

Chase County Journal.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor

VOLUME XV.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1889.

NUMBER 36.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

A CABLEGRAM has been received at the Argentine legation in Washington stating that a treaty has been signed by the Governments of Bolivia and the Argentine Republic, by which the differences between the two countries in regard to the boundary line between them had been satisfactorily adjusted. Several times during the past few years war was imminent between these two South American republics over the boundary line dispute.

AMONG the early callers on the President on the 28th were Senators Plumb and Manderson and Congressman Kinsey, of Missouri, and Anderson, of Kansas. Later the President gave a special reception to the members of the Swedborgian conference.

A SECRET meeting of about eighty representative Republicans from all sections of Virginia who are opposed to General Mahone controlling the Federal patronage of the State was held at the Ebbitt House, Washington, the other night, and discussed at length the situation.

SECRETARY TRACY has received a cablegram from Admiral Kimberly dated May 27 stating that the natives of Samoa were disbanding and that peace is now assured.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL DRUM having reached the age of sixty-four years has been formally retired from active service in the army. General Kelton, who has been Assistant Adjutant-General, will act as Adjutant-General until an appointment is made to fill the office.

SECRETARIES WINDOM and Noble both left Washington on the 29th—the former for New York and the latter for Philadelphia.

JOHN B. COTTON, of Lewiston, Me., appointed Assistant Attorney-General, will have charge of all Government business before the Court of Claims.

The President has appointed Orlow W. Chapman, of Birmingham, N. Y., Solicitor-General.

REPORTS to the General Land-office show twenty-six town sites entered in Oklahoma.

The widow of General Sheridan, who has been ill in Washington recently, is reported better.

SECRETARY WINDOM has affirmed the decision of the Collector of Customs at New York, assessing duty at the rate of 35c per pound and 35 per cent, ad valorem on recent importations of so-called worsted coatings, suitings, etc., used in the manufacture of men's and boys' clothing.

ADMIRAL GERHARDT, who has returned to Washington from Hayti, reports to the Navy Department that he does not think there is any truth in the rumor of a treaty between France and Legitime, though he thinks it probable that Legitime's representative in Paris has proposed such a treaty.

The President's granddaughter, Mary Lodge McKee, was christened recently at the White House by her grandfather, Rev. Dr. Scott, in the presence of the family and members of the Cabinet.

A COMMISSION has been appointed by Postmaster-General Wanamaker to investigate the condition and needs of the New York City post-office.

THE EAST.

The new Rhode Island Legislature convened on the 28th.

By a collision between freight trains near Hull, Conn., the other morning two men were killed and two badly injured and both engines and several cars were destroyed. Disobedience of orders was the cause.

The creditors of C. L. and L. T. Fry, shoe manufacturers of Boston, have refused to accept sixty-five cents on the dollar, and propose to wind up the affairs of the firm.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was the guest and made a notable speech on the prospects of the Democracy at the banquet of the Young Men's Democratic Club at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the night of the 27th.

KILLING frosts are reported in several counties in Central New York. The damage was especially great in the vineyards and truck farms.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR E. H. ROLINS, of New Hampshire, has had another paralytic stroke and is very low.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, who murdered John Sharpless, of Delaware County, Pa., and was to be hanged, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

The coroner's jury at New York investigating the cause of the death of Irving Bishop rendered a verdict that Bishop died while in a state of coma, and that Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Bunce acted in good faith in the performance of an autopsy.

REV. MR. HOOPER, of the Reformed Church of America, was deposed recently in New York for lying and contumacy. Extenuating circumstances were not admitted.

PULLMAN has entered new suits against the Wagner Company on the vestibule patents.

REV. WILLIAM L. GAGE, who was said to reside at Hartford, Conn., jumped from a fourth story window of the Orthopedic Hospital at Philadelphia the other morning and died a few hours later from his injuries. He went to the hospital for treatment for insomnia.

THE WEST.

By a small cyclone near Quincy, Ill., the other day several houses and barns were unroofed and almost every monument in the cemetery was demolished. No lives were lost.

A SINGLE tax party has been formed in South Dakota to urge the incorporation of single tax principles in the coming State Constitution.

ALL the ore handlers at Marquette, Mich., have struck for higher wages. Trouble was anticipated.

DISPATCHES from all parts of California regarding the crop prospects show that grain, fruit and grape will be the best known in years.

Two Canadian blood Indians concerned in a recent raid into Montana, where they murdered two Gros Ventre Indians, have been arrested in Manitoba and will be sent to Montana for trial.

BOTH houses of the Illinois Legislature have passed a law making it criminal to sell, lend or give away disreputable sensational papers and books.

JOHN EARL, a heavy grain buyer of Schoolcraft, Mich., has failed for about \$75,000. His assets are small. Bad speculation was the cause.

THE Adystone pipe and steel works near Cincinnati have been destroyed by fire. Loss \$75,000.

BURKINGTON'S wheel works near Burlington, Iowa, were destroyed by fire. Loss, \$80,000.

E. W. VOIGH'S big brewery in Detroit, Mich., has been sold to an English syndicate for \$1,000,000, of which \$500,000 is in cash.

THE most disastrous frost of the season visited Southwestern Michigan the other night, doing immense damage to early vegetables and small fruits and even corn and wheat.

NATHAN CORWITH, one of the most widely known citizens of Chicago, died recently. Mr. Corwith had at one time accumulated about \$1,500,000 and retired from business.

LA BAQUER in honor of Mr. Ryan, the United States Minister, was given in the City of Mexico on the 30th. Minister Ryan responded to the toast, "The President of the United States." His speech was vigorously applauded.

THE action of the Chicago, Burlington & Northern in reducing freight rates to the basis of 89 cents a hundred pounds from Chicago to St. Paul on traffic originating east of Chicago will be met by all the other St. Paul lines except the Rock Island.

In the British House of Commons Sir James Fergusson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Office, denied the reports from Victoria, British Columbia, that three men-of-war in the Pacific had been ordered to the Bearing sea to protect British sealing vessels from interference by American men-of-war.

DECORATION DAY was duly observed on the 30th. The occasion was seized upon by politicians, somewhat more than usual, to elaborate their principles. The principal feature was visits to Grant's tomb at New York and the Sheridan monument at Washington.

In the South Confederate and Federal graves were decorated alike. President Harrison attended the parade at New York.

ONE hundred arrests have been made at Belgrade in connection with the recent riot.

FRANCK ALDIS SCHWARTZBUROG and a Lieutenant of Hussars fought a duel near Vienna recently. The former was mortally wounded.

A HEAVY storm of rain and hail visited Huajuquila, Mexico, on the 30th. The town was inundated and almost entirely destroyed. Many lives were lost. The destruction of cattle and other property was immense.

Y. THOMAS, the well known bookseller of London, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for publishing Zola's novels.

SEVERE storms have caused great damage in France and China. Many lives have been lost.

LORD SALISBURY, replying to a deputation of business men, said he did not think a parliamentary decree would settle the question but the opinion of the people, founded on business interests, must decide it. He hoped that the coming congress at Paris would really be an international one. The final decision would depend on how far the nations would co-operate.

THE LATEST.

CONWAY SPRINGS, Kan., June 2.—Albert Williams, a young man, unmarried, working on the Thomas Hall farm near Ames, Sumner County, was thrown from his horse and killed. It is supposed his feet got fastened in the saddle stirrup and as the horse started he fell, as his skull was crushed and his body lying in the road.

LEROY, Kan., June 2.—Two young women by the name of Dixon, one aged about twenty-two, the other about twelve, were drowned in a tributary near the Neosho Thursday afternoon. They were returning from the memorial exercises at this place by a wagon road, walking. They came to a gully near the river, from which the plank had washed away. They were feeling their way carefully across the bridge, when by some accident both stepped into the water and being near a dangerous curve in the river were at once swept away. The bodies have not been recovered. The river falls slowly, but the damage to crops was not as serious as feared.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—Profiting by the recent events at Samoa, when the treasure of the wrecked Trenton was recovered by means of a diving apparatus borrowed from the British man-of-war Calliope, the Navy Department here has determined to equip each of the naval vessels with a complete diving apparatus. By order a submarine diver is also to be detailed as part of the complement of each vessel in commission. No trouble is anticipated in securing suitable men, as there are always members of the crew who make good divers.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—The storm still continues in fury. Rock creek, which divides Washington and Georgetown, overflowed its banks and inundated the lower portion of many houses. At Bladensburg, Md., nearly the entire town is under water and the citizens are occupying the upper stories.

HASTINGS, Neb., June 2.—David Crinklow, alias Kid Hawkins, the gambler charged with killing Frank Fauser, also a gambler, last November at the Southern saloon in this city, was acquitted of murder in the district court. Upon his acquittal authorities from Kansas City arrested the kid for a murder committed in that city some time ago.

CHICAGO, June 2.—Thomas Murphy and a man named Wilson have been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in Cronin's murder. The police refused to state what the evidence was against them, and even denied they had been arrested.

ST. LOUIS, June 2.—The incorporation of the brewery concerns of this city has been completed and articles filed. The new association includes eighteen breweries—all in this city except Temp, Anheuser-Busch and Ober. There will be no change in the management. The only object in forming is to keep the breweries from selling out to the English syndicate.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has expressed himself as decidedly opposed to prohibition being a law of high license.

A REPORT that the assembly of Crete had voted in favor of the annexation of the island of Greece is officially denied. The report that the British fleet has been ordered to the Behring sea was a canard.

The Belgian Chamber of Representatives has voted confidence—78 to 32—in favor of the ministry.

It was recently rumored that the Mexican Congress, in secret session, was discussing the question of ceding Lower California to the United States. It was believed, however, that the rumor was merely a stratagem of the Conservatives.

The Canadian Government does not anticipate trouble with the United States over the jurisdiction of Alaska waters.

TEN thousand people have been rendered homeless by a terrible conflagration at Yokato, Japan.

The London Jockey Club has warned Lord James Douglas of the Newmarket course for defaulting in bets.

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KANSAS STATE NEWS.

HAMMER MATTHEWS was run over and killed by a Santa Fe stock train at Burrton early the other morning.

A VICIOUS bull on the farm of Ira Spangler, six miles north of Newton, nearly killed two people and badly injured another early the other morning. Spangler was at work when the bull made an attack on him, knocking him down and crushing him terribly.

His father, bearing him shouting, ran out to his assistance and he, too, was knocked down and trampled upon by the infuriated beast. Abel Genet, the hired man, then attempted to save the Spanglers, but he was so injured that he could render no assistance.

Mrs. Spangler, seeing the dangerous position of her husband and son, bravely seized a heavy club and the brute was finally driven off. Young Spangler was terribly injured and could hardly recover. The plucky woman escaped without injury.

ARNOLD BUCKMAN, a Clay Center jeweler, while attempting to solder the nozzle on a glycerine can the other afternoon was burned quite severely about the throat and neck from the igniting of the gas in the can.

THE story comes from Wichita that the other evening an unknown woman, while walking in the most aristocratic part of that city, was bound and gagged by two men who drove rapidly up behind her and carried her away in a covered carriage.

Her cries attracted the attention of a baker, but before they could reach her the men were out of sight around a corner. The woman was about twenty-five years of age and richly dressed. She had arrived in the city, as an investigation showed, a few days previous and refused to register at the hotel at which she stopped, but said that she was Mrs. Rhinehart from Cincinnati.

Rhinehart was not the woman's name, but that she comes of a prominent Illinois family and that the two men had been hired to put her out of the way.

PHIL LACEY, aged twenty-one years, fatally shot himself in the head while playing with a revolver at Atchison the other day.

WHAT of the people of Decoy, a small town south of Ellsworth, on the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad, were preparing to observe Decoration Day they were startled by the announcement that William Strong had killed his wife, and then going to the house of a neighbor killed him and his wife. The names of the murdered neighbors were not learned.

Strong then fled and a strong posse was in pursuit, but he was heavily armed and defied arrest. He was thought to be insane.

S. M. ROCHELLE, late a police commissioner at Wichita, was arrested the other day upon the charge of obtaining money in a felonious manner. It is charged that he induced Mrs. Klaus to sign a note for \$750, telling her that it related to a piece of property upon which she held a mortgage. After obtaining her signature he sold the note and the first that she knew of it was when she received notice that a payment must be made. He asserted his innocence and gave bail to appear for trial.

JAMES MARTIN, father of ex-Governor John A. Martin, died at Atchison on the night of the 28th at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

The Concordia land district has been consolidated with that of Salina, with its office at Salina.

CONTRACTS for new army buildings at Fort Riley to cost \$88,000 were let recently.

LUTHER MONTGOMERY, a bridge repairer, fell from the structure over the Neosho river near Emporia the other night, and received injuries which resulted in death the following day.

THE people of Lawrence give but little credit to the report that Hillman has been found in Arizona.

The Board of Railroad Commissioners have decided that the Santa Fe, Missouri Pacific and Frisco roads should construct connecting tracks at Kansas City. It is held that all the roads might have access to the mills now solely reached by the Santa Fe.

GEORGE NEWCOMB, once a prominent pawn broker of Wichita, committed suicide the other afternoon in the bank building at Clearwater. He had recently lost \$25,000 by unfortunate investments and brooded heavily over his losses, and it is held that this was the reason for his act. He leaves a widow and two children. He was at one time superintendent and treasurer of the Youngstown & Painesville road in Ohio and was very wealthy, but lost most of his wealth through speculations.

A TERRIBLE cyclone recently swept through Chase County in the vicinity of Strong City. Many houses were blown down and a great amount of property destroyed. The residence of Milton Brown was wrecked. Mr. Brown was killed, his wife fatally and his son, daughter and babe severely injured.

It is stated that requisition papers will not be issued for the return of Hillman from Arizona until his identity has been established. If the man arrested is proven to be Hillman by evidence sufficient to command the reward the insurance companies will pay the reward offered for him and then use the same evidence to convict Hillman of conspiracy to defraud and of the murder of Walters. If the detectives fail to prove their case, the companies will, it is believed, let the case drop.

ISAAC PARKS, a farmer and an old resident and justice of the peace of Washington County, was killed at a side track and cattle chute called Spencerville on the St. Joseph & Grand Island railroad, the other night.

ERGENE WARE, of Fort Scott, read a original poem on the recent occasion of decorating the graves of the soldiers at Arlington Heights National cemetery, near Washington, D. C.

R. L. WALKER, United States marshal, has appointed Captain H. D. Baker, of Guthrie, his chief deputy for the Indian Territory. Captain Baker will have general supervision of all deputy marshals in the Territory.

EVERY city, village and hamlet in Kansas honored the memory of the Nation's dead defenders on Decoration Day by strewing flowers upon their graves. In many places the ceremonies were of more than a usual interest.

THE HAYMARKET MONUMENT.

Unveiling of the Monument to the Victims of the Bomb-Throwing. CHICAGO, May 31.—The monument in the Haymarket square, erected to the memory of the police who were killed in the famous Anarchist riot in 1886, was unveiled yesterday.



The ceremony took place at ten o'clock. Master Deegan, son of that unfortunate officer who was killed on the spot, unveiled the monument. Mayor Craig accepted on behalf of the city. Addresses were made by Mayor Craig, F. H. Head and others.

The monument is a beautiful one and will be universally voted to be an ornament to that part of the city. It consists of a pedestal of white granite, surmounted by a statue and other subordinate ornaments of bronze, the whole being something over twenty feet in height.

The pedestal is square, with the usual moldings, and rests on a circular base about fifteen feet across and two steps high. From the lower part of the pedestal two scrolls, or wings, run to the right and the left, terminating in smaller pedestals on which are ornamented bronze lamp posts.

On the front of the main pedestal there is a bronze shield. But the statue is the main feature. This represents a metropolitan policeman in uniform, standing with the right foot in advance of the other, the left arm by his side and the right arm and hand raised aloft. It is about one and a half times the natural size, and was modeled from Officer Lawrence Birmingham, the handsome policeman who helps the ladies across the dangerous thoroughfare at the corner of Madison and Clark streets. The statue was first placed facing the west and on the west side of the pedestal, in gilt letters, are the words:

"In the name of the people of Illinois I command peace." On the eastern face, in similar letters, are the words: "Dedicated by Chicago May 4, 1886, to their defenders in the riot of May 4, 1886."

THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

The Cherokee Indians at Variance Concerning Its Sale.

TABLEAU, I. T., May 31.—Great dissatisfaction prevails all over the Nation regarding the position taken by Chief Mayes in regard to the negotiations for the sale of the Cherokee Strip, and it is now the talk of the day. Dissatisfaction prevails and many of the Chief's own party oppose his actions. He is very independent, however, and pays but very little attention to other views than those of himself.

Colonel W. F. Ross, ex-Chief, and at present editor of the Indian Arrow, expresses his views as follows: "The Chief is very wrong in his idea of making a party issue of the Strip question, and no doubt he will fail in his undertaking. There are also questions of more importance in connection with this land question which ought to be brought before the people. In regard to the commission I would say that the Chief would have saved himself much criticism had he assumed some qualified position in reference to the subject of calling an extra session of the National Council for the purpose of providing competent authority to confer with the United States commissioners. The power and government they represent want something done, and done at once, and the idea the Chief has that the Council, which is, in fact, the people, ought not to be consulted about this very important matter is absurd."

At the convention which has just closed for nominating members of the National Council for this district (Tableau), the men in favor of selling were left in the cold, and men were nominated who oppose selling the Strip under any circumstances. Those in favor of selling do not want less than \$3 per acre for the land, and would like to sell for more.

TRIPLE MURDER.

William Strong Kills His Wife and a Neighbor and His Wife.

ELLSWORTH, Kan., May 31.—A terrible triple tragedy took place yesterday morning at Dacey, a small town on the line of the St. Louis & San Francisco road, between Wichita and this city. The town was having a holiday and preparing to observe memorial services when the news of the tragedy came upon them like a thunder clap. William Strong, a man who has lived in the town for some time, first killed his wife, and then going to the house of a neighbor killed him and his wife. The names of the murdered neighbors were not learned here. After the killing Strong took to the prairie. A large posse armed and some on horseback followed in pursuit. So far Strong has resisted every attempt at arrest and keeps the officers and citizens at bay with a shotgun. He is well armed. The sheriff thinks he is crazy and neither officers nor citizens feel like shooting him down or causing more bloodshed. Strong is not known to have had any motive for his rash deed. The only explanation is that the man is insane. He was pursued for several miles until he finally made a stand and has so far succeeded in keeping the officers at bay. If he does not surrender the only way to capture him will be to shoot him down or wait and starve him out.

THE LATE CYCLONE.

Further Particulars of the Kansas Tornado. EMPORIA, Kan., May 31.—The cyclone which visited Chase County Tuesday, twenty-three miles west of this city, was terribly destructive of property and one life was lost with almost a certainty of another, and about a dozen were more or less injured. Latest reports from the scene state that not a house nor fence of any kind has been left standing for nearly four miles in the track of the cyclone, and only bare trunks or stumps of trees. The point of most damage was near the Santa Fe railroad track, about two miles west of a small town named Clements, on the farm of Milton Brown, whose house was razed to the foundation and he himself almost instantly killed. His wife was fatally injured and his oldest son, Edward, his leg broken. His daughter, Sarah, was badly hurt internally and one of her legs was broken, and his little baby's head bruised almost out of shape. A portion of the house roof fell on and crushed Mr. Brown's head almost flat and he lived but a few minutes. The residence of Spencer Pickard was totally destroyed to the foundation. S. D. Huston lost all his hives, barns, out-houses and had his residence badly damaged. The residence of B. M. Chappell was lifted and blown fifteen feet off its foundation and dropped on the ground a few minutes. Job Johnson lost his windmill, orchard, residence, out-houses, barns, etc., and his wife and daughter were injured, the latter so badly as to be unable to be about. William Dawson was also hurt in the wreck of Johnson's house. At least fifteen or twenty other farmers' residences or crops or both and there is no estimating the monetary loss to those visited by the wild winds. Some wonderful escapes from death are chronicled among them. The family of Milton Hunt who took refuge in their cellar and escaped without a scratch to any of them, although the house was blown to fragments from over the heads. Another family named Hoff escaped by flying to the cellar of Mr. Brown, who himself was killed. Many peculiarities of the storm were noted. Among them was the snapping off of a huge elm tree by the wind, while not ten feet away was a very small soft maple with seemingly not a leaf missing. At one place the fence posts for a long distance were stripped of their wire, it having seemingly been blown away, and in other places the posts themselves were gone and the wire was around loose. The storm took with slight deviations an almost due east course and barely passed the town of Clements by possibly half a mile. Had it struck the town the loss of life and property would have been fearful to contemplate. Mr. Brown, who was killed, was formerly from Rush County, Ohio, and his wife, who is still living, has relatives named Stevenson, who reside at Burlington, Kan. He was a well-to-do farmer nearly fifty years ago, and served during the war in the Ninety-first Ohio infantry, and was mustered out as Captain of a company in that regiment.

LAKE DISASTER.

Destructive Gale on Lake Ontario—A Vessel Goes Ashore.

KINGSTON, Ont., May 31.—The worst disaster that has occurred on Lake Ontario in many years took place Tuesday. The steam barge, D. D. Canby, of Kingston, with a tow of schooners with timber from St. Ignace, was struck by a gale off Long Point. The tow line parted and the Norway, Valencia and Bavaria were in the trough of the sea. The two former managed to come to anchor after being waterlogged, and were picked up by the tug Calvin and Armenia and brought here. The crew were perched on cabin tops for twenty-four hours, without food and with the waves washing over them, and suffered terribly. The Bavaria went ashore on Galloo island, sixty miles from here, and the crew were: Captain John Marshall, wife and three children, of Kingston; First Mate Felix Campa, wife and six children, of Garden Island; Second Mate John Smith a widowed mother; William McGarrity, Garden Island; Sandy Berry, Pittsburgh; Archy Bollen and Elias Borley, St. Paul's bay, all seamen and single, and Bella Hartman, cook.

