

Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

NOTYONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

THE HUMORIST.

He writes of all beneath the sun;
Of everything in each and every
He spins his screw of mirth and fun;
The plumb always gets his share;
He jests at what we eat and wear,
And cracks his jokes in merry glee,
He helps to drive away dull care,
Beneath the spreading chestnut-tree!

He strikes at follies, every one—
The lover, and the infatuated,
The shaming pates, the heads of hair,
His satire have they all to bear,
He's restless as the busy bee,
And hunts the toeman to his lair,
Beneath the spreading chestnut-tree!

No end of columns has he span,
And there is naught he does not dare;
He spills his ink—'tis mind's own—
No, no a mortal does he spare,
The more parents' noses glare,
The rounder his eyes grow,
The youth who by the moon doth swear,
All 'neath the spreading chestnut-tree!

ENVOL.

What has this funny man not done?
What is there that he does not see,
In hourly jest or aged pun,
Beneath the spreading chestnut-tree?
—Tid Bits.

DICK WARRINGTON.

How and Why He Offered Up His "Worthless" Life.

He had been a gentleman once, and a scholar, who had won honors at Cambridge, and was regarded as one of the best men in a college at that time unusually rich in promise. He had just seen one familiar companion of his in the old days pass into the New Law Cathedral, outside whose gates he was lounging. The famous judge gave a glance at the disreputable loafer as he went by, but never recognized him; if he had done so, he would probably have spoken, for he was a kindly-hearted man. But this very fact made the reprobate more bitter. If his old friend had cut him, there would have been some ground for declaiming against the hollowness of mankind; but Dick Warrington knew well enough that he himself had sunk out of recognition, and one's own worthlessness is not so cheering a subject of meditation as the worthlessness of other people.

He pondered over neither but only gazed moodily at the retreating figure of his old comrade, and then turned and sauntered into Long Acre. He was nearing his lodgings; they lay in a dingy court half a mile away when it occurred to him that he had forgotten his mission. He had come out, with the idle good nature that seldom deserted him, to lay wine for his landlady's husband—dying, the doctor said, of consumption. Dick's quarterly pay had just arrived from the *Social Heart*, for he contributed, to that shady scribble, which is a base imitation of the *Family Herald* with none of its virtues and with all its vices. The *Family Herald*, indeed, has few vices; for it is an excellent periodical, and you may obtain from the editor, for nothing, advice on any earthly subject you choose to consult him upon, which advice will always be terse and definite, and improving. Also you may find essays on politics and social science therein, if you are intellectual—essays that inspire one with a wish that the editor of the *Family Herald* were happily controlling the destinies of our empire instead of the too patriotic cliques which control it at present. While, as for the tales—but this is no place to rhapsodize, even over the *Family Herald*.

Warrington was on the staff of the *Social Heart*, which is, as everybody knows, a foolish and vulgar periodical, whose "criticism of life" is not worth tuppence. It paid very badly; but he contributed more or less to several other journals, of which *How Bells* was the most respectable. It was a marvel how he with his talent could write badly enough to suit some of these editors. He said it took practice; but on the whole he succeeded admirably, and the stories and articles he furnished to the public showed better than anything else how far he had fallen. And yet there was a battered remnant of nobility about him, hardly conscious of its own existence. As some old picture may lie long in a dark lumber room hidden behind great masses of rubbish, till a kindly hand opens the shutter, lets in the fresh air and the sunshine, and disperses the piled-up lumber, a chance touch shakes away the covering from the forgotten picture, scatters its dusty veil, and, hardly dimmed by years, its beauty gleams into the light again, so the spiritual virtuoso may come across strange treasure-trove, sets of chivalry, of self-forgetfulness in the most unexpected quarter.

Dick bought the wine and returned leisurely to his lodgings. He stole up to the narrow passage, and as he traversed it a strange thing happened. Through the venerable ancient air of a London lodging-house that landladies always seem to fancy, improves with age—and, indeed, it does acquire a certain fine mellowness wherein are combined the essences of many different odors—there came to him the scent of heliotrope. With it returned the memory of a day when his sister had been to visit him at college, and with her one of her friends, a beautiful light-hearted girl whom Dick had cared for with a transient boyish passion. He had bought bouquets for them, and among the flowers he gave to his sister's friends was a sprig of the dim, gray-purple blossom.

He did not pause to wonder why the old scent came back to him in this widely different atmosphere, but, passing on, entered the invalid's room. Mrs. Hartley was not there, but he saw, standing at the bedside, a girl dressed in the garb of a private sisterhood, with a cluster of flowers at her brooch. Her figure was slender and graceful, and he could see readily enough that she was a lady. His acquaintance included several women who had taken the "craze for humanity and typhus-fever," as he irreverently expressed it,

and Iris Enderby's presence did not astonish him, though he noted her beauty with pleasure. The hair was the deep brown that has gleams of ruddier color, and her eyes were clear and honest, and regarded one with a very steady and fearless glance. She turned her head as Dick entered and took him in completely, so he fancied, in about a second. There was nothing important in her scrutiny, but much that was painful to a man whose inner life had never been intended to bear investigation. Insight to character is all very well for the people who have the insight, but it is sometimes trying to the unlucky character; and so Dick felt as rather defiantly he met Iris Enderby's glance.

"She thinks," he said inwardly—"that I am one of the people it will not do to encourage." The girl had formulated no opinion so distinctly; but yet his guess was not far from the truth. For there was no denying that Dick with his battered costume, his rather dingy hands, and the reckless, devil-may-care expression on a face grown coarse that had once been handsome, looked a disreputable character, with whom a refined girl could have nothing in common. Therefore Iris withdrew her eyes with calm indifference, and went on measuring some medicinal compound.

Her face, with the indelible air of fearless innocence about it that some faces will wear to the end, awoke in Dick a novel sense of embarrassment. He hesitated, but the desire to speak to her was too strong, and he crossed over to the invalid's side.

"Can I be of any use?" he asked politely.

"No, thank you," said the girl a trifle coldly; but her voice was very pleasant and musical. "Mrs. Hartley will be here presently." She turned a passing glance on him as she spoke, distrustful and yet indifferent. But Dick paid no heed to the restraint; he spoke again, warming to the old manner.

"I have brought him some wine," he said, in a careless undertone, disburthening his hands as he spoke. "I thought it would be needed, and they have very little money. You see I have lodged here now for two years, and I am sorry he has broken down. There is no hope, I suppose?" he added, in a yet more guarded voice, though the patient was sleeping heavily.

The girl turned again, and looked him full in the face. He fancied he saw traces in her eyes some regret for having judged him too harshly, and her voice was more cordial, though in all her intonations when she spoke to him, then and afterward, he thought there was a suspicion of disdain. He never blamed her, and he knew instinctively that if his old social standing had still been his, that element in her voice would have been rather more pronounced.

"There is very little hope, I am afraid," she said gravely. "Has Mrs. Hartley any friends who can help her?" The doctor said he would require constant care.

"She has been earning for them both for some time," said Dick, "and her hands are full already. I do not think she has any friends who are likely to be of any use. If ever you are in need of a helping hand I hope you will rely upon me. I can easily sit up with him at nights and never feel it." And, indeed, he looked as if he were so used to sitting up all night that a few additional times would make no difference to him.

"Thank you," said Iris, and was silent again. The real or imagined hauteur in her voice annoyed Dick unaccountably.

"Unless you are too fastidious," he said, in a sudden tone of bitterness that astounded himself, "to take help at the hands of a poor blackguard like me."

The girl looked at him with a strange blending of compassion and repugnance in her eyes.

"You could have been a gentleman if you had wished," she said, calmly. "If you are what you choose to be, why blame me for taking you at your own valuation?"

There was something terribly true and relentless about her words, and Dick winced under them as the most violent reproaches had ceased to make him wince.

"Thank you," he said. "You show me what I have to suspect from people of a higher moral standard. And yet what right have you to assume that I am worthless?"

"It is your own appetite," she returned tranquilly. "But—forgive me—to a certain extent men write their characters in their faces."

Dick nearly swore a heavy oath, but he checked himself just in time, and spoke in tones of exceeding suavity.

"What excellent discrimination you have! Then you have ascertained that my character is too far gone to allow of my associating with you, to however small an extent, in a work of mercy."

A half smile broke over the girl's face, faint and transient, and yet it lit up the whole countenance and softened its youthful austerity.

"I did not say that," she returned, retentively. "Who am I that I should look with scorn on any human being?" (This, by the way, she should have thought of before.) "Indeed, if you care to give it, I believe that we shall be grateful for your help."

"Thank you," said Dick, his anger melting as incomprehensibly as it had arisen. "I am at your service."

He sat up that night with Hartley, fulfilling mechanically whatever offices were required of him, but thinking very little of the invalid and a good deal about Iris Enderby and his own social status. He felt to drawing the most invidious comparisons between himself and his old companions, who had walked in the light as persistently as he had walked in the darkness; between himself and his own relatives, leading unimpeachable, if prosaic, lives in the West End. When he gave place to Mrs. Hartley and slept at last, it was to dream of bishops, prayer books and church institutes, every thing calculated to awaken a sense of sneaking deficiency, and he woke still drawing invidious comparisons between himself and all of them. If Iris Enderby was to have this startling effect on his moral nature, he thought the less he saw of her the better; accordingly, he fell into a long and interesting speculation as to whether she could ever be persuaded to tolerate him. He would find out.

There passed five strange, wild weeks, the most miserable, the most rapturous in Dick's life. It is not pleasant for a man to be scorned, knowing that he deserves scorn; but before a week was over Warrington was so madly in love with Iris Enderby that he thought he would rather be scorned by her than worshipped by any other woman. He did his utmost, humbly and persistently, to win her toleration. To do him justice, it was always her toleration, never her love. Dick had most of the vices in the calendar; but there was no cold-blooded calculation about him, and but little self-conceit. He knew that he had nothing to do with Iris Enderby, yet he was fain to conciliate her by word or action, by the delicate courtesies that please women. He had been a gentleman once, he said bitterly to himself; he would try to fall into the old ways again for the last time. It was easier than he had thought.

But Iris never changed. She was always courteous, sometimes kindly; but the look of scorn in her eyes seemed to Warrington's embittered vision never to pass away.

For five weeks he saw her daily—defiant, tranquil, gentle, the light of that dark time; at the end of those weeks Hartley died. His death was sudden at the last, and only Warrington and his wife were with him. Iris, who was to have watched that night, came an hour later. When she entered with flowers in her hands, for she had brought fresh ones every day to please the invalid, Warrington was alone in the room. A dull pain was upon him, heavier than his grief for the dead man, the hard, bitter consciousness that he should see Iris no more. He rose as she entered, and though he did not speak his look warned her of the truth; and she glanced hastily at the quiet face on the pillow. Her lips quivered, and the roses dropped from her hands and were scattered, spots of glowing color on the dingy floor. Warrington, hardly knowing what he did, fell on his knees and began gathering them up, with a wild longing to speak at all hazards, to call her his saint, his divinity.

"Give me a rose," he said, huskily.

The girl's voice faltered as she answered him; but it had a ring of indignation in it that touched him to the quick. "I have no time to talk of roses," she said passionately.

"Oh, you do not understand," he exclaimed hotly. "You have no pity for the living!"

He did not glance up as he spoke, or he would have seen a strange look pass over her face. It passed like a shadow—was gone; she turned away, and the next moment he heard her voice, all sympathy, speaking to Mrs. Hartley. Then, feeling like an arrant coward, he slunk back to his own room.

Iris left an hour later. Some relatives of Mrs. Hartley's had come, and she could do little more. Dick reappeared as she was quitting the house, to offer his services as escort.

"Thank you," she said, not unkindly, but with quiet disdain. "I would rather walk alone."

"It is very late," urged Dick.

"I am not nervous," she said in a cool tone of dismissal, and he fell back. But he was not to be baffled so easily. Iris might walk solitary if she liked; but he could not prevent his following at a suitable distance, at all events, till she reached the main street. He took no pains to keep under cover, for he was reckless, and, indeed, had she turned, his tall figure and careless gait would infallibly have betrayed him.

Whether or not some instinct warned her of the truth, I can not tell; but she never cast a glance behind, not even when her quick footsteps brought her into an alley rather too riotous for her liking, and he saw her hesitate once or twice. But further on, when they entered Garrick street, he himself hastily lessened the distance between them, for things were beginning to look ominous. Half a dozen sailors, British and foreign, but all drunken, and all very much excited, had just poured out of one of the worst public houses in the quarter, and were commencing a free fight among themselves. A little throng gathered, cursing and cheering, and obstructing the pathway, and Iris stopped, a good deal frightened. Dick noted one policeman on the extreme outskirts of the disturbance leisurely whistling for help; and then—it all happened in an instant—a drunken Lascar broke out of the throng and caught Iris by the arm. She uttered a low cry. The next moment that Lascar was lying on the pavement, that Dick had flung him with perhaps unnecessary force.

Not for long. He was up again, with a demoniac look of rage on his face, and he sprang at Dick like a wild beast. Something flashed in the crimson tavern light. Then, as in wild dream, the throng melted away, with fierce cries and ejaculations, and Iris was kneeling at Dick Warrington's side, chafing his hands. There was a surgeon standing by and one or two constables, looking down compassionately on the prostrate figure, and some one had said: "There is no hope." For the Lascar's aim was not made false by passion, and he had struck at the heart. A strange and wild dream, a life that she had tried to scorn, passing away for her sake into the darkness. Dick seemed to wake from a heavy sleep, with the sound of the sea in his ears as it thundered against far distant rocks. Stay, was it the sea or the tumult of the great city? The city was growing silent now, wrapt in an ever-deepening tranquility. Then memory came back to him; he knew what had come to pass; knew that he was dying. With a pang of regret he first, but when he raised his eyes, and saw Iris Enderby's face bending over him, he was well content. It was as colorless as his own; but there was a new expression mingled with its intentness, a look that he had dreamed of seeing there, but had never thought to see in walking life, that touched him with a vague fear.

