

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOL. XVI.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

NUMBER 8.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gleaned by Telegraph and Mail.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

GENERAL THOMAS F. BOURKE, a well-known Irish agitator, died recently at New York.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD has been re-elected president of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. LOUISE RECTOR, wife of a Chicago hotel man, died the other day. It was in her room and in her own bed that President Lincoln breathed his last. One of the interesting relics owned by Mrs. Rector was the pillow upon which he died.

GENERAL CORONA, ex-Minister to Spain and Governor of the State of Jalisco, Mexico, was stabbed to death recently by a madman while on his way to a theater at Guadalajara.

The official returns from sixty counties received at the Secretary of State's office indicate that the plurality of Lampson, Republican, for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, will be 131. The Republicans elect all the State ticket except Governor.

COLONEL ALFRED RHETT, son of the late United States and Confederate Senator Barwell Rhett, died at Charleston, S. C., on the 12th, aged sixty years, of congestive chills. He was a Harvard graduate, became a Colonel in the Confederate army and commanded Fort Sumter when it was unsuccessfully attacked by the Monitor fleet.

GOVERNOR FRANCIS and Editor Jones, of St. Louis, left that city for Washington to establish a St. Louis World's Fair bureau to work on Congress.

A Special from Lima, O., announces that Calvin S. Brice, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, has announced that he will be a candidate for the United States Senatorship from Ohio.

The nephew of John Bright was a recent caller on the President.

The Pan-American delegates returned to Washington on the 13th.

WILLIAM LIVESSEY has been appointed State Treasurer of Pennsylvania for the unexpired term of the late Treasurer Hart.

The Democratic city committee of Richmond, Va., has adopted a resolution calling on the city authorities to discharge all colored men in the employ of the city government.

The President and ex-Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, left for a ducking expedition in Maryland on the 13th to be gone for several days. The exact scene of the hunting ground was not known as Mr. Harrison desired to escape altogether from business.

It was rumored in Washington that an investigation into the workings of the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury is about to be inaugurated that will probably occasion the arrest of prominent outside parties for complicity in the corrupt location of various public buildings in the East and South.

The Democratic contestant to the seat lately occupied by Judge Wolfe at Butte, Mont., stepped into the office. His Republican opponent went to the Supreme Court to get a writ of mandamus.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The strike of the freight conductors and engineers on the Peoria, Decatur & Evansville road was reported ended by a compromise.

An explosion of flash powder occurred at the chemical manufacturing establishment of Wiley & Wallace, Philadelphia, by which three men were instantly killed, one fatally injured and another seriously injured.

GOVERNOR TOOLE has called a session of the Montana Legislature for November 23.

The gross earnings of the entire Santa Fe system for September, this year, were \$2,691,549, an increase over September of last year of \$148,477; the net earnings \$977,724; an increase of \$275,982.

ROBERT BONNER has purchased the great three-year-old Sunol from Senator Stanford, of California. Sunol recently trotted a mile in the unparalleled time for a three-year-old of 2:10.

The cotton oil trust officers have resigned.

W. BEHAN, dealer in hardware and furniture at Texarkana, Tex., made a general assignment. Liabilities estimated at \$100,000.

The Soliel, of Paris, says that the recent interview between the Czar and Prince Bismarck during his Majesty's visit to Berlin resulted in a decision to oust Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria from the rulership of the country.

The people of the Transvaal, South Africa, are in dire distress for want of food, consequent upon drought. JOE NELSON, a saloonkeeper, killed two negroes who were threatening his life at Shelby Depot, Miss., recently.

"OLD HATCH," chief of the Putes, was killed by "Cowboy" and another Indian recently in the Blue mountain range near Durango, Col. The two latter Indians were slain by Old Hatch's friends and a bloody feud was imminent. The trouble occurred over the possession of a blanket.

JOHN P. KUNZE, the Cronin suspect, is out in a letter to a Chicago paper denying that he has confessed participation in the murder or knows anything about it.

The pig iron market at Glasgow, Scotland, still displays great activity and prices are higher all around.

EVERY member of the Executive Council of Newfoundland was defeated in the recent election in that province. QUITE a list of postmasters whose predecessors were removed by the President was announced on the 12th. The most important was William H. Sinclair at Galveston, Tex.

The Northern Pacific directors have declared a dividend of one per cent, payable January 15.

The reported resignation of Minister to Mexico Ryan was declared to be a canard.

A DELEGATION of the Baltimore Catholic congress visited President Harrison on the 12th.

MARSH fires started from burning dead grass are doing great damage in the vicinity of Brandon, Wis.

It is reported in Milwaukee, Wis., that a dastardly attempt to blow up the mission kindergarten in that city was made last week and only failed by accident.

The United States Supreme Court has resorted to heroic measures to catch up with its business. Ten cases are called each day.

MISS GERTRUDE KIMBALL, a Brooklyn (N. Y.) society belle and member of several of Brooklyn's amateur dramatic societies, committed suicide at Woodhaven recently by shooting herself through the heart, probably because of a love affair.

The Serbian Government has arranged for a loan of \$5,000,000 francs at Vienna.

JOSEPH M. HILLMAN was hanged at Woodbury, N. J., recently for the murder of Pedler Seideman November 7, 1888. The crime was committed for money.

The Kentucky Classical and Business College at North Middleton, Ky., was entirely destroyed by fire the other morning, the pupils barely escaping. Loss, \$40,000; insurance, \$7,500.

The French party of the Right has decided to regulate its course in the Chamber of Deputies by the policy of the Government.

MR. BOYLE, editor of the London Chronicle, is dead.

The Sultan of Turkey has sanctioned the location of a chapel at Bethlehem for the use of Protestant pilgrims.

The Sultan of Zanzibar refuses to reimburse the German East African Company for losses suffered by the company because of the recent revolt. More than this, he demands payment of the subsidy promised him by the company for the first experimental year of its operations.

The Union Pacific has announced that for 1890 annual half-rate permits will be issued to all ministers of religion.

It is stated on good authority that the Rock Island has completed satisfactory arrangements for competing with the Northwestern-Union Pacific combination.

ADDITIONAL DISPATCHES.

The Hickory Ridge coal mine near Shamokin, Pa., owned by ex-Congressman W. L. Scott, has been shut down indefinitely because of dullness in the Western coal trade.

SIXTY-FIVE persons were recently on trial at Wadowice, Austria, charged with swindling peasants by inducing them to emigrate to America by false statements and obtaining commissions on their passage money.

OWING to the increased amount of business on the Rio Grande main line, many improvements and increased facilities have been necessitated during the past season.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany arrived at Innsbruck on the 14th. Emperor Francis Joseph received them on the platform of the railway station and embraced and kissed the Emperor William. He then kissed the hand of the Empress.

THREE men were killed and several injured by a collision between a special theatrical train and a switch engine near Canton, Miss., the other day. The operator at Canton was to blame.

The next session of the National W. C. T. U. has been set for Atlanta, Ga. GOVERNOR FRANCIS of Missouri called upon Mayor Grant of New York City on the 14th.

The Chief Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court, W. N. H. Smith, died at Raleigh recently.

The Bohemian Diet has declared vacant the seats of all members who have been absent without leave since the opening of the session. The action was aimed at the German members of the Diet.

By an explosion of a blast in the rock being removed by railroad constructors fifteen miles east of Butte, Mont., the other day, five men were killed and two others fatally injured.

ADMIRAL GIERARDI has been ordered to the West Indies again on business for the Navy Department.

The Turkish Government has decided to maintain a strong military and naval force in Crete to suppress any agitation.

A CALIFORNIA vineyard owner states that the men who produce raisins will make fortunes this year, the Malaga crop being a failure.

The majority of the master bakers in London decided to give their men the ten hour day demanded and a strike was probably averted.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

A Big Mortgage Filed.

The Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern Railroad Company filed a mortgage for \$7,500,000 at Topeka, recently, in favor of the New York Security & Trust Company. This road has 360 miles of main track, which runs north-west through Kansas into Nebraska. The mortgage runs for 100 years and bears five per cent interest, payable semi-annually. Extensions and repairs are the main objects of the mortgage.

A Proposed Meeting of Stock Raisers.

A convention has been called to meet in Topeka, January 8, to be composed of persons specially engaged in raising horses, cattle, sheep or swine for market. The object of the convention is to consider the present depressed condition of the live-stock industry and suggest means and measures of relief. The State Board of Agriculture will be in session at the time and that will insure the presence in Topeka then of a considerable number of farmers and stockmen from different parts of the State.

The Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court is now in session at Topeka. Among the interesting cases that will come up at this term is the Kearney county-seat case; also the case of the State vs. Fortner, treasurer of Riley County, who, it is alleged, refuses to obey the orders of the County Commissioners to allow his books to be inspected and his cash to be counted, as required by law. A local fight of long continuance makes this controversy a rather complicated one.

Kansas State Banks.

Secretary of State Higgins has prepared and forwarded to the Comptroller of the Currency a consolidated statement of the condition of the State banks of Kansas for the six months ending June 29, 1889. The statement will be published in the eleventh census. Out of nearly 1,000 chartered State banks but 198 have made reports to the Secretary of State, as required by law. The law has not made it the duty of any officer to see that these reports are filed, and in consequence, the law is not complied with. The report is, therefore, incomplete and does not make a fair showing for the State in comparison with other States. The aggregate capital stock of the 198 banks reporting is \$8,191,521.10; surplus, \$649,169.11; undivided profits, \$1,421,330.37; deposits, \$10,677,304.24; loans and discounts, \$13,726,774.42; cash, \$2,753,044.85.

Kansas Sons of Herman.

The Grand Lodge of the Sons of Herman of Kansas held its annual session at Atchison. Among other business transacted was the adoption of a new constitution and the election of a new set of grand officers, as follows: President, Abe Zahn, Atchison; first vice-president, F. Harbolt, Pittsburg; second vice-president, Jacob Huff, Leavenworth; secretary, Charles F. Goodrich, Atchison; treasurer, O. Zimmermann, Wichita.

A Noble Undertaking.

The Typographical Union of Topeka has undertaken a noble task in proposing to build, with such aid as others may give, an appropriate monument to Governor John A. Martin, himself a practical printer from boyhood, and during his whole life a friend of printers.

Prepared for His Suicide.

W. T. Faxon committed suicide at Lawrence recently by shooting through the head. He was an old resident and settled there in 1856. He made extensive preparations for committing the deed, having bought a lot in the cemetery and purchased a coffin beforehand. He was very well connected in the city and State.

An Absconding County Treasurer.

A letter was received at Manhattan a few days ago from James M. Fortner, county treasurer of Riley County, stating that he was at Windsor, Ont., having gone there on the 5th of November to escape arrest for having embezzled the county funds. The county commissioners estimate that the shortage will amount to \$30,000. Fortner speculated considerable in real estate, and during his term of office he built two store buildings, one at Manhattan and one at Des Moines, Ia. It is supposed that the county's money went into these enterprises. Fortner's bond amounts to \$135,000, and his property has all been turned over to the bondsmen.

Shot a Hall-keeper.

Two policemen attempted to arrest a crowd of rioters at Hutchinson, when some of the crowd seized the club of one of the officers and began belaboring him over the head. Thereupon the officer pulled a small pistol and shot twice, one of the balls taking effect in the head of Tom Archer, proprietor of a billiard hall. Archer was in a critical condition.

Betrayed by a Friend.

About a month ago C. M. Linwood, a desperate convict confined in the Colorado penitentiary at Canon City for highway robbery, made his escape and went to Leavenworth, where he lived with friends. A reward was offered for his capture, which came to the notice of one of the parties he was staying with. Marshal Doane of Leavenworth was notified, and Linwood was arrested. On learning of the action of his supposed friend in giving him away, Linwood completely broke down and acknowledged his true character, and expressed his willingness to return to Colorado and serve the rest of his term, which is three years.

KANSAS THANKSGIVING.

The Proclamation Issued by Governor Humphrey.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 13.—Governor Humphrey has issued his Thanksgiving Proclamation as follows:

STATE OF KANSAS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, TOPEKA, Nov. 11.—The President of the United States, by proclamation, has recommended that Thursday, the 28th day of November be set apart as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer. The people of Kansas, ever mindful of their dependence upon Divine Providence, have special cause for grateful recognition of the many blessings vouchsafed to them during the closing year. Abundant harvests have rewarded the toil of the husbandman. Other industries as a rule have been like wise favored. Peace, order and contentment have prevailed within the borders of the commonwealth. We have enjoyed immunity from pestilence, famine and disaster or disturbance of whatever kind. Prosperity has attended us in all things which concern our happiness as a State and people.

Now, therefore, I, Lyman U. Humphrey, Governor of the State of Kansas, in accordance with the proclamation of the President, do hereby designate Thursday, November 28, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and recommend that in the proper observance thereof we cease from our usual avocations on that day, and in our usual places of worship and in our homes let us render thanks and praise to Almighty God for His infinite goodness, improving His continued guidance and favor unto our State and Nation. And let us prove our thankfulness on that day by remembering and liberally providing for the poor and less fortunate in the proper observance thereof. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the State. Done at the city of Topeka, this day, November 11, A. D. 1889.

By the Governor, LYMAN U. HUMPHREY, WILLIAM HIGGINS, Secretary of State.

VISITED THE PRESIDENT.

An Address Presented to the President Inviting Him to Attend the Catholic Congress.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The committee from the Catholic congress in session at Baltimore waited on the President yesterday by appointment and presented him with an address. The committee consisted of the following named gentlemen: Joseph J. O'Donohue, of New York; John Byrne, of Ohio; John D. Kelly, of New York; B. T. Buval, of Arkansas; Daniel A. Rudd, of Ohio; Anthony Kelley, of Minnesota; M. Glennan, of Virginia; James R. Coleman, of Louisiana; R. C. Kerens, of Missouri; John Guerin, of Illinois, and Alexander H. Morse, of Washington. The President received them cordially and listened carefully to the reading of the addresses.

In reply, the President said he appreciated the compliment paid him by the visit as well as the truth of the sentiments expressed in the address in regard to the fidelity of the Catholics of the United States to the Constitution and laws of the country. He regretted that his official duties would prevent his attending the session of the congress in Baltimore, but he thought he would promise them that he would be present at the opening of the Catholic university near this city. The committee returned to Baltimore in the afternoon, well pleased with the visit.

MISS WILLARD'S DONATIO.

She Gives the Profits of Her Book to the W. C. T. U.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Miss Frances E. Willard was re-elected president of the National W. C. T. U. The vote was practically unanimous, since on the informal ballot but nine votes were cast for Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, who represents the non-partisan element in the convention.

Miss Willard said that she had been told about the vote and felt sure that many ladies had voted for her who were not in entire sympathy with her methods. She took this to mean that they expected her to try to keep peace. She said she would try in every way to keep peace, yet clinging to the light that shone upon the W. C. T. U. She felt that she was put under blessed restraint by what had been done. She was glad that the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home" as she was coming on the platform because that was really the anthem of the white ribbon army.

At the conclusion of a prayer meeting Miss Willard said that from the sale of her book "Glimpses of Fifty Years," there remained due her a balance of \$2,900, which she would donate to the W. C. T. U.

OFFER FOR THE STRIP.

Williamson, Blair & Co.'s Offer to Lease the Cherokee Strip For Ten Years.

TAHLEQUAH, I. T., Nov. 13.—Chief Mayes yesterday afternoon sent to the Senate the bid of Williamson, Blair & Co., of Independence, Mo., for an extension of the grazing privileges on the Cherokee lands west of the Arkansas river. In submitting the message he said that a representative of the company would be here in a few days and the Legislature could investigate the reliability of the company. The syndicate asked for the exclusive grazing privileges of what is known as the Cherokee Strip land, owned by the Cherokees as a Nation, for the full term of ten years, commencing January 1, 1894, and expiring December 31, 1903, and for in consideration of such privileges and occupancy of the land for those purposes they agreed and bound themselves and their heirs that they would faithfully pay the Cherokee Nation the annual sum of \$500,000 for the first five years and the annual sum of \$720,000 for the second five years, to be paid semi-annually in advance on February and August 1 of each year.

DR. CRONIN'S EFFECTS.

The Finding of Dr. Cronin's Clothes, Surgical Case, and Other Articles in a Sewer Catch-Basin Lends Fresh Interest to the Celebrated Murder Trial.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—The sensation in connection with the all-absorbing Cronin case still centers in the finding of the surgical case and clothes of the murdered physician, and the forging of another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence that clanks ominously around



the conspirators. For some time complaints have been made to the sewer department of the Lake View station that the sewer at the intersection of Evanston avenue and Buena avenue was flush and running over. Two or three sewer cleaners were detailed to investigate the cause of this trouble. Michael Gilbert was foreman of the cleaning gang, Mike Reeson was one of his assistants, and W. W. McMillan had charge of a flushing wagon that was taken along to expedite their operations. The three men raised the cover of the man-hole and Reeson was lowered into the hole. He had scarcely reached the bottom when he shouted back that he had found a box. A moment later an oblong box twelve inches long and nearly as broad was



hauled out of the filth. Although greatly befouled the box showed evidences of having been varnished and polished, and a brass handle in its center showed that it had been carried like a satchel. Gilbert and McMillan opened the box. One glance at the contents convinced the men that they had at last found the clothing and instruments which Dr. Cronin had carried with him to his death. There was an assortment of extension splints with which Dr. Cronin had provided himself in anticipation of having to set a fractured leg when he reached O'Sullivan's ice-house. Then came a satchel and a bundle of clothing.



The men delved deeper into the filthy mass and found another satchel, the iron framework of which only remained, and which contained a bundle of clothing. A case of surgical instruments, the steel of which was heavily coated with rust, was drawn from the clothing. One of the men summoned the officers of the Sheffield Avenue station and twenty minutes later a patrol wagon, manned by six officers, dashed over the Evanston road. The bundle of clothing, the instrument box and the satchels were loaded on the stretcher and carried to the station-house and thence to Superintendent Hubbard's office. Here a more careful examination was made of the parcels. The leather satchel, after having been submitted to a bath under a hydrant, was opened, and the first thing the superintendent drew from it was a book that had swollen to more than twice its original size. Through the dirt on the fly leaf the name "Dr. P. H. Cronin" was discernible. In another portion of the book was a package of cards—Cronin's business cards—which were in a fair state of preservation.



Satisfied that he had at last recovered the doctor's clothing, Superintendent Hubbard ordered that the dirty mass be removed to the East Chicago station and scrubbed, preparatory to delivering it to the State's attorney. But Judge Longenecker and his associates decided that it were better to present the stuff before the jury in the condition in which it was found. The clothing and instruments were therefore carted to the State's attorney's office and spread out for inspection. Mrs. Conklin, who saw the doctor disappear with one of the assassins, identified each article as it was placed before her as having been carried by the murdered man when he set out for the O'Sullivan ice-house. All the clothing showed that it had been cut from the body after death. The light spring overcoat was slashed from the collar to hem and the sleeves were torn from the waist to the shoulders. The outworn coat of diagonal cloth was cut into pieces. The vest was cut in twain as were also the drawers, undershirt and collar. A keen-edged knife had done the work.

CATHOLIC ANNIVERSARY.

A Notable Celebration in Baltimore—Magnificent Services at the Cathedral—Clerical Magnates Present.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 11.—The most important group of events in the history of the Catholic Church in America began here yesterday morning. It was the commencement of a triple celebration—the hundredth anniversary of the appointment of the first American Catholic Bishop; the inauguration of the first congress of Catholic laymen held in the United States; and the dedication of the new National University for Catholics.

Ten thousand strangers were in Baltimore to witness the spectacle—four times as many people not counting local Catholics as could possibly be accommodated in the Cathedral where the initial scenes were to be witnessed. So great was the pressure for seats that persons known to have traveled across the continent from California expressly to be present were among those disappointed in not securing admission. The old Cathedral that crowns the Charles street hill had within its walls an assemblage most notable, and around its iron picket fence on Charles, Mulberry, Cathedral and Franklin streets people thronged in thousands; who watched, some with interest, others with pride, the procession of priests and Bishops, and lingered long after the chant of the seminarians announced that the service had begun. Admission to the church could be gained only by the tender of a card of invitation. Every available bit of space within was utilized, yet thousands of people, visitors as well as Baltimoreans, had to be shut out.

The gathering of prelates embraced two Cardinals, seventeen Archbishops and seventy-five Bishops. The Pope was represented in the person of Archbishop Satolli of Lepanto, Canada by Cardinal Taschereau, Mexico by Bishops Montes d'Oca and E. Antequera Gillo, England by Bishop John Virtue, of Portsmouth, and Mgr. Gad, of London. All of the Archbishops in the United States were in attendance except Kenrick, of St. Louis, who was too feeble to travel.