ASIATIC CALAMITIES.

Serious Conflagration in Japan—Earthquake, Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—A Pacific mail steamer which arrived yesterday brought startling news from China and Japan.

A thousand houses in Yokote, Japan, were destroyed by fire on the 3d inst. The fire originated in the residence quarter about ten o'clock at night and burned for sixteen hours. Many lives were lost. The Emperor subscribed over \$5,000 out of his own purse for the relief of the sufferers. About 40,000 people were rendered homeless.

On Oshima island an eruption took place April 13 and destroyed more than half the houses on the island.

Another peculiar disease has broken out in Tukahagan, the victims dying five hours after being attacked.

A series of earthquakes was followed by the opening of the ground a thousand feet long by three wide.

Fatal Barn Raising.

AKRON, O., May 31.—At a barn raising on the farm of Jacob Boerstler, at Loyal Oak, seven miles from this city, yesterday while one of the big beams were being elevated into position one of the side posts slipped beyond the protecting bar and the big beam fell with terrible force upon a score of men. The utmost consternation prevailed and the work of rescue retarded for the time being, owing to the excitement and lack of adequate help. Frank E. Irich was the first rescued and will die, his chest being crushed entirely in. Jacobs Kurtz, of Norton Center, was crushed fatally. Milton Boerstler, a son of the owner of the barn, received fatal injuries. Joseph Bauer, his son William and brother Charles were terribly gashed and bruised and a dozen more were more or less injured. The wives of the men were in the house preparing a dinner for the occasion and some of them were completely prostrated by the saltness.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

WOLFFBLAU FALKS - KANSAS

MR. HOKUS, OF HOKUSVILLE.

A certain man came in last week, He said to see the show, He'd often refused how such things looked And vowed that he would know.

He panned near the Astor House While he should eat a cake, When up there to him came a man Who long his hand did shake;

And called him Mr. Hokus straight, And asked for all the folk, And then when Hokus knew him not He laughed as 'twere a joke;

And said that he was old Smith's son, Who lived at Hokusville, And several terms he'd gone to school With Hokus's big boy Bill.

Then Hokus knew him well and said That he was glad to see him, A son of Smith of Hokusville— A life-long friend of his.

Then spoke they long of Hokusville, And had a pleasant talk— Till Smith most thoughtfully proposed That they should take a walk.

(The reader with the lengthy head, Before this point has seen, That Mr. H. of Hokusville, Was just a little green;

And that our worthy citizen, John Henry Smith by name, Had got his eye on Hokus's wealth And thought to swipe the same.)

I want no deep-laid plot in mine, Which is why this I say: I'm plain and only speak right on Like him in Shakespeare's play.)

They started off and walked along, Till they struck Roosevelt street, When Smith said he had a friend He'd like that Hokus meet.

Inside they found the friend at work A-fooling Temperance tracts, Which of the course of liquor red Presented starting facts.

He warmly grasped Hokus's hand And shook without a pause, And begged of him to take a seat While they discussed the cause.

[Then talked they of the course of rum, And eke the one of beer, And how the first of them to shun, And round the other steer.

Then Smith proposed that they should show A sort of puzzle game— The trick was to spill out the cubes So that the spots should be the same.

(You see that it was loaded dice That they were working in, And with them they right speedily Would scoop in Hokus's tin.)

So Smith he toyed with them awhile, And every time he threw Two or three aces would appear To Uncle Hokus's view.

Ten Hokus said he thought that he Could aces likewise throw, And Smith he said he'd bet a ten That he could not do so.

Then Hokus said he'd like to bet His pile on such a game, And he pulled out and stacked his roll, And Smith he did the same.

Then Hokus reached and took the box But dropped it on the floor— He explained that he was clumsy— Never handed dice before.

But he was not so green but that he Managed the dice to hide, And substitute ones loaded on A very different side.

And then he rose and shook the box In an awkward kind of way, And spilled them out in sight of all— Four aces and a tray!

He showed both piles down in his boot, And said out of the door— They heard him humiliate as he went, "We've Both Been There Before."

L'ENVOI
Things sometimes are not what they seem; We all have trials to meet; This Mr. H. of Hokusville Lived up in Blocker street.

—N. Y. Tribune.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

How and Why He Stole His Own Pocket-Book.

We had gathered a class of boys together in the suburbs of a great city, hoping to make them better. Bait had been thrown out in the shape of Christmas festivals, magic lanterns, concerts and library books, in order that they might take their moral and religious instruction as children take pills in raisins, without knowing it. Most of us were young, all were zealous, and we found the path stony. It was very trying to find "swear words" on the black-board, where a selection from the Psalms was to be written every Sunday afternoon; to know that the truth was not to be expected from any of those young lips, and to have our pockets picked, or the cash-box rifled of money with which we intended to buy shoes for the barefooted and hats for the hatless; and once when we had spoken of these things to an old gentleman who visited us, we evoked a sermon on dishonesty which certainly thrilled that roomful of street Arabs, and turned their thoughts to better things, at least for the time being.

After the boys had gone, we flocked about the old gentleman—a rich manufacturer from the West—and thanked him. He had painted the carrier of a thief from the moment he first took to pilfering to the hour on which theft led to murder and the gallows, all in plain, unaffected language, but so thrillingly that we had been moved to tears. When we complimented him he smiled—strangely, as we thought.

"I spoke from experience. I know how a thief feels. I am telling the truth, as you will see when you have heard me."

"Once upon a time, instead of being an old man, with white hair, I was a young fellow, with yellow curls all over my head, and very much in love with a pretty girl of sixteen.

"Our parents were entirely opposed to our marriage. They were deadly enemies. It was a regular Romeo and Juliet affair. Capulet and Montague never hated each other worse than our fathers did. And so, after trying in

vain to soften their hearts, we ran away and were married.

"I had two hundred dollars of my own, and she had seventy-five cents in a blue bead purse of her own knitting. We went to board in a quiet little house, where they took a few young clerks to breakfast and tea, and had but one married couple besides ourselves. And I went forth to get employment. I found it very much harder to get any than I had supposed; but after awhile I was in receipt of ten dollars a week, and felt very independent. We were extremely happy, although we had been used to luxuries of all sorts; and I had resolved never to appeal to my father for aid.

"In fact, we got on nicely for more than a year, when our troubles began altogether. We had left the boarding-house, and hired a room and kept house. There was a little baby in the family, and naturally our small savings had been taken from the bank. What with housework and caring for the child, my wife was beginning to look worn and pale and a little unhappy; and I was taken ill, and was too sick to leave my bed for two weeks. I had written to explain why I was absent, but when I was able to get to the office again I found another man at my desk.

"The manager was sympathetic, but said it would be unjust to dismiss the new clerk, and that he had no power to add to the number.

"'However,' he said, 'if you can see Mr. —, he may do so. Two or three more clerks are needed, but he's trying to get the work out of those already here. Now, if you state your case to him, he may make an act of charity of the affair, and do what he ought to do. Business is often delayed for the want of extra pens.'

"I did not like that expression, 'an act of charity,' and preferred to find another place, but there seemed to be none for me. I was in despair. Every day I cut from the papers many advertisements for clerks, and went to the addresses given. I always found myself one of a crowd, and an unlucky one. At last a terrible day arrived, when we found ourselves penniless and without credit. My wife had sold her jewelry bit by bit; my watch was gone, and we had not a cent.

"Then I resolved to beard the lion in his den—to ask Mr. — to replace me in his office. I strove to get an audience all day, and at last stood on the steps before which his carriage was drawn up. I heard his step in the passage. He appeared; I stepped forward.

"'Mr. —,' said I.

"'I haven't time to talk to you now,' said he.

"'It is a matter of life and death, sir, for me,' I pleaded.

"'How?' said he.

"'I am your discharged clerk,' I began.

"'I'm aware of that,' he replied, coldly. 'For good reason, doubtless.'

"'I was ill,' said I. 'No fault was found with me. I returned to my place, and—'

"'Of course it was filled,' he interrupted. 'If young men would lead sober lives, they would not be ill. I never am.'

"'I caught cold from a broken pane of glass in your office, sir,' said I. 'My wife and child literally have nothing to eat.'

"'It will teach you to be more economical,' said he.

"'He took out his pocket-book and opened it. It was stuffed full of bills of large denominations.

"'Is he going to offer me charity?' thought I. My blood boiled, yet I said to myself: 'He means it kindly, and for Laura's sake I will not refuse.'

"'But all he did was to take out a small key, which he slipped into an outer pocket of his overcoat.

"'If you could give me employment, sir,' I said, 'I should be very grateful.'

"'I can't create clerkships,' he said. 'There are ten clerks in the office, and they must do my work.'

"'He entered the carriage. As he did so I saw a pocket-book lying on the sidewalk—a pathetic thing, round with its contents.

"'He has dropped it,' I said to myself.

"The instincts of a gentleman prompted me to pick it up and restore it, but the hungry man, who knew his wife was starving, covered it with his foot. The carriage drove off. I was alone in that quiet side street. No one saw me. I picked up the pocket-book, thrust it into my bosom and took to my heels like a pickpocket.

"I reached my poor little home as one might in a bad dream. I opened the door. To my astonishment, a table was spread with a dainty repast. My wife, tearful, and yet smiling, dandled the baby, and near the fire in the little grate, which had been cold when I left home, stood two men—my father and Laura's.

"'Oh, Harry!' cried my wife, 'I wrote without telling you, and they have forgiven us. We are waiting supper for you. I am so happy! so happy!'

"I kissed her. I shook hands with her father; my own actually wept on my shoulder. I knew that my troubles were over, but my heart remained as heavy as lead within my bosom. The hideous sense of shame that had fallen upon me from the moment I picked up that pocket-book was with me still. I was a thief. I a thief!

"To be sure, I could return the money. I could send it back to Mr. B.—; but I found my home foodless and fireless. I should have used the stolen money, like any other thief.

"I sat at the little banquet, silent and moody.

"'He has suffered so much,' said my wife.

"'My father pressed my hand.

"'It is all over now, Hal,' said he.

"'But I felt the pressure of that pho-

net pocket-book against my chest, and the weight of theft upon my soul.

"In the midst of the meal there was a knock at the door. I opened it. The private watchman from Mr. —'s stood there. I said to myself: 'My theft is known; I am to be arrested.'

"'Don't speak before them,' I whispered, stepping into the hall and shutting the door behind me.

"'Mr. — asked me to call,' said he. 'I live down here a bit further. He says that young Perkins is going to leave, and if you are on hand at seven Monday, he'll put you in. He didn't know about Perkins when you were there.'

"'Thank you,' said I; 'but I am fixed, I think.'

"'That's good,' said he. 'I rejoiced, but still I felt like a thief.'

"'Oh! if the pocket-book was only on its way home!

"I determined to take it at once to the express office. I had a piece of brown paper in my pocket, and some cord; they would seal it at the office. I could direct it there.

"I sat down on the upper step, put the pocket-book from my bosom. I would not even open it. — But how familiar that pocket-book looked! I turned it over. On a silver plate upon the back a name was engraved—my own!

"It was my pocket-book that I held in my hand. The sole relic of those days when all my little belongings were handsome. I opened it. It was full of newspaper advertisements and the cards of business men. I thrust my hand into my bosom again. There was nothing else there. I put my hand into my coat pocket, it went through a hole.

"I had never had Mr. —'s pocket-book at all. It was my own, that had dropped from the rent in the lining of my coat, which I had covered with my foot, and which had given me all that agony.

"I returned to the table a changed man. I thanked Heaven with every mouthful. I felt like a condemned man who has just received a pardon; but for all that, I humbly acknowledge that I had been a thief; and though I had repented, I have always since been able to address a dishonest man from the platform of experience."

Then the old gentleman bowed to us all and went his way.

We never saw him again, but my wife us ever forgot his story.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.

OBSERVING PERSONS.

Why They Have a Great Advantage Over Less Watchful Individuals.

It is as important to train one's self in the habit of observation as it is to cultivate any other faculty, such as the faculty for music, painting, the handling of tools and numerous others.

The Indians understand this. Their minds are not altogether "untutored." They teach their boys to observe, giving them thorough lessons in the art of observing, and also in remembering what they see.

For instance, they will mark out a circle with sticks thrust into the ground. Without the circumference of this circle will be dropped, here and there, different articles, such as bits of buckskin, a knife, a feather, and so on. Then the boys are made to run around the circle, and notice every object which has been placed on the ground.

On returning to the starting point, the boy must tell just what objects he saw, in the regular order in which he saw them.

It would be well if white boys were always obliged to tell on the return from a trip of any kind just what they had seen.

The great inventors have very acute powers of observation. No unusual phenomena escape their notice. Mr. Edison has made improvements in some of his inventions by noticing some change which took place accidentally when he really was working for results in another direction. For instance, he was working with his electric light apparatus, when a tool fell on the incandescent lamp and bent it. He noticed that the light immediately increased, and, rightly reasoning that it was due to the altered shape, he took the hint and made an extra turn in the loop.

Some men fail to attribute a phenomenon to the proper cause.

When in England, Mr. Richard Grant White noticed that the polish on his shoes would not be entirely destroyed while walking on a lawn after a rain. He mentions this fact in his book on England, and soberly attributes it to the fact that the rain-water there is not as wet as that in this country!

The writer, when in England, noticed the same thing when his shoes were polished with a certain English blacking, but that when the American blacking which he took with him was used, the polish was no more permanent there when walking in the wet grass than if he had been in America.

While the detective needs the keenest powers of observation, there is no profession, business or trade where a thorough development of this faculty is not of great value to the one possessing it.—Dr. Edwin A. Gatchell, in Christian Union.

It was not many years ago that the cotton wood tree was considered useless for the purposes of lumber. Today it is crowding white pine out of the market for certain purposes, and large fortunes are being made all along the Mississippi river out of this wood, which was as much despised in that field as a garfish ally has been among fishermen. In New Orleans white pine is worth \$35 a thousand, while yellow cotton wood brings \$65.

PROTECTING TREES.

Effectual Remedies to Be Applied Where Rabbits Are Very Numerous.

A nurseryman recommends the following remedies: A teaspoonful of tincture of asafetida in half a bucketful of liquid clay, mud or muck of any kind, applied with a brush to the stem and branches of young trees will preserve them from the attacks of rabbits without injury to the trees. Two or three applications during the winter will be sufficient. A mixture of lime water and cow manure made pretty strong forms an excellent anti-rabbit composition. There should be plenty of the latter ingredient, both to make it adhere properly and because, if lime be in excess, the mixture dries too white upon the trees and is unsightly; whereas, if properly mixed, it dries just the right shade of greenish gray. When tar is objectionable on account of its injuring the young trees, a simple mixture of soot and cow manure made thin enough to be put on with a brush will help to ward off the attacks of rabbits during the ordinary seasons. A mixture of equal proportions of sulphur, soot and lime made into a thick cream with liquid cow manure is also very effectual in cases where a strongly smelling remedy is not objected to. Where appearance is of no consequence Stockholm tar is recommended. Gas-tar should never be applied to young trees, especially if the bark be already stripped away from them. The stems should be tarred from the ground to about twenty inches in height. If the trees be planted for ornament, the following plan is preferable if the extra expense be no objection. Instead of applying to the trees itself, stick three or four stakes round each plant, at the distance of nine inches or a foot from it, then tie a piece of fresh tarred line round the stakes at the distance of nine inches from the ground. The tar should be mixed with an equal portion of manure of about the same consistency as the tar, or it may injure some of the trees. A strip of tarred paper tied round the stem is also of service where the rabbits are not very numerous. Strong subjects may be daubed with a mixture of equal parts of gas tar, cow manure and water made into a thick paint. If there be any marks of old bites they should be carefully painted over. Among miscellaneous remedies are the following: Place a thin layer of weeds or refuse round the stems, fasten it with a tough rope or tie of straw. Rub the bark with something distasteful to them, such as strong-smelling grease. The application of a paint made of butter-milk and soot when snow falls, and again in March, is said to be an excellent remedy. Wire netting or tying sticks or corncobs round the necks of plants are effectual remedies in severe seasons where the rabbits are numerous.—Practical Farmer.

PROFITABLE CROPS.

How Farming Might Be Made More Remunerative Than it Has Been.

It is small, not large, crops that we need more of. My minimum crops have invariably been more profitable, and I have heard many farmers make the same remark. Would it not be well for our farmers to combine to produce less for a few years of all staple crops, thereby thoroughly cleaning up the surplus and getting better returns for our labor than we have received for the last decade? Certainly we have the same right to combine to limit production as have coal or oil companies, millers and manufacturers. Some may say that it is our duty to ourselves and our country to do our best in our chosen calling—but best for whom? If we can do better by producing less and getting more for it, why not do it, as long as other producers are doing the same thing and we have to exchange our products for theirs?

Why should farmers be the only class of producers that can't establish a price for their commodities? When we buy we have to pay the price asked; when we sell we have to take the price the purchaser sees fit to offer. Surely, no class of laborers work as many hours for as little pay as the farmer, and it is time our calling is more remunerative. Can this be done by producing more or less? I am of the opinion that General Butler was right when he said that "our trouble is not overproduction, but underconsumption," and the question is, how shall we increase the consumption of farm products? Certainly not by increasing the quantity, but by improving the quality. Every one knows that soggy potatoes, stale eggs, rancid butter, etc., last much longer than good, fresh, No. 1 articles. If all food products were the very best, much more would be consumed, thus making a greater demand and more remunerative prices. Many of our wide-awake farmers can make a part of their productions an actual necessity to one or more families in our large cities at paying prices by supplying these products regularly, fresh, sweet and wholesome. I know this by experience, for my customers often tell me that they prefer to purchase farm products of the producer, especially eggs and butter.

It is laudable for practical farmers to experiment, investigate and produce maximum crops, but it is more profitable to produce the best and get good pay for them.—American Agriculturist.

—Dr. Hay, of Pittsburgh, whose shirts had grown strangely tender at a Chinese laundry, suspected that they were bleached with chloride of lime. As a test he sent a handkerchief inscribed with silver marking ink. When it returned he found the mark converted into chloride of silver, thus confirming his belief.

RISE OF THE SHADDOCK.

How the Fruit Was Introduced Into the United States.

The shaddock, or "grape fruit," as it is sometimes called, is a tropical fruit that people in this country are just coming to know and learning to like. Every body has seen the big, light yellow globes on the fruit stands in the streets, and about every body has tasted them. The verdict is usually disapproval. Most people, when they bite into their initial shaddock, have their mouths made up for the taste of an orange. The acidulous, piquant flavor of the shaddock is in the nature of a disagreeable surprise, and the fruit is at once set down as not enticing. Shaddocks must be eaten rightly, and really to like them is in most instances an acquired taste. Very few of the people who eat shaddocks habitually, and shaddock eating is a habit with some people, but had to learn to like them. Another cause for the slow growth in popular favor of the shaddock is that it is impossible to tell by appearance of a shaddock whether it is ripe or not. An unripe shaddock is as disagreeable to the taste as a ripe one is pleasant, and it often happens that an experimenter's first shaddock is a green one, and because it is so sour as to make his jaws seem loosened, he condemns all shaddocks because of this one. The color of the shaddock is a pale yellow, almost green in its paleness, and this color deepens but little after the shaddock has attained its full size, which is anywhere from the size of a baseball to that of a small foot-ball, though it takes a week or two of sunshine to thoroughly ripen a shaddock after it has attained its full size. Shaddocks grow on a tree that looks much like an orange tree, like it being an evergreen. They grow very thickly all over the tree, much more thickly than oranges.

"I have seen a little twig no bigger than my little finger," said a fruit dealer, yesterday, "with five or six big shaddocks on it. The twig didn't look strong enough to hold their weight. A comparatively small tree will often bear as many as two thousand shaddocks at a time. They grow rapidly and easily wherever oranges grow, and they are rapidly coming into favor with the public. Down south they are much liked and nearly every body eats them. But in the North they are less known. I presume there are three hundred or four hundred barrels of them sold here in Washington each week, though the sales this season have not been as large as last. Their season is just the same as that of the orange, and they are packed and shipped just as oranges are. The taste for them is an acquired one, though, just as the taste for tomato is. A Florida fruit paper, a short time ago, printed an article to the effect that there was a fortune awaiting the man who had nerve enough to plant a shaddock grove. They are certainly on the rise in popular favor, and I would not be surprised if they should come to be as much eaten as oranges are."

The shaddock is a native of China. It is said, and the story goes that a naval officer who ate and liked them brought home some of the seeds and planted them in Florida. For a long while the trees were valued only for their picturesqueness. Finally, though, Southern people got to liking the fruit, and now the taste is spreading all over the country. They are sometimes called grape-fruit, on account of their tart flavor, and there is quite a general impression that shaddocks grow on vines; but Southern people, the story goes, for want of a better name, gave them that of the navy captain who introduced the fruit into this country. Shaddocks are also grown in Lower California, though most of them come from Florida. They are sold on the fruit stands, according to size, at from five cents apiece to three for a quarter, or, for very large ones, fifteen cents apiece. They vary in quality as much as oranges do, and while the good ones are very good, the bad ones, if green, are very bad. Those with smooth, bright skins are the best, and as to getting green ones, it is impossible to tell whether a shaddock is ripe or not without tasting it.—Washington Critic.

Materials for Paper Making.

In the variety of materials utilized for paper making the Chinese claim to excel all other nations. The India paper, called by them lehi, is made from hemp, mulberry bark, cotton, bamboo, rice straw, barley straw, and from the interior membrane of silk-worm cocoons; sometimes the whole of the stalks of a year's growth are used. The pulp is mixed, after it has been prepared, with a given proportion of a vegetable gum known as hotong, and the paper is moulded in moulds made of the bamboo filament. These sheets, of some sixty feet in length, which the Chinese are said to make, are supposed to be fabricated by artfully joining several small sheets at the moment of laying the paper. Being too thin to bear handling or strain, it is mounted on vellum, which serves as a lining to it, and the white borders of which set it off as a frame would do. These sheets are kept in a dry place, far away from any fire heat, and are thus preserved for years.—N. Y. Sun.