"This is good of you," he said, faintly. "I think it will not be long."

"Can you forgive me?" said the girl in a low voice. "You have laid down your life for me."

Dick looked at her with amazed eyes. The surgeon had turned away; the two constables were speaking to each other in husky undertones.

"What have I got to forgive?" he asked, wonderingly. "But I will never forget you. Ah, I wish my life had been worth your taking! A poor, poor

failure! If I had known you sooner, I might have had the heart to begin again; but I lost hope early—God knows why. You will never let it trouble you, this happy fate of mine?"

"It will trouble me," she said, slowly, "all my life."

"Ah, no!" he said, eagerly; and in that instant a strange look of nobility irradiated his face, a look it had not known for many a year.

"Forget it. I am not worthy of one regretful thought from you. Indeed, indeed, I am not worthy. And how could it end more happily? For if I had lived I should have sunk yet lower, and now I am not wholly base."

He paused. His words were growing incoherent.

"And you will give me the heliotrope you are wearing to take into the darkness, and I never shall be lonely."

"I have no heliotrope," said the girl clearly, though she shivered in the August night, "but I will give you a rose."

The rose she had worn was drooping now. She laid it in his hand; then stooping suddenly she kissed his forehead with a long, soft kiss. A light flashed into his face, and an expression so brief, so transient, she never knew whether it had been of joy or pain. Then all grew dim.

For years after there was one street that never echoed to Iris Enderby's footsteps; but now, of all dreary haunts in London, she loves Garrick street the best, and the children have learned to wait for her coming there, with outstretched hands, and the scent of heliotrope as she passes floats on the heavy air.—*May Kendall, Longman's Magazine.*

NIGHT WATCHMEN.

An Invention Which Accurately Tells Whether They Do Their Duty.

"There has been a great demand late years for a clock that would record the going and coming of night watchmen in factories, hotels and other large buildings," said a manufacturer to a reporter recently. "You may provide a building liberally with fire-escapes, but they are of little use if the watchman, being asleep, neglects to give the alarm when the fire breaks out. Thus the best of all precautions is the 'electric watchman's clock and register.' Watchmen are no better than other mortals; they will grow weary and sleepy, and some of them would rather doze all night in an arm-chair in some snug corner than march their appointed rounds. But the electric clock and register is an invention that serves as the most potent stimulus to the watchman to make him go his rounds. It is so arranged as to serve for any desired number of stations, and controlling from one to ten watchmen if necessary. At each station the watchman inserts a key and gives one full turn. This makes its unfailing record on a blank which is locked inside the clock in the office, and which is so placed that no watchman, however ingenious or sly, can tamper with it. The record when taken out in the morning shows exactly what stations the watchman visited in the night and the time of his visits."

"Are there no other contrivances, portable and more simple, that answer the purpose?"

"There are other contrivances, certainly, but none so reliable as the electric clock. For instance, there is a contrivance which a watchman carries about with him. This contains a paper dial on which record is to be made during the night by the use of a key fastened at each station to be visited. This is delivered to the watchman when he goes on duty. The blank paper dial is locked inside of it. But supplying himself with a lot of false station keys the watchman can punch all the holes he pleases and deliver the detector to the proper official in the morning correctly marked. I tell you it is a good deal of trouble for a watchman to walk about all night. There are some people, even night watchmen, who think the night was made for sleep and rest. One such who had been employed in a large hotel where the portable detector had been in use, astonished his employers by resigning shortly after they procured an electrical. He admitted that the new clock kept him going all night and disturbed his rest. Under the old arrangement he had slumbered and lounged to his heart's content. The superintendent of a large factory recently rigged a pedometer to a night watchman. The man faithfully went his rounds, and in the morning the machine registered nearly fifteen miles. In a large factory in Connecticut where the portable detector is in use, one of the officials took a notion one night to walk quietly through and see what was going on. To his surprise he found the watchman lying in a half-drunken condition in the engine-room. He thought, of course, that in the morning the dial would be presented in a very imperfect condition. But he was very much astonished to find it brought to the office with all the markings duly made. He said nothing, but took observations the next night, and noted a similar state of affairs, the markings being apparently correct in the morning. The watchman was summoned to the office and ordered to give an account of himself and his detector. The explanation was so rambling and incoherent that the man was at once dismissed. The factory folks were mystified and racked their brains to discover how a drunken man, who spent most of his nights in an engine-room, could produce such records in the morning. After many days they learned that the deceitful fellow had procured a number of blank paper dials and also a key to the lock which shut them in. He would pick them in the evening before going on duty, then open the concern, take out the blank which had been supplied him and slip the fraudulent one in its place.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

When Mr. Randall was suffering from the gout at Washington one day a newspaper correspondent called at his committee room for some information, and was out short with a very abrupt reply. The ex-speaker, noticing the visitor's look of surprise at this unusual reception, asked him: "Have you any idea how a man feels when he has got the gout?" and added: "He feels as though ten thousand needles were piercing his feet and legs in every direction and squirming about to find the tenderest places."

THE FLORIDA RAY.

An Ugly Fight With a Fish Twenty Feet Long and Eighteen Wide.

After escaping from the cold North, to spend the winter among the warm tropical bays of Florida, is like going from purgatory to paradise. There is shooting and fishing enough to satisfy the most ardent sportsman. Deer and turkeys live in the surrounding forests. The streams and lake-like bays abound in fish of many kinds. At times one may have a little sport at the expense of the sawfish, a kind of shark-like fellow, whose teeth, by some strange mistake, appear to have located themselves upon each side of his long nose rather than in the jaws.

Cruising along without any unusual incidents other than the ordinary shooting and fishing, we one night came to anchor in Wyville Bay. This is a small, nearly circular sheet of water, very shallow, and with a narrow entrance at the southeastern end of Sanibel Key. Unless you knew the bay was there, you might sail within half a mile of it without discovering the entrance, so well is it shut in by the land. During the night a gleaming phosphorescent light flickered about in various parts of the bay, showing that some shark-like creature was roaming around searching for its midnight meal. This was not an unusual sight, so we thought nothing of it except, perhaps, to reflect how admirably nature has outfitted some animals—furnishing them with a lamp which they can always have ready for use. The creatures do not have the bother of filling the lamps, nor the worry of gas bills. They carry about with them some sort of electric light generator.

Next morning, while lounging upon deck, a large dorsal fin was seen at times lifting itself above the surface. The creature seemed so large there was promise of sport, so, taking our places in the boat we pulled toward the place where the monster had last been seen. We plied the oars with a will, while the doctor, who had often boasted of his feats with the harpoon, stood in the bow ready to sink the iron into its flesh. The doctor stood at the bows, watching intently for the strange monster. In a few moments he saw ahead of us, down below the surface, a dark, moving mass. We steadily neared the fish until his form showed plainly in the clear blue waters, which were scarcely disturbed by a ripple. The creature rose toward the surface, and the doctor, lifting his harpoon into the air, held it poised for a moment, while calculating the distance, the effect of refraction and the force required. Then whiz went the spear down into the water. A single second sufficed to show the effect of the cast. First the creature lifted his great flippers from the water with a motion that sent bucketfuls of brine into the boat, giving us all a morning bath. Then the line began to run out over the gunwale of the boat. As it skipped through the water, swaying to and fro, the spray flew like rain. After about fifty feet of line had gone out we managed to get hold of the rope, and matched our strength against that of the sea devil. If three individuals were ever jerked around in a more vivacious manner they have my utmost sympathies. Now the creature would land us all together in a heap, then slacken up and take us unawares, throwing us to the deck with a force that fully came up to my preconceived ideas of sport.

This sort of fun lasted about five minutes, during which a council of war was held. The question at issue was "Shall we cut the rope, or hold on and let him tear the boat to pieces?" We decided to hold on or die. Our hands were badly blistered, and on one accord we let go and the line rushed on until the end was reached. The rope was fastened in the bow; I held my breath, expecting to see the line snap but it held fast. Backward and forward went the monster. Sometimes faster, sometimes slower, turning abruptly upon his course, then speeding on again, in a vain endeavor to get rid of his pursuers; but wherever he went we followed. One moment he was going directly for our schooner, and had he kept in his course we would have been obliged to cut the rope, but he turned aside.

He now went straight onward, turning neither to right nor left, and it soon became evident what new idea had entered his head. He was going out through the entrance into the deeper waters with the idea of eluding us there. Swiftly we rushed along and I began to despair of capturing the monster, when of a sudden he appeared at the surface. Bang went my rifle and a piece of lead was added to his weight. The shallow water forced him to the surface and in five minutes not less than half a pound of lead entered his carcass. He began to grow weaker and we drew him along towards us. Just as we were going into the deep water he turned savagely as if to crush the boat. As he approached the doctor dealt a death-blow with a lance, and the great fish plunged with terrific force into the water. Then it became motionless. How long this was kept up I do not know, but it must have been nearly two hours.

We now began to understand, for the first time, what a huge fish he had been following. Finding that we could not move the carcass from the bottom we brought the schooner alongside, and rigging tackles to both masts, we managed to hoist it to the surface, but could not get more than a third of the body out of the water at a time. It belonged to the group of rays or skate. The common name is sea vampire or sea bat. He has no fins but uses the extended flaps of the body as a means of propulsion, and as he moves through the water looks very much like a huge bat; hence, I suppose, the name vampire. The tail has shriveled up until there is nothing left but a long, slender ray, five feet in length and slender as a whipstick, a ludicrous appendage for such a monster. The measurement from side to side was twenty feet, and the length about eighteen feet. We had no means of determining its weight, but authorities say that such a vampire weighs from three to four tons.

The head is the part of greatest interest. The mouth is three feet by one foot, and perfectly regular and oval in shape. It is beautifully white and smooth inside, and without the least trace of a tooth. At each angle of the mouth, a strange, nondescript, fleshy

protruberance about eighteen inches long and standing out obliquely. The creature no doubt feeds on small organisms of some kind, and when swimming rapidly in the tideways is able by means of these organs to direct into his mouth a larger amount of food than he could otherwise obtain.

The gills are a marvel of beauty. They are six in number, three on each side about two feet long and six inches wide. They are furnished with about fifty pockets each, opening inwardly, but closed on the outside by a most delicately wrought net work of little arches studded with points, and fitting so closely that the fish must be able to strain from the water which it forces through them every thing except that which is fairly microscopic. No description without elaborate drawings can give an adequate picture of the extreme beauty and delicacy of these structures.

The monster is blue-black above, and white, varied with dusky opaque clouds, beneath. It is as ugly as a fish could well be. It has the fierceness of a shark without the shark's good looks, for a shark is really a graceful creature. But this awkward, clumsy thing is broad and flat, with its mouth beneath and its eyes sunk into the bones of the head above. One shudders in looking even at the dead vampire, and I believe, had we known what the creature was that was towing us, we would have given him the slip and presented him with fifty feet of rope and an iron-pointed spear.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

Ignorance of People Concerning Mysteries of Dissolution.

Every year adds a mass of testimony more or less convincing of the popular and professional ignorance prevalent concerning the phenomena of death. Accounts are published from time to time of premature burials, of suspended animation and of coffined corpses which have at the last moment electrified their respective circles of mourners by giving some sign of vitality just sufficient to rescue them from the unyielding grave. Some people read these stories, others pass them over, and in a few instances they are cut out and pasted into scrap-books devoted to a collection of data bearing on the subject. Within the space of fifteen years, for example, the amount of gross matter that may come to the notice of the average casual newspaper-reader is enormous. It will be enough to fill many a large scrap-book, and it will embrace testimony relating to all the phenomena connected with the mystery of physical dissolution.

Such a collection would include case after case of premature burial, simulated death and resuscitation of those supposed to be dead. In case the collector were disposed to make a hobby of the subject he would have no difficulty in completing his data with testimony as to the different phases of death by starvation, by drowning and by hanging. Such a collection not only might be made, but actually has been made, and in all instances where it was practicable every case has been carefully authenticated.

Any one who will take the trouble to review such a mass of testimony will be pretty thoroughly convinced of two things: The first is the lack of understanding of the multitudinous details of death. The second is the ignorance of the simple methods of resuscitation and restoration that may be effectually employed under certain circumstances. The inevitable conclusion to be reached from these premises is that there is no absolute proof of death in one case out of a hundred, as no scientific tests are applied. In the majority of cases after respiration ceases the attending physician is called. He pronounces the patient dead. The minister is summoned, then the undertaker, and the body is interred. The evidences of death in such a case are found simply in the appearance of the body. The limbs are stark and rigid, the under jaw is fallen, the eyes are set, the lips discolored and an ashy pallor has swept over the countenance. Yet for all this the vital spark may not have been entirely extinguished. A prolonged period of inaction, cataleptic conditions, syncope, or trance may account for these appearances. This is proved by the numerous instances in which exhumed caskets have given indubitable evidence of an appalling struggle, in which lining, pillows and shrouds have been torn to shreds.