The hall in which the priests assembled was elaborately decorated. Above the doors were the Papal colors, yellow and white—and above these stretching upward to the eaves were great streamers of red, white and blue. When all was ready, 600 clergy, walking two and two, emerged clad in white surplices and black cassocks and berretas.

Presently, while the white surpliced priests were opening ranks a mass of purple enveloped figures were seen in the Cardinal's doorway. It was the gathering of nearly all the Catholic Bishops and Archbishops of the United States, with representatives from Mexico, Canada, England and Rome.

Within the Cathedral, ten minutes later, the scene was simply magnificent. The pews throughout the church were crowded to the utmost with laity.

The solemn pontifical mass was begun at 11:15 with the following officiating: Celebrant, Archbishop Williams; of Boston; assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Magan, of Baltimore; deacon, Father Bartlett, of Baltimore; sub-deacon, Father Duffy, of Brooklyn; master of ceremonies, Rev. J. S. McCallen, of Montreal, and assistants, Fathers Whelan and Riordan, of Baltimore.

Probably the most impressive part of the mass, next to the consecration, was the conferring of the Papal blessing. The venerable Archbishop at the altar seemed to feel it a doubly solemn moment when, turning to the congregation, he paused an instant and while the people in the church knelt he raised his hand and slowly made the sign of the cross.

The mass ended with special intercession for the Pope chanted by all the clergy. It was 1:45 p. m. when the "Te Missa Est" was said. The first oration of the centennial ceremonies began. It was delivered by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, whose fine presence and magnetic eloquence, in spite of the long ceremonial proceeding, held his hearers for an hour and a half. The patriotic spirit of the Archbishop's address and his tribute to the recent devotee of the colored people and Indians seemed to awaken general enthusiasm, but the most telling effect was aroused when he vindicated the rights of Catholic editors, if need be, to freely comment on the failings of the clergy.

After this the benediction was given and the procession of clergy moved out down Cathedral street to Mulberry, to the Cardinal's residence, where rail cars were broken.

In the evening the scene at the Cathedral was a re-enactment of the morning with a substitution, of course, of vesters. Archbishop Hess, of Milwaukee, was the celebrant. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, preached the sermon, which dealt entirely with the future.

The Catholic editors attending the Congress held a meeting last night. Father F. W. Graham presided, with Con DePalen, of St. Louis, as secretary. They decided to hold a convention of editors at Cincinnati on the first Wednesday of May, 1890. The officers of this meeting were instructed to make the necessary arrangements for the convention.

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

KING TOIL.

Yield the monarch who rules on the land,
And the monarch who rules on the sea;
My will is iron, my law demand
That all men shall bow to me.

JACOB'S FAULTS.

He Unexpectedly Profited by Having Them Recounted.

It was early June, in one of those charming places on the Hudson river that lie between New York and Albany.

Jacob Raus was an intractable observer of this charming piece of nature. He was preoccupied with his own troubled soul, and here was a wintry prospect.

This bold statement of his case presented itself over to his mind, quite as if he were weighing an abstract question that bored him excessively.

Now he was free at thirty-two—a freedom that meant bondage to his own limitations; and while he regretted that he had no profession, he bitterly recognized the fact that the desire for a larger life was in no sense proved a talent.

All these reasons for gloom were ever present to Jacob; but he had lately waked to a more definite purpose and a more definite grief.

He walked all around the Fullers' large house, past the broad piazzas, and found her alone in a little side-porch that was overgrown with honeysuckle vines; and amid their pinkish-yellow blossoms Millicent, in a pink muslin, looked like rosy June personified.

"I am afraid," she said, nervously, as she carefully picked a few thorns from the stem of her bouquet before she grasped it, "that I didn't succeed the other night in—that is—I mean that I am afraid that I didn't say what I meant."

"I should be glad," said Jacob, "to hear that you didn't mean what you said."

hear that you didn't mean what you said."

"Oh! oh! I didn't mean that!"

"Well, it doesn't matter a great deal what you meant if you didn't mean that."

"I do wish that you would be reasonable, Jacob."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Jacob when you have told me that you didn't like the name."

"Oh! did I say that? I do think that I like it, since you have no other. Indeed, Jacob, if it were not for some faults that you have, I think I should like you better than any one."

The young man sat down on a step lower than the one the girl occupied.

"Perhaps," he said, gloomily, "you will discuss these faults of mine; I may suggest some to add to the list. My name is one; but that is hardly my fault, and I believe that I could change it by an act of the Legislature or something of the kind."

"But I should always know that your real name was Jacob," said Millicent, laughing; "I shouldn't mind your name, but there are some things that would grow worse and worse."

"My age, I suppose."

"Yes, for one thing. Ten years is too much difference."

"But you will grow older."

"There will still be ten years between us."

"The general opinion is that a woman grows older faster than a man. You would catch up to me."

"Ah! that is like most general opinions, wrong. I have made my own observations on that subject. To the close observer, middle-aged women are younger even in appearance than men of their own age."

"Where did you learn so much about men?"

"Have I not been in all our large cities and in most of those in Europe? Can one not receive impressions of strangers as they pass, and accumulated impressions form opinions? Men's eyes grow dull, and the lines of the mouth hard, and their faces heavy and meagre; while women's faces are still full of benevolence though their figures have lost their grace and their complexions their delicacy. Still, those women are young."

"Youth is then a condition of the mind, wise Sibyl?"

"Certainly, it is the capacity of receiving new impressions, meeting one's fellow-beings with sympathy, and undertaking new enterprises."

"Some people must then be born with more capacity for youth than others."

"To be sure."

"And I, who have by sex and nature less youth than you, and yet have wasted ten years more of it, must sooner become like those horrid middle-aged people."

"I am not speaking of you."

"You are not speaking of me? How inconsequent! I sat down here to listen to you talk about me. Let us begin over again. You have said that you do not like my name and that I am too old."

"Oh! Jacob!"

"Yes, I am too old, and am to grow older. You have defined youth—what is age?"

"Oh! it is the enemy of the human race. Let us never grow old, Jacob."

"Ah, no, Millicent, let us never grow old, so only that we may stay young together," he said, flushing and edging a little nearer to her, while he looked up in her face with a half-humorous smile.

"Well!" he continued dependently, "and what is my next fault? Come! say it!"

"You do not believe in friendships between men and women. My own belief is that no woman can expect to be reasonably happy unless her husband can have a friendship for her."

"You seem to have thought a good deal about marriage—even if you are so averse to it."

Millicent, with heightened color, made a movement to rise. Jacob stretched up both hands and, taking hers, pulled her back gently to her seat.

"You are so rude," she continued; "that is another fault. I should want my husband to be polite to me. It would make me happier than almost any thing."

"And I should want to have the liberty of quarreling with my wife whenever I chose, and making it up again; but I suppose that you would like a suave idiot like that Hastings."

"There again," said Millicent, in an injured tone, "how ridiculous you are! You are so jealous, and about nothing. What could be more innocent, when a party of people are out on a blossom-gathering, than that two of them should run down hill together, and yet from the time you made about it—it's too absurd!"

"But you took his hand and ran laughing."

"As children might. You and he had raced together, and you had beaten him easily. You had picked my blossoms for me, and I had walked with you. He was my guest, and I surely owed him some politeness."

"To give him your hand, I suppose, and caper and laugh with him."

The recollection quite overcame Jacob with anger. He rose and walked a few paces across the lawn and then returned.

"Well! I am named Jacob. I am old. I am rude, and I am jealous. Oh! yes, and I forgot, I don't believe in Platonic friendships. Five faults; I think that there are seven deadly sins. Not that I have the least idea what they are. I know that seven always seemed a small allowance to me. I surely have more than five. More than five would go to the make-up of any respectable man. What! you can name no more? I could accuse myself of more than that. Don't you know another?"

"Well, upon my word! Talk of jealousy. I never saw its opposite so set forth. Do you wish me—should you wish, I ought to say, your husband to be fond of other women's society?"

"I don't like a man's man," said Millicent, evasively.

"I am more edified," said Jacob, seating himself again, "this evening than I ever was in my life. Why do you not like a man's man?"

"Because," said the girl, becoming a little nettled at her companion's searching look, "I know well enough how that works."

"I am waiting for information," said Jacob.

"A man's man soon wearies of the woman he loves, and he seeks men's society constantly. Men influence men more than women do. I should never be jealous of other women, for I could always be a woman; but men would be a contrary influence. I have seen the lonely lives of the wives of men's men," she paused.

"I am still listening," he said.

"For the best, men understand women but little, and men's men grow at last to understand them not at all. Men's men become at last to be a world quite apart. Their wives have no excuse for being, except inasmuch as they contributed to their comfort."

"Millicent, do you say that women are younger than men? I don't believe that men of sixty, or men that have been widowers two or three times, have thought this question of marriage out like you."

"I won't talk to you any more."

"You must. Back to our text. Six faults then—my name, my age, my native rudeness, my jealousy, my incredulity of Platonic friendships, and my being a man's man. You must name at least seven deadly sins to convict me. Isn't there another?"

"Yes."

"Millicent, you are absorbingly interesting. I never knew that you had thought so much about me."

"I ought to have thought about you before," she paused.

Jacob waited a moment. "I understand; before you refused to marry me. You ought to make some excuse for that. With what seventh fault did you strengthen your case?"

"That you are so dreadfully masculine."

"I plead guilty. The roses are rosy, the briars are thorny, the grass is green, and I, Jacob Raus, the man who loves you, am masculine. Alas! alas! Is that more my fault than my name? You, besides, are immensely feminine, and I find no fault with that. Is it fair?"

Jacob's spirits were rising; Millicent's perceptibly falling.

"Yes, it is fair that I, being feminine, should object to your being masculine. The two are opposites. They are at variance. If nature has made a mistake there, I am not responsible. Men and women never understand each other, because what nature has blindly blundered into beginning, education accomplishes instead of trying to set right."

"But I have had no education," said Jacob.

Millicent went on without answering him—falling now into an injured tone: "Even you are constantly misunderstanding me. You sometimes trample my tenderest feelings unconsciously; just as you trampled my best white petunias the other day, walking over my flower-bed as if it were a path."

"Yes," he said, "I saw you. I ran to you. I did not notice the way. Well! In the West they will be all wild flowers, and if I trample them they will come up again. I shall think of the petunias, and wish that I had a chance to trample them; and you will forget what I did when you have found that paragon who loves you without jealousy, likes all other women and no men; who is polite and credulous and effeminate. I am none of these—but I love you passionately."

He tried to grasp her hands, but she drew them away, saying excitedly: "And this is your greatest fault. If you loved me tenderly I might trust you; but you love me, as you say, passionately, and I, who have looked on at life and reflected, have seen that of all traps and pitfalls this is the greatest. Talk of the *beaute diable* of girls, that flits almost with the fading of the bridal flowers, that is no delusion compared with the passion of men; and yet in choosing freedom rather than binding one's self to a delusion, you need not tell me that I choose what is only negative. It is so discouraging. You have such hopeless faults; and I shall never like any other man better than you, Jacob, I know; and so I shall never marry."

"Yes, but I am not like that; I know that I shall marry," he said, watching the girl's face closely. "It seems to me now as if I should not, but I am only a man, masculine, as you say. As long as I am very busy I may keep up, but sometimes they say it is not quite wholesome in those ranches, and one is exposed to wind and weather. I might be ill; and then when I am homesick and lonely some good Western girl will take care of me, perhaps like me, even love me. For her I might not have so many faults. She would not be so clever as you, or have got things down so fine; and she wouldn't know, poor thing, what a tussle of faults is covered by my unfortunate name, that sounds so homely and simple and good. So being sick and lonely and wretched, and grateful to her, I know that I should be weak enough to marry her. I know that I should."

"Yes," said Millicent, throwing down beside her the bouquet of sweetbrier, with a passionate gesture, "that's just what a man's love means. I shall be so glad that I didn't marry you, when I hear of you throwing yourself away on some wild Western girl that any man of refinement would shudder to think of as his wife. I didn't believe it of you!" and she ran down the steps of the porch into the garden.

Jacob was up in an instant and followed her; but she ran from him swiftly, leaping over the flower-beds and speeding across the grass, slim and active as a nymph, her pink dress telling white in the soft light of the summer night. He had almost caught up with her when he stumbled and fell over the protruding root of an old tree. She fleeing breath-

less, came suddenly upon her father and mother, who, having returned from their drive, had alighted from the carriage at the gate, and walked across the lawn. They stood now hand in hand, looking up in the sky at the new crescent moon—a charming picture of the sweet companionship of loving souls, who, unconscious of the passing of the years, find their own youth in all the promises of nature.

Millicent stood and looked at them, with sudden tears welling up into her eyes. They turned and saw her, just as Jacob came up, somewhat confused at the new situation.

Mrs. Fuller spoke first. "Why, Millicent, is Mr. Raus here? I thought he had gone."

"Why, yes, Jacob, we thought you had gone," said Mr. Fuller, with an unexpected sympathy in his heart for his old friend's son, awakened by Mr. Fuller's treating him as a stranger in calling him Mr. Raus. The good gentleman had felt no sympathy whatever for him on account of Millicent's refusal. It had appeared to him a great impertinence that he should propose to take his daughter so far away.

Jacob stood silent. Millicent took her father's hand, and, throwing one arm around his neck, kissed him. This action, which conveyed nothing but his daughter's affection for himself to the old gentleman's mind, explained the whole situation to Mrs. Fuller, who was not unprepared when her daughter, turning to her, clasped her in her arms and said:

"Yes, dear mamma, Jacob is here; and when he goes I go with him. I have promised to be his wife, and you, who know what it is, will be the last of all to deny me that companionship which makes you forget even the parting from your children."

Jacob was more surprised than any one. He never knew exactly how it had come about; he only knew that he must have been very much improved by marriage, or his wife grown very lenient; for no man ever suffered less from fault-finding than he, and the West was to him a wilderness that blossomed like the rose.—Scribner's Magazine.

MEXICO'S GENDARMERIA.

Something About the Dare-Devils of the Mexican Army.

A very important subdivision of the army is the gendarmeria, a force charged with certain classes of police duties, of which the most responsible is that of keeping the highways clear of robbers.

The section especially employed as a road guard is known as the Rurales, and is by all odds the most picturesque, and in some respects is the most meritorious, body of troops in the Mexican service. The beginning of this famous corps was in the time of Santa Anna, when General Lagarde organized a troop of ranchmen that was known popularly—because of the ranchero dress of leather that its members wore—as the Cueraños. On the fall of Santa Anna the Cueraños took to the road, and were such successful highwaymen that they presently were given, because of the lavish ornamentation of silver upon their leather garments, the new nickname of the Plateados. The headquarters of the organization were in the mountains of the Malinche, near Puebla, and its members very diligently worked the highway between the capital and Vera Cruz. Nor must these highwaymen be classed with ordinary vulgar robbers. The conditions of the country at this period were such that hundreds of men had no choice between starving and stealing, and the Plateados conducted their irregular business in a chivalrous fashion, and frequently manifested a generosity in their treatment of the travelers who fell into their hands quite worthy of the gallant traditions of Sherwood Forest and of the courteous customs of Robin Hood.

In Comonfort's time the good thought was acted upon of turning the Plateados from road robbers into road guards, and the rather startling proposal was found to work out admirably in practice. The corps was organized, and still is maintained—being now about 4,000 strong—upon a footing unlike that of any other section of the army. Each man provides his own horse and equipment (excepting his arms), and is paid ten reales a day, out of which he provides rations for himself and forage for his horse. The men are armed with saber, carbine, and revolver, and have a service uniform of brown linen blouse and trousers, though this is worn less often than the regular ranchero dress of jacket and trousers of soft-dressed brown leather. The dress uniform is the ranchero costume glorified—the leather jacket and trousers loaded down with silver buttons and silver embroidery, and the wide felt hat richly trimmed with silver or even with gold. The mountings of the saddles and bridles are of silver, and frequently silver stirrups match the rider's heavy silver spurs. On dress parade the horses wear housings of tooled and embroidered leather, and each man carries at the pommel of his saddle a light horse-hair lariat, and strapped fast to the cantle a crimson blanket. The horses are by far the finest, excepting officers' mounts, in the service, and are so greatly beloved and so affectionately cared for that they seldom get out of condition, while on review they positively shine. The men are magnificent fellows, fully looking the dare-devils that they actually are.—Thomas A. Janvier, in Harper's Magazine.

Hot Water for Wrinkles.

A very beautiful, though no longer youthful, society woman owes the preservation of her charms to a little habit she has of lying down when dressed for the evening with a cloth wrung out of hot water pressed closely over the entire surface of her face, and allowing it to remain there half an hour. All the wrinkles are, she claims, smoothed out of her face by this process, which is in striking contrast to the way the average woman flies into clothes for an evening's outing, hurries the crimp all out of her hair while the carriage waits, covers her hot, tired face with polka dots of powder in her haste, tugs on her gloves and is off.—N. Y. Sun

FACTS ABOUT YERBA.

One of the Most Important and Useful Products of Paraguay.

Of all the productions of Paraguay, the most important and peculiar is the yerba, which is derived from the twigs and leaves of a bushy evergreen tree which is scattered through the wild forests of the central Cordillera. The districts where it is most abundant are called yerbales. At present it is not a cultivated product. In former times the Jesuits, recognizing the advantages of having the yerba close at hand, made large plantations in the south, a grove of theirs near Santiago at the end of the last century containing not less than 20,000 trees. The trees of the northern yerbales yield a finer tea than those of the south; but the best of these, on account of their remoteness, are not worked. For a time the yerbales were a government monopoly, and yielded a large part of the public revenues. In 1880 the southern yerbales were granted to a private firm for ten years on favorable terms, and in 1888 nearly the whole of the government yerbales were sold at public auction.

Yerba itself is the name applied to the dry and powdered leaf of the Ilex Paraguensis, a tree which in size and character bears a close resemblance to the orange tree. The shrub, which belongs to the holly family, grows to a height of fifteen to twenty feet, and is indigenous. It grows wild, not only in Paraguay, but in parts of Brazil and the Argentine Republic. The white flowers grow in unbellied clusters, with a berry the size of a pepper grain, and containing four seeds. It contains an aromatic oil, gluten and a portion of theine. It has not the delicacy of flavor, and has more bitterness and astringency than China tea. The Paraguayan yerba is considered superior to that grown elsewhere; it is cheaper than coffee or tea, selling in Asuncion at about \$2 for twenty-five pounds. In the market at Buenos Ayres it sells at double and nearly treble this price. It can be prepared from the leaf in thirty-six hours. Efforts to introduce it into Europe have failed; but it is used by eight million millions in Brazil, the River Plate, Peru and Bolivia. The export from Paraguay is worth about half a million dollars per annum.—N. Y. Ledger.

GAMBLING IN MONACO.

The Almost Incredible Financial Results of the Monte Carlo Games.

Does it pay? From a reliable source comes a table of the gross receipts and corresponding dividends of this truly gilded gambling hell of all creation which answers the question. Its showing is appended:

Table with columns: Year, Receipts, Dividends. Data for years 1868-1891.

Such are the almost incredible results reached at the close of the year ending in 1891. It must be stated, too, that since that date the yearly receipts have steadily increased until, at the expiration of the twelve months closing with the commencement of this present year, 1892, they reached the enormous sum of 25,000,000 francs.

From the facts and figures which have been laid before the reader it is easy to realize the exact standing and condition of Monaco as regards the gaming tables, and to see that the power to abolish them rests neither with the Prince of Monaco nor his government. The only possible method to attain that end would be to indemnify the society, but a moment's reflection will show what an enormous and well-nigh impossible sum they would be entitled to demand in consideration of their twenty-five years of lease which have yet to run.

The financial obligations of the various European states would not permit of their sacrificing the sum which would be necessary to achieve this end, and it is to be feared that, however desirous the new Prince of Monaco may be to break off his connection with the administration of Monte Carlo, it is for him, certainly at present, an impossibility.—Chicago Tribune.

REMARKABLE EATERS.

The Healthy Appetite of a Couple of Maine Youngsters.

In a Maine company recently the conversation turned to gastronomic feats and achievements in the art of stuffing. When the young lady who had eaten six bananas at one sitting and the young man who had boasted of having topped off a dinner with a whole mince pie had told their stories, a demure maiden modestly related an incident in the history of her family that completely discouraged all her rivals.