—A famous stone mountain is in DeKalb County, Georgia. It is a huge mass of granite rising almost perpendicularly to the height of 2,220 feet. It is seven miles in circuit. Niekojack Cave extends into the Raccoon Mountains, near the northwestern extremity of the State, for several miles, with a portal 160 feet wide, and 60 feet high, through which flows a stream, upon which boats can pass for three miles to a cataraet.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Michigan University has now more students in attendance than any other American institution of learning.

—Protestant missions are found in but two of the five republics of Central America—Nicaragua and Guatemala.

—In Korea the native Government last year ordered the missionaries to cease preaching. Eight months afterward, comparing notes, they found that the converts had doubled in number.

—In Copenhagen a school dealing with social and political questions has just been opened for women. Among the branches taught are contemporary history since 1848, constitutional law, ethics and psychology.

—At a recent session of the New England Conference at Worcester, Mass., a committee was appointed to meet a similar committee from other religious bodies to arrange for the publication of a strictly moral daily newspaper.

—About eighteen and a half million persons, it is estimated, pursue the scheme of study laid down by the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee. That committee recently met at Saratoga for its nineteenth yearly session and mapped out the work for 1891.

—One head of a public school said he could always tell when a boy commenced to use tobacco by the records of his recitations. Prof. Oliver, of the Annapolis Academy, said he could indicate the boy who used tobacco by his absolute inability to draw a clean straight line.—Medical Record.

—The Methodist Book Concern last year declared a cash dividend of \$100,000, and is in proportion to its capital the most profitable of the publishing concerns in America. All of which must deeply interest those superannuated ministers for whose support the net profits were originally set apart.

—Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pain and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper and deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror.—Dr. S. Johnson.

—The common school has, under present circumstances, but one object—education in the primary branches of learning, as preparatory to something higher, and this is impossible without an indirect moral influence. It does the filthiest boy solid good to be partially cleaned up and attend a public school once or twice a day. Let the community, as a whole, then, Catholics as well as Protestants, unite in decreeing that the people shall control their schools, because the schools belong to the people, and the people do not belong to any one church.—Boston Transcript.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.

—Never reply in kind to a sharp or angry word; it is the second word that makes the quarrel.

—He that hath no inward beauty none perceives, though all around is beautiful.—Young.

—It is when the Young Idea first begins to shoot that a little learning is a dangerous thing.—Lifo.

—I am often reminded that although I had the wealth of Croesus, my desires would still remain the same.—Thoreau.

—The minister who divides his discourse into many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

—"Tain't loud praying which counts with the Lord so much as giving four full quarts for every gallon," says the Arkansas circuit rider.—Texas Siftings.

—Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and scarce overtakes his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin.

—Man is a curious animal. If he is single he asks sympathy for his loneliness; if married he asks the world to pity him because there is so much noise in the house that he has no time for reflection.—Athenian Globe.

—If we can take to duty kindly, and make of her a life-long friend, she will reassure the heart which feels that it is breaking, and give if a foretaste of happiness perhaps when it shall really break at last.—Once a Week.

—A man's time when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces even of the richest soil when over run with weeds and brambles.—Hume.

—How true was Emerson's conclusion when he said that the best part of health is a fine disposition. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom.

—If you take the right side, the just side, ultimately men, however much they oppose you and revile you at first, will come to your support. Earth, with all its power, will work with you and for you, and Heaven is pledged to conduct you to complete success.—Seward.

There are, in the truest sense, no great things and no little things in the sphere of duty. Whatever is to be done is the one thing in the world to be done by him who ought to do it; and however unimportant that thing may seem in itself, it has its relations to every other thing done by every other person.—S. S. Times.

THE LONG AGO.

Do you think of the long ago, sweet wife,
As we sit by the old brook's side,
While the wood thrush sings and the linden flings
Its shadows over the tide?
Do you think of the bright time gone,
When we sat by the tinkling stream,
Dreaming of youth and its gay wild flowers
As only youth can dream?
You remember the hawthorn hedge beyond,
Where the thrushes came to sing
When the sky was blue and each green leaf
New
In the fresh and joyful spring.
Blue violets bowed beneath,
And winds low answers gave,
When the sky was blue and each green leaf
New
You were scarcely a woman then, dear wife,
But a young girl, sweet and fair,
A maiden meek with each soft round cheek
Half-hidden 'neath waving hair;
And flushed to the hue of an opening rose
When my heart poured out its tale.
While the trees around made a whispering
sound
At the soft kiss of the gale,
My own you have borne some sorrow since,
There are shadows on your brow;
Eyes which were bright as the stars of night
Are dim and sorrowful now,
You have folded two dimpled hands
O'er a little child's white breast,
And laid her to sleep in a grave dug deep,
But no sound can break that rest.
We have only each other left to love
As we sit by the old brook's side,
While the wood thrush sings and the linden flings
Its shadow over the tide.
You wonder how much the heart can bear,
And your silent tears drop flow;
Let the joy of life return, sweet wife,
For the sake of our little child's brow.

—E. Matheson, in Once a Week.

LUKE MASON.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of the Late Civil War.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,
AUTHOR OF "BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER,"
"HELEN LAKEMAN," "WALTER BROWN,"
"TOMMY," "HARVEY OF THE FORE,"
AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

The old man rose and called to a negro boy to bring him a lighted candle. The sleepy darky soon complied, and followed by Luke, the farmer went to his private room, where was an old-fashioned escritoire. He opened one of the drawers with an assurance that scouted at any doubt of the precious relic. But a look of uneasiness came over his face.

"It's gone," he said.

"Look well; it may have got in some other nook," said Luke, eagerly.

He did so. He went through drawer after drawer, but at last, in despair, whispered:

"Who did it?"

The farmer could give no satisfactory answer. They searched every where that it could be possible for the missing relic to be, but of no avail.

With an aching head and heart heavy with disappointment, Luke Mason retired to his bed that night; weary from travel he at last fell asleep, despite his anxiety. He seemed to have scarce lost consciousness, and his mind had begun to wander amid vague, misty dreams, when he was aroused by a loud noise of confused voices in which were mingled oaths, threats and the pleadings of Mr. Neff and his daughter.

"Shut up, old man; we haven't agwine ter hurt you or yer gal; but we'll hang that aberration 'n' spite o' b—!" growled a heavy voice. Luke, alarmed, sprang from his bed and ran to the window. The front yard was filled with armed men. Mr. Neff and Lillie both partially in night-clothes were in front of the door.

"You shall not hurt him," cried the brave girl. "He has not harmed you."

"But he's an aberration, gal, an' we'll hang 'im ur die. Haint ye a Southern gal?"

"I am—my brother is on his way to join Price, but you shall not harm a hair of his head."

A loud shout of disapproval went up at this determined sentence. Cries of "Far down the do!" "But in the house!" and a hundred other angry exclamations drowned the brave girl's voice.

Luke was alarmed. The freedom with which he had declared his Union sentiments at the last stage station had ruined him. He now saw the folly of his coming to this neighborhood, especially from a free soil State like Ohio. He was at a loss what to do, as he was wholly unarmed and incapable of making any defense. There came rapid steps along the hall, the door was pulled open, and a voice whispered:

"Massa, Massa Luke!"

"Blackhawk, is it you?" he asked.

"Yes, massa; do berry debbil an' pay. Seesh come to hang yer. Come wid me, an', by golly, I'll show ye how to git away from 'em."

There was no time for hesitation, even for thought. He followed the negro out into



the hall, where Blackhawk thrust a horse pistol in his hand.

"Blow ur ter do debbil of us conse," said the negro in a whisper.

"Where did you get this?"

"Nebber mind, massa—can't tell yer now, come on. Ef yer gwine ter help free my wife an' little baby I'll help yer."

He led him down the stairs and they were hastening out the rear way when a white-robed figure suddenly ran down the hall and, throwing her arms about him, said:

"Oh! Luke, Luke; go fly for your life!"

One kiss on her beautiful forehead, one whispered "good-bye," and he was out following Blackhawk, who was urging him on as rapidly as he could. Across the garden, the house lot, and to the rear of the stable where two horses, already saddled and bridled, held by Tom, waited.

"I got 'em ready for ye, massa," said Blackhawk. "I tote Tom ter do."

"Where shall I go to escape the mob?"

"Wall, ye's Union, ain't ye, massa?"

"Yes."

"I know whar dar's a camp o' Unioners,

an', golly, I'll jest take ye thar in no time—fo' mawin'!"

There was no time to parody, for the mob of Southerners were determined to make an example of a Yankee who dared to come to their neighborhood. Their spies had evidently noted his arrival, and were quick to discern his sentiment.

It was a long, dark ride. Part of the time they had a road and part of the time none, plunging through thickets, and crossing creeks and ravines, all the time surrounded by a dense forest. Day had begun to dawn when they came in sight of a camp on a hill-side, in a woods pasture. The stars and stripes were floating from a pole stuck up near a wagon.

Blackhawk refused to go any further, and Luke, dismounting, walked into camp. A guard halted him and demanded to know what he wanted. Luke informed him that he wanted to see the Captain, and was conducted to a wagon, which was the chief officer's headquarters. There were almost a hundred men in the camp, and very little discipline was shown. The arms were chiefly the ordinary fire-locks, shot-guns and rifles, and they were wholly without uniforms.

When Luke had told his story to Captain Smart the latter said:

"If it's yer intention to fight fur the Union, ye needn't go any further, fur I want three more men here now, and I'll let he move sw'ar ye right in."

It was a sudden change, but sudden changes were common, and in a few minutes Luke Mason was enlisted as a recruit.

An old white-haired man, dressed half in buckskin and half jeans, came to him and invited him to his mess, as they just lacked one more. The old fellow was known as Arkansas Tom, was brave as a lion, with a heart tender as a woman's.

Luke found this beginning of soldier life far from agreeable. The coffee was black, the meat burnt and the bread hard and dry. The newly-made soldiers were lying about on the grass, some already complaining of the hardships and others narrating remarkable adventures, of which the narrator was always the hero.

Captain Smart was a man of pluck and common sense, which in a measure made amends for his lack of military skill. He had a United States drill book and Hardee's tactics, over which he had been poring every idle moment for three days. Immediately after breakfast he brought his company upon a green spot, devoid of trees, to instruct them in the manual of arms.

After an hour spent in these exercises they gathered up all camp equipage and took up their line of march, intending to go to Lexington.

People came to their doors to see them, and as they went by they thought they must be a great army.

About the middle of the afternoon they reached Saggat, a small place of half a dozen houses, one store, a blacksmith shop and post-office to give it the appearance of a village. The houses were scattered over the crest of a hill. In a woods pasture north of them, to the left of the road, Captain Smart said they would encamp to await the arrival of other companies of recruits.

About fifty men who had come the night before were already encamped among the trees which covered the hillside, and during the day a hundred more came in. The superabundance of commissioned officers, or men who would be commissioned officers if the Governor would sign their commissions, gave no little trouble about who should rank the others. But after much parleying, the honor of command was conferred on Captain Smart.

The men were under very slight restraint, and the enforcement of military discipline was almost impossible.

Luke's acquaintance, Arkansas Tom, seemed to take considerable interest in the new recruit.

"Don't spect sojer life 'll agree with ye at first," Tom said.

"No, I don't think it will, but I hope to get accustomed to it," Luke answered.

"Oh, yas; a feller kin git use ter most any thing I guess. But we'll meet some o' them Johnny Rebs af' we go caterpointin' very long 'bout heah."

"The country must be full of 'em!" said Luke.

"Thicker 'n hops," answered the old man, "an' 'all a calogin' ter Lexington, where we've agwine. It will be red hot when we get thar."

Luke made no answer; he sighed, cast his eyes upon the ground and mentally asked himself how long it would be ere it was dyed with human blood. Would he ever see again that bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, whose kiss seemed still warm on his lips. Was life's bright young dream to end in fire, smoke and carnage?

"Come on, Luke Mason, and give a hand here!" cried one of his new comrades.

They were trying to raise a rude tent which they had constructed from some wagon shafts. Luke's experience with tents for fishing and hunting parties stood him in excellent need on the present occasion. He showed them how to arrange the center-pole, braces, wings, flies and stays, and in a few moments they had quite a respectable tent.

"That yer'd never been in th' service!" said one.

"I never was," he answered.

"Oh shucks, ye needn't tell that, we know better," said a member of his mess called Ned Cotton. "No 'un who hain't seen service could yank a tent about that way."

Ned Cotton, Bill Snow, Arkansas Tom, Luke and two more occupied the new tent, and spent most of the afternoon lying on the fresh, clean straw with which they had carpeted the earth.

The day wore slowly by; the routine of camp life had not yet become sufficiently old to be monotonous. Men were drilling by companies, platoons, squads, or even singly.

"Er up fur picket t'-night," said a corporal, coming to the door of the tent and laying his hand on Luke's shoulder. "Go on 't seven."

"How long do I stay on guard?" asked Luke.

"I had but little sleep last night," said Ned Cotton, who had in the last few days imbibed a quantity of military knowledge. Corporal Max was a chronic rumbler, but a very rigid disciplinarian so far as he knew.

At the appointed hour Luke and three others, under Corporal Max, shouldered their guns and went some three or four miles from the camp, where the large part of the day was spent under a large tree. This was the extreme picket post, and but a slender guard was left about the camp.

The picket amused themselves telling stories and commenting on the situation, while Luke sat a little apart from the others, his mind filled with that dark, strange mystery of his life. What hand had launched that cradle upon the bosom of the flood which bore his infant form, and what was the purpose? Was his destruction sought because he was a living testimony of sin. Then, again, who had stolen the large yellow handkerchief and for what purpose. But as these reflections were painful, he tried to cast them aside and listen to the chatter of his companions.

"I don't think they'd done come t' fight us," one of the guards, who was lying on the grass gazing up at the stars, boastfully remarked. "We'd lick 'em too quick."

"They're concentratin' at Lexington," said Corporal Max. "I don't see what sense thar is in hangin' 'round here. Why not go thar an' clean 'em up! Thar's no danger 't nigh't 'less a stragglin' gang runs in on us."

"They'll be sorry if they do," the booster asserted.

The relief came, and Luke, weary in body and mind, was glad to return to lie down in his tent, for long rides and sleeping nights were beginning to tell upon him.

While dragging his weary feet along the road to camp it seemed as if every step must be the last. Reaching his tent worn out with anxiety and fatigue, he threw himself on a pile of straw and was soon in the land of dreams.

In the slumbers of midnight his mind gradually drifted back to the pleasant days he had spent at the old farm-house in company with Lillie. That angry cloud for a moment had flashed from Albert Neff's brow seemed a blur upon their happiness, which was rapidly growing into a terrible storm-cloud, obstructing the light and gladness of the sun.

Lightning flashed from the dark cloud and peals of thunder, sharp and incessant, like musket shots, rang out. He saw Lillie at his feet struggling in death.

He had stooped over her, when he felt himself being dragged somewhere by the heels.

"My God! What's the matter?" he cried, wide awake.

"Get up—they're fightin'!" roared Arkansas Tom in his ear.

Distant firing affirmed the assertion.



"GET UP, THEY'RE FIGHTIN'!"

Some one thrust a gun in his hand and a voice whispered:

"Get down! 't fence!"

It was only about twenty rods to the fence where most of the men already were, and he ran there as fast as he could. Occasionally a shot was fired, and he thought he heard a bullet hum through the air.

"Stiddy, boys, stiddy!" cried Captain Smart, who having seen service in Mexico was not under fire for the first time. "We'll lick 'em yet."

CHAPTER III.
A RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

For a moment the blood seemed to forsake Luke's veins, and left him trembling with dread. Awakened by shouts, the crack of fire-arms and all the appalling sounds of carnage, confuses the veteran, and the wonder is that it did not produce a panic among these raw recruits.

Perhaps they were too much stupefied to become panic-stricken. They seemed to realize that their safety lay in getting behind the fence as soon as possible, as it afforded them a partial protection.

By the time Luke reached the fence the firing ceased and the echoes of the shots died away. The raw recruit glanced down the fence row, which was dark with men crouching, kneeling and lying behind it, while their guns formed a serrated phalanx of black muzzles. The moon shone in peaceful splendor upon the scene, illuminating it with floods of silver light. No one could be seen in the wood beyond, but it was from that point that the attack was threatened.

When Luke found old Arkansas Tom on one side of him, and Ned Cotton on the other, he regained his self-possession. Where were the enemy? Not one was in sight, nor had a shot been fired in the last three minutes. Arkansas Tom, who the rebels were, and was told that they were not far away, and were advancing on them, for they had already driven in the pickets. But so peaceful and quiet was the scene that Luke was about half inclined to believe there was some mistake about it.

The crickets, which had been awed to silence by those rude alarms, resumed their chirrups, and the whippoorwill, on the distant hill, renewed its song. A pig came straggling down the path beyond the fence, grunting and rooting about among the leaves, wholly unconscious of danger. For a moment a word was heard, and caught the attention of Luke, Ned Cotton, the rustling of leaves and grunting of the pig broke the silence. This waiting—this expecting a bloody struggle—was more trying on the nerves than if a death struggle was at hand. Luke's mind was busy recalling the past and trying to dip into the future. Would this night end all on earth below, and would the mystery of his birth be revealed only in eternity?

Some one whispered:

"They come!"

The regular tramp of feet could be heard coming over the distant ridge, where the attacking party had evidently halted to dress their lines.

"Stiddy, stiddy!" said Captain Smart, in a voice which was a little unsteady itself, but which had within it the ring of determination that gave courage to the men.

Luke strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the foe. The nearer approach of the marching columns indicated that they would soon be in sight, and, despite all his determination, he found himself trembling.

The pig continued to root about among the leaves, set to peace with the world, and giving vent to its satisfaction in expressive grunts.

The enemy at last came in sight among the trees on the ridge, and despite the injunctious of the officers the more nervous of the recruits behind the fence row began blowing away at them. Luke at first determined to obey the command of his superiors, and wait till the foe were near enough to make a sure shot, but the enemy being recruits also, and as nervous as the men they were attacking, returned the fire, and when a bullet struck a rail so near to him as to cover his face with dust and rotten wood, he could no longer restrain himself, and blazed away with the others.

The pig gave utterance to a squeal of alarm and ran hither and thither, met everywhere with blinding flashes and deafening reports, until at last raced down the fence row at full speed.

The enemy made no shot, but contented themselves to fire a few shots at long range, and then gradually fell back.

Whether any of them had been killed or wounded the Union recruits could not determine, though next morning a puddle of blood close to a tree was discovered. Bill Snow, the only man touched on the Union side, had a slight flesh wound in his arm.

Captain Smart made no effort to pursue the enemy, but contented himself to remain behind the fence with his forces for an hour or two after they had disappeared. The attacking force was evidently about equal to his own, and failing to make a complete surprise, or even take advantage of the parties' surprise, they had deemed it best to retreat.

Sleep was a stranger to the eyes of the new soldiers the remainder of that night. When morning came not a sign of an enemy could be found. It was the general belief that the opposing force would renew the battle at daylight, but when it came they were many miles away, and only the bullet-shattered oaks and fences remained to tell that a conflict had raged there but a few hours before.

The recruits, elated at their victory, seemed to have suddenly developed into veterans. In their enthusiasm they wanted to be led at once against Lexington, which Price was supposed to be investing with a force variously estimated at from twenty to one hundred thousand men.

The recruits were again in a turmoil for the lack of a leader. Two days were spent in trying to devise some general mode of action. Luke, disgusted with a military organization which seemed no stronger than a rope of sand, was half inclined to desert and seek the service of his country elsewhere.

They were constantly threatening to break up and go off in different directions, each company to itself. Nothing but the knowledge that prowling bands of Confederates swarmed everywhere held them together at Saggat. On the evening of the third day a man mounted on a jaded horse rode into camp with the startling intelligence that Lexington had fallen on the 20th of September, the day before.

All hope of reaching Lexington was abandoned, and without any leader the army was in a deplorable condition. Surrounded by a mob of seceding friends and convulsed with internal strife, their condition was somewhat precarious.

Some wanted to go to St. Louis, others to Springfield, and another day was spent at Saggat arguing which course they should take, when a messenger came with orders from somewhere for them to move to Cairo.

It was only about a minor detail to be consulted in regard to the march. Captain Smart still had nominal command of the forces, but his authority was liable to be usurped at any time.

By pressing into service such teams as could be found, they managed to organize a small baggage train and prepared for the march. Luke's voluntary suggestions to a great extent helped to pour oil on the troubled waters, and brought him into the favorable notice of his superiors.

At last the march was begun, and to Luke's astonishment, as well as delight, he found that their course took them down the road which led past Mr. Neff's farm-house. The whole country was wild with alarm, and they frequently found farm-houses deserted. Those deserted homes were plundered by the recruits, who seemed to have no ideas of war above that of pillage. Captain Smart and many others did all they could to prevent plunder and insults, but a sad lack of military discipline rendered their efforts fruitless.

"Captain Smart," Luke said, as they were marching down the great turnpike which led past the farm of Mr. Neff, "will you not let me have a small detail, and go forward to guard a farm-house about five miles in our advance?"

"Why'd ye want to do that?" the Captain asked.

"Those people are my friends."

"Are they rebels?"

"Some may be—some are not; but I have sworn that the young girl and that helpless old man shall not suffer insults which I have seen heaped upon the innocent and weak by these soldiers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT HOME CAN BE.
Two Pictures Which Are as Truthful as They Are Poetic.