A curious fact connected with one form of inaction may be found in the trivial circumstance necessary in some instances to recall the ebbing tide of life. In one case as the attendants were removing rings from the finger of a supposed corpse the body straightened up and respiration commenced. In another case an accident, a fall from a lance, and in another a sudden shriek served to rouse persons just before burial from a state of trance. In other instances the terrible spectacle of the closing coffin lid has been sufficient to release the victim from the cataleptic state. One man sat bolt upright in his coffin and exclaimed: "What is it all about?" A little girl said: "Papa, please don't leave me," and a woman screamed, "I am not dead." A singular instance of sudden restoration is found in the case of Miss Clara Munce, of Greenport, Conn., who has in her possession a large silver plate on which is engraved her name, together with the date of her birth and the date of her supposed death. On the last mentioned date she was lying in her coffin perfectly conscious of the funeral ceremony that was going on about her. As her friends passed round the coffin to view her remains and kissed her. Suddenly one noticed that the corpse's nose was bleeding. Mental agony had superinduced this sign of life.

Decomposition is said to be the only infallible sign of death. By using modern appliances of ice and embalming-fluids bodies may be kept several days after decomposition has set in, all doubt of death being thereby removed. The Greeks and Romans were to have realized this fact, for laws existed among them forbidding interment for from three to eight days after death. The first recorded instance of the restoration to life of an individual about to be buried was that of a woman in Agrigentum, in ancient Greece. Her funeral was arrested by Empedocles, who restored her to life.—*Chicago News.*

The Chase County Courant.

Official Paper of Chase County. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THIS CITY.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

The President has sent a long message to the Senate, giving his reasons for refusing the application of the Senate committees for the papers filed in the cases of suspended officers. It is a strong paper, and we are not sure that the President has not got the best of the argument.

This is candid, and we believe, is meant. We think Mr. Admire would say if it were not postmaster. The message is an admirable document. It is what may be truly called an able State paper.

In the present contest between the Senate and the President, our sympathies are entirely with the former. The Senate has always been imposed upon. The Presidents have frequently rebelled against it.

Our Little Men and Women (D. Lotherop & Co.) for April, has a sketch "Easter Monday at the White House," which gives an account of the annual egg-rolling at the National Capital.

The March number of Demorest's Magazine will be found unusually interesting. "A Quaint Cuban City," "Siasconset," and "The Two Esthers," are remarkably good stories.

In nearly a column article in last week's Independent, under the head of "The Morgans," Col. E. N. Wood, of Topeka, says: "I recollect when they undertook to crush our poor Timmons, and that I, for a paltry fifty dollars aided them in this unpardonable outrage, and the COURANT office, for a time, was closed up."

Mr. Geo. L. Skinner was down to Kansas City, last week. Mr. Geo. O. Hildebrand, of Tullahoma, Tenn., was on our streets, this week, shaking hands with his many friends.

Mr. Philip McCabe, a brother of Mr. Bernard McCabe, of Bazaar, arrived from Ireland, last week, and is making Strong his home.

support the candidates of his party. Mr. Blaine tells about Mr. Edmund's attitude upon the embarrassment resulting from the tenure of office act confronted Gen. Grant at the assembling of Congress during the first of his administration, and says: "The Republicans quickly perceived that trying the hands of a hostile President like Andrew Johnson afforded more satisfaction than the same process applied to a friendly President like Gen. Grant."

Mr. Edmund's conduct at present is hardly consistent with his course seventeen years ago, and it must be extremely unpleasant to be reminded of the fact by the man whose very inconsistency was the chief cause of Mr. Edmund's objection to him.

My DEAR SIR:—Some one has kindly sent me an invitation to be with you this evening, for which I am truly thankful, though it came too late to enable me to attend.

I believe me, however, that I shall, though not present with you, send my heart with yours to the little band across the sea, where so many sturdy hearts are throbbing for liberty.

Where the shamrock grows green from the clif to the shore, Patrick was born. Where the madmen are fair, and the men are handsome, Shall we hear his bright harp with the sounds of Moore.

Let us pray God that Ireland's shamrock and thistle may yet be the emblem of liberty God intended for all mankind. The freedom of Ireland is in the near future.

Mr. Geo. L. Skinner was down to Kansas City, last week. Mr. Geo. O. Hildebrand, of Tullahoma, Tenn., was on our streets, this week, shaking hands with his many friends.

Mr. Philip McCabe, a brother of Mr. Bernard McCabe, of Bazaar, arrived from Ireland, last week, and is making Strong his home.

Mr. Thos. G. Powell, Jr., has moved on to one of Mr. B. Lantry's farms. News is scarce and the weather lazy; so I will let up this time.

TREES! TREES! Tree planters and all others who are interested in tree growing, please do not miss this special price list of Evergreen and Forest Trees, both of J. A. and nursery grown.

Bills Allowed by the Board of County Commissioners.

Table listing bills allowed by the Board of County Commissioners, including names like W. Morgan, J. H. Martin, and amounts.

ORDINANCE NO. 151.

An ordinance calling an election for City Officers. Be it ordained by the Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Cottonwood Falls, Chase County, Kansas.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT WICHITA, KAN. February 25th, 1886. Notice is hereby given that the following named section has been sold to the Government.

MCQ. GREEN, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, STRONG CITY, KANSAS. Office and residence near the Catholic church.

M. A. CAMPBELL,

DEALER IN HARDWARE! STOVES, TINWARE, Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse-shoes, Horse-nails; a full line of Wagon and Buggy Material, Iron & Wood Pumps, a complete line of STEEL GOODS!

Glidden Fence Wire.

Sole agent for this celebrated wire, the best now in use. Full Line of Paint & Oil on Hand. A COMPLETE TINSHOP.

WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

PAINTING! PATRONAGE SOLICITED; FIRST-CLASS WORK OR NO PAY! CARRIAGE WORK A SPECIALTY!

Win H. Stenhouse grading approaches to Silver creek bridge. John Johnson, defending the Texas title case. D. G. Groundwater, furnishing wood for Johnson.

C. C. WATSON

At His Old Tricks Again! This time in a NEW ROLL. Now This Is Business! Prices Knocked Clear Out. LOOK AT THEM!

25 boxes of matches for 25 cents, at FERRY AND WATSON'S. 25 pounds of beans for \$1.00, at FERRY AND WATSON'S.

18 pounds of prunes for \$1.00, at FERRY AND WATSON'S. 8 pounds of coffee for \$1.00, at FERRY AND WATSON'S.

45 cents per pound, at FERRY AND WATSON'S. 25 bars of soap for \$1.00, at FERRY AND WATSON'S.

The finest syrup to be had at 40c per gallon, at FERRY AND WATSON'S. Coal oil 15 cents per gallon, at FERRY AND WATSON'S.

16 pounds of New Orleans sugar for \$1.00, at FERRY AND WATSON'S. 10 pounds of evaporated apples for \$1.00, at FERRY AND WATSON'S.

Clothing at LESS THAN COST! Closing out our stock. Going out of business. This is business right from the shoulder.

C. C. WATSON ATTORNEYS AT LAW. THOS. H. GRISHAM ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. C. N. STERRY, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.

EMPORIA, KANSAS. Will practice in the several courts of Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein.

CHAS. H. CARSWELL, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHASE COUNTY, KANSAS.

Will practice in all the State and Federal courts and land offices. Collections made and promptly remitted. Office, east side of Broadway, south of bridge. mb29-tf

JOSEPH C. WATERS, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Topeka, Kansas.

(Postoffice box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton. mb28-tf

S. N. WOOD, A. M. MACKREY, J. A. SMITH, WOOD, MACKREY & SMITH, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW.

Will practice in all state and Federal courts. Office 145 Kansas Ave., TOPEKA, KANSAS.

MISCELLANEOUS. A GIFT send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you FREE a royal valuable set of boxes of wood.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING A book of 100 pages. The best book for an advertiser to consult, be experienced or otherwise.

A PRIZE send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of cigars which will help you to more money right away than anything else in the world.

DE LAND & CO'S GARDEN STAF SODA Best in the World.

JOHN FREW, LAND SURVEYOR, AND CIVIL ENGINEER, STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

WIN more money than anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed easily. None fail. Terms: free HALL'S BOOK CO., Augusta, Maine.

M. LAWRENCE, MERCHANT TAILOR, Satisfaction Guaranteed, and Charges Reasonable, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

J. W. MCWILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency ESTABLISHED IN 1869. Special Agency for the sale of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad lands.

JOHN B. SHIPMAN, MONEY TO LOAN. In any amount, from \$500.00 and upwards, at low rates of interest, on improved farm lands.

MARTIN HEINTZ, Carpenter & Builder, Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop, at his home, northwest corner of First and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. mb28-tf

The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1886.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for ad type (week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 4 weeks, 5 months, 6 months, 1 year) and rates for different ad sizes (1 in., 2 in., 3 in., 4 in., 5 in., 6 in., 7 in., 8 in., 9 in., 10 in., 11 in., 12 in.).

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

TIME TABLE.

Table showing train schedules for East Pass Mail, West Pass Mail, and other routes, including destinations like Cedar Pt., Elmdale, and Strong.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

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

Spring seems to be here. Mrs. J. H. Doolittle is sick. The frogs are singing now at night. The whip-poor-will has come again. Warm, south winds, Saturday and Sunday. Mr. J. H. Scribner is sick, with pleurisy. The prairie chickens have begun to crow again. Mr. Geo. Kerr is sick, with erysipelas in his face. The kildees put in an appearance last Sunday. Miss Cora Blackreher, of Elmdale, is quite sick. Mr. A. R. Ied, of Clements, was out to Peabody, last week. Mrs. Dr. R. Walsh is at Kansas City, visiting her sister. Mr. E. Link took a car load of cattle to Kansas City, Monday. Mrs. J. C. Ragsdale is sick, with inflammation of the stomach. No school this week. The spring term will begin next week. The Gray Bros. received four stallions, Monday, from Illinois. Mrs. A. Z. Scribner has our thanks for a good-sized bucket of lard. County Treasurer W. P. Martin was down to Emporia, last Monday. Mr. D. Biggam took two car loads of cattle to Kansas City, Tuesday. Two brothers of Mr. Jesse Gray arrived here, Sunday, from Illinois. Mr. W. S. Romigh came home from the west part of the State, Saturday. Mr. A. C. Burton, of Strong City, was down to Emporia, last Saturday. Eddie, the ten-year-old son of Mr. E. Williams, is sick with bilious fever. Dr. J. W. Stone is having an addition built to the rear of his office block. Mr. W. M. Kellogg went to Matfield Green, Monday, to clerk for Mr. B. F. Lurgat. Mrs. W. G. Patton is enjoying a visit from her nephew, Mr. Cable, of Illinois. Miss Mabel Brockett who is teaching school at Thurman, spent Saturday and Sunday at home. Mr. D. B. Berry, of Diamond creek, has bought 10,000 head of Texas steers for his ranch in Montana. Mr. Geo. Mann moved into the Robert Clements house, in the southwest part of town, last Saturday. Dr. W. H. Cartter returned home Monday morning, from Washington City, looking hale and hearty. Mr. F. P. Cochran returned, last Thursday, from an extended business trip through the southern part of the State. While riding his horse, last Friday, the animal fell on Dr. J. W. Pollard, of Clements, bruising his left leg quite badly. Mrs. Wm. Rockwood and Mrs. W. H. Holsinger were out to Newton, last week, attending the Grand Chapter, O. E. S. Mr. James Wheeler has moved into the house south of Mr. J. J. Massey's residence, which he bought of Mr. S. A. Perrigo. Mr. Frank J. Hard, managing agent for the Rocky Mountain Mining Journal, was visiting the Rev. W. B. Fisher, last week. Mr. W. W. Hotchkiss, having sold his pork interests at New Haven, Connecticut, returned here, on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. James Harvey has moved into the house south of Mr. C. C. Watson's, having purchased the same from Mr. Isaac Alexander. Mr. John Haskins, agent for that excellent newspaper, the Kansas City Star, gave this office a pleasant call, Tuesday afternoon. At Mr. S. J. Evans' raffle, Monday morning, Mr. Geo. Mann won the horse; Dr. Arnold won the buggy, and Mrs. E. F. Bauerle won the harness. Mr. C. C. Watson, having bought from Mr. E. A. Kinne the house just south of the Court-house, has moved it on to his lots north of Mr. C. C. McMillan's. Misses Mabel and Nellie Howard, daughters of Mr. A. S. Howard, who have been attending Bethany College, at Topeka, came home, on Wednesday of last week, to remain for a while. Yesterday was St. Patrick's day, and it was duly celebrated at the Catholic church in Strong City, in the morning, by high mass, and a panegyric of the saint by the Rev. Guido Stallo, O. S. B. Judge Houk has appointed Messrs. S. F. Jones, Wm. Norton and Aaron Jones as appraisers to condemn a right of way for the A. T. & S. F. R. R. to build a road from Elinor up South Fork. The Rev. W. B. Fisher and wife and Capt. W. G. Patton were at Burlington, last week, attending the semi-annual meeting of the Southern Association of Congregational churches and ministers. At a recent meeting of the City Council a resolution passed extending the time until April 1, 1886, for parties to take in their fences from off the streets and sidewalks and to open up the alleys. The Santa Fe R. R. Co. has a corps of engineers at work surveying up Diamond creek, which looks as if they are trying to scare the Rock Island folks from coming into this county. At a meeting of the City Council, held, Tuesday morning, an ordinance allowing bills was passed, which will be published next week; as also an ordinance ordering a city election, which see in another column. Winters-Henry. To be married at the residence of the bride's father, at Ocheltree, Kansas, on the evening of March 17th, Mr. W. H. Winters, of this city, to Miss Ella Henry, of Ocheltree. —Strong City Independent. Mr. R. E. Maloney had his left leg badly bruised, last Saturday morning, by a board on the wagon on which he was hauling rock for the bridge at Cartter's ford breaking and letting a heavy stone fall on his leg. Married, at the Ereka House, Cottonwood Falls, by Judge C. C. Whitson, Thursday, March 11, 1886, Wm. Snedegar, Esq., and Miss Ella, daughter of Dr. G. W. Bocook, all of Matfield Green, Chase county, Kansas. We understand that the A. T. & S. F. folks have bought 320 acres of Lot Leonard's place, at Bazaar, for \$14,000; and that they have also bought Dr. Bocook's place, at Matfield Green, which looks as if the Santa Fe folks are getting ready to fight the C. E. & S.-W. R. R. Mrs. Anna Houk, wife of the Judge of this district, is now the successor of Mr. Altdoerfer as court stenographer. Mrs. Houk is a lady of mental powers and a liberal culture, and she brings to the position of official reporter commendable skill and active energies. —Florence Tribune. Mr. W. H. Winters left this city, on Tuesday night, to go to Ocheltree, Kansas, where his intended bride resides, and will remain there until after his marriage, on March 17th, when they, as man and wife, after spending a short time in visiting some friends, will return to this city, where they expect to make their home for the present. —Strong City Independent. We agree to give any one a dollar, who will test during the next ten days the coal oil we are selling at 15 cents a gallon, and then truthfully tell us it is not as good as the coal oil that 25 cents a gallon is charged for at other stores in this town. "The proof of the pudding is in the chewing of the bag." Our other goods will stand the same test. FERRY & WATSON. Mr. R. B. George, of Chicago, Ill., who has been holding a musical convention in the M. E. church since last Friday, gave a concert, last night, in that church, which was greeted by a crowded house. The singing was most excellent, thus showing what Mr. George can do with pupils in so short a time. He and his estimable wife are well worthy of the patronage of lovers of music. Prof. E. N. Plank who is making a botanical tour of the State, will deliver a lecture at the M. E. church, in this city, next Sunday evening, at the usual hour of service; subject, "Natural proofs of the immortality of the soul." The public generally are invited to attend, especially those who would like to hear the subject considered from the stand of reason and philosophy. S. DAVIS, Pastor. We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. L. Martin, of Los Angeles, Cal., formerly of this city, dated March 4, in which he says: "We have had a delightful winter; frost but four morn-