"One Fourth of July," said she, "my brother and a friend wished to make an excursion up river, and as they proposed to start very early in the morning and be gone all day, my mother prepared a large basket of food for them the night before. In the bottom of the basket she placed a thick stratum of delectable articles to represent supper; on this she placed another layer for their dinner, and at the top of the basket, where it would be first accessible, she put a hearty breakfast. Being well acquainted with the capacity of the boys, she made an unusually large allowance for each of the three meals.

"Well, the boys set out for their excursion at four o'clock in the morning. Their boat had not gone far up the river when the rain began to come down. They went ashore to wait awhile and ate their breakfast. The rain was still falling when they had finished this share of their supplies, and so they immediately ate the next layer—their dinner. Still they were hungry and still it was raining. They had nothing else to do but to devour the remaining contents of the basket, and so they jumped in their boat and came back home—and took breakfast with the rest of us."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Gives Some Good Advice to Judge Barracoon.

The members who arrived previous to the opening of the meeting and had time to look around were agreeably surprised at some of the changes made by the janitor. The eleven broken panes of glass had been neatly replaced by squares cut from coffee sacks and tacked on, the stove shone like a mirror, and of the cobwebs along the ceiling not over a dozen remained in sight. The floor had been scrubbed, Brother Gardner's desk painted a mild and gentle yellow, and the four long benches had received a sky-blue tint which rendered them positively charming against the background of the wall. Many were the compliments he received for his industry and taste, and he has only to pursue his onward and upward career to secure promotion.

"Ar' Judge Barracoon in de hall dis evenin'?" inquired Brother Gardner, as he opened the meeting.

The judge arose. "Please step dis way, judge. I hev heard it rumored dat you ar' gwine to leave us for a few months."

"Yes, sah. I has struck a job in a barber shop in Buffalo. Das' is gwine to be two of us—myself an' de brush-boy. I'ze gwine to be fo' man."

"It rejoices me to know dat you ar' workin' your way to de top, an' I assure you dat you will be missed from our meetin's. While you heven't had much to say, you hev allus bin on de right side, an' dat's a good offset. I want to give you a few words of fatherly advice befo' you go. You ar' gwine among strangers, an' you will be sized up fur what you ar' wuth."

"In de fust place, doan' go shoshin' around as if you owned half de real estate in Buffalo. De folks will de real you doan', an' dey will look upon you wid' contempt. You needn't go walkin' in de alleys, nor wid' your head down, but strike a medium. Act nateral—about as a cull'd man orter who is aimin' from de \$5.50 to \$8 a week an' expects a long, cold winter."

"Doan' do any braggin'. It's usual wid' a Detroit cull'd man who gits away from home to shoot off his mouf in grand style, an' seek to convey to ebery one dat he rents a box in de post-office and owns a quarter interest in a race horse, but dey doan' deceive any body. Sich talk is all squash."

"Be courteous and obligin' to all. You needn't take off yer hat to a rag-man, nor git down an' ax a butcher-cart to please run ober you, but say 'yes, sir,' and 'no, sir,' to ebery body. Keep a smile on yer face, an' eber bear in mind dat friendship ar' de next thing to cash. Be temperate, honest and troofol. A man who is fool 'nuff to pour somethin' into his stomach to steal his sense, can't expect to git to de top. A man who can't keep his fingers off'n oder people's property ar' bound to land in State prison, an' de chap who can't hang to de troof through thick and thin am sartin to lie hisself out of a good job once a month."

"Wid dese few remarks, which ar' meant in all kindness of heart, on behalf of dis club I wish you ebery happiness and prosperity in your new surroundings. I shall instruct the secretary to write an official letter to de mayor of Buffalo, givin' de date of your arrival dere, an' if you ar' met at de depot wid' a brass band, escorted to your barber shop in de best of style, an' den given de freedom of de city, seek to preserve a level head an' remember what I hev said to you to-night."—Detroit Free Press.

SHE LOOKED FROSTY.

An Economic Bachelor's Wedding Gift Purchase and the Result.

When a wedding was announced in Pittsburgh some years ago an invitation reached a certain bachelor who was rather unwilling to spend money. He wanted to send a present to the bride, but he hated to spend the money. In his quandary he went to a well-known dealer in silver, china and like precious things, and sought high and low in his stock for some article that should combine lowness of price with appearance of great value. He was not successful at first. Presently he came across some valuable Bohemian glass vases, one of which was broken. Two pieces had been knocked off the lip of the vase. An idea struck him.

"How much do you want for the broken vase?" he asked.

"Oh, we would not like to charge any thing for that," said the salesman.

"And yet those pieces could be easily stuck on, couldn't they?"

"Yes, they could," was the reply.

"Then I guess you may pack up that vase and send it to Miss —, at — street, East End," said the smart economist.

He reasoned that if the vase reached his fair friend with two pieces broken out of it the damage would be attributed to careless handling on the road, and he would be credited with sending a costly vase.

All would have been well, perhaps, had not the careful salesman wrapped up the broken pieces separately in tissue paper and placed them in the box beside the vase. As it was the effect upon the bride was not pleasant; nor was her frosty glance agreeable to the penurious bachelor when they met shortly afterward.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A Violin With a History.

A gentleman living in Richmond, Va., owns a violin which is associated with the early history of Virginia. It is one of four violins connected with the early history of this section of the country. It is marked "Nicolaus Amati fecit, Cremona, 1651." This violin was brought to this country by Robert Hollin, the husband of Jane Rolfe, the granddaughter of Pocahontas, who was the daughter of the mighty Indian King Powhatan of Virginia. The violin is of superior tone, volume and finish, and has been used by many prominent performers during the past century.—Detroit Free Press.

A pessimist is one who, if there is nothing else to be blue about, is blue because there is nothing to be blue about.—Troy Press.

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

THE BALKAN STATES.

Something About the Social Conditions of Bulgaria and Servia.

The Bulgarian farms are small. The whole country is not much more than twice the size of Massachusetts, and the population is over 2,000,000. This population is almost entirely agricultural, and there are only eight towns in the kingdom, which have over 10,000 inhabitants. Speaking of Massachusetts, it might make some kind of an arrangement with Bulgaria to dispose of a portion of its marriageable unmarried girls. The men are in the majority in Bulgaria, and by the last census I find that there are about 50,000 more men in the country than women. I doubt, however, whether the Massachusetts maidens would be satisfied with the average Bulgarian cottage. I have seen thousands of them, and they are mere huts thatched with straw, and in many cases they seem to be woven of twigs. They are one story, and generally not more than 15 feet high. Each house is divided into three rooms, one of which is the living-room of the family; another the sleeping-room, and the third is sort of a store-house. There are no beds, and the bedding is piled up during the day, to be out of the way. The whole family sleep in the same room, and there is a sort of a little porch or vestibule in the front of the house, where the family sit during pleasant weather. The floors are the ground, which is covered with matting and rugs. The people live very cheaply, and rye bread and cornmeal mush and beans are the staple articles of diet. I see many men dressed in sheepskin, with the wool turned inward; and, all told, the Bulgarian peasant man is not the cleanest nor the sweetest animal in the world.

The population of Servia seems to be much the same as that of Bulgaria, though the capital, Belgrade, is a much finer city than Sofia and nearly twice as large. It has many fine buildings, and its depot will compare favorably with those of any town of a hundred thousand in the United States. It is on the Danube, and is beautifully situated. Servia is advancing fully as fast, if not faster, than Bulgaria. Its people are not of the same character, but there is less Mahometan blood in their veins. Their religion is that of the Greek Christian church, and you see the priests everywhere. They have a compulsory system of education, and there is a Servian university which has faculties of philosophy and law, and which employs 35 professors. The girls are educated as well as the boys, and an agricultural school has lately been started. The majority of the Servians are farmers and cattle raisers, but the country is full of minerals, and the government is anxious to have these developed. Mining concessions have been lately granted to capitalists in England, Belgium and Germany, and I am told that the country is full of iron, silver, copper and zinc, as well as coal and quicksilver. There is a Servian National Bank, and there are numbers of savings banks throughout the different parts of the country. Both Servia and Bulgaria are well covered with telegraph wires, and both have now good postal systems. Railroads have been projected which will open up the interior of both countries to trade, and this Constantinople road makes a large area of rich territory accessible.—F. G. Carpenter, in National Tribune.

FORETOLD IN DREAMS.

Persons Who Were Warned in Sleep of Approaching Danger.

Some writers admit that there is a type of dream in which coming physical disease or disaster is shadowed forth—some bodily sensation, perhaps too slight to be noticed by the subject when awake, yet contriving to impress itself in some symbolic form on the sleeping mind. The more striking instance of this sort may serve to explain how, in some lesser degree, certain symbols are likely to attach themselves to certain painful sensations or conditions, until at last they are finally accepted as mysterious presages of evil. Conrad Gressner, the eminent naturalist, dreamed that he was bitten on the left side by a venomous serpent. In a short time a very severe carbuncle appeared on the very spot, terminating his life in the space of three days.

Another scientific man who dreamed of being bitten by a black cat, also suffered in the same way. A learned Jesuit saw, one night in his sleep, a man laying his head upon his chest, who announced to him that he would soon die. He was then in perfect health, but was shortly after carried off by a pulmonary disorder. A lady, who had a dream in which she saw all objects dim and obscure as by a mist, was soon afterward attacked by a disease of the eye, of which that was a symptom. While many of our dreams may be traced to occurrences outside the body, but which affect the senses, it is believed that many of the unpleasant dreams which are sometimes found to precede illness may be occasioned by feelings or sensations of which, in the ordinary waking state, we are unconscious. It is in this way that indigestion is so fruitful a cause of unpleasant dreams.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Untutored Savage.

The savage who has recently been discovered in the depths of Africa proudly wearing in the lobe of his right ear a bishop, that had strayed, or been stolen from a set of chessmen, is doubtless determined to utilize all the resources of civilization which come within reach. A while ago an African chief was making a silver watch case do duty as a tobacco pouch, and another wore around his neck as his chief ornament the gilded knob of an explorer's tent pole. Even trousers can be utilized by the most scantily-dressed natives, as was recently shown by a chief to whom a pair was presented, with the request that he wear them. He appeared in public soon after with the garment carefully arranged over his shoulder.—N. Y. Sur

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I never gossip, as you know,
For I am all day working;
So can't I find my neighbor's ways
Without, like Miss Dean, shirking.
She knows just every thing around,
There goes that Miss McVerly;
She lies about till nearly noon,
But I'm up bright and early.
I pay my bills when they come due;
I couldn't stand such dunning
As that proud Mrs. Stytle gets
For all her clothes so stunning.
I do not see how folks can let
Their children act so awful
As do those folks across the way.
They do say 'twasn't lawful
The way my left-hand neighbor here
From her first husband parted,
And that she took the second one
Fore the divorce was started.
That Mrs. Brown that's coming round
The corner, do just watch now,
I don't believe you ever saw
A dress that's such a botch now.
That pretty girl? Why, that's Miss Jilt,
The biggest flirt that's going.
She's got come up with, though, at last,
And reaps what she's been sowing.
She's awful pale, you see. I've heard
That she was to be married,
And had her things all ready, too,
When her dear bridegroom tarried.
What's going? Oh, do stay. There comes
The wife of our new pastor.
Don't go, and we will have some fun;
She tells more tales, and faster,
Than any woman that you know.
You must go? Well, good day, dear.

So glad you found me quite alone,
I was so afraid she'd stay here.
—Aristine Anderson, in Detroit Free Press.

A LIVELY TUSSEL.

Pursued and Attacked by Wild Dogs on the Plains.

The sufferings which the pitiless rigors of winter bring to cattle on the exposed ranges of the West are little understood by persons who do not go among them. I have myself seen enough of such suffering to touch the most callous heart. Even as I write, a report informs me that cattle are dying by hundreds in Montana from the combined effects of cold, hunger and thirst. When the ice-dust of the blizzard whizzes before the blast of the north wind; when the feeding-grounds are covered with crusted snow, and the streams and water-holes are locked in ice, then the cattle drift over the shelterless expanses in a hopeless, pitiable way. The stronger ones among them weather the storms; the weaker succumb, and in the succeeding summer whitening heaps of bones here and there tell the tale of their last fight with the bitter elements.

The winter losses among cattle on the range sometimes aggregate one-half of the whole number. But it costs little to raise cattle, when no attention is paid to feeding and sheltering them, and the cattlemen, as an offset to their losses, estimate in their favor the amount of expense saved by the omission of food and shelter, harden their hearts, and continue in the same old way. It does no good to talk to these men about the cruelty and folly of their methods with cattle. They tell you that it can not be helped, and their cowboys say the same thing. Their argument is the argument of greed. No man has a moral right to own or control more cattle than he can care for properly.

I set down these statements as an introduction to the following story: As is well known by people of Wyoming, there are bands of wild dogs in certain parts of that Territory, notably in the region about Lander. Many tales have been told to explain how these animals happen to be there. The dogs are mongrels, with, perhaps, a strain of wolf blood, and to the fierce, vindictiveness of the bull-dog, they unite the strength of the mastiff and scent and tenacity of the bloodhound. The winter of 1888—shut down suddenly in the Wyoming mountains; but the grass was good, and as the sides of the hills and the high wind-swept divides were mostly clear of snow, the cattlemen cared little, at first, for the cold weather and the blocked canyons. All of the cattle and most of the ponies had been turned out upon the range more than a month before the coming of winter, and it was believed by the owners that their stock would be able to go through the winter without suffering more than the usual losses in an ordinary season.

On some of the ranches a few cowboys were still kept, but it was rather because they were trusty men whose services the cattlemen wished to secure for the next season than that they were really needed during the winter. Thus at one ranch, known as the "Double Dagger" from its cattle brand, which resembled somewhat the character of a dagger, three men were retained that winter—the foreman and two cowboys.

After the first winter storm the weather moderated somewhat, and the "Double Dagger" spent much of their time in hunting the black-tail deer, which had descended from the highlands in advance of the storm, and were to be found in herds in the protected and low-lying draws, and among the scrubby thickets. Occasionally the hunters came upon a band of elk, and then the hunting assumed a wilder and grander character, for the elk is a very monarch among game animals.

In the draws they also found many of their cattle, and cattle from other ranges, which browsed on the scrub and fed on the grass where it had been exposed by the trampling of their feet. As the winter advanced, game became less abundant. The weather also became so intensely cold that even enthusiastic hunters preferred shelter to the exposure they had to face in chasing game. Thus shut indoors, and deprived in a large measure of amusement, the three ranchmen naturally began to pine for news and for communication with the outer world.

It was forty miles across a rough and broken country to the nearest post-office, and the intervening ravines and canyons were piled with snow; but there were a pair of Norwegian skis or snow-shoes, in the ranch-house, and the inmates decided that a trip to the post-office should be made on these at least once a month. As soon as this plan was determined on, the men began to practice with the skis, and each of the three were able to travel well on them. The foreman,

whose name was Tom Adair, became the most expert in their use.

These snow-shoes are adapted for rapid traveling, and on them a good skier can get over the ground marvelously fast. They were introduced into the Northwest by the Norwegians, and are now common in that region. They differ widely from the ordinary American snow-shoe, being made of a single strip of wood extremely long, very thin, narrow, grooved, and turned up sharply at the toes.

The foreman undertook to make the journey to the post-office. He started on a bright morning, with clear frosty air. The weather continued favorable until after he had begun his return trip. Then the wind shifted into the northwest, and began to blow hard, pulverizing the fallen snow, and driving it forward like powdered glass; but as there were no signs of a snow-storm, and Adair had the wind at his back, he thought it best to continue on his way, and swept forward on the skis at a good gait.

When within a mile of the ranch-house, he came upon a bunch of spiritless cattle which were walking slowly down before the gale, their heads drooping, their hair filled with the ice-dust, and their entire appearance showing the effects of cold and exhaustion. Although he had beheld such sights hundreds of times, Adair was touched by their forlorn and starving condition. All at once the cattle wheeled about, tossed their heads to windward, and then, with low moans, hurried on in a weak and unsteady run. At the same time the distant baying of dogs came to the foreman's ears. He had heard much of the wild dogs which had recently invaded that part of the Territory, but he had never seen any of them.

Again that mournful howl came down the wind, and Adair, shielding his straining eyes from the stinging snow-dust, caught sight of a half-dozen dark, brute forms wallowing through the deep drifts on the trail of the frightened cattle. The dogs were reported to be very daring and vicious, and he scarcely knew what to do. They had not seen him, and he stood gazing at them, hesitating, until they were almost upon the cattle. Then, as one of the cows turned, with fiery eyes and tossing horns, to give the pursuers battle, he threw off his fears and rushed to her aid.

As he advanced, he drew his revolver. But before he could get near enough to use it, the foremost dog flew at the cow with terrible ferocity. With a savage toss the cow threw him sprawling. But the others rushed in, like so many hungry wolves, attacking her on all sides at once. One of them was tearing at her shoulders and another had fastened its teeth in her throat, when Adair opened fire. His first shots were intended to frighten them, as it was almost impossible to shoot directly at them without hitting the cow. But seeing that she was doomed, and that the dogs paid no heed to the reports, he shot to kill and maim them, regardless of her. Fortunately one of the balls, after stretching a dog lifeless, entered the cow's head and ended her distress. The other dogs at once leaped upon her body and began to tear it ravenously—all but one, which was being slightly wounded, and which turned upon Adair with maddened fury.

The other cattle were now some distance away, hurrying as fast as their weak legs could carry them. Seeing this, and not being sure that the other dogs might not also take it into their ugly heads to attack him as soon as they had slightly appeased their hunger, Adair fired a shot at the one which was advancing upon him, and then turned in flight. With a blood-curdling howl, the animal darted after him. The others, answering the howl, left their steaming banquet and joined in the pursuit, their fangs showing cruelty and their jaws dripping with the warm life-blood of the slain cow.

Adair felt certain that he could outstrip them on the skis, and made a grand burst of speed. But in leaping a chasm one of the skis snapped short off, leaving him, so it seemed, at the mercy of the fierce brutes. He viewed the broken ski with a low cry of horror. Just behind him was a wind-swept rock, its top and sides almost bare of snow. If he could gain that he might kick or beat back the dogs. Otherwise his life was not worth a minute's purchase.

He whipped out his knife and severed the straps that held the skis to his feet. Then, turning, he fired two or three shots at the dog, and scrambled away through the snow for the rock. None of the shots took effect, but the pattering balls caused the animals to leap aside, thus checking them for a moment, and he made such good use of the time thus gained that he had reached the rock and clattered to its top, just as they arrived at its base. To his dismay he quickly discovered that they could climb almost as well as he could. The fierce creatures, with their eyes aflame and their jaws flecked with bloody foam, began to crawl up the precipitous slope.

The wind tore at and howled about the exposed rock, driving the ice-dust before it in such blinding clouds that he could scarcely see. Into this stinging ice-dust he was compelled to turn his face to meet and repulse the dogs. With numb and trembling fingers he ejected the shells and slipped fresh cartridges into his revolver. Before he could complete the reloading of the pistol one of the strongest of the dogs was almost upon him.

Turning partially on his back—he was in a reclining position—Adair dealt the dog a heavy kick that sent it tumbling down among its fellows, knocking two of them sprawling into the snow at the base of the rock. But in its fall it sunk its teeth into his heavy boot, ripping it open, and he could see and feel the warm blood from his torn foot gush through the rent.

Not in the least discouraged or frightened, the dogs leaped again up the slope. Again he kicked at them, firing his pistol at the same time, and one of the maddened animals fell dying. But the sight of its death struggles served only to increase the ferocity of the other dogs, and they returned to the attack with such determined energy that it is doubtful if he could have again beaten them off.

But at that moment an encouraging shout came to Adair's ears; and the cow-

boys of the ranch, who had been attracted and guided by his shots, hurried out of the snow-scud, their revolvers in their hands, and sent a shower of balls into the band of snarling and struggling brutes that killed two more of them. The remaining two, badly wounded, darted away with loud yelps, all the fight taken out of them, and were seen no more.

Adair was nearly exhausted, and was so faint from loss of blood that the cowboys were compelled to carry him to the ranch-house, which was a difficult and laborious feat, under the circumstances.

It was found that an artery had been severed in Adair's foot, and the foot was otherwise so torn that for months he could not bear his weight upon it. He did not fully recover from the effects of his injury until the following summer.—John H. Whitson, in Youth's Companion.

QUEER RUSSIAN CUSTOMS.

Paid Jokers—Selecting Wives by Proxy—Museum of the Czars.

Dr. Barrett saw a great deal of the Russian people. Some funny things he observed among them:

"Did you ever see a paid joker?" he said. "Well, if you never did you would be interested to watch one. There in those Russian cities they pay so much an hour to listen to the joker. I have always thought that this class of people deserve some remuneration, but I never saw such a thing till I reached St. Petersburg.