It can be the sweetest resting-place of love and joy, or the abode of dread and torture. It can be the paradise of heart and brain, or the gloomiest hell whereof imagination can conceive. It may be the abiding-place of loftiest angels or lowest demons; the stormy battle-ground of basest passions, or the sweetest peace-realm of holiest affections. There may arise an altar, sacred to the God of love, or a Moloch fastidiously dedicated to all the idols of the baser worship. There may flourish the choicest growth of soul, the priceless gems of intellect and feeling may adorn the shrines, or upas shades may exclude the heavenly brightness, and poisonous weeds over-run the soil. There nightingales and doves may nestle, or birds of night hold converse. Foot-prints of angels thence may lagher lovingly, or steps of fiends leave impress of unhallowed visitation. There may be a consecrated site of prayer, or the vestibule of all evil deeds. There may arise the poetic favor of a loving memory, and from its guarded silence may traitor the humble love of mankind, or the ambitious, unscrupulous plotter, the chivalrous defender of all truth and honor, or the betrayer of innocence and trust, all issue from its gates, molded into good or evil by its omnipotent influence. Make home "the dearest spot on earth," by the attractiveness of goodness. Be it ever so humble, seek to beautify it; bear its inevitable cross and endurance; share its standard; consecrate its being, so that all who enter may feel the benign influence of guiding and controlling love; the spirit of peace pervading its serene atmosphere; the retired glory of the spirit-world resting upon it like a benediction from on high.—Wiley.

That Ache in the Back.

An Albany physician, says a contemporary, declares that Americans suffer more generally from Bright's disease and nervous diseases than any other people, and he says the reason is that Americans sit down so persistently at their work. He says: "Americans are the greatest sitters I ever knew. While Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen walk and exercise, an American business man will go to his office, take his seat in his chair and sit there all day without giving any relief to the tension of the muscles of the back. The result is that these muscles surrounding the kidneys become soft and flabby. They lose their vitality. The kidneys themselves soon become weak and debilitated. If Americans would exercise more, if they would stand at their desks rather than sit, we would have less of Bright's disease. I knew of a New York man who had suffered for some years from nervous prostration until it was recommended to him that he have a desk at which he could stand to do his work. Within a year he was one of the healthiest men you ever saw. His dyspepsia and kidney trouble had disappeared, and he had an appetite like a paver."

Love is blind, but he has good ears. The loving sidings at the parlor door, however faint, can always be distinguished.

Two bagpipes were invented by the Romans, says a recent writer, and not by the Scotch.

GLANDERS AND FARCY.

A Description of the Symptoms of These Deadly Diseases.

During the past year outbreaks of glanders have been reported in several of the States and Territories, and a number of deaths of human beings have been reported from inoculation with the deadly poison while caring for diseased animals. There are two forms of the disease, the chronic and the acute, and both are fatal, the latter occupying generally but a very few weeks to cause death, while the chronic stage will continue for months. So dangerous is it to take the slightest chance in this disease that the best authorities recommend, upon its slightest appearance, that the animal attacked be at once killed and deeply buried, and all the objects that have been exposed to the infection be at once burned or thoroughly disinfected.

In order that none may be at a loss to distinguish the disease, a description of the symptoms is here given, as well as what is commonly called farcy, which is but a mild attack of glanders.

The first symptom is a thin watery discharge from the nose of the animal, which, as the disease progresses, becomes viscid and tenacious; lastly, it becomes purulent, offensive and mixed with blood. The inflammation extends through the whole nasal cavity and frontal sinuses, and is accompanied by ulceration. There is also marked swelling under the jaws. The disease may exist for some time without impairing the general health of the horse, but gradually loss of appetite and strength, emaciation and cough set in, and death finally follows from exhaustion.

The milder form—farcy—appears by swelling of the lymphatic glands in various parts of the body; especially on the inside of the thighs and under the foreleg. The glands leading from the swollen glands become inflamed and hard. Finally the hardened glands ulcerate, forming foul sores. It is folly to attempt a cure or try experiments with the diseased animals. As soon as it shall have been satisfactorily determined that the glanders is present safety demands that the animals so attacked be at once killed and removed from the possibility of conveying the contagion to other animals or to men.—San Francisco Chronicle.

STORIES OF CHEVREUL.

Reminiscences of the Late French Scientist and Centenarian.

M. Chevreul was a bright, cheery, garrulous old man, but not so anecdotic as might be expected of a person of his patriarchal age and evergreen faculties. His experience was narrowed by close attention to his work, and, as he aged, by giving rein to intellectual hobbies. Going to bed early, rising betimes, and living in that out of the way place, the Rue Cuvier, for fifty years, he was never in the "movement" of Paris. I knew the old gentleman when he was so young as eighty-three. Breakfasting in his company at the house of the Governor of Salpetriere, Dr. Frelat, of the executive commission of 1848, I remember thinking it a pity, from a retrospective and historical point of view, that he was not an old lady. To extract picturesque gossip from him one had to cross-examine him, and not let him get astride on any of his hobbies, one of which was Malebranche, another Newton, another Pascal, and another the infinite supremacy of science. He never saw the Duke of Wellington or Blucher, because they never went to the Museum of Natural History, where in 1815 he aided Vauquelin. But he took over the Gobelins most of the illustrious visitors of Louis Philippe and the Emperor. Napoleon he often saw, and he kept almost to the end of his life the uniform that he wore when, as a professor of the polytechnic, he went to congratulate him on his marriage with Marie Louise. He first saw Napoleon in a cotton factory, the dyes of which Chevreul prepared. "How did he impress you?" I asked. "He looked a General Tom Thumb. He had absolutely no neck—a good thing for one who had to think a deal and quickly. The nearer the heart is to the brain the better for the thinker." Josephine was with the first Consul. "And what did she look like?" "I only saw her eyes and a lace pocket-handkerchief that she held before her mouth. She had fine eyes." It was clear to me that she wore a wig. There was a thick coat of paint on the cheeks. "Did Marie Louise paint?" "She was as fresh as a rose, but was spoiled by a sullen expression and a coarse mouth. I hardly dared to look at her. The Emperor did not like men to stare at her."—London Truth.

A Little Friendly Advice.

There are several "don'ts" which should be observed whenever two or more women are gathered together, but which, alas! are frequently disregarded. For instance, don't say to a friend: "How stout you are growing." No lady likes to be told that she is growing or has grown stout. If it be a fact, she is doubtless quite well aware of it, and anxious to keep others from discovering it. Don't say: "How thin you are," either, for both women and men loathe to be told that they are either stout or thin. Unless you can say: "How well you are looking," it is better to make no remark on the personal appearance of your friend. Don't tell a friend who has on a particularly becoming gown or bonnet that she looks ten years younger in that than in any thing you have ever seen her wear. Don't tell her, either, that it is the most becoming thing you have ever seen her wear. That is an impeachment of her taste heretofore, though you probably have no such thought.—Dress.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—A salve of equal parts of tar, tallow and salt will cure the worst case of leion.

—We find that if we compel ourselves to put things away the moment we get done using them, the better we are off.—Western Rural.

—Don't neglect to wash the teeth on rising and retiring, even if they are untouched during the day. It does pay; well-kept, natural teeth beat any artificial ones.

—The rose can be grown indoors in pots, and is used for a greater number of purposes than any other flower. The young plants should not be set out too early. Trim off the surplus branches of the old bushes and cut back some of the wood.

—Baked Eggs.—Drop one egg at a time on to a buttered plate, being careful not to break the yolk, till the plate is full. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper on each with a bit of butter. Bake in a hot oven till the whites are "set."

—Good Housekeeping.

—Ordinary drinking water, if taken in large quantities, acts as a solvent and diuretic, and also increases the perspiration if the temperature of the air be high. Another effect of large draughts of water is to make the pulse slower, and to diminish slightly the normal temperature of the body.

—If furniture is very dirty, wash off with a flannel cloth dipped in equal parts of vinegar and water; dry instantly and thoroughly, and at once rub with flannel which has been dipped in linseed-oil and carefully wrung out; finish with dry flannel, and rub hard and long. Elbow-grease counts for a good deal in keeping furniture bright.

—Savory Pie.—Take some slices of beef cut very thin, a few thicker pieces out of a loin of pork, line the slices of beef with potatoes, chopped onions and fine herbs; roll them up and tie with thread. Pack the meat into the dish with parsley between each layer. Pour a little gravy over the whole, season liberally and bake under a light crust.

—A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases, apply linseed oil, and then dust over with fine flour. When this covering dries hard, repeat the oil and flour dressing until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries, allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.

—A lovely flower stand can be made of any work basket stand by placing a tin pan inside the basket and filling it with wet and cut flowers and vines, or with wet earth and growing vines and blossoming plants. The pan should be made to fit the basket as nearly as possible, and care should be taken to conceal the edge of the pan by leaves, vines or some other device. Such a stand can be made of three broomsticks, painted, ebonyed or bronzed, put together in a tripod, fastened with ribbons, and a basket fitted on of any shape preferred.

STYLE IN CHICAGO.

Dress Novelties Recently Seen by an Entertaining Society Reporter.

They are wearing hat crowns much lower just now.

Striped tenniss gloves are frequently worn with striped Cowes caps to match them. So are beach gowns.

The yoke waists are now about as much worn by full-grown women as they have been by children for the last two years.

The newest fabric for little girls' clothing is plaid mohair. It is light in texture and its color combinations are generally artistic.

Girdles of silver or bronze about an inch in width looped around the waist and with one end hanging down to the ankles are occasionally worn.

An evening costume recently seen at a Paris reception was of shot velvet, apparently of violet rose and green, the combination making a dull helicopter. A combination much worn this season is that of black and yellow. Black straw hats take yellow ribbons and flowers, and yellow straws have black ribbons and black feathers.

This materials for hot-weather wear are fresh and charming, but very expensive. For the most part they are open-work tissues from India and cost quite as much as satin or velvet.

There is an extensive assortment of cotton dress fabrics for summer wear, including zephyrs, gingham, embroidered French organdy muslin, Chambery batistes, lawns and crepons.

The most popular wrap just at present is one that partakes of the nature of both the jacket and the cape. It is a tight-fitting bodice without sleeves, over which a loose cape reaches to the waist.

The corsages of those gowns which are made of the coolest semi-transparent and transparent tissues have crossed surplises on the bosoms in empire style, belted or pointed waists, and airy scarfs that cross and tie in easy artistic folds.

There are any number of fancy wraps for this season's wear. There are corsage bodices with deep lace wings, Abbe Galant capes, empire mantles, Louis XV. coats, pelorines and pelisses of lace, and long lace Connemara cloaks, and ever so many more.

Fashion-makers say that the next freak in veils will be the large, long, blond lace ones in use about forty years ago. They were tied around the high crown of the Dunstable bonnet and thrown back, falling mantle-like over the shoulder to a point below the waist line.—Chicago News.

DE ORATION DAY,

May 30th, ultimo, was duly celebrated in this county. By 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the District Court room, in this city, was well filled with loyal women and patriotic men and liberty-loving children. The Rev. W. F. Mathews, of the Presbyterian Church, delivered an excellent address, on "The Loyal Women of the Nation."

The other speakers for the occasion were unavoidably prevented from being present. The Court room and different office in the Court-house were beautifully decorated with flags, bunting, etc. At the conclusion of Mr. Mathews' remarks, the procession, as per programme published in last week's COURANT, was formed, on Broadway, headed by Cottonwood Falls Cornet Band and the Drum Corps, and the command, "Forward, March!" was given, and all went to the cemetery, west of town, where the graves of the soldiers, dead, were decorated with flowers, by the young ladies chosen for that purpose, and where the usual salute was fired by a detachment of the G. A. R., and where about fifteen hundred people were present. The procession was fully one mile in length. The names of the deceased soldiers buried in this county, so far as we have been able to find out, are as follows:

- TOLEDO.**
W. H. Minnick, C. C. Myser, Frank Allison, Wm Craft, B. B. Crocker, Henry Howard, I. H. Sharp, Henry Koores, F. E. Bair, Wm. Hackett, N. E. Lee, E. Todoris, H. G. Davis, A. J. Davis, L. E. Davis, Wm. Strickland, A. B. Arnold, John Woodman, S. F. Barnes, W. M. Hunter, J. J. Beck, Wm. Hayden, John Featers, Warner Hayden
- STRONG CITY.**
John Quinn, Maj. Vetter, MATTIE GREEN, John Landsbury, C. W. Egler, "John Landsbury, Jas Robinson, "Securis, Robert Madden, "William Faust, George W. Bray, "Soldiers of the war of 1812.
- BAZARS.**
Billie Mitchell, Henry Hays, John Norton, Matt Hays, Joseph Martley, Mlx., William Hall.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.
The Board of County Commission, in session, Monday and Tuesday, as a Board of Equalization, and transacted the following business:

The NW 1/4 of sec. 7, Twp. 21, R. 7, belonging to Joseph Winters, was reduced from 160 acres to 140, as per deed.

The assessment of Drummmond Bros. in Falls township, was raised \$320, on hogs; and in Diamond creek township it was raised \$1,706, on cattle, the number of cattle owned by them being 208 head, which had been assessed at \$390.

All the bank stock in Diamond creek township was taken off, as it had been assessed to the bank.

A portion of Richards and all of Bazaar, having been vacated, were put back to acre assessment, and valued at \$10 per acre.

A rebate on the personal property tax of the Johnston Bros., of Lyon county, was ordered, as the same had been paid in Lyon county.

The Gladstone tract, 20 acres, was taken off the tax roll, as it had been assessed to railroad in their right-of-way assessment.

The assessment of Frank Arnold, Toledo township, raised \$1,204 because of 167 head of cattle having been added to his assessments.

J. W. McWilliams was allowed to take an assignment on the Hunt & McWilliams addition to Cottonwood Falls, except for lots 2, 3, 11 and 12, block 2, and lots 11 and 12, block 3, for \$80.

The assessment of Andrew Drummmond was raised \$500 on notes.

THE GARNIVAL PROGRAMME.

1. Street parade.
 2. Grand March.
 3. Quartette.—Misses Mertie Estes and Anna Backwood and Messrs. J. H. Mercer and G. W. Weed.
 4. Drill of squad 1.
 5. Quartette.—Mrs. P. F. Cochran and Miss Dottie Weitzer.
 6. Duet.—Messrs. G. W. Weed and J. W. Wright.
 7. Drill of squad 3.
 8. Duet.—Misses Estelle Kerr and Mattie Sheehan.
 9. Violin Solo.—Mrs. Chas. Cooper.
 10. Vocal Solo.—Miss Beattie Roberts.
 11. Grand March.
 12. Tables.
 13. Refreshments at High School hall.
- Admission—40 cents. Children, 15 cents.
- Tickets on sale at Dr. Stone's Drug store, under Music Hall.

Notice to School District Treasurers.

School District Treasurers are hereby notified that according to an act of the Legislature, no school moneys can be paid to them by the county Treasurer between June 30 and the annual meeting the last Thursday in July. All moneys needed must be drawn on or before June 30th.

A. M. BREWER,
Treasurer of Chase County, Kansas,
June 4, 1899.

SCHOOL HOUSE CONTRACT.

The School Board of District No. 61, of Chase County, Kansas, will let the contract for furnishing material and erecting and completing a school-house in said district, to be built and completed by 15th day of August, 1899. Said contract will be let to the lowest and best bidder, on sealed bids. Bids to be opened at F. S. Frey's residence, on the 15th day of June, 1899. Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Specifications can be seen at County Superintendent's office, or at D. May's residence, on Stribby creek. The successful bidder will be required to give bond.

A. F. HOLMAN, Director,
S. M. FREY, Treasurer,
J. D. MAY, Clerk.

COTTONWOOD FALLS CITY SCHOOLS.

REPORT FOR THE YEAR.

	Boys	Girls	Total
Whole number enrolled	154	163	317
Average enrollment	114	127	241
Average attendence	104	118	222
Per cent. of attendence	91	93	92
Number cases of Frim's	638	932	1630
Number neither absent nor tardy 1st term	15	8	23
Number neither absent nor tardy 2d term	10	9	19
L. A. LOWTHER, Prin.			

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Total receipts	\$45.07
Expenses, for Hall, " cheap programs 3.00 " incidentals 3.39	\$11.39
Balance	\$33.68
IRVIN BEACH, LLOYD GILLETT, HERBERT CLARK, Committee.	

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.

The following is the official count of the vote at the special election for Congressman, held in this county May 21, 1899, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. Tom Ryan. The total number of votes cast was 628:

	Over Kelley	Heaston myer
Bazaar	22	5
Matfield Green	50	35
Clements	42	17
Cedar Point	26	13
Wonsivu	23	6
Elmdale	40	12
Humer	10	
Elk	23	2
Cottonwood Falls	119	1
Strong City	82	49
Toledo	53	
Totals	488	121
	19	

THE NEW LINE.

Speaking of the Kansas City, Wyandotte and Northwestern company's proposed line of the old Carbonale line and its extension to Wichita, Superintendent Summerfield said yesterday that he had received a number of telegrams from enterprising people at Emporia and Wichita offering to materialize aid the company in the construction of the proposed extension. The people of Wichita and Emporia are enthusiastic over the prospect of securing a line running directly through the rich coal fields south of Topeka, as well as securing another line to Kansas City. The Lawrence people, however, have taken no decided steps toward granting the company the desired facilities for reaching its depot site, and until this point is settled no further action in the matter can be taken by the company.

-K. C. Times.

NEW FIRM.

J. W. STONE & SISTER.

To the public: Having purchased the stock of drugs owned by Johnston & Kirker, in the old Ed. Pratt stand, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, we respectfully invite a fair share of your patronage, promising to try and supply our customers with everything in our line, such as drugs, Druggists' notions, Tube paints, Diamond Dyes, Books, Stationary, Paints, Lead, Oil, Glass etc., at the lowest market price.

Respectfully,
J. W. STONE,
MARGARET STONE,
W. E. NEWSOME, Manager.

I wish to state to my patrons that my office will hereafter be in the above named Drug Store, where I will attend to all calls, as heretofore.

J. W. STONE, M. D.
jeb-4w

MATFIELD GREEN ITEMS.

MATFIELD GREEN, KANS., June 3rd, 1899.

Heavy rains almost every day, but thus far, no cyclones.

Growing crops look well.

Cattle are now taking on flesh, and if the rains continue, they will be ready for an early fall market.

Dr. W. J. Allison has returned from a visit to western Kansas, and reports times good. He was much pleased with Reno county; thinks it ahead of some of the more eastern counties.

A READER.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANS., May 21, 1899.

The firm heretofore existing under the firm name of Stone & Zane, Physicians and Surgeons, has this day, by mutual consent, been dissolved. All notes and accounts have been placed in the hands of Johnston Bros., for collection. All parties knowing themselves indebted to said firm are requested to call on said Johnston Bros. at once and settle the same.

J. W. STONE, M. D.,
T. M. ZANE, M. D.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I have, on this sixth day of June, 1899, sold to C. M. Gregory an interest in my entire stock of clothing, hats, caps, boots and shoes and store fixtures, owned by me, in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. The firm name after this date will be F. F. Holme & Co. Said firm of E. F. Holmes & Co. will collect all obligations due the firm of E. F. Holmes, and pay its debts.

E. F. HOLMES.

THE CARNIVAL.

Capt. Ellsworth is training 50 young ladies for the Carnival. The entertainment will come off on Tuesday eve June 11, (next Tuesday). Business of every kind will be represented by appropriate costumes and banners. Don't miss it. Street parade at 3, p. m.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The first quarterly meeting of the Methodist Church will be held next Sabbath June 9. Rev. B. Melly, P. E., will preach in the evening and administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Quarterly Conference, Monday, at 9 a. m. All are invited to attend.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Next Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, the Children's day exercises will be held at the Methodist church. The church will be decorated and the children and birds will sing. Everybody will be welcome.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

FOR RENT—A cottage house, of three rooms, in the south-west part of town. A good well, cistern and barn on the premises. Apply at this office. Wire cloth and screen doors at H. E. Gillett's.

Go to Ford's jewelry store for the Domestic Sewing Machine.

Brown & Roberts have the only hearse in the county. feb16-tf

Wishing to give my customers the benefit of the commission I have been paying, I will sell my bread direct to the people, and deliver it in all parts of the city, thus giving my customers more bread for their money than they can get elsewhere.

E. F. BAUERLE.

Ford, der Uhrmacher zu Cottonwood Falls, garantirt alle von ihm angefertigte Arbeit. Fremde und schwierige Uhrwerke sind seine besondere Spezialt.

aug-17

Music boxes at Ford's jewelry store, not the old fashioned kind that sound like a Jew sharp but boxes with tunes that can not be distinguished from the finest harps and pianos.

Brown & Roberts have all the furniture and undertaking goods in Cottonwood Falls, and will sell them cheap.

NEW DRUGS,

AT THE OLD STONE STORE.

DR. F. JOHNSON, OF ELMDALE, KANSAS.

HAS AGAIN PUT IN AN ENTIRELY New and Complete Stock OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES

AT HIS OLD STAND,

WHERE HE WILL BE PLEASED TO HAVE HIS OLD CUSTOMERS CALL ON HIM.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

feb15-tf

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before E. J. Hayden, Clerk of the District Court of Chase County, Kansas, at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, on July 3rd, 1899, viz: Henry John for the SE 1/4 of section 6, in township 21 south of range 7, east.

He wishes the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Henry G. L. Straus, Hiram C. Varman, Joseph Robertson, and Joseph Winters, all of Clements, Chase County, Kansas.

JOHN L. PRICE, Register.

J. W. MCWILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency

Railroad and Syndicate Lands. Will buy or sell with lands of improved farms.

—AND LOANS MONEY.—

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS
ap27-137

J. W. MCWILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency

Railroad and Syndicate Lands. Will buy or sell with lands of improved farms.