ings; ice but two, and very thin then. Everything is looking well. Haying will begin next month. We have plenty of new potatoes and all kinds of vegetables for the last four weeks. This would be a paradise if it did not take so much work to keep the weeds down. There is abundance of snow on the mountains seven or eight miles north of us." Last Friday morning, the dead body of Mr. Isaac Jones, aged about 67 years, was found by his youngest son, Eddie, hanging in the wood shed, or smoke house, on his place on Bloody creek, when the coroner was sent for, but being out of town, he did not begin the holding of the inquest until Saturday; but before arriving at a verdict the inquest was adjourned to the 25th instant, and the body was interred in the cemetery west of town, on Sunday. We understand that on Friday morning Mr. Jones sent this son to Mr. C. Wilson's to tell Mr. Wilson he would soon pay him for the use of a horse Mr. Wilson had let him have; but before the boy left his father borrowed a lead pencil from him and gave him a five dollar bill, telling him if he was not at home when he got back to keep the money; and when the boy returned home he found his father, as above stated. HUNGERFORD-SCHIMPF. Married, March 9, 1886, by the Rev. Father Guido Stallo, O. S. B., at Strong City, Kansas, Mr. Frank Hungerford and Miss Verona Schimpff, both of Prairie Hill, Chase county, Kansas. After the performance of the ceremony the happy couple repaired to the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schimpff, on Rock creek, where a merry party of invited friends and relatives had gathered about twilight, and dancing had already begun when they got there, about two hours later; then there was an intermission, and congratulations and kisses were in order. At midnight a beautiful supper was served by the hostess. Then dancing was resumed and kept up till daylight. The guests then departed, feeling they had had a very pleasant time, and wishing the bride and groom a long and pleasant journey through life. They will take up their residence on the J. B. Sharp farm. The following is a list of the presents: Tea set of silver knives and forks, Mr. W. Kerrell. Set of tea spoons and table spoons, R. Manly, Frank Waters, Earle and Nina Spener. Silver butter knife, Geo. Yeager, Jr. Set of goblets, Miss Rich. Bottle of perfume, Cain Watson. Set of sauce dishes, Mattie Coe. Two preserve dishes, Miss A. Leach. Pair of linen towels, Miss E. Schwilling. Linen table cloth, Mr. B. Yealin. Crazy cushion, Miss Callie Schimpff. Glass fruit dish, Messrs. Stubenhofer. Pair of linen towels, John Bookstore. Glass cake stand, Jas. and Freddie Coe. Table linen, Mrs. Doring. Set of silver knives and forks, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock. Table linen, Messrs. Stabenhofer. Tidy and card receiver, Mrs. G. Miller. Large lamp, Surflo and Guyer. Pickle castor, Messrs. Manly and Langendorf. Rocking chair, Leo, Will, Annie and Kittie Becker. ELMDALE ITEMS. Mr. L. B. Breese's new store room will be completed by the end of this week, and he will move into it next week. The revival ended last Monday evening, and we understand that a great deal of good was accomplished. The Elmdale Literary Society ends for this winter, next Saturday evening. There will be an excellent programme rendered, and all who attend may expect to enjoy themselves. A Camp of Sons of Veterans was established at Elmdale, last Monday evening. Geo. Rider left for Lakin, Kansas, last Saturday. Mr. C. E. Houston and wife went to Lane county, last week. We saw the faces of our Sheriff and wife and Mrs. J. C. Davis, of the Falls, in attendance at the revival, last week. Ploving is the theme that engages the attention of the farmers now. Rev. N. R. George and family leave for their home in Graham county, this State, next week. The Congregationalists are without a minister at present, but they hope to soon be supplied with a new one. Mrs. L. B. Breese and Miss Julia Shipman attended the convention of the Congregationalists at Burlington, Kansas, last week. OMEGA. FARM FOR SALE. 120 acres of land, all fenced, with running water, bottom land, quarries, and timber, four miles south of Cottonwood Falls. Price \$2,300, on easy terms. Enquire of Dr. Walsh. me4-4t. FOR RENT. A good barn, enquire at the office of COCHRAN & HARPER. BUSINESS BRIEVITIES. Fine watches will receive careful attention, by experienced workmen at Ford's jewelry stores, in Strong City and Cottonwood Falls. All work warranted. Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle. Go to J. S. Doolittle & Son's for bargains; and don't you forget it. A good stock of silver ware, at Ford's jewelry stores. me18-tf A car load of Moline wagons just received at M. A. Campbell's. Persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle at once. JOHNSON & THOMAS. Fine gold goods, at Ford's stores.

KUHL'S HARNESS SHOP, ESTABLISHED IN 1867; ALWAYS ON HAND Harness, Saddles, Blankets, OF ALL KINDS. Buffalo Robes, Jab Robes, Wolf Robes Seal Skin Robes and Robes of all Varieties. ALSO A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TRUNKS AND VALISES; ALSO, BEST COAL OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE, Northeast Corner of Main Street and Broadway, COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - - KANSAS.

BAUERLE'S CONFECTIONARY AND RESTAURANT AND BAKERY. My lean, lank, hungry-looking friend, why don't you take your lunch at Bauerle's Restaurant and grow fat? My friend, I thank you for your kind advice. It is worth a good bit to know where to get a first-class lunch! I will patronize Bauerle. Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

SETH J. EVANS. PROPRIETOR OF THE FEED EXCHANGE EAST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS. BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY. THE CHEAPEST MEAT MARKET IN COTTONWOOD FALLS. Steaks, @ 5 to 11 cts. Roasts, @ 5 to 7 cts. Boiling, @ 4 to 5 cts. Choice corned Beef, @ 7 cts. per pound. Hams, bacon & Bologna always on hand. Highest Cash Price PAID FOR HIDES. GO TO GEORGE W. HOTCHKISS, Broadway, opposite Doolittle & Son's. I MEAN BUSINESS; AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT. oct29

GEORGE W. HOTCHKISS, Broadway, opposite Doolittle & Son's. I MEAN BUSINESS; AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT. oct29

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES FOR FOUR AND FEED. Full Patented Marion Roller Mills, per Sack, \$1.30. Eureka Brand, per Sack, \$1.15. "Fancy," per Sack, \$1.05. Bran, per Bushel, \$0.75. AT THE MEAT MARKET GEORGE W. HOTCHKISS, - - - Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. me1-tf

Messrs. M. M. Young and S. J. Evans are now running a sure-groing hack, and orders left at Central Hotel or at Mr. Evan's Livery Stable will be promptly attended to. nov26-tf M. Lawrence has just received a fine line of samples of some of the best woolen goods in market, which any one ought to see before getting their spring and summer suits. feb18-tf Winter will soon be upon us, and now is the time to begin to prepare to keep warm when it has come, therefore, you should go to M. A. Campbell's and get a heating stove that will be an ornament to your room as well as a comfort to your body. A. L. Maynard, wholesale and retail dealer in fruit and ornamental trees, flowering shrubs, green-house plants, etc., has located in Strong City, with his family. He says he can sell stock cheaper than any other traveling dealer, and desires you to get his prices. M. A. Campbell has a corn-sheller that he never saw its likes before. All you have to do is, to fasten the sheller to a tub, put the corn in it (the sheller) and turn the crank, and—well, go and get one, for it is cheap, and you will see for yourself how rapidly it will shell corn. As every cultivated family now-a-days must have some practical art magazine, we have made arrangements with The Art Amateur, the leading publication of its class, whereby we can furnish that periodical, together with the COURANT, including postage for \$4.50 a year, if paid in advance. The regular price for The Art Amateur alone is \$4.00. Calico, 20 yards for \$1.00 at Ferry & Watson's. Don't forget that you can get anything in the way of general merchandise, at J. S. Doolittle & Son's. A fine lot of new goods, at Ford's jewelry stores. M. A. Campbell can furnish you with any kind of a cooking stove that you may want.

J. S. Doolittle & Son have their shelves filled with good goods that they are selling at bottom prices. They also keep a full line of cheap clothing. Give them a call. The best is always the cheapest. In fine photographic work Mr. Page of Emporia, leads all competition. He is always at the front in introducing new or improved methods, and, in addition to all regular styles, presents many novelties peculiar to his own gallery. Parties from Cottonwood Falls and Strong City will be allowed a round trip fare to Emporia on orders for one dozen cabinet pictures, or one dozen cards. Bring this paper with you, and don't forget the place, L. S. Page, 166 Commercial Street, Emporia, Kansas. Before buying a heating stove anywhere else, go to M. A. Campbell's, on the west side of Broadway, and see what nice ones he has. Rockwood & Co. are selling fresh meats as follows: Steaks at 6 to 12 cents; roasts at 6 to 8 cents; for boiling, at 5 to 6 cents. M. A. Campbell has just received a large supply of heating and cooking stoves; so if you want anything in that line you should give him a call. You can get anything in the way of tinware or hardware or farming implements at M. A. Campbell's. Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store. We ask you to examine our prices and quality of goods. FERRY & WATSON. A car load of Studebaker's wagons and buggies just received at M. A. Campbell's. A car load of Glidden fence wire just received at M. A. Campbell's. oct5-tf A responsible man wants to rent a farm. Enquire of Jas. P. McGrath, agent. ja14-tf

MISCELLANEOUS. GEORGE W. WEED. TEACHER OF Vocal & Instrumental Music, COTTONWOOD FALLS. Waukesha Glenn. QUEEN OF WATERS. Guaranteed Medicinally Superior—containing more natural mineral salts. It is pure. Is the only diuretic water known in the world which acts directly upon the secretions of the Liver, Kidney, Urinary and Generative Organs, and is Nature's Sovereign Remedy for that numerous class of diseases that afflict the human family. Thousands of testimonials made from. As a test we will send you a sample case of ten quart bottles, as bottled for family and club use, on receipt of \$1.50 and this advertisement, or a half barrel for \$3. Address T. H. BRYANT, Box B, WAUKESHA, WIS.

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RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

"FISHERS OF MEN."

I had a dream, a varied dream. Before my ravished sight The city of my Lord arose. With all its love and light. The music of a myriad harps Flowed out with sweet accord; And saints were casting down their crowns In homage to our Lord. My heart leaped up with untold joy; Lie's toil and pain were o'er, My weary feet at last had found The bright and restful shore. Just as I reached the gates of light, Ready to enter in, From Earth arose a fearful cry Of sorrow and of sin. I turned, and saw behind me surge A wild and stormy sea, And drowning men were reaching out Imploring hands to me. And every lip was blanched with dread And moaning for relief; The music of the golden harps Grew fainter for their grief. Let me return, I quickly said, Close to the pebbly gate; My work is with these wretched ones, So wrecked and desolate. An angel smiled, and gently said: This is the gate of life. With thou return to Earth's sad scenes, Its weariest and its strife? To comfort hearts that sigh and break, To dry the falling tear, With thou forego the music sweet Enticing us by ear? I must return, I firmly said, The strugglers in that sea, Shall not reach out beseeching hands In vain for help to me. I turned to go; but as I turned The gloomy sea grew brown, And from my heart there seemed to flow Ten thousand cords of pain. And sin-wrecked men, with eager hands, Did grasp each golden cord; And with my heart I drew them on To see my gracious Lord. Again I stood beside the gate, My heart was glad and free; For with me stood a rescued throng The Lord had given me. Mrs. F. E. W. Harper. N. Y. Independent.

ALONE WITH GOD.

