 inches at the top where it goes around the neck. The entire outer surface is made of feathers of fine texture, giving the whole the appearance of plush. The prevailing colors are red and yellow or orange. The body is decorated with large figures, crescent-shaped, of either red or yellow feathers. The upper and lateral borders are corded and decorated with alternate tufts of red, black and yellow feathers.

A legend on a label states that this feather cloak formerly belonged to Kamehameha, one of the highest chiefs of the Sandwich Islands. After the abolition of idolatry in 1819 that chief rebelled against the reigning king and attempted to re-establish the ancient religion. A singular battle was fought and Kamehameha was slain, and this cloak, which he then had on, fell into the hands of the conquerors and thus became the property of King Kamehameha, by whom it was presented to Captain J. H. Aulick, U. S. N., in 1841. The cloak is now the property of Captain Aulick's grandson, Richmond Ogston Aulick, who deposited it in the National Museum. The great value of the cloak is due to the long time required to secure the feathers that compose it and to manufacture the cloak.

The foundation is a network of clons, or native hemp, and to it are attached by fine thread of the same material the feathers of birds found only in the Hawaiian Islands, and very rare there. Recent writers have declared that the bird is now extinct. The feathers are woven in so as to lap each other and lie flat, forming a smooth, plush-like surface. The inner surface is without lining and shows the olona net-work and the quill-ends of the feathers. The cord of the upper margin is prolonged so as to serve as a fastening at the throat. The yellow feathers are obtained from the Oo or Uho, and as stated, are of great value, as the bird is rare, very shy and difficult to capture, and it has but a very small tuft of these feathers upon each shoulder. The black feathers are from the head and back of the same bird—its general plumage being a glossy black. The Oo is caught alive by means of bird-time; the yellow feathers are then plucked and the bird released. The red feathers are from the body and neck of the Drepanis Coccinea, the most abundant bird of the Sandwich Islands.

The Hawaiian *Speculator*, a newspaper published in 1839, refers to it, or a similar mantle, as follows: "Kamehameha has the mums, or feather war-cloak of his father, Te-Mohi-Mohi. It was not completed until his reign, having occupied eight preceding ones in its fabrication. A piece of nankeen, valued at one dollar and a half, was formerly the price of five of the yellow feathers. By this estimate the value of the cloak would equal that of the purest diamonds in several of the European regalia, and including the price of the feathers, not less than a million dollars' worth of labor was expended upon it at the present rate of computing wages."

A bunch of the yellow feathers called hulu was received by the king from his subjects in payment of a poll tax, and it required many years to collect the material and manufacture one of these mantles. Until recent years these mantles were the royal robes of state and considered the principal treasures of the crown, but European clothing has entirely superseded them and they are not now manufactured. A beautiful head-dress for women, called leis, was made of these feathers.

Another authority states that two yellow feathers only are obtained from each Oo, and these are found under the wings. When the much-prized feathers are plucked the bird is set at liberty. The price of the feathers, according to this authority, was one dollar and a half for three, and the time occupied in making the cloak was estimated from fifty to one hundred years.—*Washington Star*.

—A Broadway (N. Y.) lumberdasher boasts that a man can not be properly equipped for a summer sojourn at the three or four fashionable resorts at an expense of less than \$1,500. He excludes from this estimate the cost of hats, shoes, coats, waistcoats and trousers.

—A Man to be Envyed—Dunley—Who was that gentleman that touched his hat so politely to you just now, Hardensh? Hardensh—My tailor, Dunley (with an envious sigh)—Ah, it must be a glorious thing to be treated in that way by one's tailor.—*The Epoch*.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

Bob Burdette Furnishes an Unwritten Chapter of War History.

"The latest claimant to the honor of being the youngest soldier who enlisted during the war of the rebellion is Rev. Albert C. White, of Amesbury, Mass. He was only nine years and twenty-nine days old when he was mustered in as drummer of Company D, Sixty-fourth Ohio Volunteers. His father, a Lieutenant in the same company, used often to go the rounds with him to beat the taps at night, to keep the lad from falling to sleep."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Well, now, we don't want to ask any impertinent questions, and we don't doubt that Musician White was very young when he enlisted—there were some Brigadier-Generals who didn't know more than a six-year-old boy—but we would like to know, in the name of all that's military, how did they use to beat "taps" in the Sixty-fourth Ohio? Will some veteran of the Sixty-fourth rise and explain how it was that a boy nine years old "went the rounds" at night to beat the "taps"? You see, we infer from this paragraph that it was the practice, in the Sixty-fourth Ohio, for the band to serenade each tent in the camp individually, when beating light taps whereas, in most regiments "taps" is a very simple tune indeed, which the drummer can, and doubtless frequently did, perform without getting out of bed. We had a time one night, in the old Forty-seventh Illinois. We had a little fellow who beat the bass drum in the regimental band. He was very young, but a good natured, happy little chap, and no trouble at all to take care of. He ran away from his home at Peoria, and came to us at Corinth, and enlisted in George Puterbaugh's D Company. Well, one night some F Company fellows stole the drummer's snoring bottle, and we couldn't put him to sleep without it, you know, and of all the—Hey? Hello! Yes. Don't want any more of this youngest soldier business? All right. Good-bye. You think you're running this paper. There goes another good unwritten chapter of the war into the waste basket. We'll dig it out one of these days and send it to the *Cycle*, just the same.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle*.

SHE WAS BUSINESS.

How a Detroit Smart Aleck Trifled With a Widow's Affections.

There was a big excursion from Canada yesterday, and the Third street depot was jam-packed with the foreigners all day. One of Detroit's smart Alecks was hanging around the place, and by and by observed to an acquaintance:

"If you find a smart, sharp widow in the lot who wants a second husband just let me know."

He turned to go, when a woman about thirty-five, well dressed, sharp-nosed and hawk-eyed, tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Mister, I overheard your remark. Do you want a wife?"

"Why—ah—why—ah—" he stammered, when she interrupted him:

"I am a widow. I'm smart. I caught the man a dozen other girls were after. I've turned a forty-acre farm into a mill paying \$2,000 per year. You were inquiring for me."

"Well, ma'am, I—I was only in fun, you know?"

"You didn't mean it?"

"No."

"You are a married man already?"

"Y—yes."

"See here, sh!" she continued as she came closer, "how dare you trifle with my feelings?"

"I—I didn't!"