—AND LOANS MONEY.—

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS
ap27-137

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions, used for many years in private practice with success, and are thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific cures the disease named, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL DISEASES.	CURES.	PRICES.
1. Cholera, Cholera Colic, Wom. Colic.	25	.25
2. Typhoid, Cholera, Inflammation, etc.	25	.25
3. Dysentery, Cholera, Bilious Colic.	25	.25
4. Cholera, Cholera Colic, Wom. Colic.	25	.25
5. Cholera, Cholera Colic, Wom. Colic.	25	.25
6. Cholera, Cholera Colic, Wom. Colic.	25	.25
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60. Cholera, Cholera Colic, Wom. Colic.	25	.25

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL, (34 pages) Reply to all inquiries, and send a mailed free. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.—Used by all owners of Horses and Cattle. A Complimentary copy of Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (50 pages) on treatment and care of Domestic Animals—Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry.—Sent free. HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL CURES PILES.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.—Used by all owners of Horses and Cattle. A Complimentary copy of Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (50 pages) on treatment and care of Domestic Animals—Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry.—Sent free. HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE, PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

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

H. F. GILLETT, SUCCESSOR TO CAMPBELL & GILLETT, DEALER IN Shelf and Heavy Hardware, OUTLERY, TINWARE, &c., and the finest line of COOKING & HEATING STOVES

In the Market. Also agent for the Celebrated

WOODS-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.

B. U. SCHLAUDECKER, ROLAND ROBERTS

ERIE MEAT MARKET.

SCHLAUDECKER & 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, 30 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. STROBE, Yardman and Assistant Salesman

J. J. HOLMES, Clements, - - - - Kansas. DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

We have a very complete stock of Dress Goods, Prints and Muslins. Our line of Satines is exceptionally nice, also, full line of NOTIONS.

GROCERIES,

We carry a very large stock of groceries. Our prices are as low as any in the county.

We make a speciality of Teas and Coffees. It will pay you to call and examine them, they are of the best quality and at the lowest prices.

Also full stock of Flour, Corn meal, Bran and Chop.

CANNED GOODS,

Peaches, Pears, String Beans, Cove Oysters, Sardines, etc.

Our stock of Tobaccos and Cigars is very complete, including many choice brands.

We sell strictly for CASH, and buy for Cash and can underie all Competitor, who sells on time.

We make very close prices; come and see us and be convinced.

J. J. HOLMES,
Clements, - - - - Kansas.

The Clydesdale Stallions.

Birkett, Verner & Co., LIVE STOCK Commission Merchants, ROOM 10, LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE, Kansas - City, - Mo.

CATTLE SALESMEN M. J. VERNER, J. C. SCROGGIN.
HOG SALESMEN. S. BIRKETT, DAN. BROWN.
C. H. HILL, Solicitor and Feed Buyer.
C. E. WIGGINS, Office, J. A. Logan, Yardman
Feb-17

Drumore Boy, No. 2063, S.C.S.B., Rockford, No. 9433, A.C.S.B. and SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

Will stand for a limited number of mares this season, ending July 1, 1899, at the following places: On Mondays and Tuesdays, at my home, on Diamond Cr. ck.; on Wednesdays, at Wm. Drummond's, on Diamond Creek; on Thursdays, and on Fridays, till noon, at Elmfield, and on Saturdays, at the Eureka stable, Cottonwood Falls.

TERMS.—Drumore Boy, to insure a mare with foal \$15, payable as soon as she is known to be with foal. Rockford, to insure mare with foal \$14, payable as soon as she is known to be with foal. Sir William Wallace, to insure a mare with foal \$8, payable as soon as the mare is known to be with foal.

I will do what I can to prevent accidents, but no responsibility is assumed. Parting with a mare before she is known to be with foal forfeits the insurance money. Persons failing to return mares at the regular times forfeit the insurance money.

moy 2-im. GEO. DRUMMOND.

PHYSICIANS.

A. M. CONAWAY, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Residence and office, a half mile north o Toledo. 1711-tf

WM. J. ALLISON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Residence and office at MATFIELD GREEN, - KANSAS. apr25-tf

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOSEPH C. WATERS, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Topeka, Kansas, (Postoffice box 406) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton. feb25-tf

THOS. H. GRISHAM, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Office upstairs in National Bank building COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. feb-tf

C. N. STEERY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EMPORIA, KANSAS, Will practice in the several courts in Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Geage counties, in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein. 7-13 tf

JOHN V. SANDERS, H. DAVIES REES, SANDERS & REES, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

The above named persons hereby respectfully inform the public that they have associated themselves together in the practice of law at the above-named city and they respectfully ask a reasonable share of patronage; and hereby assure every person that any business entrusted to their care, however small the amount may be, will command their prompt attention and all the energy possessed by both of them, and no case will be refused on account of its smallness, or on account of its being in a justice's or police court, or in any other place where they may be called upon to transact business. One of them will always be found at their office, and their charges will be as low as any reasonable person could ask. may 2-10-wk

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wm. H. HOLSINGER, —DEALER IN— HARDWARE, STOVES AND TIREWARE,

FARM MACHINERY & WIND MILLS,

Wood and Iron Pumps, PIPE, RUBBER HOSE AND FITTINGS,

W. H. HOLSINGER, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS 145-tf

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 CUTBERT, Cottonwood Falls, Kans.

LEGAL.

James McNeo, Plaintiff vs. Craig Logan, Defendant

In the Justice Court of D. C. Ellsworth, Justice of the Peace in and for Falls Twp., Chase County, Kansas.

Said defendant, above named, will take notice that on the 7th day of May, 1899, suit was commenced against him by the above-named plaintiff before the above-named Justice of the Peace; that a garnishment summons was issued, in said cause, to John Park, who, on the 15th day of May, 1899, answered that he had property, monies, of said defendant in his hands and under his control. Thereupon said cause was continued until the 22nd day of June, 1899, at 10 o'clock, a m., for trial.

Attorney: D. C. ELLSWORTH, J. P. MADDEN BROS. ATTYS. for def.

A \$5 Book For \$1.00. How To Build A House.

If you are thinking of building a house you ought to buy the new book, "Builder's American Architecture, or every man a capable builder, prepared by Fuller, Fuller & Co., the well known architects.

There is not a Builder on any one intending to build or otherwise interested that can afford to be without it. It is a practical work and every day's use. It is the cheapest, most popular work ever issued on building. Nearly four hundred drawings. A \$5 book in one and a half hours. It will save you a great deal of money, and enable you to build a house, or other public buildings, together with specifications, form of contract, and a large amount of information on the construction of buildings, relation of architect to the owner, and other matters of interest to the owner and the architect. It is worth \$5.00 to any one, but I will send it in paper cover by mail postpaid on receipt of \$1.00, bound in cloth, \$1.50. Address all orders to J. & G. WYLER, Publishers, P. O. Box 2797, 118 West 12th St., New York.

MARTIN HEINTZ, Carpenter & Builder,

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

THIS PAPER may be found on file as (also) in writing, in Howell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertisements may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia as the Newspaper Advancing Agency of Howe, W. W. AVER & SON, one authorized agents.

CHASE COUNTY COURIER.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.
THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1889.

W. E. TIMMONS - Ed. and Prop.

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1ln.	2ln.	3ln.	5ln.	col.	1col.
1 week	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$5.00	\$10.00
2 weeks	1.50	2.00	2.50	4.00	7.00	12.00
3 weeks	1.75	2.50	3.00	4.50	8.00	13.00
4 weeks	2.00	3.00	3.50	5.00	9.00	14.00
5 weeks	2.25	3.50	4.00	5.50	10.00	15.00
6 weeks	2.50	4.00	4.50	6.00	11.00	16.00
7 weeks	2.75	4.50	5.00	6.50	12.00	17.00
8 weeks	3.00	5.00	5.50	7.00	13.00	18.00
9 weeks	3.25	5.50	6.00	7.50	14.00	19.00
10 weeks	3.50	6.00	6.50	8.00	15.00	20.00
11 weeks	3.75	6.50	7.00	8.50	16.00	21.00
12 weeks	4.00	7.00	7.50	9.00	17.00	22.00
13 weeks	4.25	7.50	8.00	9.50	18.00	23.00
14 weeks	4.50	8.00	8.50	10.00	19.00	24.00
15 weeks	4.75	8.50	9.00	10.50	20.00	25.00
16 weeks	5.00	9.00	9.50	11.00	21.00	26.00
17 weeks	5.25	9.50	10.00	11.50	22.00	27.00
18 weeks	5.50	10.00	10.50	12.00	23.00	28.00
19 weeks	5.75	10.50	11.00	12.50	24.00	29.00
20 weeks	6.00	11.00	11.50	13.00	25.00	30.00

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

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



TIME TABLE.

	11 a.m.	12 m.	1 p.m.	2 p.m.	3 p.m.	4 p.m.	5 p.m.	6 p.m.	7 p.m.	8 p.m.	9 p.m.	10 p.m.	11 p.m.
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Strong													
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MORNING BABY-SONG.

Baby, darling, wake and see,
Morning's here, my little rose;
Open eyes and smile at me;
Ere I clasp and kiss you close.
Baby, darling, smile! for then
Mother sees the sun again.
Baby, darling, sleep no more!
All other flowers have done
With their sleeping. You, my flower,
Are the only sleepy one!
All the pink-frilled daisies shout;
"Bring our little sister out!"
Baby, darling, in the sun
Birds are singing, sweet and shrill;
And my bird's the only one
That is nestled softly still.
Baby—if you only knew,
All the birds are calling you!
Baby, darling, all is bright,
God has brought the sunshine here;
And the sleepy, silent night
Comes back soon enough, my dear.
Wake, my darling, night is done—
Sunbeams call my little one!
—E. Nesbit, in Leaves of Life.

LOCOMOTIVE LORE.

Facts and Figures About the Ponderous Iron Horse.

The Evil Effects of a Fast Life Strikingly Illustrated—Remarkable Runs Generally Myths—Railroading East and West.

Two passenger locomotives, each of the general outline and proportions and of apparently similar pattern and finish, were standing on a side track near the fourth street station.
"One of these engines will go to the bonneyard to-morrow to be dismantled and thrown into the scrap heap," remarked a railroad man to a reporter who was watching an engineer crawl under one of the iron horses to lubricate an unseal oil-hole.

"Yes," said the reporter. "Why they both appear to be in perfect order."
"Which engine do you suppose will be broken up?" asked the railroadman.
"Hard to say. That one to the right seems the most likely candidate for the bonneyard."
The railroad man laughed.
"Wrong," said he. "It's the other. This one is in fine condition. Hasn't been built more than a year. The other is more than fifteen years old."
"You see," said the railroadman, "that all the engines of the company are so carefully burnished up, painted and repaired, that you can't tell whether one of them has a serious complaint or is in perfect health. Old parts that have become weak or broken are taken out and new ones put in until there is little left of the original locomotive. Why, I'll venture to say that there is hardly any thing left of this engine right here, so far as original material goes, except the number, and I don't know but what that has been changed."
"Does swift running tend to lessen the life of a locomotive?"
"Yes, but not so much as you may think. Now, the average life of a locomotive all over the United States is about twelve years. You will find that the swift passenger engines will come up to that average nearly every time. Of course they get an occasional racking, but even at the highest rate of speed the vital parts of the locomotive are not more liable to injury than they are when starting a heavy train up a steep grade. There is a great deal of nonsensical talk about fine locomotives running big time and all that. Now the best run ever made by a locomotive was by one of the most common affairs on our line, Central Pacific engine 149. This engine hauled the Jarrett and Palmer special train, which left Jersey City on June 1, 1886, and arrived at San Francisco June 4. No. 149 took the train at Ogden and brought it through to this city, a distance of 879 miles, in twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes, an average of 36.8 miles an hour. That performance has never been equaled, although I saw in a press telegram the other day that the greatest run ever made by a locomotive was by one of the Erie railway on the 1st day of this month. That engine took a train from Jersey City to Buffalo, 423 miles, in thirteen hours and five minutes, or an average speed of 32.3 miles an hour, which, as you see, does not begin to compare with the speed made by No. 149 for twice the distance and over much heavier grades.

Engine and engineer are or ought to be very closely identified, if good work is to be expected at all times. At one time it was undertaken by the New York Central to have its locomotives run by the engineers on the turn-about plan, so that an engine got a different driver every day. This system was of short duration, for it was found that while it was a saving of time in some respects, it was very poor economy on the whole, as the repairs of engines were much more frequently required than by the old system of a certain man running a certain locomotive. A skilled engineer, who has had a long acquaintance with his engine, knows by the very 'feel' of the iron horse whether there is any thing the matter with it or not, while a man who does not have this acquaintance will probably allow the flues to start, the pipes to leak or the journals to heat.
There are a thousand and one things that are likely to cut short the speed of the locomotive and make the passengers fret and fume over the delay. The loosening or breaking of an eccentric or the heating of journals or trouble with the air-brake machinery is probably as frequent as any thing.

"Is not the tendency toward heavy motive power?"
"Yes; but a heavy engine gets out of repair as quickly as a light one. All railroad companies prefer to run long and heavy trains, pulled by big locomotives, rather than to divide their cars into small trains, run by light engines,

as the expense of the latter system is much the greater."
One of the biggest items of railroad expense is the repair of locomotives, and that every thing that tends to lessen that expense and at the same time insure good service is grasped by the railroad companies as a man grasps the hand of his best friend. On the Pacific system of the Southern Pacific Company, where 650 locomotives are now in use, the annual cost of repairs is nearly \$1,000,000. In 1887 the Southern Pacific Company paid \$722,123.55 for repairs of engines in California alone. The Atlantic and Pacific's California directors also had nearly \$60,000 worth of repair work done. Repairs are more frequently required in some parts of California and Nevada, where alkali water is used than anywhere else in the world. A thick incrustation is formed in the boiler, which weakens it in places, rendering it liable to bursting unless cared for at once. Ordinarily a firebox will last six to eight years, but on the Yuma desert with the alkali water it will not last longer than two years.

"It is not the running of an engine that racks it so much as the stopping and starting," continued the railroadman. Take, for instance, the Central Pacific overland or the Portland express. Now, the engine hauling those trains only make three stops between San Francisco and Sacramento. They get to the end of their trip in much better condition than an engine on the Oakland local run does at the end of its day's work with all its stops and starts.
"A good average run of a locomotive is 100 miles per day. Some run much farther and others much less, but an engine will keep in better repair if it never exceeds the average. Locomotive running is different in California from that in the East in one great respect. Take a freight train of forty-five cars, for instance, going from Buffalo to New York, on the New York Central Line. Now, one eight-wheel locomotive, with 18x24 inch cylinders, will take that train through all right and without assistance. For the same distance on the Central Pacific, from Sacramento to Truckee, it would require six engines of the same size.
"While heavy engines are now required all around, I don't think the tendency is toward colossal affairs like our 'El Gobernador,' which weighs 103 tons or 205,000 pounds with the tender, but rather to a weight of about 85,000 to 120,000 pounds. The average weight of Central Pacific locomotives is 85,000 pounds and the maximum 153,140, while the total length of the heaviest engine, including tender, is sixty-five feet and six inches. The maximum weight of the Atlantic and Pacific locomotives used in this State is 117,750 pounds.

The sixty and seventy-five-mile-an-hour average for regular trains is generally a myth. An average of forty-eight and three-tenths miles an hour for ninety miles by the Pennsylvania limited from Jersey City to Philadelphia is the fastest schedule time in the United States. The 'Flying Dutchman' train is supposed to make the fastest time in the world between London and Bristol, 118 1-2 miles in less than two hours. The average, though, of even this fast train is only fifty-nine and one-eighth miles an hour. The fastest train in this State is the Monterey express, but it averages less than forty miles an hour, although between San Jose and Castroville it often gets up a speed of fifty-five miles an hour for a short distance on a level track.
Locomotive statistics are very interesting. By the increase in their number one can readily mark the growth of many of the great railway systems of the land. For instance, in 1873, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe had but thirty-eight locomotives. Last year the same company had over 600. The Chicago and Northwestern ten years ago had only about 400 locomotives; now it has over 800. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy had only 484 locomotives in 1881; now it has nearly 1,000. In the East there is an average of about 25 locomotives to every 100 miles of track, while on this coast there are from 10 to 15, although more locomotives are required here for a certain amount of traffic, owing to heavy grades.

One of the most striking changes in locomotives of late is the absence of polished brasses. A few years ago they were resplendent with glitter and shine, and half of the work of the driver and fireman was to keep them bright. Now there is next to nothing of this sort of thing, plainness being sought everywhere. The responsibility of the man in the locomotive cab has become so much greater of late by the use of the air brake that he has little time to devote to polishing, and it is probably just as well that the pretty brasses have given way to a dull-hued metal and dark paint. Still to the eyes of most persons the dingy, smoky affair of today is possessed of little beauty compared with the bright and glittering visions of the iron horse of the past.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Cloud's Silver Lining.
Bagley—I hear that Mrs. Mosenthal has presented you with twins, Solomon.
Mr. Mosenthal—Yes, it was a fact, twin boys or I'm a liar.
Bagley—Must be quite an expense, eh?
Mr. Mosenthal—Yes, but dere's vone good thing I thought of. De same photograph will do for little Ikey or little Jakey; dey look so mooch alike.—America.

—Among very late inventions is the "pocket typewriter," which weighs less than four ounces and is three by four inches.

FREE RAW MATERIALS.

Effects of a Tariff Manipulated by Cheap-John Politicians.
The protectionist propagandists are seeking to woo the States of the South into the ranks of the Republican party by cunningly pressing the idea that protection will make them great and prosperous manufacturing centers. The number of manufactories is increasing fast in the Southern States, and evidence is not wanting that some of the manufacturers there have been impressed by the appeals made to these alleged interests. A more careful consideration of the subject will convince the Southern manufacturers that there is nothing to be gained by giving their adherence to the short-sighted tariff policy of the Republican party.

The iron interests of Alabama have never had any thing to fear from foreign competition. The problem with them at the beginning was to be able to compete with the older establishments of Pennsylvania. They have demonstrated their ability to do this, and demonstrated it so effectually that the iron operators of Eastern Pennsylvania are threatened with serious disaster.
Meantime New England has come to feel the pressure of domestic competition, and the demand there for free raw material is constantly growing louder. An iron furnace in Massachusetts, denied the privilege of importing coal duty free, which would give it a chance of life, is making a last struggle for existence by trying the experiment of using an inferior quality of coal from a mine in Rhode Island. If this does not prove successful the business will have to be abandoned.

Other branches of industry are experiencing trouble of the same kind. Here, for example, is Wade's Fiber and Fabric inquiring for the good times which were promised as the sure and necessary result of the election of Harrison. The Fiber and Fabric is for protection, but it desires a species of protection which will protect. "We are a firm believer," it says, "in protecting American industries, if it could be done under the guidance of honest statesmen, but in the hands of quack politicians terrible work is made of protection." A specimen of this species of work is cited in the continuation of the tariff on wool, "when any one can see, if he will, that free wool would be a great move toward honest protection."

By "honest protection" we are, of course, to understand such regulations as best protect the particular individual who happens to be speaking or writing. It seems difficult for many protectionists to understand that it is impossible to frame a system of protection that will protect every body. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, long ago apprehended this point, and answered demands for protection to outside interests by pointing out that to protect every body was to protect nobody. To respond to the demands of wool manufacturers is to leave wool unprotected; to answer the wishes of iron men in Massachusetts is to take the duty off coal, and so in hundreds of other instances.

The iron manufacturers, whose business, despite the fact that they have an abundance of protection, is now greatly depressed, are tearfully noting the fact that there is a "boom" in iron abroad, particularly in England and Belgium. In countries where no iron is produced the demand for iron is active. The United States have the iron, but can not sell it abroad, because protection has so increased the cost of making it as to shut us out of the foreign market.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

QUEER PENSION RULINGS.

Good Times for Pension Sharks—How to Get Rid of the Surplus.
It begins to look as if the halcyon days of the Nation had come for the high-tariff men and the pension sharks. A short cut to higher duties is to be made through custom-houses, instead of by the usual but more roundabout method of legislation. Pension Commissioner Tanner, whose sensibilities are affected by the discovery that so small a pension as \$1 a month is paid, declares that he proposes to call in all pensions lower than \$4 a month and issue them at not less than \$1 a week.
When he does this generous thing it will be interesting to know what has become of the law under which pensions of less than \$4 a month were granted. There has been only one Democratic Commissioner of Pensions since the war of the rebellion. The reflections of Commissioner Tanner are, therefore, cast upon a long line of Republican Commissioners who must be assured to have been less generous than Mr. Tanner, or less acute to discover the extent to which the Commissioner could exercise his generosity. It will also be interesting to observe whether the pension agents will come in for a share of Commissioner Tanner's generosity. There is the pension agents' commission, and they may reasonably expect him to do something to manifest his gratitude for the high position into which they thrust him.

If the Pension Office gives notice that it is prepared to advance the rate of all pensioners receiving less than \$4 a month, it is not at all unlikely that about that time each of the pensioners of the class referred to will receive notice from a claim agent of his readiness to push his case speedily through Commissioner Tanner's office. If the fee is the usual one, and each of the pensioners now receiving less than \$4 can be induced to apply for an increase, it will be a neat little prize of \$700,000. It will show how indifferent Tanner is to a matter of money

when patriotism and the pension agents are concerned. The pension agents have had their eyes on the surplus for several years. They would be glad to take it, and the way that Commissioner Tanner suggests would be an acceptable one, no doubt. It would be unusual, to say the least, for the Pension Office to take up these 70,000 cases without solicitation or intervention, and the pension agents would probably find it too irregular to be countenanced.