"How do they work it?" "Well, the joker provides himself with 200 or 300 tickets, and mounting a sort of rostrum, he announces that he is going to regale his audience with choice tidbits of mirth-provoking lore. He begins selling tickets at about 2½ cents each, and when he has sold enough to warrant his beginning he turns himself loose, and the audience remains spellbound by his humorous stories for an hour or two.

"I listened to them several times, and although I could not understand one word the joker said, I was sure from the way the audience greeted their stories with roars of laughter that the jokers and the jokes were above the average.

"Among the lower classes women are not prized for their beauty. It is for their strength. A lady of our party asked a Russian guide if his wife was pretty.

"No," he answered, "she is strong and good, but she is not pretty. She is ugly." We all laughed, but I must confess I admired him for his candor. Parents choose the wives for their sons, and they have an eye to the useful as well as the agreeable. If a woman is healthy and strong she is quite an addition to the working force of the family of which she becomes a member.

"The Bishops chose the wives for the priests, and they generally select the girls of the older priests who are burdened with the largest families, which is a practical way of looking at the question.

"Nothing on earth equals in magnificence the barbaric splendor of those old Czars. I visited the museum, where they showed me with great pride the products of the Russian mines. Here was the largest nugget of gold in the world; the largest lump of silver, the largest specimen of malachite and the largest lapis lazuli, with a hundred and one other things from the Siberian mines.

"I saw the saddles and caparisons of some of these old warriors. One, I remember, had a large saddle blanket, as you might call it, made of cloth of gold. At a distance it looked perfectly white, and it was large enough to cover the greater portion of the body of the war horse. A closer inspection showed that it was covered all over with diamonds of the purest water. The larger ones were sewn on in the form of stars and other figures, but the entire surface was covered with these gems.

"The blanket was worth thousands and thousands of dollars.

"Then, in one of Catherine's palaces, I saw columns of pure amber, with the walls of entire rooms covered with the same costly stuff.

"And yet in other countries of Europe amber has become so scarce that it is almost impossible to secure a pure article, and imitation amber is used for jewelry."—Atlanta Constitution.

A GAME OF CROQUET.

The Kind All of Us Have Played at One Time or Another.

"Whose turn is it?"
"Maude's."
"No it isn't."
"Yes it is—Janie played last."
"I thought red came after the blue, and—"
"That was a splendid hit, Maude."
"Now play for Fred's ball, and knock him away from me, and—"
"No, don't! Play for the side wicket; you can go right through it."
"If I were you, Maude, I'd—ha, ha, you missed it."
"Isn't it provoking?"
"Ha, ha, ha! See where Charlie has sent Fred's ball!"
"Good for you, Charlie! Now send Janie's ball far as you can!"
"Oh, you mean old thing, you!"
"Now go through those two wickets—there! that's splendid!"
"Whose turn is it now?"
"Janie's."
"No—yours."
"Oh, so it is! What am I thinking about? Pshaw! Isn't it provoking to just miss a wicket like that?"
"Isn't it though?"
"Now, Fred, don't you fail to hit the post, for the world!"
"Ha, ha, ha! He missed it!"
"Goody! Goody! We'll beat 'em yet, Maude!"
"May be you will, sir! Oh, Charley, that was a lovely stroke! Now do make both of those wickets—bravo! Now keep right on—Oh, dear! dear! I'm so sorry you missed it!"
"Now, Janie, play for dear life—oh, that's too bad!"
"Good!"
"Ha! ha! ha!"
"We've beat! We've beat! Hurrah!"
"Ha! ha! ha!"
"Splendid!"—Drake's Magazine.

PITH AND POINT.

—The man who is given to sober reflection seldom gets into a tight place.—Boston Courier.

—Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one.—Francis Jeffrey.

—Don't be too severe on the man who scolds his wife in public. Perhaps that is the only time he dares to do so.

—Many run after felicity like a man hunting for his hat while it is on his head.—Washington Post.

—No individual or nation ever rose to eminence in any department which gave itself up to childish complaints.

—Real humorists are scarce, and when a man once gets that reputation his whole life is saddened by the efforts to live up to it.—Mobile Register.

—The mischief of opinions formed under irritation is that men feel obliged to maintain them even after the irritation is gone.—Century.

—The man who tries to argue a woman into loving him may succeed, perhaps, but he must have a long life and no rival.—Somerville Journal.

—The clinging ivy is a pretty thing to look at, until we learn that it is very apt to crush the life out of the tree upon which it acts as parasite.—Mrs. Ellen B. Dietrick.

—He who is ashamed of asking proper information on a point on which he is unacquainted takes the surest method to make himself a life-long prisoner in the Castle of Ignorance.—Once a Week.

—An intelligent selfishness on the part of men would demand that their companions should be their equals, in order that their society may be enjoyable.—Rev. Charles G. Ames.

—He who complains that the world is hollow and heartless unconsciously confesses his own lack of sympathy, while he who believes that people as a whole are kindly and humane is certain to have the milk of human kindness in his own nature.

—We need to be cautious about a bad man's invitation, even when his proposition to us seems most plausible. There is such a thing as being used by a scheming man, when we simply go to a perfectly-reputable place as one of his invited guests.—S. S. Times.

—The habit of doing one thing at a time and doing it well, the power of concentration, which is the outgrowth of this habit, and a resolution to make the best of life and work one has chosen, are the surest defense against misfortune and the best safe-guard against disease.

PULLERS-IN AND PRICERS.

Men and Women Who Make a Living in a Peculiar Way.

The "puller-in" is one of the species of New Yorker whom age does not wither nor custom stale. Just as ore or coal is found to exist in beds that often follow narrow and well-defined lines, so the New York puller-in is observed to exist in a reasonably straight, very narrow and not over-lengthy seam or streak beginning at the Five Points, following along Baxter street, turning at Park row, and losing itself or terminating at the end of the first block in Division street. The superficial signs that denote the existence of this peculiar product are second-hand clothing and brand new millinery at popular prices. The pullers-in of Baxter street and Park row are the male proprietors and clerks of the second-hand clothing stores, and their neighbors, the dealers in the very cheapest first-hand clothing. The pullers-in of the millinery stores are all women or girls. A puller-in is, of course, a person who brings customers to a store by strength of arms, a commercial wrestler, a physical spell-binder. There are those who assert that although the pullers-in are never missing from the sidewalks of the sickle-shaped route along Division, old Chatham and Baxter streets, it is none the less true that they now use no other force than that of seductive tone and argument to engender trade. Others assert that pulling-in is only more clumsily carried on than in those days of yore when it was all a poor man's clothes were worth to attempt to free himself from these octopus-like salesmen.

There is good reason for all fair efforts to lure the public back to a feeling of security in this respect, for not long ago the popular complaints were so loud, and the fights between dealers for the capture of citizens were so energetic, that the lively calling fell into disrepute in its own seat and stronghold. Whatever the state of the profession may be to-day, the athletic clerks still stand or walk before their stores, and the people still call them pullers-in.

Quite as peculiar, in a totally different way, are the clever men and women who are known as "pricers," and who are employed by the proprietors of the great shopping stores to learn the prices at which their competitors are offering goods. These "pricers" must be very talented, experienced and judicious specialists. They must be able to judge of the quality and brand of an article, as well as to discover its selling price. They must hide their business from those they spy upon as carefully and as ingeniously as a detective works among criminals. They must pretend to be shoppers, messengers from invalids wanting samples, eccentric ladies who scarcely know what they want, and so ask about many things. They must in some cases work in one great store and draw salaries from two, the second salary being their pay for acquainting a rival with their employer's business.—Harper's Weekly.

Steam-Carriage for Roads.

In the French technical journal, La Nature, there is described a steam-carriage for common roads, which will carry three passengers. It has a small boiler of the vertical type, which works at a pressure of one hundred and seventy pounds on the square inch, and evaporates about thirteen gallons of water per hour. The speed attained on a good road is fifteen miles per hour, and enough water can be carried to last for a run of twenty-five miles. The fuel (coke) costs one-third of a penny per mile. The entire weight of car, fuel, water and passengers is twenty-two hundred-weight.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Five hundred women in Tokio and Yokohama have subscribed to a fund for the purchase of a handsome Bible to be presented to the Empress of Japan.

—A group of German physicians have published a protest against forcing children to learn the piano before they are twelve. They point out damaging results to the intellect and the physical condition.

—The African News says there are twenty-seven societies having missions in Africa, with 403 ordained and 107 lay preachers and helpers; 186 women, 10,000 native pastors and helpers, and about 16,000 communicants.

—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Havana appealed to the Government of the island to close the cemetery which the Baptists had opened in thicket, but the Government in Spain has decided that the Baptists were acting according to the laws, and may have their place of burial.

—"General" Booth, in opening a new salvation hall in Liverpool, recently, defied any one to point out any authorized doing of the Salvation Army not justified from the Bible. They had 2,700 societies and 8,000 officers, for the most part self-supported, and the annual income was not less than \$4,000,000.

—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon recently paid a visit to the Island of Guernsey, in the English Channel. He preached four times in one day. Admission to the services was by ticket, and no fewer than nine thousand applications for tickets were made. Mr. Spurgeon's visit appears to have resulted in a great quickening of spiritual interest, the whole island being greatly stirred.

—The New West Education Commission is supporting wholly or in part, seven academies and twenty-three common schools in Utah and New Mexico. They have been attended during the past year by 3,256 pupils. During the nine years in which the Commission has existed, it is estimated that over 8,000 different pupils have been taught in its schools.

—There are between 500 and 600 Children in Sunday-schools and missions in New York. They are there chiefly to learn to talk English, for there are only fifty-three of the number who are out-and-out Christians; that is, members of the churches. A religious worker among the Mongolians says the church people have got to realize that the Chinaman is a pretty hard subject to Christianize.

—Rev. Merensky, superintendent of the missions, and for a number of years missionary in Southern Africa, gives the following statistics of missions in Africa: There are at present in that country 550 evangelical mission stations. The members of the churches number 400,000 souls; 70,000 children daily attend evangelical schools. The annual increase of evangelical Christians is 35,000. Within the last five years about 200,000 negroes died a martyr's death.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The man who knows himself thoroughly has little confidence in others.—Athena.

—In prosperity it is the easiest of all things to find a friend; in adversity it is of all things the most difficult.

—The world owes every man a living, but it doesn't owe any man any other man's living.—Oil City Blizzard.

—If a woman hates you, you may be sure she has loved you, loves you now or will love you.—Fliegende Blätter.

—Endurance is more valuable than cleverness. It is the patient, steady plodders who gain and keep fortunes.—Washington Post.

—The woman who declares she wouldn't marry the best man on earth often picks out one of the worst ones.—Terre Haute Express.

—It is not the treatment which a man receives that affects him in the long run, it is the temper with which he bears it.—Rebecca Harding Davis.

—The man who can never say "No!" is likely to get into trouble sooner or later. But when he gets there "a general denial" is the first thing on his lips.—Puck.

—It is not generally the girl with the most beaux who gets married first. It is the little, grave, demure girl who sits in the corner with one young man and hangs on to him.—Somerville Journal.

—Because a new movement is strong with the people, it does not follow that there is any good in that movement. The majority may be right on an occasion, but much of the time it is very far from right.—S. S. Times.

—Of all the vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—Burton.

—Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—N. Y. Ledger.

—You will find yourself much happier in studying the good qualities of others and exercising feelings of charity and good will toward them than you will by criticising them. The one course will make you happy, the other miserable. Give free indulgence to every noble and generous sentiment. Rejoice in the excellence and prosperity of others. Keep self out of view and show interest in others. Sympathize with them and enter into their feelings.

—In private life, and in all life, the best of motives to action are those which lie outside of self and its supposed interests. To build the ship staunch and safe and the house firm and healthful for the sake of the human lives that will be entrusted to them, to administer justice because of its equity, to heal disease and teach sanitary laws for the sake of suffering humanity, to cherish in every employment some glimpse of and interest in the good that it is to produce in the world, introduces a finer element into the labor and actually brings forth a better quality of work than can be induced by the mere hope of personal benefit to the worker.—Once a Week.

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

No. 3, volume 1, of the Burns Monitor, a seven-column folio, edited and published by J. M. Worley and E. B. Brumback, a neat and newsy paper, is on our table.

President Harrison was burned in effigy by the Republicans of Jeffersonville, Indiana, on Wednesday night of last week. He will be buried in person by the people of the United States in 1892.

A Court protected by twenty special policemen with Winchester rifles, is an anomaly, but that spectacle was witnessed, on Wednesday of last week in Montana. The course of the President, in resorting to lawless methods to steal a State, has already had its effect.

The Republican vote fell off in Chicago. This was quite natural, as several splendid workers in that organization are at present occupying the defendant's box in a Chicago Court, where the untimely death of Dr. Cronin is being inquired into.—*Florence Bulletin.*

Some of the choice epithets applied by the pluperfect prohibitionists to the resubmissionists: "Whiskeyites," "sneaking jointers," "brazen-faced saloon keepers," "outhroats," "gamblers," "sneak thieves," "pimps," "thugs" and "murderers." There is a mighty heap of such in Kansas.

Another Republican official heard from! County Treasurer Fortner of Riley county, has gone to join the Canadian colony of American embezzlers. His safe is locked and the amount of booty he carried off can not be ascertained. He was not an angel; he was a Republican and Canada got him.

How do we grow. There are now seven Democratic District Judges in Kansas: District No. 2, Robert M. Eaton, Atchison; No. 10, John T. Burris, Olathe; No. 11, J. D. McCue, Independence; No. 15, Cyrus Herren, Osborne; No. 17, G. Webb Bertram, Oberlin; No. 27, C. A. Leland, El Dorado; No. 29, J. W. Bailey, Lyons.

There was an open break in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, last week, and the Iowa delegates withdrew in a body. With Mrs. Ellen Foster at their head, they have been endeavoring to turn the Union over to the Republicans. When they found that they could not do so they had no further use for the organization, and withdrew.

Beginning with January 1, next, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., will become one of the editors of *The Ladies Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. The famous preacher will have a regular department each month, written by himself, with the title "Under My Study Lamp." His first contribution will appear in the January number of the *Journal*. Dr. Talmage's salary is said to be one of the largest ever paid for editorial work.

The British Medical Association has, after endless toil and research, obtained the following statistics as to longevity. It took humanity and divided it into three classes: The total abstainer, the moderate drinker, and the sot. Three thousand cases were examined, one thousand of each, and the result showed the following resume: That the total abstainer died first; that the moderate drinker lived longer than either the total abstainer or the sot, and finally, that the sot lived longer than the total abstainer.—*Atchison Patriot.*

There are just one hundred and six counties in the State of Kansas, and out of that number just five counties recorded themselves on the side of Democracy, last Tuesday week. Kansas is a pretty safe and reliable Republican State.—*Florence Herald.*

Yet some Democrats find fault with Democratic editors because they (the editors) can't deposit a sufficient number of Democratic ballots in the ballot boxes, on election day, to make the State, or, at least, their respective counties, go Democratic.

The organization of farmers into Granges, Alliances, Wheels, and combinations by other names, has for two years been going on at a much more rapid rate than ever before. The limits of the old Grange movement has long ago been passed. These organizations now contain a membership of a million, and a movement is on foot to consolidate the Granges. The Alliances, and all the other combinations. An explanation of this movement, as well as the aims and methods of each organization in the December Forum, by W. A. Peffer, of Kansas.

The fellow who bought groceries of a foreign house was in town to-day. He brought in twenty pounds of butter, and peddled it over town, or at least he tried to peddle it out and at 3 o'clock was seen standing on a street corner cursing the town. When asked why he bought groceries of a travelling peddler, he said he made it a principle to buy where he could get the cheapest and sell where he could get the most. He is a Republican, when asked why he voted for rebel. Somehow we could not help but wonder "What foetus we mortals be."—*Eureka Democrat.*

Wherever the Australian ballot system has had a trial, there the Democrats made gains. This system renders it impossible for the employers to watch and bulldoze their employees on election day. It insures a perfectly free and perfectly honest election. It is a method of voting which not

only renders fraud impossible, but renders it impossible for either political party to charge chicanery at the polls upon its opponents. It was tried under very excellent auspices in Massachusetts last week and proved a complete success. That it is not a bad thing for the Democratic party is abundantly proved by the result in that state. The ballots and election machinery are provided by the state, and local candidates and managers are spared all expenses in furnishing ballots and supervising the voting. The voter is admitted to an inclosure where he receives a printed ballot containing the names of all the candidates. He then proceeds to mark the names of those for whom he wishes to vote. He folds the ballot and deposits it without inspection by anybody.—*Atchison Patriot.*

They are figuring the "circulation" business down fine at Cottonwood Falls. The *Courant* says that the same "hand" turns off both papers; that it takes him 85 minutes to turn off the *Leader*, and 65 minutes to run off the *Courant*; that it takes thirteen turns of the *Leader's* "fly wheel" to run off two papers, while the fly wheel of the *Courant's* press must only revolve ten times to print two papers. The *Courant* offers a prize to the boy or girl who tells the relative circulation of the two papers from these facts.—*Marion Record.*

The correct answer to this problem not having yet been sent to this office, we still hold open the above indicated offer, and we do hope that some boy or girl in Chase county will receive the reward. They are to work the problem on the proposition that the *Courant* press turns out 720 papers an hour. The one whose correct answer is received at this office first shall be entitled to the prize, a nice book, "A Good Fight," and other tales, by Chas. Reade. Go to work, boys and girls, and see who will get the book.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

Taxes are due November 1 of each year. Tax is assessed on all property owned March 1 of each year, but the persons owning real estate up to November 1, are liable for the taxes of that year. One half of the taxes of each year may be paid between November 1 and December 20, and the other half on or before June 21 following, without penalty or cost. If all is paid on or before December 20, a rebate of 5 per cent. is allowed on the last half. If none is paid by December 20, the whole tax becomes due and a penalty of five per cent. is added. Warrants for collection of personal property taxes must be issued on or before January 15, following. On March 22 another 5 per cent penalty attaches to delinquent taxes of the previous year, and on June 20, an additional 5 per cent. On July 15, warrants are issued on personal property where second half is delinquent. On July 10, all lands and lots are advertised for the delinquent taxes thereon, and on the first Tuesday in September they are sold, and the taxes, penalty and charges draw interest thereafter at the rate of 24 per cent. per annum.

NOVEL AND USEFUL.

Retail grocers, and other retail dealers doing a credit business are adopting a plan that is at once novel and decidedly useful. They issue to their customers Coupon Books, (patented), similar to Mileage books for Railways, but instead of the coupons being one mile, they are for one cent each, the value of the books varying from two to twenty dollars. These coupons are good for their face value in groceries or other merchandise at the store of the firm issuing them. When the books are issued, the dealer charges his customer with the value of the book. When pay-day comes the customer pays this amount, and meantime uses the coupons for the purchase of supplies, the same as paying cash, thus avoiding all disputing accounts and saving valuable time to both the dealer and his customer. Every retail dealer doing a credit business should adopt this plan, and should write to the publishers for information, and if every customer would insist upon his dealer using them, there would be much less occasion for the disputing accounts. Manufactured by the Historical Publishing Co., of Dayton, Ohio, to whom all inquiries for specimens and particulars should be sent.

FREE RECLINING-CHAIR CARS TO PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS AND DENVER, COLORADO.

The "Santa Fe Route" is now running free reclining-chair cars between Kansas City and Denver on daily trains No. 5 and 6, leaving Strong City at 4:56 p. m., and 12:12 p. m., respectively. These cars are entirely new, and have been built expressly for this train, and fitted with all modern appliances for both convenience and safety, and are unequalled by any cars run between these points heretofore. No line can offer you better accommodations than the old reliable "Santa Fe Route." For any information desired regarding rates, through car accommodations, time of arrival and departure of trains &c., call on C. H. Meves, agent of the Santa Fe route, Cottonwood Falls, Kas. or address GEORGE T. NICHOLSON, G. P. & T. A., A. T. & S. F. R. R., TOPEKA, KANSAS.

KANSAS PATENTS.

The following patents were granted for the week ending Nov. 12, 1889, reported expressly for this paper by Joseph H. Hunter, Solicitor of American and foreign patents, Washington, D. C.: Romanus Bohnenblust and A. Riley, Fall rotary grain meter; R. M. Dillard, Goodland, snap hook; W. C. Grafton, Topeka, hotel indicator; C. A. Japhet, Winchester, washing machine; T. B. Kerr, Kansas City, refractory composition; W. A. Miller, Council Grove, case holding bracket for composing stands; J. A. Morsman and E. H. Higby, Mapleton, vehicle wheel; Louis Riedel, Baker, hay rack.