"Don't add the sin of lying to your other crimes. Who are you, sir?"

"I never meant it, ma'am!"

"Where's the depot policeman, I'll see if I can't come to Detroit on an excursion train without having my affections trifled with! Where's the officer?"

She rushed around to find one, and Smart Aleck took advantage of the break to fly. When she returned and found him gone she gave her bonnet a fresh snarl and said:

"He has escaped. Has he? Well, I want him and all other men to understand that I'm straight business from head to heel, and I don't take anybody's bluff!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Bound to Get Even.

Father—Who is that young man who comes to see you so much?

Daughter—Mr. Chestnut, a young coal dealer from Harlem, papa.

Father—Well, the next time he calls I want to see him.

Daughter—Oh, papa, you won't say any thing you ought not?

Father (quietly but firmly)—I shall order a ton of coal and tell him to charge it.—*N. Y. Sun*.

An Overworked Official.

Citizen (who wants to see a Government official)—Is Mr. So-and-so in?

Clerk—You are too early, sir. Mr. So-and-so is not down town yet. Come back in half an hour.

Citizen (at the expiration of the half hour)—Can I see Mr. So-and-so?

Clerk—You are too late, sir. Mr. So-and-so has gone home for the day.—*Harper's Bazar*.

—A slight suspension bridge was built at Niagara Falls in 1848 and removed in 1854. A new suspension bridge, then the finest in the world, having a span of 821 feet, was completed in 1855. The great suspension bridge across Niagara river, from Niagara Falls to Clifton, Canada, was opened in 1869.

—A new theater curtain is made of canvas with a backing of spongy asbestos. It is kept wound on a roller in a trough of water beneath the stage.

TILLAGE IS MANURE.

An Old Doctrine Which May be Termed an Agricultural Heresy.

We believe that Jethro Till, an English farmer who was born nearly two hundred years ago, is the father of the doctrine embodied in the above title. Deceived by the remarkable results obtained by thorough pulverization of the soil, he came to the conclusion that "the earth, and the earth alone did every thing for vegetation." For years he managed his farm at Shadborn on this principle; with surprising results at first, but failure in the end. His biographer tells us that he struggled hard against the necessity of using manure, but finally, succumbed. Even then he obstinately adhered to his favorite theory, and boldly declared that "its use is not to nourish but to dissolve, that is, divide the terrestrial matter which affords nutriment to the mouth of the vegetable roots."

Scientific agriculture has made considerable progress since Till's time, but there are a great many more believers in this theory to-day than even when Till was living to practice and proclaim it. For years the motto, "good tillage is manure," has stood in the heading of one of the oldest agricultural papers in this country. It is not true in any proper sense, and the use of the expression in this form should be discouraged. All intelligent men now know that tillage is not manure, though it can, under certain conditions, be made to take its place as far as increase of production is concerned. The distinction between the two is as wide as that between light and darkness. Tillage exhausts the soil, manure adds to its fertility. The effect may be the same as to production, but exactly opposite as to the soil. Of course we refer to tillage, in this connection, when employed exclusively.

Every intelligent man advocates good tillage in connection with manure. They are the two essential co-agents of successful agriculture. On rich land tillage is of more importance than manure; on poor land manure is the main thing. On any soil latent plant food is worth absolutely nothing until it is converted into available plant food. What we are all after is money. That is what we want from the land, and the object should be to convert the plant food in the soil into products that will bring in money as fast as possible. How to do this is the greatest question, and really, the one upon which all other questions of management hinge. Manure is costly, and we can't get enough of it to run the farm on strictly "high farming" principles, and make any money. We have got to adopt a rational, common-sense management that draws more money out of the farm than is put into it. It may draw upon the latent resources of the soil; indeed it must do so, but the available fertility can be slowly and constantly increased for an indefinite period. Good tillage, drainage, judicious cropping and returning every thing possible in the shape of manure, will make a poor farm rich; a rich farm richer, and all the time put money in the owner's pocket.—*Ohio Farmer*.

OLD FRUIT CANS.

Two Uses to Which They Are Put by a Wide-Awake Farmer.

I have tried starting melon, cucumber and summer squash seeds in hot beds, by planting the seeds in small blocks of soil, and in various other ways, but they never seemed to start off right when set in the ground. When, however, I adopt the old fruit can plan, I meet with excellent success. I first melt the bottom of the cans off and the sides open; then tie a small cord around the middle, compressing them so that the sides lap about half an inch, and they are ready for business. I make trays to set them on, of one inch board, large enough to hold ten or a dozen of them, tacking a lath around the edges to prevent them from slipping off while being moved about. They are placed close together on the trays and filled two-thirds full of rich soil, and three or four seeds planted in each. The trays are then set in a hot-bed or green-house and the plants soon appear. When they are well up, all but one in each can are removed and the cans are filled nearly full of pulverized rotten manure. They are watered very sparingly, merely enough to keep the soil about the roots moist.

When they get their second leaves well out, they should be gradually hardened off by exposure. When the soil is warm and the weather fairly settled, the plants are to be set out. Open a hole as large as the can, set the can in it and cut the string. The can will spring open a little and is easily removed, and the soil is drawn about and gently pressed against the roots. The main points to be observed in setting these plants out, is to allow the soil in the cans to get quite dry before transferring to the open ground. If it is wet it will often dry into a hard lump and bind the roots of the plant. Do not water the plants; they will get all the moisture they need from the soil, and they will start off at once and grow as nicely as though they never had been moved. If cut worms are abundant it is advisable to set the cans over the plants a few days.

Another use I make of these cans may cause some people to smile, and that is to start early potatoes in the fall. Let those who smile try a dozen or more for a change. Plant a good, live set in each, place them where they will keep warm, transfer them to the garden, and you will be surprised at the earliness of the crop. If you delight in getting ahead of your neighbors in the matter of early potatoes, this is the way to do it.—*Prairie Farmer*.

VISITED BY INDIANS.

A Story of Elizabeth Oakes Smith's Childhood.