The Necessity and Blessedness of Frequent and Secret Communion with the Lord. In a little memoir, privately printed lately, of a woman who dwelt obscurely in a country town of Pennsylvania, the head of a large family of children and grandchildren, but whose life was remarkable for its purity and elevation, it is stated that she was used to rise at four o'clock in the morning to find time and solitude for coming close to her Saviour, praying and reading the Bible, often upon her knees. Religion is apt to show itself to-day more by work than worship. Members of churches, both young and old, take an active part in reforms, temperance associations, Sunday and industrial schools, or guilds for the help of the poor. This is right; but work, after all, is not worship, and should not take the place of it, as it threatens to do. This busy housekeeper and mother had found the secret which Daniel knew, and the prophets, and the Shepherd King, which was to "seek for God," and to seek Him especially "early in the morning," before the noise and worry of the day had begun, while the brain was clear and strong, the nerves quiet, and the functions of the body not weighted by food. We need all these practical helps when we would try earnestly to comprehend, even daily, the Almighty Order and Love which controls all life and death. How much effort do we really make to comprehend or to come close to God? We spare an hour weekly out of our hurry to go to church, and probably give most of that time to criticising the literary merits of the sermon; and we take a few minutes at night, with tired body and wandering brain, for a hasty prayer, asking for all kinds of good things for ourselves or our friends. "My children," said a wealthy man, "never come near me unless they wish to ask for something." If we measured our approaches to our Heavenly Father by this rule, what would be the result? The great artist Vanduyke, it is said, would not attempt to paint the likeness of a man until he had been familiarly in his company, and seen him in every mood, so that he could reproduce his expression in the noblest and highest of them all. An actor, faithful to his art, intending to represent Richard III., gave two years to the study of his character in historical books, in his portraits, in anecdotes and songs concerning him, in every oddity or peculiarity of accent or costume recorded of him. These men took this infinite amount of trouble to paint a single picture, or to make the counterfeit presentment of an hour. Yet when a young man professes to take Christ as his example, to submit his soul to His spirit, to reflect Him in the words and acts of his life, would he attempt to do what he actually gives to the study of Him? "He was accustomed," it is related of a man who worked for his Master among the slums of London, "to walk out into the country every day after dawn, and during this hour to blot out all thought of himself, his needs, or even his work, and by observing the beauty of earth and sky, by repeating old canticles and psalms of praise, to fill his soul simply with the power and goodness of God, and with thankfulness for His great glory. "All the troubles of the day seemed small to him when he came down from this spiritual mountain, where, like Moses, he had talked apart with God." Even Christ Himself, we should remember, left His work to be done with His Father.—Youth's Companion.

THEOLOGY.

Extracts from Mr. Gladstone's Recent Reply to Prof. Huxley. The following, from the Nineteenth Century, is a part of Mr. Gladstone's reply to the argument of Prof. Huxley: The exaltation of religion as against theology is at the present day not only so fashionable, but usually so dominating and contemptuous, that I am grateful to Prof. Huxley for his frank statement that theology is a branch of science; nor do I in the smallest degree quarrel with his contention that

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY OUGHT NOT TO BE CONFUSED.

We may have a great deal of religion with very little theology; and a great deal of theology with very little religion. I feel sure that Prof. Huxley must observe with pleasure how strongly practical, ethical and social is the general tenor of the three synoptic Gospels; and how the appearance in the world of the great doctrinal Gospel was reserved to a later stage, as if to meet a later need, when men had been toned anew by the morality and, above all, by the life of our Lord. I am not, therefore, writing against him when I remark upon the habit of treating theology with an affectation of contempt. It is nothing better, I believe, than a mere fashion, having no more reference to permanent principle than the mass of ephemeral fashions that come from Paris have with the immovable types of beauty. Those who take for the burden of their song: "Respect religion but despise theology," seem to me just as rational as if a person were to say: "Admire the trees, the plants, the flowers, the sun, the moon or stars, but despise botany and despise astronomy." Theology is ordered knowledge representing in the region of the intellect what religion represents in heart and life of man. And this religion, Mr. Huxley says a little further on, is summed up in the terms of the prophet Micah (vi. 8): "Do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." I forbear to inquire whether every addition to this—such, for instance, as the Beatitudes—is to be proscribed. But I will not dispute that in these words is conveyed the true ideal of religious discipline and attainment. They really import that identification of the will which is set out with such wonderful force in the very simple words of the Paradise:

In sua voluntate e nostra pace, and which no one has more beautifully described than Charles Lamb: "He gave his heart to the Purifier, his will to the Will that governs the universe." It may be said that Christianity itself is in some sort a scaffolding, and that the final building is a pure and perfect them; when the kingdom shall be delivered up to God, that God may be all in all. Still, I can not help being struck with an impression that Mr. Huxley appears to cite these terms of Micah as if they reduced the work of religion from a difficult to a very easy performance. But look at them again. Examine them well. They are in truth, in Cowper's words:

Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Do justly, that is to say, extinguish self; love mercy, cut utterly away all the pride and wrath, and all the cupidities; that make this fair world a wilderness; walk humbly with thy God, take His will and set it in the place where thine own used to rule.

Ring out the old, ring in the new. Pluck down the tyrant from his place; set up the true Master on His lawful throne. There are certainly human beings, of happy composition, who mount those airy heights with elastic step, and with untroubled breath. Sponte sua, sine lege, fidei rectitudine colorate (Of their own accord, without law, they color their fidelity and rectitude). This comparative refinement of nature in some may even lead them to undervalue the stores of that rich armor which Christianity has provided to equip us for our great life battle. The text of the prophet Micah, developed into all the breadth of St. Paul and St. Augustine, is not too much—is it not often all too little?—for the needs of ordinary men.

WORDS OF WEIGHT.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." These sublime words, with which Holy Scripture prefaces the moral story of our world, form not only the heading of the Bible, they are its summary—they tell what has been, and is, and will be, in the relation between Heaven and earth. They also form a summary of dogmatics, of ethics, of history and of political economy, inasmuch as they mark the spring, the river-bed and the issue of the stream of humanity. They teach us these things: Our God—origin, God-dependence, God-consecration, God-guidance, God-destiny, and, in all of them, a universal brotherhood. The Ten Commandments may be regarded as the negative, limiting, legal aspect of all this; the Lord's Prayer as its positive, ideal and Gospel aspect. For law is in its nature mainly negative; the Gospel is positive. If I were to preach a sermon on "Charity," I could choose no better text than the opening words of Genesis.—Rev. Dr. Edersheim.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—When we realize we are nothing, then we are on the door-step of grace.—Bellamy. —You must love in order to understand love. One act of charity will teach us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons.—Baptist Weekly. —There are in society other than physical, other than psychological, phenomena; there are moral and religious phenomena. In acknowledging religion and piety to be forces which act upon society, we are brought face to face with a supernatural world.—E. Woodward Brown. —The justice of God is made an argument for despair, and His mercy an argument for sin. Wicked men will drown themselves in the rivers of truth, as readily as in the pools of error. He that has a mind to destroy himself can choke his soul with the bread of life, or dash himself to pieces against the Rock of Ages. There is no doctrine of the grace of God so gracious that graceless men may not turn it into licentiousness.—Spurgeon. —"How different," moaned the murderer of Parkman, when, after he had been convicted and sentenced, he was being led away to his cell, "How different a man's sin looks to him after it has been committed from what it did before!" The fuse may be a long one and it may burn slowly, but in time the fatal spark will reach the magazine where conscience has stored the materials of torment, and the ruin and the wreck will come.—Prof. A. Ballard.

PONDOLAND.

Peculiarities of an African State and Its Inhabitants. I am one of the very few white people that have ever visited Pondoland. I have lately returned from that country, and possibly some of my experiences may be found interesting. Pondoland is a fertile district northeast of the Transkei, and lying due south of Natal. It is now under the protectorate of Cape Colony. The reasons for this new protectorate are obvious. In the first place, by establishing it, we have completed the half circle of British colony which now extends in unbroken succession between Capetown and Natal, thus making us virtual protectors of the whole seaboard and ports between those two points. In the second place, we have kept out other nations—the Germans and the Dutch, for instance—who have for some time cast a longing eye upon the fertile plains of Pondoland. The Pondos are a rich nation so far as cattle is concerned, and their country allows them to grow mealies and corn and tobacco in profusion without much trouble and labor. Pondoland is very mountainous, and at the same time extremely well watered. The sea-shore is covered with brush and forest. The principal trade of the country enters Pondoland across the river Umzimvubu from Natal, or by way of Umata from King William's Town through Tembuland, which lies immediately southeast. The exports of Pondoland are principally hides, horn and cattle. The traders of the country have been hitherto outlaws and other adventurous persons who have chosen to reside beyond British jurisdiction. In many cases they have exercised a wise discretion. The Pondomen lead very lazy lives. They scarcely ever do any work. They leave to the women the cultivation of the mealie gardens and the hewing of wood and drawing of water. To the boys they leave the herding of the cattle. It is difficult to say what they do, but lie, and thieve, and cheat, and in sufficiently formidable numbers (rendering resistance impossible) attack a store, carry off the goods of the unhappy storekeeper, and murder him if he protests too vehemently at the loss of his blankets and rum. They are an amiable race altogether. Pondoland contains plants of valuable medicinal properties, and the number of poisons in the country is very large. The Pondo does not scruple to make use of the latter whenever occasion requires an objectionable person to be quietly "removed." The grass, or veldt, of the country is, as a rule, too rich for sheep, but is admirably suited to cattle and horses, which are very numerous. There are very few Boers, if any, in the country, most of the traders being British or Griqua half-castes. Tribal wars are frequent, and the power of the paramount chief is but very partially recognized, even in his own neighborhood. Justice is consequently perfectly out of the question, there being no one to administer it, and no one to execute it.—Cor. London Globe.

A HARD SCHOOL.

Bob Burdette Discourses Upon Patience and Strength. My dear boy, if a man can only cultivate patience and strength it seems to me he will be a good neighbor, a pleasant man to do business with, a safe man to trust, and the kind of a man the world loves, even though he lack wisdom, and hath no genius, and can't tell a good story or sing a note. How much does the fretful, restless, hurrying old world owe to the patient man who finds his strength "in quietness and confidence," who can be patient with our faults, our fancies, our wickedness; who can be quiet when the softest word would have a sting; who can wait for storms to blow over and for wrongs to right themselves; who can patiently and silently endure a slight until he has forgotten it, and who can even be patient with himself. That's the fellow, my boy, who tries by patience and strength more than any man else with whom I have to deal. I could get along with the rest of the world well enough if he were only out of it. I can meet all my other cares and enemies bravely and cheerfully enough. But when myself comes to me with his heart-aches and blunders and stumblings, with his own follies and troubles and sins, somehow he takes all the truck out of me. My strength is weakness and my patience is folly, when I come to deal with him. He tires me. He is such a fool. He makes the same stupid blunders in the same stupid way so many times. Sometimes, when I think I must put up with him and his ways all my life I want to give up. And then the next time he comes to me with his cares and the same old troubles he seems so helpless and penitent that I feel sorry for him, and try to be patient with him, and promise to help him all I can, once more. Ah, my dear boy, as you grow older, that is the fellow who will try you and torment you, and draw on your sympathy, and tax your patience and strength. Be patient with him, poor old fellow, because I think he does love you, and yet as a rule you are harder on him than any one else.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—A Sunday-school missionary in Wyoming Territory found an old Scotch lady who in her youth used to hear two sermons every Sunday. Since her going West she had not heard one sermon in sixteen years until this missionary came along. Although his sermon was, according to his own account of it, neither the most eloquent nor the most profound that had ever been preached, she listened to it as if it had fallen from the lips of Old Doctor Chalmers himself, and she said she was greatly edified by it.—Chicago Tribune.

—"All the world was sunk in gloom, till gradually a rayonant heralding halo, of pallid and lustrous green, appeared above the deeply purple summits; in its midst the yellow moon slowly revealed itself, and with a visible tremulousness rose solemnly into the ascendancy of the night." That is the way a lady novelist has of telling her readers that it is moonlight.—Texas Siftings.

NOT APPRECIATIVE.

A Michiganlander's Opinion of the Territory Where "Milk and Honey Flows." A man was canvassing in Southern Dakota to raise money for the "homestead monument" which it is proposed to erect at Mitchell. He rode up to one shack and addressed a man sitting in front of it. "Good morning, my friend." "G'mornin'." "Fine day." "Wal, nuthin' extra." "How are times with you?" "Poor, stranger, blame poor." "What's the matter?" "O, wheat's so dang' low an' I haint got none to sell neither." "I am canvassing for—." "Don't want no hail insurance." "But this isn't insurance of any kind, it is—." "Got all the fruit trees I want." "Yes, but I'm not a tree agent even if you hadn't. This is something that I'm sure you will like to have your name—." "Never sign no papers for strangers." "Of course, but let me explain. We are trying to raise money to erect a monument to the Homestead law and—." "Is it dead, pardner?" "No; that idea is to erect an imposing granite shaft in the center of a quarter section of land to perpetuate the memory of the untold benefits of the homestead law." "Yes, I calculate they air untold—I don't hear much 'bout 'em in these parts." "What, don't you think you have derived great benefits from the homestead?" "Not that I know of." "But it is free land for you." "No 'twasn't." "Why not?" "Had ter live on it an' work it an' most starve ter death." "There was no use in starving." "Might's well starve ast' kill m'self workin'." "No need of either. But you could not have got a farm without the law." "Didn't want none." "What made you take any then?" "Cos some dang' fool like you said it's nice." "But it has given you a free home." "Had one before." "Then you haven't enjoyed life on your homestead." "No; freeze ter death in ther winter an' blow 'way in ther summer." "But you can sell your land." "Don't want ter beat any other dang' fool." "I don't believe you like farming." "O, farmin' 'sall right when yer live in a civilized country—a place where there's some trees, where a fellar kin chop an' git a b'ar 'casionally er a coon—why stranger there aint a coon in this hul country and yer know it." "Where did you live formerly?" "Mich'gan, north'n Mich'gan." "Then you can't give me anything for the monument?" "Not a hang cent. But I'll tell yer, if ye'll get up a collect'n ter build a 'eylum fur cursed folks that come out here where they can't choper bill maple sugar er shoot squirls er trap b'ar er hunt bee trees er git any slip'y elm er see a hoop pole fer a year er ever hear a coon fer the hul blame' summer why I'll chip in the wuth up a good hoss."—Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

A Circumstance Which The Colonel's Intellect Failed to Grasp. Colonel Sumpter McBride, of Austin, Texas, while in New York on a visit, read the advertisement of a clairvoyant in a morning paper. He went to the female fortune teller to have his horoscope cast. She cast horoscopes with a dirty pack of cards, which she spread out on the table. "You will marry an unusually wealthy lady and be very happy. Every thing in your past, present and future is an open book to me." "I suppose you know every thing about my future?" said the Colonel. "Not only about your future, but the past and present." "It's wonderful, incomprehensible. Good morning, madame." "Hold on there. A dollar, if you please," said the female wizard, holding out her hand.