Mr. Tanner is in favor of several other "improvements" that he might manage to adopt without the approval of Congress. He would have the record of the acceptance of a soldier regarded as evidence that he was sound when enlisted, the Government to be obliged to prove the contrary. He would continue a pension to a widow or dependent relative, whether the pensioner died of wounds or disease resulting from service or not. He would extend the arrears limit in January 1, 1889 or 1888. He would grant pensions to all survivors of rebel prisoners without requiring them to prove that disability arose from imprisonment. He would extend several classes of pensions from 25 to nearly 50 per cent, and would equalize all bounties. Any thing that has the suggestion to increase it in ought to be as grateful to the pension attorneys as an epidemic to undertakers.—N. Y. Times.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

—Corporal Tanner and the claim agents appear to have the American eagle by the tail.—Louisville Courier-Journal.
—President Harrison, above all of his predecessors, has comprehended the "relative" value of his office.—N. Y. Times.

—The Washington Hatchet, speaking of William E. Chandler's canvass for Senator, says: "He is about the right caliber to represent New Hampshire. It is a small State."
—A man may have acquired much glory during the war, but it fades away as soon as he so far forgets his country and his God as to announce his disbelief in a high protective tariff.—N. Y. Herald.

—It was Wanamaker himself who once wrote an advertisement reading: "We have striped women's stockings at fifteen cents per pair." This was the beginning of a great man's business career.—Detroit Free Press.
—The Republican members of a committee of the New York Legislature, which has been investigating the trusts, have reported that trusts are a blessing. We like to see party men have the courage to avow openly their party's real principles.—Boston Globe.
—Benjamin F. Butler failed to establish himself as a military genius during the war. Perhaps he can add to his laurels by questioning the courage now of men who served the cause of the Union with fidelity, and whose records are not stained by deeds of oppression, rapacity or greed.—N. Y. World.

—In Chicago the patronage board, consisting of a Republican United States Senator and three Republican Congressmen, called the new Republican postmaster into the session and the four divided the patronage in what is described as "solemn conclave." Such conclaves will make President Harrison solemn before he is through with the patronage policy that originated them.—St. Louis Republic.
—"A little daughter of W. F. Griffith received a letter from an aunt who lives in Dakota that speaks well for the honesty of Uncle Sam's postal rustlers on the route. The envelope was unsealed—never had been sealed—and three dollars in bank notes enclosed was visible. The money was sent as a present to the little girl, and in some oversight the envelope was not closed." Such honesty is easy enough accounted for. You see, the rascals have not been turned into eagle yet.—Joplin (Mo.) Herald.

—President Harrison claims that he has no time to make many important appointments urged upon him by prominent Republicans. He found time, however, to appoint his brother Carter United States Marshal for the Middle District of Tennessee. Personal friendship, disreputable party service and blood relationship seem to be the only grounds of political preference at present. The theory that "public office is a private snap" is flourishing gloriously under "the centennial administration."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Harrison as a Spoilsman.

Harrison is a spoilsman par excellence, and if he has not fully earned the rebukes administered by his magnum opus critics it is rather because he is making a careful, systematic study of the spoils business, with a view to strengthening his own hands to the best effect, than because of unwillingness to violate the spirit of the Civil Service law. If it is commendable to ignore the attempted reform of the civil service and to bestow the fattest offices upon the men who did the most to secure its election, no commendation can be too great for our President. He is undoubtedly an adept in the art of looking out for No. 1, he has no ugly scruples about rewarding the partisan press, and his conscience does not appear to trouble him about the abandonment of active statesmanship in order to occupy himself exclusively with decapitations and appointments. Let disgruntled office-seekers say what they will, it is a long time since the country had a President who was of the same substantial service to his party.—Pittsburgh Leader.

TO TELL THE WEATHER.

Prof. Draper Tells What He Knows About Practical Indications.
Benjamin Franklin was the first to discover that storms in this country travel from west to east. He was interested in observing an eclipse, and found that while the observations were spoiled in Philadelphia by a rain-storm that came on just at the beginning of the eclipse, the sky was clear at Boston until after the eclipse was over. By communicating with intervening towns he learned that the storm traveled eastward at a uniform rate. Simultaneous observations taken in all parts of the country show that nearly all great storms follow the same general direction—from the west to the east. The same is true of cold or hot waves. Therefore, to tell what the weather will be, in advance, we have only to find out the conditions that prevail west of us. This is practically the course pursued by the signal service.

The directions of a storm is frequently diverted by some local cause. A low barometer, or large amount of moisture in the air, attracts a storm, and may either change its course entirely or hasten its advance. The rate at which a storm travels between two points is, in fact, calculated by the gradient or decline of the barometer from one point of the other. When a storm is advancing the wind blows to meet it. Thus a wind blowing from the east or southeast indicates the approach of a storm from the west. When the storm center has passed, however, the wind changes and follows the storm. If a person has a good barometer and a wind gauge he can tell pretty correctly when a storm is coming. Without the instruments the clouds may be watched, and when seen to be moving rapidly from the southeast, and there are indications of the presence of much moisture in the air, a storm is not far away. The old Scotch saying that

A red sky at night is the shepherd's delight,
A red sky in the morning, shepherd's take warning,
is partially true in this country. The red sky in the morning indicates an excess of moisture in the air, and a storm is therefore likely to occur before many days.
The circle around the moon, or lunar rainbow, shows the presence of moisture in the air. Moisture at a high altitude produces a large bow and at a low altitude a small bow. The smaller the bow, therefore, the nearer is the moisture, and, consequently, the sooner will the storm develop. The old saying that the number of stars to be seen inside of the circle indicates the number of days before the arrival of the storm is not reliable, as the position of the moon in the heavens may make the number great or small without regard to the storm conditions. All attempts at predicting the weather for months in advance are mere guess-work. Such superstitions as trying to foretell the severity of a winter by the thickness of the breast-bone of the goose or the fur of animals originate in some obscure quarter and are not worth the circulation and attention that they receive.—Prof. Daniel Draper, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

How Animals Eat Grass.

It is a well-known fact that the different domestic animals of the farm all pull and eat their grass in different ways. This is partly due to several causes, such as the predilection of each kind for particular grasses and aversion to others, and also the arrangement of the incisor teeth in the mouth, as well as the size of the muzzle itself. The sheep is one of the closest feeders we have; in fact with the exception of the rabbit and the kangaroo, it will eat a pasture barer than any other animal. This is, of course, due to the small size of the mouth, together with its predilection for the finer grasses. Next to the sheep comes the horse in this respect, for, although his mouth is large, yet the fact that he has teeth above and below, enables him to bite close. It is very noticeable in a pasture where horses are alone that they eat over the land very unequally. Some of the "sweeter" spots are not touched, but left rough. Cattle, on the other hand, have not only a large muzzle, but also the absence of upper teeth, so that, of necessity, they can not bite fine or close, and, therefore, we find with them that their grass is rougher and less bare in parts than with the others.—Western Rural.

To Destroy Rats.

Some three weeks since, Mr. James Newell, a neighbor of mine, in reply to my question said: "If you will take a jar or pot, put it in your corn-crib, fill it within four or five inches of top with water, put a double handful of cotton seed on top of the water, and pile the corn around so that the rats can easily reach the top, you will catch every rat that passes by; the rats will jump on the cotton seed." "The next day I tried the experiment, and three days after had my jar examined, and the servant pulled out thirty-one drowned rats. In sixteen days I had caught ninety-two rats." Newell says the rats never hurt his corn. I have repeated the story to several, and all who have tried it, have been successful. The best place to set your jar, is on the side or wall of the crib. All who are troubled with rats, try it.—Jas. M. Pearson, in Dixie Farmer.
—To rid a room of roaches and other insects, pour hot alum or cayenne pepper tea in the cracks, and, after closing the windows and doors, burn sulphur in an old tin pan till the fumes penetrate every part of the room.

POOR UNCLE JIM.

His Sudden Death Gave His Nephew a Mighty Close Shave.

I was on the porch of the village tavern when a tow-headed boy of fifteen came riding up on an old roan mare to spread the news that his uncle Jim was dead—killed by a falling tree. It appeared that the uncle had many friends and relatives in the village, and it wasn't long before a score of them gathered about the boy and plied him with questions. He was rather bashful, but he gave a pretty straight account and furnished all particulars. The crowd was still asking questions when a man about sixty years old, lame and bent and bald-headed, pushed his way in and called out:
"Every body stand back! I was justice of the peace for fourteen years, and I shall take charge of this sarcumstance myself. Now, boy, your name is Tom, hain't it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Mother used to be Sarah Good-hue?"
"Yes, sir."
"Now, I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If you lie, I will send you to prison, under the provisions of the laws made and purvised. Is Jim Thompson dead?"
"Yes, sir."
"Did a tree fall on him?"
"Yes, sir."
"Beech or maple?"
"Beech."
"Dead when you found him?"
"Yes, sir."
"Be keerful, boy! You are the same as your oath. Was he stone dead?"
"Yes, sir."
"Been dead three hours?"
"Yes, sir."
"Now, then, I want this crowd to pay particular attention to my next question. The case may go to the Supreme Court for all we know, and I want every one of you to remember my exact language. Now, boy, look me straight in the eye and answer me without hesitation. Don't ye look to the right nor left, and don't imagine I can't see right through you. Now, sir, did your uncle Jim look nateral when ye found him, or didn't he? Quick! Don't stop to think up a lie!"
"Y-yes!" gasped the boy.
"All right—that settles it. I am perfectly satisfied with the examination, and the prisoner is discharged on his showing. He'd better take this as a great moral warning. Looked mighty bad for him at one time there."
—N. Y. Sun.

VALUE OF PATIENCE.

Bob Burdette Gives Some Good Advice to an Eager Young Man.

Oh, my son! be patient; be patient; be patient. We can get along without brilliant women and great men. They are not easy to live with; they don't mix with the brood very much, they have to have single perches for themselves away up out of the reach of the rest of us, so that we don't see much of them, and they don't do the world very much good, after all. It's just as well that they do keep away from us, I suppose. When they come down and mix with us we are apt to find them out. Then, good-bye greatness. We don't need rushing people, so very much. Here and there one or two of them are good things; we can't get along without a rush line, of course; but, after all, a pull back, whose quiet eyes are on every part of the field at once without making any fuss about it, and who at every point in the game is always just exactly where he is wanted at exactly the right time, and is never anywhere else, no matter how much yelling and "rattling" and whooping and scrimmaging is going on in the front, the navy fellow who is never rattled, and has all his noise and breath and vim and strength saved up for the one important moment when it shall be necessary to send the ball away clear over the heads of the panting, yelling, scuffling crowd, after all, he is the fellow to whom our eyes turn anxiously and hopefully when the crisis is reached. Be patient; the frolic, hurrying, eager, restless world needs offer praises of thanksgiving to the patient people in it. To the patient man and woman who find strength in "quietness and confidence," who can be patient with our faults, our follies and our fancies; who can be quiet when even the softest word would have a sting; and the softest answer would stir up bitterness; who can wait for storms to blow over and for wrongs to right themselves; who can endure slight and injury until the wounded heart has forgotten the hurt that made the scar. Be patient, my boy; be patient. Nobody else has time enough for it; all the rest of us are in such a hurry we can't stop and have no time to wait. Do you be patient for the whole crowd. And you'll wear all the rest of us out.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Didn't Want the Job, Anyhow.

"John, wake up! I hear a noise in the kitchen. There's somebody in the house!"
"Jumping out of bed." "Don't be afraid, Maria, I'll drive him out. Be calm, darling."
"Don't go down that steep stairway with your revolver cocked, John. It might go off before you are ready."
"Crawling back into bed." "Mrs. Billus, if you haven't any confidence in my management of burglars you can take the revolver and go down yourself."—Chicago Tribune.
—Horses have a peculiar horror of death and especially dread death among their own kin. A horse that is absolutely fearless of inanimate things will be frightened beyond measure at the sight of a dead horse lying by the roadside.

GENERAL GRANT'S DOUBLE.
Dr. Hood, of Washington, an Exact Counterpart of the Great Soldier.

There are few of those strange outward resemblances which exist between different persons more remarkable than that which Dr. T. B. Hood, of this city—formerly a surgeon of volunteers, and for many years medical referee of the United States pension office—bears to the late General U. S. Grant. The accidents of campaigning brought the two men together during the greater part of the war, both in the West and in the operations around Petersburg and Richmond. At City Point, Va., in the fall of 1864, General Grant had a fine team, with which he used to drive Mrs. Grant out while she was visiting him. Dr. Hood and Surgeon William L. Faxon were at that time in charge of the Fifth corps hospital, at that place, and the strange resemblance referred to was often a matter of wonder to General Grant himself, the likeness being not only in feature, but in height, build and weight; the two men had measured together, and both turned the commissary scales at precisely the same notch on the beam. Mrs. Grant had gone home, and one evening General Grant drove Mrs. Hood out for airing; the road from headquarters came directly toward the hospital, and then turned off at an angle, and Surgeon Faxon, seeing the couple coming toward him, stood beckoning and hailing them, but as they turned off at the end of the road, he called out several times, at the top of his voice.

"Hallo, Hood! Hood! What's the matter with you? You don't know anybody since you're driving such a fine turnout!" A mistake which greatly amused both General Grant and the doctor's wife.
"In the fall of 1866, said Doctor Hood, 'after President Johnson had been 'swinging around the circle,' and he and General Grant had fallen out, I was still in service and was ordered to report at Vicksburg, for duty. The train on which I left Washington was extremely crowded; there was not a seat to be had. I was not in full uniform and had nothing, in fact, which denoted military rank except a stripe upon my trousers and a sword in a chamois leather case, which I carried in my hand. Presently a young officer came up and introduced himself, stating that under no circumstances could he permit the General of the army to stand while he could prevent it. I saw that he had made the same mistake about me that was so often repeated, and made the most vigorous and explicit disclaimers. It was of no avail, however; the more I protested the more he stuck to it, and at length he leaned over and whispered: 'General, it's all right; you'll find me perfectly discreet, but I'm not an absolute idiot, for I was introduced to you only yesterday at your headquarters in Washington by Representative Oliver J. Dickey, Lancaster, Pa.' Protestations and asseverations were alike futile and I had to make the best of it. My young and enthusiastic admirer finally procured a seat for me, but as the train reached Frederick Junction he came up again and remarked:
'General, I find that there are quite a number of your old soldiers on board the train, and they are wild to shake the hand of their brave commander. Will you not condescend to oblige them just this once?'
'My case was fast becoming desperate; but, making an almost superhuman effort, partly by persuasion and partly by assuming an air of stern and forbidding authority, I succeeded in subduing my tormentor. When we finally parted, however, he compromised by taking a couple of enormous rosy-cheeked apples from his 'grim-sack' and giving them to me, with the urgent request that when I reached St. Louis I would be good enough to give these to Mrs. Grant; he wanted her to know what kind of apples grow in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.'"—Washington Letter.

NOTHING LIKE PRAISE.

Many a Child is Heart-Hungry for a Word of Encouragement.

Parents are too often slow to see the motive of their children's kindest actions. A little fellow has been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after racking his brains to think how he, too, can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers, and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody, when evening comes he does it; but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered, and the boy goes up to bed with a choking feeling in his throat, and says his prayers by the bedside with a sadness very real in his heart.

Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be; the fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored. All words of approval are helpful and encouraging. In a large family there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money, and without a word to any one who lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that can not be concealed says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: "I don't know what we should do without you, darling." My friends, do not be so chary of these words of encouragement.—Good Words.

EXCITED IMAGINATION.
How Wrongful Charges Sometimes Originate—Two Cases in Point.

"Just to show you how liable to make mistakes some women are," said a prominent police official this morning, "I will cite to you a few instances of the trouble they sometimes give us as a result of their own carelessness, and the irrational manner in which they will make charges against innocent people, which they can not substantiate, except with their own statements, 'I know; I am sure.' A few days ago a lady entered a drug store on Yonge street and purchased some small article from a young clerk. She went out, and walked down a few blocks further. On entering another store she missed her purse. 'I will go back to the drug store, I remember laying the purse on the counter, and now I am sure I forgot to pick it up again. Yes, now I remember it distinctly,' and as she goes back to the drug store her first suspicion rapidly assumes the shape of a rooted conviction. The young man tells her that she did not leave the pocket-book. She must have dropped it or had her pocket picked. 'No,' I left it right there,' and she pointed to a certain spot. The clerk had not the purse, and the matter was at once reported to the detectives by the irate loser. The pocket-book contained \$40, and I think it was Detective Black who was detailed to look into the matter. The lady was sure the clerk had purloined her money, and would believe nothing else. Detective Black made a full and thorough investigation, and he was fully satisfied that it was not the clerk who had got the money. There was some mistake. The woman wanted the young man arrested, but the officer refused to make the arrest. Instead, he advised the loser to advertise her loss in the papers. 'That boy has my money, and what do I want to be throwing good money after stolen money?' was the reply. The detective looked at the lost and found columns of the paper and found a sum of money found, corresponding with the same time and place as the case upon which he was working. He called at the address given, and sure enough, it was the sure-and-certain woman's purse that had been picked up a few minutes after she dropped it to the sidewalk. The advertisement was in the next morning's paper after the loss, and the officer saw it right away. Now, that woman is ashamed to go into that drug-store, and I would be, too, if I had acted in the unreasonable manner that she did.

"Another case of a newspaper heading, 'More pocket-picking at the Union Station,' was nipped in the bud by Detective Cuddy and the Grand Trunk constable at the Union Station the other evening. She was stepping on the rear car of the train going west when the officers noticed her pocket-book falling to the ground. Cuddy at once picked it up and followed the lady into the car. No sooner was she seated than she discovered her loss. 'Oh, my! my pocket has been picked. My purse and all the money I had, ticket and every thing is gone,' and the frantic woman was going to enter into particulars for the benefit of her fellow passengers. Probably had she had time she would soon have distinctly remembered passing the very man and feeling the purse jerked away. But the officers stopped the second act in the middle, and presenting the purse to the loser, informed her where they had found it. The woman looked suspiciously at the officer in plain clothes, but looked as if she would believe any thing after she found her money all right. There are many cases like this, and can an officer be blamed, if he makes a wrong judgment in some really circumstantial case?"—Toronto Mail.

BOODLERS IN PRISON.
How Napoleon Ward and Others Spend Their Time at Sing Sing.

I had occasion to run up to Sing Sing, and my first inquiry at the prison was, of course, for the Napoleon of finance, in Ferdinand Ward. He is setting type in the printing-office and has made rapid progress in the art preservative. Bedell, the noted forger, is in charge of the prison library, a congenial duty, over which he is much elated. When he first went there he was put in the washman's gang—there are no washerwomen at the prison. The soap-suds and the rubbing of clothes made his soft hands so tender that they bled, and it became necessary to give him different work. Sergeant Crowley is getting fat. He is the policeman who was sent to prison for criminal assault on a young girl. Henry Unger, who murdered a man, cut up his body and packed it in a trunk, is engaged in serving soup, cornbread and other eatables to the prisoners. In other words he is a waiter in the dining-room.

Alderman Jaehne, who got his sentence for the Broadway surface road affair, is getting aldermanic in his physical proportions. He was a slender man when he was sent to Sing Sing, but Warden Brush tells me that he is obliged to supply the convict with a new suit of clothes every month because he outgrows them in that time. He weighed 160 pounds when committed, but now weighs over 250. Jaehne had a pet prize dog of the female sex which he was allowed to take with him to prison, where she was cared for by the guards and allowed to see her master daily. She had a number of additions to her family since she went there, and the wardens of the other New York prisons are now nearly all supplied with puppies. The alderman wanted to keep all the litters at Sing Sing, but the warden decided that the appropriations for the care of prisoners did not include their dogs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE ARBOR DIABOLI.
Discovery of a Third Specimen of the Carnivorous Devil's Tree.

I have taken much interest in the study of botany during my sojourn in this country, the flora of which presents one of the richest fields for the scientists in the world, and have wandered some distance from town on several occasions in my search for specimens. On one of these expeditions I noticed a dark object on one of the outlying spurs of the Sierra Madre mountains, which object excited my curiosity so much that I examined it carefully through my field-glass. This revealed that the object was a tree or shrub of such an unusual appearance that I resolved to visit the spot. I rode to the mountain, the sides of which sloped sufficiently for me to make my way on horseback to within a few rods of the summit. But here I was stopped by an abrupt rise so steep that I despaired of reaching it even on foot. I went around it several times seeking for some way to climb up, but the jagged, beetling rocks afforded not the slightest foothold. On the top of this knob stands the tree I had seen. From the spot on which I now stood I could see that it somewhat resembled in form the weeping willow, but the long, drooping whip-like limbs were of a dark and apparently slimy appearance, and seemed possessed of a horrible lifelike power of coiling and uncoiling. Occasionally the whole tree would seem a writhing, squirming mass. My desire to investigate this strange vegetable product increased on each of the many expeditions I made to the spot, and at last I saw a slight opening in the forest which I believe I had certainly discovered an unheard-of thing. A bird, which I had watched circling about for some time, finally settled on the top of the tree, when the branches began to awaken, as it were, and to curl upward. They twisted and twisted like snakes about the bird, which began to scream, and drew it down in their fearful embrace until I lost sight of it. Horror-stricken, I seized the nearest rock in an attempt to climb the knob. I had so often tried in vain to do this that I was not surprised when I fell back, but the rock was loosened and fell also. It narrowly missed me, but I sprang up unhurt, and saw that the fallen rock had left a considerable cavity. I put my face to it and looked in. Something like a cavern, the floor of which had an upward tendency, met my sight, and I felt a current of fresh air blowing on me, with a dry, earthy smell. Evidently there was another opening somewhere, undoubtedly at the summit. Using my trowel, which I always carried on my botanizing expeditions, I enlarged the hole, and then pushed my way up through the passage. When I had nearly reached the top I looked out cautiously to see if I should emerge within reach of that diabolical tree. But I found it nowhere near the aperture, so I sprang out. I was just in time to see the flattened carcass of the bird fall to the ground, which was covered with bones and feathers. I approached as closely as I dared and examined the tree. It was low in size, not more than twenty feet high, but covering a great area. Its trunk was of prodigious thickness, knotted and scaly. From the top of this trunk, a few feet from the ground, its slimy branches curved upward and downward, nearly touching the ground with their tapering tips. Its appearance was that of a gigantic tarantula awaiting its prey. On my venturing to lightly touch one of the limbs, it closed upon my hand with such force that when I tore it loose the skin came with it. I descended then, and closing the passage returned home. I went back next day carrying half a dozen chickens with which to feed the tree. The moment I tossed it to the fowls, a violent agitation shook its branches, which swayed to and fro with a sinuous, snaky motion. After devouring the fowls, these branches, fully gorged, dropped to their former position, and the tree, giving no signs of animation, I dared to approach it and take the limbs in my hand. They were covered with suckers, resembling the tentacles of an octopus. The blood of the fowls had been absorbed by these suckers, leaving crimson stains on the dark surface. There was no foliage, of course, of any kind. Without speaking of my discovery to any one about, I wrote an account of it to the world-famous botanist, Prof. Wordenhaupt of the University of Heidelberg. His reply states that my tree is the arbor diaboli, only two specimens of which have ever been known—one on the peak of the Himalayas and the other on the island of Sumatra. Mine is the third. Prof. Wordenhaupt says that the arbor diaboli and the plant known as the Venus fly-trap are the only known specimens, growing on the land, of those forms of life which partake of the nature of both animal and vegetable kingdoms, although there are instances too numerous to mention found of this class in the sea. The Portuguese man-of-war may be mentioned, however, as one, and the sponge as the best known specimen of this class.—Chihuahua (Mex.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.