Writing from Hollywood, N. C., Elizabeth Oakes Smith tells an interesting story of her childhood's life in Maine. One evening, when her father was at sea and her mother was putting the children to bed, six tall, blanketed Indians stalked into the house. "They gave mother to understand that they wanted fire-water," said the writer. "To this she gave firm answer that she had none—but she would give them something to eat, and brought forward bread, meat, pie and cheese, as are always on hand in a New England pantry. A wildwood appetite is not delicate in kind, and they soon devoured every thing in the house, and the chief stood and scrutinized the brave, handsome face of my mother, as if reading her character. She sat in a high-backed rocking chair with me in her lap, and my sister, two years older, standing behind her, and the young girl upon a stool at her feet. But remembered that they were three-quarters of a mile from any other dwelling, and the night was far spent. At length the chief made her to understand that they would give her a dance, and at once the whole six began going round the room, keeping time to a low, measured chant which they hummed, broken by notes which seemed a yell, at which each gave a leap into the air. The leader held his hand out to me, which I took with a baby giggle, being a little less than a year old. Swinging me upon his shoulder, the dance went on with beat and yell, I shouting and laughing at my best." They went off without doing any mischief, but it was a fearful ordeal for the mother.—*Chicago Journal*.

Built Over Ruins.

As the traveler walks on he perceives that his footsteps are not upon the original ground of Jerusalem, but upon a mass of super-imposed matter which has been strewn over the whole site. History enumerates seventeen captures of the Holy City, eleven of which were attended by sieges more or less destructive. After many of these events the houses then standing were razed to the earth. These were in time succeeded by new houses, which in their turn were overthrown at the next siege, and so on, each capture adding to the accumulation of rubbish. Thus the traveler learns that a compact layer of solid coating, from thirty to fifty feet in thickness, has been by degrees spread over the entire space. Even the valleys and ravines between the several hills on which the city was built have been so far filled up as to have partly lost their special character, as already mentioned. The Tyrophen brook is perhaps the most particular instance. The traveler will have heard of this brook, or read of it in Josephus, as a landmark in the interior of the city, but he will not find it. Nevertheless it was so deep that at its exit from the city at Moriah the bridge-span was more than one hundred feet above its bed. Its course has been traced by the discovery of the arch and by deep excavations here and there which have exposed the bed now overlaid with ruins.—*Palestine Illustrated*.

—The young Emperor of Germany speaks of "my army," "my navy," "my people," "my empire." He has not yet said any thing about "my earth," but it may not be long before he wants it. It will be considerably longer before he gets it.—*Norristown Herald*.

The Steady Hand. The clear head, the vigorous stomach, unbroken slumber, are the priceless possessions of those who do not suffer from nervousness. It is quite possible for you, if your nerves are weak, to conquer them with renewed vigor. Pleasant are the means and easy. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, retire early, rise with the lark, eat regularly, and take plenty of out-door exercise. The Bitters subdues malaria.

A Western newspaper says that two freight cars can so press a man that he won't be over six inches thick at any spot. That's too thin.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

Phenomenal terrors can command more than a minimal fee.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, August 10.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 50	5 25	
Butchers' steers	3 75	5 00	
Native cows	2 50	3 25	
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	5 10	6 40	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70	72	
No. 1 soft	73	74	
CORN—No. 2	36	36 1/2	
OATS—No. 2	30	30 1/2	
RYE—No. 2	30 1/2	31	
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	1 91	2 10	
HAY—Baled	5 50	6 00	
BUTTER—Choice creamery	14	16	
CHEESE—Full cream	9	9 1/2	
EGGS—Choice	10	10 1/2	
BACON—Ham	11 1/2	11 3/4	
Shoulders	6	6 1/2	
Sides	5	5 1/2	
LARD	8	8 1/2	
POTATOES	50	50	
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	5 00	5 50	
Butchers' steers	3 10	4 40	
HOGS—Packing	6 00	6 51	
SHEEP—Fair to choice	5 30	6 21	
FLOUR—Choice	2 50	2 54	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	81 1/2	81	
CORN—No. 2	43 1/2	44	
OATS—No. 2	31 1/2	32 1/2	
RYE—No. 2	41 1/2	42	
BUTTER—Creamery	15	18	
PORK	14 25	15 00	
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 50	5 00	
Packing	3 85	5 00	
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 50	5 00	
FLOUR—Winter wheat	80	80 1/2	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	85	86	
CORN—No. 2	40	40 1/2	
OATS—No. 2	25	25 1/2	
RYE—No. 2	37 1/2	38	
BUTTER—Creamery	15	18	
PORK	14 25	15 00	
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 30	5 00	
HOGS—Good to choice	5 30	6 00	
FLOUR—Good to choice	2 31	5 00	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	15 1/2	16	
CORN—No. 2	15	15 1/2	
OATS—Western mixed	16	16 1/2	
BUTTER—Creamery	18	19	
PORK	14 25	15 00	

The Agonies of Lumbago.

EAST RIVER NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK, March 30, 1898.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony in favor of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Last October I had a very severe attack of lumbago and suffered untold agony; could not turn in bed or get in any position without assistance, and with pains almost unbearable; the folks suggested ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. As soon as possible I had one applied to the small of my back, and to my great surprise I experienced almost instant relief; I continued wearing it until entirely cured, and am happy to say that I have not had the slightest symptoms of Lumbago since. They are a wonderful and valuable plaster for Lumbago, and I take much pleasure in recommending them. W. S. PHILLIPS.

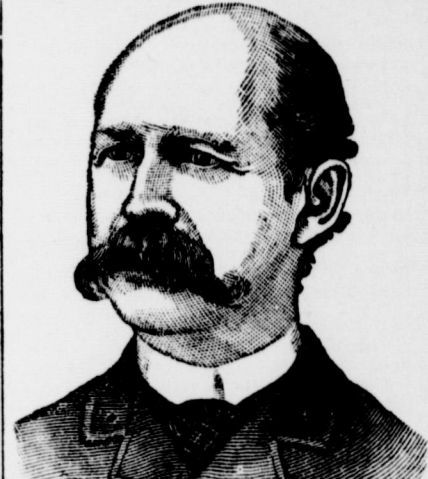
A DEAR man enjoys better health than others. He does not catch every thing that is going.—*N. O. Picayune*.

FABRICS and Cuticles are rendered marvelously white by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

A YOUNG horse always goes faster after being broken. It's the same way with a ten-dollar bill.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

CAUTION

Beware of fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against cheap and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE. GENTLEMEN.