"Well, that is strange. You know every thing about my past, present and future, and you didn't know I left my money with the clerk of the hotel before I started out to have my fortune told. It's wonderful, incomprehensible," remarked the Colonel, as he passed out.—Texas Siftings.

LANGUAGE OF THE CANE.

New Method of Reading the Peculiarities of a Man's Character. To tap it on the pavement at every step, means: "Object is no money to me, I'm trying to wear out the ferule." To poke a person in the ribs with it— who is standing up on a chair three rows ahead of the pokist at a slugging match, insinuates "Down in front." To hurriedly slip it down the pantaloons-leg and walk along with it concealed therein evidences that it has previously been feloniously "magnetized" from some hall-rack and the rightful owner is approaching. To point with it at a rare old painting in a picture gallery indicates that the cheek boy was asleep when the visitor came through the entry door. To carry the upper end in the overcoat pocket, with the bottom part sticking straight up in front, signifies that the nickel plate has worn off from its bogus leaden head, and the same would blacken the dudlet's tan-colored glove if held in his hand.

—A mince-pie as big as the head of a barrel and four or five inches thick was served at a dinner recently, but the size of the dreams of the guests is not recorded.—Chicago Times.

PANORAMAS.

one of the More Notable of American Cycloramas and Dioramas. The panorama was invented by Mr. Barker, a Scotch artist, who resided in Edinburgh one hundred years ago. The idea occurred to him while taking a sketch of that city from the top of Arthur's Seat. For that purpose he was compelled to invent a new kind of perspective for the horizontal lines, and to manage the projection so that just effect should be produced to the eye of the spectator when the picture was viewed from an elevated point, and filled, apparently, the entire horizon wherever the eye might turn. Barker exhibited his first panorama in 1788. The word is derived from Greek words signifying "all" and "view," representation of the whole landscape on every side, as seen from one point. Cyclorama is also an invented word, which may be freely translated a circular view, or view all around. It seems to be the fashion to apply it distinctively to the larger panoramas. It was only seven years after Barker's first exhibition before the panorama was introduced into Philadelphia. Edward Savage, an American artist, a native of New England, was the painter. Savage is well known as the artist who drew the picture of Washington and his family, a composition which was largely engraved and lithographed, and was in former years a favorite in the homes of patriotic families. Savage produced a panorama of London and Westminster, which he exhibited in 1795 in a circular building on Market Street, between Tenth and Eleventh streets. Whether it was specially erected for the purpose or adapted for the occasion is not known. In newspaper notices of this picture it was said: "It is painted in a circle, and looks like reality." The building was afterwards put to various purposes, and in January, 1805, fell from the weight of snow resting upon the roof.

The certainty of the establishment of the centennial exposition in this city brought a large number of exhibitions and side shows from other places. In 1876 the colosseum building in New York, which was built in 1873 by R. L. Kennard, was removed to this city and planted on the lot at the southeast corner of Broad and Locust streets. Kennard had bought the pictures of the old colosseum in Regent's Park, London. The exhibition in New York was open for two years, but was not very successful. The material of the building was corrugated iron, which rose seventy-seven feet above the sidewalk, and was finished off with a tower one hundred feet high, which was in use as an observatory. The tower had two galleries, and was a fine point of observation of the city. The diameter of this building was one hundred and twenty-nine feet and the circumference four hundred and five feet. Altogether the colosseum was complete for the purpose intended. The picture was "Paris by Night," and covered ten thousand square feet of canvas. The buildings, streets, etc., were so faithfully drawn that visitors who had been in Paris were frequently able to pick out the houses in which they had been lodgers. It was a beautiful painting, wonderfully effective. It was opened on the 1st of May, 1876, under the management of T. B. Pugh, and drew for a long while. Subsequently the building was used for a market, and finally was taken down and set up in Boston.

By permission of the commissioners of Fairmount Park a circular building was erected on Elm Avenue, near the east end of the Centennial grounds, in 1876, for the exhibition of a picture which represented the fight near the city of Paris in 1871, when the Germans were pressing upon the French capital. The view from an elevated position was connected with earth and grass, on which, in the foreground, were scattered figures of dead soldiers, broken down artillery wagons, and other indications of a fierce struggle. These led to the picture, and were so ingeniously arranged that it was impossible to tell where these "stage properties" ended and the painting commenced. Although not so large as the beautiful or attractive as "Paris by Night," this was an interesting and effective painting, and enjoyed a good measure of success during the centennial season and afterward. The exhibitors called it a "diorama," improperly, as it possessed all the attributes of a panorama.

For twelve years the panorama ceased to be an object among our art exhibitions. In the meantime, for the want of suitable buildings for the display of circular paintings, the diorama had been invented by M. Daguerre and M. Bontou, French artists, in 1825. The name diorama is derived from two Greek words signifying a look through. It was not a circular picture. It exhibited a scene which was shown to the audience through a large aperture or proscenium. The admission of light through parts of the picture, through transparencies, and other artifices, gave to these views a clearness, effect and distance which had not hitherto been obtained in a panorama. The success of these stationary pictures led also to the invention of the "moving panorama," which for a time usurped the attention which had been before demanded by the circular views. The moving panorama was wound on cylinders. A portion of the painting as it was unrolled was seen by the audience, and re-rolled upon another cylinder as the exhibition progressed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lofty Ideals.

The truest measure of a man's real self is the ideal which that man has before him, to reach out after and to strive for. A man is to be estimated by the standard which he recognizes as really worthy of his aspirations and his endeavors. What he would like to be, proves, in a sense, what at heart he is. To say that a man does not come up to this ideal is to say that his ideal is always higher than the plane of his present living; but so long as a man has a lofty ideal to look up to, he has in himself the elements of nobleness which are represented in that ideal. What a man is striving to be is more truly himself than what he seems to be.—S. S. Times.

STAMMERING.

An Affliction Which Can Be Easily Cured by Proper Treatment. Stammering is an affection of the vocal organs, causing a hesitancy and difficulty of utterance. The best authorities now regard its origin as distinct from any physical defect. There can be no doubt that the impediment is aggravated by physical weakness or debility of any kind, but these influences have nothing to do with the primary cause of the infirmity. A nervous dread of speaking is usually associated with stammering, but this is rather a result than a cause. If constitutional nervousness were productive of stammering the number of cases would be much greater and include an excess of females over males, whereas the fact is that men furnish by far the greater proportion of those so affected, besides, stammerers are not in general persons of weak nerves otherwise than in the act of speaking. Nervousness is associated with speech in stammering because of the consciousness that the defect is made the subject of observation. The strength of the impediment lies in habit, in mismanagement of the breath and organs of utterance, rendered habitual in extreme youth; and the removal of the defect depends upon the acquirement of voluntary control over the organs of speech. Children have often been known to be infected with the habit by the most casual example. If, on the first appearance of this defect on the part of a child, parents and nurses were careful to check it by patient direction and instruction, an unfortunate habit of a life-time might always be prevented. Stammering usually makes its appearance at about the fifth year, but harshness and impatience with children, especially if there is constitutional timidity combined with natural slowness of mental action, may induce it at even a much later period. The varieties of stammering are very great. Sometimes there is great muscular disturbance and a painful effort to articulate certain letters. This trouble arises from disordered respiration and disappears when the habit of closing the glottis overcomes and the air is allowed to pass freely in and out of the lungs. Another trouble consists in the repetition of syllables before words can be fully formed. The source of this difficulty arises from the habit of trying to speak with the mouth rather than the throat. All effort of speech should proceed from the throat, and when this change is made fluency can be easily regained. Stammering is in nearly every case quite curable by the cultivation of a habit of correct speaking. This can only be acquired by studying the processes of speech, the relation of breath to articulate sounds, the position of the tongue and other vocal organs, and a patient application of these principles in slow and watchful exercise. The lungs constitute a pair of bellows, and the mouth, in all its varying shapes the nozzle of the bellows. The passage of the throat must be kept open and the breath expelled by means of the ascent of the diaphragm, not by downward pressure of the chest. All sound originates in the throat, and all effort in speech must be thrown back behind the articulating organs, which must be kept passive, yielding to the air, always opening to give it exit, and never resisting it by the ascent of the tongue or of the jaw. The head must be held firmly on the neck to give free play to the organs, and the fact never forgotten that fluency of speech depends upon the unrestrained emission of the material of speech, which is breath. The one difficulty found in curing stammering by the application of these common-sense principles is that the victim of the habit has not the needed patience and persistence to apply them.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HOME TOPICS.

The Latest in Dress, Decorative Art and Perfumery.

High-post bedssteads with white muslin curtains are being revived. The single gold flower pins with a gem in the center continue to find favor. Begonia is a new color for the coming season. It resembles pale amethyst more than anything else. California blankets are made into house wrappers, and very warm and comfortable these are in cold weather. Patchouly is supposed to be the most permanent of all vegetable odors. The plant resembles mint and is a native of various parts of India. Fashionable modistes now send home elegant evening toilets with two separate bodies, one high cut, with low sleeves, the other low cut for balls and opera.

Everybody does not know that the hands are often injured and rendered red in very cold weather by lack of protection of the wrists, as large veins and arteries are exposed, and the blood is chilled in passing into the hands. A unique brooch is a circle of gold with an open center, the circle being wrapped round by an enamelled ribbon dotted with pearls. An irregular cobweb of gold threads with a jeweled spider and fly in its web constitutes a brooch that takes well. The wearing qualities of the silver plate made nowadays by trustworthy manufacturers is appreciated by a large patronage. This patronage is further encouraged to use silver-plate more by the artistic designs and fine ornamentation employed which lifts plate goods to a higher plane than ever before obtained.—N. Y. World.

—One of the passengers on the Katabian on her recent memorable trip was a Massachusetts doctor who had made a specialty of a remedy for seasickness, which he has recommended very frequently to his friends, and in the efficacy of which he had the most unlimited confidence. The Massachusetts doctor uses that remedy more. As the steamer went into Portsmouth harbor he came on deck, and in a sorrowful tone of voice spoke thus to one of the officers: "If I ever take any more of that villainous stuff I hope I may be hung and quartered. It made me sicker than a horse.—Rockland Courier.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

This friend of friends, of whom I tell, He went to school with me...

A DINNER PARTY.

How Dimple Duer Had Her Way, and the Happiness Which It Brought.

The class in Familiar Science was on the recitation bench at Miss Purviance's school...

Fortunately for her, there was a sudden knock at the school-room door...

"See here, Miss 'Viance," he said, drawing forward a little girl in a red calico dress...

"All right, mum; I'll be 'long this way somewhere short of four 'clock to pick her up again."

The new scholar had need to warm her toes; for, though the November frosts were sharp...

"Mother," said Dimple one Friday morning, stopping in the midst of her breakfast of waffles and honey...

"How many could I have, mother?" "Oh! four or five, I suppose," answered Mrs. Duer.

"Now, mother," Dimple said, with great earnestness, "wouldn't you just as lief I should have one little girl five times, as five little girls one time?"

"Why, papa," she said, gravely, Fanny Smoot brings her dinner to school every day, and it's hardly ever

anything but a piece of corn-bread and a potato. She says sometimes her mother can give her two potatoes, and sometimes a little piece of fat bacon."

Dimple's voice was trembling a little, and nobody at table laughed now.

"You shall have your dinner company, darling," said the mother; and her voice wasn't very steady either.

So Dimple had her way, and went off to school happy, with a little invitation written on one of her mother's gilt-edged cards.

Of course the invitation was accepted, and the next Friday at recess the two little girls were in great glee over a card found in Dimple's pocket...

Do you think the four little Smoots envied Fan? No; and I'll tell you why. There was a round brown woven basket on Mrs. Duer's wardrobe shelf...

"Mother," said observant little Dimple one night, from her cot in the corner, "what makes you look so teary, sometimes, when you are filling the brown basket for the little Smoots?"

The mother came over and kissed the rosy face on the pillow. "Dimple," she said, softly, "I count them your little angel sister's dinner company."

ONLY FOR A MOMENT. An Ungoverned Temper—What a Sudden Outburst of Passion May Do.

Kitty had constructed a new swing for her doll's entertainment; but it proved unsatisfactory, for that wooden lady slipped from her perch and landed with considerable violence upon the table...

"If a fellow is quick-tempered, why, he is; I suppose that's all there is of it," said Walter, more carelessly than penitently.