—A couple of gentlemen were walking along a road near the dividing line between the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut, when one of them happened to think of the fact and exclaimed: "I wonder where Rhode Island is?" "My dear sir," replied the other gravely: "You're standing on it."—Texas Siftings.

That Offer of \$5,000.

Our readers will doubtless call to mind the offer so widely advertised for the past ten years by H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, that they would pay \$5,000 to any person who would prove to an impartial referee that they had ever published a testimonial that was not genuine so far as they knew.
This offer had the ring of honesty about it, and as the matter has an especial interest just now we give a copy of the offer as it appears in the Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co.'s pamphlet:
AN OFFER OF \$5,000.
Every Testimonial published by us to Dona Fid, and so far as we know, is absolutely true. To any one who will prove the contrary to an impartial referee we will give \$5,000.
H. H. WARNER & CO.
Rochester, N. Y., January 2, 1888.
We ask the reader's careful attention to the following testimonials, as bearing on the offer, and their unbiased opinion of the same with reference to the \$5,000.
IOWA CITY, Ia., June 23.—Some weeks since my daughter had a severe attack of Rheumatism. She was persuaded to take one bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and one of Warner's Sore Throat Remedy, and was entirely recovered. We think it wonderful, as twice before she had been confined to her bed for months with it.—MRS. SYLVANUS JOHNSON.
CAMP VERDE, Arizona, Oct. 27, 1888.—For nearly a year I suffered from Gravel, and was under the treatment of a doctor. I took a great deal of medicine, but it all seemed to fail. I then began with Warner's Safe Cure, and after using one bottle of it began to get better; got another bottle, and took half of it. The gravel stone left me, and I began to mend. I am now feeling as well as ever I did in my life.—MRS. DOLLY MASON.
221 Myrtle Ave., BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 1888.—In 1889 I was attacked with kidney disease, and suffered for twenty years, applying often for advice to medical men of high standing, without any apparent relief. In 1886 I was advised to try Warner's Safe Cure, and after having used fifteen bottles of it I was completely cured, and am happy to state that I have never felt the disease since in any form.—B. McMULLIN.
NEWARK, N. Y., June 23, 1888.—Last winter I was attacked with severe kidney difficulty, which incapacitated me for work, severe pains in the small of the back, attended with almost constant aching on the least exertion. I suffered much pain, the passage of water was a severe trial, accompanied with much scalding and redness of the urine. I felt I was suffering from premonitory symptoms of Bright's Disease, and procured a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking the first bottle I felt so much improved that I continued to take it to the extent of four bottles. I am now a new man, able to do a good hard day's work, with no recurrence of any trouble with the kidneys.
DEVERLY, W. Pa.
There is no getting away from such testimony as the above. The offer is genuine. In fact Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. have always requested that doubters should write direct to persons giving testimonials, (inclosing stamp), and who are of necessity, in the great majority of cases, totally unacquainted with the firm.

Realism on the Stage.

Flyby-night (the distinguished theatrical manager)—Yes, sir, I firmly believe in realism on the stage. In the forthcoming production, every detail will be as real as possible: real water, real steam engine, real hotel elevator—nothing counterfeited where the real article could be obtained.
Puffer (the well-known critic)—I understand that your leading lady poisons herself in the last act.
Flyby-night—Yes, sir, and a great scene it is, too.
Puffer—If you want to do the public a real service, and, at the same time preserve the dramatic unities, let her use real poison.—America.

A Natural Inference.
"No, sir," said a quiet-looking traveling man to a companion on the train. "I can truthfully say that I am very little given to fear. I never was afraid of any thing or any body in my life."
"That is more than I can say."
"It's a fact, nevertheless."
"By the way, I should think that a man of your age would have been married long before this."
"How do you know that I am not married?"
"I gathered it from your conversation."
—Merchant Traveler.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., 81.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 29 @ 3 90
Butcher steers	3 00 @ 3 96
Native cows	2 00 @ 3 10
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 00 @ 4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red	68 @ 74
No. 2 soft	76 @ 78
CORN—No. 2	26 @ 27 1/2
OATS—No. 2	19 @ 20
RYE—No. 2	27 @ 29
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 23 @ 2 40
HAY—Baled	5 00 @ 7 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	14 @ 16
CHEESE—Full cream	9 @ 10
FLOUR—Choice W. Pass	11 @ 11 1/2
BACON—Hams	10 @ 10 1/2
Shoulders	5 @ 5 1/2
Sides	7 @ 8
LARD	6 1/2 @ 6 7/8
POTATOES	20 @ 40
ST. LOUIS	
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00 @ 4 40
Butcher steers	3 75 @ 4 45
HOGS—Packing	4 00 @ 4 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 80 @ 4 40
FLOUR—No. 2 red	68 @ 74
WHEAT—No. 2 red	57 @ 57 1/2
CORN—No. 2	31 @ 31 1/2
OATS—No. 2	23 1/2 @ 24
RYE—No. 2	40 @ 41
BUTTER—Creamery	14 @ 15
PORK	13 25 @ 15 25
CHICAGO	
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 75 @ 4 25
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00 @ 4 55
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00 @ 5 25
FLOUR—No. 2 red	4 50 @ 5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	78 @ 82 1/2
CORN—No. 2	38 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2	21 1/2 @ 21 3/4
RYE—No. 2	39 @ 39 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	15 @ 15 1/2
PORK	11 75 @ 11 80
NEW YORK	
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 00 @ 4 75
HOGS—Good to choice	4 50 @ 4 75
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40 @ 5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	68 @ 74
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2 @ 41
OATS—Western mixed	35 @ 38
BUTTER—Creamery	15 @ 17 1/2
PORK	13 25 @ 15 50

Is it any Wonder that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery outshines all other blood and liver medicines, since it possesses such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the people (as they are doing, through druggists) under conditions such as no other medicine is sold under, viz: that it must either benefit or cure the patient, or the money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures all diseases arising from deranged liver, or from impure blood, as biliousness, "liver complaint," all skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, leucorrhoea, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever-sores, hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

\$500 Reward for an incurable case of chronic Nasal Catarrh offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, 50 cents, by druggists.
"PRISONER, the evidence shows that you brutally assaulted the complainant. Have you any thing to offer in extenuation?" Prisoner—"No, sir; my lawyer took all the money I had."
A Sure Deliverance.
Not instantaneously, it is true, but in a short space of time, persons of a bilious habit are saved from the tortures which a deranged liver is capable of inflicting, by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anti-bilious medicine and aperient of the first rank. The pains in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, the sick headache, nausea, constipation and saffron hue of the skin, are entirely removed by this estimable restorative of tone to the organs of secretion and digestion.
WIFE—"John, do you deliver your lecture, 'Is Life Worth Living?' again to-night?" Great Pessimist—"No, my dear; I am greatly afraid I have caught a slight cold, and I intend to risk my life by venturing out of doors at all this evening!"
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If you want engravings of Buildings, Machinery, Portraits, Maps, Plans, or any thing in this line, write to us for samples and prices. Best work guaranteed at fair prices. Address: A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO., Kansas City, Mo.

HARD water is wasteful of soap, because it contains lime salts, which form an insoluble compound with the soap, thus rendering a part of it useless.
PHYSICIANS are justified in denouncing proprietary medicines which claim to cure every thing. A medicine, for instance, that will cure rheumatism in one person, will not necessarily cure it in another, for the condition causing it may be different; but there is always Malaria, and Silerberger's Antidote will destroy it in the system in every case. If you are suffering from Malaria you will know it, and this medicine will certainly cure you. Sold by Druggists.

A WOMAN in Baltimore died of death from a cut on the leg, caused by the breaking of a whisky-bottle that she habitually carried in her stocking.

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 Improvement Board, Portland, Oregon

PEOPLE who have to listen to violins practicing nearly always bring up in the asylum.
"These days of miracles are past." That may be, and yet some of the most wonderful things ever witnessed by the human family have occurred within the last decade. Not the least of those wonders is the success which the agents of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., are meeting. Write them for particulars. They will show you how to work wonders.

THERE is a secret satisfaction about being anonymous that is far sweeter than fame to the writer of scandals.

ALWAYS avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

WHAT a man is pleased to call clean profit is oftentimes the proceeds of a dirty bargain.

If you are doubtful as to the use of Dobbin's Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experience of millions who use it, after the 24 years it has been on the market, one trial will convince you. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD's hobby is his love of pedestrianism and he is proud of his feats in this direction.

LADIES can permanently beautify their complexion with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

THERE are too many blessings attached to poverty. But they are fearfully disguised.
For twenty-five cents, you can get Carter's Little Liver Pills—the best liver regulator in the world. Don't forget this. One pill a dose.

The earliest onions grow from sets; the longest keeping onions grow from seed.

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

JACOBS OIL.

BASE BALL SEASON. ALL Athletes use it. No Outfit Complete without it. Sprains, Strains, Bruises, Wounds. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. The Chat. A. Vogel Co., Baltimore, Md.

ORATORS.

And that Pio's Cure for Consumption is not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.
PENSIONS FOR ALL SOLDIERS. W. H. HANCOCK & SON, Chemists, 2 Washington, D.C.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.



Hood's Sarsaparilla
100 Doses
One Dollar
All Tired Out from the depressing effect of the changing season, or by hard work and worry—from Hood's Sarsaparilla to give you a feeling of health and strength again. Sold by all druggists. Be sure to get Hood's.

Tutt's Pills
This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness
And all diseases arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.
The natural result is good appetite and solid flesh. Dose small; elegant sugar coated and easy to swallow.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa
Is absolutely pure and has no chemicals.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

SSS
My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers, and the fingers came off to the middle joint. For 3 years he suffered dreadfully; is now getting well, and I am satisfied Swift's Specific is the chief cause of his improvement.
JOHN DEHR, Peru, Ind. Jan. 15, 1889.
POISONED BY A CALF.—My little boy looks out with doctors and ulcers, the result of the calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.
JOHN F. HEARD, Auburn, Ala. Feb. 18, '89.
Send for books on Blood Poisons & Skin Diseases, free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Woven Wire Fencing
WIRE ROPE SOLVAGE
80c TO \$2 PER ROD.
All sizes and widths. Give to mail order. Sold by our dealers in this line of goods. HERBERT T. FEIBELER, 140 W. Wabash St. Chicago, Ill.
THE McMILLAN WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., 127 North Market and Ontario Sts., Chicago, Ill.
SEPARATE THIS PAPER every time you write.

JONES
PAYS THE FREIGHT!
Iron Luggage, Suitcases, Trunks, Baggage and Boxes for \$50.
Every also free. For price list mention this paper and address JONES OF WASHINGTON, BUNTINGTON, N. Y.

MOTHER'S FRIEND
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLENTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRANCES E. WILLARD'S New Book Now Ready
YEARS. Autobiography and history of W. C. T. U. 4,000 sold before issued, 100,000 guaranteed. Big Money for Societies. For liberal terms and territory, see issue of H. A. SMITH & CO., 123 Market St., New York, N. Y.
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FOR INVENTORS. 40-page BOOK FREE. W. T. FLETCHER, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.
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BONANZA 10 AGENTS SAMPLE FREE
GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and Railroad Coding Situations. Write J. D. BELTON, Socialia, Mo.
A. N. K. D 1241
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

DWIGHT'S COW BRAND SODA WATER
TO MAKE A Delicious Biscuit
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR COW BRAND SODA WATER. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

APPALLING CALAMITY.

Johnstown, Pa., Instantly Swept Away by a Flood.

The Greatest Catastrophe in the Country's History—Fifteen Hundred Lives Lost By the Bursting of a Reservoir—Terrible Scenes.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 1.—A sudden freshet in the North Fork river, east of Johnstown, Pa., in the Allegheny mountains resulted in an awful catastrophe. Last evening, according to a reliable courier, 1,500 lives were lost. The reservoir broke about five o'clock and the immense volume of water rushed down to the city, carrying with it death and destruction. Houses with their occupants were swept away and hundreds of people were drowned.

Up to nine p. m. information received about the Johnstown catastrophe came through Pennsylvania railway officials, who averred that over 200 dead bodies had been counted floating down stream from Johnstown alone, while along the line many additional lives have been lost. It was asserted that there were but two houses in Johnstown proper entirely above the water line.

A special train bearing Pennsylvania railway officials and a large number of newspaper men left this city for the scene. Telegraphic communication was entirely out of

W. H. Hays, superintendent of the section of the Pennsylvania railroad covered by the flood, telegraphed last night to Superintendent Pittman as follows: "The destruction is terrible. The dam at Johnstown is gone between the bridge and tower. West of Johnstown, at some points the tracks are entirely carried away and road bed gone. The river for three-quarters of a mile above the bridge is filled with buildings and driftwood forty feet high, and is on fire, burning furiously, and is entirely beyond our control. I can not estimate the amount of damage. I worked over last night from Johnstown to Sang Hollow, four miles. Johnstown is literally wiped out." Superintendent Pittman, who was at New Florence, sixty-five miles east of Pittsburgh, telegraphed that over one hundred men, women and children passed Sang Hollow clinging to debris. Seven were rescued at Sang Hollow, two at Conemaugh Furnace and two at New Florence. Only forty-seven of the hundred and over passed New Florence. The loss of life and property was terrible.

A special from Blairsville station on the Pennsylvania railroad says: "John Barton, a freight engineer, saw three men and a woman struggling for their lives in the Conemaugh river just below Johnstown. The Western Union office in Johnstown was swept away four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The water in Cambria City, where are located the Cambria iron works, is thirty-five feet deep and rising."

The reservoir or dam at South Fork, which is said to have burst with such terrible results, is described by a gentleman acquainted with the locality in which it was situated to be an immense body of water formerly used as a water supply for the old Pennsylvania canal. It has been owned for several years by a number of Pittsburgh gentlemen who used it as a fishing ground. The gentleman who gave this information said that if his report of the bursting of the dam was true, he had no doubt that the damage and loss of life was fully as great as indicated in the dispatches.

OTHER TOWNS PROBABLY GONE. PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 1.—The course of the torrent from the broken dam at the foot of the lake to Johnstown is almost eighteen miles, and with the exception of one point the water passed through a narrow V shaped valley. Four miles below the dam lay the town of South Fork, where the South Fork itself empties into the Conemaugh river. The town contained about 2,000 inhabitants. It has not been heard from, but it is said that four-fifths of it has been swept away.

Four miles further down on the Conemaugh river, which runs parallel with the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, was the town of Mineral Point. It had 200 inhabitants, 99 per cent of the houses being in a flat close to the river. It seems impossible at this time to hope that any of them have escaped.

Six miles further down was the town of Conemaugh and here alone was there a topographical possibility of the spreading of the flood and the breaking of its force. It contained 3,500 inhabitants and must be almost wholly devastated.

Woodville, with 2,000 people, lay a mile below Conemaugh in the flat, and one mile further down were Johnstown and its cluster of sister towns—Cambria City and Conemaugh borough, with a total population of 30,000. On made ground and stretched along right at the river verge were the immense iron works of the Cambria Iron and Steel Company, who had \$5,000,000 invested in their plant. Besides this there are many other large industrial establishments on the bank of the river, how badly damaged can not be estimated.

THE CAMBRIA CITY HORROR. DERRY, Pa., June 1.—At Cambria City there are probably as many houses as there was a thriving manufacturing town forty-eight hours ago. No estimate can be formed of the amount of damage, but the probable loss of life is terrible. There are at present 500 lives known to have been sacrificed and hundreds of people are homeless. The cold raw weather of this morning is particularly severe on those who are without shelter and no means of relief at hand as the trains can not reach here from either west or east. Every thing possible is being done for the sufferers. Communication with the outer world has been cut off and only temporary accommodation can be had. Some place the damage to property at from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000, but until the excitement is down it is impossible to form any correct estimate.

The latest man from Johnstown brings the information that scarcely a house remains in the city. The upper portion above the bridge has been completely submerged. The water dammed up against the viaduct, the wreckage and debris finishing the work that the torrent had accorded to accomplish. The bridge at Johnstown proved too staunch for the fury of the water. It is a heavy piece of masonry, and was used as a viaduct by the Pennsylvania canal. Some of the top stones were displaced.

The story reached here a short time ago that a family consisting of father and mother and nine children were washed away in a creek at Lock Haven. The mother managed to reach the shore, but the husband and children were carried out into the Conemaugh to drown. The woman is crazed over the terrible affair. After night settled down on the mountains the horror of the scene was enhanced. Above the roar of the water could be

heard the piteous appeals from the unfortunates as they were carried by. To add also to the terror a brilliant illumination lit up the sky. This illumination can be plainly seen from this place.

A message received from Sang Hollow a few moments ago states that the light comes from a hundred burning wrecks of houses that are piled up on the Johnstown bridge.

At Lockport Edward Dick, a young railroader, rescued an old gentleman, a lady named Adams, of Cambria, and her two children by swimming out to the house in which they were imprisoned, cutting a hole in the roof and pulling them through. He then swam ashore with them, one at a time, until all were saved. Then he fell exhausted.

Patrick Madden was nearly dead when pulled from the river. He was in the house of Edward Garvey. All were caught. Ten minutes later the house was wrecked, Garvey and his son-in-law were drowned and Madden was thrown into the flood. "When I rose to the surface," he said, "I saw my wife hanging on to a piece of scantling. She let it go and was drowned, almost within reach of my arm, and I could not help or save her. I caught a log and floated with it for five or six miles, but it was knocked from under me when I went over the dam. I then caught a bale of hay and was taken out by Mr. Marener. My wife is certainly drowned, and six children all missing and I fear are drowned."

OTHER DISTRESSED TOWNS. PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 1.—Reports from along the Kiskiminetus river into which the Conemaugh empties are most distressing. The river near Saltsburgh is filled with wreckage and a number of persons were noticed clinging to such timber as would bear their weight. At Blairsville men are stationed on the bridges and banks in the hope of rescuing some of those who were being carried down the stream.

The volume of water is unprecedented. The iron bridge connecting Blairsville with Blairsville has been carried away and with it a train of heavily loaded cars standing upon the bridge to hold it in place. This was the largest and strongest bridge on the West Pennsylvania road. It is thought that all of the West Pennsylvania railroad bridges will share a similar fate.

All the towns in the Kiskiminetus valley are expected to be submerged. Among them are Livermore, Saltsburgh, Apollo, Leechburg and Avonmore, having populations of from 8,000 to 10,000 each. The inhabitants along the river have been warned, but are almost panic-stricken at the idea of their great loss of property, which is inevitable.

Later reports from Coketown is to the effect that the entire town is submerged and a number of lives have been lost at that place.

HARROWING SCENES. DERRY, Pa., June 1.—A flood of death swept down the Allegheny mountains yesterday afternoon and last night almost the entire city of Johnstown was deluged. In the rushing, angry tide, dead bodies were floating about in every direction and almost every piece of movable timber was carrying from the doomed city a corpse of humanity drifting with the raging waters, God knows where.

At Derry a group of railway officials were gathered who had come from Bolivar to the head of the possible portion of the road westward. They had seen but a small portion of the awful flood, but enough to allow them to imagine the rest. Down through the pack-saddle came the rushing waters. The wooded heights of the Alleghenies looked down in solemn wonder at the scene of the most terrible destruction that ever struck the romantic valley of the Conemaugh. The water was rising when the men left at six o'clock at the rate of five feet an hour.

Clinging to improvised rafts, constructed in the death battle from floating boards and timbers, were agonized men, women and children, their heartrending shrieks for help striking horror to the breasts of the onlookers. Their cries were carried on the wind along at a railway speed on the breast of this rushing torrent, no human indignity could devise a means of rescue.

With pallid cheeks and hair clinging wet and damp to her cheek, a mother was seen grasping a floating timber, while with her other arm she held her babe.

The tidal wave struck Bolivar just after dark and in five minutes the Conemaugh was six to forty feet, and the waters spread out over the whole country. Soon houses began floating down and clinging to the debris were men, women and children shrieking for aid. A large number of citizens at once gathered on the county bridge and they were reinforced by a number from Garfield, a town on the opposite side. They brought a number of ropes and boxes were thrown over into the boiling waters as unfortunates drifted by.

Up the river there was a sudden crash and a section of the bridge was washed away and floated down the stream, striking the tree and washing it away. All three were thrown into the water and were drowned before the eyes of the horrified spectators just opposite the town of Bolivar.