The only call for SEAMLESS shoes smooth inside. NO TACKS or WAX THREAD to hurt the foot. W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 SHOE. The original and only hand-sewed well shoe. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$5 to \$6.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$5.50 POLICE SHOE. Railroad Carriers and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the foot.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$5.50 WORKING-MAN'S SHOE is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$5.50 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best school shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives the small boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button and Laced. If not sold by your dealer, write to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Tutt's Pills

Is an invaluable remedy for

SICK HEADACHE, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, MALARIA, COSTIVENESS, AND ALL BILIOUS DISEASES.

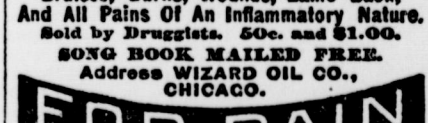
SOLD EVERYWHERE.



WIZARD OIL CURES RHEUMATISM.

Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Lame Back, And All Pains Of An Inflammatory Nature. Sold by Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

SEND BOOK MAILED FREE. Address WIZARD OIL CO., CHICAGO.



FOR PAIN

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Silk and Satin Ribbons FREE!

LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU!

A new gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best of every lady known and appreciated. The privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, yards for its a thousand and one uses, and one of these for which such goods are a real find, and which they, the ladies, use to such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would cost a large bill of exchange, and therefrom many from indulging their taste in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of ribbon remnants of ribbon, yards for its a thousand and one uses, and one of these for which such goods are a real find, and which they, the ladies, use to such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would cost a large bill of exchange, and therefrom many from indulging their taste in this direction. 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BLAINE'S RETURN.

His Foot is Again on Its Native Heath.

Welcomed Amid Shouts of the People and Music by Bands—Mr. Blaine's Reply to the Address of Welcome—He Talks to the People.

New York, Aug. 10.—The steamer Laura Starin, which was substituted for the Sam Sloan, took the Blaine reception party from pier 18 at 7:08 o'clock this morning and reached quayside at 7:45.

The steamer City of New York was boarded five miles off Sandy Hook, while at anchor waiting for high tide to cross the bar, by representatives of the press, who learned that the voyage was a pleasant and uneventful one and that Mr. Blaine was well. Mr. Blaine said he was in excellent health and his trip had renewed his youth.

About eight o'clock the steamer Starin met the City of New York outside the Narrows. The Starin turned about and both vessels slowly steamed up the bay, bow and bow. Cheer after cheer rose from the decks of the Starin, although it was yet impossible to distinguish Mr. Blaine's form among the 2,000 that stood on the foredeck of the huge steamer.

As the vessels neared each other, Mr. Blaine's form was at last made out standing among a group of friends on the upper deck. As cheer after cheer arose Mr. Blaine bowed repeatedly. He was neatly dressed in a dark cutaway coat, light trousers and light derby hat.

The Chicago Blaine clubs had been the first to greet the steamer as it came up the bay, and along under its wings, while the Chicago men cheered. Capped band on the Starin played "Home Again," "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Star Spangled Banner," while advancing up to quarantine. Then both vessels came to anchor, and as the Starin ran over under the side

of the City of New York, Mr. Blaine's face and form were plainly visible to every one on board. Cheer after cheer broke forth, handkerchiefs and flags were waved, cries of "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine," and "no free trade" arose, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

At last at 9:35 o'clock, to the music of "Hail to the Chief," Mr. Blaine got on board the Starin, escorted by Whitehall Reid and Mr. Pool.

Mr. Bartlett delivered the speech of welcome.

Mr. Blaine said in reply:

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Republican Club and fellow citizens: To enable you to appreciate this welcome each and every one of you should be absent from home for the long period of fourteen months. I am sure you can have but little conception of the inspiration I had when I saw the great shores of this Republic. I can not tell you how grateful I am to be remembered by you in this manner. It is a scene I shall never forget. It is an emotion which I assure you I appreciate from the depths of my heart. It is shadowed only by the sad event which greeted us. As the first piece of American news we heard of the death of General Sheridan, a man who was also our friend and stood bravely for the union of the States. (Shouts of "Good.")

With that exception my arrival upon my native shore was unattended by any thing but joy and happiness.

The campaign on which you are about to enter should be prefaced, if that were possible, by every voter in the United States seeing what I have seen—"Good, good," and hearing what I have heard—this morning. (Applause.)

The progress of the campaign in the United States is viewed from the European standpoint with an interest as profound as it is in the United States. It is the opportunity of England that it is the long looked for occasion upon which the cheaper labor and the cheaper fabrics of the old world expect to invade the new and lower the wages of the new world to those of the old. (Applause.)

It is not a contest of partisan against partisan. It is much higher than either of those. It transcends all party motive. (Applause.) Whether the great American citizens who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow shall be so reduced in the emolument from day to day—(applause)—that is the whole pith and moment of this question. Any thing that tends to the reduction of that single point is a weakening of the campaign. (Applause and cries of "Good.") I say here what I hope to say with much more elaboration—loud cheering and cries of "That's what we want!"

Let me say, then, that the wages of the American laborer can not be reduced except with the consent and the votes of the American laborer himself.

The appeal lies to him. It comes to his door and asks him to take the oath of office to the franchise and the great majority of the people in his own hands, he is willing for himself and his associates, his children and his children's children to take that fatal step at the bidding of an American Congress and an American President, who are governed by that element which sought to destroy this Nation.

But, gentlemen, it is not a time for a political speech. My heart is too full to enter at this time on lengthened argument. In this moment of joy, greeting home to old scenes and to old friends, I must be allowed to enjoy the pleasant emotions of the occasion. I can only say my fervent thanks to each and every member of the club and to all my friends for the generous and joyous welcome they have extended to me in the harbor of New York.

While Mr. Blaine was speaking the cabin was crowded to its utmost limits and ears stuck through the transoms with eagerness to hear every word. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. An outbreak of cheering followed the conclusion of his brief speech.

Mr. Blaine said he and his family enjoyed the trip over and that it was on the whole a pleasant one.

The Starin meanwhile was steaming up the North river, with the band playing and its passengers indulging in frequent cheers for Blaine. All along the river it was escorted by the police boat and other vessels, while a constant yell of salutes from the steam whistles of the boats it passed, marked its progress to the pier at Twenty-second and North river, where Mr. Blaine and all on board disembarked. The police landed from the patrol and pre-

served order, while others already stationed at the entrance to it presented the large crowd waiting in the street from entering in. Mr. Blaine was escorted to an open carriage by Messrs. Pool and Bartlett, of the Republican Club, and was at once driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for him.

At Madison Square.