STRONG CITY ITEMS.

Dr. F. M. Jones has returned from his trip to Oklahoma.

Mr. Hamilton Senior returned home, Friday, from a business trip to Topeka.

Master John Williams, a former typo of this city and Cottonwood Falls, has left for parts unknown.

Mr. Lewis Matter started to Ellsworth, Sunday morning, for his wife, whom he left there when he returned here a few weeks ago.

As well as being heated up with steam and lighted up with electric lights, the Bank hotel in this city will have a steam laundry in connection with it.

Mr. Frank Blackshere, of Wellington, who is visiting his father, Mr. J. R. Blackshere, in Cottonwood township, was in town, Saturday, as was also Mr. Wm. Desher, of Bazaar.

Married, at the Lutheran church, in this city, last Sunday afternoon, November 17, 1889, by the Rev. Carl Eberhardt, Mr. Herman Triemer and Miss Louisa Kieling, all of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Shuey have given up possession of the Hotel Grand, and shipped their hotel furniture and fixtures to Kansas City, where they intend again embarking in the hotel business.

On Wednesday of last week there was a re-union of the Fritze and Benitz families, at the residence of Julius Benitz, on Diamond creek, at which there were about forty members of these families present, and at which a most sumptuous dinner was partaken of and a most pleasant time had.

Mr. A. E. Fritze and family, of this city, were there.

Mr. J. C. Farrington and wife, nee Lizzie Lantry, returned home, last Thursday, from their wedding trip to Denver, Colorado. The snow on the mountains was too deep for them to go any further than Denver with any degree of pleasure, so they returned home without visiting all the places they had intended to when they left here, on the day of their marriage.

At the last meeting of our City Council an ordinance was passed giving Messrs. S. F. Jones and Wit Adare the right to construct, maintain and operate a system of electric lights in this city. The resignation of F. J. Harden, City Marshal, was received and accepted; as was also the resignation of J. I. Hay, City Clerk, and W. Y. Morgan was appointed and confirmed as City Clerk.

The Bank Hotel, formerly the Hotel Grand, has been vacated by Mr. W. C. Shuey preparatory to undergoing thorough repairs and refitting in handsome style, by the first of December, when it will be taken possession of by Messrs. Mellvain & Gill, the popular short order lunch stand men, who intend running it as a first class hotel, and who will continue to run their lunch stand.

Mr. B. Lantry, of this city, finds in the Iowa election news that his brother, Mr. Thomas Lantry, has been elected Treasurer of Altonia county, by 800 majority, the first straight Democrat ever elected in that county; and he had a large Republican majority to overcome. Mr. Lantry's new son-in-law, Mr. W. H. Cushing, was elected Treasurer of the county in which he resides, in Nebraska, by 500 majority.

At the 8 o'clock mass in the Catholic church, in this city, on Tuesday morning, November 19, 1889, Mr. Matt McDonald and Miss Lizzie Retzger were united in marriage by the Rev. Father Boniface Niehaus, O. S. F., all of Strong City. Mr. McDonald was one of the pioneers of Kansas, having come to this state when a boy, with his parents, and having lived in Morris and Chase counties ever since, where he has always been a highly respected citizen, being now Under Sheriff of this county; while the happy bride is one of the most intelligent as well as fairest daughters of Strong City where she has resided for about fifteen years. The *Courant* correspondent, knowing the kindly feelings of the editor toward this newly wedded couple, extends to them, in behalf of the *Courant*, the congratulations of that paper, hoping that their journey through Time may be a voyage of happiness and prosperity; and that when they shall have passed into eternity may the salutation be to each of them: "Well done thou good and faithful servant." X. L. C. ORR.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the postoffice at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, for the month ending November 1, 1889: Campbell, Robt. McCammon, Mrs. M. Cooper, Mr. Annie. Cash, W. W. Darrell, Miss Celie. Doughty, B. H. Dainelson, John. Haskins, Mrs. Sarah. Leland, Miss Elsie. Meeker, W. J. Perkins, Fred. Pryor, Fred. Richmond, Geo. Reading, Billie. Vinsant, Geo. Watts, Master V. B. All above unclaimed December 1, will be sent to the dead letter office. Parties calling for any of the above letters, will please say they are advertised. S. A. BREES, P. M.

COURT PROCEEDING.

F. DOSTER, JUDGE.
 State vs. Daniel Trigg, grand larceny; verdict, guilty.
 Kansas Mortgage Co. vs. Walter Durham, foreclosure; judgment for \$1,165.50.
 Wm. Henderson vs. Albert Barwig et al., foreclosure; judgment for \$451.25.
 C. W. Beal vs. F. L. Drinkwater et al., recovery of money; judgment for \$637.50.
 F. B. Hunt vs. Cottonwood Falls Creamery, foreclosure; judgment for \$1,328.00.
 As we go to press the case of the State vs. Neil Wilkie, illegally receiving deposits, change of venue from Butler county, is on trial.

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

JULIUS REMY,
 Tonsorial Artist.

 Cottonwood Falls, - - - - - Kansas.
SHOP WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY.

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

JNO. F. TAYLOR, **W. H. TAYLOR,** **DAVID SMITH**
TAYLOR, TAYLOR & CO.,
 LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 OFFICE, 80 EXCHANGE BUILDING.
KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS.
 SALESMEN:
 JNO. F. TAYLOR AND W. H. TAYLOR, Cattle Salesmen.
 DAVID SMITH, Hog Salesman, and R. S. POSTON, Office.
 J. P. STROCK, Yardman and Assistant Salesman

STRONG CITY
HARDWARE :: COMPANY,
 —DEALERS IN SHELF AND HEAVY—
HARDWARE,
 PINE LUMBER, GRAIN, AND
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
 HARNESS,
 SADDLERY,
 CUTLERY,
 STOVES & TINWARE.
 SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CUSTOM MADE TIN GOODS.
 The above firm will continue to maintain and operate the business at the old stand of E. A. HILDEBRAND.
J. A. GOUDIE, **J. S. LOY,**
GOUDIE & LOY,
 DEALERS IN
 FURNITURE, PICTURE FRAMES, ETC., ETC.
 STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING, AND ATTEND ALL ORDERS, DAY OR NIGHT, FOR UNDERTAKING.
MARTIN HEINTZ,
Carpenter & Builder,
 Reasonable charges, and goods warranted. Shop at his home, northwest corner of Friend and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.
J. W. MC'WILLIAMS'
Chase County Land Agency
 Railroad or Syndicate Lands, will buy or sell wild lands or improved farms. —AND LOANS MONEY.—
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS 497-137

460 Acres of Land for Sale.
 The Fisher estate, consisting of 460 acres of good, bottom land, all under fence, in Falls township, on the Cottonwood river, east of Cottonwood Falls, is offered for sale. One 40 acre tract has a good house and well on it, and the old homestead (200 acres) has a good house and well on it. It will be sold in whole or in part. For price and terms apply to
RICHARD CUTHBERT,
 Cottonwood Falls, Kans.
THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. S. Howell & Co's Newspaper Ad. vertising Bureau (10 Spruce St., Philadelphia) or at the office of the *Courant* near the depot for a 10c PER COPY.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
JOSEPH C. WATERS,
 ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
 Topeka, Kansas,
 (Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton. fe23-11
THOS. H. GRISHAM
 ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
 Office in Hillert's Building,
COTTONWOOD FALLS KANSAS fe2-11
C. STERRY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 EMPORIA, KANSAS,
 Will practice in the several courts in Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties, in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein. 7-15-11.
F. P. COCHRAN,
 ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.
 Practices in all State and Federal courts

PHYSICIANS.
T. M. ZANE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 Office at Central Drug Store, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. Septdf.
A. M. CONAWAY,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
 Residence and office, a half mile north of Toledo. ly11-11
WM. J. ALLISON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 Residence and office at WONSIVU, KANSAS. apr26-11
 S. Birkett, J. Verner, J. C. Straggm.

Birkett, Verner & Co.,

LIVE STOCK
 Commission - Merchants,
 —ROOM 19, LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE,—
Kansas - City, - Mo.

Wm. H. HOLSINGER,
 —DEALER IN—
 Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
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 PIPE, RUBBER HOSE AND FITTINGS,
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100 TONS
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HARD & SOFT
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 AT BOTTOM PRICES
 FOR

CASH.
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LUMBER,
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COTTONWOOD FALLS.
IRVIN BLANCHARD,
 DEHORNER OF CATTLE,
 HOMESTEAD, CHASE COUNTY KANSAS. Nearly three years experience, guarantee no stubs to grow on all that I clear. I use HAAFF'S deboning tools and CHUTE. aug.29.—2mgs.

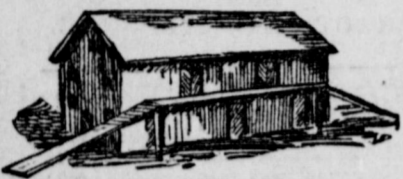
THE FARMING WORLD.

WAREHOUSE FOR GRAIN.

A Simple, Cheap and Durable House for Farm Storage.

Mr. Edward O'Donnell, Ramsey County, Minn., writes to the American Agriculturist in behalf of himself and other subscribers in the Northwest for the plan of a practical storage warehouse for grain. He adds: "Mistakes are often made in estimating the strength of materials for buildings and bins to hold grain. It is no rare thing to see a farmer's granary burst and the grain scattered over the ground. Another difficulty with our present style of granaries is the labor involved in putting in and taking out the grain, climbing over the tops of the bins and the grain every time."

Our illustration shows a very simple and cheap form of farm storage building. It may be of any desired dimensions. In a neighborhood of moderate-sized farms it is well for several farmers to join in building one in a convenient location, each owner having separate bins for his own grain. The underpinning, sills and posts must be firm and substantial, but the rest of the structure may be built of



A NORTHWESTERN GRAIN WAREHOUSE.

comparatively light materials, as the pressure of the grain falls on the bins, which are made sufficiently strong to withstand it. A platform for loaded grain wagons extends along the entire length outside of the building, with an inclined approach at each end. The bins extend from two feet above the upper floor downward to within three feet of the ground. It is quite as well to leave the lower story with no floor at all, except the smoothly-packed earth. The lower part of the bins is made to taper downward, like an inverted pyramid, with a hole on one side of the apex, covered by a slide.

The cheapest and strongest method of constructing the bins is of inch boards laid flatwise, one above the other, lapping at the corners. The width of the boards makes the thickness of the bin, which is from three to six inches, according to size and capacity. The bins are supported by strong posts resting on mudsills. The wagons are driven up one of the inclines to the platform and unloaded by carrying the grain into the warehouse and pouring it into the bins, or run in through a spout projecting through the side of the house. When it is desired to remove the grain, the slide at the bottom of the bin is raised, opening the outlet, and the grain drawn out. In very large warehouses the bins are so high that a wagon may be driven under them and the grain drawn directly into it. One or more slatted ventilators upon the peak of the roof are useful, but not indispensable.

Fall Plowing.

Except the lightest sandy soils, all level land will be benefited by fall plowing. When well plowed, and to a proper depth, the plowed ground will not wash over by the heavy Southern winter rains. That the land will leach and lose its fertility is a mistake. Nothing will be lost in any case except the nitrogen, which exists in the form of nitric acid or the most soluble nitric salts, and, as a rule, there is no danger of this because of the almost entire absence of this form of nitrogen in the land. On the contrary, it is for the purpose of developing this scarce plant food in the soil that fall plowing is desirable. The turning over of the soil aids in the change of the abundant inert nitrogen, which is mostly combined with the carbonaceous organic matter in the soil, into soluble nitrates, and this process goes on slowly during the fall and early spring, and where the ground is not frozen even during the winter. Consequently the land is brought into a more fertile condition by the fall plowing, and besides this gain, there is another of much importance, viz.: the spring work is forwarded so much, and the crops may be put in so much earlier.—American Agriculturist.

Hints on Driving Nails.

Every farmer who has had occasion to drive a nail into seasoned oak posts knows its liability to bend or break. If the point be moistened in the mouth it will drive more kindly. Oil is still better, but then it is inconvenient to dip each nail separately into it. Another point observed is that boards become loose eventually from the rusting of the nails, which, communicating to the wood, causes not an enlargement of the nail hole, but the wearing away of the nail itself, rendering the fence or the building shaky or insecure. This may be prevented by heating any rough grease until it smokes, and then pouring it over the nails to be used. The grease will penetrate the pores of the iron, and cause the nails to last, without rusting, an indefinite period. Besides this, no trouble will then be experienced in driving them into the hardest wood. The reason is that the coating of grease prevents contact of air, and consequently oxidation.—Chicago Journal.

A Source of Pocket Money.

Farmers in many parts of the West are devoting more attention to poultry, and the profits from this source in many cases keep their homes supplied with numerous useful articles. The poultry yard is certainly worthy of attention from all farmers. Poultry raising is profitable, if it is sensibly and methodically pursued. It is a branch of farming which requires but little hard work and space, while it carries with it much enjoyment. I know of nothing equally profitable which can take its place. In running a farm, either large or small, to leave out poultry would seem to me to omit one of its best features and also out of a steady supply of ready money for household purposes which would soon be missed.—H. L. Brown, in Farm and Home.

"QUALITY" IN FRENCH HORSES.

An English Horseman's Comments on the French Horse and His Points.

Speaking of the quality of the native French horses exhibited at the Paris show last spring, Mr. Burdette-Coutts, in London Live-Stock, Sports and Pastimes, says: "I have two general remarks to make. First, that up to 15.3, or possibly up to 15.8, hands our English horses, particularly now when the study and attention given to the Hackney breed has in five or six years produced such marked improvement, are immeasurably superior in every respect to any thing that is bred in France. For barouche horses from 16 to 17 hands high reluctantly admit that the French breeder has the bricole. The French have a race of carrossiers—that is, by constantly crossing the Hackney stallion with the big mares of Normandy, the latter probably enlarged by an earlier admixture of Cleveland or Yorkshire coach-horse blood, they have created a race from which their barouche horses are produced. I am by no means satisfied with them. Their hind action is indifferent, their shapes are vastly inferior to our best Yorkshire type, showing neither the lengthy and level quarter nor the long, elegant top line of the latter. But that which really shows a horse in harness, and which sells him at a high price for that purpose, viz.: high action in front, is very much more marked throughout the French-bred barouche horses than in our own.

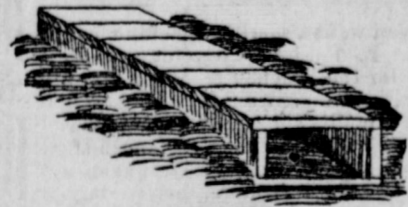
"It is not the best of action; it is often up and down, 'floppy,' and 'dishing,' but there is no doubt about it they do 'pop it up.' A pair of Yorkshire coach horses or of Cleveland bays—that of fine quality which my friend Mr. A. E. Pease, M. P., does not appear to consider either a natural or valuable characteristic of the latter breed, but which I believe, by careful attention can easily be produced from it—if they had really high action in front, would be worth, in the eyes of any one who knows a horse's tail from his head, double the money that any French-bred pair ought to fetch. But, as a rule, in our big horses of this type we have not got the action. There are one or two famous exceptions, and if these should succeed in reproducing their own action while preserving their fine shapes we shall have solved the difficulty which to my mind should be a matter of grief and consternation to English horse-breeders—viz.: that we can not or do not at the present time produce big carriage horses suitable for the London state carriage.

"It is a well-known fact that most of the big bay horses which we see in the Mall on a drawing-room day, whatever black blood may be in their veins, are strangers in a strange land. I do not deny that some big horses with action are produced in Great Britain, but for the most part they are 'carriage' hunters from Ireland or the produce of Hackney stallions and cart mares, and in neither case do they possess the curvilinear and sweeping form which, to a practiced eye, is most beautiful for a big harness horse. I have little doubt that some of the coarseness of shape, and particularly the low-set tail in the French carrossier, is due to the fact that many big so-called Hackney stallions have been imported into that country which get their size from a cross of carting blood. It remains to be seen whether in this country we can not produce an animal with the requisite action and shape by crossing the Cleveland bay or the Yorkshire coach horse with a pure Hackney possessed of extra size and quality. Without the latter we shall do nothing in this business.

"One noticeable feature in French horses is that in all sizes they are bred for speed in trotting. The composition of the ground in the Palais de l'Industrie is suited to this peculiarity, being hard and not covered with tan, as in the case of our shows. This is a point which we seem to have lost sight of in favor of show action. And yet trotting speed must be inherent in the breed that comes from the loams of Marshland Shales, who did his 17 miles in 34 minutes, carrying 13 st., or from Woot's Pretender, who is credited with 16 miles to the hour, carrying 16 st., as well as in the stock of that Yorkshire coach horse, a brother to Wonderful, of whom we find the almost incredible record of 18 miles in the hour, carrying 18 st. In our competitions the pace which will make a horse raise his knee to the highest point is the only one sought after, but any one who has visited one of the real old-fashioned Yorkshire breeders and seen these horses trotted without breaking on a long rein to a galloway, the latter galloping alongside as fast as he can lay heels to the ground, or any one who remembers the large part which old Bellfounder played in the creation of the American trotting horse, will understand how easily the characteristic of speed could be resuscitated in these English breeds."—Breeders' Gazette.

Box Sluice.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer sends to that paper the following sketch of an improvement in building box sluices. The old plan of covering with a plank placed lengthwise is very defective, as the weight of the dirt it is compelled to support depresses the plank in



BOX SLUICE.

the center, causing it to hold water, which hastens decay; the plank drops into the sluice, followed by part of the road-bed, which washes out until the covering of dirt is entirely gone. With the plan here illustrated the sluice cover is thoroughly drained, the full strength of the material is utilized, and when saturated with gas-tar, or something similar, is rendered almost indestructible.

Twenty pounds of hay and twelve quarts of oats given daily is the estimated quantity of food for a horse, but this must be regulated by the size of the animal, the labor performed and the season of the year.

IN THE OLD DAYS.

Dear Grandmamma sighed
As she slowly unfolded
The packet we found in the loft;
The paper was bluish,
The words were too foolish,
The sentiments, we thought, were soft.

Now, if our dear Granny
Were young, like our Fanny,
Who lingered last night at the gate,
It would not seem queer
To be called "love" and "dear,"
And "prithce, sweet, tell me my fate."

But it sounded so silly
To sign "Your sweet Willie,"
"Who worships the ground at your feet,"
Now Grandpa takes snuff
And thinks it enough
To doze in the sun in his seat.

When Grandmamma was young
Her praises were sung
By rapturous lovers a score:
I wish I were the fashion
To record the blind passion
In verses of twenty or more.

Then pen, ink and paper,
Some wax and a taper,
Were all the expenses incurred;
Now, costly bouquets,
Drives, operas, plays,
And "seats in the parquette preferred."

Then, old-fashioned ways,
The minut's maze,
The sonnets by messenger sent:
A seat meant for one,
Her promise is won,
And all without costing a cent.

—Chicago Journal.

MY FIRST CIGAR.

Reasons That Determined Me To Let It Be My Last.

"Go and buy a cigar," Mr. Nimon was a carpenter employed in building a warehouse for grain-shippers at Wyclkes, a little station on the Wabash railway, in Central Illinois, and, as he spoke, he handed me a five-cent piece.

My parents lived at Wyclkes. I was the youngest of four sons, and was ten years old at the time—just the right age to think it smart to step around with a cigar between my teeth.

I had always been a favorite with Mr. Nimon, and I suppose he thought he was doing the right thing when he told me to buy a cigar, or, he may have thought the attractions of "gun-drops" and "taffy-on-a-stick" would be too much for me and I would lay out the nickel in those luxuries instead of buying a cigar with it. But, if such were his thoughts, he was mistaken, for I took the nickel, and, marching into a store near by, kept by a cripple named Bradshaw, plunked it down upon the counter and asked for a cigar with as indifferent an air as I could assume, with the doubts of my ability to conquer the weed already assailing me.

The store-keeper gave me a quizzical look, reached for a box, hesitated for a moment, and then took down another. Throwing the lid back, he set before me some very dark and ominous-looking cigars.

Had I been an experienced smoker and a judge of cigars, I would have known that the ones before me were particularly dangerous specimens, but I wasn't, and didn't, and so, in blissful unconsciousness of what was before me, I selected one of the noisome weeds, bit off the end (as I had seen men do), and then lighting it, stuck it in my mouth and strutted out of the store with my head thrown back and chest expanded, puffing away like one in the manner born.