Early in the evening a woman with her two children were seen to pass under the bridge at Bolivar clinging to the roof of a coal house. A rope was lowered to her but she shook her head and refused to desert the children. It was rumored that all three were saved at Cokeville, a few miles below Bolivar.

The report from Lockport says that the residents succeeded in rescuing five people from the flood—two women and three men. One man succeeded in getting out of the water unaided. They were kindly taken care of by the people of the town.

A little girl passed under the bridge just before dark. She was kneeling on part of a floor and had her hands clasped as if in prayer. Every effort was made to save her, but they all proved futile.

There is absolutely no news from Johnstown. The little city is entirely cut off from communication with the outside world. The damage done is incalculable. No one can tell its extent. The Cambria Iron Company's works are built on made ground. It stands near the river, and many fear that it has been swept away or greatly damaged. The loss of these works alone will be in the millions.

The little telegraph stations along the road are filled with anxious groups of men who have friends and relatives in Johnstown. The smallest item of news is eagerly seized upon and circulated. If favorable they have a moment of relief, if not their faces become more gloomy. All night long the crowd stood about the ruins of the bridge which had been swept away at Bolivar. The water rushed past with a roar, carrying with it parts of houses, furniture and trees. The flood had evidently spent its force up the valley, as no more living persons were being carried past.

STIRRED UP A HORNETS' NEST.

Congressman-Elect Kelley, of Kansas, Expects the Ire of the People of Florida to Meet.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 1.—Congressman-elect Harrison Kelley, of Kansas, delivered a short address at the close of the decoration ceremonies, in which he used the following language: "The State of Arkansas is in dispute. Comrades Bonham and Gentry were assassinated in this State because they were loyal to the flag of their country. The eyes of the entire country are upon Arkansas." He said his State Legislature had passed resolutions denouncing Arkansas and calling upon the Federal Government to protect its people even if it had to put it under martial law, and then continued: "I am a Congressman and, comrades, I will see that you are protected if my influence and power can effect it, even if we have to resort to martial law." The indignation of the citizens at this remarkable speech found vent at a meeting at the court house when these resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, Mr. Kelley, of Kansas, an entire stranger, has this day disquieted the peace of a public party and insulted our people by desecrating the graves of our National dead in a bitter partisan speech, denouncing the people of Arkansas as a lawless people, incapable of self-government, and threatening with his influence as a member of Congress to put the State under martial law; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Kelley has a son living in this city who is a part owner of the Republican paper of Fort Smith, and who, unless he is removed from this city, will be an insidious agent of the South; and

THE G. A. R.

New Appointments Made—The India Territory—The National Encampment—The Uniform.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 31.—Commander-in-Chief Warner, of the G. A. R., has prepared a general order No. 8, which will be issued June 1. The following appointments are announced: Comrade Lucius Fairchild, Madison, Wis., to be a member of the National pension committee, vice James Tanner, resigned. Comrade Nelson Cole, St. Louis, to be a member of the Logan monument fund committee, vice John M. Palmer, withdrawn. Comrade Henry Page, Salt Lake City, Utah, to be Assistant Inspector-General, vice H. C. Wardleigh, resigned. The order contains a list of aides de camp appointed. Those from Missouri are as follows: A. J. Roof, of Chillicothe; Alex. Goldsmith, of St. Louis; Allen J. Showers, of St. Louis; Thomas J. Dolaner, of St. Louis; O. P. Smith, of Kansas City; James H. Steger, of St. Louis; Philip Luckner, of St. Louis; James M. Thompson, of Kansas City. Among other appointments are the following: The Indian Territory is divided between the departments of Kansas and Texas, the Canadian river being the dividing line. The Commander assures all comrades a royal welcome and ample accommodations at the Milwaukee National encampment, and requests the department commanders to see that their comrades of their respective departments who attend the encampment are properly uniformed so as to make a presentable appearance. In this connection the order states that the uniform now pretty generally adopted by department consists of a short dark blue sack coat, single breasted, with five G. A. R. buttons (two on each shoulder), vest and pants of the same material, and a black slouch hat with twisted cord ending in acorns. This is, of course, not intended to interfere with departments which have adopted a different uniform.

BUSSEY AT BALTIMORE.

Sensational Address at the Decoration Day Exercises.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 1.—General Cyrus Bussey, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior Department, created a sensation Thursday night by a reference to the South in his speech at Ford's Opera House where memorial exercises were held by the G. A. R. He said it was proper for ex-Confederates to honor the memory of the dead comrades in arms, but when they boasted of the righteousness of the Lost Cause it was quite another thing. Their cause was not right; it was a crime, and they should not teach the coming generation in the South that the Lost Cause was a just one. He objected to the inscription on the Confederate monument unveiled at Alexandria the other day which represented that men slept there who died in the consciousness of the righteousness and justice of the Confederate side. He asserted that there were thousands of men who were at heart loyal to the Union, but were forced into a service with which they had no sympathy.

The North, he said, reconstructed the South in a political sense at the close of the war; and at the present time the South was again going to be reconstructed under the guidance of Northern men—this time in its industrial development. But, he concluded, the South will only have been thoroughly reconstructed when the people of that section accord to the negro his right of suffrage; allow him to deposit his ballot and have it counted.

A Prisoner's Suicide.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., June 1.—George Wagoner, the prisoner at the jail who took poison Tuesday night, remained unconscious until morning, when he died. He left a letter to his parents, requesting them to make no investigation into his death, as he alone was responsible and no one could find out where he got the poison. He claimed to be innocent of the crime charged against him and added: "If they take Tom they will have the right one." Sheriff Crosby has instituted a rigid examination. Wagoner was charged with outraging a fifteen-year-old girl.

Five People Struck by Lightning.

CORYDON, Ind., June 1.—While Ephraim Kessler was returning from Leavenworth to his home Wednesday evening, lightning struck his wagon, in which were seated five persons besides himself, instantly killing his wife and so severely shocking a lady named Cline that she has become insane. All others were more or less injured. The wagon was shattered and one of the horses was killed.

The Coldest May on Record. LAWRENCE, Kan., June 1.—Prof. Snow, of the State University, reports this as the coldest May weather on his record for twenty years. The rainfall for the month has been 8.27 inches, the heaviest May rains on record.

INTER-STATE COMMISSION.

Three of the Commissioners Visit Kansas City to Hear Cases.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 31.—Judge T. M. Cooley, chairman, and Commissioners William B. Morrison and W. S. Bragg, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, arrived in the city last evening, and are quartered at the Coates House. They heard arguments in the Salina County case at Jefferson City yesterday morning, said Judge Cooley to a reporter, "and came direct here. We adjourned the hearing of the complaints of the Chicago Board of Trade against the Western roads of alleged discriminations in the rates for live hogs and pork to this city, in order that we might hear the arguments of the Kansas City packers in the case."

The commission will convene at ten o'clock this morning in the United States Court room and hear any testimony that may be offered in the following cases: The Chicago Board of Trade against the railways running west from Chicago, in which the complaint is that rates upon live hogs and dressed pork between Kansas City and Chicago are so adjusted as to discriminate against Chicago in favor of Kansas City, Omaha and other Missouri river and Iowa points, in that the rates on live hogs are higher than those upon dressed pork.

The second case is that of John P. Squires & Co., of Boston, against the Michigan Central and other railways east of Chicago. This is a test case in which the complaint is that the rates upon live-stock and dressed meats eastward from Chicago are so relatively adjusted as to discriminate against Boston in favor of Chicago in that the rates are higher on dressed meats than the rate on live-stock values.

The third is another test case brought by Major Sanger, Inspector-General of the United States, against the Southern Pacific Railway Company, in which Major Sanger complains of excessive passenger fare charged himself and family on the Central Pacific railway, operated by the Southern Pacific Company.

STORM FATALITIES.

Many Victims of Storms Reported From Different Parts of the Country. MARTINSBURG, W. Va., May 31.—A cyclone swept through this valley yesterday afternoon. At Falling Waters the new barn of John W. Creswell was blown down, killing J. E. Powell, a pumpmaker, and seriously injuring John Vogle, both of whom had taken refuge there from the storm. The remains of Powell were immediately brought to town and given in charge of his family. Vogle was brought in on the 4:30 train and died in a few minutes. Wheat was beaten to the ground, trees uprooted and much fencing destroyed.

FIVE KILLED AND SEVEN INJURED.

DANVILLE, Va., May 31.—Yesterday a force of men were engaged on a six-story brick tobacco factory which J. G. Penn was building. The bricklayers had just completed the walls, but there was no roof on the building. The wind was blowing a gale and one of the walls got out of plumb. A force of hands went to different parts of the building to brace the wall and were engaged when the whole building collapsed. Robert Pruitt, D. N. Collier, J. B. Jones, William Young and Buck Hooper were killed, and seven others were more or less injured.

TEN REPORTED KILLED.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 31.—A tornado gathered on the mountain side near Hagerstown, Md., yesterday afternoon, and destroyed several cottages and swept up the valley of the Potomac, carrying away a number of houses, barns and churches. Ten persons were reported killed.

SCHOONER SINKING.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 31.—Charles A. Schwartz, of Brooklyn, found a bottle in Buttermilk channel yesterday afternoon containing a long letter from the crew of the schooner General Hancock, stating that the vessel was sinking and all hands were lost.

DROWNING IN MEXICO.

CITY OF MEXICO, May 31.—Heavy storms of rain and hail were caused by a cyclone the river to inundate that town, drowning many persons and cattle, washing away many houses and destroying crops.

CAPTURED.

The Eloping Bride and Jasper Ulmer Under Lock and Key. CASSVILLE, Mo., May 31.—The rapid young Missourian who last Saturday ran off with another man's wife an hour after the marriage ceremony had been performed is now in the hands of the sheriff on the charge of abduction and the young lady is under arrest on the charge of bigamy. The girl's name is Mamie Imel and she is not quite seventeen years of age. She was a belle of Carthage and like many belles became engaged to two lovers, but unlike other young ladies she married them both. J. S. Pritchett was first chosen and he went away to Idaho and all the details of the marriage were performed by mail. A young farmer named Jasper Ulmer made such progress during the last six months that Miss Imel made a second engagement. Last week Pritchett came on to secure his bride and last Saturday they were married. Ulmer was quickly notified of what had taken place and induced the bride about an hour after the ceremony to get in the street and have a talk with him. His buggy was standing nearby and a few minutes after the conversation began he seized the bride in his arms, deposited her in the buggy and taking a seat beside her drove off at full speed. A hot pursuit was organized, but the modern Lochnivar escaped.

Sweeping Reduction.

CHICAGO, May 31.—The Chicago, Burlington & Northern announces a sweeping reduction in through rates from points in trunk line territory to St. Paul and Minneapolis via Chicago. This action was contemplated in consequence of the Milwaukee & St. Paul accepting from the Grand Haven route the same proportion of tariff that applies to traffic received from regular lake and rail lines.

The Government Sustained.

BURKLETS, May 31.—Since the recent vote of Socialists and voters at Mon, there has been much excitement over the disclosure that the Government had employed agents provocateurs and secret detectives to go among miners and others, pretend to espouse their cause and stir up disorder for the purpose of discovering the real leaders and inciters, especially Socialists. The subject had been brought before the Chamber on a resolution censuring the Government for using such agents. After a hot debate, lasting two hours, a vote of confidence in the Government was yesterday adopted by a majority of forty-six.

WEAVING THE WEB.

Woodruff, Driver of the Wagon, Makes a Confession of the Part he Took in the Cronin Murder—The Tolls Tightening—Parties Indicted.

CHICAGO, May 29.—Frank Woodruff, alias Frank Black, has confessed to Captain Schacka the whole story of his connection with Dr. Cronin's murder. According to the statements Woodruff has made to the Captain, he was not directly connected with the murder itself, but simply acted as the driver of the wagon which disposed of the dead man's body in the catch basin where it was found. Woodruff has been taken to the scene of Cronin's murder and also to the sewer where the body was found and the place where the trunk was first seen. He himself gave the driving directions to the detectives who managed the reins, and in every instance located the exact places where the chief acts in the tragedy occurred.

According to his confession, Woodruff was directed by those who had charge of that part of the conspiracy, and whose names Captain Schacka reserves for reasons that are palpable, to go to Dinan's livery stable, where he would obtain a horse and wagon. He had already been instructed to drive the outfit to the neighborhood of the Carlson cottage, and he also knew for what purpose he was to go there.

Woodruff arrived at the cottage about twenty minutes before Dr. Cronin was driven up and placed his horse and wagon at a point near the cottage, where he could keep his eyes on the front steps. He saw the white horse rig containing Dr. Cronin and his conductor arrive and three-quarters of an hour thereafter the man who was known as Williams opened the front door of the cottage and gave the signal by stamping his foot on the wooden porch. Woodruff at once drove up and assisted by the third man the trunk was loaded into the wagon.

The two men followed the trunk and directed Woodruff, who continued as the driver, to drive eastward to the lake to a certain point, which Woodruff has designated to Captain Schacka. The wagon was headed for the lake and in its depths the trunk and its contents would have been deposited had not the interruption come from the Lakeview policeman. This destroyed the original plan, and immediate steps were taken to get out of the official's way. This was done by taking a circuitous route which again brought them to the Evanston road. They had now been driving for nearly an hour with their ghastly load and one of the men suggested the sewer. A stop was made at the Fifty-ninth street intersection of the Evanston road. The top was taken off the manhole on the southeast corner and the trunk lifted from the wagon. It was then a new and unexpected difficulty presented itself. While it was possible to drop the trunk with the body into the lake, it became a physical impossibility to thus dispose of the load in the manhole. It was resolved to take the body out of the trunk, drop the body in the catch basin and return the trunk to the cottage and burn it.

But when the trunk was to be unlocked it was found that the key had been lost. Williams said there was no more time to be lost and he kicked in the lid of the trunk. The three lifted the body out and deposited it in the sewer as it was found. The trunk was again placed on the wagon and it was intended to go south for a distance and then to drive north to the cottage and there deposit the trunk.

"Right here," said Woodruff to Captain Schacka, pointing to the exact spot where the trunk was found, "we heard the noise of wagon wheels from the south and two men, one of whom had been setting on the trunk, picked it up and threw it out of the catch basin and instead of taking the horse and drive west. When we reached Fullerton avenue both men said good night to me and left the wagon."

BEFORE THE GRAND JURY.

CHICAGO, May 29.—Detective Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O. Sullivan, the ice man, and Frank J. Black, alias Woodruff, were indicted by the grand jury last evening for the murder of Dr. Cronin. This result was reached after an investigation which had begun at noon and lasted for six hours, during which two dozen witnesses were examined and a mass of evidence considered. The three prisoners were included in one indictment, to which there were three counts—one charging them with killing Dr. Cronin with a blunt instrument; the second, alleging the use of a sharp instrument; and the third, instruments and means unknown.

No evidence was introduced to prove a conspiracy and Dr. Cronin's private papers were not placed before the grand jury. The witnesses who were called were those whose stories have been told in general outline in our report in the press. State Attorney Longenecker thought it advisable to tighten the coils into which the three prisoners had already been drawn and fasten them with indictments, probably to prevent any effort to secure the release of one or more of them on bail.

The grand jury took only one vote after hearing the witnesses and that was unanimous for indicting all three prisoners. State Attorney Longenecker said that no mention of Cian-na-Gael affairs had been made in the jury room. "The charge of conspiracy was not investigated," he added, "and Mr. Cronin's papers were not brought in. Those matters will come later, probably before another grand jury."

The two warrants for Daniel Coughlin and P. O. Sullivan are not the only ones that have been issued in the case. Eight other warrants were placed in the hands of detectives and taken to different parts of the city and Lakeview. The detectives immediately began to shadow eight different suspects. The warrants are not intended for use save in such emergency as would arise from an attempt of any of the men to leave the city.

Nobody is any longer discussing the possibility of the prisoner Coughlin "squealing." The ex-detective has plainly defined his platform. Upon being urged to tell all he knew he replied in these words: "I am innocent and know nothing. But if I were guilty and did know anything, I would die before I would tell it."

Fatal Collision.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., May 29.—Two freight trains going in opposite directions collided at Ball Station at 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Both engines were crushed into a shapeless mass, five cars were reduced to kindling wood and nine cars were derailed. William B. Look, of Great Barrington, Mass., engineer of the up train, was crushed to death. Charles Olds, a brakeman on the same train, was terribly crushed and died in a few minutes after the collision. John Lamonte, of West Stockbridge, a brakeman, jumped as the trains came together. His left ankle was crushed. James McDermet, engineer of the down train, had his shoulder dislocated.

The Soranton Defalcation.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 28.—The failure of the Soranton City Bank and the arrest of Vice-President and Cashier Jessup, charged with the embezzlement of bank funds amounting to not less than \$135,000 excited the citizens. The most startling rumor is that all of the directors with the exception of President Throop and Coo, as they were convinced of the enormity of Jessup's shortage, to save themselves, withdrew to the last penny every cent that they had on deposit in the bank during the banking hours. Dr. Throop, who is worth \$5,000,000 and had \$50,000 on deposit, alone of the directors allowed his money to go into the general crash.

HILLMAN FOUND.

A Celebrated Kansas Sensation Ends in the Discovery of the Supposed Murdered Man—An Insurance Verdict That Will Be Set Aside.

TOPEKA, Kan., May 28.—The long search is over, a fugitive has been found and arrested, and an old crime partially revealed, but leaves another mysterious disappearance and an unknown dead man to be explained and accounted for.

John W. Hillman, whose supposed remains were found on Crooked creek, in Barber County, shot through the head, has just been arrested near Tombeone, A. T., where he had been working in a mine, and J. M. Miller, who had been on his track for eight long years, has earned his reward of \$10,000. A dispatch was received last evening from H. J. Franklin, formerly special agent of the Santa Fe, requesting C. S. Gleed to secure requisition papers upon the Governor of Arizona for the body of J. W. Hillman, who was now under arrest awaiting proper authority to be returned to Kansas, where his name has become famous because of the three long trials in which his wife claimed from the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, the New York Life Insurance Company and the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, the aggregate sum of \$25,000 which he had placed on his life a short time before his supposed death, and the bringing to Lawrence of his dead body, which was recognized by more than forty witnesses under oath as that of the dead John W. Hillman.

The insurance companies refused to pay the policies, declaring that the body was not that of Hillman, but the body of some man murdered for the sole purpose of obtaining the \$25,000. Pending the first suit a reward of \$50,000 was offered by the companies for the arrest of Hillman, which reward they pledged the good faith of the companies to pay whenever the missing man was arrested.

Eight years ago, J. M. Miller, then a resident of Lawrence, who, being well acquainted with Hillman and refusing to acknowledge the dead body as that of the man claimed, commenced his weary search. Knowing Hillman to have been a miner as well as a cattleman, he naturally sought the mountainous country of the West as the most natural retreat of such a man. Going to the mining countries he worked first in one camp and then another always with one eye in view, the capture of the missing man, who, if found, would also be a murderer, working first at mining then at the chopping for the Santa Fe, never long in one place. Miller ran down every possible clue, many times disappointed, but never discouraged, and never changing his belief that the Rockies held the man wanted by Justice, and whose reappearance would bring him \$10,000.

Miller's fate became a familiar one in all the camps of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Old Mexico and more Northern Territories. In this search he was aided at times by Mr. Franklin, who shared his belief that Hillman was still alive.

Two years ago Miller saw and identified his man, and immediately applied for a requisition to be sent to him. The necessary papers were issued and after some delay a man was sent with them, but Hillman had recognized his former neighbor and again disappeared.

In no wise discouraged Miller again commenced a search and last week again found his man, this time securing him and sending him to his wife, who had been on for the papers. Franklin will arrive here to-day, and will immediately start back for the man who so nearly wore out three judges and three juries and numberless lawyers and witnesses, and whose wife has since remarried.

March 17, 1876, according to evidence, John Brown and John Hillman went into camp on Crooked creek, in Barber County, being on their way to Texas. Brown went for a farmer named Briley, who returned with Brown, who had notified him of the killing. He found a wagon and a camp fire about twelve feet apart, and near the fire was a man who had been shot, the bullet from a 44-caliber gun had entered the skull one and a half inches above and one inch in front of the auditory meatus on the right side and had passed out on the left side one inch above the ear. The feet of the body were toward the fire and the head was supported on a few logs. The dead man's hat was burning in the flames. Brown said the dead man was Hillman, and in taking his gun out of the wagon in preparing to bed, he (Brown) saw and caught the hammer on the wagon box or a blanket and the gun had been discharged. He heard a groan, he turned and saw Hillman stagger and start to fall, and running to him caught him and swung him around away from the fire. He then took a horse and went for the nearest farmer.

The following morning Mr. Paddock, the justice of the peace, held an inquest, after which the body was carried to Medicine Lodge, where another inquest was held. After the second inquest the body was buried and Brown and Levi Baldwin and Alva Baldwin had brought material to fence it, when Major Theodore Wiseman and Mr. Tillingshast, insurance agents of Lawrence, arrived and insisted on exhuming the body for identification.

From the hour that disinterment took place Walker, Wiseman and Tillingshast have been sure the body was not Hillman. Levi Baldwin has said it was Hillman. Brown, who is the only person who can absolutely know, has sworn both that it was and that it was not, while Alva Baldwin, but the only one of the three of one of the most intimate acquaintances of Hillman, has never appeared in court.

The dead body was taken to Lawrence badly decomposed. Mrs. Hillman hesitated as to whether she should go and see the body, but finally decided to do so. The body was buried at Oak Hill cemetery, but was again taken up and photographed, a front and side view being taken, the face being disfigured. Some fifteen of the witnesses at the first examination swore positively that the body was not that of Hillman, there being many discrepancies in size as well as appearance. Thirty-eight other witnesses gave points which they claimed belong to Hillman, which did not appear in the body before them.

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