New York, Aug. 11.—Hon. James G. Blaine attended the demonstration in his honor at Madison Square Garden last evening. Mr. Blaine's appearance caused the immense audience to break into an uproar of enthusiasm. Replying to the address of Mr. David Reilly on behalf of New York working men, Mr. Blaine said:

It would be considerable egotism on my part to take this magnificent demonstration as personal, altogether to myself. It rather signifies the great popular interest in the question upon which we are now engaged, the persistent record and an earnest zeal. (Applause.) And you have before you a contest in which that great issue is to be settled by the American people for perhaps an indefinite period, not of war or of the sword. The American people and the President at its close proposed a radical change in the industrial system which has produced that great prosperity, and since that day there has been constant warfare between the commerce and manufactures of the United States. (Applause.)

The question before the American people is whether he and his administration shall be sustained in that movement. I am not a man of the best of the best days of the administration in this country. And you have associated with him a man whom to New Yorkers I need not name, but to you I say that his name is Levi P. Morton (appause); a man of the most generous character, of intelligent comprehension of affairs, of the widest and most statesmanlike views on all the public questions which before the American people. Against this you have two good men, whom I would not speak in terms other than of personal respect. Of their Vice-Presidential candidature I have been a friend of many years, and I am proud to have them in the contest. But I beg you to observe that at a critical period in this country the Vice-President, George M. Dallas, in casting vote in a tied Senate destroyed the protective tariff of 1846. (Applause.)

If you do not remember that fact, I have in a petition to re-elect the vote of George M. Dallas in 1842. Therefore the more amiable and the more able a man may be, the worse will be his influence before the American people. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, I know that in discussing the question of a protective tariff we are always pointing out what England is doing. I have lately been in England for some months, and in English public opinion there was a great difference of opinion upon almost all questions. They are not evenly divided upon what you call the Irish question; they are about divided upon the forcible policy of Gladstone and Salisbury; they are divided upon the continuance of the House of Lords, and they are not absolutely unanimous in support of the Monarchy. (Laughter and applause.) But there is one opinion they are united on, and that is that Hon. George M. Dallas, President of the United States, embodied in his person the real form of revenue and free trade for the United States which they like. (Applause.)

Now, I have no objection to their right of opinion, and I have no objection to their right of action. I would want to speak respectfully of the English, for I have received at their hands very graceful and very cordial hospitality, which I would be a churl not to acknowledge. But I am an American, and I do not want to discuss the question of the American people find their interests in one policy and that the English want to change that policy so as to conform to their interests. And that, gentlemen, is the prime question before you in the next November election.

I am glad that this meeting is called in the name of the laboring people because this question is from first to last, from start to finish, from back to back again, a question of labor. (Loud applause.)

And you will agree to live in as poor a house and eat as poor food and receive as few wages as the people in England receive, we can produce as cheap goods as the American people produce. (Applause.)

Let me say to you, then, that I have no objection to their right of opinion, and I have no objection to their right of action. I would want to speak respectfully of the English, for I have received at their hands very graceful and very cordial hospitality, which I would be a churl not to acknowledge. But I am an American, and I do not want to discuss the question of the American people find their interests in one policy and that the English want to change that policy so as to conform to their interests. And that, gentlemen, is the prime question before you in the next November election.

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MUSTERED OUT.

General Sheridan Gone to Join the Silent Army.

The Heroic Soldier, the Pride of the Army, Succumbs at Last, After a Gallant Struggle, to a Grim Death.

Nonquitt, Mass., Aug. 5.—General Sheridan died at 10:20 p. m. There began to be signs of heart failure at half-past nine o'clock, previous to which there had been no unfavorable indications. The General had been somewhat restless on account of the heat, but seemed generally bright and cheerful to-day. His voice was strong; he took full nourishment and slept occasionally, as usual. The doctors and the family were in hopeful spirits. Mrs. Sheridan and the doctors went to the hotel for supper at seven o'clock, and on returning the usual preparations for the night were made. Colonel Sheridan said "Good night" to his brother about twenty minutes past nine o'clock and went to the hotel.

No apprehension was felt when the bad symptoms appeared. Doctors Matthews and O'Reilly applied the remedies which had been effective in former attacks, but they now had no effect, and the General gradually sank into complete unconsciousness, ending in the quiet cessation of life at 10:20 p. m.

Mrs. Sheridan, the sisters Mahan and Justina and the body servant Klein, were present during the General's last moments.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Philip Henry Sheridan was born March 8, 1831. The biographies published of General Sheridan have given Somerset, Perry County, O., the distinction of being General Sheridan's birthplace. He was born in a small log cabin, but he was not a native of that place. He was born in Ireland, and hence was ineligible to the presidency. General Sheridan stated that he was born in Albany, N. Y., and that his birthplace made in the record at the time of his admission to the West Point Academy led to the inaccuracies in biographical sketches. His parents, who were Irish, upon coming to this country settled in Albany, and then removed to Ohio. General Sheridan was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, graduating in 1853. He was assigned to the infantry and stationed at Fort Mifflin, Pa., for two years and in Oregon Territory from 1855 to 1861, seeing much service during that time in Indian campaigns. He was promoted to a captain in 1861. At the commencement of the civil war he was sent to Texas, and was soon appointed Quartermaster of the army of Southwestern Missouri. In April, 1862, he was made Chief Quartermaster of the Western Department. In May, 1862, he was sent to the front, and was soon appointed Brigadier-General of volunteers. In July, 1862, he was assigned to the command of the eleventh division of the Army of the Ohio. He was engaged successfully in the battles of Pease Run, October 8, 1862; commanded a division in the Army of the Cumberland, and at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862, saved the army from rout by his stubborn resistance. For this service he was promoted to Major-General of volunteers. In the actions attending the investment of Chattanooga he greatly distinguished himself. He led the assault on Missionary Ridge, and being the first to reach the summit, drove the enemy from it. In April, 1864, Lieutenant-General Grant put him in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac. It was in the closing year of the war, in the most severe action of the war, that he was killed. He was put in command of the Army of the Shenandoah, and soon after of the Middle Military Division. For bravery in rallying his routed forces in an action against Early and turning a rout into a victory he made a Brigadier-General of the United States Army. In November, 1864, succeeded General McClellan as Major-General, United States Army. His brilliant service in Virginia forms an important part of the history of the war, with which every one is familiar.