Had I seen the amused smile upon Bradshaw's face as I left his store, my suspicions might have been aroused, but I didn't see it, and so continued to step round with the cigar between my teeth, feeling, or rather, endeavoring to feel—for the cigar tasted horrible, and made me have a queer sensation in the region of my stomach—that I was every inch a man.

But this state of affairs lasted but a short time. Had I taken the trouble to look at myself in a mirror after five minutes at that cigar, I would have noticed an unusual pallor to my face, and a whiteness about my lips foreign to them in a normal state. And my stomach! from a simple state of sickness it had broken out in open rebellion, and the war which was waged between the legitimate contents of said stomach and the poisonous saliva and bits of tobacco which I had unwittingly swallowed was awful while it lasted, and it lasted quite long enough to suit me, I assure you.

Needless to say, perhaps, the tobacco conquered, and around behind some cars which were standing on the sidetrack—where I had gone as quickly as a swimming head and staggering footsteps would let me—I was speedily relieved of both contending forces.

But, oh! how weak, and sick and faint, and wretched I did feel—not a bit like a man now—and thinking I would keep quiet for awhile, until I felt better, I crawled under one of the cars and laid down beside the rails. How it happened that I went to sleep I do not know. Perhaps it was induced by my particular weak state, both mentally and physically, at that time; but, be that as it may, certain it is that I had not lain there ten minutes before I was asleep, sound as a top.

How long I slept I do not know, but I was suddenly awakened by a queer, grinding, gliding noise, accompanied by a regular click-click-click-click!

I knew the sound only too well, and even if my eyes had not told me what occasioned the queer noise, I would have known what made it:

The cars could not move without motive power, where was the engine?

There was about a foot of space between my body and the trucks of the cars, and I cautiously raised my head a trifle and glanced down along my body in the direction from which the cars were coming.

Horror of horrors! The engine was on that end of the string of cars, pushing them, and only two cars intervened between it and my trembling self!

I was paralyzed with horror for a moment. The ash-pan on all locomotive engines is beneath the body of the monster, and is invariably only about six inches from the rails. It would be impossible for it to pass over the body of a child, much less that of a good-sized boy, without mangling, scraping and tearing it to pieces.

I realized this with a chill of terror, but what to do I could not think. It really seemed as if there was nothing I could do—that I had no choice in the matter, but would be forced to lie there and be mangled—scraped—torn to pieces beneath that awful ash-pan, and I involuntarily closed my eyes and shuddered.

The cars were moving at a rapid rate of speed now, and as my eyes came open again, the rear end of the first of the two remaining cars was just passing over me.

The forward end of the last car passed rapidly, and the other end approached. It would be followed by the tender, then the engine, under which was the ash-pan, which would mangle my poor body in another moment.

The horrible thought nerved me to desperation, and, as the end of the car reached me, I threw up my hands and clutched the rapidly-moving trucks with a grip made trebly strong by terror.

I was jerked with such suddenness and force that my arms were nearly pulled out of their sockets, but I held on with an energy born of despair, and was dragged along with the car, my feet thumping against the ties at a rate which threatened to relieve my shoes of their heel-taps if not my feet of the shoes themselves.

But I retained my hold. To lose my grasp and fall upon the track would be certain death—death in a particularly horrible form, and I shuddered and gripped the trucks with renewed energy.

As onward I was dragged, I made attempts to draw myself up upon the trucks, but it was beyond my power and I could only grip them tighter and wait.

Would the cars never stop?

Onward and still onward I was dragged, across two cattle-guards, where the wagon-road crossed the railroad, and for fifty yards farther, when just as I was on the point of having to let go my hold—it really seemed as if I could not retain my grasp a moment longer—I noticed that the speed of the cars was diminishing.

Little by little they slackened up, slower and slower they moved, but not until they had come to a dead standstill did I dare let go my hold and crawl out from under the car.

This I did and then sank upon the ground beside the railroad track, utterly unnerved—almost fainting. And my arms and legs, how sore they were! It was two weeks at least, before they returned to any thing like their normal condition of usefulness.

The train took the cars—which were loaded with shelled corn—away with it, and as I stood in the middle of the track and saw the old red caboose disappear around the curve in the deep cut a quarter of a mile to the east of the little station of Wyclkes, I thought, with a shudder, of the narrow escape which I had had from a horrible death, and I registered a vow to never, never again touch tobacco in any form.

And I have kept my vow.—S. A. D. Cox, in Yankee Blade.

SOME RARE OLD BONDS.

They Were Yellow From Age, But Proved to Be Worth \$70,000 in Gold.

It was while Judge Folger was Secretary (said an old Treasury official.) One morning an old man came in to me who was from a New England State. He said that about twenty years ago he found some old stocks or bonds among the papers of an uncle (mentioning his name); he had been a man of National reputation for ability, and had a comfortable fortune for those days—that is from 1830 to 1840—and he had come to the United States Treasury to find out if they were worth any thing, as they seemed to be United States bonds. I looked at them. They were ten of the "old debt" bonds, and were indeed curiosities. They were old and yellow from age, but were worth, principal and interest, in gold \$70,000, for there were ten years' interest due on them. You can imagine the old man's amazement when I told him this. "Why, I would gladly have taken \$5,000 for them," said he, "and I offered them to a Boston banker for less than that, but he rather superciliously and contemptuously declined to buy them at any figure." I took the old man in to see Judge Folger, who was very much interested in the matter when I explained it to him. He had never seen any of the "old loan" securities, and after these were paid and canceled I believe he directed that one of them be framed and preserved. Well, in less than half an hour's time the old New-Englander walked out of the building with a check in his pocket on the New York Sub-Treasury for \$70,000 in gold. How that "smart" Boston banker must have cursed his own ignorance and stupidity when he learned what he had thrown away.—St. Louis Republic.

—A duck got into a queer fix near Rochester, Pa., the other day. The ducks of that place eat the acorns which are scattered over the ground under the oak trees, and this particular duck ate so many that when the owner returned from work in the evening it was lying prostrate, unable to walk or squawk. He looked into the mouth and saw that its throat was clogged with acorns. He tried to drive them down, but as he failed in this, he cut its head off, and nearly a half peck of acorns fell out of its body.

PETER THE GREAT.

The Half Crazy Imperial Genius Who Created Modern Russia.

In 1723 he created himself Emperor, placing the imperial crown upon his own head, and soon after on that of the Livonian peasant girl whom he married, the mistress of his favorite Prince Menshikoff, once an itinerant vender of meat pies; she afterward succeeded Peter as Empress Catherine I. His merciless cruelty was shown early, on his return from his first journey, after pulling down the revolt of the Strelitz, a body of janissaries who had risen to replace his sister Sophia on the throne. He executed 2,000 of them in cold blood. His only son Alexis, who had opposed his measures and was accused among other crimes of "defending the proscribed beards and chaftans of the peasants" had gone abroad with his wife, but was lured home by an offer of reconciliation, when he was seized and condemned to death by his father and executed in prison.

His interference was as trying in small as in great things. One story of his didactic tyranny sounds like a lesson out of "Sandford and Merton." It is told by a Frenchman who heard it on the spot in Finland, where he was sent by Louis Philippe's government to obtain blocks of red porphyry which the Czar Nicholas had granted for the tomb of Napoleon under the dome of the Invalides at Paris. Peter was traveling incognito in part of Finland just convalved, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man, who told him he was going to Petersburg. "What for?" asked the Czar. "To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive." "Do you know any doctor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menshikoff and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the prince's house with a note, the answer was not delayed; the next day, tied hand and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years after Peter the Great was visiting the mines when suddenly the miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet, crying: "Grace, grace, what is it I have done?" Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you; I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first-rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote against your complaint!" Probably, as over-fat is a disease, the poor man died of his "cure."

"The impatient activity of Peter," as a German writer calls it, attempted impossibilities; a perfectly barbarous people could not be dragged up to the level of civilization of other nations by mere force of a despot's will without passing through any of the intermediate stages. Accordingly the mass of the Russian people continues much the same in habits and education as they were when Peter began his reforms, and a sort of veneer among the people and military classes covers a degree of barbarism and corruption which the rest of Europe has long left behind. The restless ambition which he bequeathed to his successors has gone on to the present day. Cut off at first both from the Baltic and Black seas, they conquered the intervening territory in each case, and now declare that they will never rest until they get possession of the Dardanelles, "without which we have not the key to our own house," said Alexander the First.—Nineteenth Century.

PAINTING DIAMONDS.

How Stones of Small Value Are Disposed of by Dishonest Experts.

There is one pawnbroker in Washington who has lost all faith in human honesty. Several months ago a nicely dressed man entered his shop and displayed a pair of diamond earrings upon which he desired to secure a loan. The stones had that peculiar bluish white color so highly prized among lovers of diamonds, and the pawnbroker readily advanced him \$250 on them. The stranger departed, and in due course of time the pawnbroker tried to dispose of them. He exhibited the diamonds to a well-known dealer, who said if they would stand a test they were easily worth \$1,500. The stones were removed from their settings and placed in a bottle of alcohol. They were then shaken for about five minutes, taken out and carefully cleaned. From the beautiful bluish white they had become as yellow as the Chinese flag, and were not worth over \$75. The expert said afterwards: "These stones were painted. The process is a very simple one. A small piece of indelible pencil is dissolved in a teacupful of water. The yellow diamond is then painted with a fine camel's hair brush dipped in the preparation and the stone is allowed to dry. The paint will wear off in time, but nothing will remove it quickly but alcohol. No reputable dealer will have any thing to do with such stones, but we have to keep a pretty sharp lookout for just such tricks as that one I exposed a few moments ago."—Boston Traveller.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S BREAD.

The German Emperor is fond of variety, even in such small matters as his daily bread. Thus, for instance, he takes for breakfast a small white loaf, the top of which is powdered over with salt, and which, accordingly, goes by the name of salt-bun. Its cost is one penny. After it he consumes a half-penny bun, known as the "Luca-eye." For his sandwiches he requires yet another kind of bread, made of the finest Vienna flour and baked till the outside, which is afterwards cut off, is quite black. Price one penny. At dinner, with the soup, so-called "broth-sticks" are served. They are made after an Italian recipe, which is the secret of the court bakers, and their value is a halfpenny apiece.—Pall Mall Gazette.

—Female pall-bearers were a feature of a recent funeral of a colored man at Augusta, Ga. But one man was present at the funeral—the sexton of the cemetery.

HONEST CARL DUNDER.

The Old Fellow Is Catching On to American Ways at Last.

"Hello! Mr. Dunder!" saluted Sergeant Bendall as that individual entered the Central station, with a broad, satisfied smile on his countenance.

"Hello! Sergeant. Vvas eaterythings all right mit you?"

"I guess so. You look happy."

"Sergeant, I vvas shut like sweet oil. No more troubles for me. I vvas catching on to do shut like Americans."

"I am glad of that. You used to be terribly green."

"So I vvas. Three months ago I doan know some beans in a bag. Hal hal! Der cows come along und take me for some grass. If it rains I shtand right out doors und get wet. Hal! hal! It makes me laugh when I see how green I vvas!"

"Anything happened lately?" queried the sergeant, in a careless way.

"Vhell, not mooch. Some fellers try to beat me, but dey doan' make out. I vvas too sharp for 'em. One feller comes along mit six pairs of sheep-shears in a bundle. He doan' want to sell dese shears, but he likes to borrow three dollars for one day und leaf 'em for security. If he doan' come pack in one day dese shears vvas mine."

"I see."

"He doan' come pack. Maybe he break his leg or something, but der vvas nothing to me. I keep dese shears. If somebody beats me, sergeant, he shall haf to get oop werry early in der morning."

"I presume so. Have you the shears there?"

"I haf. I belief you like to see 'em."

"They are worth two shillings a pair," said the sergeant, after an inspection.

"You are out of pocket fourteen shillings, und what do you expect to do with sheep-shears?"

"Heafens! I doan' think of dot!" gasped Mr. Dunder as he grew white in the face.

"Anything else?"

"Vhell, I get my life insured. I doan' belief I vvas sheated by dot. A feller comes along und says vvas I Carl Dunder? I vvas. Vhell, der President of der United States says he likes me to call on you und insure your life. Dis vvas a new company und a new idea. I let you in by der ground floor. I like your name to influence odder people."

"How vvas dot new idea?"

"You pay dot two dollars eatery twenty years, and if you die your wife gets \$75,000. It vvas der biggest thing out. Shildrens cry for it. Vanderbilt, Shay Gould, Russell Sage und all der big fellows vvas into it. How odd you vvas—who vvas your grandmother—how many teeth have you lost out—vvas you eatery bit by some dogs—did you eatery own a white horse—how often you fall down stairs—do you ride on some bicycles, und dis vvas der truth, der whole truth, und nothing but der truth."

"And he wanted the two dollars in advance?" queried the sergeant.

"Of course. Dot was to pay for shewing me."

"Vwell, you are beaten again, Mr. Dunder. Insurance men don't do business that way. Good day!"

"How you mean?"

"You had better go home. Have you got a tub in your house?"

"Of course."

"Any bran at the barn?"

"Yes."

"Then, good-bye! I shan't try no more. It vvas a queer country, und nothing vvas der same two times alike. When my body was brought in here doan' make fun of it. Shust use it shentily und say dot I did so well ash I could."

—Detroit Free Press.

CHUGWATER'S MISTAKE.

How the Growing Old Gentleman Put His Foot in It.

Mr. Chugwater (growing)—Samantha, that young Snodgers comes to this house-altogether too often to suit me.

Mrs. Chugwater—He's a decent, civil sort of a young man. I have no objections to his coming.

Mr. Chugwater (raising his voice)—Well, I have! He may be a good average young man, but I tell you I don't want him about this house!

Mrs. Chugwater (placidly)—I don't see what business it is of yours, Mr. Chugwater (rising to his feet and bringing his fist down on the table)—You don't see what business it is of mine? Why, good heavens, madam! Ain't I the head of this family?

Mrs. Chugwater (mildly)—I suppose you consider yourself such.

Mr. Chugwater (in a towering rage)—I certainly do, madam! And if I say that giggling simpleton of a Snodgers isn't the kind of a man I want for a son-in-law it goes, Mrs. Chugwater! I goes in this family!

Mrs. Chugwater (sweetly)—It won't go this time, Josiah.

Mr. Chugwater (frantically and at the top of his voice)—You'll see madam! Tell me which one of the girls he comes to see! Deceive me if you dare, Mrs. Chugwater! Which is the one?

Mrs. Chugwater (pleasantly)—He comes to see the hired girl, Josiah.

Mr. Chugwater (takes a large chew of plug tobacco and goes down-town with the hat pulled over his eyes).—Chicago Tribune.

A Slip of the Tongue.

Mamma—Why, Harry St. Clair. You naughty, naughty boy! I heard you tell your little brother just now, that you'd "knock him into the middle of next week" if he didn't sit over on the sofa. What do you mean by using such language?

Harry—I—I—er—I meant to say "please sit over," but my tongue slipped.—Time.

—A clerk in one of the departments at Washington has discovered that soldiers in the late war were killed in their first, third and fifth battles more than in any others.

A POLITICAL STORY.

Ye Republican Civil-Service Reformers, Listen to This Tale of Woe.

[From a Speech by Benjamin Harrison in the United States Senate, March 25, 1886.]
MR. PRESIDENT: I have another case. I do not know how it may seem to the Senate, but to me it is infinitely full of pathos and indignation. Down on the Ohio river, in one of our Indiana counties, is the town of Cannelton. The post-office there is of the fourth class, and I regret it exceedingly, because it withdraws from our consideration here the case to which I am about to refer. Isabelle De La Hunt was the widow of Major De La Hunt, of the Twenty-sixth Indiana Volunteers. He was a Democrat—a Democrat before the war, a Democrat during the war, a Democrat after the war, or after his return from the army. He was a gallant man. At Prairie Grove, in Arkansas, he was shot down by a wound entirely through the body. Recovering from this desperate wound, he rejoined his command and again received a rebel bullet through his arm. Disabled by these two wounds received in his country's service, he was compelled to leave the army and return to Perry County, Ind. In acknowledgment of his Democracy, in recognition, I may hope, of his gallant service as a soldier, the Democracy of Perry County elected him to one of the county offices. But his days were few. His vital forces had been so sapped by the wounds which he had received that it was not long until a sorrowing widow and one only child followed the remains of as brave a soldier as ever went out from Indiana to his last resting-place in the grave. This widow, left with small means, entered upon the work of maintaining herself and that soldier's orphan boy. For many years her old father was postmaster at Cannelton, and she his principal and most efficient deputy. Something like a year or eighteen months ago, her old father being beyond eighty years of age and unable to discharge the duties of the office, Isabelle De La Hunt, the widow, was appointed on my request by Mr. Hatton, then Postmaster-General, to this little post-office.

If there was in all this country one person who by reason of her sex, who by reason of her widowhood, who by reason of the sacrifice she had made in giving the arm on which she leaned to her country's service, was entitled to be kept in office, was entitled to have her reputation guarded jealously by all men who represented the Government, it was Isabelle De La Hunt. Fearing, however, that some person might be mean enough to misrepresent her for the sake of obtaining this little office, she wrote to the honorable Postmaster-General in March last expressing her apprehension and asking him in case charges should be made against her to do her the favor of giving notice thereof, so that she could refute them, and also informing him of her husband's service, death, and the further fact of her husband's politics.

Mrs. De La Hunt was removed, and neither to that appeal nor to a later appeal to know the character of the vile charges that had been preferred against her was she given the simple recognition of an answer.

Now, Mr. President, perhaps my distinguished friend from Kansas, whose command of language so far surpasses my own, might characterize this transaction, perhaps he could touch it up a little; but to me that is impossible. The story of Mrs. De La Hunt carries its own pathos and its own indignation.

CHAPTER II.

[From the New York Evening Post, May 25, 1886.]
The Cleveland administration having gone out, and General Harrison having become President, Mrs. De La Hunt applied for restoration to her old position as postmaster. There was no doubt as to local sentiment demanding the restoration of this most efficient and worthy person to her old office. She presented a petition more numerous signed than that of any other applicant, and representing an overwhelming majority of the patrons of the office. Of course, Mrs. De La Hunt was reappointed to her old position as soon as her old champion, Benjamin Harrison, became President? On the contrary, the office has been given to John Zimmerman, who has been chairman of the Republican County Committee, and whose only claim to the place is party service.

CHAPTER III.

[From the New York Press, June 11, 1886.]
WASHINGTON, June 10.—A reporter of the United Press called the attention of Mr. Clarkson, First Assistant Postmaster-General, to the post-office case at Cannelton, Ind., about which the President has been criticised because of the appointment of Mr. Zimmerman. Many papers have quoted Mr. Harrison's speech in the United States Senate in 1886 in opposition to the removal of Mrs. De La Hunt, former postmistress, from this office, and have criticised his action in falling to appoint her now, when she was an applicant with Mr. Zimmerman.

Mr. Clarkson said: "The President had made a memorandum directing the appointment of Mrs. De La Hunt, supposing the office to be Presidential, but the appointment was really of the fourth class, and I had already appointed Mr. Zimmerman upon the recommendation of Congressman Posey, whose indorsements are usually followed in the district, knowing nothing of the desire of the President for Mrs. De La Hunt's re-appointment, nor of the circumstances of the case. I am inclined to think that it will yet be changed, and that Mrs. De La Hunt will be appointed, as it was the intention of the President to appoint the Union soldier's widow to the Cannelton post-office."

CHAPTER IV.

[From the Dover (N. J.) Index, October 25, 1886.]
CANNELTON, Ind., Oct. 16, 1886.
Messrs. Hammond & Tillyer, Dover, N. J.: Gentlemen: In reply to yours of 10th inst., I have to say that I have not received the appointment, and it is without doubt settled that I am not to receive it, for I have learned that shortly after the statement made by the New York Press and other papers ex-Congressman Posey wrote to the present incumbent to have no fears of any change,

as he (Posey) had made such statements to Mr. Clarkson as would preclude all danger of his removal. From this it is conclusive that if the idea of my appointment was, at any time, seriously entertained by the President, he has been forced by Mr. Posey, State Attorney-General Michener and others to abandon it. Very respectfully,
ISABELLE DE LA HUNT.

A REPUBLICAN WATERLOO.

The Stomach of the G. O. P. is Now Full of Nauseous Crow.