"Oh, yes. I'm not one of the sort to go sulking about over anything. I flash up quickly enough, but I never bear malice."

"But the consequences—can you be sure that they're all over in a minute or two?" I never hear any one speak carelessly of that fault without recalling one scene in my own boyhood.

"Here comes the infallible here's the fellow that never misses!" called the teasing voice of a school-mate in front of me; and then he mockingly repeated my absurd answer.

"With all the force of a sudden fury I threw my open knife at him. It just missed his head, and in an instant it was quivering in the tree behind him."

"And let it be added that not all are spared the natural furies of their sudden passion. In Philadelphia a boy struck at a playmate in sudden anger; the knife-blade cut an artery, death followed, and the boy was a murderer; nor is this a solitary case."

"Manhattan Island, Prof. Fairchild says, is gradually sinking, and the sea will yet cover the present site of New York."

A CURIOUS DREAM.

The Vision of the Night Which Aided Prof. Agassiz.

He had been for two weeks trying to decipher the somewhat obscure impression of a fossil fish on the stone slab in which it was preserved.

Shortly after, he waked one night persuaded that while asleep he had seen his fish with all the missing features perfectly restored.

He awoke it disappeared from his memory, as before. Hoping that the same experience might be repeated, on the third night he placed a pencil and paper beside his bed before going to sleep.

He awoke in the morning, and found the pencil and paper beside his bed. He hastened to the Jardin des Plantes, and with his drawing as a guide, succeeded in chiseling away the surface of the stone...

THE TELEPHONE GIRL THINKS THAT THIS IS A BLOWN WORLD.—Chicago Tribune.

March April May Are the months in which to purify your blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FREE PREPARED ILLUSTRATED RED-HEAD-CATALOGUE every copy is sent free of charge.

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"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."—Hamlet. That she is frail, often in body. And why 'tis, 'tis a pity.

A RECENT Western blizzard blew off a mule's tail. He didn't dare to tackle his heels.—Detroit Free Press.

A MILLION dollars in gold weighs the same as a ton of coal—about eighteen hundred pounds.—N. Y. Graphic.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

PIRE'S REMEDY for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

GEN. LOGAN'S BOOK. A BONANZA For good Agents. Write AT ONCE for territory.

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FOR COUGHS, CROUP AND CONSUMPTION USE TAYLOR'S "CHEROKEE" REMEDY OF SWEET GUM AND MULLIN.

SSS Relieved at Last! We know a gentleman in this county who, six months ago, was almost a hopeless cripple from an attack of rheumatism.

LEPAGE'S LIQUID GLUE. MENDS EVERYTHING. Wood, Leather, Paper, Ivory, Glass, China, Furniture, Etc.

GEN. LOGAN'S BOOK. A BONANZA For good Agents. Write AT ONCE for territory.

ASTHMA CURED. GERMAN ASTHMA CURE never fails to relieve the most violent cases.

NO ROPE TO CUT OFF HORSES' MANES. Celebrated "ECLIPSE" MALT-LEK and BRIDLE Combined.

PIRE'S REMEDY FOR GORES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Gores Syrup ever used. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD. Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs).

REDUCED TO A SKELETON. Consumption Cured.—W. J. HARTLEY, Fort One, Ala., writes: I met with an old friend of mine not long since.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS. JOSEPH F. McFARLAND, Athens, La., writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery'."

MUSTANG Survival of the Fittest. A FAMILY MEDICINE THAT HAS HEALED MILLIONS DURING 25 YEARS!

STOCK CUTS. We will furnish duplicates of LIVE STOCK CUTS, or any other Cut shown in any Specimen Book.

FREE LANDS. FREE GIFT of a copy of the "Prospectors Florida" for postage.

FREE HAIR. Wigs, Bangs and Wavelets. C. O. D., any where. Wholesale and retail prices.

HOME STUDY. Secures a Business Education by mail from Science College, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIVER DISEASE.—MERRIT STREET, Egan, Druggist of Egan, S. D., writes: "My wife, Miss ELIZA GLENN, of this place, had been sick for more than a year with a severe affection of the liver."

MALARIAL FEVER. Mrs. CAROLINE SIMMONS, Medina, N. Y., writes: "I have been troubled with symptoms of malaria, with fever, for three years, but after using three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery'..."

DYSPEPSIA CURED. DYSPEPSIA.—LUCY A. WOOD, Taylor's Store, Va., writes: "After many years of great suffering from the vile effects of dyspepsia, I was induced to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery'..."

SCROFULOUS SORES. Mrs. A. L. CORY, Hatten, Crawford Co., Kansas, writes: "My son, aged fifteen years, was taken down last January with swellings on his right shoulder, left hip and knee."

CONSUMPTION CURED.—J. ANTHONY SWICK, Doniphan, Mo., writes: "For five years I suffered very much from a terrible cough and difficulty. More than a year since I commenced to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery'..."

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A YEAR'S WORK.

A General Review of the Trials and Triumphs of the Democracy.

The end of the first year of President Cleveland's term of office is near at hand. It has been a busy year and one fraught with great consequences. The manifold difficulties in the way of the first Democratic Administration upon a return of the party to political power after a lapse of a quarter of a century can scarcely be appreciated by the country. It only comprehends results. Mr. Cleveland himself was a year ago an unknown quantity. The country knew what Governor Cleveland was; of what President Cleveland would be it knew nothing. That it believed in him and trusted him was evidenced by his election and installation as President. At the very threshold he was confronted by two facts: that a large proportion of the Democratic party, composed of ante-bellum material, expected him to resume administrative power where Buchanan left off; that a larger proportion, composed of the new Democracy, expected him to establish his Administration on the basis of reform. The first-named element contained the old line politicians, the second a new generation of voters. Long accustomed to feats of political legerdemain and hured to falsehood, the politicians met the new Administration with the assumption that antebellum promises were void and that now that professions of reform had served their turn they would be cast aside as useless.

Having vainly striven against fate and Grover Cleveland, the corrupt elements of the country hastened to make their peace with the new regime. Jay Gould, the worst of the lot, was the first to congratulate the new President. Before the ink of the operator who announced the recount in New York was dry Jay Gould, controlling the majority of the newspapers of New York, the Western Union and the Associated Press gave in his allegiance to the new Government. Those combinations that could not see their way sat down and waited. They were led by their corrupt and venal press to expect an early disruption of the Democratic party under President Cleveland. They saw his difficulties at once and waited an opportunity to take advantage of the first split. Their hired organs fostered the spirit of bitterness between the two factions; encouraged dissensions, because to the weakness of the Administration or its total failure their interests might survive unscathed. Their common energies were devoted to an effort to force the President from his reform platform into the gutter of his predecessors. It was to this end the discontent was magnified and urged on to open rebellion. When it became apparent that the attempt to create a diversion must fail, the disappointment of the jobbers was intense. As day by day the President grew stronger by his party as well as with the country, and the success of the reform Government was inevitable, the hords of rascals became alarmed and desperate. The Administration had begun to reach out for them. The Interior Department had begun to press the Pacific railroads for their dues; the Post-Office Department had refused to divide four hundred thousand dollars as a subsidy to steamship lines for carrying the mails; the Navy Department had destroyed the jobber Roach at a single blow and, finally, the Department of Justice stepped in and ordered the telephone monopoly into court. At each successive step of an honest Administration the jobbers howled with rage. They have now joined forces in their hostility to the Administration and the war has at last openly begun.

The Land Office thieves are against the reform Administration. The Mormon gang of polygamists are against the reform Administration and are willing to move heaven and earth for its overthrow. The lottery swindlers are against the reform Administration because it is preparing to move immediately upon their works. Finally, name any wicked and corrupt combination, a corporation for an illegal purpose, a set of jobbers of whatever character, the aiders and abettors of the same, or those who sympathize with them, and you will find them opposing the reform Administration of President Cleveland. It will not do to treat lightly the combined influence of all these interests. For it is now evident that they have in a certain sense pooled their issues against honest government. They represent millions, ten of millions and hundreds of millions of dollars of capital, real and watered stock. They are in possession of franchises which extend their corporate influences to the remotest corners of the country wherever a wire is stretched or a rail laid. They own newspapers and control, to a great extent, the metropolitan press. Their salaried agents swarm about Washington and occupy seats in both houses of Congress. If the combination of jobbers embraced no political interests they would be powerless to produce results. Their hue and cry would fall upon the public ear like the sighing of mighty pines of the forest, weird and unearthly, but harmless. But these rings of monopoly and subsidy and contract and polygamy and jobbery of every kind have apparently effected a combination with the political elements of hostility to President Cleveland. During the past few weeks the lieutenants and captains and commanders of the Blaine wing of the Republican party have been in close consultation in Washington. They have come in pairs, singly and in detachments, to avoid the appearance of collusion. Their presence, however, has not escaped the lynx-eyed correspondents, who have promptly announced that the Blaine boom for the next Presidential nomination has been placed upon its feet. Coincidental with their presence here the corruptionists renewed their attack upon the Administration all along the line. Every Blaine organ of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities joined in the concert. This junction of jobbers was easy and natural. It was complete. Every correspondent in Washington known to be friendly to

the Blaine interest began at once to nag the Administration, telegraph reports of dissensions in the Cabinet, of resignations of Cabinet officers and distort the relations between the President and his party. The alleged Democratic journals who opposed Cleveland's nomination, opposed his election and oppose his Administration joined in the tidal wave of defamation and lying and are now working in harmony with the "jobbers' brigade" in their community of interest with Mr. James G. Blaine. The junction is a reunion of original and cognate forces.

This brief review of the first year of honest government will sufficiently illustrate the successful Administration of President Cleveland. It will also serve to show the varied, formidable and corrupt character of the combination against him. Public criticism of his Administration must be taken, as appears by this summary, with the following allowances:

- First—It may be paid for in a party organ at a dollar to five dollars a line.
Second—It may be inspired by legitimate political hostility.
Third—It may be in the line of disappointed office-seekers.
Fourth—It may be from an owner of telephone stock.
Fifth—It may be the opinion of an operator in or holder of Pacific railroad securities.
Sixth—It may be the defense of an individual or corporations out of pocket from the failure of the steamship subsidy.
Seventh—It may be one way of an enterprising Presidential candidate in reaching out for a renomination.
Eighth—It may have its origin in a Mormon apostle.
Ninth—It may come from the Roach lobby.
Tenth and last—It is pretty likely to come from sources which have cause to deplore honest government.—Philadelphia Times.

EDMUNDS IN VERMONT.

The Blaine Republicans Organizing to Prevent His Return to the Senate. The State election in Vermont will occur on the 7th of next September. The Legislature then chosen will meet a month later, and will elect a United States Senator to fill the seat now occupied by Hon. George F. Edmunds, whose term expires in March, 1887. If Mr. Edmunds goes out of the Senate then, he probably goes out of public life. No Republican statesman that we can think of—not even Hon. Ira Davenport—is less likely to receive the next Republican nomination for President.

Mr. Edmunds has a strong fancy for public life. The fact that he is now endeavoring to figure as chieftain of the thick and thin Republicans of the Senate, when it is only two years this month since he was coyly smiling encouragement in response to the ardent approaches of the Mugwumps, is perhaps explained by the present situation in his own State of Vermont. According to the disinterested testimony of Hon. Hiram Atkins, Mr. Edmunds has a hard fight in prospect for this spring and summer. "I do not think that Senator Edmunds will get one vote in favor of the Republicans in our Legislature. I have come to this conclusion after a week's report which has been reached me from all over the State from Republican sources. The Blaine Republicans in Vermont are organizing against his re-election. The fight will be Edmund's and anti-Edmunds, and it will be savage. I do not see that Governor Smith will be re-elected against him. All the latter's friends say that he is not a candidate. But it is determined to make the fight against Edmund's re-election. The leading Republicans in the State have declared against him. Franklin, Wintana and Caledonia Counties are the only ones in which he is sure of a majority. Some of the counties will hardly return an Edmunds man to the Legislature. The Democrats will support their own candidate, but in towns where they are in a hopeless minority the Democrats will take sides where the contest is between an Edmunds and an anti-Edmunds candidate for the Legislature."

This report of the state of politics in Vermont comes from a leader who serves and a Democratic leader who has only an indirect interest in the war of retaliation that the friends of Blaine are waging against Senator Edmunds. Many of the Vermont Republicans look upon Mr. Edmunds as almost another Dr. Barnard. The resentment of the friends of Blaine now has an opportunity to measure its strength. The result of the campaign to prevent the re-election of Senator Edmunds will be the first accurate indication of the present vitality of the Blaine cause. It is only a little more than two years before the next Republican convention will meet, and Mr. Blaine, having finished the second volume of his great historical work, is now once more a man of leisure.—N. Y. Sun.

The Democratic Senators held a caucus lately and resolved to support the President. The President himself has assumed a very determined position in connection with this matter. He contends that the Senate has no authority to demand why or wherefore he makes removals from office, and according to the strict letter of the law he is quite right. If the Senate has any such right it is certainly not to be found embodied either in the constitution or any statute, or if it is, the Senate has failed to indicate in what part of the constitution or in what particular statute it may be found. In fact, it appears as if the majority of the Senate were engaged in a very useless and, therefore, foolish quarrel with the Executive.—Philadelphia Inquirer, Rep.

In the resignation of William Dorsheimer, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, friends of the Administration will be gratified to see an effect of Cleveland's principles upon an offensive Democratic partisan. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that Mr. Dorsheimer's retirement was forced by the refusal of the President to aid in his confirmation so long as he remained editor-in-chief of a party organ. He was probably given to understand that he must choose which he would serve, the United States or the Democratic party. He chose the latter, and the United States had no further use for him.—Chicago News.