March 25, 1865, he started with General Grant's army from Point of View to strike the final blow against General Lee's army, and pursuing the retreating army, he was instrumental in the capture of the city of Richmond. He was promoted to Lieutenant-General, and had charge of the Western and Southwestern Military divisions, with headquarters at Chicago. While in that command he met the Emperor of the Germans, and in recent days under his direction. He rendered great service to the city of Chicago at the time of the terrible fire of October, 1871, by blowing up buildings to check the progress of the flames, and by distributing blankets and furnishing protection against thieves and incendiaries. For a year from November, 1871, General Sherman having a leave of absence, which he spent in Europe, General Sheridan was in command of the Army of the Shenandoah. When General Sherman was retired on February 8, 1884, General Sheridan succeeded to the command of the army.

On May 23 General Sheridan was taken suddenly ill, and he died at his residence in Washington, D. C., at 10:20 p. m. The symptoms became alarming, and for several days thereafter he hovered between life and death, finally recovering to such an extent that his physicians decided to remove him to Nonquitt, Mass., where he would be better cared for. He would be benefited by the change seemed to do him good, and the daily reports from Nonquitt were encouraging. The physicians even went so far as to hold out some hope for the recovery of the General.

On May 28, while General Sheridan was in a critical condition, a bill passed the Senate reviving the office of General of the Army, with a view of conferring the title on General Sheridan. As the law stood the office would be vacant. General Sheridan, who held it as a retired officer. The bill passed the Senate June 1, and within half an hour it was engrossed and taken to the President, who promptly signed it. On June 2, General Sheridan was notified that he had been reappointed General of the Army, a title which before that time had only been conferred on Grant and Sherman.

General Sheridan's formal record as a soldier, as set down in the War Department's Army Register, is brilliant. In the record kept in the memory of the people few names have been shown with equal luster. He possessed to a marked degree the qualities of a popular hero. He was a brave and dashing soldier and a commander inspired his troops with confidence and courage.

The Potomac River Regatta.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—A Potomac river regatta on Wednesday afternoon promises to be one of the most interesting ever rowed on the Potomac. The entries, which closed Friday, embrace some of the strongest clubs and the best individual oarsmen in the United States, and every race promises to be a good one. Mr. Henry W. Garfield, of New York, president of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, has been selected to act as referee. The Potomac and Columbia, of Washington; Spas, of Annapolis; Poets, of Cornell College; Crescents, Fairmounts, and Ionias, of Philadelphia, and Ariels, of Baltimore, will be represented.

Another Tenement Cremation.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—At ten minutes past five o'clock yesterday morning the four-story tenement house at 103 Avenue A, caught fire. The family of Gustave Berg, who lived on the top floor, were burned to death. They were Gustave Berg, forty years; his wife, thirty-eight; his mother-in-law and his twelve-year-old daughter, Libby. The other occupants of the building were Pete Block, John Rubin, Samuel Stern, Thomas Fitzgerald and Oliver Lichter. All their furniture was burned, but they escaped. The building was owned by Peter Block. It was not until after all the people living in the house, except the Berg family, had gotten safely out that a fire engine arrived.

IMMIGRATION INVESTIGATION.

How Europeans Have Huddled Together in Pennsylvania.

New York, Aug. 8.—The Congressional committee investigating the immigration question was somewhat slow in getting to work yesterday and it was nearly eleven o'clock before proceedings were commenced with Mr. Calclaser, of the Philadelphia Record, on the stand, but before his testimony was resumed Mr. Ford stated that the committee would adjourn temporarily to go down the bay to board the Italian steamer India. The committee and members of the press then started for the large office to take the revenue cutter to quarantine to meet the ship. The committee was doomed to disappointment, however, for when the steamer was boarded at quarantine it was found she carried only five steerage passengers, an Austrian, instead of the 400 or so Italians expected. This, coupled with the fact that the Alexandria, which arrived last Sunday, had only one Italian steerage passenger, is considered significant.

The Commission returned to the city and resumed its session, when John Webb, a workman of Bridgeport, appeared. He had come from England and knew of bringing help over here. He knew of eight men brought over by them. There were many more drawers idle in this city already, four of whom he knew.

Then the testimony of Mr. Calclaser, of the Philadelphia Record, was resumed. He had called on Dr. John Lees, of Bridgeport, last Sunday, referring to the Bedford case, and he had proposed to bring the men from England to run one of his own machines. He had offered a man \$2,500 to come here and manage the mill. Witness said that in Pennsylvania coal fields he had found by personal observation and otherwise that fully two-thirds of the men employed in the collieries were Italians, Hungarians and Poles. The common laborers of these nationalities received only from fifty cents to \$1.15 per day. Their mode of living in the mining regions was fully as bad as here except that nature gave them pure air. As an example he described one small barn-like building in which forty Italians were huddled together at Honeybrook. The Italians lived on about forty cents a day, but with free labor they could get fifty cents. Mr. Jones, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, had told him of a statement made to him by J. H. Sawyer, a prominent operator, that the operators in 1877 formed a combination by which they agreed that two things should be done—first, open more coal fields than were necessary to supply the market; and second, to keep a supply of foreign labor here so that there would always be a surplus. In fifteen years the rate of wages had decreased fifty per cent, but the price of coal had remained the same.

A DESPERATE DEED.

Brutal Assault Upon an Old Farmer in Kansas.

MORAN, Kan., Aug. 9.—The perpetration of a crime that has not a parallel in the history of the county has served to arouse the most intense excitement among the inhabitants of this little town and the surrounding country. One day last week Columbus Carter made an assault upon an old farmer named Chrysler that can only be compared to the attack of a mad dog. Carter was without weapons but he used his teeth and hands with terrible effect. Evidently with an insane desire to kill his victim he bit one of Chrysler's ears partly off, chewed off his nose, gouged out one of his eyes and partially destroyed the sight of the other. As a result, Chrysler's face presents a spectacle that is simply sickening. He is sixty years old and is not expected to live. Yesterday a warrant was sworn out for Carter and he was arrested and taken to the residence of Justice Mattox, just outside the town, for his preliminary hearing. Before the trial began, however, the officer having the prisoner in charge became alarmed at the old farmer's growl, and he had been collected and conveyed him to the village. Hardly had the two started ere the crowd that had then assumed the proportions of a mob began shooting at Carter. Driven to desperation by fear he begged the officer, "For God's sake," to give him a pistol with which to defend himself. His request was complied with, and the turning upon his pursuers he fired with deadly aim. One man threw his arms above his head and fell to the ground wounded or dead. His name was not learned. The mob was thus temporarily checked and the officer succeeded in getting his prisoner into the town. He is now supposed to be secreted in a lively stable owned by Messrs. Riggs & Ray. Moran is filled with angry and excited men, and although it is probable that Carter will probably die at a rope's end.