There is walling in the camp of monopoly and privilege. Mournful epitaphs have been hung, and all the rites performed that appertain unto a burial. The Republican stomach is full of nauseous crow, garnished with wormwood and seasoned with the gall of bitterness. For many a day the organs will feed their readers on explanations. They will seek to cover with petty excuses that which appears in appropriate nakedness. There is but one thing upon which the party of bluster can brag now—it can show more black eyes than all the hours of the Mussulman heaven.

The Iowa Democrats have at last got out of the wilderness of fanaticism and free whisky, and their Moses will now strike with his rod of right the rock of justice, and bring forth a pure stream that will cleanse the State of Republican sewage. He has led his faithful followers into the promised land of Democratic ascendancy.

The rebel Brigadier, Mahone, is buried for all time. The organs should not complain of his destruction. Their meat and drink is abuse of rebel Brigadiers, and they should rejoice that one of them—the worst—has met his fate at the hands of an honest man.

The forged-letter dodge did not save the Fire-Alarm leader of the Ohio Republicans. His sham pretense at espousing the cause of Sunday saloon-closing did not save him. The respectable element in his own party refused to vote for him, and he had nothing to expect from the Democrats. He, too, is done for.

The defeat of Foraker, Hutchison and Mahone, the election of Campbell, Boies and McKinney, is a stinging rebuke to the Administration and to the whole Republican party. Tuesday's votes show that the election of Harrison was an accident and a mistake. More than that, they show that the bow of promise for the Democrats in 1893 is already being set in the political heaven. They show, too, that the tax-ridden, monopoly-oppressed people of this country are finding out that they must look to the Democratic party for their deliverance from the chains of error, dishonesty and fanaticism. The people have found that the Democratic party is their party, and, having learned this, they will stand by the party and their rights.—Chicago Herald.

MR. MORTON'S SALOON.

The Nation's Vice-President Sets Up a Bar at Washington.

A liquor license was yesterday granted by the district commissioners to Hon. Levi P. Morton, the Vice-President of the United States, to sell whisky, beer and other spirits and malt liquors at retail on the premises at the corner of Fifteenth and H streets. This is the first known as the "Shoreham," just completed by Mr. Morton. Under the rules of the district the majority of the property-holders in the block must approve the application for the license. The only property-holder besides the Vice-President is John McLean, the proprietor of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Mr. McLean appears as sponsor on the application. Mr. Morton's bar-room will be the handsomest in the city.—Washington Special.

Thanksgiving Day is coming, and the Harrison punch-bowl and Morton's bait ought to furnish sufficient themes for the day, especially from a Prohibition-Republican stand-point. What a special cause for thanksgiving that the White House is rid of Frances Cleveland and Rose Cleveland and President Cleveland, and that we have gorgeous wine dinners and Sunday excursions, and a \$20,000,000 Vice-President who is able to set up a bar, and that the country is governed by the Quay, Mahones, Dudley, Clarksons and other Christian statesmen.—Muscatine (Ia.) News-Tribune.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—The bottom principle of Democracy is to give every man a show.—N. Y. Sun.

—We refrain from expressing an opinion of the Pan-Americans until it is seen how they pan out.—Troy Press.

—No Northern Republican need feel aggrieved because the spurious Republicanism of Mahone has been rejected at the Virginia polls.—Buffalo Express (Rep.).

—Couldn't Dr. Harrison spare a few United States troops for the lawless Republican counties of Kentucky? The militia is weary.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Tanzer's idea, as reflected in his annual report, is that the men who enlisted in the army during the war made themselves residuary legatees of the Nation's estate, and are now entitled to inherit all that is left of it.—N. Y. World.

—Congressman Morse calls for a Republican boycott on Harvard College. We respectfully remind the rising son of Canton that Harvard does not teach what he calls "free trade" because it is Democratic, but because it is the truth.—Boston Globe.

—First the scholars who left the Republican party were scoffed at; then the clergymen who did likewise were lampooned, and now the wealthy men who have got sick of the old machine are the subjects of sarcasm. Well, we guess they can all stand this longer than the Republican party can.—Boston Herald.

No Good Cause for Complaint.

The Harrison Administration settles the fight over the post-office at Independence, Mo., by deciding to retain the incumbent recently appointed. Comparatively speaking, the people of Independence have no right to complain. They may not like Morrums, but they should remember how much better off they are than the people of the New York town who had a burglar appointed for their postmaster, or than the Arkansas town whose new postmaster had been convicted in the Federal courts for sending obscene matter through the mails.—St. Louis Republic.

THE TRUE PTARMIGAN.

An Arctic Bird Which Varies Its Garb Four Times a Year.

The true ptarmigan, I take it, is the most gradual development—a northernmost and peculiarly mountainous offshoot of the wintry willow grouse. It inhabits, says Dr. Dresser, the more elevated, rocky and barren localities, where it replaces the Scottish grouse and the willow grouse, and it seldom or never descends to the lowlands, where these latter species have their home, unless driven down by stress of weather in search after food. The ptarmigan ranges, in fact, in smaller bodies than the willow grouse, over larger areas of inaccessible rock. Being, therefore, much exposed to danger from birds of prey in open places, natural selection has insured its being very protectively colored; in other words, all those ptarmigan that could readily be seen have been eaten by hawks or similar enemies, and only those birds have been left to breed and reproduce their like which exactly matched the color of the ground at all seasons. So admirably has this result at last been attained (by what somebody has boldly described as the "masked beneficence" of the birds of prey) that one may walk through the very midst of a covey of ptarmigan, as they squat close to the ground, without ever so much as perceiving a single bird. Moreover, the ptarmigan varies its garb with the time of year as regularly and religiously as the drapers in Regent street. Not content with a single change, it goes in for separate winter, spring and autumn fashions. During the height of summer, when the ground in its native mountains is free from snow, it becomes dark in hue to suit the surrounding rocks. In autumn, when the abundance of mosses and lichens gives a gray appearance to the country, says Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, it dresses itself afresh in an ashy-gray tint. And, finally, in winter, when the snow lies thick around, it hides itself sedulously in snow-white plumage. This treble change of hue every year is probably unexampled in any other bird or animal. Ptarmigan are very large feeders, because they live on twigs of lingo, crowberry and other extremely nutritious foodstuffs, not even despising willow leaves, rushes, sedge and cottongrass. None of these can be accurately described as luxurians or unhealthily succulent viands. The natural consequence is that the poor birds have to spend most of their time feeding and the rest in digesting, in order to squeeze a livelihood out of their wretched pasture; so that they almost resemble, in this respect, the herbivorous animals that chew the cud. That, indeed, is why they exist as a special species at all; they are willow grouse adapted, in the structure of their bodies and digestive organs, to the most unfavorable and coldest situations on the bleak and almost barren mountain tops.—Cornhill Magazine.

CATARRE.

Catarrah Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrah Deafness are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps by post to A. H. Dixon & Son, cor. of John and King Street, Toronto, Canada.—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

ANXIOUS father of nine blooming daughters (attired in his night-clothes and examining the bed-posts): "Maria, are the children all in? I can find only eight lumps of gum."

Consumption Surely Cured. To the EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who will send me their express and post-office address.

Respectfully, A. A. STODOLM, M. C., 181 East Street, New York.

PROFESSOR (lecturing to medical students)—For this illness, gentlemen, there are but two remedies, and neither of them will do any good.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

"HONEYMOON ROW" is the name given a row of houses at West Chester, Pa., occupied by newly-married couples exclusively.

STUDENTS, Teachers, Clergymen, and others in need of change of employment should not fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. Their great success shows that they have got the true ideas about making money. They can show you how to employ odd hours profitably.

SOMEbody who believes in old-fashioned methods of discipline recently sent a young lady teacher in Maine a bundle of shingles.

A MEDICINE prepared for the general public should contain nothing hurtful in any dose. Such a medicine is Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria; it destroys Malaria as water puts out fire, and is just as harmless. Sold by Druggists.

At the rate of increase in the past few years the wool crop of Colorado will soon exceed in value the output of her silver mines.

If you have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you know that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it now. Don't take imitation.

GOLDSMITH'S "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law.

CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pile's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., reports a thirteen-month-old baby that can swim like a duck.

Is afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

SAVAGE died in a prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of forty dollars.

CHATTERTON, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen.

By return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, to any fit, at any measure for lady or gentleman, or of all sizes.

MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, which we published last week! This remarkable paper has the phenomenal circulation of 430,000 copies weekly. No other journal is more welcomed by old and young in the families throughout the land. The publishers make a special offer once a year, and to all who subscribe now will send the paper free to January 1, 1890, and for a full year from that date. The subscription price is \$1.75. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

A DANDELION which has grown to the top of a ten-foot pole is the product of a New Haven truck patch.

A pocket cigar case free to smokers of "Tansill's" Punch 6c. Cigar.

MARYLAND expects to produce 10,000,000 bushels of oysters this year.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 15.
CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 20 to 4 30
Butcher steers... 3 80 to 3 75
Native cows... 1 80 to 2 20
HOGS—Good to choice heavy... 3 50 to 3 87 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 71 to 71 1/4
WHEAT—No. 2 hard... 64 1/4 to 65
CORN—No. 2... 22 to 23
OATS—No. 2... 16 to 16 1/4
RYE—No. 2... 34 to 35
FLOUR—Patents, per sack... 1 55 to 2 09
HAY—Baled... 3 00 to 3 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery... 15 to 21
CHEESE—Full cream... 8 to 8 1/4
EGGS—Choice... 17 to 18
BAKON—Hams... 19 to 19 1/2
Shoulders... 5 to 6 1/2
Sides... 7 to 8
LARD... 6 1/2 to 6 5/8
POTATOES... 20 to 40
ST. LOUIS.
CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 20 to 4 30
HOGS—Butcher steers... 4 00 to 4 25
HOGS—Packing... 3 65 to 3 80
SHEEP—Fair to choice... 3 60 to 4 70
FLOUR—Choice... 3 30 to 4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 70 1/4 to 70 3/4
CORN—No. 2... 21 1/4 to 21 3/4
OATS—No. 2... 19 to 19 1/2
RYE—No. 2... 38 1/2 to 38 3/4
BUTTER—Creamery... 20 to 23
PORK... 11 20 to 11 25
CHICAGO.
CATTLE—Shipping steers... 3 90 to 4 50
HOGS—Packing and shipping... 4 00 to 4 05
SHEEP—Fair to choice... 4 30 to 5 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat... 4 40 to 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 3 00 to 3 50
CORN—No. 2... 33 1/4 to 33 3/4
OATS—No. 2... 20 1/2 to 20 5/8
RYE—No. 2... 44 to 45
BUTTER—Creamery... 16 to 23
PORK... 9 50 to 9 60
NEW YORK.
CATTLE—Common to prime... 4 00 to 4 75
HOGS—Good to choice... 3 15 to 4 00
FLOUR—Good to choice... 4 40 to 5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 44 to 54 1/2
CORN—No. 2... 42 1/2 to 42 3/4
OATS—Western mixed... 24 to 27 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery... 13 to 24 1/2
PORK... 11 25 to 12 50

Whether on pleasure bent or business,

should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness.

For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

A FISHERMAN at Doylestown, Pa., saw a sunfish swallow a bee, and a few minutes later saw the fish on the water dead. He cut it open and the bee flew off.

Do NOT suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

"BRIGADE" meant originally a noisy crew or company, from Italian brigare, to brawl. It is of course a near relative of "brigand."

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A Baby Burned. Ansted, Minn., Sept. 25, 1888. Our baby—1 1/2 years old—burned her hand on a hot stove and we put St. Jacobs Oil on it. It took the pain all out, at once, after putting it on 2 or 3 times it was all cured up.

C. P. STAVE and Family.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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The Best and Cheapest of the Lady's-Books.

It is without a rival in the excellence of its stories and novelets, the beauty of its illustrations, the completeness of its fashion and work-table departments, and the helpfulness of its many miscellaneous articles. It numbers among its contributors some of our best-known authors.

Eight novelets, nearly one hundred short stories, sketches of travel, history, biography, etc., articles on home dressmaking, the care of the sick, and household management, numerous designs for needlework, embroidery, knitting, painting, etc., will be given during 1890, making a volume of nearly 1,200 pages.

Terms: Two Dollars per year, with great reductions to clubs and fine premiums for getting up clubs.

Sample-copy FREE, to get up a club with. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble. No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ASK FOR STEARNS' BRAIDS

USE STEARNS' BRAIDS FOR COAT BINDINGS AND BRAIDS. LAWRENCE MASS. ARE BEST.

SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has prepared our breakfast food with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many a heavy doctor's bill. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal attack by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

IF YOU HAVE MALARIA OR PILES, RICK HEADACHE, DIARRHÆA, COSTIVE BOWELS, SORE STOMACH AND BELCHING; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite, Tutt's Pills

will cure these troubles. Try them; you have nothing to lose, but will gain a vigorous body. Price, 25c. per box. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Iron Lovers' Best Goods. Brass Two Loops and Button Box for 50c.

Every size made. For free price list send this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm Free 50 Cents. WILL CURE CATARRH

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Danger from Catarrh

Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease, its varied symptoms,—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, etc.—being not only troublesome to the sufferer, but offensive to others. Catarrh is also dangerous, because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease, the true method of cure is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has cured many severe cases of catarrh.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me more for catarrh and impure blood than anything else I ever used." A. B. KILGORE, Syracuse, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. 25c. per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Send for Catalogue of CUNS—Hunting Equipments, Base Ball, Gymnasium and Athletic Goods, etc. E. E. MENDES Sporting Goods Company 926 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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PILE! FISTULA! and all other diseases of the Rectum, Discharge of Pus, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Stricture, etc. Cured by Dr. THORNTON & MINOR, 100 W 8th Street, Kansas City, Mo. Send money to pay for medicine cured. Write for our circular which will give you all necessary information and full description of our medicine. If you are not cured, we will refund you the money. If you are not cured, we will refund you the money. If you are not cured, we will refund you the money.

NORTHERN PACIFIC LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS FREE Government Lands. MILLIONS OF ACRES in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California. SEND FOR Publications with maps describing the lands now open to settlers. SENT FREE. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or St. Vitus' Dance, a thing of the past. I will rank my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to cure until patients were nearly blind, I will refund you the money. If you are not cured, we will refund you the money. If you are not cured, we will refund you the money.

HAVE YOU THE BLUES Use Parvian Strengthening Elixir. The best TONIC in existence. Pleasant to the taste, but not a beverage. Cures Biliousness, General Debility, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25c. per bottle. Manufactured by NICHOLS & POND, New York, N. Y.

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A. N. K. D. 1265

JOSEPH H. HUNTER

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

TO MAKE A DELICIOUS BISCUIT ASK YOUR GROCER FOR COW BRAND SODA OR SALERATUS. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Delicious Biscuit

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR COW BRAND SODA OR SALERATUS. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

THE PAN-AMERICANS.

The Tourists Bid Adieu, and Not Without Regrets, to the Beautiful Train that Has Borne Them Through the Modern Wonderland. The Final Sights En Route—Reception at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.—The International Congress excursionists have spent their last day on the beautiful train which has been their home for the past six weeks. They have preferred their sections on their train, the cuisine of their dining car and the comforts of the smoking room, to the accommodations of the best hotels visited by them in their extensive tour. It has been "home" to them in every sense of the word. They have traveled over seven thousand miles in it without a single mishap of any kind. They left it last night in this city with many regrets.

Yesterday afternoon while en route, here a letter was drawn up and signed by all the delegates and party. It was addressed to the president of the Pennsylvania railroad and expressed the party's high appreciation of the manner in which the tour had been conducted, and especially complimented Mr. S. W. F. Draper, of the Pennsylvania company, to whose personal efforts the perfect success of the trip is in a large part due.

The party left Pittsburgh at seven o'clock yesterday morning. At Jeannette a short stop was made to allow the delegates to inspect the natural gas wells and immense glass establishments of the place. En route from here to Altoona the foreigners asked many questions about the Johnstown flood, so when the train arrived there five minutes were given them to step out and view the destruction wrought by the waters.

At Altoona lunch was served in the dining room, after which the immense locomotive works of the Pennsylvania company were visited by the party. The next stop was at the car shops of the same corporation. The tourists found the works here almost as extensive as those of the far-famed Pullman. This was the last stop made of any length on the trip.

At Harrisburg a large crowd of people were gathered in the station to see the famous train pass through.

Philadelphia was reached at 9:50 p. m. Despite the bad weather the number of people gathered at the Broad-street station to see the visitors reached into thousands. Carriages were in waiting, and the party was at once conveyed to the Continental Hotel. In the parlors were gathered the reception committee and Mayor Pfitzer. The delegates filed in and listened to an address of welcome from the mayor, which was responded to by Dr. Horatio Guzman. After a few introductions the travelers retired to their rooms.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

The Recent Investigation of the Condition and Affairs at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Bearing Fruit—A Square Tally for Newspaper Agitation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Secretary Proctor has taken active measures to remedy the evils that existed at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. The barracks buildings there are to be thoroughly renovated, and the guard-house, about which so much complaint has been made, will be rebuilt. Only two hundred recruits now remain at the barracks, the others having been sent to other posts. All of the prisoners from other posts who were confined there, most of them old offenders, have been sent elsewhere.

Inspector-General Lawton, who investigated the condition of affairs at the barracks, stated in his personal report to the Secretary of War that these prisoners had a bad influence on the recruits confined in the guard-house and tended to demoralize them.

FRIENDS OF LAW.

Meeting in Chicago of Friends of the Late Dr. Cronin and of America Law—The Assassination and the Assassins Roundly Denounced.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—The friends of Dr. Cronin held a crowded meeting this afternoon to make further arrangements for the Manchester celebration at Battery D, November 23. The principal speaker was Dr. Peter McCabe, of Philadelphia. He made an earnest, ringing speech in which he praised the loyal Irish-Americans who were striving to aid in the prosecution of the foul assassins of Dr. Cronin, as true supporters of the laws of their adopted country and loyal sons of Ireland, and evoked a hoarse cheer when he referred to the friends of the Triangle as a gang of "high-binders."

John Devoy remarked with bitter emphasis that the money stolen from the Irish movement to pay the fiends that killed Cronin was only blood money, fished from the Irish cause. "On every hand," he said, "we see men who don't want to kill their own countrymen, but don't mind seeing them killed and thrown into the sewer."

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—The Clan-na-Gael enemies of Dr. Cronin held a meeting at McCoy's Hotel yesterday afternoon. The subscription books which had been circulated during the week were turned in and the sum of \$905 handed to the treasurer of the defense fund. An exultant cheer was given as the sum was announced, and a Tipperary Irishman shouted gleefully: "That'll show 'em what we'll do of the bloody traitor to Old Ireland."

The Portuguese Expedition.

LISBON, Nov. 10.—Despatches received from Lieutenant Cordan, leader of the Portuguese expedition in the Zambesi countries, assert that the chiefs of the Mashonaland tribes in the valley of the Paname and the regions drained by the Umfuli and Sanbatta rivers and generally in all the territories up to latitude 90 deg. acknowledge allegiance to Portugal. On the way southward from Zumbo the expedition traversed districts in which were found the ruins of old Portuguese forts and mines. The progress of the expedition is being watched with interest at this capital.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Three Men Killed and Others Injured by an Explosion of Flash Powder in Wylie & Wallace's Chemical Works, Philadelphia—The Senior Member of the Firm Among the Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—Three men were killed by a terrific explosion in Wylie & Wallace's Chemical Works, No. 134 North Seventh street, yesterday afternoon. At fifteen minutes to four o'clock the noise of an explosion started the passers-by, and then every pane of glass in the lower stories of the building blew out in splinters. A gush of flame followed, and almost on the instant the factory seemed to be enveloped in flames.

When the explosion occurred the three men were knocked down as though with one shot. Fourteen girls who were employed in the upper floors were rescued. One of them was cut badly by flying glass, and Joseph Brown, a clerk in the office, was cut about the head and face. As the bodies were found the firemen loaded them on stretchers and had them sent to the morgue in patrol wagons. One of the dead men was the senior member of the firm, and his companions in death were employees.

The names of the dead are: Joseph Wylie, one of the members of the firm.

Rudolph Lipmann, an employe.

Chas. Rhinedollar, an employe.

The substance that exploded was flash powder, which had been standing in a large bottle on a shelf for a long time. Mr. Wylie concluded to get rid of the dangerous stuff, and was pouring it out into a sink when the explosion occurred. Chas. Rhinedollar and Rudolph Lipmann were helping him by playing a hose on the powder.

Just what caused the explosion is not known, but it is supposed that the powder being old stuck fast, and that Mr. Wylie knocked the bottle against the sink to start it. The three men were torn to pieces.

Wm. Kidd, the engineer, and Thomas Haslam, the book-keeper, were slightly injured.