In the mountains to the southwest of Santa Anna, Cal., and extending for more than thirty miles in the different canyons, are numerous bee ranches, producing in a good season hundreds of tons of excellent honey.—San Francisco Chronicle.

JUDGE LYNCH.

Three Members of the Famous Archer Gang of Outlaws Taken From Jail at Shoals, Indiana, and Hanged to Trees in the Court-House Yard—A Reign of Terror Ended.

SHOALS, Ind., March 10.—Three of the famous outlaw gang of Archers, namely Thomas and Martin, brothers, and John, a son of Thomas, suffered the extreme penalty of their crimes just after midnight this morning at the hands of Judge Lynch. Precisely at 11:30 p. m. a vigilance committee of about one hundred, composed of men from Larkin and Orange counties, entered the town. The lynchers were very quiet and orderly, and the sheriff was first aroused by the barking of his dog, followed by a knock on the door. He asked who was there, and the answer was a crashing in of the front door, followed by heavy blows which completely demolished it. The crowd then went to the jail door and knocked off the lock, and were dismayed to find another door which would not yield to blows. After about twenty minutes a man in the crowd was found who understood the opening of the cell door. The lynchers rushed in and grabbed all three of the prisoners.

When the Archers saw the lynchers come in they made no resistance, and when asked if they had anything to say they refused to speak. Their hands were tied behind their backs and they were taken to the court-house yard and hanged to young maple trees. Tom Archer, the oldest one of the gang, who was about sixty years old, was hanged first. His feet were touching the ground when viewed by your correspondent this morning. Martin Archer, brother to Tom, aged about forty-five years, is hung up high and dry, and both of his eyes are staring wide open, making a ghastly sight. John Archer, son of Tom Archer, who was about thirty years old, is hanging to a tree with his hands tied behind him about thirty feet from his father.

The crimes for which they were hanged consist of almost every thing on the criminal calendar, from murder down to petty thieving. For twenty-five years they have been a reigning terror both in Martin and Orange counties, and have terrorized the community in which they lived. They never failed to visit vengeance for a fancied slight, and many a farmer in Orange and Martin Counties has lost considerable sums of money by being robbed, cattle stolen or their barns or houses burned down.

Mart Archer has a family living in South-west township, Orange County, and they are respected. Two of his children are young ladies, teaching school in that section of the county.

Old Tom Archer lived in Martin County, in Columbia township, and had a large family, every one of whom are under indictment for larceny, arson and murder, and bear bad names generally.

John Archer formerly lived in Columbia township, and was as bad as the rest.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.

The Supply On Hand According to a Statement Issued by the Department of Agriculture—Fourth Class Mail Matter.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The following statement was issued by the Department of Agriculture to-day: "The stock of wheat in the hands of farmers, is 30.1 per cent of the crop. It was 33.1 one year ago and 28.4 two years ago. It amounts to 107,000,000 bushels, against 169,000,000 last March and 119,000,000 two years ago. It is only 9,000,000 bushels more than in March, 1882, the shortest invisible supply of recent years. The visible and invisible supply March 1 was 159,000,000 bushels, against 212,000,000 last March. The proportion of the crop estimated for consumption within the country where grown is 41.8 per cent.

The March report of the Department of Agriculture makes the proportion of corn still in the hands of farmers 40 per cent of the last crop; one year ago the report was 37.6 per cent; two years ago 33 per cent. It amounts to 775,000,000 bushels, 98,000,000 more than last March, and 26,000,000 more than in March, 1884. The proportion is lowest in the West where heavy winter feeding is required, averaging 38 per cent in twelve States. It is 45 per cent in the South and 40 per cent in the Middle States.

WANT WITH OPEN DOORS.

The Electric Investigation to be Conducted With Open Doors by the Select Committee.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The select committee appointed by Speaker Carlisle to investigate the facts concerning the ownership of the Pan Electric Telephone stock by certain public officials held a preliminary meeting last evening. All the members were present. The committee talked among themselves for nearly an hour, and interchanged opinions about plans for carrying out the investigation and the scope of the resolution under which they are to act. It was decided without objection that the investigation should be conducted with open doors, and that no star-chamber proceedings should be tolerated. The committee adjourned to meet again on Friday. In the meantime an effort will be made to find a suitable room in the Capitol where the investigation will be held. Mr. Hale and Mr. Millard were appointed a subcommittee to take the testimony of Senator Vest to-day. He is one of the stockholders of the Pan Electric stock, and as he had been ordered South for the benefit of his health he asked to be allowed to give his testimony before he started. The first witness to be examined by the full committee will be members of the Rogers family. Casey Young will follow them.

One Rich Defaulter Punished.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 10.—The Supreme Court of Georgia yesterday affirmed the decision which sends Geo. T. Jackson to the penitentiary for five years. Jackson has a large family of grown children intermarried into the most fashionable families of Augusta. He was president of one of the cotton mills, largely interested in banks, and a society and church leader. A shortage was discovered in his cotton factory accounts of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars, and the case on which he was convicted called for one hundred and seventeen thousand dollars.

LIFE IN FRANCE.

Some Characteristics of a Well-Fed, Happy and Contented People.

The French women, as a whole, are not beautiful. There is, however, a grace, an esprit, an indescribable charm about them almost irresistible, if they are not downright ugly—which, I am sorry to say, is often the case, especially when they have passed middle age. This must be the reason why Frenchmen marry women so much younger than themselves. The young women have a rich, blooming complexion (whether natural or artificial, I can not say, for the French are great artists, you know), great vivacity, and, as Byron said of the beautiful Medora, their "eye is itself a soul." My American ideas have been very much shocked to find the women doing so much of the work that belongs properly to men. They keep the news-stands, sweep the streets, act as ticket-agents, keep the cigar stores and serve as sextons in the churches. The lower orders wear wooden shoes and run about the streets without any covering on their heads. The streets of Paris are singularly free from boys; bootblacks and newsboys are unknown, and I have seen none of the gamins of whom I heard so much. None of that squalid poverty invisible on the streets which makes London so saddening a sight. Everybody seems well fed, happy and contented. Even the blouses, that dangerous class in Paris that has overthrown so many French governments, look very harmless as they are engaged in their regular work. When bread becomes scarce they become dangerous. The priests walk about the streets in the habits of their order. You meet them everywhere—in the churches, on the streets, at the Louvre, the Invalides, the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, etc.

The French are a very peculiar people. They love their country with enthusiastic ardor and are never happy away from La Belle France, yet the word home is unknown in their language, and they find their chief pleasure in cafes and places of public amusement. More than one hundred years ago Sterne said in the "Sentimental Journey": "They order these things differently in France." They "order" them still more "differently" now. They are more French in France than they were in Sterne's time. The men eat in public, drink in public, make love in public, and do other things in public which in other countries are done in privacy; the women knit in public, sew in public and nurse their babies in public. The fastidious stranger is at first shocked at what he sees, but soon grows accustomed to it, and ends by doing in France as the French do. In many things French politeness is very offensive. If you buy a penny roll they thank you as warmly as though you had spent one hundred dollars. A Frenchman's hand is always ready to lift his hat. He bows and smiles with their tongues, eyes, shoulders, hands, and feet. It is said if a Frenchman's feet and hands are tied he is rendered speechless. When they get excited in conversation three or four will talk at once, and it is then impossible for a foreigner to understand them. They use a great many words to express few ideas. Trifles, such as the departure of a train, changing cars, etc., will be discussed with provoking energy for five or ten minutes.—E. L. Didier, in N. Y. Mail and Express.

A HAPPY PEOPLE.

The Social Conditions of the Boers in the Transvaal Republic.

"About as happy and independent a people as I ever came across," says a recent sojourner among them, "are the Boers of South Africa. I spent several months at Natal, on the coast and up in the Transvaal in the interior. Transvaal is a very productive country and is cleared up into broad farms, as large as entire estates in England. Those old Dutch farmers raise big horses, big cattle and big grain, and live almost independent of the outside world. Each farmer will have a small army of servants, who live on terms of almost equality with their employer, and these, after they have saved their wages a few years, buy an ox team, some farming implements and seeds and some household goods, push on to the front and develop a new farm. Thus it is that the country is increasing in population and wealth all the time. They are so far away from the world, in general, that they retain all their primitive ways. They are great riders, are these Boers, and it is not going to see the old, fat Dutch farmers, weighing from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, galloping about their farms and into the market towns on big, lazy horses, as fat and clumsy in proportion as they are themselves. Natal, on the coast of Southern Africa, is a right pretty city, with a large English population, all engaged in trade. We carried several car loads of horses from there to Madagascar. There are a good many English and French people in Madagascar, mostly engaged in trade. It is very unhealthy, but a beautiful island. I don't like the natives, however, nearly as well as I do the Malays. When the latter have become partly civilized, they are the most intelligent and honest colored race I have ever come across. I saw a great many of them on Sandalwood Island, where we were a number of times after horses to carry to Mauritius Island. A very fine breed of horses are produced on the Sandalwood Island, which lies just two hundred miles southeast of the island of Java, and I guess it is the only island between Australia and the mainland, where they are raised. The islands belong to Holland, and there are a large number of Dutch people in business there.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

WANT WITH OPEN DOORS.

The Electric Investigation to be Conducted With Open Doors by the Select Committee.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The select committee appointed by Speaker Carlisle to investigate the facts concerning the ownership of the Pan Electric Telephone stock by certain public officials held a preliminary meeting last evening. All the members were present. The committee talked among themselves for nearly an hour, and interchanged opinions about plans for carrying out the investigation and the scope of the resolution under which they are to act. It was decided without objection that the investigation should be conducted with open doors, and that no star-chamber proceedings should be tolerated. The committee adjourned to meet again on Friday. In the meantime an effort will be made to find a suitable room in the Capitol where the investigation will be held. Mr. Hale and Mr. Millard were appointed a subcommittee to take the testimony of Senator Vest to-day. He is one of the stockholders of the Pan Electric stock, and as he had been ordered South for the benefit of his health he asked to be allowed to give his testimony before he started. The first witness to be examined by the full committee will be members of the Rogers family. Casey Young will follow them.

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HOSTESS AND GUEST.

The Reciprocal Obligations Which Courtesy Imposes Upon Them.

"What are the reciprocal obligations of hostess and guest?" is a question often asked. The replies are as varied as are the natures of individuals. One says your time must be wholly given up to a guest who remains at night under your roof. If necessary the order of the household even must be set aside to provide entertainment. In short, a guest should be regarded as a necessary evil as far as interruption to the even tenor of the way of the household is concerned. Another says: "The guest visits you to entertain you; she must 'pay for her place,' and she must take you as she finds you; she is visiting you, and must not do anything else. The fashion some women have of visiting a friend in the city, and then going out whenever they like to call upon an acquaintance, seems to me like making a convenience of the hostess. If a friend came to spend a week with me, and from my house went to spend a day with another friend whom I did not know, I should consider her rude, and should not soon invite her again."

These two views are the extremes, but the truth lies in the golden mean. It is, of course, a compliment to a person to invite her for a longer or shorter time. But the visitor is not necessarily an obliged party, nor is she conferring an obligation. The English custom of giving the guest perfect liberty of action does not obtain here to any great degree; the appointments of our houses as a rule not being adapted to this mode of entertainment. If a guest from the country visits us, we should certainly ascertain whether she desires to visit friends who can not entertain her over night. It would, however, be a great discourtesy should a guest make her entertainer's house a place of convenience whence she may go and spend days at a time, returning when it seems to her proper. It is impossible to conceive of well-bred persons committing so great a breach of good manners, and yet I have known this to be done by persons who consider themselves well-bred.

An equally discourtesy proceeding on the part of the hostess has come under my observation, where a guest said she would like to spend a day with one of her friends, who lived a long distance from her own home, but within an hour's ride by rail from the house at which she was visiting. She was, however, given so plainly to understand that she was visiting, and that her time belonged to her hostess, that she did not make the proposed visit, and returned home with new ideas of entertainment.

When a friend from the country is invited for a long visit, find out what she would like to do; whether there are friends to be visited and shopping to be done, and plan these matters at the beginning of the visit, so that the arrangement of time may be satisfactorily made. The pleasure of the visit will then be appreciated by hostess and guest. It is very inconsiderate to invite guests in winter, unless you are sure you can make them as comfortable as they would be at home. Find out whether they prefer warm or cold bedrooms and arrange accordingly. This is an elementary principle of hospitality which is, however, too often disregarded.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

According to the British Medical Journal, the most flagrant dietetic errors on the part of poor people arise from ignorance of the nutritive value of foods. When they can not buy meats, whose importance they recognize, they do not put proper articles in the place of it. They do not correctly estimate the high value of milk and eggs; and when obliged to use a largely vegetable diet they make no distinction between unwholesome vegetables and those which, like peas and beans, are rich in nitrogen and well calculated to supply the place of animal foods.

A New York tailor says the number of people who will not wear imported woolen suitings is increasing. In fine grades American manufacturers can make goods fully up to the best foreign standard, but at a little greater expense.—N. Y. Herald.

The latest Georgia wonder reported is a piece of marble the veins of which form a perfect outline of a woman's figure.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with columns for Market, Price, and Location. Includes sections for KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, and NEW YORK, listing various commodities like CATTLE, HOGS, WHEAT, FLOUR, etc., with their respective prices.

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J. W. FERRY

Desires everybody to know that he has one of the

BEST AND LARGEST STOCKS

Of goods ever brought to this market, consisting of

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And, in fact, anything needed by man during his existence on earth.

BE SURE TO GO TO

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And you will be pleased with his Bargains.

Jan-14

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Office at his Drug Store,

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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