RAILROAD WRECK.

Serious Wreck on an Indiana Road—Many Injured.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 9.—A mixed train on the Fairland branch of the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis & Chicago railway was thrown from its rails yesterday morning near Morgan, by a broken rail. The baggage car and the signal passenger coach rolled down a thirty foot embankment and every person in the car with one exception received injuries. No one was killed outright but one or two were seriously injured. The seriously injured are: Thomas Stonerville, conductor; three Irish brokens; Mrs. Bund, Beancastle, arm broken and injured about head; Mrs. Trewell, Cartersburg, collar bone broken; Mrs. Hancock, Morgantown, injured in the thigh; Jacob Eckert, Indianapolis, internal injuries, probably fatal; Mrs. Will Morton, Indianapolis, bruised about head and her three children were also injured; J. G. Croft, Martinsville, broken jaw; William Pierson, Rushville, head cut; Mrs. Rozinnous, Indianapolis, bruised about head and shoulders and her daughter was very badly cut; H. S. Matthews, badly injured in hip; Mrs. Lyons, Louisville, Ky., back sprained and seriously cut about head and eyes; Mrs. C. Goyns, Morgantown, spine injured; T. L. O'Connell, Morgantown, head and shoulders cut; Charles Eckert, arm cut off, eye gone and face badly cut, may die. He lives in Indianapolis.

Crack Bob Garrett.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—Robert Garrett's condition did not change appreciably yesterday. Last Saturday night he became violent, tried to jump out of the window, and cried for help when he was restrained by his attendants. Two men on the street heard his cries and rushed into the hotel, but were relieved of their excitement by the necessary explanations. Since then the patient has been quiet, in part naturally and to a degree in consequence of the use of anodynes.

A Texas Wreck.

WACO, TEX., Aug. 8.—The south bound Texas Central train was wrecked six miles west of here at nine o'clock last night and several of the passengers were injured, the fireman seriously hurt and the engineer instantly killed. The wreck was caused by persons deliberately placing obstructions upon the track in such a manner as to secure the derailment of the train. The work was done by skillful hands and showed a thorough knowledge of railroading, the bars of a cattle guard near by being torn up and fastened on the rail after the manner of a frog, so as to force one wheel up above the track, while the other would be wedged from the rail.

INDIANA REPUBLICANS.

Platform Adopted by the State Convention—The Ticket Nominated.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 9.—The Republican State convention met in this city yesterday and organized by electing ex-Congressman Calkins chairman. The platform is as follows:

The Indiana people prize the principles of the Union and rally the action of the National convention held at Chicago in June last. Reaffirming allegiance to the principles and policy of the Republican party we pledge to the President and Vice-President a united and successful support. The electoral votes of Indiana will be given for Harrison and Morton.

In commending Benjamin Harrison to the Indiana people and rally the action of the National convention held at Chicago in June last. Reaffirming allegiance to the principles and policy of the Republican party we pledge to the President and Vice-President a united and successful support. The electoral votes of Indiana will be given for Harrison and Morton.

The National platform expresses the faith of the party upon National questions. On the questions before the Republicans of Indiana we declare:

Crimes against equal ballot and equal representation are destructive of free government. Congressional and unfair apportionment for Congressional and Legislative purposes made at the behest of the Liquor League of Indiana, followed by conspiracy and forgery upon the election returns of 1881 in Marion County, for a number of prominent Democratic party leaders were indicted and tried, two of whom are now suffering the penalty of their acts, demands the rebuke of every patriotic citizen.

After denouncing the methods of the last Legislature of the State by which a United States Senator was chosen, the resolutions continue:

We favor placing all public institutions under a law and honestly administered Civil Service.

Labor is the foundation of the State. It must be free, well-paid and intelligent to remain honorable, prosperous and dignified.

In the interests of labor we favor the establishment and permanent maintenance of a bureau of labor statistics. We favor the passage and strict enforcement of the laws which will absolutely prevent the competition of imported servile, convict or contract labor of all kinds. We favor laws which prohibit the employment of children in factories and mines; guarantee to workmen the most favorable service, especially proper safe guards for life and comfort in mines and factories, on railroads and in all hazardous occupations; to secure which the duties and powers of the State Mine Inspector should be enlarged and provision made whereby only skilled and competent men can be placed in positions where they may be in control of the safety of others; enforce the contract and frequent payment of wages; abridge the hours of labor wherever practicable, and provide for the submission to just and impartial arbitration under regulations that will make the arbitration effective all controversies between workmen and their employers.

The right of wage-workers to organize for the legitimate promotion of their mutual good can not be questioned.

A just and equitable enforcement of the law is the only sure defense of the rights of the people. It is the highest duty of the State and local Governments to administer all the laws for the protection of life and property, and the violation of this function to private and personal agencies is dangerous to the public peace and subversive of proper legal authority. Railway and other public corporations should be subjected to control through the legislative power that creates them, their undue influence in legislation and courts, and the imposition of unnecessary burdens upon the people through illegitimate increase of stock or capital should be summarily prevented.

Politics and legislation must be kept free from the influence of the saloon. The liquor traffic must obey the law. We favor legislation upon the principle of local option, whereby the various communities should be left to their own choice, and the State may as they shall deem best either control or suppress the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

We congratulate the people of the State upon the indications of a prosperity that is being maintained despite all foreign influences. The rapid utilization of natural gas has greatly stimulated the industrial interests of the commonwealth, and rendered more essential the continuance of that economic system under which our marvelous advancement has been achieved. The government of the Democratic State administration has officially acknowledged and its repayment provided for. Like hostile Democratic action has also prevented the return to our State treasury of \$30,750.41 discount and interest on war loan bonds, rendered necessary to equip and maintain the volunteer soldiers who went out under the first call for troops in 1861. More than a million and a half dollars justly due the State are thus withheld in the presence of an increasing Federal surplus and of a practically bankrupt State treasury caused by the incompetence of the Democratic State administration. The platform was unanimously adopted amidst cheers.