Mr. Wylie was thirty-eight years old, and leaves a large family. Rhinedollar was a chemist. He was twenty-nine years old and unmarried. Lipmann was nineteen years old.

About a year ago a boy was killed while handling powder in the works, and the boy's father is suing the firm for damages. Mr. Wylie, on returning from court yesterday, said he would get rid of the last of that powder, and it was while doing so that the disaster occurred.

STEAMER BURNED.

A Steamer Loaded with Lime Takes Fire and is Burned to the Water's Edge—Narrow Escape of the Passengers—Several Bags of Mail Burned.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 12.—Sunday the passenger steamer J. H. Libby, from Whitcomb, Puget Sound, was totally destroyed by fire in the straits between Dangness and Smith's Island. Fifteen passengers were on board at the time. The Libby was laden with five hundred barrels of lime, which got wet and ignited. While crossing the straits a strong wind came up, and several heavy seas were shipped. An accident to the rudder left the ship helpless.

The passengers were compelled to take to two rafts, the rapid progress of the flames rendering the life boats useless. One of the rafts nearly foundered before those clinging to it were rescued. The hull of the Libby was taken to Port Townsend and sunk. The steamer with cargo was valued at \$200,000. The Libby was owned by Herbert F. Beecher, late Government agent at Port Townsend. Several bags of United States mail were burned on the steamer.

THE QUARTER COMPLETE.

President Harrison's Proclamation Issued Declaring Washington Duly Admitted Into the Sisterhood of States—The Forty-Two Star Flag Can Now Wave.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—President Harrison late yesterday afternoon signed and issued the proclamation declaring the Territory of Washington to be a State of the Union. The President's proclamation, after reciting the terms of the act of Congress providing for the admission of the new State, says:

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do in accordance with the provisions of the act of Congress aforesaid, declare and proclaim the fact that the conditions imposed by Congress on the State of Washington to entitle that State to admission to the Union, have been ratified and accepted, and that the admission of the said State into the Union is now complete.

The President affixed his signature to the proclamation at 5:27 p. m., and Secretary Blaine soon afterwards notified the Territorial and State Governor of Washington by telegraph of this action.

GREENLEAF'S COMPLAINT.

Arbitrary Action of British Revenue Officers at Fortune Bay.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Nov. 12.—Captain Nathaniel Greenleaf, master and owner of the halibut-fishing schooner Lizzie J. Greenleaf, of Gloucester, says that on April 25 last an officer of the British cutter stationed at Fortune Bay, N. F., compelled him to give bonds to take out a new modus vivendi license before buying bait, although his old license had two months to run. The official stated that he had been instructed not to allow Americans to buy bait unless they had a license taken out this season. The new license was subsequently taken out at English Harbor at a cost of \$182. Captain Greenleaf has sent a statement of the case to the State Department at Washington.

Judgment Affirmed.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The Supreme Court of the United States yesterday rendered an opinion affirming the judgment of the Supreme Court of North Carolina in the case of Cross and White, the president and cashier, respectively, of the State National Bank of Raleigh. The crime with which they are charged, and of which they were convicted in the State court, was the forgery of a promissory note and making of a false entry in the books of the bank for the purpose of deceiving the National Bank Examiner as to the financial condition of the bank.

NEARING THE CLOSE.

A Ruling by the Court in the Cronin Trial Causes the Prosecuting Attorney to Rest His Case.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—At the opening of the Cronin trial yesterday morning, Judge McConnell announced his decision on the question of going into the past history of the Clan-na-Gael.

The last witness on the stand the previous afternoon was Expressman Brown. He is an ex-member of the Clan-na-Gael. He was asked whether or not he preferred charges against Dr. Cronin in 1885, the State's Attorney explaining that he proposed to show by the witness that this was a fact; that Daniel Conhlin was a member of the trial committee, and that Dr. Cronin was expelled from the organization.

The logical consequence of the admission of this testimony was a complete investigation of the Clan-na-Gael, at least so far as it could be made, to show causes for animosity against Dr. Cronin on the part of any one of the prisoners at the bar.

This offer led to the most earnest and protracted argument between counsel for the State and counsel for the defense that has yet taken place during the trial. Nearly every lawyer engaged in the case on either side had something to say during its progress, and there was much plain speaking. The talk occupied the time till adjournment and Judge McConnell announced that he would hold the matter under advisement and would render his decision yesterday morning. In accordance with that arrangement when the court was called to order yesterday morning Judge McConnell announced his opinion to be that the evidence sought to be elicited from Expressman Brown on the points named was incompetent and ruled it out.

This decision, of course, rendered any further attempt to examine Expressman Brown futile, and Officer McKinnon, of Winnipeg, who was on the stand Tuesday, was recalled. He testified that Burke told him he had assumed the name of J. W. Cooper because two men were watching him.

At the opening of the trial in the afternoon State's Attorney Longenecker said that in view of the court's ruling in the matter of evidence as to past doings of the Clan-na-Gael, the State would only put one more witness on the stand—a man named Chancy, from New York, who, he said, was not now in the city.

It was suggested, in view of this announcement, that the court adjourn until Monday to give the defense time to prepare its case, but it was finally decided to adjourn until Saturday morning, which was accordingly done.

THE TRIP ENDED.

The Pan-Americans Close Their Junketing Tour.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Just forty-two days after the morning of October 3, when the special train bearing the international American excursion party pulled out of the Pennsylvania railroad station in Washington, the same train, headed by the same locomotive which has drawn it nearly 6,000 miles, rolled triumphantly into the capitol city and drew up at the station, having successfully completed the most interesting and, from a railroad standpoint, the most extensive trip ever undertaken by one train. How the excursion has resulted in furthering the important objects which the American conference was called to attain has been eloquently told by the delegates themselves through the medium of the Associated Press. But it might be proper to add upon the authority of one of the United States delegates who had accompanied the party over several of its thousands of miles traversed that the effect upon our own people had been most beneficial, and that as a consequence of their association and exchange of ideas with the delegates, many of the merchants and business men in the different towns and cities where the tourists have been entertained and instructed have had their attention seriously directed to the vast commercial possibilities of the nations lying south of the United States, while the people generally are awakened to the fact that we should feel the deepest interest in the welfare and prosperity of the sister Republics.

TO RETURN THANKS.

Governor Francis Advises the People of Missouri to Do So on November 28.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 14.—Following is Governor Francis' Thanksgiving proclamation:

In order that the people of this Commonwealth may manifest their appreciation of the manifold blessings they have enjoyed during the year soon to close and give expression to their gratitude to Almighty God for freedom from famine and pestilence, for a bounteous harvest and abundant prosperity, for the priceless gift of a Government for the people and the peaceful perpetuity of our institutions,

I, David R. Francis, Governor of the State of Missouri, do designate Thursday, the 28th day of November, instant, as Thanksgiving day, and I recommend that on that day the people assemble in their houses of worship and give thanks to Providence for the abundance of the year and signalize their gratitude by bestowing charity upon the poor and performing other good works.

In testimony whereof I have set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the State on this, the eleventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

By the Governor, DAVID R. FRANCIS.

A. A. LESUEUR, Secretary of State.

Paymaster-General's Report.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The annual report of Paymaster-General Rochester to the Secretary of War shows that the total disbursements during the past fiscal year amounted to \$14,786,621—a net increase of \$324,918 over last year, due to a large increase in the number of discharged men, 997 more than during the previous year. To these men on discharge are paid the accumulations of their retained pay, clothing not drawn in kind, deposits with interest and their travel allowances from place of discharge to place of enlistment.

SLOW SPANIARDS.

An American Consul Speaks Disparagingly of Their Methods of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Robert M. Turner, of Kansas, the new Consul to Cadiz, Spain, has only recently arrived at his post, but his first report to the State Department has just been published. Mr. Turner has been accustomed to the methods of agriculture observed in Kansas, and he concludes that farming in Spain is in a primitive state. He is accordingly convinced that Spain offers an excellent market for American farm machinery.

"The primitive methods of farming were a surprise to me," says Consul Turner. "Grain is cut with a small reaping hook and threshed as in the time of the Caesars, that is, by tramping it out with asses hitched to a stoneboat. The plow is a crooked stick pointed with iron. In the towns are to be seen heavy wooden carts drawn by oxen. Most of the carrying, transferring, etc., is done by donkeys. Sand, brick, lumber—in fact, almost everything that has to be moved—is carried on their backs. These animals are used all through Spain and for every purpose, in the same way in which we use them in the almost impassable canons of the Rocky Mountains. Around the depots I saw no such things as trucks for moving trunks and freight. All such work is done by men. Saratoga trunks are loaded on their backs and carried from cart to cart."

Mr. Turner says that while Spain is almost exclusively an agricultural country, it is not farmed. He thinks it "ought to be electrified by American machinery," and then Spain could produce its own food, with the exception of tea, coffee and rice, and have a large surplus for export.

"In the meantime," he says, "American shippers and packers will find it much more profitable to supply these markets with meats and breadstuffs direct instead of through English and German channels."

DEDICATED.

The Catholic University at Washington Dedicated—The President Makes a Short Address.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The dedication yesterday of the Catholic University of America, like the laying of the corner stone of the building, took place in a pouring rain. The ceremonies began at 10:30 o'clock with a short address. This was followed by the chanting of the Veni Creator Spiritus by 250 students of St. Mary's Seminary and St. Charles' College of Baltimore. The building was then blessed by Cardinal Gibbons, while the choir chanted the Miserere. At eleven o'clock a pontifical mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in the university chapel by Most Rev. Monsignor Satolle, Archbishop. The music of the mass was sung by a picked choir of male voices. Right Rev. R. Gilmore, Bishop of Cleveland, preached the sermon.

During the banquet that followed President Harrison and Cabinet and Vice-President Morton entered and were received with applause. Bishop Keane proposed the health of the President which was drunk standing, to which Mr. Harrison briefly responded. The proceedings closed with the inaugural exercises.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

A Change in the Title—Trial of a Pittsburgh Member.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 14.—At yesterday's session of the Knights of Labor convention the words "of America" were dropped, making the title of the order simply Knights of Labor. This was done at the request of assembly No. 208 of Birmingham, Eng. The addresses of Messrs. Powderly and Hayes were submitted. The afternoon session was devoted to the trial of Homer McGaw, of Pittsburgh, who was prosecuted by James Campbell, president of the Window Glass Workers' Association, the formal charges being vilification and slander of officers and an attempt to disrupt the order. McGaw is editor of a trade paper in Pittsburgh and made himself obnoxious to Campbell by charging him with a violation of the Alien Contract Labor law. At night a public meeting was held at the court house Hoke Smith delivered the address of welcome for Georgia and Mayor Glenn for Atlanta. General Master Workman Powderly responded.

SILVER DOLLARS.

A Convention at Denver in the Interest of the Free Coinage of Silver.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 14.—The Colorado silver convention met in the Chamber of Commerce with about 500 delegates present from various parts of the State. The convention was called for the purpose of taking some decisive steps toward securing the free coinage of silver and adopting a platform by which the Colorado delegates to the coming silver convention at St. Louis should be governed. The delegates will also recommend to Governor Cooper the names of delegates to be appointed to St. Louis. At the afternoon session H. B. Chamberly was elected permanent chairman and Governor Cooper, Mr. Chamberlain and several others spoke upon the free coinage question, after which recess was taken.

A Resubmission Meeting.

WICHITA, Kan., Nov. 14.—Nearly 200 of the leading Republicans signed a call yesterday for a resubmission Republican meeting, to be held Saturday night. The object is to consider the propriety of organizing a resubmission Republican club and allowing no one to be a member but a straight Republican. It is then proposed to confer with other similar organizations in the State, and agree upon some manner of bringing the matter before the Governor, asking him to call an extra session of the Legislature to consider the resubmission question or a Constitutional convention.

SILVER ADVOCATES.

Close of the Denver Silver Convention—Resolutions Against the Demonetization of Silver.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 15.—The silver convention adjourned yesterday afternoon. A permanent organization was formed, which will be known as the Colorado Silver Association. Hon. S. A. W. Taber was made president and a vice-president was chosen from each county in the State.

The preamble preceding a series of resolutions adopted states that it is the opinion of the people that the demonetization of silver sixteen years ago by this country and foreign powers was the result of a conspiracy of the few against the many, of the creditor class against the debtor class, of the consumers against the producers, of the idlers against the workers; that since the time mentioned the period has been marked by constantly declining prices of staple commodities and of all the products of the farm and shop and also taking from the producers three per cent. of their gross products; that this condition of things has now been traced by the most careful and reliable observers of the world to the destruction of more than one-half of the standard money, thereby increasing the use of or demand for gold; and that efforts to remedy the ill-timed action have been met with prediction of evil to the people and to the Nation. The declarations are in substance that the only remedy is to restore the coinage system in effect prior to 1883, to remonetize silver and provide for its coinage to the maximum of \$4,000,000 per month at present and as soon as Congress can pass a law to that effect the coinage shall be made unlimited in amount. This will increase prosperity, remove the stringency from the money market and advance the value of products.

THE M. E. CHURCH.

The Sum Donated For Domestic and Foreign Missions.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 15.—Bishop Warren presided at the M. E. conference yesterday forenoon. On the stage besides the chairman were Rev. Dr. Mendenhall, editor of the New York Methodist Review; Rev. Mr. Young, pastor of the Grand avenue church; Corresponding Secretaries Leonard, McCabe and Peck, and the recording secretary, Rev. S. L. Baldwin.

Rev. E. R. Smith, editor of Gospel In All Lands, sat at the table with Treasurer Hunt taking down the speeches and proceedings in very neat shorthand for his journal.

The regular business began with the discussion of propositions relative to the total appropriations for missionary purposes. The original motion was to appropriate \$1,100,000. This was amended to \$1,125,000, and this in turn was amended to \$1,140,000. The legacies for the last ten years have averaged over \$60,000 a year. Within the last twenty years \$260,000 have been paid out in interest, "which," said Bishop Foss, "is because we are chronically in debt. We have now borrowed from three banks all they will lend us. The treasurer said that in August he was paying interest on \$255,000. It has been said there is no debt. If that is so why are we paying interest?"

At the conclusion of the speech he moved that the appropriation be \$1,128,000.

Dr. McLean, of New York, said he did not pay his debts by giving his notes. "That is not cash by a jugful," said he. The theological gentlemen laughed.

The motion made by Bishop Foss, that \$1,126,000 be appropriated in total for foreign and domestic missions, was adopted. For contingent purposes \$25,000 was appropriated.

THE IOWA ELECTION.

The Legislature Close—An Official Canvass to Decide the Lieutenant-Governorship.

DEBUIQUE, Iowa, Nov. 15.—The returns of the late election as received by the various papers in the State of the official count of the vote in Iowa in the several counties vary considerably.

On the Lieutenant-Governorship the Des Moines Leader, Democrat, has figures showing that Poyner, Republican, has about 275 plurality over Bestow, Democrat. The Des Moines News, Independent, figures it out the same, while the State Register, Republican, claims over 2,000 for Poyner. A special to the Herald here says that owing to evident errors in telegraphing the returns it will take the official canvass by the executive board of the State to decide who is elected Lieutenant-Governor. Boies for Governor has 7,660 plurality. The rest of the State is Republican. The Senate is six Republican by the Republican claim, the Democrats claiming two of them as Independents and no telling how they will vote. The House is a tie.

A Lady Killed.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Nov. 15.—Yesterday afternoon Miss Bertha A. Gates, aged twenty-one years, daughter of Rev. M. A. Gates, a graduate of Wesley College and a most estimable young lady, was thrown from a horse before her parents' eyes, and, her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged through the streets by the frightened animal and shockingly bruised and mangled. When the horse was caught, Miss Gates was dead.

Fire at Wheeling.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 15.—About three o'clock yesterday afternoon an artificial gas generator at the Ethna rolling mill, at Etnaville, opposite this city, exploded. The generator was surrounded by eight or ten men at the time, and they were scattered right and left by the concussion, some of them being hurled a considerable distance. Five of the workmen—B. Caldwell, manager; Thomas Johns, assistant manager; William Howell, engineer; Timothy Miner, foreman, and Charles Smith, a heater, were terribly burned.

THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

Increased Revenues and Expenditures—Houston's Annual Report.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Hon. J. N. Huston, Treasurer of the United States, has made a long report to the Secretary of the operations of his office during the last fiscal year, and the condition of the treasury June 30, last.

The year is characterized as a remarkable one in the history of finances, both the revenues and expenditures having been exceeded but few times since the foundation of the Government. The former amounted to \$387,050,053 and the latter to \$299,288,379, inclusive of \$17,292,362 paid in premium on bonds purchased. The surplus revenues June 30 were \$87,761,000, a decrease of \$23,550,193 as compared with the year before, counting premium on bonds as an ordinary expenditure.

On June 30, 1888, there was in the Treasurer's custody, in cash and effective bonds, the sum of \$764,729,335, and a year later the sum of \$760,643,871. The current liabilities decreased in the interval from \$148,291,347 to \$127,931,880, and the reserve from \$229,905,609 to \$193,007,047.

The gold in the treasury, in excess of certificates outstanding, was \$193,610,172 in 1888 and \$188,257,490 in 1889. Notwithstanding the loss of gold, both in the aggregate and in the amount not covered by certificates, amounting to nearly 4 per cent., the position of the treasury was strengthened in every respect, save the amount of reserve. The total assets, the liabilities and the reserve all fell off about 14 per cent. At the beginning of the year the free gold was \$45,000,000 and the close \$58,000,000 in excess of the demand liabilities. The unavailable funds, exclusive of upward of \$28,000,000 on deposit with the States, under the law of 1833, amounted at the end of the year to \$1,415,443, having been decreased, by an appropriation of \$24,016 to cover losses in the New York sub-treasury and increased by a loss of \$10,000 at San Francisco, reported by the Assistant Treasurer in 1888.

The Treasurer suggests that the present methods of keeping the accounts by which he is charged with funds that do not exist, should be changed so that the books would at all times show the true state of the treasury without real or apparent discrepancies.

The change that took place in the currency were an increase of about \$34,000,000 in the stock of silver, a contraction of \$41,000,000 in the National bank circulation, and a loss of \$25,000,000 of gold. The reports show that in the period of four years the public ownership of silver was nearly double, while the volume of notes was diminished from \$647,885,147 to \$530,989,478.

The increase of the circulation of silver certificates was about \$58,000,000, having kept pace with the rate for the two previous years. The new issue of small denominations appears to have fully supplied the needs of the country. The coinage of the standard silver dollars has proceeded without any incident worthy of remark. Without much change in the amount of circulation there is a tendency toward a decrease.

During the year the National banks withdrew \$66,340,900 of their bonds held by the treasury as security for circulating notes of public moneys. The deposits amounted to \$25,343,700.

There remained at the close of the year \$148,121,450 belonging to 3,262 banks as security for circulation and \$45,222,000 belonging to 270 banks as securities for deposits. The report shows the minimum limit of bonds for the present capital of the banks were only about \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000 below the amount now on deposit. The amount of money held by depository banks ranging from \$50,712,511 to \$47,259,714, the result mainly of voluntary acts of the banks in surrendering the deposits. The net deposits during the year amounted to \$32,484,415, of which sum \$29,583,580 was for the reduction of the circulation of active banks.

The question whether National banks should be required to redeem unsigned notes stolen from them and put into circulation, has been considered and the Treasurer gives his views, which are, as the law plainly requires the banks to provide for the redemption of all notes issued to them, whether regularly paid out or not, an innocent holder is entitled to the advantage of the provision.

The report closes with some criticisms on the inferiority of the provisions for the safety of the public funds and the conveniences for the transaction of business and makes certain recommendations and improvements in this respect.

A Weak Demonstration.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—The feature of the Anarchist demonstration Sunday was its utter lack of enthusiasm which, generally characterizes the gatherings of the Anarchists. Less than 2,000 people visited Waldheim Cemetery to decorate the graves of the executed Anarchists, and scarcely half of those listened to the speeches. The speeches were mildness itself compared with those delivered last year. The only incident which occurred throughout the day was the removal by the police of a red flag displayed from a widow by Mrs. Lucy Parsons.

To Report For Duty.

WARREN, Ind., Nov. 12.—The Hon. Warren G. Sayer, recently appointed a member of the Cherokee Indian Commission by President Harrison, has accepted the place, and in obedience to a telegram from Secretary Noble, has gone to Washington to report for duty.

Ferdinand Must Go.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—The Soliel says that the recent interview between the Czar and Prince Bismarck during his Majesty's visit to Berlin resulted in a decision to oust Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria from the rulership of the country.