After adopting the platform the convention nominated the following ticket: Governor, Alvin P. Hovey; Lieutenant-Governor, Ira J. Chase; Secretary of State, Charles F. Griffin; Auditor, Bruce Carr; Treasurer, Julius A. Lemack; Attorney-General, Lewis T. Michener; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Harvey M. LaFollette; Reporter Supreme Court, John L. Griffiths; Judges Supreme Court, Silas T. Coffey, John G. Berkshire, Walter Olds; Electors-at-Large, General Thomas H. Nelson and General James M. Shackelford.

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FISK AND BROOKS.

The Prohibition Candidates for President and Vice-President Write Letters of Acceptance.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—The letters of acceptance of the National Prohibition party candidates for President and Vice-President are made public this afternoon. The letter of General Clinton B. Fisk, candidate for President, is dated at Searbright, N. J., July 25. The opening paragraph expresses a grateful sense of the honor conferred upon him by the Indianapolis convention and formally accepts the nomination. It then proceeds as follows:

What law creates, law alone can kill. The creature of law, the saloon, the liquor traffic, can die only at the law's hands, or at the law's executor. Conceived in avowed iniquity, born of sinful legislative wickedness, this monster saloon, the parent of crime, the child of a civilization must go forever branded with the scarlet letter of its own shame.

It is not enough that we reform the individual; we must reform the State. The policy of great commonwealths of a whole people must be made and put in harmony with economic principles, the true co-operation of industrial effort, the essential conditions of a National prosperity, and genuine brotherhood of man. So great a demand as this can be met in but one way. It has been well said: "A political reformer becomes a fact in Government through a political party that administers Government."

A reform so vast as this demands an inviolable such radical change in State and National policy, is utterly dependent for its agitation and consummation upon some party, agent or force. The National Democratic party in its platform utters no word of condemnation of the creature for the Republic. The liquor traffic that party having steadfastly in its utterance at National conventions maintained its alliance to the American saloon it was no disappointment to any that the National Prohibition party affirmed its old position on this, the greatest question now being debated among men. It was with great reluctance that I accepted these conclusions and came to admit the necessity of a party of a whole people. The party of my choice, the National Republican party, maintained its organization. It cost me the sacrifice of cherished associations, when four years ago I enrolled myself in the ranks of party Prohibitionists, under the flag of Prohibition, bleached snowy white by the tears of a million women and children, through generations of sorrow and want. I have seen no hour of regret. Every day since then has shown me more clearly the logic of my course. I have seen the truth of my conclusions. In Michigan, in Texas, in Tennessee and Oregon so-called non-partisan efforts to establish Prohibition have failed. Through party action, necessarily born of liquor, the party in old party composition. In Iowa, Rhode Island and Maine the laws are shamelessly defied for like reason. The entire trend of things these last four years has shown us the broader range of Prohibition through party partisan means and others equally futile and as a final consummation the narrow methods of local option and local license, while from the Supreme Court itself a ruling has started emphasizing a declaration so national in scope that it can never be made of local or State organization again.

The first concern of good government, said the recent Republican National convention at Chicago, is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home. Revenue, then, is not the Government's chief concern, whether coming from internal taxation or from a tariff on importations; and any source of revenue which discounts "the virtue and sobriety of the people" and begets impurity in the home should be the first object assailed by every party professing to seek good government; while the revenue derived from such a source should be the first to be forewarned—not necessarily for the sake of a protective tariff, but positively for the sake of protection dearer and more vital than the tariff can ever yield. Had I not left the Republican party many years ago, I should be compelled to leave it now, when, after reading the words I have quoted, from a resolution supplemental to but not included in its platform, and finding in these words my own idea of government, "the virtue and sobriety of the people" and the purity of the home, I search the long platform through in vain to find condemnation of the saloon, or hint of purpose to assail it, or any sign of moral conscience that the saloon is a curse and its income too unholy for the Nation to share. If the "chief concern" has not a place in a party's platform and a party has no policy as to that "chief concern" that party does not deserve the support of men who love good government and would see the saloon destroyed.

The Prohibition party's "chief concern" is for the purity of the home and the virtue of sobriety of a people. That party is not labor's true friend who would ban the importation of pauperism from abroad, or close the tariff door of competition to pauperism industry, and then by a liquor system perpetuate the manufacture of paupers and criminals in our midst, with whom honest labor must compete, and whom largely honest labor must support.

The letter closes with a review of the principles of Prohibition.

DR. BROOKS' ACCEPTANCE.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—The letter of Dr. John A. Brooks accepting the Vice-Presidential nomination on the Prohibition ticket was made public to-day. After acknowledging the honor conferred upon him he denounced in the strongest terms monopolies and trusts which, he says, are against the whole revision of the tariff. He says the country will hold each of the great political parties to its platform, and that the platform of the Prohibition party is the only one that does not hesitate to declare the surplus in the treasury a constant menace to the business interests of the country. The propriety of removing the tax from whisky, he says, must depend altogether upon the purpose intended to be accomplished by such removal. The tariff itself pleads the right to existence upon grounds of "national obligation" by the Government and the revenue it pays into the public treasury. Strike down this defense and an outraged public would not long suffer its continuance. The Prohibition party would strike off the tax that it may the sooner destroy the traffic. The purpose of the Republican party in repeal of the tax is to reduce the revenue that they may not have to surrender any part of our protective system. Prohibitionists would take this arch criminal out of prison to hang him. Every Christian will approve the motive prompting the one and denounce the other as the condemnation of human selfishness and infamy. The protection of American labor and the interests of the country commands itself to the majority of the people, but of infinitely more importance is the protection of our homes.

Labor Parties United.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 7.—At a meeting of representatives of the labor parties held in this city yesterday it was agreed to unite upon the candidates of the Union Labor party for President and Vice-President.

Levi P. Morton.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Concerning Levi P. Morton's reported retirement from the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, inquiries at the office of Morton, Bliss & Co. elicited the statement that he was elected a director about a year ago to fill a place temporarily in the board until a selection could be made of a suitable Canadian director. Since the election he had never attended a meeting of the board or exercised any of the functions of a director. His resignation was forwarded to the board in the early part of the summer and his place will be filled at to-day's meeting in Montreal.

Two Maine fishermen have been captured and taken to St. Andrews, N. B., for fishing in Canadian waters.